

NOD NIBS



HEAVY
GROOMING

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CONTENTS

[Also by Nod Nibs](#)

1. [Heavy Grooming](#)

ALSO BY NOD NIBS

[Addicted to Grace](#)

[Broken Tattoo](#)

[Jacqueline's Choice](#)

[Moonclaimed](#)

Finally home. I leaned my shoulder against the wall as I fumbled with my keys. Pausing briefly to stifle a cough, I turned the key and opened the door. Great, I was probably coming down with whatever my girlfriend Sabitha had been laid up with for the last two days.

Walking into the apartment, I called out a soft hello and sloughed off my jacket.

“Hey.” A soft voice called from down the hallway. She probably hadn’t moved from the couch since this morning. Groaning as my own exhaustion redoubled, I shambled toward the light of the living room. Curling up on the couch sounded so good at that moment. “You feeling betterrrr-” The word fell away as my jaw tried to contact the floor. Sabitha, kneeling naked on our ancient sofa, bedding piled on either side of her. My eyes traced the elegant curve of her spine from her shoulders down to her buttocks where a short tail protruded. Its length sheathed in creamy orange fur, dappled with a tabby pattern, I watched it curl to one side and then other. Her feet too were cloaked in fur, one orange like the tail, the other a white sock. Pink pads decorated each of her thickened toes as they shifted towards paws.

A soft repetitive rasp drifted through the air as she moved a wide inhuman tongue down the length of her right arm. The orange fur covered it to the elbow. In utter shock, I watched as each stroke inched fur further up her arm.

My tongue flapped around in my mouth for several more moments before it stopped fumbling with the words. “OH MY GOD! Sabitha! What are you doing!”

She stopped and lounged back against the back of the couch. A sardonic smirk on her short and still unfurred muzzle. Her eyes had shifted to a brilliant blue and twinkled with playful mischief. “I’m grooming. Wanna help?” She wiggled her chest, jiggling her small

pert breasts, nipples stand at attention, begging to be played with. Her normally dark triangle of trimmed hair had softened into the same creamy fur that decorated the sock of her left foot. The fur had spread up to her naval and down her inner thighs. A hint of pink peeked through the center of it. The stir of my own arousal pushed through the panic.

“Uh, wha- no.” I managed to say. “Sabby, you’ve got the Scratch! We got to get you to the hospital.”

That beautiful smirk turned to a pout and her triangular ears that poked through her dark hair half turned. “I suppose.” Her voice a husky sulk. “Let me finish getting ready. Can’t go out looking all shaved.”

Lifting her arm back up to her nose, she began to lick at her coppery skin beyond the fuzzy glove.

“You’re making it worse!” I exclaimed as fur sprouted in the wake of her tongue. Her only response were narrowed eyes and redoubled licking.

“Sabby!” I rushed her. Grabbing her wrist, gods it was soft, and wrenched it away from her, pinning the limb against the couch. A feral hiss escaped her lips as she snarled. The other hand came around, fingers tipped with wickedly hooked claws. I caught that too. We struggled, for a moment she pushed back, baring fangs. My hands occupied she could have bitten me, but the fight left her quickly. I found myself straddling her legs, my hands encircling her wrists, our lips close enough I could taste her hot breath. “Sabby, listen to me. You’re not thinking straight. The Scratch makes you want it. Do you want to go through life looking like an animal? Life’s not easy for fey touched.”

The angry glare softened back into that smirk and I knew I’d just been played. “Mrrowl. Funny then that I landed a remote job last

month.” Both of her wrists twisted out of my grip and her hands seized my forearms, preventing me from flinching back as her rough tongue scraped across my face from chin to eyebrow.

“Ack!” I cried out and she let go. I leap back, clutching a hand over my stinging face. It felt as if I’d been kissed by asphalt. “Holy shit Sabitha, that hurt!” I retreated towards the kitchen, lifting my hand away from my face and checking for red spots.

Sabitha rose to follow. “Aw, poor baby. It only hurts the first time.”

The pain faded into an intense tingling sensation that enveloped the right side of my face. “Don’t do that again.”

“Fine,” She gave me a sad eyed look, “I’m sorry.” Feline eyes, entirely new face and yet that look of heart breaking innocence was all Sabby. I also knew she could produce it on a whim, but it rendered me defenseless all the same. I stopped backing away and allowed myself to be embraced. A soft purr vibrated through her as she rubbed her whiskers against my chest. Her warmth penetrated through my skin and I let go of a breath. A spicy blend of musk and sex wafted up my right nostril as my arms closed around her. “Could you, scratch my ears? Just for a little bit? The last time I had the scratch nobody would touch me.”

“Thenp toh doctor.” I said around a tongue that would quite obey, one half of it tingling and wrong in my mouth.

“If thats what you want.” She tilted her head to allow optimal access to her ears. I began scratch at the base of her fuzzy ear. It twitched at my touch. Sabitha gave a little gasp as I dug into the base with my finger nail. The purr increased to rival that of an engine as she snuggled against me. “Don’t stop. Don’t sssstop furever.”

I relaxed against the wall, savoring her warmth and strengthening scent. The orange tone of her fur spread out from the roots of her hair, giving a soft wave to her short razor cut bob.

“Okay thhhhatss enough.” I lisped as I took my fingers away.

“Mrow?” She looked up at me dreamily. The fur had spread down from her forehead as well, spreading a soft fuzz down the bridge of her muzzle. “But you’re getting so handsome.”

Pushing up, she began to lap at the nape of my neck. I winced preemptively but only felt a curious pulling sensation. My hands moved to push her away but paused on her shoulder, each lap so full of love and warmth even as I heard soft popping along my jaw. “Saabby.” was only protest I managed to groan out as a rush of air embraced my legs. She’d undone my pants. A soft squeak escaped my lips as softness curled around my erect shaft. Her fingers worked me up and down, the impossible softness mixed with the kisses of her leathery pads passing across my tip. Small gasping mews were the only sounds I could make as my nose edged up into my field of vision.

She paused her grooming to whisper in my ear. “Scratch the base of my tail.”

“Mow.” Was all I managed in between gasps as the pressure began to build at the base of my cock.

“Do it or I’ll stop.”

I slid my hand down her back, running my fingers through the fuzz along her spine as it thickened to fur, before digging my fingers into the spot where the tail joined her torso. A few strokes and she released a throaty moan.

“Oh gods! Faster! More.”

I obeyed, and she began to pump my cock in earnest. My tongue lolled over far sharper teeth as Sabitha clung tightly to my chest, clawed fingers digging into my shoulder.

The dam inside me broke before I was ready, the pressure releasing into an arc of cum shot over the coffee table in the middle

of the living room. With it went all the strength in my legs. Sabitha smashed her hips into me, ceasing my slide down the wall. "Don't stop!" She growled, "I'm so close!"

Free of the strained I looked down over her back to see her tail arching up from her round buttocks, it had gained both length and girth since my last glance, lashing in sweeping curves in response to my fingers. It lengthened while I watched. Hypnotized I added my other hand to the effort of stroking its base, moving my fingers from the top to stroking where the flesh of the tail joined with her supple ass.

"Oh my- right there. Yeeee-" Her voice streaked into an impossibly high note, grinding her face into my chest. I wrapped one hand around her tail, squeezed hard and tugged.

"MRRRRROOOOWWWL!" She yowled, throwing back her head, howling more like a wolf as the orgasm crashed through her. She leaned against me, a huge grin spread across her still unfurred muzzle as she looked up at me with unfocused eyes. "I came. I came without you even touching my pussy. Wow. I read cats have an erogenous zone there but I didn't think it could be <huff> that." She slide away, looking happier than I had ever seen her. Hugging herself, she twirled around, her now three-foot-long tail brushing across my stomach. I reached out and caught it, letting the red orange fur slide through my fingers. She brightened further, filling the room with a happy purr as she looked me up and down. Fur had claimed allof her limbs, leaving the last remnants of her gold copper skin from her nose down to her naval. "See. You like it."

I did. I wanted to lick at that last bit of skin, feel her change as I nipped at her dark nipples, make her mew like a kitten. Then I'd flip her over, clamp my teeth on her scruff and rut until she begged for mercy.

My tongue strayed from my mouth and ran down the length of my muzzle. The sheer alien sensation of new whiskers bending jolted me out of the lusty haze that filled me. I had the Scratch. My hands went to my face. Those whiskers felt them before fingers touched the wet leather of my nose, my thumbs explored the sharpness of my fangs. A desire stronger than anything else seized me. I had to see.

“Derrick!” Sabitha called my name as I bolted past her. Her hands swiped over my thigh but found no purchase. I ran into the bathroom but she was right on my heels and she slipped in beneath my arm before I could close the door. I got her tail instead.

She let out a feline cry of pain. I held on to the door a moment, but I couldn't endure her hurt look more than a single second. Releasing my hold on the door handle, I turned away from her with a hiss of frustration. “You did this on purpose.” I looked in the mirror. The visage of an animal that bore my eyes stared back. White muzzle, too long for a domestic cat, flanked by black markings, tawny fur gracing my cheeks. I still had my short hair, but my ears had elongated to dark fuzzy cups. The white fur ran down my neck and into my shredded shirt. I pulled it off to find the fluff extended all the way down to encapsulating my balls in a tawny velvet. My cock itself had a redder hue than usual as it stood upright.

A scrape of plastic on tile and Sabitha popped up over my shoulder, throwing her arms around my neck. “Just helping my mate look his best.” She began to lap at my ear. “I'm a very lucky little cat, I caught a mountain lion.”

It felt so damn good. Even as I watched each long lap pull away a little more of my humanity, my brown hair transmuting into tan fur, my ears curling out into round shapes. Cackles and pops filled my head as my skull grew wider to accommodate my swelling jaw muscles. “Sabby...” Was all I manage to protest.

“I know, I know. You're all worried about your job and your responsibilities.” She cooed, “But do you really want to lose all this? These nippable ears,” She nibbled them, “the lovely whiskers,” she stroked her hand paw across my muzzle and took a deep sniff at her fingers, “This absolutely delicious scent you're developing. I let them take those from me last time and I missed them every moment since.” She snuggled and squeezed me. “But there is just one thing I want you to do for me, then you can call the Hospital if you want. I'll even put your phone in your hands.”

“What?” I asked, my mind already reeling from the prospect of losing my ears and the muzzle had certain nobility to it. But I'd definitely lose my job. That was bad, right? I liked it, sorta. I didn't hate it at least.

“Finger me. Cats don't have a clit. I like my clit. If it's gone I might go with you to the hospital, maybe.” Her sly smile beamed at me from the mirror.

I knew I shouldn't trust her, amusement sparkled in her slitted eyes. But I didn't care, it was a compromise, an out. If I did this thing, maybe she'd back off long enough to think about this rationally. Plan. And she smelled so good, every breath I drew the spicy scent of her grew in my head. She pulled me over to the toilet and sat me down. Dropping down into my lap, she leaned back against me, giving her tail just enough space to snake out between us. Taking my wrists, she pulled my hands down to her nethers and pushed my finger through the damp mass of fur. Wet and warmth met my finger tips as she stiffened against me. I plunged two fingers inside her, feeling warmth gush over my knuckles as she arched her back against me, mewling for more. I made my fingers swim like fishes against her slick inner walls. They had shifted in texture but her copious juices lubricated the roughened surfaces. I made her twitch and dance

against me, her furry ass ground against my straining cock. I finally had her, I finally had her in my power for once. She smelled so good. I tried to scrap my tongue across her neck but her wriggling knocked me in the nose. With a sawing growl, I bit down on the back of her neck. She froze, her body went rigid as her skin loosened in my teeth, becoming a proper scruff. Her sex clamped down on my fingers. I continued to wriggle them.

“My clit! Touch my clit!” She begged between making frustrated clicking sounds like a cat who can’t get at a bird. Keeping two fingers inside, I used my other hand to oblige her. If her entire body hadn’t rippled with an orgasm I’d have missed it. A tiny little nub, maybe a quarter of the size it had been, but it was still there, and it still did to Sabitha what it always had. She yowled, a purely feline scream as I moved my finger back and forth across it. I let go of her scruff and she fell against me, arms reaching back and wrapping around my neck. “Mrow!” Was the only sound she got out before her body seized up again. “Mew! Mew! MEW! MRRROWL!” she gasped and went limp. I thrust my fingers deeper inside and twisted, making her eyes go wide and driving her right into another orgasm. I continued until her vocalizations were raspy little gasps. “Stooooop. Too mu-mroowwl.” The lips at the end of her muzzle form this adorable little “O” shape as she feebly pushed at my hands. I relented with a satisfied smile of my own.

Sabitha practically melted against me. somehow we’d gotten on the floor and I leaned against the wall of the tub. I pulled my hands up from her, my fingers dripping with her juice, her scent. She slipped down until her head rested on the white fur of my belly, watching me through half-lidded eyes. “Ooooh, Did I mew a mess?”

I stared down at my hands, the skin shining wetly in the fluorescent light. I needed to wash them. They were dirty, one

always needed clean paws. My gaze lifted to the sink, so far away. And yet, that didn't seem right anymore. It was her, so spicy, her eager scent filling me more with every breath. My upper lip trembled before my muzzle contorted with a lazy snarl, pulling that scent across the roof of my mouth. *Mate. Want. Mine.* The scent sent the words sizzling through my mind. I wanted more, I didn't want a single drop of her tumbling down through the plumbing. My rough tongue scraped across my knuckles, my skin offered up soft tawny velvet to the second pass. With each lick the change went deeper. As wicked claws erupted from my finger tips a dim corner of my brain sounded some muffled alarm but the gentle pull of my fur beneath my tongue formed a comfortable shelter in the storm of the day. As she tasted so good. My fingers swelled as I wrapped my tongue around each one. The surface of my palms hardening to leather as they doubled in girth.

Only after both my hands had been cleaned of every hint of her taste did I let them fall and saw what I had done. Far less human than Sabitha's paw hands, I had huge paws with thumbs, although my arms were thick with taunt muscle. Flexing my stubby fingers revealed more dexterity than I expected, but my claws extended when I tried to make a fist.

"Here you go. Deal's a deal."

I looked up to find Sabitha kneeling in front of me, the black rectangle of my phone thrust toward my nose. The bathroom door open, letting the wonderful scent of her filter out into the rest of the apartment. "Take it," She said, eyes shining with unrepentant triumph echoed by the way the tip of her dusky orange tail tapped against the floor. Blinking, I took it from her, managed to grasp it with a thumb and a for finger. It popped from my grasp and tumbled down onto the floor between my legs. Dang it. I pawed uselessly at it, my thick pads

pushing it around. How did she do it? I watched Sabitha as she effortlessly undid the laces of my shoes with a practiced ease. Her fingers were as stubby as mine, but the pads were much more modest. I could walk on mine, I bet. She'd be jealous of me when she saw how fast I could run and climb with my four paws with her two legs.

But I couldn't let it get that far. I had a job. Career. Important things... We couldn't live like this, like two affectionate animals. I scraped the phone up with my claws, sandwiched it between my two paws and carefully, so carefully, I pulled the phone into the center of my left pad and balanced it on my left paw pad.

A "Meow!" drew my attention back to Sabitha who watched me with huge eyes, paw hands clapped over her mouth and muzzle. "You so adorbs." She squeed.

I swallowed, pulling my tongue back into my mouth. I hadn't realized it had escaped. "What?"

"You were bleping. Sooo cute. And you're all mine." With that she firmly grasped my foot with both pawhands and raked her tongue across the bottom. The tawny fur began to wash over it before her tongue even got to my toes. The warmth of her washed up my limb, and crashed over me, submerging me in a buzz of pleasure. Yet still responsibilities clung on. The last shred of me that offered any resistance. I had to go to work tomorrow, right? I'd probably infected half the office with the scratch. A dull ache of pain as my foot began to lengthen, my heel shrinking, toes swelling. Panting, I forced myself to focus on the object I held, fumbling, I had to press so hard to get the button on the side to even trigger. Sabitha's tongue parted my toes and scraped the tender bits between. The phone fell from my hands.

“Wow, mow.” The animal moans we all I could make as I watched her worship my foo- paw, although finished she took each toe into her mouth, tongue probing at the fleshy slits that hid my claws. Fleshy bits that I hadn’t even had a minute ago. It felt so god damn good. She looked up, eyes meeting mine as her long tail lashing behind her, smugness propelling it. A pang of jealousy fluttered through me. Where was my tail?

Couldn’t let her win. I was the big male. She’d... she’d gotten smaller, at least a bit. She took my paw and licked the inside of my leg all the way past my knee. I squeaked and then groaned as the muscles thickened and my bones rearranged. I could feel her will pushing the magic, hurrying it along so quickly that did couldn’t quiet all the pain. I picked up the phone again as she switched to my other leg. Its foot had swollen a bit in sympathy with its brother but eagerly awaited her attention. I got to the unlock screen this time. The pad of my finger stretched across four of taunting digits at once. Claws didn’t register. And the emergency call button? I stabbed it and my camera opened. I saw myself, that muzzle open, tongue hanging over my sharp teeth. My blue eyes half closed. Then she did that thing with my toes and I watched my eyes widen and my blue eyes turn gold. She was right, the face on the screen was handsome and cute, no more bald spot. Licking my nose, I let the device tip off my paw and slumped against the wall of the tub, hooking one arm inside it for support.

“You.” I managed to gasp. “Are evil.” Sabitha now had the fur up to my mid thighs. Now in no hurry, she took her time as she lapped her way toward my straining red cock. Her purr swelled up into my ears.

“You love it.” She murmured before nipping at my inner thigh, making me jump. Her tongue swiped across the last patch of skin on

my thigh and pushed into the fuzz behind my sack. She lifted my balls with her nose and found a place so sensitive that her merest breath had back clenching, nostrils flaring. “You know what’s so fun about Fey diseases like the scratch? They respond to desire but they’re not picky about who’s. So when you come next your hips are gonna change. Walking upright for more than ten or so steps is going to be uncomfortable.”

“What?!” I strained against my own body to no avail as she sucked one of my nuts into her mouth and rolled it around on her tongue.

“You’re going be my beast.” With that her tongue flick out embracing the all the flesh between my sac and my asshole.

“Aiiii!” I flinched upwards, lifting myself from the floor with my elbows. My chest heaving.

She used the better angle to apply more force, spread her tongue wider. Driving a shocking pleasure up into my very core. “Out in public,” She whispered between licks, “You’ll walk beside me, utterly naked. Except for a collar.” A pressure began to build, churning deep in my balls. She swapped in her fingers as her tongue roved over my swelling sac, “I remember how red you turned when I suggested you’d look good in a collar. Imagine it now.” She said as she coaxed the fur up past my balls and nibbled at the thickening skin there, a sheath.

I could imagine it, couldn’t do anything else as she nearly paralyzed me with pleasure. The only motion I could manage were the weak thrusting of my hips. Walking outside in the sun by her side. The weary glances of strangers when they saw no leash. She’d wear a short skirt and I’d get whiffs of her own arousal on the breeze. As the base of my cock thickened and its skin brightened to

same pink of her tongue, I saw her sitting at an outdoor cafe. I'd slip under the table and she'd spread her legs.

"There we go." She exclaimed as cream white began to dribble down my cock, a pink volcano ready to blow. The pressure beneath it had swelled, accompanied by a different feeling, one that pulled at my hips from the inside. "I bet one more lick is all it takes."

"Please!" I managed to grunt. Please what? Please no? Please-

Her tongue rasped from the base of my sac to the edge of the sheath and I burst. The stream of cum shot up, splattering across the ceiling. My mouth opened in a scream that had no sound as the magic pulled my hips inward. My bones groaning in protest. Sabitha let out a surprised mew before clamping her lips over my tapered tip as I pumped out a second load of seed. She swallowed it all down as my hips continued to narrow as if she were sucking out my remaining humanity. I continued to cum, and the change flowed down my thighs, my torso partially enveloped them, becoming more like haunches as the pressure finally eased, each pump dwindled to a feeble squirt as a nub of a tail pushed from the base of my spine. She let me go, licking droplets of white from her muzzle as I collapsed against the wall, panting for breath.

"Beautiful." She whispered, raking her claws through the thick fur of my haunch like thigh. "Almost done." She rose from her knees and kissed me, hesitantly at first, our new muzzles met awkwardly, yet her fingers curled around my ears and she guided us together. Our tongues twisted around each other's as my very first purr rose from my chest. We had this perfect moment as I pulled her close against me.

The moment we pulled apart broke the perfection as our tongues separated with the muffled peeling of velcro. She laughed, bare

cheeks reddening as she turned away. “Okay maybe no more French kisses.” She scraped her tongue along her teeth. “Ow.”

“Just need more practice.” I responded, reaching up and pinching the base of her ears between two digits and stroking outwards. A purr flowed from her. We kissed as cats do, rubbing muzzles and scent against the other. It made my new tail give its first twitch. Not willing to let her go yet, I began to groom her still unfurred muzzle. My tongue tingled as her fur sprouted in its wake, white with a patch of orange creeping up her cheek to her nose.

“Not angry anymore?” With a throaty murr she tilted her head up, bearing her throat.

I didn’t respond immediately, instead working down the length of her neck where the fur came in luxuriously thick and soft. I gently guided her against the wall as I lapped down her breast bone. Her pert breasts waited on either side of me, nipples straining for attention. “Maybe I’m still angry but I see the opportunity for some revenge.” I scraped my tongue across one of her nipples and she gasped. “These have to be bigger.”

“Huuuuge s-surprrrrrise there,” She said, her teeth chattering involuntarily. “I’ve seen your browser hissstory.”

I lifted my mouth from her somewhat tenderized nipple and settled for gently kneading her with my paws as stared into her lust filled eyes. “Naughty kitty, have you been snooping in my porn?” I tried for a stern tone but failed utterly as my tongue slid across my lips.

“Going to make me like Clarissa, so big I gotta put on a sports bra to fit through a door?”

I touched her nose with mine. “Silly Kitty. I like Clarissa for her ass and tail, not for her tits.”

Surprise registered on Sabitha’s face.

“Your breasts are perfectly sized.” I lifted one paw from her and tried to touch my thumb to my forefinger, but only the very tips of the extended claws touched. “But I can’t very well pinch nipples with theses and neither of us is into piercing.” I started kneading her in earnest, alternately pressing and squeezing each of her breasts. I watched her eyes glaze and roll back slightly as her jaw went slack. Her nipples, little lumps at first, swelled against my pads, first little peas, then soft marbles and when they became thick plugs of tender flesh, I slid my paws down, pinching them between two of my thick fingers. Her back arched against the wall as her own hands knead-grabbed at my arms. “Purfect.” I growled, then gave each a savage twist.

Sabitha exploded in a feral yowl of pleasure which only increased in volume as I pulled on her breasts. They pulled into taunt cones of plush fur and flesh, before slipping from my grip. The fur between my fingers didn’t provide the best of grips. She fell back against the wall. “Fuuuuck. I almost came. From my nipples.” The plush fur had covered them but left her dark areolas untouched. Compared to what she had before, they looked huge. She cupped them experimentally, finding the added bulk wasn’t just the fur. Her padded thumbs flicked over nipples that were nearly as thick as her pads and shivered.

“Gods, I’m going to need bras with steel plates to prevent these from poking through.” She sounded pleased.

“You’re not done yet.” I gripped her hips, pulling her from the wall and laying her on the tile. She didn’t resist, instead toyed with her new breasts, squeezing them together.

“I guess they could be a little bigger.” She moaned as I positioned myself over her.

“Naaah, but you know which of those fey touched girls I like the most?” I asked, nosing at the bare skin beneath her breasts.

She paused her playing. "Oh no. You mean..."

"Tabitha, she's got four. But proper kitties have eight." I raked my tongue across the bottom of her rib cage and felt a brand new pair of nipples swell into existence.

"Eight?" She mewed. I quickly took one of the swelling nubs in my mouth and gave it a little suction "Derrrrrick-k-k-k!" was the last coherent word she managed as her second pair of breast grew in under the care of my tongue and teeth. When the nipples were squeezable with my fingers, I moved on. She squirmed, her hands clamped on my ears, pushing against me but no claws came out, I paused, breathing hotly on the sole patch of unfurred skin left, her belly. Her only protest a mewling sound packed with need. The breast swelled up to meet my tongue. I took my time with them, grooming around each rising. She came with a quiet whimper and a gush of her sex scent when I finally lavish them with my tongue. I kept them small, almost hidden within her thick fur, just big enough that she'd want a bit of support. I could feel the magic, the Scratch itself within her, within me. Eager and tired, we were both far beyond what it usually did, what it could do without permission.

"That's six." I told her. "And for the seven and the eight, those will our little, sensitive secrets."

Her head lifted from the floor, tongue hanging just past her teeth. "More sensitive? Derrick if these are anymore sensitive putting on a sports bra will count as masturbating."

I flashed her a grin and pushed down my thumbs through the thick fur right above her nethers. Her head fell back with a whispered, "oh fuck me." The escalate to begging as the tiny nipples appeared, and I stroked my thumbs across them. "Stick that kitty cock in me. Please!" She squirmed. I watched as she desperately pawed at her lovely set of breasts, first squeezing one at random

and twisting at her large nipples before changing tactics: Sweeping her hands down and then up the entire stack, stimulating each breast. I waited until I heard her do that frustrated chatter.

My thumbs stopped stroking her lowest set. Sabitha slumped, "Fuck, you bastard, don't stop. I was so close."

"I know, I just want to make your next orgasm one you remember." I settled myself flat on the floor and nosed at her sex and savored her scent. "Just like my last one."

"Mrrowl." Her hips lifted, opening herself more to me, her pink pussy lips shiny with their slick nectar. "I'm yours my beast."

With a nose and mouthful of that scent, the haze that had driven me to grooming away my hands flowed into the edge of my mind. I shrank back, Not yet, one more thing to do before I lost myself in her. I captured her tail and began to groom its underside. "That's right I'm your beast, twenty four seven. I think it's only fair that you be my pet too." I said between laps.

A loud eager mew was her only response.

"So after you come, you're going to go into heat." I said, slowly advancing up the length of her tail, each lap at her carrying me closer to her. She chattered, and I backed off, moving my grooming to her inner thigh.

"I, can't, get, much, hornier, than this." She panted.

"A lust so strong you can't think about anything other than getting a cock inside. And it will happen one day, every month." I switched back to her tail as I felt her stiffen.

"What? Derrick that n-n-nmoorrrlll" her protest stretching into feral sound as my tongue strayed near her tail's base.

"One day a month where your precious control is gone," I talked into her sex, letting the breath of my words flow over her eager slit. "We could fuck straight through it. I could tie you up and let you

marinate in it, begging for the merest taste of my cock. Or maybe I'll be tired that day, so I'll slap a collar around your neck and loan you out to some friends to let them enjoy a puddle of lust." I let it sink in, there were no more protests, only tiny pants. I didn't need to see her face to know her eyes were glassed over, watching fantasies unfold in her mind. I gave in and finally tasted her sex. Oh that spice! I pushed my tongue deep into her. Juices flooded from her, as if I'd broken open a ripe fruit. I clamped my paws on her hips to steady her as she started to buck and scream. She tasted divine and I could let a single drop of her escape. I thrust my tongue into her again and again, finding both smooth and rough spots within her. She came with a feline screech, her insides closing around my tongue so tightly that retracting it back required using my neck. I got in a few more licks, getting just a hint of a brand new flavoring to her before she squirmed from my grasp and scooted away.

I stood to follow. And stopped. As standing had produced a very strange sensation. All four of my paws were on the ground. That felt... right. But my hips were too high and my front legs were too close together.

"Fucking heat. You are such a perv Derrick." Sabitha had stood and grinned at herself in the bathroom mirror. Her tabby orange fur filled out her lithe figure, her long tail swept back and forth. At some point her legs had shifted to a digitigrade stance, her muscular thighs widened her hips. She cupped her top pair of breasts and hefted them. "I kinda wanted to be able to slap you around with these but this..." She squeezed her large nipples and emitted a soft sound. "Ain't-" Her hands shifted to her second pair, twisted, "sooooooo-" Her head tilting back. Panting she grabbed her smallest pair and pulled. "Mrrroooooowww!" She cried as her thighs rubbed against

each other, tail lifting high, arching so its tip rested on her shoulder. My cock, my balls and every ounce of maleness in me throbbed.

I took a small step toward her.

“Stop!” She tore her hands off her breasts and slammed onto the counter in front of her. “Holy fuck. So this is heat. I want cock. I-you in me.”

Another step.

She hissed, I got a full view of all her very sharp teeth. “Understand,” she growled, peeling herself from the counter, showing the pink of her swollen sex. Her claws extended she advanced on me. “I can do...” she strode past my head, raking her claws through my head fur and tracing them down my spine. “This.” She dug the knuckles of her fingers into the base of my spine and began to grind. A sudden mixture of pleasure and agony shot through me. My cock spewed cum onto the floor before the strangled mix of animal surprise and bliss made it through my lips. The sensation didn’t fade, she didn’t stop. New pressure began to build immediately as painful stretching sensation radiated up and down my spine. “Any time. In public.” She threatened me between her own panting. I couldn’t respond. My jaw locked into a silent scream as my tail grew into its frustrated lashing, slamming against the far edge of the tub.

I came. The flush of weakness flowed through me with the bliss of release. My legs folded beneath me.

“My beast.” She growled, “My beast mine.” Teeth chomped down on that tender spot and I shot forward. My new legs propelling me through the open door. The plaster across cracked under my forelimbs as I crashed into the wall. She bit me! Anger caught up to instinct and adrenaline. Shaking white dust from my whiskers I rounded back to towards the bathroom.

Sabitha stood there, claws out, snarling a challenge. Her murderous expression in direct contrast to her way the scent of her heat rolled out towards me.

She wanted a beast. I'd give her a beast. Letting out the warbling scream of feline wronged I charged. I enjoyed the split second look of panic in her eyes as I rushed at her. Wrapping my arms around her midsection I bore her to the floor. She hissed and spat as I captured her wrists. Still growling out those low undulating warning sounds she lapped desperately at my neck and shoulders.

"What do you want Sabby?" I teased. "Your sending mixed messages."

She tugged experimentally at her wrists. "Get in me!" she hissed in my ear as her legs hooked around my thighs. I obeyed partially, allowing the thick folds of her pussy to envelope my cock. I rubbed up against her in slow strokes but I didn't enter her. Gasping with relief, she pressed back at me. But I kept up a gentle rhythm.

The fire in her eyes quickly relit. "In!" She demanded.

"Beg me for it." I licked her nose.

That earned me another hiss. I paused the thrusting of my cock against her.

"No!" She thrust up her hips against me but I used my weight to still her. "Take me! Be my beast."

I could smell it, see it in her eyes. She wanted me to overpower her, to brutally take control. Every fiber of my body wanted to obey that that need. To thrust into her until she yowled for mercy.

"Beg." I repeated and let her wrists go. "If you claw me, I'll leave."

She lay there for a moment, I smiled as the war between her pride and her lust played out on her trembling lips, undulating between a pout and a snarl. Claws flexing and sheathing. We both knew which was going to win. She had agreed to this, the power of

the heat was still increasing, its scent pulling at me with every breath. Yet to her, it screamed from every cell of her being. And she fought it just as hard, trying to salvage some vestige of control.

“I need.” She mewed, her eyes fixing on the red of my tapered cock.

“Then show me.” I said, savoring the moment as that spark of anger in her died.

With a final sultry pout, she rolled onto her belly and crawled forward. Her long tail lashed once before she thrust up her hips and lifted her tail into the air. Exposing all of her sex to me. “Fuck me. Please beast. Fuck me!” She cried, each word keening with increasing need.

“Louder.” I growled, even as I started moving toward her.

“Fuck me! Stick your great big cock inside me!” And pushed herself up on all fours.

I stepped across her, letting my cock touch the outer lips of her pussy. “What will do for my cock?”

“Anything!” She pushed up against me. “I’ll do anything for a taste! Please beast! Please fucked me. Fuck me so hard.”

Sliding into her caused us both to yowl with relief. We fit together with shocking perfection, each sculpted for the other. The talking stopped as I grabbed her shoulders and thrust, again and again into her sex. The very tip of my cock pulled at her inner walls with each return stroke. I hammered her, my balls slapping against her thighs as she cried out for more. Bones in my neck popped and settled into place as I savaged the scruff of her neck. My paws found her many nipples and made her scream even louder. We came together and fell to the side as I pumped fluids deep into her.

“More. More please.” Was all the rest I got before she was on top of me. Licking, kissing, kneading with desperate affection. I let her

reclaim control for that round and then, with the scent of her heat in my nose and the taste of her sex I surrendered to the hungry lust of the night. I remember every room of the apartment, the crack as we broke through the bed, the vaguely Sabitha shaped crack in the plaster of one wall.

I remember seeing the sun peer through the window blinds and being very sore when I tried to move. So I didn't. Sabitha lay against me, head snuggled into my chest fur, her light purr synchronized with my deeper one. Beyond our feet our tails curled loosely around each other, orange and tawny, my black tip contrast with her white one. I craned my new longer neck to lick at her adorable ear, which flicked in response. Slowly she rolled onto her back and stretch, tongue curling as she yawned. She looked up at me through barely open eyes for a moment before reaching up and brushing through my whiskers.

"We should get moving." She said, her voice full of muzzy reluctance.

"Where?" I pulled her close. Moving anywhere felt vastly overrated.

"A cab to the Fey Quarter. The doctors won't go there. I've got an apartment all setup for us."

"Why?" I asked, not really because that didn't make sense but more out of a reluctance to move.

"You co-workers." She smirked and breathed a sigh. "I'm sure there is some killjoy who has stopped masturbating long enough to realize they've grown a tail and freaked out enough to actually call the hospital. Probably Victoria, she's such a dog person. Probably won't get much more than a short little tail nub."

"Is this really the scratch?" I asked, "I thought it..."

“Turned you into a crazy lust driven monster?” She playfully nipped at my paw.

“Uh yeah.” I began to pet her, and she melted against me.

“Well it can if you want it to. That is the secret of the Scratch. It doesn’t do anything you don’t let it. If your super banal you won’t get anything more than a fever and a craving for tuna. But most folks would rather seduce the next partner that makes themselves available, let the baser instincts out and fuck until the hospital finds them. The scratch gives them the excuse.”

And they will find them. They’ll cure them all, it will take at least a month, pumping them full of humanness until the fur falls out and the tail withers away. Most will be grateful. Glad to return to rationality and free of instinct. But a few,” She booped my nose with her own, “Will miss it all. The fur, the tail, the wealth of nipples and they’ll want it back.”

“So you made a deal with the Fey.” I said.

She nodded. “For a custom strain of the Scratch, that is a little more... pushable.”

“Did you get what you wanted Kitty?” I asked.

“Depends whether or not you come with me Beast.” She smiled, and it made my purr rise.

“Do I get to decide before or after I see this collar I’m supposed to wear?” We laughed. Wincing together at the tenderness of muscles that neither of us had possessed yesterday we hobbled downstairs. Her on two legs and me on four, there we found a pink taxi waiting for us. A cab that only we could see. We got in after saying hello to the pointy eared driver. I sprawled across the seat and Sabitha lap.

I had to ask one last question. “How’d you know I’d go along with this?”

“Remember how we met?”

“I was kinda drunk. Halloween party right?”

“I dressed as a Scratch victim. Most everybody thought it was in awful taste.”

“Except me.” I remembered.

“Except you. You told me that tail was sexy. It feels so good to have it back.”