

# K-Pop Kitties part 1

By Denkira7

## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

It was a quiet, peaceful evening at the Carter household. Despite the gravitas and opulence that a mega mansion in the Hollywood hills demands, things almost always come down to comfort and coziness. Beyoncé was resting her head on Shawn's chest. She wasn't thinking of him as Jay-Z, of course. These things were for the fans. The "brand".

Beyoncé looked relaxed, comfy. She didn't need any designer dresses or half-a-dozen make-up artists to look dazzling, even with a matching pair of silky PJs and her natural, dark-brown, kinky hair simply tied in a lazy bun.

Her man was gently rubbing the top of his wife's head, as they were both lying on their miles-long couch, lazily browsing on their gigantic TV, minutes before bedtime. Only the blue light from the screen was illuminating them.

A variety show was on. At one point, it showed a music video clip, by the new K-pop sensation that was sweeping the nation; Blackpink. The Pop/Dance/Hip-Hop girl group was doing the perfectly synchronized dance moves, to an ear-catching beat, singing and rapping in a mixture of Korean and English.

"These hoes tryna act sooo black..." Beyoncé softly commented, slightly shaking her head in both mockery and disdain. She was annoyed by the Asian girls talking and acting like they were from some kind of "Hood". It made her cringe. Jay-Z chuckled as for the next 5 minutes, his love made a small, sleepy rant about how the only thing these skinny bitches would be good for was "eatin' her booty".

As Beyoncé trailed off about the Asian wannabes, her voice slowly faded in Jay-Z's mind. Not because he was tired of listening to her, but quite the contrary. An idea had formed in his mind, one that sounded better with each passing second.

Ever since they reunited, Jay was looking for a grand gesture, a gift only he could give to his precious wife, to show her how much he valued her. To show that only he truly knew her. Her birthday was coming up in two months and Jay wanted to do something special.

During their 20+ years together, the black beauty had showed her sadistic side to him on numerous occasions. She knew how to make everyone love her, but in the bedroom, the woman was a sick puppy, loving the idea of dominating and degrading others, regardless of sex. With a camera pointing at them constantly, they had to be careful whenever... exploring these avenues, so Jay had not found something that really 'tickled' his baby's 'itch'. An exclusive BDSM club here, a discreet sub (with many NDAs signed) there.

But at the end of the day, it was all superficial and mundane to black beauty. Boring, even.

"I'm out" Beyoncé got up with a yawn, and gave him a kiss on the cheek, before walking barefoot towards the bedroom (a distance of about 50 feet). Jay sat there on the couch, contemplating. The BlackPink video clip had just ended, with a montage of the girls in red carpet events now playing. His eyes remained fixed on them and their cute, porcelain bodies.

Maybe this was the birthday gift he was searching for.

**BLACK PINK**

Another sold-out arena show had gone splendid. Blackpink had wowed the crowd with their amazing dance routines, catchy vocals and contagious, fun energy. Freshened up and rested, they were ready to head back to their lavish hotel for a good night's rest. World tours are ruthless in their tight schedule, but it's all worth it just to see the enthusiasm on people's faces. Being worshipped like goddesses wasn't bad, either. It wasn't bad at all.

“모니터가 또 낮아졌네요. 하모니를 하는 동안에는 내 목소리가 들리지 않았습니다 (*My monitor was low again. I couldn't hear myself during the harmonies*)” Jisoo was talking to Lisa as all four girls, clad in some tall heels and stylish dresses that hugged their slim forms, entered the limo that was waiting for them in the exclusive bordered area at the back of the venue. Their ‘exit’ always needed to be discreet, since hordes of fans were always looking for them, for that autograph, hug or selfie. Still, they couldn't be seen looking ‘average’, even from the prying paparazzi.

The girls looked immaculate, with their hairstyles being a throwback to their “Boombayah” days. Jennie had chest-long, auburn hair. Of similar length, Jisoo had her classic, comb-over dark hair. Lisa had her favorite blonde bangs, straightened to perfection. Finally Rosé sported a ginger-red look, which curled at the ends, ending next to her cute, B-cup titties.

As soon as the back doors were shut, the long car promptly took off, the driver completely silent as per the agency's orders.

“잘 들었어(*I heard you fine*)” Lisa replied politely but too tired for much ‘convo’, as she and Jisoo sat on the front-facing leather seats of the vehicle, while Jennie and Rosé took the back-facing seats. “~~난~~ 길고 멋진 거품 목욕에 몸을 담그는 것 외에는 아무것도 원하지 않아요(*i want nothing more than to soak in a nice, long bubble bath*)” Rosé sighed. The tour was cool and all, but exhausting.

“저도요 (*me too*)” Jennie Kim seconded the wish, with not that many brain cells “on”. It wouldn't pose a problem, given that each girl had her own private suite, with every accommodation imaginable.

“자, 공연 끝나고 셀카 찍자 나 쓰러질 준비 됐으니까(*Come on, let's take the post-show selfie cause I'm ready to collapse*)” Rosé said after a silent beat between them. They all huddled together and right before the artificial click was heard, they all put on their most fun-loving, charming smiles for the camera, with kawaii V-fingers all around. As Kpop idols, they had their exterior image down to a science. As soon as the click sounded, they reverted back to their bored, tired expressions, slumping over to their comfy, spacious seats. The ginger-haired girl sent the pic to the group's social media manager. They would upload it online with some heartfelt message about...whatever city they were performing in that night.

Just then, a loud hissing sound was heard, coming from the corners of the limousine's VIP interior. A green gas was being sprayed from some secret compartment! It looked noxious and scary, quickly filling the space with a green mist.

“ 무슨 일이야? (*What is happening?*)” the girls yelled practically in unison. The glass partition separated them from the driver, who appeared to not be facing the same peril. “돕다! (*Help!*) in a panicked state, the South-Korean girls started pulling at the door handles, but they were all locked! Pounding their fragile little fists on the bullet-proof windows didn't do the trick either.

In seconds, they succumbed to the fumes and passed out on their plush-leather seats.

BLACK PINK

Jay-Z had the connections to make even the most famous Pop group in the world disappear. The four unconscious popstars were delivered to his and Beyoncé's New Orleans Mansion, where the black bombshell's 'surprise' would be safe from being revealed. A chunk of the huge house was dedicated to this precious project.

The four Asian girls woke up, each bound on her own gurney by leather straps on her wrists and ankles. Big, red ballgags had been strapped over their mouths. Their designer clothes and underwear were all missing, replaced with some plain patient gowns.

The four girls screamed and cried in their gags for a while, testing their restraints until it was clear they weren't going anywhere. No one visited the small, ceiling-lit, medical-looking room for hours.

Finally, the sob-filled quiet was broken as the door opened and in walked Jay-Z, accompanied by four pretty, black nurses, all clad in their white skirt-outfits, with masks, gloves, caps and all. There was another woman with him, a beautiful Chinese dominatrix, with ass-long, silky-straight dark hair. She was dressed in fetishy, dark attire and tall, heeled boots that reached her thighs.

This was Madam Sue, and despite her generally youthful appearance, she was already a veteran in the slave-training industry. Actual slaves, not pretend, BDSM ones.

"Hmmm" the rapper nodded satisfied, stepping forward inquisitively to inspect his four acquisitions, ready for their irreversible transformation. Lisa, Jennie, Jisoo and Rosé all looked up at the African-American music mogul.

"You pale bitches thought you could just act black and be someone, huh?" the rapper gave an obvious dig about the group's Americanized esthetic. A small chorus of half-English, half-gaggish whines followed from pretty much all of them; very few of their jaw-spread words were intelligible. Jay-Z remained unflinching and stern at their gagged insults. The four Asian sluts looked distressed.

They should be.

"You actually did it" Madam Sue nodded, impressed. "Anything for Bee" Jay said, referring to his love, as both persons' eyes were stuck on the famous, squirming beauties, trying to 'unpin' their wrists and ankles from the edges of their beddings.

Curious as to the 'quality' of his goods, the rapper lifted the medical garment of the bitch closest to him. It was Lisa. "MMNGGFF!" the blonde let an indignant, shocked moan as suddenly her bare pussy was exposed by the lifted cloth. It was shaven to perfection.

"Less job for you, ladies" Jay-Z turned to the nurses with the faintest notion of a smirk, a reference that the poor Korean damsels wouldn't get until later. "They got no meat on 'em. Is that what sells these days?" the man commented on his captive's very slim physiques. None of them had the necessary 'booty bounce' for his liking. "Guess so..." Sue replied.

The impulse to 'fatten the anorexic whores' up with some fat injections to their boobies, hips and ass had crossed Jay's mind. But these would not be his pets, but Beyoncé's. He deemed that the contrast off their skinny bodies to her bootylicious, hourglass physique would intrigue her more.

"Cool, let's not waste any more time. You Kimchee whores better apply ya'selves if you know what's good for you" the middle-aged black man pulled his thick, furry hoodie over his head and left along with the dominatrix. The four nurses then moved and strapped clear plastic masks over each damsel's ballgagged face, the elastic bands holding them in place. The masks were already attached through their tubes to some gas tanks, located to a corner of each gurney. They were promptly turned on and a slow hissing sound emanated from all four tanks.

As the nurses started pushing the wheeled gurneys of the four desperately moaning and struggling girls out of their 'waiting room' and towards the operating one, one by one the girls' fighting died down as they went out cold.

The list of modifications Jay-Z had planned for his wife's four perfect little pets was an extended one. First, the girls' precious, feminine hair was shaved off, leaving them as bald as eggs. A special depilatory cream was then applied to every inch of their bodies (including their skulls) to render them permanently bald, hairless gals. Only their pretty eyebrows were left, to be able to express their adorable misery.

Next came the amputations. All of the Korean girls' delicate fingers were surgically chopped off, leaving only the palm part. Holding onto things like humans do would not be a concern for the young beauties anymore. So was walking, as their legs were amputated at the knees, leaving only the smooth ends of their femur bones to support them, as they crawled on all fours.

Their pretty voices weren't required anymore, either. The four singers would never utter a word or a note again, as their vocal chords were destroyed with a few simple slices of the scalpel, rendering them perfectly mute pets.

Similarly to a declawing process, the singers' upper and bottom front teeth were trimmed down, then reconstructed to appear just like before, only this time with soft, harmless ends on every tooth. No precious pussy-lip was getting beaten any time soon.

With the 'reshaping' part of the mods done, came the equally important stylization of Beyoncé's prospective slaves. Jay-Z wanted them turned into four cute kittens, in the colors of their group's name.

So, their bodies were sprayed from the top of their bald heads down to their tippy toes (scratch that, these didn't exist anymore) with liquefied latex. It was pitch-black, but very reflective, glistening by catching light in its smooth surface. The hot liquid (coming out of the device at around 70 degrees Celsius) would dry seconds after impact. It would fuse with the women's outer skin layer and become completely irremovable. The process was meticulous, making sure that every part from their eyelids to the back of their ears and from the wrinkles of their (tight) assholes to their underside of their clitoral hoods would get sealed in this breathable, skin-enveloping latex.

Following that, some 'accessories' completed the Asian catgirls' new look. First, an individually fitted, black latex cat hood was fitted over their hairless heads, reinforcing their 'blackness' with two layers. The hood/mask had cute, pointy cat ears at the top, with the front-facing part lined up with fuzzy, soft-pink fur.

But before the masks were placed over their heads, two tiny earpieces were places deep in their ears, before expanding foam filled their auditory canal. It hardened almost like cement, rendering them completely deaf to the outside world. From the inside of the mask, tiny wires led to the mask's cat-ears. The girls' hearing would now come solely from the tiny microphones installed inside those cat-ears, transmitted to their sealed ear-buds.

This made their cat-ears an integral part of their bodies. Pawing at them (never mind trying to bite them off) caused great distress in the form of deafening feedback and rustling noise. In that way, they were a very sensitive part of their new kitty anatomies.

The edges of the liquid latex around their necks were perma-glued onto these 'neck shims', rendering these face-tight hoods almost as part of their flesh as the rest of their bodies. The mask covered their

heads completely, with two cute cat-eye holes, two nostril holes and a final one in the outline of their lips.

The same soft pink color complimented the rest of their black-cat appearance. Cute little 'boop-able' pink noses and six pink cat whiskers were part of the masks. Their beautiful, brown irises changed color as their unconscious eyeballs were literally injected with a coloring agent that turned them a vivid pink. Fake, long eyelashes of matching pink color were perma-glued onto their real ones, giving their pretty eyes an ultra-feminine look. For the finale of their 'make-up' session, their lips were tattooed the same soft pink color to match.

More things were in store for the unlucky popstars from the neck down. First, a pair of soft-pink nipple guards (perfectly covering the areolas) was attached over their blackened ones. The installation was particularly invasive, since each paper-thin, but strong nipple guard had three metal needles pointing straight out as they formed a triangle on the edges. So each nipple guard was punctured into each girl's titty-flesh, with the inch-long needles burying themselves into their (mostly small) boobies.

Once the guard was fully pressed down and enveloped the actual nipple, the needles were then mechanically triggered to release three tiny hooks from their ends, creating hooks that pointed 'backwards' towards the skin's surface. This essentially lodged the nipple guards onto the petgirl's chest, since any attempts at pulling them would cause horrible pain. They were part of her body now.

Their skinny arms were further dressed in some soft-pink, arm-high latex gloves, fused perfectly over the black latex layer and perma-glued onto it. A third latex layer awaited their useless pads/hands, which were further cutie-fied with some perfectly engulfing, latex cat mittens of a seamlessly matching color to the gloves. The mittens were fastened with cute little straps that locked around their slender wrists and featured an adorable, black cat's-paw pattern on the bottom.

Moving lower, their latex-coated belly-buttons were pierced with a pink jewellery. It was the letter 'B', in the same soft-pink color and font from Beyoncé's self-titled album logo. A subtle way to mark them as her property. The irony that it also slightly resembled the pink B in Blackpink's logo was palpable.

Their shiny, rubber-covered, black clits were also pierced, with a pink little cat bell attached to each ring. Dangling from their exposed sex-button, the bell would ring along with their crawling, making their presence known anywhere, whether they liked it or not.



Furthermore, with a scary-looking metallic phallus, four electrode-baring chips were 'punched' onto each sides of the girls' 62 million \$ worth of cunt-walls, in the deepest end of their pussies, close to their cervix.

These mean, pussy-pierced implants could be triggered remotely to send a range of electric shocks. They would be (at least at first) the main source of the kitties' discipline. The device could also send pleasant vibrations to its 'host', though Madam Sue doubted the K-sluts would get there in the full month she'd have with them.

The slim, Korean beauties' poor assholes would not be required to 'stay available' ever again. With their diet comprised 100% of Soylent (a liquid, milky mix of nutrients) Beyoncé would never deal with any cat shit.

After being quintuply 'cleansed', each Korean slut's probably virginal 'back door' was fitted with an inflatable rubber dildo-tail, reaching deep within their rectum. Their 'exterior' featured these beautiful, soft, fluffy cat tails, black to match their new skin.

The anal dildos had a bulbous texture that really 'gripped' their asses tight, though they'd stay on with the much larger help of a medical-grade bio-glue that bonded to the cells of their rectum, making the plugs irremovable. Once 'deposited' 5 inches deep, each tail was inflated to reach the girl's 'default' stretching of 1.6 inches in thickness.

That number could only really rise, since a tiny receiver hole at the end of them, right by the girl's stretched hole, would allow the air inside them to be released, or (more likely) for the plug to be further inflated, should the kitties develop a 'tolerance' for them.

Furthermore, the plugs were lined with a pneumatic cylinder at the core of the dildos. When pressed, this made the tail gracefully swing from one side to the other. So the more the petgirls squeezed it with their full asses, the wider the tail swung. These would make the cat-sluts able to shake their tails, by clenching their rectums against their ass-plugs. Their pumped plugs were so stretching though that the slightest colon-flex would move the tail, making them an organic part of them.

Finally, the girl's skinny, chopped legs were graced with some thigh-high, soft-pink latex stockings, their smooth surface fitting perfectly over their blackened limbs, as with any latex part. Beyoncé would hate her kitties to have any 'creases' on them, wanting them smooth, soft and shiny at all times. The stockings were (of course) sealed onto them with more invisible permanent glue and featured cute, pink bows on the front side of each thigh.

When the changes were done, little could differentiate the four idols. While they obviously looked different (and their fans would probably recognize each from the fingernail of their pinky) their matching dark latex 'skinsuits', not to mention their similar hot, mostly petite, definitely skinny body types, made them look almost indistinguishable from one another.

You'd certainly have to look closely to their eyes or some other feature to recognize one individually. Jennie might have been the only one with larger, C-cup boobies (the other three were a perky B-cup) and Rosé might have been the tallest of them (still at a modest 5'6"), but these slight differences needed a trained eye. With most of their (gorgeous) facial features hidden behind their cat masks or made to match, you could do little to 'spot' a particular kitty-girl.

So, before leaving their private 'clinic', they were adored with some pricelessly cute, tulle ribbons, nice and snug around their necks. A big tulle bow was resting on the left side of each kitty's neck, each perfectly tied like the presents they were.

One of the nurses was actually a fan of the group (not that gave her any doubts about her work) and had the cool idea that the colors of the ribbons correspond with the 'official' colors of each idol, which only further emphasized their humiliation. Yes, official color for each member was a thing. And so, Jisoo received a purple ribbon, Jennie a dark-pink one (otherwise known as coral). Rosé got a light blue ribbon and finally Lisa got a bright yellow one.

They'd look flawless for their new Mistress.

All that was left was for them to also act in the same flawless manner.

**BLACK PINK**

Jennie, Rosé, Jisoo and Lisa were left for a few days to heal from their very invasive surgery. To not interfere with their wounded limbs and throats, they were harnessed onto their gurneys in an X-shape, with practically no movement allowed. Upon seeing themselves and each other, they cried non-stop and let mute screams of horror. Jay-Z's 'nurse entourage' took care of them with a detached professionalism, checking their vitals, feeding and cleaning them.

Probably the last time anyone would show them care.

When they were deemed fit, the abducted popstars were visited by Madam Sue. She was grinning from ear to ear, right before entering the empty dance studio, which would double as the kitties' training grounds. The scared petgirls had been left alone for 20 minutes or so, the first time they were out of their beds.

Sue saw huddled closely, adorably trying to figure out how to move around. They all hopelessly pawed at their new latex skins and masks, examining them with a restless worry. The sensation was weird. They could feel the latex's tight, almost constricting grip onto their skin, like an atmosphere that crushed them down from all possible angles.

There were lots of new sensations, like their nipple-guards, masks, clitty-bells and the inflatable tail-plugs buried deep in their assholes and pumped 'to capacity' and a bit more.

The four Korean kitties all had a stuck grimace of discomfort on their dark-and-pink, whisker-featuring faces. Upon seeing the Asian brunette approach, their attention locked on her and they huddled even closer together, their large, pink eyelashes fluttering scared.

"Hello sluts!" Madam Sue greeted them like a teacher you knew would give you a hard time. "Don't think because I'm Asian I'll go easy on you" the Chinese beauty added. Since her 'trainees' had a dark color scheme, Sue she opted for a bright red bodysuit and matching thigh-high platform heeled boots. Her black hair was tied in a ponytail with a huge red bow.

"On the contrary, I hate this bubbly K-pop shit. You cutesy bitches will need to work extra hard to make up for that awful music" she said and at that moment, not hiding her less-than-favorable feelings for the modified beauties and pulled out a retractable baton (a beating stick). With a sharp yank downwards, she opened it up to its full, 2.5-foot length. The harsh sound alone made the four catgirls flinch in terror.

"It's not hard to see that you are currently faaaar from proper pets. Starting with your posture" Madam said, looking down at the amputee, crawling slavegirls with a domineering, but relaxed air. She

then pressed a button on a small remote she held. Underneath the button were the words “posture trainer”.

Immediately, the four girls were rudely familiarized with a more subtle addition to their modified bodies, one they hadn't paid as much attention to. Three pink, slim patches, in the shape of inverted hearts were lining each of the petite girls' spines (so the bottom of each heart pointing towards their heads). Each heart had been attached with four thin wires that penetrated beneath their skin and latched onto their backs, in the same way as the irremovable nipple guards. There was one right above their tail, on their tailbone, a second at the center of their waist and the third one located at the base of their nape, behind their neck.

But these smooth spine implants were more than they appeared. Each featured a Lidar distance sensor, which measured the distance from the flat surface below them (i.e. the floor) and compared them with the measurements of the other two in real time.

The height data on their tailbone patch needed to be about the same as their nape one (with only a single inch of room for error), while their waist patch was required to be at least 2 inches lower than both the other points.

Unfortunately (for the Asian captives), these spine-points also transmitted their data to the kitties' internal pussy-piercings, which in turn would provide electric shocks corresponding to the error from the desired state. So, for example, if their alluring waist needed to be half an inch lower, the catgirls would feel an annoying, 'warning' buzz inside their cuts. But if they slouched and put their ass down to rest or hunched their backs, the voltage would increase to torturous levels until their posture was 'corrected'.

Ultimately, these smart devices would force the helpless kitty-girls to always stick their round, tight, shiny lil' bums up for Mistress, whilst keeping their backs nice and curved as they 'pulled' their waists downwards. The nape patch would keep them from sliding around on the floor like latex rumbas. They could only crawl, in that ever so eye-pleasing way.

Jay-Z had gone above and beyond for his catgirls' fun gadgetry, aiming at keeping them pretty and alluring, without demanding any attention from their owner.

With their 'pussy-fryers' turned on and their backs unaesthetically straight and even curved the wrong way, the four mute girls squirmed and yelped silently, moving their pretty, pink lips up at Sue,

presumably mouthing begging words for this to stop. Having their cunts electrocuted from their deepest insides was unbearable; like being burned with lava from their loins out.

Sue didn't do anything, watching with folded arms for a few seconds before explaining what was happening.

"A good kitty always crawls seductively and gracefully for her Mistress. Pop those asses way up and bent your backs. You know, like you do on those slutty video clips" Madam Sue explained, throwing a last second 'jab' at the sexualized idols. She enjoyed the sight of the squirming, fried kitties, who one by one 'listened' to their 'instructive' cunt-zapping until they all assumed they desired position.

Lined up in a semicircle, the latex-sealed petgirls were now all looking up at the stranger lady, adorably frozen in their newly-found postures. They were all clearly afraid of moving and setting their pussy-shockers off. With the strict settings of their 'posture trainer', they'd have to put all that ass-flaunting training from their early audition days to the test.

"Let's start doing some rounds" Madam Sue ordered and with some 'encouraging' smacks of her mean stick across each, glistening, rubbery, dark ass, the kitties started crawling around the room, in an orderly line.

Just standing there was much easier than having to move with the desired 'guidelines'. The girls grinded their teeth with each building zap their pussy-gadget gave them whenever fatigue set in and they messed their posture up. Madam Sue slowly walked alongside them, her tall platform heels clicking on the wooden floors, ready to 'spur them on' with her baton in case a kitty got any ideas of resting. No whips or anything sharp would be in her 'tutor's arsenal'. Only 'thuddy', thick instruments of pain would be used on them, in order for the kitties' latex skin to remain safe and spotless.

The kitties had also been warned that trying to ruin their magnificent latex bodysuits would only succeed in cutting open their own flesh, on top of the horrible punishment they'd receive for the extra work to reapply it.

Madam Sue kept the ruthless regiment simple. The Korean hotties crawled and crawled and crawled for that first week, getting their 'slutty kitty pose' down to their muscle memory. The dominatrix slowly incorporated their tail-wagging into their training. While crawling, they had to tense and release their sphincter muscles again and again, to make their fluffy, dark tail move from side to side. 'Forgetfulness' in that regard earned them the cruel end of Madam's baton. It was funny how each Korean bitch

yelped without a sound each time her rear was paddled to shape, looking up at Sue all terrified and apologetic.

At the mid-point of each long day, already logging many hours of crawling in this painful, please-fuck-this-kitty type of posture, the exhausted, ass-caned girls would be left free to water and feed themselves for a few minutes.

Rosé, Jisoo, Jennie and Lisa really hoped that these moments would offer a break from the cruel degradation they were experiencing under Madam's Sue's 'care'. But the opposite was true.

Their two feeders (one with full of Soylent, the other with water) were identical, situated side-by-side on one wall of the studio. The pink machines were comprised of a tank and a rubber dildo-dispenser. The pink phallus, protruding horizontally from the machine at 'face-level, was 8-inch-long and mighty thick. It resembled an anatomical erect cock, with veins, cockhead and all. A small tube (the dildo's urethra) could pump the desired liquid right down the hotties' opened throats.

The blushing kitties quickly realized they had to fully swallow the big rubber penis, in order to get any food down their gurgling tummies. A two-button-pressing system would probably be circumvented, with the other catgirls pawing at them to help their friend, who would simply have to 'catch' the expelled meal.

So instead, a metal ring at the far base of the dildo acted as a sensor. The ring emitted some harmless, invisible rays at many angles, registered by a receiver. When the rays were covered (by for example, a pair of warm, luscious pink lips) a steady stream of liquid was 'dispensed' for 5 seconds, before the sensor needed to be re-triggered.

If the rays were 'freed' at any point, the stream stopped immediately, meaning that the (mostly novice) cocksuckers would have to train their gag reflex (not to mention, their suicidal shame and the urge to breathe) in order to be fed only a sliver of their nutritional needs. They probably had to 'fellate' their feeders 10 or 12 times a day, to not fill hungry.

Used to 3-Michelin star restaurants and steamy Korean BBQ, the four young women initially refused to 'play along' with these demeaning toys. But soon, their bellies were 'screaming' louder and louder and with Madam Sue making it clear that there were "no treats of any kind" in her training approach, they all resorted to shyly wrapping their sexy lips around their cock-feeders, their pink eyes sunken in shame. Initially they kept those eyes closed, trying to dissociate from what they were doing, as they coughed, choked and gagged again and again, at first unable to go the full "nine yards" (meaning the full seven inches) for more than a moment. They only got droplets of their creamy, but gross food for the first two days.

By the third day though, their survival instincts were kicking in, and the (bit more shameless than before) latex catgirls were fully gurgling that rubber cock, nursing on it like a mother's tit. Madam Sue laughed at them, seeing how they would wait around the feeder, taking turns as each kitty would try to "take her load" straight down the hatch.

Their skinsuits were breathable, but not like their actual pores. This made them get easily hot, even though their cat-suits remained dry and clean. With the copious crawling and tail-wagging exercises, the girls were exhausted like no dance practice before. Their posture zappers and Madam's cane did not care for that sort of thing.

Still, the Soylent and water needed to go somewhere. The latex kitties were only allowed to 'potty' inside their cat litter. It was so mortifying, having to spread their amputated, stocking-clad legs and empty their bladders in such a public, animalistic way. But the captive popstars had no other course of action, in desperate need to relieve themselves, since they were taken to their litter only once per day.

It was very fun for Sue to watch the girls beg her to allow them to go onto the 5x5-feet sandpit, with those pretty, Asian, moist eyes. Circling her feet, pawing at her boots. The Chinese brunette would chuckle and wack their perky, latexy titties with the baton, shooing them away. If a kittygirl needed to pee, she'd better hold it in until the end of the training session.

Poor Jisoo will never forget her lesson when one day she simply couldn't hold it any longer and pissed right on the wood flooring, in the middle of a crawling session.

Madam Sue ordered her to lie on her back and spread her legs. The (voicelessly) whimpering cat-girl did, afraid of further retaliation. Sue inserted a curved, 3-inch long, steel urethral plug up the girl's 'naughty hole'. She winced and winced. Once fully inserted, only a round ring was sticking out of Jisoo's 'sounded' urethra, which Sue fastened to a tiny ring-hole on the bottom of the girl's clitty-bell, located in the same area. The urethral plug wasn't going anywhere; it was certainly unable to be 'expelled'.

With a press of a button, the trainer then shocked Jisoo's urethra from the inside. The pain was unimaginable and the other three kitties watched in terror. Sue made "the purple kitty" do the rest of her crawling rounds with the urethral-plug tormenting her on a lower (but barely cope-able) voltage.

After that day, neither Jisoo nor any of the others dared to piss themselves without permission ever again.

Madam Sue wanted to instill to them a less... human type of interaction. Not just with herself, but also between the girls. The four young women had the natural instinct to hug each other, wrapping their gloves, mittened arms around each other and try to get on their wobbly 'back' legs way too often.

This had to stop. Getting up was on their shortened "back legs" was NOT allowed if it wasn't intended to reach a different level, like climbing up a sofa or bed. Their skinny thighs were viciously beaten each time they forgot they weren't human anymore.

Furthermore, wrapping ones' arms around another kitty was strictly off-limits, only reserved for humans. Madam Sue instructed the terrified women that the only acceptable way of interacting between them would be through rubbing their bodies and heads together. No paw should be raised on another kitty, for any reason.

It was as straightforward as it was dehumanizing. Abducted, tortured and 'mauled' by surgical equipment, all the four girls wanted was someone that understood their peril. Each other. But they could only touch each other the feline greeting way, their limbs basically tethered to the floor by the fear of punishment.

Any sneaking hugs or even a comforting 'hand' on the shoulder got all of them pussy-zapped. Sue even had her assistants monitor the girls inside their cage at night, and if any spooning was going on, the lights went on and a violent alarm would wake every girl up. And they needed their beauty sleep for the next day. Gradually, the girls learned to curl up in a fetal position to sleep, their folded arms in front of them and their paws under their chin.

At least they could be in intimate contact with each other like this. Behind their bars, they all huddled together in a cozy, latex body pile, their warmth giving them strength for the next day.