Dragon

Catgirls 1 – Catgirls, Inc.

“Yes, this is Catgirls, Inc.” “Um, hello, I’d like to place an order.” “I see… I presume, since you aren’t using our webpage, that you wish something beyond our default settings?” “Well, sorta, I guess… You see, I was wondering whether your special 2-for-1 offer can be used, with some additional configuration on one of them?” “Oh… Yes, of course, with the usual additional costs for add-ons, that is.” “Good! I’d like to use that offer, then.” “All right, let me just call up the form… okay, lessee… right! Eye color?” “Uhm… green for the shemale, brown for the other one.” “Fur pattern?” “Tiger stripes for the shemale, the other one doesn’t matter. Surprise me.” “Right… breast size?” “Large for the shemale, medium for the girl.” “Good enough. Now, what special configuration is it you want?” “Well, could you put a ‘Analistic’ add-on on the girl?” “Sure, for the additional cost of 100$ as listed in our catalog. Okay?” “Yep, that’s my order.” “Credit number?” “952-892-384.” “…3-8-4. Oh, I see you work for GenCorp! That’s 10% off, then.” “That’s the idea.” “Right! We’ve got both of your orders currently on stock, so you should receive them within the next few days. Have a great day!” “Thank you. You too.”

I hung up. It had been pretty easy, much easier than making the decision. Still, what with my new job at GenCorp, with the high salary and 10% off of all GenCorp products, it was just too tempting. I could afford it, easily, so why not? The obvious answer was social. While legal, the general population still thought of the gene-slave market as “inhuman”, which was true, of course. But they’d probably be shopping for one of their own, if they had the money. Besides, most people thought that anybody with a house in the upper part of town owned at least one gene-slave anyway, some of them just hadn’t been discovered yet. So, basically, I had nothing to lose. Of course, my choice in gene-slaves was somewhat unusual, reflecting my personal fetishes, but that was the whole idea of the institution, wasn’t it? Okay, so I wouldn’t

hide the fact that I had them, at least not all that much. But sure as hell, I'd die from shame if anybody found out what type of gene-slave

I had just ordered. I glanced again at the catalogue on the table.

Catgirls!

The ultimate sex-pet. Buy your own catgirl today!

Features: 100% obedient – cannot disobey a command from her master.

Cherry outlook – always a happy face.

Boosted hormone system – a true nymphomaniac.

High endurance and healing factor – she can take it all, and she'll be good as new in the morning!

Agile and flexible – she licks herself clean!

Advanced muscular system prevents cramps – she can be tied up or suspended for days, with no adverse effects!

Cat-like behavioural pattern – she purrs, she stretches, she rubs herself against you.

Immunity to all diseases, cannot get pregnant – don't worry about condoms.

Cheap to feed! – Highly sophisticated GI system ensures that she can live off nearly

anything, including sperm!

Pleasure and pain brain sections are neighbours – she can easily learn to take pleasure in pain.

Self-lubricating asshole – no need for GY jelly.

Extra-tasty secretions – tastes like candy!

Stretchable – with practice, she can be widened more than any normal human, in both holes!

Forever young – she'll stay at an apparent age of 17 for her entire life.

No prejudices – she'll screw anyone, regardless of sex, race and species.

Sexual skills are part of the design – no basic training necessary.

Malleable – eager to learn, she'll be anything you want her to be…

Available with all normal eye-colours and fur patterns. Breast size can be chosen from petite to XXL.

Only 500$!!!

Life length: Approximately 5 years – can be prolonged at one of our labs, for a

modest fee.

Below is a long list of special configurations, for those like me, who wanted something out of the ordinary – well, more out of the ordinary than a girl with cat ears, semi-paws for hands, a tail, and fur in various places. Not to mention fangs. Well, regardless, my special order was on page 4.

Shemale Catgirl

Want to share it with your girlfriend? Or do you need someone to keep your catgirl happy while you're away? Get yourself a shemale catgirl!

Features: True shemale – has both pussy and cock!

Well equipped – enough to make some men envious.

Maximum virility – can keep a hard-on for up to 8 hours with no adverse effect or softening.

Lots of cum – specially designed balls ensures that they can keep up. Can release fair-sized wads up to 3 times per hour.

Powerful thrusts – enhanced muscle on haunches and arms enables her to thrust like

a bodybuilder.

She can be yours for a mere 600$ - one of our most popular alternate models!

«SPECIAL OFFER! 2-FOR-1!«

When you buy a shemale catgirl, we'll throw in a standard-issue catgirl for only 300$! Get a couple, and you'll never be bored!

A pretty good offer… yep. Then, of course, I had to look at page 6. Which wasn't good, since the models got progressively stranger the further you got into the catalogue.

Realistic Cat Girl

Are you into assplay? This one certainly is! "The bigger the better" doesn't apply exclusively to the male equipment.

Features: Modified bone setting – the tailbone has been reconfigured to allow a higher maximum spread.

Straightened lower GI – deeper penetrations possible.

More elasticity – she can take a horse today, and be just as tight tomorrow!

Improved anal lubrication – for easier entry.

Modified mindset – the bigger it is, the happier she gets!

Note: Upon delivery, she will be capable of taking larger object anally than would otherwise be the case, but it will require some time and training for her to reach her maximum possible spread.

Only 700$, and your biggest dreams come true!

On the back of the catalogue was a list of add-on costs, for those who wanted more than one “special skill” in their catgirl. 100 bucks for the Analytics add-on seems like a bargain, since it seems unlikely that I’ll ever meet a real girl able to do what I have in mind. So, I had taken the step, and made the order. Now, I just had to wait a few endless days before they were delivered to my door.

I had a perpetual hard-on for the next two days… I was tempted to jack off, but for some reason, I resisted. Maybe it was some sort of male instinct, saving up on it to impress the lady. Not that there was much point in trying to impress a gene-slave. Then, on the morning of the third day after calling in my order, my doorbell rang at 8 in the morning. It was a Saturday, and that was about the best I could have wished for. I knew what it would be before opening the door, and sure enough, outside were two delivery men carrying a large box. After they had deposited it in my living room, I signed the correct papers, and they went on their way. Back in their truck, they probably talked about how those “damn corporate weenies' ' were the only ones who could afford one of those, and then they’d discuss what they would buy, if they had the money.

But all that didn’t seem important to me. After all, I was one of those damn corporate weenies” who had enough money for the ultimate luxury, times two. My hands were shaking as I opened the box, like a boy at Christmas Eve – but rarely had a child unwrapped such a pretty package. Inside the box, sleeping side by side, were the two catgirls. They were gorgeous, and they were wholly mine. Each wore an oxygen mask, doubtlessly with a bit of sleeping gas mixed in the air. I gently removed them, and regarded their faces. A lot of work had gone into creating the gene-slave face randomizer DNA, and it showed. The first gene-slaves had been identical, except for those customizable details like eye colour. But that made them appear too inhuman, too robotic, and a random variable was inserted into the DNA, insuring that things like face shape, limb length, hair thickness and such, were different with each. Just like real human beings.

But they were clearly not human. Their faces were covered in downy fur, and their cat-ears stuck up from the top of their head. Both had enough hair to cover the places where their ears should have been, which was done on purpose. Otherwise, it would have looked too freakish. Lying as they were, I could not see that the fur also trailed down their backs, forming a triangle with its point right above the crack. The fur also trailed some of the way up their lower arms and legs, from the paws that had taken the place of human hands and feet. They weren't completely transplanted from a cat, though – that would have been too impractical. Instead, their hands were paws with elongated fingers and opposable thumbs, and their feet were human-shaped, with only the skin cat-style. That is to say, there was fur on their feet and retractable claws on their toes. And from just above their genitals, fur extended almost all the way up to the navel. But, of course, their most stunning feature was their tails. Long and subtle, they were currently wrapped around their waists.

Now, they are starting to stir… my heart beat faster. First one, then the other, yawned and stretched, in a very feline manner. Their eyes opened sleepily, and they were truly made-to-order. One pair emerald, and the other hazelnut, they both stared up at me with curiosity. The shemale was first to rise, daintily stepping out of the box, and getting her balance. It was the first time she ever used her muscle, but it didn't show very much. The other one soon followed, and while she tried to get her bearings on the new world, her elder sister (I was thinking of them in those terms, for some reason. But they came in the same box, and she got out first, so…) tried to get control of her mouth.

"Maas-sterrrr" she purred, the first word she had ever spoken. I just nodded. With a smile that showed off her feline fangs, she jumped straight into me, hugging me tight, and murmuring "Master" over and over again. The younger one soon joined her, and I awkwardly patted them on the head, and asked them to stop… which they did

promptly, of course. I had a hard-on since the box came in the door, but having had those two naked girls pressing themselves against me had given it a rather painful stiffness. Their boobs were sized exactly after my order, too. Now, they were looking at me expectantly, while I tried to gather my thoughts. Then, the silence was broken by the elder, again. “Master, do you have names for us? We’d like names…” Such beautiful naivete. Having gained a jump-off point for my thoughts, I smiled and nodded.

“Certainly, my dear.” Walking forwards, I put my hand on the head of the shemale. “Your name is Katt.” I then proceeded to the girl, who was about an inch lower… due to the lack of male hormones? Never mind. “And you’ll be Purr.” Both smiled their approval of their new names, and I decided that it was time to get down to business. After all, that was what I’d purchased them for. “Follow me.” I simply said, and walked towards my bedroom. They followed me, their semi-paws making no sound on the wooden floor.

My bed was king size. It had come with the house, and I’d always had the feeling that getting rid of it would be a declaration of defeat. I probably had that bed to thank for my recent acquisitions – it was just way too big to sleep in alone, which I’d done for a few weeks anyway. Now, that would change. A sound of pure joy issued from Purr when she saw it, and she immediately jumped into it, bouncing like a rubber ball. I smiled, and gestured for Katt to join her, which she gleefully did. I let them bounce around while I started undressing, figuring it didn’t matter much. Hell, if it broke, no big deal. I had just invested close to a thousand dollars in these two girls, so the repair costs would be negligible in comparison.

Before I had removed my last article of clothing, their hormone system kicked in. Kneeling in front of each other on the bed, they started exploring each other's body. It was a very erotic sight, and they both wore an expression of pure bliss while they discovered the joys of petting. I could see Katt's cock rising, though, so I decided to intervene. I had reserved all of their virginities for myself. As soon as I joined them on the bed, they turned their total attention towards me.

"Easy, girls… c'mon, let's get down to business." I opened, contradicting myself in a single sentence. They seemed to get the message, though. "Yes, master." They purred in unison. "Purr, I'll start on you. Get on all fours." My command was instantly obeyed. Katt sat back on her haunches, looking on with interest while her younger sister got on her hands and knees, and lifted her tail. She actually wiggled her butt in the air, while she looked back at me. Kneeling behind her, I forced my cock downwards – it was so stiff that it was pointing straight at the ceiling. Her pussy was dripping, and I could see a sheen of moisture on her asshole too. But that was for later. Right now, it was her actual virginity I was after. The way she arched her back, so very feline, made it easier. Finally, I managed to position myself at the entrance to her hot grotto, and I slowly entered, savouring every second of it.

Then, I could feel the expected resistance. Newly made, she was, with a virginity fresh from the tanks. Now, my hard rod was posed right on her cherry, ready to break through it. Steadying myself, I grasped the bottom of her tail, and pushed forwards full-force. The sound that issued from between her lips as I tore away her maidenhood seems to be a mixture of a gasp, a moan and a meow. Then, before I knew it, I was buried in her to the root. Steadying myself, I began fucking her in earnest, giving her the first sexual experience of a life designed for them. She was purring now, just like a real cat, and it felt as if the vibrations spread all the way into my cock. But that was probably just what the ad had called "build-in sexual skill". Her

pussy was contracting around my cock, adding to my pleasure, and judging from everything I could see, I was giving as good as I was getting.

I chanced a look in Katt's direction. She was jacking off now, slowly, looking at us with rapt attention, her gorgeous green eyes wide open. But she would get her share soon enough. I turned my attention back at Purr, and started putting some more speed into my thrusts. My haunches hit her buns repeatedly, but they were so tight and muscular that they hardly jiggled. She was really getting into it, I could feel. She was pushing back on every thrust, trying to get me deeper, harder, faster, and succeeding. Her breath quickened, and so did mine, as I felt my balls start to boil. She exploded first, mewling as her first-ever orgasm hit her. Half a minute later, I followed suit, getting my first non-self-induced orgasm for several months.

I was breathing hard as I backed away from her. A thin line of mixed cum and pussy-juice connected my cock to her pussy for a few seconds. I felt like I had just run a marathon, and fought in a major battle afterwards. Funny enough, while my body was exhausted, my cock was still standing straight – demanding attention like a spoiled child. And it was going to get its way, as usual. Catching my breath, I turned around and sat down on the edge of the bed. "Purr, come over here, and sit down…" Purring loudly, as if to confirm the correctness of her name, she practically leaped around me, and got ready to sit on my stiff cock. "No, no… turn around!" I said, and gripped her waist to help her.

With her back to me, I carefully manoeuvred her down, so that my staff impacted right below her tail. Her ass was releasing its own lubrication, and my cock was still slick from her other juices. It slid in easily, and she redoubled her purring as she

continued to lower herself. Considering that she was an Analytic model, there was no real reason to go slow, but I did it anyway. It took several minutes before I finally felt her fur against my thighs, and we both enjoyed every second of it. She wrapped her tail around me, and I put my hands on her large breasts, pulling her back. Now, she was lying on top of me, my cock embedded in her ass, and her well-fucked pussy in the air. Just like I had planned it.

“Katt, now it’s your turn. Come on over and fuck Purr, quickly!” Katt must have been prepared for it, ‘cause she reacted before I’d even finished speaking. She leaped clear over us, landing on the floor in front of us. (On her feet, of course…) She then mauled us, like a tiger on the prowl. Thanks to the acrobatics, she was on top of Purr before I’d closed my mouth. She didn’t thrust into Purr immediately, starting out with a long, steamy hot kiss, while grinding their boobs together. After a few seconds of that, she moved further up, and slid her prick effortlessly into her little sister. I could feel it clearly, through the thin, separating wall. It was clearly bigger than mine was, but somehow, I didn’t feel jealous. Certainly, it was now bringing me almost as much pleasure as it was clearly giving Purr. Purr’s ass was tight, but not as much as one would have expected from a virgin… but then, that’s to be expected since I’d ordered the anal modification. But with Katt’s cock in her pussy, the friction increased tenfold, and so did the pleasure.

My position prevented me from moving very much, but it wasn’t really necessary either. As Katt started thrusting into her, Purr began to move to meet her, and when Katt bottomed out, the impact forced Purr back down on my cock. It was a lazy way to have sex, letting the girls do all the work, but what the hell. They were mine, after all. And certainly, they had no cause to complain… their mewls of pleasure was reaching a higher pitch for every thrust, and it didn’t take a rocket scientist to figure out that they were about to cum. Besides, I could feel Purr’s ass contracting around

my cock, and that was always a sure sign. Figuring that they were probably closer to cumming than me, I started moving as much as I could. I pushed my abdomen up when Katt thrust down, effectively trapping Purr's holes between us, and reaching a deeper penetration in the process.

For the second time in less than an hour, I felt my balls boil over, and the white hot lava flowed up my cock. I dimly heard Katt issue what sounded like a roar, and I felt her cock spasm along with mine. Between us, Purr was acting as if she'd had an epileptic seizure, her limbs flying wildly through the air as a dual orgasm hit her… one vaginal, and one anal. Hell, considering the way Katt was grinding into her pelvis, she might be getting a clitoral orgasm to top it off with!
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It took… what, five minutes? More? I dunno… anyway, it took a while before any of us moved. Fortunately for me, the catgirls were very light, thanks to their lithe and agile configuration, so it wasn't really a problem to have two of them resting on top of me. Thank god I didn't get the Muscle Amazon Catgirl add-on for either of them! Finally, Katt got up, pulling out of Purr in the process, and with a gentle push from me, Purr soon followed. I was trying to catch my breath – they did weight something, after all – and didn't get up myself. My cock was still standing straight, but I had a feeling that it wouldn't last much longer. What to do… then, I noticed that they were both regarding my prick hungrily. It struck me as somewhat strange, considering where it had just been, but then I remembered that Purr was, effectively, a newborn. She hadn't yet had her first meal, and her intestines hadn't started working yet. So…

"Like the look of it, girls? You can have a taste, if you want…" I said teasingly. Naturally, they pounced at me, competing for the honour being the first to have her

mouth on my cock. It worried me a bit, to have girls with feline fangs fighting to get their mouths around my most precious possession. But supposedly they both had a subliminal programming, which should prevent any accidental injury to their master. Well, if you can't put your faith in science…

All worries were purged from my mind as I felt two hot mouths close around my member. Their cat-like tongues felt like sandpaper on my sensitive cockhead, making me jump. But their throats were velvet soft… they actually took turns deep-throating me, as if they were ascertaining that they did, in fact, possess such skills. They did. One of them (the way I was lying prevented me from seeing them very clearly) took me into the root, while the other started licking my balls… again, the rough tongue made me jump, banging my cockhead against the back of the other one's throat. She didn't seem to mind. My god, that girl was really going at my balls… maybe there'd been some jizz on them, leaking from the ass-fuck… that would explain it, but it didn't matter. What mattered was that I was about to set a personal record, with three times in a row.

Now, usually, I'm not a very loud lover. Heavy breathing is about as loud as I get… but this time, when the sperm forced it's way out of my sore cock, I roared in orgasm. It wasn't a spectacular load, but for a third, it was pretty darn good. I could feel that the first jet went directly down the catgirl's throat, but after that she pulled out some, taking it in the mouth instead. Guess she liked the taste… When I stopped cuming, I wearily lifted my head to see the two girls share my load in a hot, french kiss. Well, as sisters we share… That sight alone would have given me a raging hard-on at any other time, but for now, I was spend. Gathering all of my strength, managed to lift my legs into the bed, and turn around so that my head was resting on a pillow. And that was as far as I got before I fell asleep… well, "passed out" would probably be a more honest phrasing.

It was high noon before I woke up… quite a nap. But then again, I hadn't slept very well the past couple of nights, and my first session with my catgirls had been quite exhausting. Still, it couldn't have been much past 9 when I went to sleep, having been awake for little more than two hours at that point. Well, it didn't really matter, I didn't have anything planned for today.

My senses were starting to come back on-line. The first thing I noticed was that I was surrounded by warm, furry, naked, female bodies. Not a bad thing to wake up to. Less pleasant was the fact that both of my arms were still sound asleep, probably due to the fact that there was a catgirl lying on top of each of them. After two futile attempts to pull my stone-dead arms out from under them, I turned to the girl on my right – Purr, as it turned out, and kissed her gently on the forehead. She awoke with a smile, an ability usually only found in children, and returned my kiss… on the mouth, though. "Good morning, master!" She said cheerfully. " 'morning, Purr. Now that you are awake, would you mind getting off of my arm?" She leaped off, once again demonstrating the agility that catgirls possess, and looked somewhat worried. "I'm sorry, master… I didn't think of that."

I grimaced as the returning bloodflow into my arm made it feel like an exhibit at the Museum of Acupuncture, but managed to shake my head. "Don't worry about it, Purr. These things happen, and I know that it's just because you wanted to be close to me." That perked her right up again, and her smile brightened the room as surely as the noonday sun. Using my newly resurrected right arm, I managed to extract my left

from under Katt, and she didn't even wake up at it. What is it they call it? The sleep of the virtuous, or something like that…

Shaking some life back into my left arm, I started looking around for my clothes, but then I decided against it. I wasn't planning on going anywhere today, so instead I pulled my silken kimono out of my closet and slid into it. It was a souvenir from my first trip to Japan, and it was wonderful to wear. Cliche or not, it felt like the hands of a lover… Turning away from my locker, I saw that Katt was still sleeping. Purr was looking at her with wide open eyes, while she licked her lips… a closer look revealed the reason: Katt was sporting an impressive hard-on. Morning wood? Or maybe she was just having a really nice dream…

Walking over to Purr, I whispered in her ear. "Purr, why don't you wake up Katt… in a nice way." She nodded merrily, and started sneaking over the rumpled sheets towards her big sister. The room was totally quiet, 'cept for the sound of our breaths, but it was still impossible to hear Purr moving. In this case, it probably wasn't necessary, though, since Katt was so deeply asleep. I moved in closer, the sound of my own footsteps muffled by the thick rug, hoping to get a good look at the scene. Purr was going at it like a pro, as if she had done things like this a thousand times before. Amazing what they could program into the instincts nowadays…

Katt was lying partly on her side, making access to her genitals difficult at best. Purr solved that by gently tickling her left ear. Reflectively, the shemale batted away the nonexistent instinct, and rolled over on her back. Okay, next problem: her cock was lying on her belly, making it impossible for Purr to get her mouth around it. It also revealed Katt's pussy, nestled right between and below her balls… I'd have to take a

closer look at that, sometime. Anyway, Purr solved that problem by breathing lightly on the sensitive cockhead. Katt arched her back, still in her sleep, and her cock jumped out from her belly for a split second. That was enough for Purr to get her mouth around it. She then started working it over as fast as she could, while Katt started stirring…

I could see on Katt's face that she was still halfway in dreamland, which was indicative that my earlier guess about her wet dreams was true. Purr was discarding stealth in favor of speed now, gripping the base of Katt's cock in her paw to steady herself, and running her head up and down as fast as her neck muscles could propel her. At that rate, it only took ten more seconds before Katt's eyes flew open, and she arched her back in orgasm, unloading her sperm in Purr's mouth. Purr happily drank it all down, not wasting a drop of it… supposedly, catgirls also had extra-tasty sperm, but I wasn't interested in finding out. Purr loved it, and that was all that mattered.

Purr backed away, licking her lips to make sure she got it all, and Katt stretched in a distinctively feline way, before getting off the bed. "Good morning, master." She said simply. The way she talked and acted seemed to indicate a somewhat more serious personality, a little bit more mature. It was a little early to pass judgements, but it would appear that my unconscious classification of them as little sister and big sister was rather appropriate.

"Hardly morning, Katt… more like noon. You hungry?" Both of them nodded eagerly, and I realized that it had been a very silly question… they had never had a meal in their entire life, and they had just engaged in a very tiring bit of exercise. Shaking my head at my own stupidity, I reached into the closet and withdrew the garments I had

ordered for them. They had arrived the day before, something that had only been possible due to my job at GenCorp… The same day I had ordered the girls, I had extracted the design specification for the generic catgirl from the corporate mainframe, and used the approximate measurements listed there to order the clothes.

It is said that you can never truly tame a cat, and although the geneticists claim that that particular feline trait is not included in the catgirl, my choice in clothes for them nonetheless reflects the inert wildness of cats. Fashioned from replicated hide (you can't buy the real thing anymore… at least not on the open market.), they looked mostly like a cavewoman's most daring bikini. A pair of artfully primitive hide bras, and two loincloths… g-strings would have been difficult, due to the tail. Besides, a loincloth is just about the most revealing attire known to (wo)man. Katt's cock would be clearly visible from behind, and whenever she got a hard-on…

I threw the skimpy pieces of skin over to the girls, who picked them up and looked at them with an expression of bemusement on their faces. I wondered briefly if the ability to get dressed had been left out of their knowledge base… after all, most people probably didn't bother giving them clothes. It was my experience, though, that the right sort of clothes can be sexier than complete nudity. But apparently, they were just surprised by the nature of their new attires. They didn't take long to put them on, and when they were done, they posed for me like supermodels, without me even asking. They were like something out of a caveman's wettest dreams… certainly, it made my cock jump. Ordering myself to calm down – there would be plenty of time for un-calmness later – I started down the stairs, and gestured for them to follow me.

Down in the kitchen, I opened the fridge and started searching for some meat. In my fridge, that usually meant full spelunking gear, a rope connection to the outside, and a mobile phone in case I needed to call a rescue team… But I had made sure to put the pack from the butcher in the front parts, so I managed to locate it without much trouble. I know that many people feed their catgirls table scraps or cat food, which they can live off just fine, but I got plenty of money, so I figure I can keep them well fed on good meat. Besides, I've got some indication that red, raw meat can call up the wild side of the catgirls, and that's an aspect of them that I want to cultivate.

As I watched them devour the raw meat, tearing it to pieces with their powerful fangs, I recalled all the information I had gathered about their construction. Being a GeneCorp employee carried more advantages than the 10% off, especially if you happen to work in their computer division. My job, you see, is to keep their massive mainframe running smoothly. I'm not really a geneticist, although I got rather decent marks for it at high school, but when it comes to AI systems, I'm not afraid to call myself an expert. And that also means that I basically got access to every bit of information that GeneCorp possesses, including all the stuff about catgirls. And my basic knowledge of genetics is good enough to understand most of the scientific stuff. Maybe GeneCorp doesn't realize that, or maybe they just don't care.

I did find out a few things they probably didn't want out in the press, though. For one thing, the first catgirls they made actually ended up severely injuring some of the scientists. They were running extreme-case tests to make sure that the "Master's Voice" would work no matter how much abuse they were put through. The "Master's Voice" is a genetically defined subconscious blocking that prevents geneslaves from injuring their masters, and it's always worked. But during those tests, the subjects actually managed to break the blocking, and one of the scientists ended up spending half a month in a hospital… and in an age of nanobiotics, that's a lot. The later

generations of catgirls had an improved version of “Master’s Voice” build in, and (very, very, careful) tests confirmed that those could not be broken. Also, the special models that are designed to suffer a lot of pain and abuse were given an even stronger blocking, just to be safe… still, despite all those safeguards, I’m fairly sure that the sale of catgirls would drop dramatically if that bit of trivia got out… But I ain’t talking. Besides, I’ve got no intention of bringing my girls to the point where they might need to break their blocks… especially not after reading about the stuff they did to test it. It was all described in great detail, and I felt nauseous after the first two paragraphs. But, you know, you just can’t stop reading those kinds of things… it’s like watching splatter-movies. It ain’t funny, it ain’t pretty, and it’ll give you nightmares… but it’s got some kind of attraction. Anyway, considering what lengths they pushed the girls to, to break the original “Master’s Voice”, I don’t even have the imagination to come up with enough cruelty to possibly break the new versions. Nor would I try…

Cheery line of thought, huh? Especially while you’re watching two demi-humans gorge themselves with raw meat. I shook my head to clear it. There were more important things to think about, such as the fact that those four hours of sleep had rejuvenated me somewhat… my kimono was starting to show a bit of deformation on the front parts. Also, I hadn’t had a chance to screw Katt yet, and that thought made my cock jump to full size. It looked like they were about done eating, anyway. I was about to head back to the bedroom with them, when I though better of it.

Smiling to myself, I picked up a pair of towels, and handed them to the girls, so that they could get the blood off their faces… well, it was actually just meat juices, but it certainly looked grisly. I noticed that they were both watching the bulge in my kimono while wiping their faces… When they were done, and had gotten on their feet, I simply went over to Katt and pushed her down, so that she was bent over the edge of the table. She didn’t say anything either, just mewled expectantly. How a mewl can

be expectant? Beats me, but that's what it sounded like.

She lifted her tail in the air, revealing her puckered, brown asshole, as well as her cute, little pussy. And her balls. Well, that might have turned some people off, but it just made me even harder. After all, that was why I had ordered a shemale. I opened the front of my kimono, letting my raging hard-on into the air at last. It was hard as steel, and I knew I had to get the most of it. Knowing my own limits, I probably wouldn't be able to get it up again for several hours. Maybe not until tonight. So, I debated with myself which hole to take. The pussy was virginal, and it was always a thrill to tear through the thin barrier of the cherry… but her ass would be tight, tighter than Purr's, since Katt hadn't gotten the anal enhancement.

Her virginity could wait, I decided. The reason why I had bought an analistic catgirl is that I'm anally fixated, obviously, so that tight little hole seemed more attractive to me than the pussy. Holding Katt's tail out of the way with one hand, and steering my hard cock with the other, gently nudged her sphincter with my cockhead. I could feel the lubrication on her asshole, which would be necessary this time – my prick was quite dry. But her anal juices were excellent lubrication, and as I started putting my weight into it, I slid slowly into her tight butthole. While I grinded my full length into her, one inch at a time, she gave off a long, deep moan, with just an undertone of a meow. When my crotch hair finally touched her buns, she was practically out of breath, and so was I… even though I hadn't moaned at all.

Her ass was vice-tight and very hot around my staff. It was better than when I screwed Purr there, and already my balls were aching. But I fully intended to get a real fuck out of my last erection that day, so I waited calmly for my breath to stabilize,

and my balls to calm down. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Purr, sitting on a kitchen chair with her legs wide open, playing with herself. She was clearly getting off on watching us… too bad I wouldn't have any cock left for her when I was done here. Now, back to Katt… I had calmed down sufficiently that I should be able to fuck her to an orgasm before I came myself. (Catgirls also had an easier time getting anal orgasms… something that is not mentioned in the commercials, since it bolsters men's ego to think that it is thanks to their skill.)

I leaned over her and put my hands on her lithe back, pushing her into the table. Her large tits were flattened against the table, and I could feel her shiver from the sensation of the cold plastic against her sensitive nibbles. Then, I pulled out, almost as slowly as I had pushed it in, all the say. I stopped when I could feel her asshole stretch slightly to accommodate my engorged dickhead, and then I pushed in with all my strength, sinking in to the hilt in a split second. She meowed loudly, and I could feel her jump slightly from the sudden friction. I pulled out again, a bit quicker this time, and smashed it in again. Out, a bit faster, and smashing back in. Again. Again. I build up speed, until I was pulling out and smashing in as fast as I could move my hips. Two times, I pulled out too far, my cock leaving her ass entirely, but I got lucky… in both cases, I hit the hole again when I thrust forwards, and the added depth of those thrusts made her meow a bit louder. If I hadn't been that lucky, I could have hit her tailbone instead, and that hurts! It never happened to me, but I know a guy… sure, it's supposed to end with both of you screaming, but not in that way.

I started sacrificing some of the length of my thrusts, in favor of speed. I think it's called piston-fucking, but who cares. What matters is that it pushed us both over the edge. I pushed in as deep as it would go, and held it there while I filled her bowels with my sperm. She trembled under me, screaming out her orgasm. I wonder if the neighbors could hear that? Ah, to hell with that! But it would probably be a bad idea

to get it on with the girl in my back yard, even though it's shielded from curious eyes. I wouldn't want to get complaint from the rest of the neighborhood.

As I pulled out, I heard Purr meowing loudly behind me, apparently getting her first "home made" orgasm. Turning around, I took in the sight. She was still sitting on the chair, but she had put her legs up over the armrests, spreading her legs widely enough to impress a ballet dancer. Alas, despite that heavenly sight, my cock was rapidly deflating, checking out after a hard day of work. But you don't need a cock to pleasure a girl… it was time to see whether the commercials had spoken the truth. Moving rapidly, I didn't even give her the time to recover from her orgasm… I simply walked over to her chair, dropped down to my knees, and buried my head in her lap. My first lick informed me that the catalog hadn't been lying: She really did taste wonderful. Sweet and tangy, like the sort of candy all children enjoy.

Her pussy was very wet from her latest orgasm, and her rapid fingering had scattered the sweet juices all over her crotch. The fur that started right above her pussy was wet and slick, and I carefully kept my tongue away from that area. I like cats, but no so much that I'd like to start coughing up hairballs like them. Instead, I digged deeper into her cunt, burying my nose in the wet fur. Mmmm… she smelled nice too. I could hear on the sounds she made that she was enjoying my attention immensely, but don't cats always enjoy attention? I could also hear that she was started climbing the hill towards another orgasm, and I decided to speed her up a bit. Lifting my head a fraction of an inch, I started searching around in the upper reaches of her dripping wet slit, and when she suddenly jumped in her seat, I knew I had found the clit. I attacked it mercilessly, first playing with it with my tongue, then sucking with my lips, and finally biting gently with my teeth.

Naturally, that send her rocketing towards the desired cum… I know, though, that it is a technique to be used with care. Too much stimulation on the clit, and it looses its sensitivity. But this time I had timed it right, that became clear when her slender, but strong, thighs wrapped around my neck and pulled me harder into her pussy. She's really quite strong, you know. With that pressure, I had to give up on the clit and dive into the depths of her cunt again… not that it mattered. She was already cumming, as a gush of liquid proclaimed, hitting my tongue. I eagerly lapped it up, and continued to stimulate her to prolong her orgasm. It worked, too… she kept cumming for several minutes, shaking, meowing, and pushing me into her pussy. I was just starting to worry, 'cause I was running out of breath, when she suddenly went limp. Her legs slid down my arms, and I could finally get up again. My knees hurt some, but I didn't care. The taste on her pussy was still on my tongue, and the sleepy smile on her face gave me a warm'n'fuzzy feeling inside…

That evening, after having eaten and bathed (along with the girls… I had no idea washing fur could be so much fun), I sent them up to bed, to rest a bit before I went up myself. I could feel that my libido had returned full force, and we probably wouldn't get much sleep tonight. But who cares, it's Sunday tomorrow, we can sleep for as long as we want. Heh… real cats usually sleep about 14 hours 'a day, but the geneticists wisely chose to edit that trait out. Actually, the catgirls can do just fine with 4-6 hours of sleep, and go for several days without sleep at all, with no adverse effects.

Anyway, even on a Saturday, there are things I have to do. Like checking my e-mail. So, I went into the net, my element, and was surprised to find an actual e-mail amongst the heaps of junkmail… I'm an AI expert. I could surf the net before I could walk. My knowledge of computers is great enough to call to me the attention of one

of the world's largest corporations. But even I can't find an effective way to keep all the junk out… somehow, it always stays one step ahead of the filters. But, as I said, this time there was an actual mail, from a friend I've never met. He shares many of my tastes, though, so we often exchange information about sites with catgirls 'n such. Incidentally, he also shares my anal fixation. My latest mail to him included an old, Chinese manga that I had gotten off on in a serious way, 'cause it contained some serious anal action. And not just fucking… shown in it was an ingenious machine, build with a single purpose: To widen a girl's asshole beyond anything that was possible in those days. The manga was from before the genetic revolution, so the makers could not have anticipated the fact that it would one day be possible to create girls who could do that… back then, it was merely an impossible fantasy.

So, did he like it too? What does it say here… hm hmm… WHAT?!? Whew… is he serious? Gotta check this out. Oh please, don't let this be a broken link… Yes! He wasn't lying… this site sells all sorts of perverse stuff. Wow… okay, here it is. I can't believe somebody actually went and constructed it in real life! I'll buy it… no matter the cost. Oh, that one looks interesting too! And that… gee, I feel like a buy in a candy store. And with the paycheck I'm getting, I'm a very rich boy in a candy store! Hmm, I was going to buy one of those anyway, might as well include it in the order. Okay, how long will this take… air mail, that's good, but it's Sunday tomorrow. Probably not 'till Thursday, then. Well, I'll have to make some preparations first, anyway. But not tonight. Tonight, we'll be making love. Tomorrow, we can get down to the fucking.

End of part 1

“Catgirls 2 – Purr’s Add-on” cumming soon! Don’t you go miss it…

Black Dragon

Catgirls 2 – Catgirls in Toyland

I awoke. That, of course, was something I had done on a regular basis since the day I was born, but recently, it had come to mean something entirely different. You see, I didn’t just wake up, I woke up with a beautiful, cute, naked – I could go on, but let’s get down to business, shall we? – catgirl on each side of me. Purr had apparently turned over in her sleep, and had her back to me, but Katt was lying on her back, her huge boobs rising and lowering steadily with her breath. Before, I had gotten the so-called ‘morning wood’ about once a week, but these days, I got it every morning. Throwing off the quilt, I rolled over on top of her, and felt her cock rise instantly as it touched mine. She awoke with a smile, an ability usually connected with children, and grinned at me.

“Good morrrning, Master.” She still rolled somewhat on the r’s, but otherwise, she

spoke a perfect language. “Good morning, Katt.” I replied. I felt her moving beneath me, rubbing her erection against mine. “You got morrrning wood, Master! You want Katt to help you with that?” Correction: She could speak a perfect language if she wanted to, but she usually didn’t. Somehow, although I’d never said it out loud, she knew that I enjoyed that simplistic way of talking she used. Same thing with Purr, but I had a feeling she was just emulating her older sister.

Smiling, I nodded, and began moving up her body. I sat on her chest, feeling the rise of her ribs below, and marveling at the strength she hid in her fragile-looking body. She was able to carry my weight without a problem, despite the fact that my recent ventures into the art of body-building had added a few pounds to it. Then again, the reason I had started building up my muscle was that I was starting to feel weak compared to them. The steady diet of red meat I’d been feeding them had made them both become more muscular, Katt in particular, so I’d decided to try to keep up. I was making good progress too, probably due to all the bedsheet exercise I was getting.

Katt opened her mouth hungrily, but that wasn’t where I was aiming. Taking a tit in each hand, I spread them apart, and placed my cock in the crease between them. The skin there was wet from all the sweat that had accumulated there during the night, and as I pushed the boobs together over my dick, I found that it slid through them quite easily. Katt purred in surprise (yes, there is such a thing as a surprised purr. When you’ve had a catgirl for a while, you learn to distinguish between various purrs) since it was the first time I’d tried something like that. I dunno why, though. It was the main reason why I had ordered her with large-size boobs, which was the biggest you could get without paying extra. XL and XXL size required additional payment, since they then had to modify the back and chest muscle to enable the catgirl to carry them comfortably.

I started thrusting between those large, milky-white orbs. It was still winter, but when summer came, I figured they'd get nicely bronzed. Katt kept purring, and nipped at my cockhead every time it got within reach of her mouth… a bit worrying, her fangs taken into consideration, but I knew that she was preconfigured to prevent such accidents as I had in mind. I speeded up my thrusts, and cast a sideways look at Purr. She was still sleeping like an angel – I'd noticed she was a bit of a sleepyhead – unaware of the action going on less than a meter from her. Heh… you remember me telling you earlier that the bed was one of the reasons why I decided to buy the catgirls? It isn't just the size… the bed is specially build for lovemaking. It's attached to the wall, preventing it from hitting it when there is movement onboard, and the springs are all silenced to prevent creaking. In short, you could have an orgy in it without disturbing anybody else.

I could feel my balls boiling. It wouldn't be long, now. With a moan, I thrust all the way forward, burying my balls in her soft tit-flesh. She then demonstrated the amazing flexibility of a catgirl, by bending her head far enough up to encircle my cockhead in her warm mouth. As her rough tongue danced a staccato tune over the sensitive, bloated head, I threw back my head and let loose. My cock pulsed, and jet after jet of sperm shot into her hungry mouth. She sucked eagerly and downed every drop of it, wasting nothing. Winded, I released my hold on her breasts, and sat back some. I knew, however, that I'd soon regain my breath. The past two weeks with the catgirls had improved my physical condition quite a bit.

Getting out of bed, I walked over to the other side of it, where Purr still lay sleeping. How to wake her… carefully, I pulled the quilt off of her, and looked at her cute little

ass. Sure enough, there it was, almost hidden between her luscious buns. The end of the butt-plug she wore all the time, except when she went to the bathroom, or got assfucked by Katt or me. Deftly, I gripped it and pulled it out, then quickly forced it back in. Purr squealed, and leaped into full wakefulness in less than a second. I smiled broadly. The butt-plug was the biggest one available from the local sex-store, and it didn't seem to give her any problems. I just loved the sight of her asshole widening around its huge base, then contract below it, sealing it in.

Sitting upright in the bed, giving no indication that my rough treatment of her ass caused her any discomfort, she smiled at me. "Good morrrning, Master." "Good morning, Purr. Say, if you hurry, you can get the bathroom first." Nodding, she leaped up, and sprinted through the room, leaping over her sister who was getting dressed near the door, and ran out into the hallway. Seconds later, I heard the bathroom door slam, and figured that she was probably busy unloading her aching bowels now. Katt mirrored my grin as she slid into the fake hide top and loincloth, which both her and Purr wore most of the time. Since they hardly got in the way of sex, they usually didn't bother removing them. How often, you ask? Well, I get my rocks off 'bout five times a day. But there's also plenty of stuff going on that doesn't involve my cock. Like me licking the sweet juices from Purr's pussy, or Katt fucking her little sister silly. Katt? Oh, I'd say she gets to shoot her load 'bout 10 times a day. But that's just a guess. It could be more. Every time I come home from my job at GenCorp, and I asked what they'd been doing while I was away, the answer was always the same: "Fucking."

Good thing I bought a couple. With the sexual appetite they display, a single catgirl would have worn me down. Anyway, it was Saturday, so I wasn't going anywhere. Last weekend had been a 48-hour fuckfest, so this time I was smart. I didn't get dressed, just threw on my silken kimono. Out in the hallway, Katt was leaning

impatiently against the wall, waiting for Purr to finish with the bathroom. As I joined her, I jelled “Hey, Purr! Make sure you clean your ass up when you’re done, okay?” A short time after the girls were delivered, I brought a short gardening hose into the upstairs bathroom, to serve as an improvised enema kit. Using it made sure that we could enjoy plenty of assplay for 8-12 hours without worrying about anything getting in the way.

Five minutes later, when Purr came out of the bathroom, I began to walk in, only to have Katt beat me to it. I was just about to go back to leaning at the wall, when she reached out, gripped my kimono, and pulled me into the bathroom with her, closing the door behind us. “What’s up, Katt?” I asked, wondering what she was up to. “Master, I haven’t been quite honest with you…” she said shyly. “What do you mean?” “Well, I know we’ve been telling you, every time you come home, that we’ve spend all hour time fucking…” “And you haven’t?” “No. Every time Purr falls asleep, I use your computer.” That took me aback. I hadn’t taught her anything about computers, so presumably the ability to use one was part of her preset knowledge. She continued. “And I’ve seen all the pictures and stories you got… and I know that there’s something you want to try but haven’t…”

Damn! I had no idea that catgirls could be that smart! Well, she was right, and I had a pretty good idea of what she was talking about. Since getting the girls, I had indulged in almost every fantasy I had. Almost. There was one, which I somehow couldn’t bring myself to ask of them. Why? Because I knew that their brains were configured in such a way that they could not refuse, and asking them would be exactly the same thing as ordering them. And I didn’t feel that I had the right to order them to do that… but now, Katt was acting completely on her own accord, sinking to her knees in front of the toilet bowl. She growled, like she’d done when she first awakened. “Maaaaas-terrrr… come, use my mouth as a toilet. Piss in my hot mouth,

Maaas-terrr…” How could I refuse?

My cock had gone rock-hard as soon as I realized what she was up to, and I had to push pretty hard to get it down to her mouth. Then, aiming carefully, I released my bladder, and started pissing. It sprayed from the tip with a great deal of force, both because of my full bladder, and my hard cock. It went straight into her mouth, hitting her palate so hard that it gave off an audible hiss. From there it ran down her tongue, into her throat… but she didn’t swallow. Instead, she held it in her mouth until it was full, showing me how her tongue was completely submerged, before finally drinking it down. My head swam slightly… she was doing it just like the girls in those stories… the ones I had found on a site dedicated to porn from the early 21st century. Most of my favorites were written by a guy named SuperJizz, and nearly all of his stories contained a scene in which a woman was drinking piss in exactly the same way Katt now was.

After having swallowed three mouthfuls in that way, she leaned forwards and encircled my cockhead with her lips. Now, she was swallowing constantly, and I could feel her tongue running over the piss-slit regularly, breaking the flow. Man, I had no idea I could pee for so long… it probably had something to do with the hard-on, limiting the flow. Either way, Katt was taking advantage of it to try out every type of piss-drinking on me. Next, she leaned forwards some more, sliding my pumped cockhead over her tongue, and down her throat. I could feel it now, her throat closing around my shaft, while she swallowed it to the root. And still I pissed, straight down her throat, into her gullet. Finally, the flow slowed down to a dribble, and then stopped entirely. But Katt didn’t stop there, she kept licking and sucking… she pulled back some, getting the head back into her mouth, and proceeded to clean it off carefully. Boy, she knew how to use that tongue! I could feel it running over every square millimeter, paying extra care to the piss-slit, the ridge right under the crown, and the

loose skin beneath that. When she was satisfied that every bit of pee had been cleaned off, she returned to the deep-throating.

Her and Purr was in constant competition about being the most talented cocksucker… Purr had an unfair advantage, of course, since she had two cocks to train on. Katt was flexible enough to reach her own cock, but according to her, it just wasn't the same thing as sucking off somebody else. So, she took every chance to get my prick into her throat, and try out a new technique. This was no exception. She was really going at it, contracting her throat around my member like she as trying to crush it, then relaxing the pressure to move her head back and forth for a while. She was actually fucking me with her head, and that was no mean trick, especially from that position. The ease with witch my cock slid past her tonsils bore witness to the throughoutness of her designers.

Despite the fact that I'd cum less than fifteen minutes earlier, she nonetheless managed to bring me to a shattering orgasm. With clenched teeth, I gripped the back of her head, and thrust all the way into her throat. Her lips touched my crotch hair, and the force of the thrust made my balls swing up and hit her chin. I held her head there, while I blew my load down her throat, to join the piss she'd just drunk. Finding myself winded again, I took a step back and pulled my rapidly deflating cock from her mouth. Jokingly, I scolded her. "Really, Katt, you are far too greedy! That's the second load you've sucked out of me in less than half an hour, and your little sister hasn't gotten a drop." I grinned as I said it, and gave her a hug as she stood. "That was really good, Katt. You really figured out my secret longing there, and your new deep-throat technique certainly got possibilities."

As always, she seemed to be practically shining while I complimented her. It was good to have that sort of power, being able to make her so happy with a couple of words. Anyway, time doesn't wait for nobody, and even a magic moment doesn't last forever. She still needed to pee, and so she took the toilet while I washed my hands, and went downstairs. Purr was already setting the table, with two bowls of milk sweetened with sugar for herself and her sister, and bowl of milk with cereal for me. She looked at me crookedly, but didn't say anything. I helped her finish the table, and five minutes later Katt came down to join us. We took our seat and started into our breakfast, and of course the doorbell rang two minutes later. With a sigh, I let my cereals soak in the milk while I went to answer it.

My mood brightened considerably when I found that it wasn't somebody trying to get me to enter some club, cult, or new-age religion, but a package delivery. The package wasn't wrapped in plain, brown paper, though, but in black, glossy paper, and there was a Chinese symbol on each side. The deliveryboy looked pretty curious as he handed it over and asked me to sign on the dotted line, but I wasn't about to enlighten him. It was really clever, actually. Sex toys and porn movies had been delivered 'in plain, brown paper' for so long, that it marked naughty packages as clearly as a brightly colored mark saying 'Ye Olde Sex Shoppe'. This one, however, might as well be a bottled dragon, or something similarly weird. There was a lot of weird, genetic oddities available on the Chinese and Japanese market, and it probably wasn't unusual for the newly rich to import something strange, like a guard-dragon or something.

I forced myself to put the package down on the floor and walk back to the breakfast table. It wasn't running anywhere, and my cereals wouldn't stay crispy-crunchy for very much longer. As I sat down, both of the girls replicated Purr's questioning expression from earlier, while I repeated my admiral performance at not noticing.

While I chewed my way through Kellogg's newest attempt at creating the ultimate breakfast – I always try their new products at least once, just in case – I suddenly remembered why I had told Purr to take and enema after she was done on the toilet. But if I started unwrapping my package, I'd probably forget all about it… so! I finished my breakfast, and waited a couple of minutes for them to finish theirs. As soon as they'd gotten through their milk, they quickly collected all the bowls and spoons, put them in the sink, and turned to face me. Obviously, they could sense that I was hiding something.

With a smile, I beckoned Purr closer. "Purr, why don't you go lay over that chair over there?" I suggested, gesturing at the chair she'd just been sitting on. Her grin was so wide that it threatened to decapitate her on the spot – she absolutely loves surprises, just as much as Katt loves springing them on others – and jumped to the chair. Long-bodied as she was, it fitted in between her boobs and legs, letting both hang over the edges. I moved over between her legs and sat down, gesturing at Katt to move to her head. "Katt, I think Purr would like a chance to practice her deep-throat technique…" I grinned as I saw her loincloth rising with the suggestion. She looked at me archly, and deftly pulled her loincloth aside… with her tail. I whistled soundlessly. She'd never done that before… maybe their tails were more controllable than I'd initially assumed. Purr already had her mouth wide open, and Katt's cock disappeared into it with a no difficulty at all.

Lowering my view, I took in the beautiful visage before me… Purr's flawless ass. Her pussy was dripping with moisture, and so was her ass. I could see her fur, beginning in the crack between her buns, and continue up her back, reminding me that I was looking at a catgirl and not just an unusually well-formed human girl. I played with her labia for a few seconds, taking my time to tease her clit for a few seconds. It was obviously very sensitive, making her jump a bit every time I touched it. Then, I

approached my other hand to her asshole. It was still blocked, filled up with the large-size butt-plug. Years of computer use has given me very fast hands, though… I gripped the base, pulled it out, and threw it aside, enjoying the view it offered me. The bit right above the base wasn't much more than three or four centimeters across, but right above it, it widened out to an impressive 15 centimeters, a good deal more than any man could naturally attain. The swift pull forced her asshole to widen more than 10 centimeters in a second, and caused the hole to gape open for a few more seconds before contracting.

It didn't get a chance to do that, though. As soon as the plug was out, I pushed my other hand into the hole with all my strength. Already stretched, it didn't seem to have a lot of trouble stretching further. The base of my hand caught the edges, which had been turned outwards following the removal of the butt-plug, and pulled them inwards again. That was where the 'improved lubrication' mentioned in the catalogue kicked in. As if her ass had been bathed in high-quality sex-oil, my hand slid through her tight sphincter. The whole process took less than three seconds, from I started pulling at the plug, 'till her shitchute closed around my wrist. Purr was writhing on the chair, and I took the time to look up from her ass. Her eyes were squeezed shut in delight, and she was sucking at Katt's cock like a kid on a peppermint stick. She had it all the way down her throat, and was sucking at the base as if she was trying to get the balls into her mouth as well. It was obvious that she was in the throes of pleasure, experiencing no pain whatsoever.

Well, that was all the evidence I needed. The design of her nerves and brain obviously insured that even the most severe ass-stretching would cause only pleasure, just as promised. Satisfied with what I'd seen, I returned my attention to her asshole, and started flexing my fingers inside of her. I could feel the sensitive walls of her lower intestine stretch to accommodate my hand, and after a few tries, I managed

to ball my hand into a fist inside her. She was making little sounds now, mewling around the meatwhistle that filled her mouth. I placed my free hand on top of her ass to keep it steady, and started pushing my fist deeper into her. I could feel her shaking more for every inch of arm her ass swallowed, and by the time I had the first 7 inches of arm (hand not included) inside her, she lived up to her name and started purring. It was an amazing feeling… she often purred when we had sex, but I could feel it more clearly now, because she was so tight around my arm. I'm telling you, though, if you haven't screwed a purring catgirl, you haven't had good sex. The vibrations can drive you crazy.

It wasn't until her asshole was 'bout 10 centimeters from my elbow that I started meeting some real resistance. By then, her hole was visibly stretched. I marveled at the elasticity of the tissue, and got a better grip on her… then, I pushed as hard as I could, pumping the final inches into her. I felt her stiffen, and then tremble like a leaf in a storm as a huge orgasm hit her. I licked my lips eagerly at seeing such a reaction before I'd really gotten started, and removed my other hand from her buns. "Hey, Katt, hold on to the chair, would you?" I was looking up at her as I said it, and thus also saw Purr's eyes fly open thirty seconds later as she figured out why I'd made that request. Not wanting to disappoint her, I began working my free hand into her pussy, not wasting much time on a careful entry. I'd fisted her cunt a couple of times already, so it had been stretched sufficiently already. But I'd never fisted her ass before, let alone both holes at once.

With four quick jabs, I forced my entire hand into her, and enjoyed the feeling of her cunt walls contracting around my fist. It was much tighter now, thanks to my other hand stuffing her ass full, than it had been during my previous fistings. Holding my arm relatively still in her ass, I worked my other arm into the depths of her pussy, not stopping until I was as deeply embedded as in the other hole. Feeling how tight she

was around my arm, I wondered briefly if I could somehow position myself so that I could fist one hole while fucking the other… But although it probably was possible, it would likely be too awkward, and I could reach the same result with a huge dildo. Anyway, I could have gotten both hands into her without the support Katt was now providing, but i had no intention of stopping there.

Double-fisting might sound seriously hot, which it is, but it certainly isn't easy. I mean, I was trying to generate movement with both arms deep inside a pair of pretty tight holes, while kneeling on a kitchen floor... wearing a silken kimono. It's tough, you know. Anyway, after some thinking, I solved the problem by hooking one of my legs around one of the legs of the chair she was on, while using the other to push against the table, which is pretty heavy. The movements I had to go through to maneuver myself around like that made Purr climax at least twice. Well, now that I had gained sufficient leverage, I started pulling both arms out at once. The friction, despite the excellent lubrication, was considerable, and I was actually pulling both of her holes out along with me. It was an obscene and very erotic sight, the skin bulging out around my arms, as if she was trying to hold my arms inside of her, unwilling to let those instruments of pleasure go. Then, as my wrists left, and both pussy and ass began to stretch around the base of my hands, I pushed them both back in as hard as I could.

Just a word of caution… if you ever do that yourself, remember to stretch afterwards, or your back will hurt more than her holes in the morning! 'Course, that's hard to keep in mind while you're at it, so I just put my back into it, and sunk both arms into her to the elbow. Even though Katt was holding against my thrust, the chair shifted somewhat, effectively impaling Purr on her big sister's big cock. I continued, repeatedly spearing both of my arms into both of her holes. I was fucking her, hard, with my entire forearms, and she was quivering with pleasure. From the vibrations I

could feel and see, she was probably having a non-stop orgasm, for the ten minutes it lasted. By then, the furious pace was starting to shift the heavy table, and I was loosing my leverage. So, stopping for a moment to let all of us catch our breaths – Katt told me later that she shot three full loads down Purr's throat during the fisting, without softening up inbetween – and think up a new strategy.

It didn't take me long to come up with one. Still holding against the chair, I pulled my arms halfway out. Then, I pushed my right arm deeply into her ass, while pulling my left arm almost all the way out of her pussy. The push I generated in one hole equaled the pull in the other, so I didn't end up pushing myself away from her. I quickly established a rhythm, pistoning into her with all my strength. Actually, it was a lot like the pistons in an old-fashioned combustion engine… I certainly got her rolling! She was trashing all over the chair, and had gripped Katt around the waist, pulling her closer, in a futile attempt to get more cock into her throat. Futile, but only because she already had all there was to give. I'd noticed that Katt was the dominant one most of the time, but when the fucking got hot, Purr was wilder than her sister. I'd seen their lovemaking start with Katt taking Purr in the missionary position, and ending with Purr riding Katt's cock, practically raping her.

Anyway, back in the present, my arms eventually got tired. It's excellent training, you know… builds up some serious biceps. So, with a sigh, I pulled my arms out of the resisting holes, and watched them gape as my hands left them. It looked a lot like a pair of fish, just landed, gasping for air. Well, I knew that they'd pull themselves together within a couple of minutes, but they'd be somewhat lax for hours to come. Which fitted me just perfectly. I got on my feet, shaking my sore arms, and looked archly at Katt, who was still fucking Purr's face. She got the hint, and pulled out, her cock dripping with spit. Purr meowed disappointedly (I told you once already, get one of your own, and you'll learn to tell the difference) and got on her feet. She was a

piece of work, alright… that fistfuck would have left any ordinary woman unable to walk for days, but Purr seemed entirely unaffected.

I walked over to the kitchen sink, speaking over my shoulder. “Girls, why don’t you go upstairs and wait in the bed, I’ll be up shortly.” They grinned excitedly, and nodded. I could tell that they’d been looking as much forward to this weekend as I had. I kept watching as they turned around and started walking towards the stairs, enjoying the swing of their hips, and those sinuous tails… anyway, I had things to do. I quickly finished cleaning off my arms quickly, and walked out into the hallway, where I’d left the package. I checked carefully to see if either one of the girls had snuck back to get an early look at the contents, but it didn’t seem that way… then I reminded myself that I was dealing with geneslaves. Any suggestion I uttered was an unbreakable order to them, which meant that they’d be waiting up in the bed until I came for them, no matter how long it took. It made me a bit sad… they had a lot of personality, and it just didn’t seem right that they were so totally in my power. If I’d been a bit better at genetics, I might have been able to change them a little, but I’m a computer geek, not a gene wizard…

Well, the contents of the package was sure to cheer me up. I’d expected it by the end of last week, but the recent strike among airport personnel had delayed it a lot. Well, it was here now, and that’s what matters. I carefully removed the jet-black wrappings, and opened the box… wow, what a selection! Lessee… Okay, there’s the cuff’n’chains, cuffs-on-a-stick, and a few other bondage implements… nothing unusual, but the quality was clearly tops. Which fit fine with the top dollar I’d paid for it. Okay, there was the piercing set, along with ‘A Beginners Guide To Body Piercing’, along with a bunch of chains and weight to attach to the rings, once they were in place. There was the XL and XXL size dildos and butt-plugs, including one life-size horsecock, and a canine cock with inflatable base. Pretty impressive. I could’ve

bought those in a couple of other places too, though, and most of them closer than China. But there, in the middle of it all, the unreal implement that was the reason why I'd ordered from the Chinese sex shop.

Now, on first sight, one might think it was some kind of high-tech whisk, or some other crazy kitchen tool. Okay, I'll try to describe it: A shape like a flat can, like the ones you get some kinds of fish in, about 25 centimeters across, more rather than less. In it, several groves run from the edges to the center, eight of them. In the center, there is a hole, and from that rises eight thin metal sticks, round and dull, but as hard as modern day metallurgy can make them. They don't go straight up, but arches inwards towards the top, making the lot of them appear like a traditional dildo. Their base lies against the edges of the hole, separated from the groves by a thin piece of metal. They are about 35-40 centimeters long, nothing terribly impressive. Now, under the can, a pair of long handles emerges, with grips at the ends. Those are used to tense the springs inside the can, and those are some seriously tough springs. Once tensed, a flick of the handles will trigger the apparatus, propelling the metal sticks outwards with all the power stored in it the springs, widening whatever they're inside to more than 25 centimeters within seconds. Fortunately, it's set on delivery, since I doubt I have the muscle to set those springs.

You think what I've written this far was hot? You know, all the stuff about double-fisting, piss-drinking, tit-fucking and deep-throating? It was just the foreplay. The real thing starts here.

I put all the stuff back in the box, and lifted it with a grunt… pretty heavy. After having transported it to the bottom of the stairs, I sighed, and called out. "Katt, get down

here! I need you to help me carry something!" Sure enough, she came bounding down the stairs within seconds, in a way that would have put any human being in serious danger of breaking several bones. I signaled for her to take the back of the box, while I took the front. That left most of the weight on her as we carried it up the stairs, but she carried it like it didn't weigh a thing. I think I need to reserve some more time for body-building…

I could see that Katt's eyes were afire with curiosity, and barely withheld a seriously lousy joke about how curiosity killed the cat. As we reached the bedroom, we put the box down next to the bed, and I sat down on the edge of it to take a breather. Katt joined her sister, who was waiting on the bed, both of them looking eagerly at the big box. When I was done breathing heavily (and ready to do some more of it), I got up and opened the box. I'd placed it so that the lid opened towards the bed, preventing them from seeing the contents. I took out a blindfold, black of course, and closed the lid again.

As I walked towards the bed, I noticed that both of the girls were practically dripping from their hot slits. My grin widened, as I told Purr to turn around. I fastened the blindfold carefully, making sure she couldn't see a thing, and then told Katt not to say a word, no matter what. She nodded, and I returned to the box to pull out a pair of leather cuff separated by a short chain. To the middle of that chain, I attached another, longer chain. "Okay, Purr, now put your hands above your head…" I said, and she instantly obeyed. The cuffs were attached, and tightened enough to ensure that she couldn't slip out of them. They were of the wide kind, though, and supposedly not all that uncomfortable. Oh, by the way, have I mentioned that there's a sturdy hook in the ceiling right above my bed? It was there when I bought the house, but there wasn't anything hanging from it. I suppose it's possible that the previous owner had a chandelier hanging over his bed, or maybe he used it for

something else.

Anyway, I took the end of the long chain, and threw it through the hook. I'm not very strong, but I've got a good deal of accuracy, and I hit on the first try… it is a pretty big hook, though. Then, getting on top of the bed, I jumped up to grip the end and pull it. Purr was pulled up from the bed, meowing surprisedly, and as soon as her feet left the bed, I attached the small hook at the end of the chain to one of the links, keeping her there. Then, leaving her swinging there, I went back to pick up the cuffs-on-a-stick. A clever bit, that is, a pair of cuffs separated by a stick 1 meter in length. I attached it to Purr's ankles, keeping her legs open. She made a pretty picture, blindfolded and suspended, and Katt seemed to think so too… her cock was so hard I could see it throbbing, and moisture glistened visibly on her upper thighs.

Returning to by box'o'tricks, I picked out the second biggest butt-plug there was, XL in size. An impressive 18 centimeters across on the widest part, it was only 10 centimeters at the base. Returning to the bed, I could see Katt's eyes widen at the sight of it, and smiled… she didn't know that there was an even bigger one back in the box. Moving behind my suspended catgirl, I pushed the tip into her asshole, still wet and lax from my fisting a short while ago. When I was sure I was on target, I got down to my knees and pushed it up with all my strength. Looking up, I saw the chain that held her relax for a second as the force of the push lifted her, and then go taut as she sunk down over the huge plug. She screamed then, the first time I'd actually heard her do that. It was a strange, animalistic sound, more of a growl really. Her assholed looked abnormal as it stretched to accommodate the king-size intruder, and then tighten around the smaller base. I heard her moan heavily as that happened, and moved away from her ass. Damn, it looked hot, with the base hanging out of her ass, and the stretched edges of the hole just visible around it.

Moving to the front, struggling to keep my balance on the springy bed, I saw that the sight had become a bit too much for Katt. She was rolled into a ball on her pillow, sucking her own dick. Well, an average catgirl possesses the flexibility of a master contortionist, but it nonetheless looks impressive… and somewhat uncomfortable. Her breasts, I could see, were squeezed into her hips, and that had to hurt some. They also prevented her from sucking more than half of her cock into her own mouth, and I suspect that if they hadn't been so big, she'd have been able to swallow it to the root. But she was going at it with gusto, working her head eagerly over the inches she could reach.

I smiled and shook my head. Turning my back to her, I started groping at Purr's tits, while I teased her outer labia with my other hand. She moaned and squirmed, probably trying to settle the uncomfortably big dildo better in her ass. I kept teasing her mercilessly, and within five minutes, she was as hot-and-bothered as she'd ever been. Sweat ran down from her smooth, hairless armpits, and mattered the white fur on her back. I pulled back my hands and opened my kimono, letting my cock spring out like a switchblade. Long-bodied as she was, her dripping wet pussy was at the ideal height for me. I'd fucked her numerous times before, but never in a position like that, and not with something as big as her new butt-plug in the other hole.

I leaned into her, hugging her close, and pushed my cock into her unresisting pussy. I could feel the plug in her ass, squeezing her pussy shut. It made her tight, as tight as when I'd taken her virginity two weeks ago. Leaning my head forwards as well, I kissed her full on the lips, and let my tongue dance over her sharp teeth. She returned the favor, and we shared an erotic moment, out bodies joined in two places. It wasn't easy to do any actual fucking in the position we were in, but the intense

hotness of the situation helped me to blow my load up her tight pussy ten minutes later. Then, I moved away from her, and looked over my shoulder at Katt. She had apparently sucked herself to an orgasm, and she still had traces of her own semen in the corners of her mouth. Stepping away from Purr, I gestured wordlessly at her helpless little sister and jumped down from the bed. Katt smiled wickedly, and her cock seemed to rise instantly.

I stepped back a bit and watched as she eagerly walked up to the bound figure, her cock sticking out from her groin, the tip already dripping precum. She duplicated my earlier position, sinking deeply into her little sister's pussy, and french-kissed the smaller catgirl. She hugged her tight too, mashing their boobs against each other. A few minutes of that, and my cock was starting to stir again. While they were busy, I dug into the box again. My fingers briefly touched the device in the middle, but I passed it over. That was for the grand finale. Instead, I picked up the piercing set, ignoring the guidebook. I'd read over a number of body piercing manuals on the net in the past weeks, and there wasn't really much that could go wrong, anyway… catgirl are immune to all manners of diseases and infections, and they'd heal quickly if I accidentally caused some injury.

I picked up the things I needed, and got back on the bed. Katt had her eyes closed in ecstasy, obviously very close to cumming. I waited for a few seconds, before she acted as I'd foreseen. She pushed all the way in, burying herself to the root in hot pussymeat as she shot her wad. Then, I put my hand on her chest, and carefully pushed it backwards. Her eyes flew open, and after a moment of confusion, she started to pull out. I stopped that by putting my other hand on her bottom and pushing it in. Realizing what I had in mind, she nodded and stared bending backwards. She kept her pelvis pushed firmly into Purr's, but simply arched her back until her paws touched the bed behind her. Truly an amazing demonstration of inhuman flexibility.

More importantly, it put Purr's swollen nibbles within easy reach.

Purr was still blissfully unaware of what was going on, which fit me fine. I reached out and pinched the nibble closest to me a bit, which probably convinced her that her sister merely had leaned away a bit to play with her boobs. Her nibbles were fully swollen, sticking out from her pert breasts like a pair of miniature penises. I carefully placed the needle on one side of it, held it still, and thrust the sharp point through. She screamed again, a howl of pain, more human than it had been when her ass had been stretched. I pulled the needle out, and quickly popped a ring into the hole. It was a fairly big ring, bigger than a thumb ring, and pretty thick. It made her nibble seem bigger than it'd been before. Her scream had turned into a shaking sob when I gripped the other nibble. I didn't want her to have enough time to think about it, so I rammed the needle through as soon as I had a good hold on the nibble.

Her scream was renewed, louder this time. Oh, by the way, have I mentioned that the bedroom has double-isolated windows and cork in the walls? The real estate dealer who sold me the place somehow neglected to mention those, even though they do save me a bit on the heating budget… Maybe he was afraid that I'd ask some questions about the previous owner that would lower the price. Either way, I didn't have to worry about the neighbors hearing, and calling the police. The ring I forced into the bleeding hole was a twin of the other one, so now her nibbles were adorned with two identical, golden rings. I used a soft cloth to wipe away the traces of blood that the operation had released, and also took care to wipe the needle.

Her head lolled and her mouth was wide open, droll running from the corners. She was hanging completely unmoving in her bonds, as if she'd passed out. I could hear

on her labored breath, though, that that was not the case. I decided to just let her hang there for a while. A gesture from me made Katt pull out of her, and get to her feet. She looked at me questioningly, hefting one of her own, huge boobs. I nodded, juggling another pair of golden rings in my left hand while beckoning for her to come closer with the right. She seemed to swallow something, before obeying. She walked right up to me, and held one breast out towards me. The nibble was swollen, and somewhat larger than Purr's, which fit fine with the larger rings I'd selected for her. As I carefully gripped the nibble, and placed the needle next to it, I could see her jaw tightening. She bit her teeth together, obviously refusing to scream.

Shrugging, I plunged the needle through the sensitive nub, swiftly following it with one of the rings. She didn't make a sound, but I could see her lips tremble. Moving on quickly, I repeated the operation on the other nibble, and still she didn't scream. Impressive? Not really. I'd ordered her not to make a sound, and she was physically incapable of breaking a direct order. I released my hold on her boobs, and stepped back a bit to admire my work. Both of my catgirls now sported a pretty piece of body jewelry. Turning around, I saw that Purr's body still was completely lax. "Katt, come over here and hold your sister while I let her down." I ordered. She complied, and I carefully disengaged Purr's cuffs from the chain that bound her to the ceiling. I then removed first the cuff-stick that kept her legs apart, then the handcuffs. Those were reattached, however, after I'd pulled her hands down behind her back.

Together with Katt, I lifted her down to the thick rug that covered the bedroom floor. She was still blindfolded and cuffed, and after a moments though, I completed the picture with a bright red ball-gag. Ball-gags have to be red. It's in the book. As I mentioned earlier, the room was completely sound-proof, so it wasn't really necessary, but strictly speaking, neither was the other restrictions. Gene-slaves are the perfect submissives, after all… had I ordered her to keep her hands behind her

back and close her eyes, she would be physically unable to do anything else. So why go to all the trouble? ‘Cause it looks damn hot, that’s why!

I pushed her down to her knees, and gripped the base of the huge butt-plug. Setting a foot on one of her buns, I pulled back hard, and nearly lost my balance as it popped out of her ass. The hole gaped open for several seconds, giving me a good view of her insides. Well, not really, since it was pretty dark in there, but it nonetheless looked very, very hot. Yep, the Analistic add-on was definently worth those extra hundred bucks. Now, proceeding to the next act, I pulled out a pair of belts from… my wardrobe. Yep, just ordinary, run-off-the-mill belts. I then pushed Purr down on her belly, and bend her lower leg up to her thigh, fastening it with one belt, then repeating it with the other. Now, she was completely unable to straighten her legs, let alone stand up.

With a good grip around her waist, I pull her to her knees, and after assuring myself that she is able to keep her balance, I go over to the box to reveal the biggest single piece of plastic it contained. An incredibly life-like, life-size horsecock, made entirely from deep black plastic. A really huge piece. Katt gasped soundlessly, her eyes going wide as teacups. I placed it carefully on the floor, pushing the rug aside, fastening it with the suction cup on the end. Walking back to Purr, I turned towards her seemingly paralyzed older sister. “Katt, you take her left side, okay?” She quickly shook herself, and went to give me a hand. Together, we easily lifted the light catgirl between us, each holding a leg and an arm. Exactly as planned, that also forced her bend legs apart.

We carried her over the huge dildo, and carefully lowered her. It wasn’t easy aiming,

but with a bit of work, We managed to make her pussy touch the huge, black cockhead. Then, it was just a matter of lowering her a bit. She seemed to come alive suddenly, after being almost dormant since her second piercing, and squirmed slightly as her cunt widened around she oversized intruder. Bit by bit, her own weight drove her down, impaling her deeper and deeper on the huge dildo. As the head disappeared entirely inside of her, we released her legs, but kept holding on to her arms. Considering that her pussy hadn't gotten the same additional attention as her ass, it was actually pretty impressive. Her pussy was, theoretically, not very much larger than that of a young woman, and her only real advantage was better lubrication. Yet, she ate up half of the titanic dong with no apparent discomfort. Actually, judging from her face, she was enjoying it.

At that point, I gave Katt a quick signal, and let go. She released her arm at the same time, and suddenly there was nothing between Purr and the force of gravity, but a foot of thick, black, plastic cock. Releasing a long, drawn-out moan around the gag, she sunk down the fake cock until her knees touched the ground. The position insured that the final half foot or so didn't enter her, but I had no doubt that she was filled to the limits. She was slumping forwards, seemingly only supported by the cock in her cunt, and I knew this was as good a time as any. Seizing my piercing kit from the floor, I lay down between her legs, and pushed them a bit apart. This made her sink another inch or so, but she didn't seem to react. Reaching out, I carefully teased her clit, and was gratified to see her shake some. At least she wasn't out cold. Her clit, having been stimulated by all the carefully sculpted veins it had passed on its way down the shaft, was swollen and standing out from its cover.

Just the way I wanted it. Steadying it, I took my needle and forced it through the area in Purr's body which contained the most nerves per square centimeter. She stiffened completely, her skin suddenly taut as a drum. A whistling sound issued from her

gagged mouth, and I imagined that if it hadn't been for the gag, she'd be screaming her head off. Understandably, too. Well, I had no interest in lengthening her torment, and hurriedly withdrew the needle to insert a ring there instead. It was different from the other, though, in that it had a tiny bell permanently attached. It was exactly the kind of bell many cats had attached to their collars, insuring that their owners could hear them come and go despite their silent paws. Now, I would always know when Purr approached, not to mention when she fucked.

Getting to my knees, I was surprised to find Katt's cock hovering right in front of my face. She was looking down at me with a sad smile, once again foreseeing my next move. With a shrug, I gripped the throbbing member to steady it, and pulled another needle from the kit. It would be my most difficult piercing so far… the nibbles had been easy, and the clit too, but this was tough. Also, it needed to be more solid than the others, which meant a burn-pierce. In short, if the piercing is performed with a red-hot needle, the heat seals the wound and generated scar tissue, making the hole tougher and harder to rip. The needle I'd selected was one with an isolated handle. I heated it in a flame which was build into the kit, and slowly approached it to Katt's bulbous cockhead. She could probably feel the heat, but she wasn't pulling away at all. Which is impressive, considering that I hadn't ordered her to do anything – she was acting out of her own semi-free will.

What made it hard was the aim. I had to hit right beneath the head, between the thick vein on the underside, and the expandable tissue inside. It was the only way to attach a ring safely, ensuring that it didn't tear anything during deflation or expansion, and it also set it so well that it wouldn't get ripped out if she fucked a tight hole. My eyes narrowed in concentration. With more accuracy than force, I pushed the needle though, straight through the right spot. Above me, Katt screamed out as the searing pain pierced her sensitive penis, hugging herself hard to prevent herself from moving.

I looked up in surprise, and then suddenly remembered that I'd told her 'not to say a word', and not 'not to utter a sound'. Which meant that she'd stayed silent while I pierced her nibbles through force of will alone.

Returning my attention to the needle, I saw steam rising from the newly made hole, and rapidly removed the still hot spike. The ring I attached there was identical to the one in Purr's pussy, except for that the bell could be removed if you had agile fingers and knew how. Which Katt didn't. I wasn't quite sure why I'd done that, since both of Purr's holes were more than stretched enough for her to fuck with ring and bell both, but there you have it. Anyway, I figured that the cold bit of metal on the tip would be driving Purr crazy every time Katt fucked her. Katt was still shaking from the pain, but I could see in her eyes that her new adornments looked the same way to her as to me: Damn hot!

With a sigh, I picked up my piercing kit and replaced all the bits, closing and locking it afterwards. I'd probably use it again later, but for now they'd probably both had enough. It was time to bring the whole deal to a shattering conclusion. I loosened the two belts that bound Purr's thighs to her lower legs, and helped her get up off the dildo. Then, I removed the cuffs, the blindfold and the gag. I was a bit worried about her reaction when I freed her, since I'd never really played rough with her before. Her eyes were half-closed, and she was pretty slack in my arms. While I held her up, I saw her eyes dart over to Katt, and I saw her stare at the new body jewelry. Then, she looked down herself, and saw the rings she'd gotten attached too. Her smile disbanded all my worries.

"That was kind of fun, Masterrr… let's play again later!" She grinned. I smiled gently

at her. “Certainly… but this game’s not over yet. Go, lie down on the floor, on your back. Good. Now, lift your legs up, so that they touch your boobs… yes, that’s it. Okay, now reach down with your paws, and pull those luscious buns apart, and show me your little bumhole.” She obeyed all my orders without pause, finally pulling her ass open to show me how big it’d gotten. It hadn’t quite had the time to shrink back to its usual size after the removal of the huge plug. Her strong paws alone was enough to pull it at least 10 centimeters open. Then, before the wide-open eyes of both catgirls, I pulled out The Stretcher. That’s what I’ll call it… since both the manga I first saw it in, and the site I ordered it from was in Chinese, I’ve got no idea what it’s actually called, but The Stretcher doesn’t sound too bad, does it?

I could see that they were both trying to figure out what it was meant for, and Katt reconfirmed my earlier impression of her as the smarter of the two by taking a step backwards. Well, she didn’t need to worry, I had no intention of using it on her – she wouldn’t be able to take it in either hole. Instead I got down to my knees between the legs of the still clueless Purr, and pushed the business end of the device slowly into her. It was an easy fit, and the cold metal sent visible shudders of pleasure through her. As I bottomed it out inside her, she craned her neck, looking down at me between her legs in a position that would have been impossible for any human to maintain for more than a few seconds. I regretted having removed the gag and blindfold. I’d rather take her completely by surprise, and her scream would probably be loud enough to be almost painful. On a sudden hunch, I looked over at Katt, and saw her slowly jacking off her newly pierced cock. She was getting off on it!

“Katt, why don’t you come over here and put that hard-on somewhere hotter and tighter than your hand?” I said smilingly, pointing at Purr. Nodding eagerly, Katt walked over and got on her knees behind Purr’s head. With a quick grip, she pulled her head back down to the carpet, and bent it backwards. Purr opened her mouth

willingly, but even if she hadn't done that, the maneuver would have forced her to do it anyway. Apparently, Katt had been reading some of my rape-fics too. The position allowed her to actually face-fuck the young catgirl, rather than just letting Purr give her a blow-job. She also accomplished what I'd wanted her to do, gagging and blinding the girl at once.

Now, there was nothing else to do than pull the handle. I stared for a few seconds at the red edges of the hole that would soon be grossly reconfigured, shrugged, and pulled the handle. With a 'clack', 8 slick pieces of metal slid into their holes, allowing 8 metallic sticks to move out into their groves, propelled by powerful springs. Time seemed to slow down as I looked. The outwards movement seemed virtually unimpeded at first, until a diameter of 15 centimeters or so had been attained. Then, the otherwise round hole began to change its shape under the pressure. It actually looked a bit funny, her soft, red hole turning octagonal before my eyes. I could see her insides now, thanks to the light reflected off the bright surface of The Stretcher. The octagonal design continued as far in as the light reached.

As the sticks passed the 18 centimeter limit, they entered unexplored lands. 18 centimeters was as far as she'd been spread before, by the huge butt-plug that had been removed no more than half an hour earlier. The shape changed even more, because the distance between pressure points became longer. Instead of being a straight octagon, the 'edges' of the figure began to curve inwards, as if the unfettered flesh still tried to return to its former position. But the force of the springs was merciless. The sticks continued outwards, pulling the resisting muscles with it. She was squirming on the floor, trying to move away from the painful invasion of her tender asshole, but due to my orders, she could not release her asscheeks, or take down her legs. And Katt held her head steady with both of her paws, thrusting fiercely into her throat while her eyes stared feverishly at the contraption in Purr's

ass.

It felt like an hour, but it was probably little more than a minute, before the sticks finally hit the end of their groves with a metallic click. Purr's ass had now been stretched wide open, expanded to a dizzying 25 centimeters, and held there. My cock was rock-hard and throbbing, demanding immediate attention, and sweat ran from my brow. I had jacked off several times to the pages of the manga that had first introduced The Stretcher to me, but seeing it in real life was infinitely more erotic. I had to get my cock into something. Not wasting my time with contemplation, I practically leaped on top of Purr, and buried my ramrod-hard prick in her pussy. Damn, it was tight. It was like fucking a six year old, or something, tighter than a virgin. A couple of hours ago, I'd had my forearm inside her cunt, with plenty of room left to spare, but with her ass forced wide open, the tightness of her pussy had been vastly increased.

Katt bend forward, putting her back into the furious face-fuck she was doing, and pushing her boobs into my face in the process. I reacted instantly, sucking her left nibble into my mouth, ring and all. I sucked hard, opened my mouth wide, and took in as much pliant tit-flesh as I could. From the way Katt was breathing, I figured it was bringing her a lot of pleasure, and I increased the stake by roughly squeezing her other tit with one of my hands. I focused on the nibble, puling and twisting the ring, sending jolts of pain and pleasure through nerve-rich flesh that was still hypersensitive after the piercing. As I sucked away at her large mammaries, I momentarily regretted not getting the lactating model, but you can't have it all…

My aching balls had been about ready to shoot before I even entered Purr's pussy,

and the surprisingly supertight status of her main orifice didn't do much to slow me down. I came after less than five minutes, and got off of her. The Stretcher was still sitting there, keeping her ass wide-open, giving any interested party a clear view of the angry red interior. My cock had deflated for now, also giving me a chance to think clearly. Katt was still going at it, though I suspect she'd already cum more than once. I fished the XXL butt plug out of the box and looked at it for a little while. It was 26 centimeters across on the widest point, and the base was only 15 across. It would be a hard fit, even with her now titanic asshole. It was pretty long too, although the cone-shape made it look shorter than it really was. More than half a foot, I'd say. I suspected it was made mainly for the real weirdoes, the kind that had gene-slave women with supergiant assholes… I'd read about them some, creatures specially build to accommodate objects of nearly any size in their anus. The bones that held their lower body together were semi-liquid, and all their inner organs were minimized through cybernetic implantation. Supposedly, a young man could practically crawl up inside of them. Well, I got a bit on an anal fetish, but that's just going too far for my taste. The point is, however, that this plug probably wasn't designed for a female humanoid with a few simple modifications that made anal sex easier.

I crouched down in front of the apparatus, and glanced briefly up at Katt, who was still face-fucking her little sister with all the power in her slim haunches. "Say, Katt…" I asked offhandedly "how many times have you cum yet?" She paused briefly, sweat visibly matting the thin fur on her forehead. "During this fuck, you mean? Four times. Most of them while that… thing was working." Then, she started moving again, pummeling Purr's lips with her hot tool. I grinned a bit, knowing that four full loads were a bit much, even for a catgirl. Her stomach probably felt uncomfortably full already, and Katt didn't show any signs that she'd stop unless I ordered her directly. Returning my attention to the huge asshole before me, I paused for a few more moments to enjoy the view before gripping the handles and pulling it out. Her ass began to contract almost immediately, but I didn't give it much time. I pushed the oversized butt-plug up inside of her, widening her overstretched asshole by another

centimeter as the widest point slid in. Then, it was inside, and the hole closed rapidly around the base. I'd pushed her as far as she could go, and then a centimeter further.

I recalled reading in the catalog that the elasticity of the Analistic Catgirl allowed her ass to recover from even the most severe stretching within 12 hours, and looked forwards to the difficulty she'd have in removing it tomorrow. But today, it would stay in. I sat there for a few minutes, watching Katt continue her face-fuck, until I saw her straighten her back and shake in orgasm for the… fifth time, right? Then, I interrupted her just as she was about to continue. "That's enough of that, Katt. A little variety never hurt anyone, y'know?" She obediently stopped and pulled her cock out of Purr's mouth. It was still rock-hard, even after 5+ wads… just another thing to be jealous of. Being grown in a vat had its perks, obviously, but I still wouldn't want to trade places with her… having to obey any order from your owner, that just isn't me. Guess I'm just a natural Master.

Purr had a bit of trouble talking at first, her tongue, throat and lips numbed by half an hour of deep-throating. The first thing she did, after I'd released her from my earlier orders, was to curl herself into a ball to see the plug, after which she said "Masterrrr, iths sthoo bich…" She then started rubbing her clit vigorously, bringing herself to a swift climax. Her face contracted in mixed pain and pleasure as her ass contracted uselessly around the immense lump of plastic that had taken up semi-permanent residence in her nether hole. After that, Katt and me took turns screwing her virgin-tight cunt several times… every time I went soft, I just took a good look at her ass, and stiffened right back up. I had to remove Katt's new bell for reasons of safety, though, proving my foresight in making it detachable. Also, both of us agreed that the ringing sound Purr gave off every time she got screwed was absolutely delightful.

Later, I plan on attaching some weights to their nibble rings, but that has to wait until the wounds have healed completely… fortunately, catgirls heal very quickly, so it shouldn't be long. I'm also thinking of introducing Purr's ass to the horse dildo… The Stretcher and her new gargantuan butt-plug only stretches the first couple of inches, not the depths of her amazing ass. The bondage games will probably also become a constant part of our sex-life. I'd like to try it on Katt too, maybe give Purr a chance to be dominant for once. But the thing I really want to do is impossible. "Impossible!" You might say. "Nothing's impossible in this day and age!" A lot of people have said that. But what I'm thinking about have been made impossible by the very progress those people refer to. You see, with the hydrophonic revolution, the farm, as it was known in the 20th century, has seized to exist. No longer can a man and his catgirls visit a place, which holds stallions, bulls, boars, rams and goats. But…

But, I don't really know that. There's one way to find out. Tonight, I'll post a message on an internet board which I frequent. It's a meeting place for people that are into kinky sex, such as beastiality. Maybe somebody, somewhere, knows of a farm which is still running, and maybe there's still a way to… Maybe. Just maybe. So, maybe you'll hear from me again, if I get some positive replies. And maybe I'll be able to tell you about that amazingly hot weekend I spend with Purr and Katt on a farm. Well, all you can do is pray…

End of part 2

“Catgirls 3 – Cats and dogs… and horses.” cumming soon… don’t touch that remote!

_____

Black Dragon

Catgirls 3 – Cats and dogs… and horses

I awoke with a smile… yes, now I’ve learned how to do that, too. Life was good, after all. My work at GenCorp had gone well, so well in fact that I’d recently gotten a raise. I still wasn’t sure what to use the extra money for, though. The idea of buying a third catgirl haunted the back of my head, but that would make the bed pretty crowded. Besides, I was starting to feel like I could use a little time off, and I still had my 14 days vacation waiting. Maybe head down to one of those rich-guy places at Bahamas or something, where eccentrics were the rule rather than the exception. There, nobody would complain about me bringing a pair of catgirls along.

I sat up in the bed, and stretched. Katt was sleeping on my left, and Purr on my right, as has become their habit. Neither one of them awoke, which wasn't strange… we'd been going at it rather heavily last night, and it was no surprise that they were exhausted. We hadn't even cleaned up after our little sex-party… the floor was strewn with toys, and the shackles still hung from the hook in the ceiling. I carefully slid out of bed without waking either one of my girls, and took care no to step on anything… a loose dildo can be as dangerous on a floor as a banana peel, you know... I stood for a few seconds to regard the angelic faces of the sleeping catgirls… they were so pretty. The addition of rings in their large, feline ears had accentuated their cuteness, and the girls liked them, too.

As I slipped into my kimono, I suddenly remembered that I'd gotten so tied up last night – metaphorically speaking – that I'd forgotten to check my e-mail as I usually did every evening. With a shrug, I maneuvered my way out of the room, nearly stumbling over the cuff-bar on the floor, and went into my office. I turned on my computer, and then walked into the bathroom to drink some water while it started up… my computer is getting a bit old for running Windows 2020, and it took its time. When I returned, I engaged my modem and opened my mailbox. Rubbing the sleep out of my eyes, I grumbled while I deleted junkmail after junkmail. The daily cleansing mission complete, I realized that there was a single, apparently serious mail left. Titled "Concerning your posting on the board…" Well, it could be a trap, but it was worth checking.

I opened the mail, and froze. Sweat suddenly sprang out on my forehead. My hands started to shake, and my kimono shifted as my dick leaped into instant hardness. The mail was from a farmer, a good, old-fashioned farmer, who ran a good, old-fashioned farm. Apparently, it was a bit of a museum-place where historically interested people

and schoolchildren could go to see how beef and vegetables were made in the ‘good old days’. The fees for that, as well as the sale of ‘real meat’ to the tables of the rich had made him moderately wealthy. In the mail, however, he admitted that the money wasn’t the main reason he’d kept the farm running. His wife, recently deceased, had had a thing for animals, and he’d enjoyed watching.

After her death, he’d been thinking about shutting down the farm, but after seeing my post on the beastiality board, he’d decided to answer it. He invited my catgirls and me to come visit his farm, which was ‘closed down for repairs’ for the next couple of weeks. It was a long way off, over in Europe in fact… but with a supersonic jet – which I could easily afford – it would only take a few hours. It was perfect. Calming my breath, I wrote out a reply, accepting his offer, telling him that we’d be there later the same day, and sent it. Then, I lifted my phone and called my boss. He was very understanding when I said that I wanted a week of vacation right away, and even added that he’d noticed that I’d looked pretty tired recently. “A vacation is just what you need, to recharge your batteries.” He said, making it clear that he expected me to work hard when I came back. Well, I’d been expecting that.

Putting the phone down again, I closed down the computer and went back into my bedroom. My dick was painfully hard, throbbing with expectation. I needed to get my rocks off before I could get down to packing. Sweeping my eyes across the mess on the floor, I picked up the ball-gag and a pair of handcuffs. Katt, I saw, had turned over in her sleep and was lying on her stomach now. She was sleeping with her mouth open. Moving stealthily, I got behind her, and waited for her to breathe out. Then, as her mouth opened slightly to breathe in, I pulled the gag into place and locked it behind her head. Her eyes snapped open as she leaped into wakefulness, but before she could react at all, I pulled her arms over behind her back and snapped the cuffs on her.

I pulled the quilt off her entirely, revealing her perfectly shaped ass, and her lashing tail. I gripped her tail quickly, and tied it to the handcuffs with a quick knot, securing it in place and fully exposing her asshole. Then I got on top of her, and without preamble, pushed my hot cock into her tiny asshole. She writhed beneath me, although I'd assfucked her several times before. Maybe it was the position… that was new. After thrusting into her a few times, enjoying the tightness, I suddenly remember that I hadn't taken my morning piss yet, and smiled a bit. So, she'd read my favorite stories, eh? Well, then she should know about this too… with a moan, I relaxed my bladder control, and began forcing my piss out through my hard cock.

The room was quiet, save for the calm breathing of Purr, and Katt's muffled moans. In the silence, I thought I could actually hear the hiss as my warm piss spilled out into Katt's bowels. She was squirming under me, succeeding only in twisting her asshole around my dick, generating some pleasure. I sighed as I felt my bladder emptying, and started thinking about my next move… fucking her ass now, would probably cause some spillage, and then I'd have to change the sheets. Casting a quick look around, I tried to find a butt-plug close enough to the bed for me to reach it quickly, but there wasn't any… ahh, but the canine cock, with the inflatable base, was lying right next to the bed!

Finished with my morning piss, I pulled out and quickly jumped off Katt and off the bed, retrieving the canine dildo, and thrusting it into her ass before any of my piss could spill over. I activated the inflation, and saw her stiffen as pressure suddenly build inside her. I let the 'knot' fill completely, turning it roughly the size of a small orange, insuring that it couldn't pop out until I let the air out again. It also effectively

corked her butt. My balls, however, were still aching, and my cock was throbbing, dripping with piss, and stained by the contents of Katt's bowels. A quick scan of the room picked up a pair of cuffs I could use. They were kind of special, not attached to each other, but made to be attached to virtually anything. I had four of them, and they could be used for all kinds of things…

I moved quietly around to Purrs side of the bed. She was sleeping on her back, undisturbed by what had just happened in the other side of the bed. The quilt had slid down some, revealing her luscious tits. I moved with dexterous fingers born from hours of computer programming, and carefully attached the cuffs to her nipple rings, without waking her up. Then, forsaking stealth in favor of speed, I pulled one of her arms up to her breasts, and locked the wrist into the cuff. This pulled Purr into consciousness, of course, but not before I'd pulled the other wrist into place as well. She reflexively pulled at her bonds, and screamed in surprise at the pain. Purr has very sensitive nipples, more so than Katt, as I discovered when I pierced them both. She looked up at me, confusion in her eyes, and opened her mouth to ask me something… what that was, I don't know, 'cause she never got to say it. As soon as her mouth was open, I thrust my dirty cock into it, and gripped her behind the head to prevent her from puling back.

As I face-fucked her, I noticed her hands clenching and unclenching repeatedly, as she fought her instinctive wish to struggle against her bonds. With a smile, I paused my thrusts to climb up unto the bed, practically sitting over her head, and screwing directly down her throat. It also meant that her nose was blocked by my ass every time I thrust all the way in. Knowing that, I buried myself to the hilt, and held it there for a few minutes while she struggled for breath. I didn't say anything, but it didn't take her long to get the message. As soon as I felt her rough tongue caressing my cock, I pulled back to give her a breather, and then proceeded to thrust regularly

again. Her tongue played rapidly over every inch that passed through her mouth, cleaning off all that I'd brought with me from Katt's ass – my piss and her anal secretions.

Already near the edge, she quickly pushed me over it. With a stifled moan I came in her mouth, pulling out enough to give her a taste of my sperm. She gobbled it up eagerly, sucking to get every drop out of me before I pulled out entirely. As soon as my cockhead left her mouth, she grinned up at me. "Good morrrrning, Masterrr…" she purred. "You'rrrr up earrrrly." Grinning back to her, I released her hands, and went over to let Katt loose too. When I removed the gag, she gave me a lopsided smile and said "You're in a rare mood this morrrning, Masterrr…" I nodded and sat down on the bed while the girls got up and started dressing. "Yes… and so will you be, soon." Both girls paused and I stifled a giggle as their flexible ears turned towards me. "We're going on a one-week vacation today! Hurry up and get packed, we've got a plane to catch!"

I'd never seen the catgirls use the full spectrum of their inhuman abilities before. It's in their programming. Their creators were smart enough to know that humans generally doesn't like creatures that are more powerful than themselves, even ones that are slave to man's will. However, the addition of feline genes had turned catgirls stronger, more dexterous and far faster than any human. Furthermore, the boosting of certain traits, such as stamina, meant to make them better sex-toys, had further enhanced their strength. All that was generally considered a plus, since it allowed them to double as bodyguards in the event that their master were threatened. But their programming insured that those powers would only be employed in an emergency, or at the direct order of their master. Do you remember how I told you earlier that I fed them raw meat to enhance their wildness? Raw meat enhances their instincts, and weakens the hold that their mental programming holds over their

behavior – a well-kept secret I found in the GeneCorp mainframe.

They still couldn't break the rules, but it enabled them to bend them to some extend. Such as taking my request to hurry as an order to release their powers. All of a sudden, the girls practically turned into a blur, rushing around the room with inhuman speed and efficiency. It was not chaotic in any way… it seemed that they communicated on some subliminal level, delegating tasks between them. They moved too fast for my eyes to keep track of them both, but I managed to make sense of it on the plane, going through my memories of the hyperspeeded hours. Both of them finished dressing in a hurry, and while Katt rushed to the bathroom, Purr began to clean up the mess from last night. Just as she finished, Katt emerged, carrying her butt-plug, which was added to the box of toys before it was pushed into the closet where it belonged. Then, Purr ran to the bathroom to finish there, while Katt leaped down the stair to prepare breakfast for us. And when I say leaped, I mean it literally. She didn't touch a single step, simply jumping down and landing lightly on her feet.

All bemused, I picked some business-like clothing from my closet, as well as the 'decent' clothing I'd picked out for the catgirls some time before, for when I had to take them out in public. A pair of fairly normal 'baby-doll' tees and shorts, with the addition of tail-holes… and I'd made sure that the shirts were of a thick enough fabric to ensure that you couldn't see the nipple rings through it. Out in the hallway, I caught Purr on the way out of the bathroom, gave her the clothing and told her to put them on and give the other set to her sister. Then, as she leaped down the stair in the same seemingly suicidal way as Katt, I shook my head in bemusement and went in to take a bath.

Emerging clean, freshly shaven, and immaculately dressed, I could hear that the girls were busy packing the suitcases in the bedroom. I wondered briefly if they really knew what to bring on a vacation, but the efficient way they handled it convinced me that suitcase-packing was one of the skills that their thoughtful creator had included in their programming. I went down the stairs – in the normal fashion, mind you – and found a delicious morning meal set out for me. The girls had apparently already eaten, and their bowls were put in the dishwasher. When I was halfway through my breakfast, I dimly hear the sound of running feet from above, followed shortly by the sound of the bathroom door opening. Just as I'd figured that one of them probably were gathering up our toiletries for the trip, I saw Katt land in the hallway. It looked even more impressive from that angle, sort of like the ninjas you see in japanime… the kind that can leap out from the top of a skyscraper, and land with the grace of a ballet dancer.

She greeted me as she rushed by, opening the fridge and pulling out half the contents. By the time I finished my breakfast and went up to brush my teeth, she'd fixed up three large packed lunches. On my way up, I passed Purr, who was carrying a large suitcase in either arm with no apparent difficulty. She was walking down the stairs, though, instead of jumping down. I turned my computer on again before brushing my teeth, and went in to check the departures afterwards. There were a plane leaving 45 minutes later, which we should have no problem making it to in time. Smiling at the speed of it all, I picked up the black shades that were lying next to the computer. Putting them on, I completed my appearance as a wealthy – if slightly eccentric – businessman, who was heading off on a vacation with his two geneslaves.

The girls were waiting down in the hall, dressed in the clothes I'd given them. It did little to conceal their inhuman origins, but at least I wouldn't get arrested for indecent

exposure. After all, any criminal act they committed were my responsibility, since they couldn't do much of anything without my express order. I smiled at them, and were delighted to see the expectation and excitement on their faces. From the moment I opened their box, their world had been restricted to my house and my fenced back garden. Now, they were about to see the world. They were looking around eagerly from the moment we stepped out the front door, their heads swiveling to take in the uptown street on which I live. There was enough to see, anyway… the street is inhabited exclusively by well-paid corporate employees, wealthy businessmen, and the occasional celebrity.

Money makes people slightly strange, and lots of money tends to make them more than slightly strange. Many of the houses reflected this, and there was enough to gawk at. My house stood out among them by being rather old-fashioned. It had been build by a nostalgic moviestar from the late 90's, to look exactly like an old-fashioned villa. After his death, it had been bought by a former pornstar, allegedly because it reminded him of his parent's house, and the parties he'd held therein whenever they were away. It was him who'd gotten the special bed installed. After he died of a heart-attack – I'm sure you can figure out the rest – I decided to buy it, since I'm a bit of a nostalgic too. To be honest, I don't really belong here… the rest of the people in the neighborhood are much higher up the corporate ladder than me. But the recent demand on AI programmers have pushed up the wages, and I was smart enough to take advantage of that when GeneCorp scouted me.

My car was part of the deal… it's an updated version of the classic Ferrari, looking exactly like the classic rich-boy wishcar on the outside. On the inside, it's equipped with every technological gadget that can be put in a car. However, since engines don't take up half the space they did when the car was originally designed, there was still plenty of space left. The car unlocked automatically when it sensed me nearing,

and a few verbal commands opened both the spacious trunk, and the backseat which was concealed for esthetic reasons. The girls quickly threw the luggage into the trunk, while I got into the car and booted up the systems. As soon as I informed it that we were heading to the airport, and gave it the departure time for out plane, it plotted out the best possible route based on satellite overheads. Areas with heavy traffic – which was quite a few at this hour, with everybody heading to work – were avoided, and so were areas that were known to have a high crime rate.

As it finished, showing me map of the ideal route, Katt leaped into the seat next to me, while Purr jumped onto the backseat. I looked around furtively, but as I'd expected, all of my neighbors had already left for work, which meant that my catgirl fetish remained secret for a while longer. Winking to Katt out the side of the shades, I put on my best 'golden boy' smile and put my arm around her, while placing the other negligently on the wheel and pushing down the pedal. The feeling of all those high-tech horsepowers obeying my every command always exited me, just a little. Of course, the car could have found its way to the airport without me even touching the wheel, but then what's the point of having a cool car?

I attracted a few looks on the way, but it wasn't all that unusual to see a rich kid flaunting his money on the streets, so it were looks of envy rather than surprise. Katt and Purr, however, were swiveling their heads so quickly that I was afraid they'd unscrew their heads. Well, it's understandable, since it was the first time they saw a big city. The airport itself took their breaths away, which – I admit – I did to me the first time I saw it, too. When it had become necessary to construct a new airport to support the increasingly fast supersonics, the city council had decided to break with the habitual concrete box construction that had otherwise dominated airports throughout the worlds. The trend it had started had made several excellent architects ridiculously rich. In this case, however, the designer had definitely deserved whatever

he'd gotten. I'm not going to describe it here, though – you'll see it yourself, if you ever take a supersonic to New York.

Our plane departed 15 minutes later, giving us plenty of time to check in and pick up out tickets. I hadn't reserved, but as I'd expected it wasn't necessary either – our destination wasn't exactly a tourist magnet. The car? I left it in the parking lot. One of the many advantages of driving a company car is that they always install the very best of security systems in them. It would take a master's degree in electronics, AI and genetics to steal my car when it's locked… these days, carjacking is by far the easiest way of stealing a car, and they're working on that too, I hear.

The stewardess cast an annoyed look at my companions, but didn't say anything. Well, if she disapproved, that was too bad for her. The flight was uneventful, giving me plenty of time to consider the wisdom of what I'd done. All I had were an unconfirmed e-mail, which could have come from some joker. But hey, what was the worst that could happen? If it turned out to be a trick, we'd just catch the next plane to Mallorca. Oh, you want to know where the plane was heading? Well, I don't suppose it could hurt telling you: Billund Airport, Denmark. Yep, Denmark. Don't feel bad if you've never heard of it before, neither had I when that mail turned up, but all of a sudden that tiny protuberance on Germany's northern border had become enormously important to me. All I knew about it were that they apparently made good pastries there… and, apparently, they have a tradition for farming.

I rented a car at the airport… not nearly the class of my own, but good enough to get by with. The guy in the rental office threw a disapproving glance at Katt and Purr too, and decided that Denmark were one of those places that still didn't like genetic

engineering much. Well, apparently there was at least on man there who liked the idea, and I were about to visit him. The car had a rather primitive computer, but when I input the address from the e-mail, it managed to figure out how I got there. Quite a ways north, far enough that I was happy we had brought lunch. No, I'm not going to tell you how to get there… I don't know who might read this!

When we arrived at the road that supposedly held the farm, I was heartened to see a sign informing passerby's that a museum farm existed further head, along with an added note saying that it was closed for repair at the moment. It was starting to look like the mail had been true. I followed the dirt road off the highway, and took in the vista before me. All of a sudden, I seemed to have stepped 40-50 years back in time… the rustic farm was a big part of it, but the empty land that surrounded it completed the picture. Having been born and raised in the big city, I had never seen so much emptiness before… I caught myself looking in the rearview mirror for some sparkling time-portal behind me.

The car stopped in front of the main house of the farm, as programmed, and I got out. The place seemed dead, abandoned, but I could hear the sounds of the animals issuing from the nearby stables, telling me that that there had to be somebody around. Sure enough, the man of the house had heard the car, and now emerged on the doorstep to greet me. He was a big man, blonde and blue-eyed, lacking only a full beard, a horned helmet, and a two-handed battleaxe to look like an archetypal Viking. His arms bulged with muscle, most likely earned through hard labor rather than bodybuilding. Like his home, he was something out of last century. He also made me feel very small and weak… I'm not exactly a stick man, and I do work out regularly, but I can't escape the fact that my work doesn't require me to move anything more than my fingertips.

The man seemed to be about to say something, when he spotted the two catgirls in the car. His annoyed expression turned to surprise, and then to a grin. “Well, now!” he said in virtually unaccented English. “I hadn’t expected to see you so soon.” We shook hands while I returned his grin. “Well, we could have been here earlier, if it hadn’t been for the time-zones… the flight only took two hours, but we gained six hours during the flight because we were flying against the rotation.” His eyes widened. “Wow! You must have left almost as soon as I send you that mail! Anyway, welcome to the farm. I’m Karl. Nice to meet you.” “Nice to meet you too, Carl… come, let me introduce you to my girls.” He seemed to be about to say something, but then changed his mind and shrugged.

The girls jumped out of the car as soon as I called, looking around eagerly. I could see their ears turning as well, and I imagine that they were taking in the smells too. All of their senses are much more acute than hours, and they probably picked out ten times as much information as me. “Well, the one with the tiger stripes is Katt, and the other one is Purr.” “Okay… which one of them has the… ehm…” I grinned a bit at his embarrassment. “Katt is the shemale. Purr, however, got an anal sex modification. Both are special in their own way.” He nodded, clearing his throat a bit. “Of course… now, let’s get you settled in – I’ve prepared a room for you. Here, I’ll take your luggage.”

The room was very nice, and appeared to be from the same century as the rest of the scenery. There were three beds too. “I wasn’t quite sure whether you usually slept in the same bed…” he said apologetically. “We do… but it’s not a problem.” He shook his head. “No, I’ll fix that right away.” Walking up next the bed, he set his feet solidly on the ground, and pushed one of the beds up against one of the others. Mind you,

we’re talking about a big, heavy wooden bed here, mattress and all. I probably couldn’t have pushed it at all, but he sent it across the floor like it was weightless. Katt and Purr went “Wow!” in perfect unison, as the bulging muscle of his arm stood out impressively. I couldn’t help but to feel that he was showing off a bit…

But two can play that game. “Very impressive, Carl, but doesn’t that leave marks in the floor? Katt, why don’t you go put the other bed in place?” Before Carl had the time to say anything, Katt nodded, and picked up the bed. His face fell somewhat as she lifted the huge bed off the floor with a huff, and held it above her head while walking over to the other two beds, where she lowered it to the floor so gently that you could hardly even hear it. I grinned, and Carl just stared. Taking him by the arm, I turned to the girls, and said “Now, start unpacking our stuff, while Carl and I go downstairs to have something to drink, and talk things over.”

Nodding, they went to work while I gently guided Carl down the stairs. We had a drink together while I told him all about the catgirls: Their abilities and powers, their basic programming, and their unique personalities. The fact that they acted like sisters, while having sex with each other, seemed to excite him a bit. When I was done, Purr and Katt came down the stairs to report that they were done unpacking. Carl’s eyes seemed about to pop out his head… they’d gotten rid of the semi-decent traveling clothes, and now wore the loincloths and hide tops they used back home. I got to my feet and smiled down at him. “So, now that we’re done with that, let’s go meet the animals.”

Of course, it would be Katt and Purr who met the animals… I’d mainly be watching. If it hadn’t been for that, I’d probably have asked to delay it to the day after. Nobody’s

ever come up with an effective cure for jet lag, and as the planes grow faster the problem gets bigger. I'd skipped six hours into the future in only two hours, and it was starting to get to me. I'd left NY in the early morning, and arrived in the evening without traveling more than three or so hours. The catgirls, however, were immune to the problem. Lucky them.

When we entered the farmyard, Carl clapped his hands and whistled. Almost instantly, two dogs came bounding around the corner, barking joyfully. Both were long-haired German Shepherds, and it wouldn't surprise me if these dogs actually lived up to their name. One of them ran up to Carl, jumped up at him and started licking at his face, but the other skidded to a halt a few feet from us and started growling while the hair on his back bristled. Gently dislodging the first dog, Carl explained. "I was afraid that would happen… Siegfried there doesn't like cats much, and the girls apparently smells enough like them to set him off."

Purr leaned her head to one side, looking at the dog and grinning. "I can change his mind, masterrrr…" I looked at her in surprise. She usually wasn't one to take any kind of initiative, unlike Katt. "Go right ahead." I said with a shrug. There was no real danger, after all, except maybe to the dog. She crouched down, and started purring loudly. I could feel the sound vibrating through the air, and I was almost surprised that the windows in the nearby farmhouse didn't start clattering. The sound seemed to calm the dog down some. His fierce growl quieted some, and the hair on his back began to settle down. Then, Purr turned around and got down to her knees, all in one motion. In that position, the loincloth simply hung down from her abdomen, hiding nothing at all. Before Siegfried could react to that sudden movement, she delicately dipped the tip of her own tail into her pussy. I noticed that her slit was already very wet.

Then, she proceeded to wave the wet tip of her tail right in front of the dog's nose. He sniffed at it eagerly, apparently changing his mind about the smell of cat. He followed the tail eagerly as it led him back to the source, licking his lips eagerly with his huge, red tongue. Finally, she touched the tip to her pussy again, and then quickly pulled it out of the way as the dog practically jumped into her, licking violently at her exposed cunt. His tongue was at least four times as big as any human's, and he was taking advantage of that. Juices flew from her honeypot as he licked wildly, and she was already moaning and squirming in pleasure.

Although he was obviously enjoying the taste, he also had to answer to his instincts. With a sudden, smooth movement, he jumped onto Purr's back, and thrust his abdomen forwards. I knew from my reading that girls usually had to guide dogs in, because of the anatomical differences between girls and bitches… but apparently, Siegfried was a lucky dogs, 'cause he hit the spot in first try. Purr's eyes widened, and the she released a long, drawn-out moan. I could see that he had thrust all the way in, and now he held it there while the knot inflated… naturally, I couldn't see this, but I could guess what was happening from her reactions. A few seconds later, he began to move, and I crouched down to get a better view of the happenings. I could see how her pussy lips were pulled out every time he reversed his thrust, due to the pressure of the knot within. He speeded up rapidly, at last settling at a thrust rate that no human could hope to match.

Needless to say, I was getting a hard-on, and a quick look around revealed that Carl and Katt shared my fate. Katt was looking down at the other dog, who was sitting at Carl's foot, with some interest. He noticed this and grinned. "Ah yes, I almost forgot… this is Brunhilde. She doesn't have anything against cats, but I don't think she's got

much interest in them either." I looked from dog to dog, and saw virtually no difference. Well, I guess it would be stupid for a city-boy to expect to be able to tell boy-dogs from girl-dogs without a direct view of their genitals. Anyway, Katt just grinned as he said that, and pulled her loincloth to the side. Carl instantly twisted his face into what can only be described as a "Do'h!" expression. She then proceeded to lift her hard cock a bit, revealing the tight, little pussy she had hidden beneath. The bitch looked up and whined as Katt approached, and when the catgirl practically pushed her drooling cunt into the dog's nose, she took a couple of quick licks.

The taste seemed to perk the dog right up… all of a sudden, her ears stood up straight, and she rose off the ground, lifting her tail as she did so. She didn't move as Katt walked over behind here, and got down to her knees. Brunhilde's whine sounded almost human as the cat-like dickgirl slowly pushed her throbbing staff into her pussy. She then began fucking, not like a dog, but like a human, with long, pounding thrusts. Carl and I just stared at the four of them, all bemused. Not only did we see a dog screwing a cat, we were also witnessing a cat screwing a dog… like cats and dogs, alright!

I cast a nervous eye at the driveway we'd arrived by. We were in plain sight, right in the middle of the farmyard, and anybody who might have missed seeing the 'Closed for repairs' sign, would instead see something much more interesting. Carl noticed my look and shook his head. "No worries, my friend… you can hear the cars long before they come within sight. Just enjoy the show, before we move on to the stables." Apparently, the hot'n'dirty action we were witnessing together had warmed him up some, too, or at least removed his embarrassed demeanor. For good or ill, we were in this together now. His dogs and my cats were engaged in a pair of rather unnatural couplings, and we watched it together.

After five minutes, I asked him in a deliberately off-handed tone: “Say, does dogs usually last that long? From my reading, I was of the impression that they got through with business in some three minutes or less.” He cast me a surprised look, grinned, and answered in the tone of somebody giving his opinion of the weather. “Oh yeah, that’s usually the case, but my late wife gave Siegfried some training. Brunhilde doesn’t seem to mind, either.” Purr and Brunhilde were whining and mewling in unison, as both were fucked in a way they’d never been before. The ultrarapid pace Siegfried was putting forth were driving Purr to orgasm again and again, and Katt’s long and hard thrusts seemed to have a similar effect on Brunhilde, although judging when a dog gets an orgasm isn’t the easiest thing in the world.

Finally, Siegfried growled loudly, and thrust his abdomen all the way forwards, holding it there. Seeing this, Katt redoubled her pace to the point where she was almost moving as fast as the dog had, bringing herself off in less than a minute, and practically driving Brunhilde into the ground. Meanwhile, Purr seemed to have a five-minute orgasm as Siegfried pumped his doggy sperm into her. I knew that it would be thing, plentiful and very hot. What Brunhilde thought of Katts thick, white sperm is hard to say, but she whined a great deal.

Having gotten their rocks off, Katt and Siegfried dismounted their lovers. Well, Katt dismounted. Siegfried tried, but his knot seemed to have gotten stuck. Actually, he could have pulled it out easily, due to the amazing stretchability of catgirl pussies, but when he encountered resistance while he tried, he figured that he was locked, and didn’t try further. Instead, he jumped off her back and agilely swung one of his hind legs over her back, ending them up ass-to-ass. It looked absolutely hilarious, cat and dog joined by a dick. I couldn’t keep from laughing, and I was soon joined by Carl

and Katt. Purr pouted a bit at first, but then she grinned up at us and joined in our laughter.

Rather than pulling them apart, which would probably cause some discomfiture for both catgirl and dog, we decided to let them stay together until the swollen knot shrunk enough to go out easily. And since me and Carl both had a raging hard-on at the time, she was also perfectly placed for a blow-job. I'll admit, I didn't feel quite comfortable whipping out my cock with Carl nearby – it's not as if I've thrown off every taboo in the book, you know – but I did it anyway, and then kneeled down in front of Purr to let her work on it. She'd sucked me off several times before, but somehow the fact that she was tied to a dog at the same time added something to it. Carl opened his pants too, revealing a very impressive piece of equipment. Bigger, even than Katt's. She pounced on him immediately, swallowing him to the root before he even had the time to say anything. I wonder if he would have protested against being blown by a dickgirl, if he'd had the chance… regardless, he didn't seem to mind when she got down to the sucking. Purr's somewhat better at blowjobs than Katt, but make no mistake: Katt is very, very good.

Purr's position enabled me to engage in my favorite form of oral sex: Throat-fucking. She eagerly relaxed her throat to allow me entry, and then proceeded to tighten it around my cock like a vise. Her tongue danced a tarantella around every inch of cock passing through her mouth, but other than that she just held still while I face-fucked her hard and fast. Her skillful mouth, combined with my own already enormous hornyness, meant that I didn't really last very long – probably not much more than five minutes, ten at the most. It didn't matter much, though, since I'd mainly wanted the relief of emptying my aching balls. Purr, it seemed, had mainly wanted a taste of my sperm, and she got that… even though I'd been too absent-minded to pull back when I came. Instead, she'd pulled back herself, taking the initiative, and getting a

mouthful of cum as a reward. I glanced sideways at Katt, who was still on her knees in front of Carl, working his cock over with hands, mouth and tongue, like a two-dollar whore. She'd jumped him on her own accord, with no prodding from me, without even asking me… my plan, it seemed, was working. Human-level intelligence, mixed with the genetically defined insubordination, had indeed resulted in a mind capable of throwing off the bonds of brain programming. The red, raw meat I'd been feeding them since they arrived were awakening their instincts, the cat in them, and cats could not be owned. Bit by bit, they were becoming independent creatures, friends and lovers rather than slaves.

With those things in mind, I got on my feet just as Carl moaned, probably shooting an impressive load down Katt's throat. She was making delighted little mewls as she sucked on his cock, and I could even see her swallowing repeatedly. From what I could see, she wasn't wasting a single drop. Afterwards, we found that Siegfried's knot had gone down to the point where he could pull out with a minimum of comfort. It still gave a loud, wet 'PLOP', though, followed by a gush of clear doggy cum from her stretched pussy. The dogs, obviously exhausted, staggered off to their doghouse, and we walked off towards the stables, with both catgirls eagerly ranging out in front of us. Both had found enormous pleasure in their first experience with animal sex, and were eager to try some more of it.

The stables contained a variety of animals – it was a museum, after all. Had it been an authentic farm, it would have been dedicated to a single thing – sheep, pigs, cows, whatever… but since the idea was to show the various farm animals to children and other curious people, this place had it all. Several horses trotted nervously around in a mid-sized enclosure, apparently worried about the scent of the newest visitors. In a similar enclosure, several cows and one very large, black, bull, were chewing cud, completely unconcerned by our entry. Further into the stables, we

saw two somewhat smaller enclosures facing each other across the path we were walking – one containing a bunch of sheep and a big, wooly ram, the other containing several nanny goats, and one large-horned male one. Finally, the stables terminated in a large, indoor pigsty, where several curly-tailed pigs happily rolled themselves in the mud. No, I can't tell the difference between sows and boars… As I said earlier, I'm a city boy – without some fairly large and easily recognizable symbol of manhood, a male animal looks just like all the others to me.

"It's not much…" Carl said modestly. "I mean, it's not as if I'm running a zoo or anything – these, and the dogs of course, are the only appropriately sized animals on the farm." I cast a questioning look towards the other end of the stables, where the stallion and bull resided. He noticed and shrugged. "My wife was a very flexible woman – don't ask me how she did it, without any genetic engineering and stuff, but she did. Well, she couldn't take all of it inside of here, when the big animals were concerned, but we found a way to work around that." With a grin, he walked through a door in the side of the stables, labeled "Employees only!", with the well-known thunderbolt "Danger! High voltage!" sign rather prominent below. It was a rather wide door, I noticed – wider than a human could possibly require.

Approaching the door, I saw him struggle with several large, wooden… things. I gestured at the catgirls to help, and they instantly rushed in and picked the heavy pile of wood up without much of a problem. He wiped his brow gratefully, and pointed them out in the stable. "Just put it down in the middle…" he said, while picking up some roles of rope and some metallic objects. On the way out of the door, he picked up a toolbox with his free hand. He then proceeded to the pile of wood, and began to build something out of it. It soon became clear that it was some sort of device that had previously been disassembled, which he was now putting back together again. It reminded me eerily of my father struggling with the "Some assembly required"

Christmas gifts. As the device took shape before us, I could soon make some qualified guesses as to its purpose. It was the padded, raised middle that tipped me off, mainly, as well as the fact that it could clearly be raised and lowered, but only with two possible settings.

My suspicions turned out to be true, as Carl finished and proudly introduced the device as “The mating bench.” Basically, it supported a woman in a comfortable position for getting fucked by a bull or stallion, while restricting the movement of the animals so that they would not attempt to thrust their entire length into her. The two settings on the middle part reflected the fact that bulls are build closer to the ground than horses – which also means that their cocks hang closer to the ground. It also ingeniously ensured that the animal would not rest its entire weight on the woman’s back, crushing her – the sad fate that had, supposedly, befallen the Zarina of Russia, Katharina the Great, during a wild orgy. I’d never even bothered to have that story checked with historical fact, though – it probably wasn’t true, and it was too good a story to abandon.

The girls were at the verge of fighting each other over the right to be the first on the bench – please note that I’ve restricted myself from making bad jokes about ‘cat-fights’ here – when I reminded them that A) I had the final word in the matter and B) That the mating bench was not required for intercourse with ram, goat or pig. After giving that a second to sink in, I reminded Katt that her ass wasn’t much more spacious than an ordinary human woman’s, and that her pussy were tighter than average. Purr jumped with glee when I told her that she’d be the first one on the bench, and leaped into my arms to deliver a very, very hot kiss – tongue and all. Carl fixed the bench in the high setting, and while he went to fetch the stallion from the enclosure back by the entrance, I attached the various restrictions to Purr, meant to keep her in place during the horse’s sexual assault.

Carl returned with a large, frisky stallion. He had a gray coat, and was very muscular, especially around his hindquarters. The farmer released him, allowing the big horse to sniff eagerly at Purr's steaming pussy, while Carl attached some robes to his hind legs. He then allowed the horse to rear up and place its legs in the designated places on each side of Purr's head, but did not allow him to enter her. While he went about tightening various straps, I bend down to have a look at the horse's manhood – stallionhood – and gasped. The thing was huge, long enough to reach halfway to his forelegs. It was nearly as far around as my upper arm, and had a peculiar shape. I knew that the head would inflate into a bell-shape when he was about to cum, making it impossible to withdraw before he was done. Same idea as with the dogs, just a different place. I wonder why humans doesn't have anything like that…

The horse was very frisky, dancing around on its hind legs, obviously eager to get down to business… maybe he'd gotten addicted to human pussy, and hadn't had a 'fix' since Carl's wife died. He had to wait, though, for Carl to attach all the ropes, and check them twice, before he was allowed to take a step back… Katt was standing ready at Purr's ass, and as soon as the huge horsecock had gotten far enough back, she gripped it and lead it to her sister's pussy. Felling the moist opening, the stallion snorted, and rammed forwards, burying half his length, more than a foot, inside his catgirl lover in one thrust. He'd probably have gone farther, if the robes hadn't restricted him. He was clearly used to those, however, considering that he didn't slow down at all when he reached the end of his rope, but rather reversed direction immediately.

He was pulling as long thrusts as his restrictions allowed, all the way from the first

one… pulling out a foot of thick meat, and thrusting it back into her. Crouching down next to Katt, I watched the mesmerizing sight. The girth of his cock insured that her cunt lips were pulled inwards at every thrust, also pulling her clit into contact with the hard shaft. The frequent meows and small screams that issued from the opposite end indicated that the constant stimulation affected an equally constant orgasm. “He’ll keep on going for at least quarter of an hour, probably more.” Carl said, joining us. “My wife trained him well… normally, horses can get business over with in maybe five minutes, but this one just keeps going.” I nodded, and grinned. After fifteen minutes of hard shafting and continuos climax, even a catgirl would be somewhat dazed.

Katt seemed to be completely hypnotized by the sight before her, but I managed to awake her with a gentle tap on her shoulder. “Say, are you just going to sit there watching, or do you want to try some yourself?” I asked rhetorically, winking at her. She was on her feet in a flash, her loincloth bulging out with an instant erection. “Of course, Master! Which one should I have?” I opened my mouth to explain my idea to her, but then stopped, and decided to test her intelligence and imagination… Catgirls supposedly weren’t all that bright, but I had a feeling that my Katt were an exception. “Well, Katt… I’d like you to make a ham sandwich.” I said, gesturing in the direction of the pigsty. She seemed uncomprehending for a fraction of a second, but then recognition flashed across her face, and she nodded eagerly.

Walking into the pigsty, she quickly selected two pigs – I suspect she could smell the difference – and pulled them out into the hallway in the middle of the barn. The pigs weren’t particularly clean, but Carl probably had a shower somewhere, so that would be a short-term problem only. Wasting no time on fore-play, Katt kneeled behind one of the pigs – it didn’t try to get away or turn around, as dogs sometimes do – and guided her throbbing wood into the sow’s pussy. The pig squealed, but before it could try to get away, Katt had gripped it by the shoulders. Holding it steady, she leaned

over its back, and started fucking it with short, hard jabs. The resulting squishy sounds could faintly be heard over the whams that came from Purr and her equine paramour. “How’s it feel?” I asked Katt with a grin. “Just like Purr, masterrr…” the purred back, thrusting harder into the unwitting sow beneath her. Apparently, that thing about humans and pigs being much alike weren’t entirely off.

The other pig – presumably a boar – suddenly seemed to get interested. Grunting, it sniffed at the air, apparently catching the smell of sex that was thick in the air. I had to practically lay down to look under his pot-belly, but what I saw were truly astonishing. His cock was long, maybe even longer than Katt’s, and rather thin… and it terminated at a corkscrew-shaped head! I’d read about that before, but never seen it… believe me, it looks really, really weird. “It’s the biggest breed available…” Carl said, turning away from Purr’s ferocious horse-fuck for a minute. “In the nether department, I mean. My wife had me looking through all existing breeds for one with a decent size. Pig cocks are usually pencil-thin, but that one is a bit more impressive.” I took a closer look… it seemed to be a bit less than an inch thick, which would be rather unimpressive for a man, but which apparently counted as a humongous monster-cock among pigs. It certainly seemed to be hard. Considering its length as opposed to its thickness, it would have to be hard as steel to stay straight, which it did.

Anyway, after a few seconds, he apparently decided that the sounds and smells that Katt and the pig were generating meant that it was mating season again, and confidently trotted over to them. He snuffled a few times at Katt’s ass, and I could swear his face took on a somewhat surprised expression. Like, he was thinking “What the hey…? A CAT?!?” Then, he apparently continued the thought to it’s logical conclusion: “Ahh, so what… I’m horny, and she’s got a hole.” It looked pretty funny when he jumped up on her back. You can’t really imagine a pig jumping at all, but

that's what he did… lounging forwards, placing both of his forehooves on Katt's shoulders, and thrusting his pelvis forwards. Katt gasped, and I saw her eyes widening. Somewhat surprised at that reaction, I walked a bit to the side and took a closer look… sure enough, he'd hit her in the ass, and apparently gone in to the root in first thrust. Well, that shouldn't be a problem, considering how thin he was, but he seemed to be giving her quite a turn.

After resting a second or so, the boar started thrusting, and what a thrust! He was going almost as fast as the dogs had done, and seemed to be hitting much harder. Apparently, pigs are more muscular than they seem, 'cause the sound of his pelvis hitting her asscheeks were clearly audible, even over the sounds that issued from Purr's continuos superfuck. Katt somehow managed to transfer some of that energy into her own fuck. The sow was squealing quite a bit now, which probably stands to reason if she was used to 1-inch cocks. Hopefully, she was enjoying herself. Katt certainly was. "How's THAT feel?" I asked her with a grin. "The head feels weird, masterrr…" She purred, huffing slightly at the exertion. She'd speeded up a lot to match the boar, and that velocity was a bit much, even for her.

I stepped back a bit, so that I could keep an eye on both of them at the same time. Purr mewling weakly as the horse continued its powerfuck into her stretched pussy, and Katt sandwiched between two pigs, giving as good as she was getting. Quite a sight… too bad I forgot to bring my camera. Ah well, it wasn't the kind of picture you'd have framed above the fireplace, or standing on your desk anyway. My cock was straining against my pants again, but both of the girls were obviously busy, and neither had any holes still accessible. Katt's mouth was possible, but with a horny boar that close, I wasn't about to stick my head out… neither one of them, see?

Suddenly, the stallion gave a loud whinny, shaking his head wildly, and stopped moving within Purr. I cast a look at my watch and saw that more than 20 minutes had passed… obviously, Carl had not been exaggerating the endurance of his horse. Walking over, I saw cum gushing out around his huge shaft, despite the overstretched tightness of her pussy lips, showing that his cum was both plentiful and decidedly high-pressure. Enough so, anyway, that despite the escaping sperm, Purr's belly was being slowly inflated. She groaned, shuddering in pleasure… it was pretty clear that she was enjoying it immensely. Or maybe it was just because her clit finally got some rest, giving her a chance to catch up on her pleasure.

"It's more than usual… guess he's been saving up." I jumped slightly, realizing that I had been so engrossed in the erotic sight that I hadn't noticed Carl walking up next to me. He was holding a pair of buckets in his hands, and proceeded to place them in a pair of niches in the mating bench, which I so far hadn't noticed. Looking closer, I saw that groves in the bench insured that the flow of viscous sperm that would result when the horse withdrew his mighty rod, would be guided into the waiting buckets. Good thing too, considering the sheer volume of sperm that Purr contained at that point… it would have been a real mess if it had just been allowed to run out on the floor.

I kept my eyes eagerly at the point where horse and catgirl was joined, while Carl went around the horse to loosen some of the bonds, allowing it to pull back. It promptly did so – like most animals, he prefers the 'roll over and snore' approach – and as predicted, a veritable sperm tsunami followed. It kept gushing out of her pussy for several minutes, finally slowing down to a dribble. As the stallion was led back to the fold, I moved behind Purr to take a look at her stretched cunt… or, rather, into her stretched cunt. It was hanging wide open, and I had a feeling that if the light

had been better, I could have looked straight up into her womb.

Yeah, catgirls have wombs… for the realistic feel, I suppose. They're sterile, anyway.

Deciding to give her some rest, I walked back to Katt, who was still going at it. She was sweating now, I could see, and huffing rather badly. She wasn't trying to keep up with the boar anymore, which was understandable. His cock was a blur, now, moving at least as fast as the dog's had done, probably faster. As far as I could see, she was running at half his rhythm – On one thrust, she followed him, slamming into the sow beneath her with their combined strengths, on the next she pulled back, colliding soundly with his pelvis. I waved Carl over, as he returned from the other end of the barn.

"Say, how long can that pig keep going? He's been screwing her like that for more than fifteen minutes." "He's probably already shot his load once, then… you see, my wife were unable to get him to last longer than some ten minutes, so instead she taught him to keep going after he'd climaxed. He'll probably dismount when he's shot his second load. Which won't be long, considering the speed he's using at the moment." Bending down, I could faintly see something clear and thin running constantly from Katt's asshole. Every time her ass clapped into the boar's hammy rear legs, it sprayed out. It seemed to have covered most of her lower body already, as well as the pig's pelvis.

A few minutes later, the boar grunted and froze in mid-thrust. Katt's ecstatic

expression indicated that she, like her sister, enjoyed the feeling of being pumped full of animal sperm. She didn't stop, either, but used the slight leeway the cumming boar on her back was giving her, to continue fucking the sow with short, punishing jabs. She was obviously using a lot of strength, considering that the pig's legs seemed to be buckling. Finally, she too stopped, and came inside the squealing sow. By then, the boar had finished his business, and pulled back. I could see that Katt tried to clench her ass so that the sperm would stay inside, but the strangely-shaped head pulled a final squirt of thin, watery cum out with it. Then, like the horse, he lost all interest in the girl, and jumped off. After catching her breath briefly, Katt also dismounted the sow – who scampered away as soon as she was released – and stood up. "You can dump that stuff in the buckets over there." Carl said, gesturing at the buckets set in the mating bench.

An idea flashed through my horny mind, and I stopped her on the way. "Wait a second, Katt… Your sister just had a rather strenuous ride. I'm sure she's like something to drink." Katt nodded, and smiled wickedly. Her agility enabled her to clamber onto the contraption that Purr was strapped on to with ease, and position her ass right in front of her face. Purr, who was still somewhat dazed after her latest session, didn't notice this until Katt forced her ass up against her little sister's mouth. Then, Purr awakened fully, and quickly realized what was going on. While Carl and I watched eagerly, she put her mouth to Katt's asshole, and started sucking the filthy pig-cum out of it. The sound she was making were obscene, all slobbery and slimy… and it turned me on to no end.

After drinking what must have been nearly a gallon of cum from the well-fucked asshole, she proceeded to lick every square inch of her sister's behind, cleaning up the cum that had splattered there. I briefly played with the idea of letting her clean up the boar in the same fashion, but discarded it in favor of something bigger. With a

wave, I signaled to Katt that the session was over, and with a nod, she jumped back down to the ground. Beckoning her over, I whispered in her ear. “Hurry up to our room, and fetch a blindfold and the ball gag from my pack. You can put them on Purr as soon as you get back.” With an eager grin, she nodded and dashed out of the stable, moving at a literally inhuman speed. I then pulled Carl over near the sheep’s enclosure, where their constant braying would shield our conversation even from Purr’s sharpened senses.

“I think she should have the bull next… as a surprise.” “Sure, but… well, there’s kind of a problem.” “What kind of a problem?” “Well, he’s awfully big, so even my wife had trouble taking him… she didn’t do him very often, and he’s got a short attention span – In short, he’s not very well trained. I usually gave him a bit of Spanish Fly when she wanted to screw him.” “So? You’re out of Spanish Fly?” “Kind of… you see, I usually have two kinds of Aphrodisiac pills: Some weak ones for the goats, sheep and pigs, and some strong ones for the horses and bulls. I’d usually give him a small pill, which would keep its effect for maybe 10-15 minutes, which is about as long as any woman can stand that sort of shafting – but I’m out of those! All I’ve got left are the big ones, and with one of those, he’ll be super-horny for at least an hour.” “A horny bull, huh? Not to worry, Purr’s a catgirl, she can take it. Just give him one of the big ones.”

Carl shrugged, nodded, and started walking towards the other end of the barn. At the same time, Katt came running in, carrying the two things I’d asked her to bring. Without slowing, she leaped on top of the mating bench, straddling Purr’s back. Purr opened her mouth in surprise, only to have it blocked by the gag. A second later, the blindfold covered her eyes, and Katt jumped down again. I felt my cock twitch as I looked at her, all tied up and incapable of seeing or speaking. I grinned a bit at my own reaction while I worked the lever to lover the center part of the mating bench, preparing her for the bull. After all, the blindfold was an illusion…

You see, what made me so hot about the blindfold was that it made me believe, on some level, that she was unaware of what was about to happen – that the monstrous bull-cock would take her entirely by surprise. The scientific part of my mind, however, couldn't help but to remind me that it was nothing more than an illusion. As Carl walked up the path in the middle of the barn, with the bull in tow, her sharp ears easily identified the clip-clop of split hooves on the concrete floor, and as if that wasn't enough, her nose also picked up the unmistakable smell of an approaching bull. So, she knew what was about to happen, as surely as if I had told her myself. But my balls didn't know that she knew…

It was a magnificent bull… right out of a picture book about bull fighting. He was huge, superbly muscled, and coal-black. His horns, symbols of potency amongst animals, were long and bone-white. He even had a ring in his nose, with a rope attached to it… funny, I had never before considered the actual reason why bulls had rings in their noses – of course, tying a rope around a bull's neck would be an exercise in futility. But a rope attached to the nose, and it would be unlikely to struggle very much. Anyway, I didn't even have to bend down to see his cock… it was well over a meter long, and thicker around than my upper arm. You know, I've fisted Purr before, to beyond the elbow too, but never all the way. Taking that monster-cock would be approximately equal to taking my entire arm.

The bull was clearly affected by the powerful aphrodisiac he'd gotten. He snorted a lot, and 'MOOOOH!"ed some too. And of course, his cock was massively erect, standing parallel to the ground, hard as steel. It would have to be, to keep the tip from drooping. He was also sniffing eagerly at the air, picking up the thick smell of

sex emerging from Purr's cunt, and I'm sure that even without Carl's guidance, he would have steered directly for her. As soon as he reached the bench, he vaulted on top of it, causing it to shudder slightly from his weight, and placing his cockhead over Purr's ass-crack. There, he was stopped by a tug on the nose ring, while Carl started attaching the ropes to his hind legs. That's when I stopped him. "There's no need." I simply said. His brow wrinkled. "But then why were they necessary on the horse?" "Isn't it obvious? Her pussy is only slightly modified from an ordinary human."

While Carl blinked in surprise, I gripped the bull-cock and guided it carefully towards Purr's asshole. I could see that it had already leaked plenty of anal lube, probably during her session with the horse – sexual excitement increases the flow of ass-juice, just like it does with pussy-juice. Anyway, friction obviously wouldn't be a problem. However, when looking at it close up, it seemed utterly impossible… her asshole was nothing but a tiny, brown dot, and the bull-cock seemed incredibly large. However, I knew that the girth wouldn't be a problem – The Stretcher had stretched her at least that far, and the oversized butt-plug she wore on occasion was even bigger. No, the only possible problem lay in the length, and her design specifications said that she could handle that, too.

I nodded at Carl to release his hold on the bull's nose ring, and pushed the cockhead hard into Purr's asshole at the same time. Feeling flesh part before his cock, the bull's drug-addled brain decided that he had just entered the pussy of a tight, young cow, and started humping. I jumped back quickly, and saw how Purr stiffened up like a board as the huge cock plowed into her innards. She struggled futilely against her bonds, and mumbling screams came from her gagged mouth. Although her ass had previously been stretched to such dimensions, it had been a while since the last time we'd done something like that… added to that the violence of the penetration, and I could imagine that it hurt quite a bit. The bull wasn't exactly gentle, simply pushing

forwards with his massively muscled weight, forcing her tender sphincter to stretch to accommodate it.

And accommodate him she did… the ‘PLOP’ were clearly audible throughout the barn when the head finally popped in. At that point, a human would have given the girl time to adjust to the size, before trying to get his shaft inside, but the bull had no such considerations. The tightness around his cockhead were clearly driving him into an even greater sexual fury, and he as humping heavily against the trussed-up catgirl before the echo of his initial penetration had disappeared completely. I watched as he got deeper and deeper, licking my dry lips while sweat rolled down my forehead. It was, without question, the most insanely sexual sight I’d ever seen… the petite catgirl, impossibly impaled by the bucking bull.

The bull was not fucking her as much as he was raping her. He put his enormous bulk behind every thrust, driving his cock ever deeper into her painfully stretched anus. Bit by bit, the whole foot-and-a-half was forced through her resisting sphincter, pushing her genetically engineered innards as far as they would go. Having achieved this, the bull snorted derisively, as if saying “You think it’s pretty tough to take it all, don’t you, bitch? Well, you ain’t seen nuthin’ yet, just you wait ‘till I start screwing you for real!” A thin whimper escaped around the ball-gag in Purr’s mouth, as her eyes closed against the pain. The bull was pulling back now, and I had no doubt that the tightness of her asshole enabled her to feel every vein and irregularity on the long, hard shaft. When he’d pulled out a foot of his cock, he smashed forward again, filling her completely. Even with the excellent anal lube that her asshole was putting out in large amounts, the friction must have generated more than enough heat to be painful all by itself.

I could have watched it for hours, but my cock was demanding some attention. Turning away from the sight, I saw that Katt was standing next to me, every bit as mesmerized as she had been by the horse-fuck.. Her pussy, hidden beneath her ball-sac, was dripping with juice… a steady stream of it was running down the inside of her thighs, and she didn't even seem to notice. I shook her shoulder gently, waking her up from her trance. She shook her head vigorously, clearing it, before speaking. "Now I know how a deer feels when the headlights hit it…" she said, grinning widely. I just nodded. "I can see you need some action too, Katt…" I said, gesturing at her dripping cunt. She nodded in the general direction of the bulge in my pants. "You too, masterrr…"

Seeing that Carl was just as transfixed by the action as we had been, and not wanting to disturb him, I decided to try to set the next scene up on my own. Telling Katt to stay put, I walked into the goat's enclosure, and picked out the male goat form the flock. Easy, even for a city-boy, considering the gross symbols of virility he had sticking out of his head. He was quite complacent, following me unresistingly when I pulled at his horns. After closing the fold behind us, I gestured Katt over. "Say, Katt, I don't suppose you've ever tasted goat cheese, have you?" "No, master." "Well, then, why don't you get down on all fours, and try to suck some out of him?"

Reacting immediately to the not-so-veiled sexual reference, she got down on hands and knees, and crawled in between the goat's front legs. He seemed momentarily confused, but when she stuck out her tongue to get her first taste of goat-cock, he apparently figured out what it was all about, and more or less crawled onto her back. His hooves looked like they were somewhat painful to have resting on your back, but Katt wasn't complaining. Unless there was a complaint hidden in the slurping sounds that were starting to issue from underneath the goat.

I had more important things to think about, though. Such as my painfully throbbing cock. Opening my pants, I pulled down my underwear, and let it spring into the air. It felt good, just to release it from it's fabric prison. It would feel even better when I placed it where it belonged. Kneeling behind Katt, I looked at her two holes, trying to make up my mind… pussy or ass? After careful consideration, I chose the pussy. Not because I was squeamish about her asshole having been filled with pig-cum, but because I could sense that she needed a vaginal orgasm BADLY! You see, shemales can get two kinds of climaxes: The penile orgasm, of which she'd had two so far, and the vaginal orgasm, of which she'd had none so far. It's worth noting that just one of those kinds can't satisfy a dickgirl, no matter how many times she has it – both of her sexual organs needs to be stimulated before she is sated.

I moaned as my cock entered her cunt. I'd forgotten how tight it is… I'm quite anally fixated, which means that I usually screw her in the ass – with the unusual result that her pussy now is tighter than her ass. It was tight to begin with, of course… otherwise, there wouldn't have been enough room for a cock over it. I decided, at that point, to remember to screw her pussy now and then. It was wonderfully hot, tight, and wet. Also, she was quite skilled at using it, squeezing my cock rhythmically, causing the sperm to boil in my balls. To further speed up my impending climax, my position enabled me to look between the front legs of the goat, right down to where Katt was eagerly working her mouth over the goat's cock.

It wasn't a terribly impressive staff, judging from what I could see of it. Sort of like a medium-sized man's, maybe a little thinner. It was also bright red, even more so than the dog cocks I'd seen earlier. Kind of candy apple red, or maybe crimson – or

scarlet. Either way, it made a striking contrast to his white coat. As for how long it was, well, it was kind of hard to tell when it was halfway down Katt's throat. But whatever length it had, she was deepthroating every inch of it.

The goat was starting to get into it, I could see… rather than just passively letting her suck him, he started to fuck her face. Interestingly, he wasn't moving in a blur, like the dog and pig had done, but seemed content to screw her at a leisurely pace. I could see from the length of his thrusts that his cock had to be at least 4 inches, and that was just what her had going in and out. Probably 1-2 inches never left her mouth. A pretty decent length, especially considering the light build of the goat. I wondered briefly whether he, like the pigs, belonged to a particularly big-dicked race of goats. Then I stopped wondering, and resuming my own fuck. I'd paused briefly, you see, to avoid cumming before I'd brought Katt off.

I could feel, by the rapid contractions of her pussy, that she was getting close. No surprise, either – catgirl shemales cum faster and harder than ordinary girls. Why? Well, y'see, due to the large cock mounted over the pussy, there isn't room to put the clit there, so the geneticists moved it a goodly way down. Far enough down to ensure that it got a serious grinding every time she got fucked. It also meant that she couldn't frig it while getting screwed, but everything comes at a price, see? Anyway, what mattered at that point was that I was rapidly grinding Katt towards a clitoral/vaginal combination orgasm, and if I gauged it just right, I would be able to add my own cum to the cocktail!

Pardon the bad pun… I assure you, it was (almost) unintentional.

When the climax hit her, her pussy clamped down on my cock like a bear trap… gritting my teeth, I took advantage of her plentiful lubrication, and launched into a series of rapid jabs, speeding up her orgasm, and starting my own. Believe me, there's nothing quite like cumming in a climaxing cunt. The contractions just seems to milk your cock dry… And I suspect that Katt was getting more than her share of the pleasure. She was shaking, causing her firm boobs to wobble beneath her, and her eyes were closed. She was sucking on the goat so hard that his cock disappeared all the way down to the sheath, where he stopped. Apparently, the suction was powerful enough to keep him from pulling back out.

It also seemed to be powerful enough to suck the sperm right out of his balls. Braying loudly, he came in her mouth, filling it to overflowing, and pumping copious amounts of it into her throat. I knew that, because I could see her throat… she was swallowing repeatedly. Then, a couple of minutes later, the goat jumped off her back and walked away, with the characteristic animal indifference. I, too, pulled back, feeling completely exhausted. As soon as I was out of her, she twirled around and went down on my cock, surprising me completely. I felt her skilled tongue run rapidly around my cock, cleaning off the mixture of her pussy juice and my sperm. Then, she pulled back, and carefully wiped her saliva off with her furry paws. Smiling my thanks, I stuffed my rapidly deflating cock back into my underwear, and pulled my pants up.

Sated for the moment, we turned around to take a look at Purr and the bull. Our little thryst must have taken 10-15 minutes, but he was still going at it, showing no signs of tiring or slowing down. Purr, however, seemed to be almost catatonic.

Another bad pun… I just don't know what's wrong with me today.

Her head was rolling around on her neck, wobbling every time the bull thrust heavily into her ass. The black blindfold was soaked with sweat, and spittle ran in a thin line from the corners of her mouth. Elbowing me in the side, Katt lead my attention towards the buckets of horse sperm at the sides of the mating bench… I took a closer look at them, and noticed that the white cum had a thin layer of yellow fluid on top of it. Apparently, Purr had lost bladder control during the ferociously bestial fuck.

Looking around, I saw that Carl apparently hadn't moved at all. He was still just standing there, staring at Purr and the bull. The front of his pants bulged out dangerously, seemingly about ready to burst, and even from this distance, I could see the wet stain at the top of the bulge. Laughing quietly, I decided to help the poor man out a bit, and went into the sheep's enclosure. The huge, curly horns easily identified the ram, and even if it hadn't been for those, I would have spotted him pretty quickly. His cock was hidden under him, probably covered in wool, but his ball-sac was hanging down between his hind legs, clearly visible. I'm telling you, it nearly touched the ground! Those stones must have been the size of golf balls… I could only guess at the amounts of sperm they were able to put out.

He was a bit more rambunctious than the goat, snorting in annoyance when I tugged at his horns, but he had apparently been trained somewhat. He followed me out stall, to the middle of the barn where Katt waited expectantly. I could see her eyes light up when she saw his sac… amazing that she could continue to be horny after all that had already happened. As she licked her lips expectantly, I explained my plan in a

matter-of-factly tone. “You know, goats and sheep are rather closely related… so, I was wondering if you could taste the difference.” She nodded eagerly, her face taking on a hungry expression. I continued. “Also, I think that our host is feeling a lot of pressure at the moment… I’ll try to convince him to release some of it, for the sake of his health. You just get started, and I’ll go talk to him.”

She dived for the ram’s cock as soon as I finished talking. The expression on his face went from ornery to horny in a flash, and he wasted no time jumping onto her back and fucking his thick tool into her mouth. Cause it was thick, all right… maybe twice as thick as the goat’s cock, but possessing the same scarlet hue. It also seemed to be slightly shorter. I watched for a few minutes, as the slightly visible bulge on her throat began to move forwards and backwards, before turning my back on it and walking over to Carl. I tried to talk to him, but to no avail, he ignored me completely. I couldn't really blame him, though – the display he was watching was getting weirder by the moment.

I could see that the bull was sweating too, now. He was breathing hard, causing his nose ring to swing wildly. But he was still going strong, not even slowing down. However, as I watched, he suddenly stopped. Then, he pushed forwards fully, burrowing his foot-long cock inside her completely. He moohed loudly, the sound bordering on a roar, and then we both heard a muffled, splattering sound. There was no doubt that he was cumming inside Purr’s ass, and cumming hard enough for it to be audible out here. Purr trashed in her bonds, presumably climaxing for god-alone-knows-which-time. Despite the fact that her sphincter was stretched impossibly tight around the bull’s thick cock, the pressure that rapidly build in her intestine caused some of the cum to bubble thickly out around the edges, running down to join the horse-cum and catgirl-piss in the buckets.

But it was only a fraction of it that escaped. Most of his massive load stayed inside her, inflating her innards to the limit. As it had happened with the horse, her otherwise flat stomach began to bulge out from the pressure, making her look several months pregnant. But last time, the beast had lost interest at that point, and gone away, allowing the cum to drain out again. This bull, as Carl had predicted, wasn't about to stop. As soon as he'd finished emptying his balls, he began to move again, making her distended belly wobble along with her full breasts. I imagine it must have felt quite uncomfortable.

I stared at the scene, continuing more than half an hour after it had started. Then, I shook my head, reminding myself that I'd come to shake Carl out of his trance, not enter it myself. After tugging uselessly at his arm a few times, I reached out and manually turned his head away form the display. He stared right through me for a few seconds, before blinking a few times, apparently returning to the rest of the world. "Look, Carl…" I started "I can understand that you want to watch, but if you don't get something done about that little problem, there…" I pointed at his crotch "…sometime pretty soon, you'll end up getting medical problems." He looked down, seemingly noticing his raging hard-on for the first time. I smiled, pointing behind me. "Look, why don't you go over there? I'm sure Katt is keeping a hole open for you."

I don't know how the ram felt about his first blow-job, but I doubt any male creature could have failed to be exited by her skilled throat. Either way, he apparently considered it to be a satisfactionary substitute for a sheep's pussy, and was humping it heavily. Katt was gulping loudly, swallowing his thick cock, but she also found the time to shake her butt invitingly at Carl. Not one to let a lady wait, he practically ran over, fumbling with the front of his pants to open them. When he finally got them

open, his cock popped out and pointed directly upwards, shaking lightly in its rigidity. Carl is very well equipped, mind you… enough so to make me slightly jealous. And at the moment, it was obviously as big and hard as it ever got. Even the veins that ran up and down it were distended, covering the length of it with a pulsing web.

As he kneeled behind Katt, I could see that he actually had a hard time forcing the cockhead down on level with her holes… it was that stiff. He paused, then, seemingly trying to decide between her holes, as I had done it earlier. His choice, however, was different. Holding his cock down with one hand, he gripped Katt's slim waist with the other, and guided the throbbing head of his rigid member into her well-lubricated asshole. It had regained all of its delicious tightness with just half an hour of rest, after the rapid pig-fuck she'd received earlier, but Carl's cock was hard as a ramrod, and easily forced the resisting sphincter open. She moaned into the cock that filled her gullet, and I imagined that she could clearly feel the throbbing veins that surrounded his shaft.

Grunting unintelligibly, he forced his cock into her with slow, hard thrusts, pushing her head forwards into the crotch of the ram. She was now deep-throating every inch of the beastial cockshaft, swallowing until her lips touched the woolly sheath. With Carl in her ass, and the powerfully build ram in her mouth, she hardly needed to move herself, though – their hard thrusts buffeted her between them like a rag doll. And she was enjoying every minute of it. Below her belly, I could see her cock standing out from her lap, dripping on the floor. After a moment of confusion, I realized that it was pussy juice, running down the length of her rigid member to drip from the purple cockhead – something that had never occurred to me before.

Satisfied that Carl was getting some too, I turned to watch Purr again. The bull was starting to show visible signs of fatigue, but the fire in his eyes made it clear that he would continue to fuck until he had emptied his balls again. The added lubrication provided by his previous load had eased the task somewhat, but he was still faced with having to keep a lot of body mass moving constantly, for a very long time. Perversely, Purr seemed to have gotten her second wind. She was moving around now, moaning lustily through the gag, breathing hard through her nose. She actually humped back to meet his thrusts, insuring that her buns impacted with his mammoth balls – I could actually see that her asscheeks were reddening some, as if she'd been spanked!

Making a quick decision, I walked over to her head and removed the blindfold and gag. I had expected her to wince from the sudden light, but she didn't even blink. Her eyes seemed glazed over, staring feverishly into space, actually looking right through me. Her only reaction to the removal of the gag was that she started breathing through her mouth. She seemed to be in some sort of sexual trance, concentrated entirely on the ridiculously oversized cock in her ass, and ignoring all other stimuli. As I watched, she suddenly started shaking, blinking rapidly and huffing loudly for a few minutes, then returning to her previous concentration. From the looks of it, I guessed that she had just experienced an anal orgasm, and from her minimal reaction to it, I guessed that it was simply the latest in a looooooong series of them.

The explanation, I suspect, lies in the fact that her annalistic add-on also included an increased capability for anal orgasm. Most normal girls could get them too, but only rarely. Effectively, Purr's nervous system had been 'hotwired' to her ass, to create frequent and powerful anal orgasms. If my memory serves me right, the design even fixed it so that the bigger the anal intrusion, the greater the orgasms. Well, half an hour – wait, it's more like 40-45 minutes by now – of hard bull-dicking had apparently

overloaded her system. Continuous orgasms had wracked her mind, and left nothing but the desire for more. Fortunately, the designers had predicted that. This sort of thing would have counted as a form of sexual brainwashing for a normal woman, possibly causing permanent character changes, but Purr would recover from it within an hour after the bull had finished. It's not just the catgirls' physique that is superb, their psyche is just as resilient.

Even that sight didn't manage to resurrect my dick. I'm only human, after all, and I probably wouldn't be able to get it up again that day. So, after watching Purr for a few more minutes, I turned towards Katt instead. I couldn't really judge it for the ram, but Carl certainly seemed to be getting closer. He was humping like a man possessed, holding nothing back. Obviously, I had managed to convince him that the catgirls' apparent delicateness was completely illusional. Or maybe he just didn't care anymore. I don't think he even noticed who, or what, he was fucking – he was looking unwaveringly at Purr's predicament while thrusting into Katt, still completely captivated by the sight of it.

Then, in a statistically improbable coincidence, Carl and the ram froze at the same time. He roared, and the ram baaah'ed deeply, as they came simultaneously into Katt. With spurting cocks burried in two of her cavities, and rivers of cum flooding into her intestines from both direction, Katt shook in what looked like 2-3 orgasms piled on top of each other. Her throat contracted repeatedly as she gulped down mouthful after mouthful of ram-cum, not letting as much as a drop escape her lips. Her ass was less fortunate – as Carl pulled back, she were incapable of closing her sphincter fast enough to stop a small river of cum from running out. Mixed with her anal lubricant, it ran down her ass-crack to mix with her pussy juice, thus becoming even thinner. Finally, it joined the constant stream of lovejuice running down her cockshaft to drip form the head.

In spite of the virility suggested by the size of his cock, Carl apparently didn't have much more staying power than I did. It was only his second time that day, but after having spent his balls in Katt's ass, his cock slowly wilted. As usual, Katt swiftly cleaned his cock off before he stuffed it back in his pants, and stood up. Apparently his session with Katt had cleared his brain some, and he looked less absent-minded now. While he put the ram back in its enclosure, Katt and I walked back to the breeding bench to watch the conclusion of Purr's bull rape. It had been around 55 minutes since it started, now, and it was clear that the bull was running out of steam. He was huffing and wheezing like an old locomotive, but he still continued to screw her with the strength and regularity of a well-lubricated machine… a comparison that wasn't far from the truth.

Carl, who had joined us at the front row, center, also noticed the apparent fatigue of the bull, and worriedly checked the ropes that would keep its weight suspended, should it collapse on top of Purr. Apparently satisfied that they would hold out, he returned to us, and we watched together as the hour-long fuck went into the final sprint. The bull, apparently sensing that it wouldn't last much longer, decided that he had to get business over with in a hurry, and started speeding up. Tired as he was, his raw strength still managed to propel him into a fairly high speed. They weren't exactly screwing like minks, but relative to cock size, it was the fastest fuck I had ever seen. A full foot of thick, hot, steel-hard bull-cock disappeared into Purr's hypersensitive ass in less than a second, heralding its complete penetration with the smack of his balls hitting her ass. Then, the whole long foot was pulled back out again, just as quickly, pulling her lubricated asshole along for an inch or so. Every time, it looked as if she was about to get turned inside out. No amount of lubrication could change the fact that it was a very tight fit, and the friction had made the area around the asshole itself take on an angry, red color.

As planned, the increased speed brought the fatigued bull to a climax within minutes, and for the second time within an hour, he blasted a cum-load into Purr's intestines. Her stomach had remained slightly swollen after the last time, somewhere around 3-4 months pregnant. Now, with another huge load getting pumped into her, her stomach grew further as the flexible tissue inside of her gave way. We could see how she was actually lifted slightly off the bench by her growing belly, and by the time the bull stopped cumming, she looked 8-9 months pregnant. The bull, having spent every energy resource in his body, collapsed completely. The ropes creaked ominously, but held. He was far too weak to move, and his cock remained within her while it softened rapidly. Still brainwashed by the massive amount of pleasure she had received, Purr continued to move against him, rubbing her asshole along the now soft tissue of his cock. But while it softened, it lost none of its girth, and it continued to effectively plug her ass, keeping gallons of cum trapped within her.

I turned towards Carl to ask him a rather rhetorical question – what he thought of the show, to be exact – but when I saw his face I realized that his expression wasn't one of lustful excitement, but one of worry. "Something wrong?" I asked, wondering what the problem was. He bit his lower lip. "I dunno. I think I've forgotten something… I KNOW I've forgotten something. Something important…" He continued to stare at the unlikely couple on the mating bench with a wrinkled brow, thinking so hard that I could almost hear the cogs and wheels moving in his head. Then, his face suddenly cleared. "Now I remember! The bull, I just remembered that I always have to take him outside right after having used a pill on him! It's because, you see, after working so hard, he always has to take a piss, and there's usually enough to make a mess of the stables." He stared at the 750 kilograms of beef that lay passive on top of Purr. "How on earth are we going to get him out?" "Isn't he usually that bombed after having spent an hour fucking cows?" I asked, all bemused by the idea of what was about to

happen. “No, no, cows aren’t halfway as tight as your catgirl. He’s not all that well equipped, for a bull, and when fucking a cow, he’d meet little or no resistance. But with Purr, he had to work against the friction and tightness for every inch, so of course he spent more energy.”

Together, we stared at the bull, knowing that there was no way of preventing what was about to happen, and not really wanting to either. Purr, meanwhile, was making a swift recovery. The stimulation in her ass had seized, and now her mind was rapidly reconstructing herself. A few minutes later, she was grinning excitedly in our direction. “That was amazing, masterrr…” Then she craned her neck to look at the bull. “When can I get up?” “The bull’s exhausted, and even Katt’s not strong enough to move him… we’ll have to wait ‘till he’s gotten his breath.” I answered truthfully. She just nodded, and relaxed in her bonds, seemingly still enjoying the feeling of the soft cock in her ass, and the huge quantities of sperm trapped within her. We just stood there, waiting for some sign that the bull was about to relax his bladder.

Suddenly, he lifted his horned head, and mooh’ed weakly, before collapsing against the ropes again. At the same time, Purr’s eyes – which had been half-closed as she relaxed after the strenuous session – flew wide open, and her head snapped up. She blinked stupidly a few times, before squealing and struggling weakly against her bonds. None of us needed to ask what was going on. It was clear that the bull, incapable of moving, had decided to piss regardless. His soft cock offered no resistance, but the orifice he was pissing into was already stuffed full of sperm. Now, I don’t know how large a bull bladder is, but I do know that in the old days, kids who lived on farms often used inflated pig-bladders for footballs. That should give you some idea of how expandable those things are. And it was pretty clear that the bull’s bladder had been inflated to the rock-hard point. We could even hear the hiss as the pressurized fluid ran through his cock, forcing its way into Purr’s intestines, inflating

her like a balloon. Before our unbelieving eyes, her already enormous belly began to inflate further as a gallon or more piss forced into it. Her distended belly went from her crotch to her breasts, just like a pregnancy, and she truly looked like somebody who was 9 months pregnant – with twins. Or maybe triplets.

Having emptied both balls and bladder in the bound up catgirl, the bull relaxed again, gathering his strength to move away. I wondered casually whether the buckets at the sides of the mating bench would be able to take all the stuff that would come flooding out, as soon as he pulled himself together enough to pull out. That thought led to another, and a lightbulb appeared in my head. I turned to Katt to give her an order, but she just winked, nodded, and ran off towards the house… her ability to know what I'm thinking is almost scary. Almost like being married. But useful, sometimes. She returned, five minutes later, carrying the butt-plug. Not A butt-plug, but THE butt-plug. That's how we always refer to the oversized plug that only Purr can take, and only after she has been prepped by something else. I figured that it was big enough to stay in, even with the laxness that her recent fuck would have caused in the sphincter.

It took another five minutes before the bull lifted his head, snorted, and started backing away. I stayed as close to their interlocking organs as I dared, waiting for the moment when the head popped out. Then, as the final inch of slimy cock flopped out of her, it pushed the plug into her wide-open anus. It went part of the way in, but then I met resistance – the fluids within her wanted to escape, and my strength wasn't enough to stop them. Just as piss-mixed sperm began to bubble out around the edges of the plug, Katt appeared on the other side of the bench, and put her paws on the plug as well. With her inhuman strength added to mine, the humongous plug began to sink in, until Purr's well-worn ass finally closed around the bottom, locking it in. The pressure from within became obvious as soon as we released it, though,

forcing it outwards, causing the area around the base to bulge out some. But it wasn't enough. The plug stayed in.

Having done that, we loosened Purr's bonds, and helped her stand. Her huge belly made it difficult for her to maintain her balance, and she was incapable of moving with her customary grace. But she looked incredibly cute, and for a moment, I regretted not having gotten the Perpetually Pregnant add-on. Smiling at my two catgirls, I watched as Carl led the exhausted bull back to its fold, and also noticed that it was starting to get kind of twilight-ish outside. Everybody were exhausted – except, maybe, Katt – and we all decided to stop our sex-play for now. It was time for a good supper, and a good night's sleep. I wasn't too sure about how good a night Purr would get, though, since I fully intended to let her keep her cum-belly until the next day.

That was the first day on the farm… we stayed there for five more days, and there were many memorable moments. Such as the following day, where we all fucked Purr's supertight pussy, before she allowed to remove the plug. Or the day after, where Katt demonstrated her virility by fucking the brains out of all the sheep AND all the nanny goats. There was also the evening where Purr managed to maneuver Siegfried (the dog), the ram and the goat into a three-way fuck. The logistics of that was not what you'd call easy, but the sight of it was worth the trouble. Carl and me got our rocks off frequently as well, usually while one of the catgirl's other holes were filled by one of the animals. Katt also impressed by locking her jaws around the tip of the horse's cock – an impressive feat all by itself – and jacking him off with his hands until he came in her mouth. She then drunk down every drop of it, letting none go to waste. As if that wasn't enough, she even duplicated Purr's feat with the bull by somehow coaxing the horse into peeing in her mouth as well. Admittedly, the horse didn't cum or piss in quite the same quantities as the bull, but she certainly deserved

a pat on the head for it, don't you think?

Katt also got to try the horse in her pussy, after much begging and coaxing. The bull, however, remained off-limits to her no matter how much she pleaded. She really dug the horse, I'll tell you, she pretty much climaxed non-stop from the moment his cockhead touched her pussy, and until he pulled out after shooting his load. Purr then lapped up his cum as it leaked from her pussy, in a beautiful display of sisterly affection. There were many other memorable scenes, but if I were to describe them all in detail, I'd still be sitting here at Christmas. Let's just say that it was one hell of a week, and that the girls would have been very sore in all their holes afterwards, if they hadn't been catgirls. Six days after my arrival, Carl and I parted as friends, and I promised to visit him again the next time I had a vacation. He promised to keep the farm running, so that we would have something to return to. He also said that he'd try to increase his selection, with some more male animals for his existing herds, and some new species altogether – such as donkey and mule. And he'd definitely get some more dogs.

The trip back was uneventful, but traveling is rarely fun. Even though it was a short trip, it was tiring, especially for Purr – she'd slept badly for several nights during the trip, for various reasons. By the time I parked the car in my garage, she was dropping off to sleep, and as soon as we entered she went to the bathroom to prepare for bed. Katt and I decided to get a little bite of something to eat before going to bed as well. We sat around the kitchen table, eating cookies and talking about the vacation, reminiscing on some of the more obscene events. It was while we talked, that I realized that something important had happened, without me even noticing. At some indiscernible point, Katt and Purr had stopped being bought-and-paid-for sex-toys, and become lovers. I cared for them… no, I loved them! I didn't care that they had been made-to-order in a gene-tank. They were real, living creatures, with their own

will and desires. Bit by bit, they had freed themselves of some of the mental barriers they had been constructed with, and gained greater and greater freedom. They were no longer slaves to my will, but obeyed me out of love and respect. That though filled me with happiness, as I thought about our future together…

THE END

Well… I guess not, not really. I wasn't going to tell you this, you know, but somehow, I feel that you've got a right to know – a right to know what happened there. Maybe I shouldn't put this into writing… ah, what the hell, here goes nothing!

While we sat there, I realized that the memories that stood clearest in my mind, from the trip, usually involved Katt's cock. I particularly remembered the way it looked during her session with Carl and the Ram, how it stood out from her belly while pussy-juice dripped from the tip. Every time I thought of it, my asshole seemed to somehow itch. It didn't take me long to realize what I was thinking about, but I firmly pushed it aside – after all, I wasn't gay, was I? Then again, Katt wasn't a guy either, cock or no cock. I'd had anal sex with her in the past, and that hadn't been gay, had it? Still… did I really want to? Katt and Purr had been built for that sort of thing. I wasn't. God, or evolution, or whoever created me, never intended for the particular act I had in mind. But then, why this annoying itch in my ass? Well, as a clever sod once said, you can't be anally fixated if you don't have an anus. Maybe this was why I always preferred assfucking?

A better question: Why was I even asking those question? When the mail had come from Carl, I had jumped into it without a second thought, and it had turned out wonderfully. Yes, that was the only way to try something new – just leap into it, and see where it leads. Yes… clearing my throat, I spoke with false confidence. “Uhh, Katt? I’m getting pretty horny from all these memories.” Katt nodded. “Sure, master. Want to fuck me?” It was a rhetorical question, but I was about to surprise her. “No, Katt, that wasn’t what I had in mind.” She looked speculative for moment, then her face cleared. “Oh! You finally want to try me?” “What do you mean?” I asked, taken aback by her ready reply. “You finally want to try my cock, right? I was wondering when you’d ask.” I stared for a moment, swallowed, and nodded. “How did you know?” I asked, suddenly sweating. She just grinned. “I’ve noticed how you often look at my cock… and it’s not jealous looks either. You probably don’t even think about it.” I could only shrug at that. The very though had not appeared to me until minutes ago.

“There’s a problem, though… you don’t self-lubricate, the way we do.” She continued, posing a problem that hadn’t even occurred to me. Since Katt and Purr produced their own, natural lubrication, there wasn’t a single tube of artificial lube in the house. But before I could figure out a solution, Katt solved her own problem. With a wink in my direction, she got up and removed her clothing – she was still wearing the traveling-attire, you see. Then, she spread her legs wide apart, and bent forwards… and forwards… and forwards. Her feline spine, many times more flexible than any human’s, allowed her to curl into a ball, placing her mouth directly in front of her rapidly hardening cock. Stunned, I watched as she closed her mouth around the cockhead, and proceeded to inhale her own cock. The catalogue had mentioned that they could do stuff like that, but I suddenly realized that I had never seen them do it. They had been too busy pleasuring each other and me, to waste time pleasuring themselves.

She bobbed her head rapidly, swallowing and releasing her cock, letting her little, pink tongue run around it all the time. Then, after a few minutes, she unfurled herself and smiled at me. Her cock glistened with saliva, effectively lubricated. “Are you ready, master?” She asked, still smiling. Steeling myself, I nodded, and took off my clothes. It felt rather strange to have her call me master, considering that I was assuming a submissive position now. I placed myself over one of the kitchen chairs, supporting my stomach, and keeping my ass high in the air. Katt purred gently as she approached, and somehow the sound soothed me. I knew, after all, that she was completely incapable of injuring her master. She would do as I asked, but she would stop the moment she hurt me.

I drew my breath in sharply as I felt the wet cockhead touch my asshole. That was the point of no return… my last chance to chicken out. But I didn’t. Instead, I gritted my teeth, and held on to the chair with both hands, letting Katt set the pace. She placed one hand on top of my ass, keeping it steady, while the other guided her cock forwards. Slowly, the pressure on my sphincter increased – somewhat unpleasant, but not really painful – and I consciously tried to relax it, letting her in. Then, with a pop, her cockhead was inside. That’s when the pain came. A stretching kind of pain. Her shaft was completely rigid, hard as steel, and it held open my untried anus unmercifully. She waited, not moving an inch, while my body adjusted to the unexpected intrusion. Minutes ticked by. Bit by bit, the pain receded, and I breathed easier.

Now, Katt placed both of her furry paws on my haunches, the same way I’d frequently seen her do it with Purr, and started pushing forwards. The sphincter was the tight

part, it seemed – the rest of my innards didn't have any trouble adjusting to the girth of the intruder. There was a tense spot, after about two inches, where my innards apparently turned upwards a bit, but Katt was aware of that, and steered her cock accordingly. I wasn't really sure how deep she was getting, but I could feel how inch after spittle-covered inch slid through the ring of my asshole. Then, suddenly, I felt it as she hit bone. Or at least something very close to it. Looking back questioningly, she grinned down at me. "Almost 7 inches master… not bad for the first time." I nodded. Yes, that was right… the lower intestine made a sharp turn (we're talking 90° here…) to the side, after around 6-7 inches. Nothing that possessed any sort of rigidity could pass through there. One of the main changes on the insides of the catgirls was the elimination of that bend – in the Anallistic model, it was taken to extremes, of course. But I was no catgirl, and there was no way she'd get any more inside of me. Anyway, she didn't really have much more. Maybe another inch, but that's it.

Now, holding tightly onto my waist, she started fucking me slowly, sliding the wet she-cock in and out gently. It didn't really hurt much, but I could feel that my sphincter still wasn't too happy about the idea. For me, it was something entirely new. It wasn't pleasure, at least not the way I had known it so far. My cock hung limply, unaffected by the events. But somehow, it felt right. The movement was scratching that itch I mentioned earlier, and the heat that radiated from her blood-filled shaft and engorged head was starting to spread though my entire lower body. As she picked up speed, I felt my asshole gradually giving up the fight and relaxing completely, eliminating the sole source of discomfort. She was superb at gauging her thrust, never pushing far enough to hit thebend and cause pain, only gliding through the 7 inches that now eagerly accepted her shaft.

As the pace quickened further she leaned over me, rubbing her erect nibbles on my

back, and adding some more punch to her thrusts. Then, she suddenly changed her strategy completely. The increasingly rapid thrusts seized, and instead she made them longer. Before I knew what was happening, she was pulling all the way out of me ever time, only to push back through my apathetic sphincter with unerring accuracy. Every thrust finished exactly on the bend, just touching the place where it couldn't go further. By that time, I was starting to feel something that could only be defined as pleasure, although it was an entirely different sort than the one I knew. The heat and the movement were starting to feel good. That was all there really was to it.

Then, she took me aback again. In one smooth movement, she altered her position, standing upright, and stopping the long, grinding thrusts. Instead, she went superfast, much quicker than she had done before. Her superhuman concentration still allowed her to stop her thrusts before the bend, but in a way it annoyed me. I would have liked to feel her thighs hitting my asscheeks as she speeded up, but with that bend in the way, she simply couldn't stuff that final inch into me. Meanwhile, the rapid movement was starting to generate a lot of friction heat at the asshole itself, in spite of the lubrication. Pain was starting to appear, but the pleasure rose at the same time. I didn't have what could be called a climax, but the moment when I felt her shemale cum spray deep into my ass, spurting from the end of her hot, rigid cock, I knew that it wouldn't be the last time I tried it. It was very different from fucking, getting fucked. But somehow, I knew that having tried it once, I would never be able to forget the feeling again. As Katt leaned over me, mashing her large breasts against my back and purring in my ear, while her cock was still buried in my backside, I reveled in the knowledge that a new world had been opened for me.

The End

(This time I mean it…)

This is part 4 of what is now the CatGirls Quintology… I had actually planned to stop at the third, but what the heck. This is a commissioned story, released here with the permission of the commissioner.

The story contains group sex, A2M, bondage, body-modification, S/M, watersports, furries (doh!), and a goth. And probably at least a couple of other things I can't remember offhand. If you don't like it, don't read it.

Send any comments and feedback to BlackDragon at chr_thg@yahoo.com

CatGirls 4 – Got Goth?

Okay, it all started one day, while I was looking through my old porn-collection on my computer… I know what you're thinking, "Why would you wanna look at porn when you've got two gorgeous, 100% real sex-slaves around the house?" Well, the truth is, I was feeling a bit nostalgic, basically just taking a stroll down memory lane to the time where my only lay was Mrs. Thumb and her four daughters…

So, while looking through the maze of carefully cataloged and indexed porn – I tend to keep my files more tidy than my house – I found some pictures I hadn't seen in years… rather softcore, compared to most of my other stuff (I've always been quality-oriented, even when it came to porn) but nonetheless carrying more impact than all the rest. Simple pictures of nudity, they caused the memories to come flooding back. A girl I'd chatted with over the internet, back when I was just a horny teen… she was a few years younger than me, and what you'd generally call 'pretty weird'. Which fit me quite well, since I'd never been what you'd call normal, myself.

For starters, she had the whole 'goth' thing going, with black hair, pale skin, and purple makeup… for another, she had a complete catgirl costume, with ears and tails… which certainly aroused my interest – my catgirl-fetish isn't exactly new. We spent many a night chatting, and since we were both hormone-charged teenagers, the chatter often got fairly naughty. Eventually, she sent me some naughty photos she'd taken with her webcam, and even though I had much more hardcore stuff, even back then, it was just totally different when it was someone you actually knew and had talked to.

I'd lost contact with her many years ago, but the pictures she sent me were still there,

hidden away in the depth of my porn-collection. And those were still a seriously nice pair of tits. For a moment, I just sat there, thinking about nothing in particular as I looked at her boobs. Then, something clicked. A quick search through my desk turned up the very same CatGirls CATalog that I had originally ordered Katt and Purr from, and a quick look through the index confirmed my memory. Leafing through it, I found page 5…

Goth Catgirl

Feeling dark and moody? Dig chicks with long canines? Do you prefer to hang out upside down? Is your bed a coffin surrounded by black candles? Then this is most certainly the Catgirl for you!

Features: Goth Pattern – a unique pattern of light and dark fur provides that ‘goth’ look.

Moody – while all other models are perpetually cheery, this one will experience mood-swings.

Piercing Wit – the ‘Body-mod Freak’ special is included in this model, free of charge.

BDSM Fan – just loves those dangerous games.

Vampire Wannabe – extra-long canines makes you look around for the nearest wooden stake.

Nocturnal – when she sun goes down, she's just getting started.

Just $600, and your darkest dreams come true.

I looked from the illustration in the CATalog to the picture on my computer-screen. Then, I brought up my bank-statement. Sure, I could spare 600 bucks… and I still got the 10% off… 'course, as I'd found out after getting Katt and Purr, there were also regular expenses attached to having a Catgirl – especially when you insisted on feeding them well. But, it should still work out… especially since I'd caught some vibes from the boss, lately, indicating a possible promotion and pay-raise in the near future.

Not wanting to give myself time to wise up, I logged on to the CatGirls, Inc website and brought up their online order form. Chose the Goth Catgirl… fur color and pattern was preset, of course… using the old photos for reference, I set the eye color to green, and the chest size to 38C – I'd never been able to figure out that system, but I remembered her telling me in the old days. It corresponded to a size 'large' on the more male-friendly scale, but I remembered her telling me that number, back then.

Finalized the order, input my credit-card number – which immediately identified me as a GenCorp Employee and subtracted 10% off the price. Seconds later, I was 540

dollars poorer, and one catgirl richer. The confirmation e-mail I automatically received informed me that my order was currently in stock, and would be shipped the following day. So the ‘package’ would probably arrive Friday… not exactly optimal. But it could be worse. Could be Monday. I briefly toyed with the idea of asking my boss if I could have the Friday off, but doing so would almost certainly screw up my chance of promotion… so I’d just have to try and manage. With a bit of luck, the delivery would be delayed to Saturday…

With a sigh, I turned off my computer. Thinking about my old girlfriend and the catgirl who was, even now, being prepared for me had made me more than a little horny, so I hurried off to my bedroom to see if Katt and Purr couldn’t do something about that. Judging by the sounds, they had started without me… naughty, naughty. I’d have to punish them for that… in some creative fashion.

The following day, I was so wound-up by expectations that I basically ate, worked, fucked and slept – nothing else happened the entire day. Well, apart from me telling Katt and Purr that they’d be getting a new sister, and ordering some more piercing-supplies over the internet. The stuff I’d originally bought from China along with my more exotic bondage-equipment has mostly been used up, and I knew that this one would definitely need some body jewelry.

The morning after, right on time, just when I was about to head out the door, the delivery-men arrived with a ‘package’ for me. They looked somewhat nervous. I could understand why. Apparently, somebody at CatGirls, Inc. had a sense of humor,

because rather than being sent in a plain, wooden box, like Katt and Purr had been, my new Goth Catgirl was being delivered in a coffin. Made from some kind of dark wood, too – completely unadorned, but clearly coffin-shaped. And just in case somebody might not get the idea, it had a big sticker on the front that read ‘Property of GenCorp. Handle with care.’ The delivery-men were carrying it like it was filled with crystal glass and fine bone china…

As soon as they’d (carefully) deposited the coffin in the hall, and I’d signed for it, they hurried out of the door and drove away at slightly above the speed limit. I grinned a bit about the whole thing, and then pondered the situation. I just knew that if I opened the crate now, I wouldn’t be getting off to work today… and since I work at GenCorp, I also know that all geneslaves are shipped with air-supply for at least 48 hours, usually a bit more, even for overnight delivery. And so, with a pining sigh, I yelled up to Katt and Purr that they shouldn’t touch the crate, and went out the door to go to work.

And naturally, today turned out to be the day where everybody had to work late – crunch-time, deadline, all the fun stuff. However, the thought of what was waiting for me back home kept me going after most of my colleagues were about to fall over where they stood, and when we finally finished work, the boss pulled me aside and said that after seeing my dedication today, he’d put me up for a promotion and a raise – and he had no doubt that I would get it. With a grateful handshake – I had been spending an awful lot of money lately, after all – I left work and rushed home.

By the time I arrived at my house, the sun had gone down, and the street was quiet and dark. The moon was full, and hung like a pale face just above the horizon…

around me, lit windows peeked from dark houses like malevolent eyes, and the streetlights somehow seemed very dim. The fact that there was an unopened coffin waiting for me back home sent chills down my spine. Finally, I turned into my driveway, where I instantly noticed that the house was completely dark. Sure enough, catgirls have excellent nightvision, but they nonetheless usually turn on SOME lights when I come home after dark.

Entering the dark hall, I could barely make out the coffin, laying where the delivery-men put it, apparently untouched. This somewhat calmed my runaway imagination, but then I noticed the flickering light of a candle, emerging from my study/library… what was going on here? As I walked towards the room, I could hear a voice emerge from it, and I unconsciously began to sneak – since I was walking around in my socks after discarding my shoes by the door, that wasn't actually very hard.

As I got closer, I recognized the voice as Katt's… but it was somehow different, more rough, almost aggressive… the door to the study was only slightly ajar, so I could only make out scattered words and occasional sentences. "When the Master returns… thirst… blood… from the shadows…" My heart started beating faster as my hyperactive imagination went into high gear, but I quickly suppressed it with a burst of logic. Whatever else happened, Katt and Purr were hardwired to obey me. They could not resist a direct command from me. Nor could they ever hurt me.

Taking a deep breath, I pushed open the door. The sight that met me was not quite what I'd expected… Katt was sitting on the couch with a large book in her lap, while Purr lay next to her, a fascinated expression on her face. The light of several candles

lit the room. Even as the girls noticed me and jumped to their feet, I recognized the book and realized what I'd been hearing… Katt had been reading aloud from the vampire classic 'Dracula', and presumably added the candles for atmosphere. And changed her voice for the spoken parts in the style of any good storyteller.

Laughing inwardly at my own foolishness, I greeted the girls, who had been so absorbed in the story that they hadn't noticed me entering, despite their otherwise sharp ears. The book was instantly discarded, and they flew into my arms, purring merrily. "You're finally home, Masssterrr…" said Purr delightedly, rubbing her head against my chin as she squeezed her full tits against my chest. "We really wanna see our new sister, even though that coffin is kinda' spooky…" she peered past me into the hall, and her tail fluffed up a bit as a shiver ran through her lithe body. "I can see you've been keeping busy, though…" I replied, nodding in the direction of the book that lay discarded on the couch. Katt grinned and pulled away from me to put the book back on the shelf where she found it. "Vampires are cool." She said by way of explanation.

"Yes, very much so." I agreed. "But shouldn't we go open the package?" No sooner had I spoken those words than Katt and Purr rushed past me like a runaway train, making the candles flutter in the slipstream. With a sigh, I blew out all but two of the candles, and picked those up as I moved out into the dark hall, where the girls were now crowding around the coffin. Might as well maintain the atmosphere since Katt had gone to so much trouble to make it…

As I kneeled by the coffin, I handed the two felines a candle each, and they silently took them. As I fumbled for the coffin's clasp, I really did feel kinda like a participant

in one of those old vampire-flick… good thing there weren't any sharp sticks around, or I might have been caught up in the drama. Finally, I found the clasp and flicked it open… I took a good grip on the edge of the lid, and slowly pulled it open. It even creaked right…

And there she lay, the feline queen of the night… her skin as pale as the moon that still shone from the dark skies above, and creating a stark contrast with her jet-black fur. Only the short, fuzzy fur on her face was different, most of it completely white, with a pattern of dark purple around her eyes, and the same color on her hairless lips, which were arched in a dark smile as she slept. Her hands were crossed on her chest, while her long, black tail was wrapped around her waist. The hair on her head was long and midnight-black, with a pair of black cat-ears rising from it, covered in downy, black fur. And from her upper lip, a pair of sharply pointed fangs emerged, reaching down across her lower lip.

For a moment, I was so caught up in the illusion that I didn't notice that there was no sign of an oxygen-bottle… however, a quick look around found it, strapped to the lid – when I'd opened the coffin, I'd also lifted the breathing apparatus off of her. Now THAT was customer service… going that extra mile just to give the right impression when the box was opened.

And of course, with the sleep-inducing gas gone, the newest addition to my harem was now stirring. And, befitting of her rather unique properties, she awoke in a way quite different from Katt and Purr… suddenly, her eyelids just shot open, and I was looking into a pair of emerald-green eyes. Then, she opened her mouth in a yawn, and I backed away a bit. She really had an impressive set of fangs… it'd take a bit to

work up the courage to let her give me a fellatio.

She then arched her back as she sat up, and stretched out her arms, showing off the fine interplay of dark fur and pale skin, before settling down and looking straight at me. “Are you my master?” she asked quite plainly, in a voice that was decidedly more mature than either Katt or Purr’s. I nodded in reply, and she shrugged, looking around. “Okay. Do I get a name?” I cleared my throat. “Yes… your name is Kayla.” She seemed to taste it. “Kayla… okay, I kinda’ like that.” Then, she rose to her feet with all the grace of a professional ballet dancer, and stepped out of the coffin, to stand straight in front of me. I was, incidentally, still on my knees, so that put my head on about even level with her naked pussy. “So, wanna fuck me?” she asked.

I arched an eyebrow at her attitude, and got to my feet as well. “Sure. Hey, Katt, Purr, run on ahead to the bedroom and light it up with some more candles…” somehow, it just seemed that turning on the electric lights would break the spell. I grabbed Purr’s candle from her before they ran off, Katt shielding her flame with one paw to keep it from being blown out as they rushed up the stairs. Leaving me with one goth catgirl, a coffin, and a single candleflame. I could hear the girls rustling about upstairs, presumably pulling out that large box of candles I’ve got lying around in my bedchamber… ehm, in case of power outage… y’know?

Gesturing with the sputtering candle, I headed towards the kitchen. “Come on, you must be hungry. Let’s get you a bite to eat before we get down to business, eh?” She shrugged, absently running one paw through her long, black tresses. “’kay.” However, despite her cavalier attitude, she dug into the raw beef I found her with a great deal of vigor. Her extra-long canines allowed her to tear through the meat with impressive

efficiency, and in a surprisingly short period of time, she'd completely consumed the beef. Then, she drank a whole bottle of milk – it does a body good, right? – before a call from upstairs interrupted us. "Masssterrr, the bedroom is ready!" I gestured for Kayla to rise, and she did so, gracefully, and followed me as we went back into the hall. Enough light was coming from the upstairs bedroom to see by, so I blew out the candle I'd been carrying 'till then, and put it on a nearby table before heading up the stairs with Kayla by my side.

The bedroom was a sight to behold… between 20 and 30 candles of varying sizes were set out on all surfaces, including the floor, arranged in an artfully random fashion – no two similarly-sized candles side-by-side anywhere. The bed was covered with the black satin sheets, presumably fixed that way by the girls at some point during the day, and a pair of shackles hung from the hook in the ceiling – just for atmosphere. All in all, it was hard to imagine a better environment for breaking in a goth sex-slave. With that thought in mind, I quickly pulled off my clothes, throwing them outside the door where they wouldn't be in the way. Kayla seemed enthusiastic for the first time, her eyes lighting up as she licked her lips… she was goth, all right, but she was a sex-crazed goth. And looking quite delicious by the candlelight…

Moving forwards, I simply pushed her down on her back, on the bed, and climbed in after her. There'd be time for plenty of exotic positions and games later – right now, I just wanted to fuck her. And she apparently wanted me to fuck her, too – reaching up, she gripped my shoulders with her paws to pull me down on top of her, and I was in no mood to fight her. My cock was in full erection, throbbing so hard I wouldn't be surprised if the girls could actually hear it. It required no guidance to find Kayla's hot cunt, which was already dripping wet – maybe the surroundings turned her on. Or maybe I did. Or maybe she was just plain horny.

With a slimy sound, her pussy-lips parted before my descending cockhead, allowing it to easily slide in an inch and a half. As the labia closed around my thick shaft, I felt the thin membrane of her virginity touch my hyper-sensitive cockhead. Stopping for a moment, I looked down on my lover. Her face was distorted with pleasure, and her mouth was open as she panted in expectation, her fangs looking a lot less intimidating now. Leaning down, I covered her mouth with my own, our lips locking and our tongues intertwining in a long, hot, french kiss. I embraced her, holding her tight, squeezing her tits against my chests, and digging my fingers into the thin fur on her back. Then, I flexed my hips, driving my cock to the bottom of her sopping wet pussy, tearing through her virginity. A small mewl was silenced by my lips as her lithe and muscular body momentarily tightened, and then gradually relaxed as the pleasure of her first full penetration seeped through the brief flash of pain.

Feeling the bed move, I looked up to see Katt and Purr climb onto the black satin sheets, both obviously fully aroused. With their eyes glued to our mating, they began to feel each other up, kissing and petting, and all-in-all looking incredibly erotic. Well, enjoy the show, I thought, and returned my attention to the sultry beauty below me. She had already started moving her hips around as I lay still on top of her, obviously relishing the feeling of my throbbing man-meat inside her, and wanting more. And I happily gave her what she wanted.

Her pussy was tight as a glove, but the lubrication was plentiful, so it offered little resistance as I withdrew my cock for a second stroke. As I paused with only the head inside, I lifted my head from hers, breaking the kiss, and looked down between our naked bodies. My shaft was shining from the lubrication that covered it, and blood-red traces of Kayla’s torn virginity were visible as well. Then, fastening my eyes

on her face, I plunged my manhood into her again, delighting in the expression of deep pleasure that contorted her face. A deep purr vibrated from her throat, and she started undulating her body against mine in impatience.

Apparently, she wasn't all that interested in slow, leisurely lovemaking… from the insistent way she ground her pelvis against me, it was clear that she wanted it hard, fast, and deep. I'd originally planned to gradually build up speed – a technique that always drove Purr crazy – but it was Kayla's first night, so I decided to just give her what she wanted. Shifting my grip to her slim waist, I took a deep breath and jammed my erection into her hot depths once again. Even as she moaned and ground herself against me, I pulled back for another thrust, going as far back as I could without risk of dropping out. Then back into the delicious tightness.

Screwing around with Katt and Purr on a daily basis had strengthened my hip muscles and boosted my stamina to no end, and I put all that to work as I screwed Kayla the best I could, pouring the thrusts into her with all my strength. She did what she could to help, pushing her hips up to meet me on every entry, displaying the tireless strength of a true catgirl. Soon, I was sweating and panting with the exertion, but it was worth it as I felt the contractions of her inner walls grow more frequent – a surefire sign that she was about to experience her first orgasm.

Looking up, I could see Katt and Purr mirroring the violence of me and Kayla's furious fuck, in a classic doggie-style position. Purr had her eyes unblinkingly focused on us while Katt was leaning over her back for a better look, mauling her full tits while continuously flexing her hips with all her strength. Looking from those two sexed-up kittens, to the beautifully contorted face below me, I felt my balls tighten. And as

Kayla screamed in orgasm, and her pussy clamped down on my cock like a vise while her fingers dug into my back, I hit my climax as well. With one last, culminating thrust, I buried myself in her to the hilt, while my pulsing shaft shot wad after wad of hot cum deep into her womb.

Our mouths found each other again as we glowed with shared pleasure. Her slender, furry legs wrapped themselves tightly around my haunches, holding me in as she pressed her body hard against mine. Connected at genitals and lips, it felt like we were fusing together into one. Finally, however, her taut muscles relaxed, and she came down from the orgasmic high. Her legs and arms released me and fell to the sheets, drenched in sweat. Pushing myself up off of her body, I wiped the sweat off my brow and looked down on her as she basked in the afterglow of her first climax, with no small degree of pride. Sure, she was created for my pleasure, but a real man always gives as good as he gets. And I think I did that.

Getting off the bed, I wandered over to the closet and got out the piercing-kit I'd originally used to give Katt and Purr the jewelry that now adorns their bodies. I'd used up most of the supplies in it, but there was still two rings left – they'd provide a nice preview to the fun I'd have with her body when the new piercing-supplies I'd ordered the day before arrived. Looking over all the bondage-equipment in the closet, I briefly considered chaining her up first – just for effect – but then discarded the idea in favor of a simpler, and equally erotic, possibility.

Turning around with the piercing-kit in hand, I winked at Katt and Purr, who were resting next to each other on the bed – having, apparently, climaxed shortly after me and Kayla. "Katt, Purr, hold her still…" Kayla lifted herself halfway off the bed in

surprise at hearing that command, but the girls immediately jumped at my word, grabbing her arms and locking them behind her. Since I hadn't given HER any commands, and I was not physically involved yet, Kayla was free to struggle against her captors – which she did, vigorously. But she was still fresh out of the vats, her muscles not yet running at full capacity, while Katt and Purr were highly fit, and working from the better side of a two-against-one situation.

Demonstrating that the build-in programming of a catgirl includes wrestling, the two catgirls expertly lifted her off the bed and forced her down on her knees on the floor, pinning her ankles while retaining their holds on her arms. The position practically thrust her chest forwards, with the large, well-shaped boobs jiggling and bouncing about as she struggled futilely against the combined strength of Katt and Purr. I set out the necessary supplies in front of her, preparing the two rings, and finally pulling out a long needle with an isolated handle. Infections were, of course, not a concern when dealing with a catgirl – and with a simple nipple-piercing, there was no real need to cauterize the wound either. But since I was literally surrounded by burning candles, I decided that I might as well go ahead and heat the needle anyway – after all, it did add a certain kinda' edge to the actual piercing, too.

I held the needle over the flame until it glowed nearly white. Then, I seized one of her large breasts with my left hand, and quickly jabbed the searing-hot needle through the erect nipple. A feral scream came from her lips as she writhed in pain, but I steadfastly held on to the needle for another couple of seconds, while smoke rose from the wound as it was burned shut. When I pulled the needle out again, not a single drop of blood followed, and the wound did not close. I slipped a ring through it, and then began to reheat the needle for the second piercing, while Kayla slumped back against Katt and Purr, sobbing quietly.

When the needle glowed white once again, I moved to the remaining tit and held it still as I positioned the needle next to the nipple. I could see her body go rigid as she felt the heat radiating from the needle, but when I quickly jabbed it through, she didn't scream – rather, she issued a drawn-out, painful moan, shaking all over as the piercing was finalized by the hot needle. Once the wound was fully cauterized, I put the needle back in the set, and slipped the second ring into place. Both of her large boobs were now crowned with a golden ring, just like Katt and Purr.

"You can let go of her now." I said offhandedly while I packed up the piercing set and put it back in the closet. The girls obeyed, and Kayla fell forwards on her hands and knees, before struggling to her feet. Hefting first one breast, then the other, she looked at her new adornments, and licked her lips. "That was totally worth it…" she said, eyes shining. "Actually, I kinda' liked it… can I have more?" I grinned broadly… the 'Body-mod Freak' modification certainly seemed to be working. "Certainly, my dear, but not tonight… now, let's get on with the party. Kayla, get up on the bed, on all fours, with your ass towards me."

Eagerly, she complied, while the other two girls took up position on the other end of the bed to watch the show – they wouldn't have to restrict themselves to just watching for much longer, but they didn't know that, of course. Still smiling broadly, I climbed up on the bed and got to my knees behind Kayla's upturned backside, grabbing the bottom of her tail to steady her, and getting a good look at her wonderfully well-shaped butt-cheeks. My cock, which had gone almost completely soft while I'd worked on the piercings, leaped back to action and stood proudly from my groin. It was still somewhat slippery from its earlier visit in Kayla's cunt, and besides, all catgirls have build-in anal lubrication as part of the standard package. Of

course, she was still a virgin there, so would probably still be a fairly tight fit… well, a bit of friction wouldn't hurt. At least, it wouldn't hurt me.

Guiding my erect member with one hand, I pressed the bloated head against her tiny opening, and delighted in the feeling as it slowly parted before me. She murred (a mix between a moan and a purr – catgirls do that a lot) as the head popped inside. I held it there for a bit, just enjoying the feeling of her tight sphincter choking my cock, and pressing against the sensitive lower ridge of the head. Then, tightening my grip on the base of her tail, and steadying her abdomen with the other hand, I thrust forwards forcefully, grinding my full length up her ass in one movement. She gave a surprised scream at the sudden pain, but seconds later, she meowed in a pleased fashion, and pushed her ass back at me, trying to get a bit more of my cock inside… obviously, she enjoyed the feeling of having my hotly throbbing man-meat stuck all the way up inside her shit-chute.

Shifting slightly to get a better position, I started fucking her slowly, the mediocre lubrication and the extreme tightness ensuring that we both felt every inch of every thrust. The sphincter was pulled along every time I pulled out, causing her ass to bulge outwards obscenely. However, as her excitement rose, the lubrication became better, and soon I was sliding in and out easily. That was just what I'd been waiting for. Keeping my cock embedded firmly inside her rectum, I pulled my legs together, and slid my knees in under Kayla's abdomen, pushing her ass down to follow my movement. She gave a surprised meow, not understanding what was going on. Then, I reached forwards to take a good grip on her waist, and lifted her off the bed, pulling her up to the vertical. "Kayla, lift up your legs and spread them… use your hands to hold them." She obeyed, of course, lifting her legs off the sheets as well, grabbing under each knee to keep them in place, exposing her pussy and breasts fully. This, of course, also caused her to sink down on my cock to the very root.

In front of us, Katt and Purr had been getting it on as usual – Katt was sitting sideways, her neck craned to keep an eye on the action, while Purr sucked her off from the side, allowing her to watch me and Kayla go at it while she bobbed her head up and down. “Oh, Katt…” I called out. “Why don’t you come and join the fun?” She eagerly pulled her hugely erect cock out of Purr’s mouth, and bounded over, leaving her younger sister just sitting there with a heartbroken expression on her face. Katt, of course, needed no further prompting or directions. She kneeled in front of us, and scooted forwards ‘till our knees touched. Then, she could simply lean into Kayla, penetrating her until-recently virgin pussy. She was, of course, a good deal more well-equipped than me, reaching new depths and stretching her further than before as she thrust herself into her to the root. I could feel the entire length of her cock through the thin membrane that separated the two orifices, as she could feel mine, boosting the pleasure of us both.

Even as Kayla moaned in pleasure at being so thoroughly filled by our two cocks, full penetrated in both pussy and ass, Katt took advantage of her flexibility to bend her neck in a way that would have been rather painful for a human to maintain for any length of time, and started nibbling at Kayla’s tits. Her hands were also busy, running all over the ample bosom, claws lightly teasing the sensitive flesh without ever drawing blood. I could feel her entire body shake as Katt sucked one of her nipples all the way inside her mouth, ring and all, to play with it with her rough tongue – those nipples were probably still extremely tender after the piercings, so every sensation was magnified…

Looking around Katt, I noticed Purr sitting back, left behind, digging into her pussy

with one paw as she sought to bring herself off. It was just heartbreaking… then, I remembered something and looked up. Sure enough, the shackles that Katt and Purr had attached to the hook in the ceiling, just for the atmosphere, were pretty much directly above us. In a sudden flash of inspiration, I called Purr over. “Hey, Purr, if you jump up and grab those shackles, you should be in a fairly good position, don’t you think?” She jumped up, eyes afire, and nodded eagerly. Quickly judging the distance, she leaped from the bed to nimbly grab each shackle in one clawed paw, spreading her legs wide and bending her lower back to avoid hitting the back of Katt’s head as she swung forwards. Kayla, who had been absorbed in her own pleasure, looked rather surprised when she saw a juicy pussy rapidly approaching her face, but when Purr wrapped her legs around her neck, she didn’t resist. From where I was sitting, I had a first-class view as she got her first taste of pussy…

However, fellatio was – obviously – among the basic skills that were preprogrammed into all catgirls, and as such, she did a masterful job. Her rough tongue dug deeply into Purr’s wide-open, juice-dripping cunny, and I could just imagine that she’d be able to pick up some traces of the loads Katt had pumped up there earlier. And from the way that Purr was gyrating above us, I would hazard to guess that she was enjoying it, too. Then, she suddenly stiffened up, eyes flying open, before squeezing closed in obvious orgasm. Craning my neck, I saw why – Katt had lifted her head from Kayla’s tits to dig her face in between Purr’s buttcheeks, giving her an unexpected but obviously welcomed rim-job – maybe her way of apologizing for leaving her so eagerly just before.

Kayla wasn’t complaining, though… now that we finally had the whole complicated arrangement set up, me and Katt could start thrusting at long last. Katt somewhat regretfully stopped teasing Kayla’s nipples to help hold her body steady, as we began a furious piston-fuck into Kayla’s eager body. Katt would pull out as I thrust in, and

the other way around, ensuring that Kayla had at least one cock inside her at all times, and also enabling us both to feel the other's movement on the way. Katt matched my rhythm perfectly, speeding up in tandem as I accelerated further and further. Unfortunately, the position didn't allow us to move really fast, but we did work our way up to a respectable speed, buffeting Kayla between us, and – by the looks of it – bringing her to at least half a dozen orgasms. Through all those, however, her tongue never stopped working over Purr's pussy – apparently, she enjoyed the taste.

Since it was my second round that night, I lasted roughly 20 minutes. I dare not hazard to guess how many times Kayla and Purr came between them in that time, but it was many. Finally, I felt my balls contract as my cock began throbbing, spurting my hot seed deep into the darkness of Kayla's ass. I don't know how Katt managed to time it, but just as I started cumming, she made a last, culminating thrust as well, burying herself fully in Kayla's convulsing cunt before pumping her sperm into her womb to join mine from half an hour earlier. As both of her holes were being filled, Kayla apparently experienced a climax far greater than the ones that had gone before it – at least, that's the only explanation I can think of for the gurgling scream of pure pleasure she released into Purr's pussy, sending vibrations of carnal joy up the hanging catgirl's slender spine.

Huffing for breath after the exhausting exercise I'd just gone through, I sat back on my haunches – pulling Kayla, who was still impaled on my gradually softening cock, with me. It caused her to slide backwards off of Katt's still-hard dick, though, and I could feel globs of her hot catgirl cum running out of Kayla's pussy, down to cover my balls. With the two of us out of the way, Purr dropped unceremoniously down from her lofty perch, flexing her arms – they were probably a bit sore after hanging around for that long. Both her and Katt looked expectantly at me, but I was running a bit low on steam…

With a sigh, I lifted Kayla off of my lap, grinning with pleasure as I saw several drops of my white cum escape from her stretched ass before she could clench it up – I'd apparently blown quite an impressive load, there. My cock, however, didn't seem too interested in getting up for round three, though, and was mostly flaccid as I deposited Kayla on the sheets in front of me. Pulling my legs out from under me, I just sat there for a moment to catch my breath, and I was about to suggest that the girls just played around with each other for a bit, when Katt suddenly jumped forwards of her own accord, diving into my lap.

My eyes widened in surprise as she lifted my shrinking dick up to lick along its underside, cleaning off the residue of the furious ass-fuck that came before – all without having gotten any kind of orders or suggestions from me. She winked naughtily up at me and made a kind of come-hither gesture with her tail. With a delighted giggle, Purr jumped in and joined her, squeezing her head in between my legs as well, and adding her own tongue to her sister's. With two tongues running over its sensitive surface, my love-pole was starting to recover, growing longer and harder…

Kayla was watching with an expression of amazement on her face… unlike Katt and Purr, she hadn't had the benefit of my lengthy free-thinking training – she was conditioned to obey orders completely and fully, not act on her own. However, seeing her two colleagues working together of their own accord, and my obvious pleasure, she hesitantly moved forwards and lowered herself down on top of Katt and Purr – putting her in a good position to reach my cockhead as it began to rise from the catgirl's gentle ministrations. With Katt and Purr licking up and down the shaft, and

Kayla gently closing her lips around the head – dispelling any reservations I had about her fangs – I rose to full erection in record time.

Caught up in the sexual dynamics, the three girls continued to run their hot mouths all over my crotch, cleaning off both my own cum, and the sperm that had leaked from Kayla's cunt. Purr handled that part, running her tongue all over my ball-sack, and eventually sucking each sensitive testicle into her mouth. While she was doing this, Kayla and Katt closed their lips around my shaft from two different sides, effectively kissing with my cock caught in the middle, tongues tirelessly playing over the soft skin as they pulled their heads up and down in sync – I could only guess that this peculiar form of fellatio was part of their basic programming, since they'd needed no words to arrange it.

Finally, with my entire prick cleaned and shining with saliva, they all gathered around the blood-filled, mushroom-shaped head. Three rough tongues dancing the can-can over this hyper-sensitive tissue had me writhing in pleasure instantly – and after only a few seconds of that, a white geyser of sperm shot from the dilated hole in the center, covering all three faces. Purring in delight, they continued to lick my sperm off of each other's faces, my cock, and my abdomen, while my cock deflated for the last time that night…

I was completely exhausted, but somehow, I wanted to keep the sex-party going… and of course, I could. I needed sleep and rest, but the girls didn't. The piercing-supplies I ordered the day before would probably arrive tomorrow morning, and I really wanted Kayla to be in a state of sexual arousal when I applied her remaining 'modifications'. While the girls kept up some heavy petting in the bed, I

rose and went to the closet to find one of our more rarely-used sex-toys… a strap-on belt which I got for Purr, so that she could play some turnabout with Katt. But since Purr really preferred to get fucked, over actually fucking, it hadn't seen much use. It was, however, rather adaptable, and could be mounted with a wide variety of different dildoes. Looking through my constantly growing collection of sex-toys, I picked out a rather large, fat dildo, which had the special advantage of being knobbed – covered with small bumps that added considerable amounts of stimulation. I attached it to the strap-on belt, and deposited it on the nightstand. By now, the girls had stopped their games, and were looking at me curiously…

I grinned at the questioning faces, and returned to the closet to pick up a pair of handcuffs, a ball-gag and a spreader-bar. Handing them to Katt, I started explaining. "Katt, you'll take Kayla into the guest-room and use these to tie her down on all fours. Then, you'll fuck her ass until you can no longer maintain an erection. When that happens, you'll come in here and wake up Purr, who'll put on this strap-on…" I gestured at the belt that lay on the nightstand "…and go to continue the ass-fucking 'till I wake up in the morning. You can, of course, rest at that point." Kayla gasped and pulled back a little, while Katt and Purr eagerly nodded, licking their lips. They'd have no trouble keeping their parts – according to the catalog, they could go for days without sleep, before showing the least signs of fatigue. And as for Katt, she should be able to maintain her erection for at least 6-7 more hours… climaxing up to 3 times per hour. I don't know how an ass would look after having received around 20 full loads, but I knew I'd find out in the morning…

I gestured for Katt to get going, and she jumped up from the bed with the bondage-implements in one hand, pulling the halfway-resisting Kayla along with the other. Grinning broadly at the thought of what I'd started, and feeling particularly dominant as a result, I ordered Purr to get down on her knees and suck my flaccid

cock as I emptied my bladder in her mouth. Then, I turned her over and brutally yanked out the extra-extra-large butt-plug that she'd worn during the entire session, and indeed the entire day, enjoying the sight of her gaping asshole for a few seconds before putting the plug down on the floor, and ordering her to clean it off with her tongue before going to the bathroom to relieve herself. When she bent over to worship the huge slab of plastic with her tongue, I also took the opportunity to punch my entirely un-lubricated fist into her ass a few times, enjoying the almost complete lack of resistance… but, I was still too tired to really do much of anything.

After going to the bathroom to brush my teeth, I looked into the guest-room to check on Katt and Kayla. I found that Katt had completed my orders to the letter – Kayla was kneeling on the bed, ball-gagged, with her hands cuffed behind her back, and her legs forced apart by the spreader-bar. And Katt was behind her on the bed, fucking as hard and fast as she could, making Kayla's entire body shake with every thrust – and showing every sign of going on for many more hours. She turned her head briefly to give me a naughty smile, clearly showing that she didn't mind my command in the least – she hadn't had a tight ass to fuck since I started stretching Purr's ass to inhuman proportions, several months ago.

When I returned to the bedroom, Purr had also finished in the bathroom, and I ordered her to bend over again. Picking up the squeaky-clean, saliva-covered butt-plug, I forced it into her still-open asshole with one push. She purred delightedly as always… "Thank you, Masss-terrr!" I grinned broadly before yawning and climbing up on the bed. These days, one of the best ways to torment that analistic kitten actually was to take that plug away from her for a while… she said she just didn't feel quite right if she didn't have something large up her ass anymore. Actually, she'd become so accustomed to the extreme stretching that I was having a hard time coming up with anything new I could do with her ass…

With that thought in mind, I told Purr to blow out all the candles before going to bed, and closed my eyes. It took Purr several minutes to extinguish all the candles in the room, and shortly after she'd climbed into bed next to me, I fell asleep. I stirred briefly some time later, when Katt entered the room and shook Purr awake, but by the time she'd collected the strap-on and left the room to begin her shift, I'd drifted off to sleep again.

I was awakened by the door-bell next morning, and was only half-awake as I tumbled out of bed and pulled on my kimono before stomping downstairs to answer it. Outside, an impatient USP deliveryman asked me to sign for a package before depositing said package in my hands, and leaving without so much as a sorry-to-wake-you. Still somewhat groggy, I pushed the door shut and glared at the package for a bit. Oh yes, the piercing-supplies I'd ordered earlier… remembering WHY I'd ordered them, I became fully awake and walked upstairs with the package under my arm.

Pushing open the door to the guest-room, I found a sight to remember… Kayla was still lying in the same position I'd seen her in last night, but she was covered in sweat – her fur was drenched, and her skin was shiny… even the bed-sheets beneath her were soggy, but that might have been from more than sweat. Her eyes were almost completely shut, with only a sliver of green between the dark eyelids and an occasional whimper from her purple lips to show that she was still awake. But of course, it was her backside that drew the most attention…

Her pussy, untouched throughout the night, was continuously dripping, and two small lakes had formed in the indentations her knees made upon the mattress. Her ass, of course, was a mess… most of her buns were covered with sperm, and it was bubbling out from the asshole at every thrust Purr made. Considerable amounts of cum were also deposited on the sheets below, some of it dried into whitish cakes, but a surprising volume had apparently been kept from drying up by the steady flow of pussy-juice, and remained a pile of viscous, white goo. I also noticed that the cum that bubbled out from her well-fucked ass was stained slightly pink, indicating that even the durable physique of a catgirl had its limits. Looking at a clock on the nearby nightstand, I could see that it was past 10 in the morning – which meant that Purr had probably been screwing her with the knobby dildo for at least 4 hours.

Noticing that I'd entered, Purr turned around to greet me with a smile, slowing down her incessant thrusts, but I shook my head. "Keep going for a bit longer, Purr. There's something I've got to see to." She nodded and redoubled her efforts, but I could see that she, too, was getting tired. Kayla gave an exhausted whimper as the dildo increased its pace, but otherwise remained unmoving. Leaving the guest-room, I went back to my bedroom to find that Katt had risen from sleep as well, seeming every bit as perky as if she'd had a full night's sleep, rather than just a few hours.

Having fallen back into my dominant personality after seeing the display in the guest-room, I pulled her down to her knees and ordered her to open her mouth. She instantly complied, and drank down my strong morning piss with all the artful showmanship she'd displayed the first time I'd indulged in water-sports with her – allowing her mouth to become completely filled, showing me how her tongue was

floating in the acrid, yellow fluid, and finally swallowing noisily. After the stream had slowed down to a dribble, she leaned forwards to take my flaccid dick into her mouth, cleaning it off with her tongue before sitting back and awaiting my next command.

“Hey, do you think you can get your dick up for a round or two?” I asked with a grin. She nodded and got to her feet, stroking herself to attention – even though she’d only had a brief rest, she seemed good as new… a virility a man could only dream of. “Okay, go and replace your sister again…” then, noticing that her cock was covered with flaky sediments, dried-up remains of last night’s marathon-fuck, I added “Oh, but you might want to have her clean your cock off before you put it back in her ass. And when you’ve got the gag off anyway, you might as well relieve yourself down her throat while you’re at it.” She nodded her compliance, and ran out of the room, while I put down the package on the bed and opened it, going over the contents. Everything I’d ordered was there…

I picked up the portable piercing-kit from the closet and filled it up with the new supplies, before carrying it into the guest-room. There, I found Katt back at Kayla’s ass, screwing away happily, while Purr was siting on the bed, using the strap-on to bring herself off, in an impressive display of independent thinking. She was shaking in a multiple orgasm that she’d probably been wanting for the past several hours, with her clit being constantly stimulated by the strap-on belt, but not quite stimulated enough. Mussing up her hair as she came down from the climax, I gently removed the strap-on from her paws. “Do you need to pee, Purr?” I asked with a glimmer in my eye, noticing that Katt hadn’t replaced the ball-gag after completing my orders. She nodded. “Then use Kayla’s mouth…” Purr sprang up eagerly and bounced over to Kayla’s head, which she lifted with her paws before forcing her soaking wet pussy into her face.

Seemingly too tired to close her mouth, Kayla just lay there as Purr poured a bladderful of kitty-pee down her throat. Due to the way her head was bent back, however, I could see her throat contract every time she swallowed, and it was quite a turn-on. My cock was fully erect, but I had a few other things to do before doing anything about that… As Purr finished using Kayla's mouth as a toilet and moved away, I quickly moved in and forced the strap-on dildo past the impressive-looking fangs, far down her tight throat – which was straight as a ruler while her head was held in this position. This woke her up quite a bit, and she gagged noisily as her throat was stretched around the unyielding plastic – but deep-throating was part of the basic skill-package of a catgirl, and she quickly adapted to it, breathing through her nose as the knobbed pseudo-cock bottomed out. Demonstrating that a strap-on can be used in more than one way, I fastened the belt around her head, keeping the dildo locked inside her throat.

"Purr, run on down and get some breakfast. Then go brush your teeth. When you're done, come right back up here." I ordered while putting down the piercing-kit and opening it up. She complied instantly, sprinting out of the room, the tiny bell in her clitoral piercing ringing wildly, obviously aiming to finish everything in a hurry so she could come back and watch the show. I briefly glanced at Katt, who was still busy screwing Kayla's ass, and saw that she was, apparently, climaxing – her face screwed up in an expression of pleasure, as spurts of sperm were blasted out of the cum-packed orifice, coating her thighs in a fresh layer of her own jizz. Then I returned my attention to the piercing-kit, and took out one of the biggest needles, as well as a handful of large rings.

Moving up to top of the bed, I climbed up and locked Kayla's head between my knees

to keep it steady while I gripped the tip of one of her large, feline ears with one hand, wielding the needle with the other. Delirious with the pain-pleasure of over 10 hours of non-stop ass-fucking, she hardly even reacted as I rapidly punched 3 holes along the edge of the ear, but I did hear a muffled groan emerge around the huge dildo that filled her mouth. I slipped a wide ring through each hole, and watched as their weight caused the ear to bend slightly forwards in a most charming fashion. I proceeded to give the other ear the same treatment, once again getting virtually no reaction from the dark beauty below me.

Getting off the bed again, I put the large needle back in the set, and instead pulled out a small device that kinda' resembled a stapler – it was actually a rather professional piercing-apparatus, but so far I'd preferred the natural feel of a needle-piercing. For the next bit, however, I needed the abilities of that device. I was carefully adjusting the settings on the complicated little machine when Purr burst into the room, having apparently eaten her breakfast in record time. She only had a few seconds to admire Kayla's new jewelry, however, before I gave her new orders. "Purr, run back to the bedroom and fetch the large-size butt-plug from the closet – and hurry." I rarely told the girls to 'hurry' about anything, since they seemed to be moving at a dead run of their own accord more often than not. This time, however, I got a taste of just how fast a catgirl can move when specifically ordered to do so…

She leaped out the door and, by the sound of it, actually sprinted down the hallway on all fours. Less than ten seconds later, she was back with the requested toy held in her teeth. Having finished adjusting the piercing-machine in the meantime, I collected the plug – which, while certainly big, was still less than quarter the size of the one Purr still had stuck up her ass. Ordering Katt to stop fucking and get off the bed, I moved in where she'd been, and got a better look at what an asshole looks like after 11 hours of hardcore sex. The rim was so red, it was practically glowing, and cum

was dripping steadily from the stretched hole – which showed no sign of planning to pull itself together anytime soon. The multiple layers of cum that covered the orifice seemed to offer plenty of lubrication, so I just took the plug and pushed it into her. It was quite a bit wider than anything she'd had in her so far, and as such I actually had to put quite a bit of my weight behind it, but with her sphincter thoroughly loosened by the night's ordeal, it just didn't have the strength to resist. With a slimy sound, it slid into place, her gaping asshole closing tightly around the base.

Her ass, filled with gallons of cum after taking a dozen or more of Katt's loads, was now effectively plugged, and so I could pull her up to a sitting position without fear of covering the bed with sticky fluids. Putting a few pillows behind the small of her back, I ordered Katt and Purr to hold her steady while I spread her knees and approached her juice-covered pussy with the piercing-apparatus in one hand, and her soon-to-be adornments in the other. Her cunt was still dripping after the incalculable number of orgasms she'd felt during the night, without either pussy or clit ever being touched… at the moment, they were aching for stimulation of any kind, and extremely sensitive.

After depositing the piercing-materials on the sheets between her legs, I reached out and gently pulled one of the outer labia out from her pussy, keeping it taut. Her body shook even at that mild stimulation, and I pondered her reaction to what was to come… then, I pushed the piercer down over the thin flesh, and squeezed it. Her entire body jumped, and a gurgling scream emerged around the thick shaft that was still stuck in her throat, as the machine actually tore out a small piece of the sensitive tissue… but at the same time, a gush of fluids flowed out of her pussy, indicating that she'd actually gotten off on the painful operation. Removing the piercer, I quickly pushed the bottom-part of a grommet into the bleeding hole, closing it on the other side with the top-part, and finally squeezing them tightly with a pair of pliers, locking the metal together.

Yes, a grommet… like the ones you've got on your shoes. Not your everyday piercing-supplies. Picking up the piercer again, I duplicated this process 5 more times, making a row of 3 holes on both labia, sealing each with a grommet. As far as I could tell, each hole I punched gave her another orgasm… Finally, I could sit back and admire my handiwork – a genuine shoelace-piercing. Once they'd healed up – which wouldn't take very long for a catgirl – I'd be able to do all sorts of funny things with it, such as running a chain through it to keep her pussy closed (around the base of a large dildo, for example), or slipping a couple of small padlocks them to deny her in-depth stimulation for a period… or, I could use the holes to tie her outer labia out to her legs, keeping her pussy open and easily-accessible, also rendering the inner flesh unusually sensitive by leaving it exposed to the air… in short, the possibilities were endless.

And finally, of course, the inevitable conclusion… I discarded the piercing-apparatus to once again return to my favored needle – albeit a much thinner type than the one I had used on her ears. Reaching down, I pushed her clitoral hood upwards, unveiling the treasure beneath – the tiny, super-sensitive nub. I could feel her shaking in expectation as I lowered the needle, and as I gently touched the pointy end to the side of the clit, she came for the seventh time in a row, and collapsed back against Katt and Purr, obviously at the limits of her inhuman stamina. Taking advantage of her temporary immobility, I jabbed the needle through her clitoris. Her entire body rose several inches off the bed, and vibrated in a soundless scream as air wheezed out of her throat around her dick-gag. As I removed the needle and slipped the ring into place, her body shook in yet another orgasm, despite being almost too tired to move. Then, I could finally get up from between her legs and put my tools back in the piercing-kit, while telling Katt and Purr to release Kayla from her restraints, and remove the strap-on from her mouth.

However, I'd had a hard-on during the entire process, and I needed some release. "Katt, you go get some breakfast too, and brush your teeth before coming back." I ordered. Katt nodded and disappeared out the door, leaving Purr sitting on the bed, admiring Kayla's new piercings, while playing with her own clit-ring. "Kayla…" I called "Get up." She had been lying on the mushy bed with her eyes closed, apparently quite willing to go to sleep right there, but she could not resist my command, and with a tired groan, she pulled herself upright and staggered off the bed. "Give me a blowjob." I simply said. Now would be as good a time as any to brave those fangs… if she could keep them out of the way in her present, exhausted condition, there was obviously no danger at any time.

Without a word, she fell to her knees in front of me and leaned forwards, reaching up with one paw to pull my cock – which had so far been vertical, straining towards the ceiling- down to her mouth. With casual ease, she gulped it down, sliding the flared head past her fangs without a single touch. She also had no difficulties with taking it past her tonsils, into the depths of her throat – but then again, until minutes before, she'd had something considerably longer and wider down there. I moaned slightly as I felt the humid tightness of her mouth around my sensitive shaft, and when she actually started sucking on it, waves of pleasure went up my spine. Even at the end of her rope, she was a skilled cocksucker…

Knowing that I'd soon be to incoherent to arrange anything further, I waved Purr over, and told Kayla to spread her knees. I was about to order Purr to get on her back and slide her head in between Kayla's legs to get her muzzle into goth-girl's newly-pierced pussy, when she did exactly that of her own accord, holding tightly on

to Kayla's haunches as she ran her tongue all over her groin – from cleaning off the thick layers of cum surrounding her still-plugged asshole, to gently teasing the hypersensitive skin around her fresh piercings.

The sensations radiating from her already overstimulated pussy and ass distracted Kayla to some degree, reducing the skill of her fellatio, and allowing me to last for quite a bit longer than I otherwise would have. When Katt came in the door shortly after, I simply nodded towards Purr's upturned pussy – she understood immediately, and leaped in between Purr's spread legs, jabbing her still-hard cock into her sister's soggy cunt. Purr yelped in surprise, having been too busy lapping away at Kayla's pussy to hear her older sister enter the room – and while she did resume her oral ministrations, the movements of her tongue became increasingly sporadic as she climbed towards an orgasm.

This, in turn, allowed Kayla to focus on my cock again. As she started bobbing her head over it, slipping the head in and out of her tight throat on every thrust, I felt my balls begin to contract. The way the back of her mouth rubbed the tender, lower ridge of my cockhead, was causing me to literally writhe in pleasure… finally, with a drawn-out moan, I shot the first load of the day deep into Kayla's throat, while Katt simultaneously dropped her wad into Purr's womb, sending her into a screaming climax. Kayla, however, was seemingly too tired to cum again…

I kept my cock inside her mouth for a bit, giving her a chance to clean it off with her tongue, before pulling out. It didn't soften entirely, and I had no doubt that I'd be ready for another round in a short while. I was, however, famished. "Okay, girls… take her to the bathroom, empty out that gallon of cum she's carrying around in her

lower intestine, and give her a bath. Then drop her off back in our bed, and let her get some rest while you clean up all those candles, and change the sheets on the guest-bed." They nodded and lifted their sweaty, cum-covered sister up from the floor, practically carrying her down the hallway towards the bathroom.

With a smile on my lips, I headed downstairs to get some breakfast, already making plans for the rest of the day in my head. It was, after all, still before noon – and I had nothing planned for today but a whole lotta sex. Also, thanks to the rapid healing of the catgirls, Kayla's new piercings would be completely healed by nightfall – at which point a lot of new options would be opened. My smile widened. Today would, indeed, be a very good day…

The End