

## K-Pop Kitties part 3

By Denkira7

### GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

In the following months, life moved on, very leisurely so. For Jay-Z and Beyoncé that was. For the four missing idols, declared legally dead a few weeks ago, it was the polar opposite.

A life of compromises, always stuck between an awful thing and a slightly less awful one. The girls constantly beat their dignity and pride down to a pulp, exchanged for breadcrumbs; meaning, a little less pain.

Such a stressful life was already showing some 'cracks' in the young women's ego. With nothing to really do around the house, the kitties' grooming was becoming more and more habitual, an instinct of self-preservation. Mentally checking every time and trying to gauge whether their dark, rubbery fur was "shiny enough" or "spotless enough" was costly after a while. It was easier to just mindlessly lap at the other girls' shapely, naked-but-for-a-film-of-latex, bodies, knowing they'd do the same to them.

It became a true routine, putting their tongues to busy use first thing in the morning. They often groomed each other even whilst inside their shared, bedtime cage, kind of 'piled up' and snug as they all were together. For Beyoncé, it was almost heart-warming to watch.

This harsh re-wiring of their priorities had messed with their lucidity. Spending so much mental (and physical) energy making sure Mistress was content with them, left little room for their tired minds. Any buried inklings of self-esteem and resistance that tried to make their way up the 'surface' were quickly shut down with the simple push of a button. Or with a quick (but vicious) clamping of their tender pussies. God forbid they were all in the same area, since Beyoncé sometimes opted to clamp all four catgirls, for the misdemeanor of one.

The added fact that a kittygirl was not causing just herself this vile tortures, but also the other three innocent kitties, made any attempts at righteous 'martyrdom' much more difficult. Not that any kitty was willing to zap herself to a crisp to prove a point (they very much weren't) but the fact that their four, tight, tail-plugged asses were all on the line together, created a comradery of submission, rather than rebellion.

Especially if she caused them unnecessary discipline, a misbehaving kitty often got angry eyes from her 'peers' and not any encouraging, comforting looks.

Their gag reflex had all but vanished. Deep-throating an 8-inch hog about a dozen times a day would have trained even the most stubborn cocksucker. Cat cum had not become an acquired taste though, tasting as vile as the first time it shot down their gullets. The slaves just accepted that that's how their food tasted.

Beyoncé was worried that her "gross pets" might have their breath "reek of cat cum". Her worry wasn't completely unfounded, since the pungent, awful taste lingered, sometimes for hours, on the girls' taste-buds. Whether that translated in their breath, she wasn't certain, but in any case, an owner of a 4-kitty litter did not wanna be preoccupied with these sorts of details, especially when the lil' sluts went down on her.

So, she installed a discreet, wall-mounted feature in the living room. It was a simple spray-hole with a little button an inch above it. The kitties had to press the button with their cute, pink noses, and "open up wide" so that their mouths would be sprayed with Beyoncé's signature perfume. It smelled of clementine and jasmine. Much better than "cat jizz breath".

It went almost without saying, that if their dark-skinned Mistress whiffed even the faintest inkling of a stinky cat-girl, she would pay dearly for it. Not knowing when they might be 'called upon', their "post-meal" mouth-spritz became another mandatory habit for the four latex kittens.

In order to not abuse their little 'alcoholic treat' (something the girls would never in a million years expect to call straight perfume) the spray only triggered once, within 3 minutes of a cock-feeder shooting its load.

**BLACK PINK**

As time went on, appearing to drag on much slower than during their previous, privileged, celebrity life, the trained, mind-broken women were associating happiness, peace and lack of stress with their curvy Mistress' general satisfaction.

Having their well-being so inherently bonded to Beyoncé's state of mind had caused them to subconsciously mirror their Mistress' mood, even when they had nothing to do with it. If the famous artist was stressed, they were pacing anxiously around the house, fearing repercussions for the slightest mishap. If she was calm and relaxed, their tailed sphincters loosened up, at least a little. Beyoncé had recently inflated their tail-plugs from 1.6 to 1.8 inches of girth, deeming they "had it too easy".

All in all, there was little joy to be derived from their daily lives, which (like any good, worthless slave pet's) revolved strictly around their owner. A big part in that was the sexual pleasure they gave the more matured, stunning black woman.

Though always a substitute to her husband's passionate, loving and certainly 'fulfilling' 8.5-incher of a nigger dick, the four kitties' slurping tongues and sucking lips were put to good use, with Miss Knowles tossing all her sex toys in the trash ever since their arrival. During her husbands' long business trips, producing gigs or rare concerts, her four extravagant fuck-pets were there to fill the metaphorical and literal 'void'.

Beyoncé was particularly utilizing a recent creation she had commissioned and installed in a corner of her lavish living room. In plain terms, it was a fancy, kinky chair. But its design was specific for all four rubber whores to be able to worship the black woman's booty in all its glory.

The designated area, covered in a dark-blue velvet carpet, was fused with the rest of the hardwood floors, leading up to 3 steps (also covered with the same blue velvet) that ended in a platform 2.5 feet of the floor.

There, securely bolted into the platform's far end, was Beyoncé's pleasure seat. It featured a majestic back that the woman could recline on. The chair was covered in beautiful, dark blue velvet and the frame was made of gold-plated steel. The bolts were required, since half of the seat was on the platform, while the back half hovered above the 2.5-foot-gap underneath.

The chair had shorter legs, in order to 'open up' those asscheeks and really expose those soon-to-be-worshipped holes. The comfy seat was shaped like a horseshoe, with the gap in the middle allowing access to two always 'eager for pussy' pussies.

While the pair of cunt-lickers crawled their little way up those 3 steps to shove their faces in Bee's moist fuck-hole, the other two got the "rear". With the chair's elevated level, their faces were on par with Mistress' juicy, erection-inducing asscheeks (since the girls' seated height was about 3 feet). One kitty would take 'taint' duties facing sideways and lapping between Mistress' pussy and anus, while the fourth kitty would position herself facing forward and plunge that rubber-coated face into Mistress' puckering sphincter.

Beyoncé enjoyed taking a nice, relaxing seat on her 'throne' and clicking her clit-piercing, waiting for her kitties to crawl towards in haste. They had all been warned that the repeated, pulsing shocks that notified them of Mistress' needs would dry their tongues after a while, so they had to find their Lady fast enough, in order to not be reprimanded for a dry crotch-lapping. As if the surging pain from within their tongues wasn't incentivizing enough...

It was funny to watch them try to rush first towards the "spots" they thought would be easier. There was no such thing as an "easy spot", with every inch of her crotch requiring tender and passionate focus. The black queen certainly enjoyed the four vibrating and skillful tongues working overtime on her crotch from cunt to asshole, in an interrupted line of obedient, drooling and vibrating little tongues. The seat's positioning allowed all kitties to shove their retired-from-singing mouths onto Mistress' splayed crotch from all angles.

Their tongues swirled around Beyoncé's pussy, clit, taint and asshole and even entered her holes. With her "encouraging" remote controller, the black diva made sure that all four boney whores were familiar with the ins and outs of her most intimate body parts and knew just how to stimulate them.

Jennie, Jisoo, Rosé and Lisa soon became experts in servicing their Mistress' colored, perfectly shaven crotch, their tongues often flapping and sliding against each other's, as they traced Beyoncé's chocolatey nether regions with high energy and attention.

Regardless of whether she was tenderly capping their latexy, bald heads or pushing them further "into her" in orgasmic ecstasy, all four "service animals" were required to drown themselves in Mistress' thicc booty. She wanted all four girls to actively smother themselves in her pussy and crack, pushing their faces as far as they'd go. Suffocating on Mistress' crotch wasn't a last-second abuse for orgasm's sake. It was the default.

Whether smothering themselves by worshipping Beyoncé's womanly cunt, stimulating her narrow taint or warming up her dark, wrinkly knot with their tongues, they all did their best, with the constant fear of some energizing 'discipline' guiding them.

“Going up” for air was not allowed without permission. And without the functioning voice boxes to ask for such permission in any language, it was straight up impossible. Any kittygirl that thought they could have a few seconds of break “just because they needed oxygen” earned herself and her three kitty-mates a ruthless cervix-zapping. Not that the other three worshippers oughta stop their work due to their violent electrocution.

The black woman, usually wearing only the top of her negligee or her long, silky robe left open, relished these mute screams of pain right into her booty. One could imagine it would be difficult to moan in pain as you’re asphyxiating in your Mistress’ crotch which you keep pleasing with your flailing tongue, but the kittygirls only had that one option, if they didn’t want a barrage of added zaps to follow. Regardless of whose fault it was, all four slaves renewed their (already intense) efforts after a good cunt-shock.

While their Mistress was receiving pleasure in grandiose excess, the 26-to-28-year-old women had very little to show for their troubles. The sexual stimulation brought to them by their girthy, spiky “cunt-scratchers” and the intense nipple-suckling they were forced to share, was definitely real, but undercut by their deep shame and the overwhelming torment that came with it (both from the lingering itchiness and in the case of the wall-mounted cat-dicks, some added stretching pain).

During the first few months, the last thing the girls wanted was sexual gratification.

But that all started to shift, after the first 6 months. With the girl’s ego fading away with each passing day, they all started becoming less resistance to the idea of ‘feeling good for a change’. This sentiment was further helped along by their sadistic Mistress, who in pursuit of a nicer, more slobbery cunnilingus and anilingus, pressed them to be aroused as much as possible, so that their salivary glands were nice and ready, secreting plenty of drool for her.

With the fear of getting caught with a dry (ironically cat-like) tongue in the line of duty, something that earned not just herself, but everyone many hours of the pussy-clamps, each amputee girl had an extra reason to be horny, since it was the only way to ensure a slobbery tongue.

Hence, their vile, wall-bolted lovers started appearing a little less mean and their self-fucking started “hurting in a good way” than simply hurting. Their graphic scratching of their itch-chips started also being a literal scratching of their G-spots, as the desperate pets chased these few, rare endorphins.

It was priceless to witness, especially when a horny kitty was really enjoying herself, plopping her small, tight ass onto that cock and being in her depraved little world, until Beyoncé or Jay would

appear and the self-conscious fuck-pet would appear less excited to be seen enjoying herself (but still bouncing on her dick to get rid of her “heat”).

“Aaaaw, does lil’ Nelia feel bad for getting off?” Beyoncé mockingly cooed a mortified Lisa, who eyed up at her with those big, pink eyes, fucking herself AND wagging her tail at the same time. The (former) blonde cutie ringed her clit-bell, with her tongue sticking out of her lips and her pussy still impaled by her rubber lover.

Over time, their cunts or nipples getting “itchy” was being associated with sexual pleasure, since it was the thing that would inevitably follow (whether by nipple-suction or raw-dogging some dildo). Their hormones were being Pavlovianly confused, and the super irritating sensation on their privates was now coupled with an influx of arousal. The sensation was degrading and unwanted, but the four conditioned girls had little control over their bodies, that guided them to the desired behavior.

As a result, they now spent a big portion of their days edged in moderate waves of arousal. It made their minds hazier and thus (even) more docile and obedient.

Throughout the girls’ permanent stay in the Hollywood Hills’ mansion, Beyoncé’s better half was not sexually drawn to them. Though a wet dream for most men out there, the spoiled music tycoon was not enamored with the slim Asian beauties, often calling them “scrawny” and “twiggy” right to their faces. He never fucked or used them in any way, interacting with them only alongside his partner, when they might relax together on the couch and mindlessly play with them, as Beyoncé was waving a laser pointer for her four kitties to scramble after. Shawn interacted with them only to that extent, and occasionally “letting them” rub their smooth, shiny heads against his ankles.

In his eyes, he already had the prettiest woman in the world. He didn’t need any “cushion-less” crack whores to party with.

Beyoncé thought it would be funny to mess with him though. So one day, she very sternly informed her pets that Jay had undergone a minor operation to install inside his cockhead the same “scratching” microchip that was featured on their tongues and cat-dicks. He then left them to make their own assertions, which were not difficult.

Soon, the four inky-black, latex kitties were surrounding their unsuspecting owner, rubbing their asses against his calves and showing off their tongues to him, trying to seduce him to fuck them. Not only would his fleshy, spike-less cock be a much better alternative to their previous ‘boyfriends’, it would also help in getting on his good graces, which couldn’t hurt.

But the uninterested man always shooed them away, getting increasingly annoyed at their slutty antics. Beyoncé giggled from afar for about a week, before letting him in on her secret. He chuckled, and opted to never mention to the four whores the truth.

After a while, he kinda liked the attention.

**BLACK PINK**

It had been over 9 months since the four pretty kittens had been delivered to her home as the best birthday gift ever, and with the weather getting nice and summery, Beyoncé wanted to throw a big, garden party in her “back yard”. With her four sentient toys being as submissive and obedient as ever, she took it as an opportunity to show them off to her inner circle.

Jennie, Jisoo, Rosé and Lisa’s coal-dark, smooth bodies were meticulously scrubbed to new glossy heights by Beyoncé’s staff of on call maids. Their individually colored tulle ribbons were renewed and their fluffy tails brushed to perfection. The girls looked more than nervous for the event, exchanging worried looks.

About 15 round marble tables were placed on the perfectly mowed lawn, surrounded by sculptures and a fountain in the center of it all. People were initially mingling with drinks in hand and elegant music accompanying the relaxed chatter. Then, as the sun set and the sky’s blue darkened, the guests slowly took their assigned seats on the decorated tables.

In this moment, out walked the hostess, Miss Knowles. She was dressed in a dazzling, champagne-colored dress, with her blonde-dyed, chest-long hair zigzagging in that ever so familiar style. The dress hugged her hourglass figure just right, ending snugly and asymmetrically around her fine legs, with a teasing, but modest, V-shaped cleavage presenting those mouthwatering D-cups nicely.

Eyes everywhere were drawn to the 42-year-old woman’s beauty, but quickly moved lower, to the ends of the two, golden chain leashes she held, one in each hand.

Not daring allow their chains to get even slightly taut, Lisa and Jisoo crawled next to each other on Mistress’ right side, keeping their slutty, curving posture as good as it would ever be. Their pretty ribbons acted like collars, with the double chain splitting in half and both ends clipped onto them. On Beyoncé’s left, Jennie and Rosé did the same, not forgetting to put their useless rectums to use and wag their tails with each crawl step. Four pairs of anxious, apprehensive, pink eyes were scanning the crowd that peered into their naked forms. Men and women of different ages, most of them African-American, were eyeing them in surprise, not believing the rumors of the Carters’ famous slaves until they saw them up close. But most of them eyed them like curious, rare eye-candy, like the adorable pets they were. Even behind their fetishized transformation, they recognized them as the four members of that hit K-Pop group that had mysteriously disappeared after a US show.

Madam Sue was also there, beaming with a reserved pride for her pristinely behaving trainees.

A warm applause greeted the diva’s entrance, mixed in with “wows” of marvel. The Asian girls hated being the center of attention. Not in this state. They’d much rather crawl under a rock and hide. Instead, they swayed their tight asses, firm hips and slim waists for everyone to see.



Beyoncé then displayed some of the kitties' tricks, like making them beg around her face-down-ass-up, or getting up on their back legs following the rise of the woman's hand. They demonstrated their grooming by licking each other's head and cat ears. Each display of obedience was followed by excited cheers and claps.

After that small exhibition, the human pets were leashed to posts on the four corners of the fountain. They were a cool attraction, but nothing more. People approached them and petted them (Beyoncé glancing every now and then to make sure that all pets were exceptionally affectionate to every guest, nuzzling their hands and lapping at them if presented with an open palm. And of course, accepting any kind of touch, no matter how intimate or inappropriate it might feel. Indeed, inbetween the gently head-pats and traced of their interesting rubbery skin, their perky boobies and pierced clits were pinched a number of times, with the mute girls counting to ten to keep their composure and not react. Beyoncé had warned them before "going out" that if she caught a single kitty acting less than viral-video-levels-of-adorable, they'd all wear the pussy-clamps for the entire evening.

Eventually, people got bored of the latex pets. They were not gonna spend their whole time over them. As the luxurious buffet opened, attention shifted from these fan little things, who were left to watch them eat proper, delicious food from a distance. Solange did spend a bit more time with Violetta (her favorite) shoving her fingers down the kitty's tongue-stretched, open mouth, watching her try not to gag, as she stared deeply into her pitiful, submissive eyes.

After a couple of hours, with everyone full and happily buzzed, Beyoncé decided it was time to play a little game with the idle kittens. Servants went around the tables, handing out pairs of white, slim cotton gloves to each guest. "We're gonna play a little game with our kitties" Beyoncé announced to the crowd of family and friends. The girls puckered up. This could not be good.

"As soon as I press this button, our four gals will be 'in heat'" Beyoncé explained, holding a device that operated the girls' itching mechanisms on both their nipples and cunts. "Their only way for them to get off is via the gloves that each of you have, which have special microchips on the fingertips" the black woman said, with an evil smirk towards her frozen pets. "Their nipples must be rubbed for one consecutive minute, and their pussies fingered for the same time. It's up to you whether they cum or not" Beyoncé put the mic down and the unleashed kittens felt the woman's earlier words, as with a press of a button, both their nipples and pussies were hit with this dreaded wave of frustrating, torturous sensation.

It was sooooo bad, they could hardly think straight! They rarely suffered through both perils at the same time, always taking care of the first before the second came along.

With their tall-gloved, mittened paws and their stocking-clad legs touching the short, green grass, the four girls sprawled through the seated crowd, begging complete strangers to essentially manhandle them.

The crowd laughed and pointed for the first few minutes, watching the clear despair in the catgirls' eyes, as they nuzzled their cat-ears and begged with their clit-bells ringing loudly and the fluffy tails that plugged their permanently walled-off anuses wagging like crazy.

Eventually, an older black woman in her 60s with puffy grey hair, Beyoncé's aunt, did Jennie a favor and started rubbing the girl's guarded, left nipple, as the kitty was perched with her paws on her chair's armrest. The girl started lapping at the woman's forearm out of sheer gratitude, motioning with her head towards the other nipple, too. "You're a greedy one, aint' cha?" the old woman cooed, squeezing harder with her wrinkly thumb and finger, just to see the Korean, cat-hooded girl open her pink lips in a quiet little yelp.

A few tables over, Lisa and Rosé, or rather, Nelia and Azura, were approaching things differently. They both had approached a table of black men around their 30s and 40s -Jay's cousins- and after suggestively nuzzling their faces against their crotches, got them to unzip and started fellating them like 5-dollar whores on crack, keeping slutty eye contact with them, hoping this would "earn" them some much needed groping and fingering.

Jisoo appeared shyer, circling around with her pathetic eyes scanning many tables, searching for the kindest pair of eyes to get her out of this predicament. No one seemed "touched", and soon, with her torment becoming more and more unbearable, the (once) dark-haired beauty found a pretty, black woman, one of Beyoncé's relatives. She wasn't older than 21, with pretty, puffy afro hair making a little round ball over her head, caught in a stylish bun. She was skinny, like them, but tall, about 6 feet, 6'3" with the sexy heels she was wearing. She was playing basketball for her college team.

With her need for relief now guided her actions much more than her conscious, Jisoo borrowed a page from the others' book and started lapping at the girl's milk-chocolatey, inner thigh, the length of her short summery dress making this possible.

"You're so cute!" the black girl uttered, lifting her dress just a tad to slide her panties aside and allow the crawling Violetta to "dig in". Jisoo did so with zero inclination, shoving her ebony, rubbery face between the girl's thighs, licking her youthful pussy with the erotic passion of a loved one.

But the old woman removed her boney old hands from Coralia's nipple too fast, nullifying the "progress" the girl had made and causing a whiny pout in the girl's face. After swallowing their cum shots, Nelia and Azura were placed on the men's laps and finger-banged nice and hard, their petite bodies wrapped tightly in the much bigger men's arms. The once-famous girls showed no restraint about enjoying the experience, closing their long-lashed eyes and making the horniest O-faces.

But similarly, the men pulled their wet fingers out before the minute was up. That cute basketball girl did not even touch Jisoo, after the purple-collared kitty made her cum with her tongue.

And so, the girls had to find a different guest to bet their luck on, hoping they'd prove more 'giving'. Everyone enjoyed watching crawled and debasing themselves for a promise that could be taken away at any second.

And it was. For about an hour, the girls were very eagerly abused in one form or another by all the attendees, until the last few guests gave them the sweet release they were craving from the start. Not only did they finger-banged the latex amputees till their pussies stopped tormenting them, but they did it until the girls came hard, writhing in their arms with silent squeals escaping them.

This was a rare occasion, since nobody fucked them daily besides their abusive, spiked "husbands". Fed up, it was only till this month that the kitties had shyly started experimenting with their group's "dynamic". Meaning, they were going to each other for sexual release, breaking down perhaps the final wall on their morality's limits.

Initially, Beyoncé did not know how to feel about this turn of events, but ultimately thought it was fine to let the once friends and bandmates "lez their problems away". Besides, watching them go to town on their bell-pierced clits and shiny cunts was kind of hot.

She was sure she'd eventually find a way to weaponize it against them, anyway.

**BLACK PINK**

## TWO YEARS LATER

The big, dramatic finish of the live version of “Crazy in Love” had just concluded. “Thank you so much!!! Have a great night!!!” Beyoncé bid farewell to the massive arena crowd and exited the stage. She was panting, as her adrenaline-fueled, performing smile faded away as she approached one of her roadies, who, like clockwork, handed her a bottle of Fiji water. She had been dancing and singing her ass off all evening. But it was worth it, cause they fucking loved her!

The crowd’s voluminous excitement went slightly muffled as her dressing room door closed behind her. She was still clad in her phantasmagorical finale-dress, only one of the many outfit changes her show had.

Beyoncé Knowles stood in front of the full mirror wall on her right, calmly removing her accessories. Earrings, eyelashes, arm bands. She glanced at her left side, towards the opposite side from the green room’s door. Along many large, hard cases, filled with backup equipment, was an indistinct, kind-of-rectangular mass, completely obscured by a large, grey cloth draped over it.

Beyoncé turned back to her mirror and proceeded to remove her makeup. Only she and her crew knew what was underneath the sheet of cloth. A few moments later, she glanced again at the cloth-covered pile in the corner. She was feeling a bit...randy tonight. “You had such a good show Bee, you oughta treat yo’self” she said to herself in the mirror.

The superstar singer thought she might feel...lonely so she had decided to take her kitties with her for her latest world tour. The four, precious playthings were being transported everywhere inconspicuously, fitted inside these black, steel-framed hard cases. From the outside, the rectangular, but short cases looked just like the ones used for storing music equipment, so there were easily wheeled across hotels, venues and stages on a cart.

Inside each, was a foamy padding, with an X-shaped gap that each pussycat was placed inside of, measured to the centimeter to fit like a glove. After a “squirmy” pet was strapped inside her snug little placeholder, by the thighs, hips, waist, chest, arms and neck, a hard-plastic mask, featuring a 3-inch-long penis gag, was placed over their faces, covering their faces from the nose down. Next to their slim waists, in two placeholders of the foamy base, an oxygen can (the gas mixed with a drug that kept the girls slightly high and ...calm) and a can of their favorite Soylent/water/cat-cum solution.

Once the top lid was clipped and locked over them, the packaged girls were perpetually transportable without ever really needing to be taken out for many days.

Though sometimes they were let out...

Making sure her door was locked, Beyoncé removed her silky panties. They were drenched in sweat from her acrobatics minutes ago. They would probably sell for a million dollars to some perv on the internet. She tossed them on the floor. She usually hopped in the shower after a show, but this could wait.

With her 4-inch-tall, platform heels clicking lonely in the seemingly empty room, the woman approached the corner, and pulled the cloth off to reveal four rectangular, wire-fenced steel cages. The small cages, barely large to fit a small human inside, were stacked in pairs of two.

Inside each was a rather immobilized kittygirl. Each woman was tightly packed on all fours, the dimensions of their individual cages barely enough for them to fit in. Their silky-smooth asses were touching the cage's backside fence, while their faces the front and their hips the sides of the cage.

No wiggling was possible, since the poor caged girls were properly spit-roasted between the cage's walls, since both their pussies and lips were plugged by generously-girthed dildos, installed at the front and back of the cage. The "back one" was 7-inches long, all of which had vanished inside their stretched pussy-holes. The "front one" was 4-inches, similarly disappearing past their O-shaped, cock-wrapped lips, tickling their throat and all but asphyxiating them. Crammed as they were, there was no backing out of either one.

As if their 'filling' containment wasn't enough, chunky, steel bars that were passed through the sidewalls of the cage prohibited much movement and shaped them into a desired, uncomfortable position. There was:

- A bar over their hips (underneath their waist) keeping those asses nice and perky.
- A bar above the middle of their backs, making sure that the curvature of their slutty backs was maintained.
- A bar underneath their arm and collar bone, keeping their upper body upright.

Finally, the dick-stuck girls were blindfolded with a thin, black latex blindfold strapped over their miserable eyes and meshing seamlessly with their inky cat hoods.

Even as they sensed and heard their veil being pulled, the four pussies were strangely discreet in their nervous micro-wiggling, keeping everything pretty stiff and frozen, even within the very strict confines of their bondage.

The reason was they reaaaally didn't want to set off their clitoral cat-bells to ring AT ALL. Their cages were fitted with microphones that picked up the timbre of their cat-bells' ringing. These mics were connected wirelessly to their pussy-shockers.

If a "restless" kitty ringed her pussy-dangling bell, she was shocked with such voltage that she got fully knocked out. It was a horrible thing that at one point or another during "their tour" the kitties had experienced. They figured they'd much rather keep painfully still for hours on end, than losing their consciousness, spit-roasted and cramped. It was too scary.

This little 'relay' of sorts acted as the electrical safety, in case any kitty wanted to make their presence known. That way, their Mistress could hide them in plain sight, with something as simple as a piece of cloth able to disguise them.

Beyoncé gave a window-shopper's gaze at her four, Made-in-Korea sex toys. Violetta's cage was stacked on top of Coralia's and Nelia's on top of Azura's. She figured she'd go with one of the bottom kitties. Coralia would do. The black beauty went to a private app on her phone and a screen with four icons popped up. She tapped on the coral-colored one and the indication went from on to off. Coralia was free to ring her clitty-bell without being knocked out. Pulling the bars out from the sides, Bee opened the door. The "face-plug" attached to it left Coralia's lips, taking a string of drool with it.

Blind and sore, Jennie crawled out of her cage. Her Mistress had already taken an obscenely wide-legged rest on a huge bean bag seat, twirling her long-nailed finger on her "rising" clit. She clicked the tiny button her piercing and Coralia didn't need eyes to find her needy pussy.

"Good giirl!" Beyoncé cooed as the ebony kitty's vibrating tongue found her pussy, emanating heat, and got to work with no delay. It tasted very salty, due to the woman's 90-minute-long workout of a performance. But Jennie Kim knew never to let any differences in her Mistress'...condition affect her performance. It wasn't the first, hell, it wasn't even the 100<sup>th</sup> time that the Asian girl was munching on a sweaty, dirty pussy. Mistress occasionally enjoyed a nice oral orgasm after working out, so she wouldn't have to hit the showers twice. She never liked leaving her animals'...essence on her. It made her feel dirty.

An “after show” orgasm was also fun. “Yeeees..” the woman moaned, rubbing her kitty’s rubber, cat-eared head, as she lapped and lapped and slurped and sucked, faster and faster, not daring bring her Mistress’ ride down.

*\*Knock\* knock\**

The green room’s door sounded. “Miss Knowles. Are you ready for the meet and greet?” a shy male voice was heard from the other side. It was one of her lower-tier managers. “Not yet...” Beyoncé simply uttered, her joy-ride momentarily halted. Coralia did not stop though; she had not gotten any orders to stop.

And so, Beyoncé picked the pace back up, until her kitty brought her to a wonderful orgasm, sticking its vibrating tongue inside her cunt and wiggling it left and right and up and down just like Mistress liked. The woman came so hard she pushed the kitty’s face way too hard in her loins. It crushed her cute, button nose, but Coralia was used to it after all this time, simply bringing her Mistress down softly with slower, gentler tongue laps.

A few minutes later, a showered, refreshed Beyoncé, clad in a cozier, matching sweatpants and hoodie (of her own clothing brand) was signing autographs and taking selfies with excited, star-struck fans, each waiting in line and escorted inside by her bodyguards. The unremarkable pile of cases was once again veiled, a few feet behind the seated superstar.

“What’s your name, sweetie?” Beyoncé spoke to a young teenage girl, sporting that wholesome, warm smile she had practiced ever since she was with Destiny’s Child. “N...Nelly” the cute, white girl said, having handed her idol a notebook. “What a pretty name!” Beyoncé replied as she signed it. She was usually lying with these compliments, but this time, she wasn’t.

Just then, the faintest sound of a muffled ring was heard, in tandem with a similarly muffled, rapid zapping sound. Beyoncé didn’t even flinch, handing the signed notebook over. One of the kitties must have gotten too “eager” to meet Mistress’ fans and had accidentally put herself to sleep for a few hours. Judging from the timing, it was probably Nelia.

“Neeext” the bodyguard mumbled and another young girl walked over to her favorite artist, unaware that she was in the presence of more than one pop idols.

**BLACK PINK**