

Kill that Cat

Summer stomped into the living room where Phil was watching TV. She was grumbling loudly to herself in anger and closed the door behind her harder than she'd intended. It made a booming sound that echoed in the room. At the sound Phil turned to look at her. She could only spit, "I'm going to kill that cat!"

"What happened? You look like you're ready to commit murder," Phil grinned.

"I was in my studio just now, painting a still life around that antique vase we got last fall. It was going really good and I was nearly done with the rough painting, and..." she put her fists on her hips, "that damned cat leaps into my lap and sticks her big, fuzzy tail in my bottle of Antique Magenta! She scared me so bad that I jumped and she leaped away and tail-brushed magenta over my painting! She kicked the easel over, it fell on the stand I was using and that beautiful vase goes flying, and it hit the jar of used brush cleaner and that fell off the shelf and burst on the workbench. Turpentine slopped all over Mrs. Clay's painting and ruined it, and then the vase hit the floor and shattered and it's ruined and if it's the last thing I do on this earth I'm going to murder that damned cat!!" She stood there, fury crackling through her, while Phil clapped his hand over his mouth to try and stifle the laughter that was bubbling out.

"Oh, you think it's funny, do you?" Summer growled. It was at this point that Phil rolled off the couch and onto the floor, holding his sides and laughing out loud.

She stared at him for several seconds while his face turned red and tears came to his eyes. Then her lips began to twitch and, despite herself, she began to smile. His laughter was so contagious, and he was obviously having such a great time, that she couldn't help herself.

"Sounds..." Phil was trying to talk through his laughter. "Sounds...like...a reg...regular CAT-ASTROPHE!" Then he fell apart again.

Summer fought not to laugh. She lost. Suddenly she was giggling along with him, then sinking down on the floor at his side. She collapsed against his heavy, warm body and they shook as they chuckled together.

Finally things grew quiet in the room and the two people lay still, Phil on his back and Summer leaning back against his ribcage. "You're awful, you know," she chided him. "Absolutely incorrigible. I was all set for a good, old fashioned conniption and you ruined it."

He grinned and spoke, affecting a cheesy French accent. "Awww, non, Mademoiselle, I am ze defender and protector of misunderstood poo-see cats everywhere! I could not permit you to commit ze awful beating on ze tiny, innocent poo-see!"

Summer couldn't help but giggle at his silliness. "Are all French poo-see cat defending superheroes as beautiful as you?" she asked.

"Oh, but zere IS no other defender of ze helpless little kitties," he crowed. "I am ze ONLY one. Why, do you have a little poo-see that needs to be rescued?" At this, he ran his fingertips up the sensitive inside of her thigh, but when he reached the hem of her shorts he stopped and gave her a quizzical look.

"Hmmm...perhaps I do," Summer replied. She quickly unsnapped her denim shorts and drew the zipper down, revealing her well-trimmed pubic fur.

Phil's hand slid down into Summer's pants, his nimble fingers quickly locating the silky petals of her sex. "Oooh, you evil woman," he purred, "let ze poor, hot little poo-see out of zat cage right away!"

Quickly, Summer wriggled her shorts down her long legs and spread them, then leaned back again. This time when Phil's fingers found her crotch there was nothing in the way to deter him. Expertly his fingertips slid up and down the cleft of her sex. "You're going to make the poo-see purr," Summer murmured.

"Happy pussies are the best kind," Phil replied, dropping the accent. His touch was making Summer very aroused. Already, slippery moisture was collecting between her delicate vaginal lips. She let her head fall back and closed her eyes. "Squeeze your breasts, Summer," said Phil. His voice was growing husky as he became excited.

Obediently, Summer lifted her paint-stained t-shirt high, baring her chest. Already her nipples were stiff and red with want. She cupped the mounds of her tits and squeezed them. Gently at first, but then rougher as she repeated the action. Her mouth was open and she began to breathe shallowly. "Oh, Phil," she gasped, "that's so good."

Phil angled his hand and pushed a finger into her body. He knew how she liked to be touched and he felt her body tense as he manipulated her. When his thumb began to stroke her clitoris Summer moaned in delight. "Ohhhh, Phil, you're gonna make me cum," she whispered.

Behind her he grinned, and now he began to be more aggressive. His thumb pressed harder on her clitoris and she whimpered as sparks darted through her nerves.

Summer was now pinching her nipples hard, twisting and pulling them until they hurt. "Yesss...oh, you beautiful man," she cried. "Do it, Phil. Make me cum." In response he reached for the hidden treasure of her G-spot and massaged it as his thumb rubbed her engorged clit. Summer cried out, lifting her pelvis off the floor as skyrockets burst in her belly. "Stop...please stop," she finally begged. "Lemme breathe."

Phil reluctantly drew his hand away from her soaked cunt. "Does the poor little pussy feel better now?" he smiled.

"Oh yes, she sure does," Summer replied. Then she turned over, resting her cheek on his fuzzy thigh. The crotch of his sweatpants was tented, evidence of his own arousal. "Oooooo, it looks like pussy has a new scratching post," Summer giggled. She reached into his pants and her fingers wrapped around the length of his erection. It was hot and thick in her grip. "Help me unwrap it, lover. Pussy wants to play some more."

Phil quickly wriggled out of his pants, and then allowed Summer to push him down onto his back again. She straddled his legs then took his hard member in her hand and began to stroke it slowly up and down. "Such a beautiful, stiff, thick cock," she crooned. Her other hand began to massage Phil's scrotum, his balls rolling around in the soft skin like two plums. "Mmmmm, I know what's in these," she murmured. "I know they're just all full of sweet, sticky, delicious cum."

Phil's breath was growing raspy as he became more and more excited. Summer knew exactly how to drive him wild. "Feels so good," he croaked. "Feels soooo good, baby. Gonna make me shoot."

"Mmmmmm yeah, baby. I want to feel it shoot up in my belly. Wanna feel that iron hard cock in my pussy. You want that too, lover?"

"God, yes...yes, Summer...put it in." He was gripping her by the thighs, his fingers hooked into claws as his passion burned. He lifted his head and watched intently as Summer rose up and positioned the purple head of his prick at the entrance to her vulva and slowly descended on it. The thick column disappeared, inch by inch, into her body until their crotches met. They both moaned in unison as they relished the sensation of their joining.

A moment later, Summer began to move. Her strong legs raised and lowered her body again and again, repeatedly piercing her tender vagina with Phil's erect dick. He was pulling on her legs, urging her forward in her motions so his penis was angled more sharply upwards to feel even better to them both. And Summer's fingers were busy teasing his nipples and hairy chest.

The two lovers moved as one, their bodies making soft slapping sounds as they rocked together. Phil was beginning to thrust harder, approaching his climax, and he slipped his hands up under Summer's shirt to play with her breasts and spur her on. At his touch her nipples hardened and she closed her eyes. "God, yes, fuck me, you beautiful man," she rasped, "fuck me with your hot cock!"

Phil planted his feet flat on the floor and began to thrust harder, almost as though he were trying to buck Summer off. He held back his climax as best he could, but his balls were demanding to be emptied. "Ughnnnnnnnn...love you, Summer," he croaked. "Can't hold any..." and the rest came out in a guttural growl as he grabbed her by the hips,

rammed his prick as far into her body as he could, and climaxed. His dick was bursting inside her tight tunnel, spurting deep inside her while the world went nova inside his skull.

Summer felt the hot splashes in her belly as he peaked and her own orgasm followed an instant later. "Oh...ohhh...oooOOOOOO," she wailed as her body twisted inside and the delicious tremors rippled through her. She came a second time, and then fell on top of her husband, his twitching penis still buried in her tight opening. They held each other, hot and gasping for air, as sanity slowly returned.

Phil was the first to speak. "Does ze poor, poor poo-see feel happier now, mon cheri?"

"Oh, I dunno, love," Summer replied. "I think you could say the poo-see is pretty well 'fucked.'"

He grinned up at her. "Well, if you're a good little poo-see the rest of the day, later on I'll let you have a big drink of cream."

"Mmmm, sounds delicious. But now," she said as she began to get up, "get your pants back on and help me clean up the studio."

Instead he grinned and struck a pose on the floor. "Wouldn't you rather paint me before I get dressed? Show the world what a sexy man should look like?"

She threw him his sweatpants. "Now, dear!"

As the two lovers walked from the room their voices drifted back. "Hey, it's YOUR studio."

"Yeah, but she's YOUR cat!"

Fin

Stephen Thorn
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