

## K-Pop Kitties part 2

By Denkira7

### GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

At the half-way point of their training, Jay-Z visited the New Orleans estate, to check on his ambitious project's progress. Upon seeing him, all four ribbon-collared catgirls dropped their faces submissively to the floor over their coiled, shortened arms. Sticking their asses as high as they could possibly go, they 'shook' their tails in excitement, maintaining subservient eye-contact with the black man. At the same time, they shook their wide, sexy hips left and right so that their clitty bells rang joyfully. Madam Sue had prepared them well for this visit.

"Very well..." Jay-Z nodded, more impressed than he let on, watching the 'quartet' of clitoral bell musicians swoon, literally at his feet. You'd never guess that these porcelain beauties (their fair skin now turned a glistening latexy dark) bitches were multi-million-follower popstars by the looks of it. They appeared as tame as four actual kitties. Maybe more, since actual cats are tough to train.

"Free" Madam Sue ordered, and the kitties knew it was ok to break their submissive greeting stance. Jay glanced at them gathering around their cock-feeder, as Sue gave him a quick rundown of their progress. How they were very receptive to orders (probably a result of their strict, agency-guided lifestyle) and broke into line rather quickly. She also told him how their disciplining and training devices would work, though he was transfixed on Rosé, who, with tightly shut eyes was trying her hardest to not back away from her 'load-giver', her petite neck bulging from the inside by the thick rubber hog. It bent in the mid-point as it reached waaay down her throat.

The other four-legged girls were crawling around her, trying to soothe one another by rubbing their shiny, smooth, latex-clad, dark bodies and their hooded faces against one another like actual kitties, the only acceptable way they could feel each other's comforting touch.

Any way to cope was fine in these circumstances.

Jay-Z left satisfied, encouraging Madam Sue to keep her training at the same strict motif. It wouldn't be too long before the four catgirls needed to be delivered, since Beyoncé would return home from her world tour in a couple of weeks and Jay wanted the kitties to be there waiting for her.

They had gotten their 'catwalk' (an adorable way for Sue to call their enforced posture crawling) down, and were getting better and better and gobbling down their feeder cocks, deep-throating them to obscene proportions, just for a literal splurge of nutrition. Hungry kittens had no energy to do well in their training, so there was more than just sustenance at stake. Their petite throats were always sore from this self-abuse, but they had no other way to feed themselves.

Madam Sue started introducing to her four trainee kitties the importance of "grooming". After all, their appearance needed to be immaculate at all times. Though this was not done for hygienic reasons.

The slavegirls' sprayed-on skinsuits protected them from 'stinking up', shielding their bodies like sexy hazmat suits. At worst, after an exhausted day, their rubbery skin tasted salty from the underlying sweat.

No, it was the spotlessness, glossiness and shininess of their black, smooth, rubber epidermis that was in constant check-up. If a kitty-girl was spotted with any sort of dust or dirt on her, anywhere from the bottom of her paws to her ass or cunt, she needed to lick that spot clean, or if she couldn't reach, have another kitty do it for her.

Swiping particles off with their mitten-paws was NOT allowed, though god knows the girls tried to get away with it. At different points, all of them were caught 'paw-handed', trying to avoid licking a grey grain of piss-sand off their friend's thigh.

For punishment, Sue clipped a vile metal clamp onto their tongues (the body part they SHOULD have been using) with a 200-gram weight attached to it, its gravity pulling their clamped tongues out and towards the floor. The crushing pain on their sensitive tongues was torture enough, but the added indecency of having to drag the weight around for the rest of their training, unable to close their mouth and getting everything messy with their drooling, was a real deterrent, too. They felt so degraded, each time they were made to parade around the room, their drool running from their stretched tongues down their necks and titties.

Things were crucial for the four Asian cuties whenever they used their litterbox. Not only were they dreading each moment they had to spread their dark latex-ed, pink-stock-clad thighs and piss in front of an eagerly watching Madam Sue, but now they had to be wary of every inch of their latex-coated bodies, as to remain spotless. Even a single grain of cat litter found stuck on them, meant there was hell to pay.

So after the end of that first week, Jennie, Jisoo, Lisa and Rosé had decided that the risk far outweighed (pun intended) the cost, so they opted to lap at any grain of sand, dust or any micro-piece of dirt that was covering their slender, latexy bodies. They began looking out for each other, rushing to lap at any visible imperfections in the others' smooth, rubbery appearance, since they hoped they'd do the same for them. Their shared peril had caused them to work together and their teamwork was being utilized for things much different than a synchronized choreography.

In that regard, the abducted women were becoming more feline, grooming themselves and their cat-family every day.

As Beyoncé's return home neared closer and closer, Madam Sue 'polished' the four kittygirls' obedience and desired performance more and more. The girls could not believe this "Chinese Devil" could become stricter and crueller, but Sue did, disciplining the slightest misstep.

If a Korean pussy wasn't shaking her hips enthusiastically enough to ring her clitty-bell each time Sue entered the room, or if they weren't, or if her skinsuit lacked the desired glossiness and shine, Sue would beat their tight asses senseless. She wouldn't even need to chase them (a big no-no for any pet owner); simply ordered them to either present their tailed asses to her for a spanking or pop on their backs and spread their legs, for their pierced pussies to receive a few good wacks of the baton. Once Sue had ordered them, no amount of lip-quivering or Asian puppy eyes could alter their fates.

The increased strictness on the later predicament forced the latex pussycats to increase the time they spent on their grooming, whether meticulously lapping at their shoulders and arms or helping the others by licking their chests, flat bellies or lower, more intimate parts. It felt so humiliating! The girls had seen each other naked, in many changing rooms before a show, but this level of intimacy was...disturbing.

The worst part was that the young women were gradually not questioning these indignities. In their constant race to avoid (further) torment and pain, they did anything their captor(s) wished. With no time to think, to process, or to choose. This not only exhausted them physically, but also mentally, contributing to their conditioning.

Would this hamster wheel running be the reality of the rest of their lives?

**BLACK PINK**

The time had come. Madam Sue had trained the (literal) Black-Pink kitties well, though it was made clear that any serious relapse would sent them back to her capable, 'molding' hands. But for now, being beaten, shocked and ridiculed to shape, the four modified girls seemed more than adequate of being presented to Beyoncé.

After being meticulously washed (for good measure) and perfumed, the four amputee black catgirls, with their colorful tulle bows nicely fixed on the sides of their necks, were submissively gathered around Jay-Z, who stood in the great entrance hall of the Hollywood mansion.

Beyoncé entered through the doors, clad in a stunning dress and a big sun hat and designer handbag over her arm, excited to see her husband again. But what she saw in addition to him, gave her a shocked, wide-mouthed smile and she dropped her bag to the floor.

"Is that...?" she eyed her husband, then the four modified Asian women, who upon seeing her (as per their Master's crystal-clear instructions) rushed towards her on all fours.

Beyoncé's mind was still rushing back to that faithful night she had 'roasted' the four hood-wannabes in her man's arms, when there they were, in the latex-coated flesh! They reached a foot away from her feet (closer would be intruding on her personal space and thus insulting for now) and greeted her the same excited way they had Jay; lowering their torsos and heads in submission and sticking their round, tailed asses up, wiggling their hips to ring their pussy-bells and lively wagging their tails by clenching their girthy anal plugs over and over.

Their pink, almond-shaped eyes were all looking up at Beyoncé with an artificial excitement to see their new owner. All driven by the sheer fear of horrendous punishment. Their shame, their tiring rectum-clenching strain and any other physical or mental discomfort was to remain hidden 'behind' their faces.

Their roles as perfect, submissive lil' pets would be followed to perfection, like a script.

"You deserve the best, Bee"" the black man called her affectionately. "Happy birthday" he added with a warm smile. Indeed, the chocolate bombshell had turned 42 a few days ago. "How did you...?" the woman was still in awe, kneeling to take a closer look at them, as Jennie moved her pitch-black, rubber-coated face against the woman's perfectly manicured hand and nuzzled against it, trying to get a 'head start' on her Mistress' good side.

"Aren't you a needy slut?" Beyoncé cooed insultingly the hot Korean girl, petting her smooth, hairless rubber head between Jennie's cute cat-ears. The other three also started seeking validation and

attention, though Beyoncé stood up, leaving the kitties on the level of her knees. They kept looking up at her like the goddess she (whether they believed it or not) was, wagging their tails despite their tired sphincters.

Beyoncé walked up to Jay and gave him a warm hug and a deep kiss, already feeling horny by what her man had done for her. “It’s a wonderful gift” she softly said to him, turning over her shoulder to glance at the four enslaved idols. Their voices were useless, but their pretty eyes SCREAMED “please don’t hurt me! I’ll be good!”

“That one stopped wagging its tail” Beyoncé innocently pointed at Rosé, who got distracted and relaxed her plug-full asshole. She froze in terror, her eyes widening at the realization and started wagging her tail, her pink lips pouting in fear. “Huh, good time to show you this” Jay said and pressed the single button located on a stylish, black remote controller, like a fancy garage door opener.

Immediately, not just Rosé, but all four kitty-cats fell to the floor, writhing and in tremendous pain and folding from the internal suffering as a violent electric shock was triggered in their pussy-implants. If one of them fucked up, they would all pay the price. They would fail and succeed together.

Worked up by that immense display of power and sadism, Beyoncé led her man by the hand towards the nearest piece of comfy, soft furniture (in this case a royal sofa chair in the nearest living room). She needed a good, hard fuck before seeing her present; now she felt dripping wet. Too afraid to mess up, the four catgirls observed the black couple from a safe, but not ‘fleeing’ distance, as they got it on like no one was watching, Beyoncé straddling her man and riding him with her nice, thicc booty bouncing majestically on his cock.

And so, the Asian girls’ challenging lives as Beyoncé’s four latex pussies began. While they were placed into a shared, shiny-pink, metal cage each night - it was only large enough for them to snuggle together, its floor covered with velvet comfy pillows of various shades of pink- the kitties were left free (whatever meaning that held) to roam the more common rooms of the estate. There were three pairs of water/Soylent feeders, placed in different rooms of the house, so the kitties could keep themselves fed.

After only a few days, Beyoncé had decided that the slit-eyed bitches had it too good. Too tasty. After a generous, anonymous donation to a large vet clinic, she made sure their Soylent feeders were emptied out at half-volume and re-filled with extracted cat semen, the kitties watching the refilling process with silent dread. With their liquid meals now half Soylent, half cat cum, the girls were less than thrilled. But

with no other source of sustenance, they had no choice but to 'gobble' those dicks up, and take their creamy cat-loads like good girls.

Beyoncé could get hot and bothered, just watching any of the boney whores 'downing' her cum-shot with dick-choked, teary eyes, holding back gagging and mute retching. It already tasted bad and the feline cum only made it much, much worse.

The feeders' rubber cocks were always on mouth-level of the crawling girls, so they never had to break their alluring posture. Whenever they were left 'alone', their posture trainers were always left "on", forcing them to maintain that ass-popping, waist-bending shape at all times.

Beyoncé had never actually bothered to learn their actual names and didn't care. The anorexic Chink whores looked the same to her anyway, in their jet-black, glossy silhouettes and cute accessories. Instead, she named them after the only thing that differentiated them in her eyes, the color of their pretty neck-bows.

Their names reflected the extravagance and high-class of their owner. Jisoo was re-named 'Violetta' (the female Romanian name for purple), Jennie was named 'Coralia' (for the pinkish coral color of her bow), Rosé was renamed 'Azura' (the female Persian name for the color blue) and Lisa was named 'Nelia' (the Spanish word for yellow).

The young women would never hear their actual names spoken ever again, except maybe if an exposé piece on their tragic disappearance or a tribute show of them was somehow playing on the TV. They'd have to answer at once to their new names. Not that they were directly addressed to that often, but whenever Beyoncé would call them, they had to crawl over to her side, nuzzling their hooded heads onto her calves and seeking her gentle touch. Madam Sue's training had already taught them to drop whatever they were doing, meet their owner's eyes and wag their tails with joy EVERY TIME their Mistress entered the room they were in, so all four girls needed to be alert of the black lady's presence.

It didn't matter if they were squatting over their litterbox or were larynx-deep-latched onto their cock-feeders, If Beyoncé entered the room, they had to seek her out. As with most pets, the busy superstar spent few and far between moments with her new pets. But for Jennie, Rosé, Lisa and Jisoo, the Africa-American woman was their whole world. Even if she barely butted an eye at them for an entire day, they had to always be fixated on her, and her approval.

Depending on her.

But apart from the delicious power trip that owning four world-famous pop idols offered, Jay-Z wanted the kitties to be useful to their Mistress in a more practical, less...living accessory kind of way. For that reason, during their modifying operation, he had a microchip installed inside the kitties' tongues, right underneath the surface, the paper-thin little plate leaving no visible scars or bumps. These implants could vibrate, 'upgrading' their tongues from not just any pussy-lapping tool. Any time Jay could be away on a business trip or on tour, Beyoncé could be safe in the knowledge that she had a quartet of 'willing', 'eager' cunt-divers at the ready.

In addition, Jay had gifted Beyoncé with a beautiful inconspicuous ring for her ring finger. It had a discreet little button on its side, which when pressed, produced definitely unpleasant (but not debilitating) electric pulses to that tongue implant. While the voltage remained steady, the tempo of these pulses was analogous to the distance the kitty's implant had from the ring, so the distance they had from their owner. This operated as a calling signal, making the tongue-zapped girls hurry over on all fours, searching for wherever their Mistress was, only having to go on their sight and the 'hot and cold' aspect of their 'pulsing' tongues, which would get zapped less and less often until they reached their goddess.

Once the microchips reached within a 1-meter radius of the transmitter, they would fully stop shocking their 'wearers', and instead switch their vibrating function on.

Beyoncé accepted her gifts' pleasurable 'functionality' with glee, though she opted for a different representation of her 'beacon' than the ring. She instead pierced her precious clitoris with a little barbell piercing that featured the same transmitter and the little 'calling' button as the ring did. She liked the idea that her four kitty-sluts would be literally drawn to her pristine, womanly rather than girly, caramel cunt. Imagining it alone got her wet.

So one lonely evening the Villa, a couple of days after her new clitoral piercing had fully healed, Beyoncé put it to the test. Lying along the length of her large couch, in the middle of her vast living room, the black beauty lowered her pj's bottoms along with her panties, leaving only the top of her silk pajamas on.

Her kitties were nowhere around. They often roamed the halls to stretch their sore limbs, at first as a way to sneakily search for a possible exit, then when that proved hopeless as a de-stressing outlet. Lisa (or rather, Nelia) was crawling along the hall connecting the living room and the kitchen, her yellow bow the only memory of her blonde bangs.

Violetta (meaning Jisoo) was a few feet near her, facing the wall as she was quenching her thirst by suffocating herself with the big, fat rubber hog. “Ghhhh....ghhh...!” though the girl’s vocal chords were severed, the girl’s larynx could still make the sound of choking, as her mittened paws twitched at the instinctive urge to pull away. Her dick-stretched throat managed to hold on until a satisfactory squirt of water was shot down its path.

In a different, bit more secluded space, near the kitchen (which was locked and ‘out of bounds’ for the kitties) Rosé and Jennie were trying to remain somewhat private as they were both grooming each other with their tongues. As each lapped at the other’s out-of-reach hips, in an upright 69 of sorts, their saliva coated their smooth, rubbery skin like a paint brush, giving the latex that sought after gloss and renewed, more vibrant, dark color.

Ever since Mistress had discovered some dust on the two girls’ smooth, rubbery ‘furs’, they were increasingly careful about keeping proper appearances. They did not want to be re-introduced to their Mistress’ disciplinary accessory, the ‘pussy-vice’.

Aptly named, the steel device (of a hot pink color) had the handles of scissors or forceps, but on the other end were two 1.5-inch-wide vices, perfectly straight and parallel to each other. The two vice-pairs were side-by-side, and once someone squeezed the resting-open handle, both vice-pairs opened up, ready to crush anything in their grip. In that case, they crushed the misbehaving kitties’ labia lips, for as long as Beyoncé deemed necessary (which meant more than a few hours).

The device’s crushing forces (equivalent to having their pussylips fully stepped on by a moderately large child) was created by an industrial-strength rubber band that pulled the two vices together. Just opening the damn thing took some strength from the fit black woman, but the results were worth it.

Azura and Coralia were shaking their whole bodies in restless suffering, mouthing to their African Mistress pleading words after ‘only’ 45 minutes of wearing their new pussy-clamps. “If I catch you mouthing again, I will permanently paralyze your lip muscles!” Beyoncé warned the distressed kitties, who adorably widened their eyes and immediately switched to begging Mistress the ‘appropriate’ way, by going face-down-ass-up and ringing their clit-bells needily, ironically hurting their pussies more with the all that twerking that shook the clamps as well.

Beyoncé ignored them all the same, leaving the clamps on for another three hours, ignoring the desperate, restless kitties, who crawled in circles trying to take their minds of the mind-freezing pain. Rosé and Jennie’s crushed pussies were sore for the entire day, and the one after.



Beyoncé placed her middle finger on her pussy. It was already kind of moist, with the prospect of this new, fun experience. She rubbed her sensitive, pierced clit, running her hands over that shiny, bar piercing. That tiny piece of metal which held such a chokehold on her four slaves' actions. She sighed pleasantly, and, not wanting to wait any longer, pressed the little button on one of the two spheres that formed the 'caps' of her barbell piercing.

Jisoo had her pretty, pink lips wrapped around the Soylent/cum feeder, when her eyes shot wide open with the unsuspecting shocks. She had to immediately withdraw from her self-induced facefucking, eyeing Lisa from across the hall. She also shared the uncomfortable sentiment. They had been briefed about what this meant.

Jennie and Rosé were further away from their Mistress, so their tongue zaps were at a disturbing 120 BPM (or two times a second), while the others were around 100 BPM.

Indeed, it only took a few seconds for Beyoncé to see the kittygirls appearing in the living room one-by-one. With their stumpy legs and fingerless paws, they all flocked towards her, towards her 'calling' clitoris. Once they reached her side, they felt the electrifying buzzing die down, and a different one start, a vibrating one. It felt soooooooooo weird, having limited control of such an intimate body part.

Her pets setting even a single paw on Mistress' couch (or any human furniture) was a big no-no, but this time, Beyoncé beckoned Jennie Kim and Jisoo over. "Come on, Coralia. It's ok Violetta" she said in a kind, reassuring voice, patting the surface of the couch in front of her spread, bent legs. Hesitant for a few beats in case this was a trap, the two pussies climbed onto the couch (not easily since their shortened limbs did not help). Both the purple-ribboned and coral-ribboned kitties were now crawled between Beyoncé's juicy, open legs, the other two watching with great concentration.

"I don't have all day" Beyoncé seemed less nice now and the stalling Korean girls took the hint, exchanging an affirming glance before shoving their hooded faces in the woman's waiting loins. They started lapping at once, 'working' Mistress' cunt. The black beauty wasn't the least bit afraid whether the kidnapped, modified and degraded kitties would try and hurt her in this vulnerable state.

Even if the Asian sluts lost their minds (and sense of self-preservation) and tried to bite the woman's shaved labia, the sensation for Beyoncé would be, at worst, like a mild pinching, due to the softened ends of the kitties' teeth. They had no real way to hurt her.

"Ooooooh yyyyes!...atta girls..." Beyoncé sensed not only the pairs of pleasurable, soft, wet tongues working her pussy all over, but also the exhilarating vibration that came with them. It was better than

any vibrator she had ever used. Jennie and Jisoo kept licking and licking, hoping they were doing a good enough job. Like the others, the heterosexual women had never pleased a woman and the circumstances were not ideal for a 'first run'.

Beyoncé enjoyed her playthings' double cunnilingus, pushing their faces deeper 'into' her crotch, not worrying about them being smothered 'down there'. She definitely would not hear any complaints. A pussy-suffocated gasp for air, at most. The two women were so cramped to get 'access' to Mistress' precious hole, that their tongues often flapped against one another, as they energetically run them over their Lady's swollen pussylips, her erect clit and even stroking her dripping hole with them. Lisa and Rose observed, hoping they weren't next.

But soon, the initial novelty worn off, and Beyoncé needed more; more enthusiasm, more movement, more wetness, more intensity. "Don't get lazy" she lifted her head from her giant pillow, sensing that the right side of her cunt, the one Jennie was currently 'in charge of', was lacking in sexual servitude. She pressed the button on that black, square remote, she had stashed somewhere near her on the couch.

At once, not just 'Coralia', but all four catgirls, participants or not, were horribly shocked from within their pussies. They twitched with frozen lungs from the electrocution, which lasted as long as Beyoncé held her thumb over the button. "You either fail together or you succeed together" Beyoncé repeated the mantra that was the catgirls' new way of life. It was completely unfair, since Jisoo was doing a pretty good pussy-lapping job, but it would further motivate the girls to not get complacent and screw over their friends.

Wasn't the same true when the four were a pop group? It would only take one of the girls to trip over on stage or fuck up her vocal part or forget the choreography, for the group to fail altogether. It wasn't a new concept.

Simply applied differently.

With their faces partially obscured behind their Mistress' pelvis, almost pressing cheek-to-cheek, and their cute, pink-dotted button noses all but touching Mistress' fuck-hole, Jennie turned to Jisoo and truly apologetic mouthed the words "미안" (*I'm sorry*) before they both 'dove' back for more 'pearls', until their caramel-skinned goddess came hard on their rubbery faces.

**BLACK PINK**

You could very reasonably assume that the lives of the (former) K-Pop stars were a horrible barrage of humiliation, fear and pain. You'd be right. Reduced to a fetishized hybrid of a gimp and an animal, 'wrapped' in black latex and with every part of their autonomy (their hands, feet and voices) stripped away, it was more than a hard knock life, as their male owner might say.

Still, from all the degrading acts the woman had debased themselves to, whether to survive (their obscene cock-feeders) or more often, to avoid further suffering (their pristine posture, proper reactions to their Mistress' presence and of course, their vital oral services) none were as insulting as Beyoncé's favorite feature of her four kitty-girls:

The last program on their high-tech microchips, those installed on their nipple guards and the chips 'stashed' cervix-deep inside them, were the aptly named "itching" program:

The same electrodes that could shock them with electric shocks could cause a maddening itching sensation, with the right pattern of electrical waves. No matter how much they pawed at their nipples or shook their perky chests, they itch would persist regardless, registered via their nipple guards. However much they internally clenched their pussies, shifted their hips or rubbed their slim thighs together, no relief could come to their cunts.

The only way to stop this torment was to 'turn off' the itching sensors. But how?

When it came to their incessant pussy-itch, the answer lied in the rather graphic sex toys that were securely screwed onto various spots on the walls of the house, always at a height between 40 to 50 cm; Pussy-level.

Sticking out of the walls, were -for lack of a better word- cat dildos. The pink, rubber phalluses resembled a human erection in most features (though its 2-inch girth and 8-inch length was approaching monstrous dimensions). They'd point straight ahead, if their massive weight wasn't tilting them slightly downwards.

What certainly wasn't a feature of the human anatomy were the short, but pointy, plastic spikes that covered the first 2/3rds of the shaft's surface. The 3D-printed, homogenous cock was made to resemble the function of a cat's penis, which had spikes that helped him 'get stuck' inside a female.

But still, why would the poor women fuck themselves with that huge, clearly painful dildo, if their itching was an artificial one, and not a real thing they could physically scratch. The reason was the microchips embedded in the cockheads of these scary dildos. These featured a receiver that registered the presence of their cervix-lodged microchips within 1cm, essentially upon contact. A counter then

tallied up each contact (meaning each 'pussy-filling'), resetting if a kitty was too...idle in her self-fucking -she had a span of 5 seconds before the tally zeroed.

When the counter reached 100 strokes, the itching wave-signal was disabled.

The algorithm dictated that each kitty receive **at least 3** cunt-itches and 3 nipple-itches in the spam of 24 hours. But ultimately, the timing and frequency of these sudden 'itches' was randomized. The key phrase was "at least", meaning an unfortunate girl could get 9 or 10 or 11 itches in a single day, while a "lucky one" just the basic 3+3.

Beyoncé cherished the look of both deep discomfort and deep shame on the South-Korean beauties' faces, whenever she caught them 'backing up' on their girthy cat-dicks. They were like true animals in heat, desperate to relief that horrible discomfort, even if that meant painfully scratching their (**not** latex-lined) pussy-walls with those mean spikes. There was always a sense of desperation and (apparent) horny urgency, since the tired, pussy-shredded kitty-girls were in constant fear of the clock running down on them and their counter restarting, something that could happen without their knowledge, since there was no beeping or any indication when it did.

So, they fucked these wall-mounted cocks like seasoned whores, with deep, long ass-poundings, since they were unable to 'cheat' on their 'pussy strides'. Their already uncomfortably-filled assholes only made things less...roomy for their feline 'lovers'. All four, petite Asian women thought they'd burst from the pain. But it was either that or go mad from their mind-scrambling cunt-itching.

"Look at her bouncing on that thing!" Solange Knowles, Beyoncé's younger sister, pointed at Nelia/Lisa, who was in the middle of her dick-riding (the 2<sup>nd</sup> of the day). She had not seen "the kitties", as she generally called them, many times yet, and was still enthralled by their daily predicaments. She was visiting her sister and had spotted Nelia as both women were walking down the corridor towards the living room, with fashionable dresses and tall heels clicking on the marble floors.

If the double layer of latex over her face was see-through, it would show the deep blushing of shame the Asian cutie was experiencing. With her tongue sticking out of her mouth in fatigue, Lisa met Solange's eyes with a pathetic, "what else can I do?" kind of half-glare, never stopping her ass-plopping against the corridor's wall. At the same time, she preserved her alluring posture; ass-up, waist bent. Her posture trainer was still on, after all. She seemed in clear, intense discomfort, both from the itching that had not yet left her, as well as the violent, cunt-stretching spike-fucking she was "voluntarily" giving herself. It was priceless.

"Yeah, they're funny" Beyoncé barely tossed a glance at the ordinary sight, continuing her stride without pause. On the far side ahead of them, in the living room feeder, Rosé/Azura had her lips balls-deep on the rubber cock, getting the vile mixture of cat semen and Soylent to coat her esophagus.

But their adorable pussy “tickles” were only one half of the equation. Their ‘shielded’ pink nipples also got the same beyond-belief irritation, driving them insane. The “cure” for that “itch” lied in their high-tech nipple guards.

These areola-guards had a subtle, millimeter-thick ring around the base of the nipple. The inconspicuous thing was made from the same technology as the girls’ cock-feeders. Meaning, it emitted some invisible sensor-rays in all directions. In addition, the whole nipple portion of these shields featured a pressure gauge, measuring the amount of pressure generated via vacuum to the nipples.

In layman’s terms, the kitties had to suck their friends’ (since they could not reach themselves) nipples to alleviate their torturous ‘symptoms’. It was a two-person job, since both nipples needed to be sucked for the itch to go away.

Once the nipple-ring was fully covered, meaning a nice pair of foreign, pink lips had ‘latched’ on, a timer of 3 minutes started counting. During the entirety of those 3 minutes, the average pressure on each nipple needed to be **at least** 5 psi. The engineers of the kitties’ transformation had consulted a study called “the straw experiment” that deduced that the maximum possible vacuum recorded by a human’s mouth was around 7 psi.

So Azura, Violetta, Nelia and Coralia had some serious sucking to do.

From day one, these two predicaments caused them the most stress (only rivaled by failing to obey Mistress). Not only were the times the four bitches were “in heat” (as fittingly referred to by their owners) a source of great distress, but also the worry of when these would happen, which caused further psychological torment.

For Beyoncé, it was all worth it just for the sight of a pouting, miserable kitty, approaching her pals and signaling to her titties with a pleading face. The others knew very well of her suffering, so unless they were busy something Mistress-related, they would half-heartedly lean their heads (trying to not ruffle their sensitive cat-ears too much) under the kitty’s chest and “get to work”. Those lips worked like good whores, sucking the women’s nipples to exhilarating points, arousal mixing in with the (hopefully soon eradicated) itching. It was precious to watch their faces, both horny and uncomfortable, as their pussy-pals were sucking their nipples like hungry babies, wanting to get the three minutes over with as soon as possible.

The cherry on top was that when the “suckling” begun, the covered nipple-ring triggered nipple-suckers tongue-chips to start vibrating! By its close proximity, their lips also vibrated a bit, adding to the ‘faux-milked’ girl’s unwanted, erotic stimulation. It added to their frustration on a whole other level, since none of them wanted to be aroused, or arouse the other for that matter. But it was either that or suffer indefinitely, so they ‘hunkered down’, sucked hard and exercised patience.

Just for shits and giggles, Beyoncé or her husband would sometimes break the kitties apart mid-suckling, shooing them away with their shoe, just so they'd have to start from the beginning, since the slightest 'break' on the ray-cover restarted the timer.

The sad looks on their hooded cat faces was priceless. They didn't dare glare or mean-eye Mistress or Master. The pussy-clamps would be on in a jiffy, something they had all realized during their first weeks there.

**BLACK PINK**