

# Black Cat Club - Kitty Stuff

By Abe E Seedy

It had been a long day. It'd been several long days actually, so Evan and Anna were taking advantage of a private moment to relax in the lounge. The plan had been to find something simple to watch together, but neither of them had made a move to turn on the TV. Instead they were just snuggling together on the couch, Anna resting back against Evan's chest, happy enough to just be in each other's company.

Eventually, Evan's hand moved up to the top of her head, his fingers sinking into her hair. He started a slow stroking motion without saying anything, curling his fingernails slowly over her scalp, moving down to the base of her ears before going back up and starting again.

Anna leaned into it happily, a soft sigh signalling her approval. She stretched her fingers and toes out towards the opposite end of the couch, summoning up all the tension of her entire body then letting it release. After that she just lay back against him, eyes closed, her lips curled in a big, lazy smile.

It started quietly. First his fingers began to move in a more intentional way around her ears, and then there was the answer of another slow stretch in her body. By degrees her ears slid upwards, growing and changing even as they pushed through her hair. At this point Evan was using both hands, kneading them almost like dough as they became longer and thinner. A few moments more and the process was complete, and her shining black kitty ears stood tall atop her head, the pink insides twitching as Evan breathed softly into them.

"How about we don't watch TV, actually?", he proposed.

She didn't bother to respond with words, simply pressing her head further back into his hands, arching her back from side to side to rub against his chest. The only sound she made was a quiet, low purr, hesitant at first, but growing in strength the longer he petted her.

Evan grinned. "I'll take that as a yes."

For a while, that was as far as it went. Neither of them made a move to escalate things dramatically, so they simply stayed in this low-level bliss of this intimacy for some time. But, as was often the way, eventually there was a tugging that they couldn't entirely ignore. The peculiarities of their situation meant that it manifested physically on Anna's body, and Evan's fingers traced the small zipper forming smoothly beneath her hair. It began to grow downwards, tracing a shudder of her spine between her shoulder blades, leaving a slim line of silver in its wake. Finally it reached the top of her rear, and it was there that things finally did kick up a notch.

Perhaps it was because they'd been intentionally taking it slow, and that had resulted in a lot more built-up pressure than normal, but this next step went so fast that it took them both by surprise. Anna's face scrunched up as she felt the tension, and then with a sudden 'whoomph!' her tail swept outwards, ridges and whorls slotting into place as the full length of it fell against the couch.

The suddenness of it broke their momentum, making Evan start a little bit. In turn, Anna pulled a face.

"Oh please", she said, shifting around and brushing her hand over his crotch, "you can *not* get mad at *me* for getting some big stiff signal of my horniness."

"Fair enough", Evan laughed, settling back into his seat. "Shall I continue then?"

Anna's response was delivered facing away, shrugging into the middle distance and effecting a faux-huffy pout. "Yeah! Obviously!"

Even that fake irritation didn't last long. A moment later Anna had twisted around, resting her chest on his and looking up happily. "Although actually", she added, "that *does* give me an idea..."

Her tail began to sway slowly, distracting Evan briefly. Soon though his attention was drawn back by Anna's fingers on his jeans, quickly undoing his fly and pulling down at his underwear.

There was no dramatic 'whoomph' on his part, but despite that there was still something else now waving stiffly between them. Anna licked her chops in anticipation, then looked up at him with a satisfied grin.

"It's always so nice to just be exactly right here", she purred, her eyes drifting closed as she leaned slowly forwards. "There's something about the scent of your cock just filling my nose, making me feel all good and warm at the promise of what we're about to enjoy..."

She stopped suddenly, her lips pushing out into an exaggerated pout. "Hey."

Evan's eyes flicked open, his body rising a half-inch up from where he'd sunk back in anticipation. "Hm?"

With an admirable degree of coordination, Anna made just one of her ears stick out sideways, giving her an air of almost cartoonish frustration. "Hey."

She flicked her head up a few times, staring straight upwards to exaggerate the hint.

It took a few moments, but eventually Evan caught on. "Oh!" His hands reached outwards, curling back into her hair as he resumed petting her.

"That's right", Anna murmured, pushing approvingly into his palms. She soaked that in for a little while, until, with an arch of her back and a stretch of her tail, she resumed leaning forwards. "And now, time for my other treat..."

Evan's hands followed her head downwards, but she surprised him by not immediately escalating things further. Instead she let her face rest against his crotch, smiling deeply as she breathed in his scent. Then she nuzzled into him, her mouth drifted outwards into her shining black muzzle.

But it wasn't just her that was changing. Evan's cock was starting to drip with blackness of its own, a tell-tale sheen developing as it became ever more slick. Normally they'd banter about that, push back and forth over who was losing control faster, and who exactly it was that was pushing the other down into this state. This time though, they each decided to just... not. The teasing was fun, and fighting over who was holding the leash could make the actual moment of submission even more thrilling. But it didn't always need to be done. Sometimes they could just be here together, enjoying each other's company as they slid in unison towards their destination.

Soon Anna turned to look upwards, resting her chin on his thigh as she gazed longingly at his cock. Her feline muzzle had grown in completely, and she licked her pink tongue over her lips as she breathed in his musk one more time. The change had spread out further on him too, and now his whole waist was coated with dripping latex. She only had eyes for his cock though, and she quickly swept forwards, sliding her lips over his length with practiced enthusiasm.

They each settled into a familiar rhythm. Evan stopped his pretence at petting her head and simply used his hands to encourage her movements, the points of his fingernails digging softly into her skin. She could feel his pulse quicken, the taste of his ever-present slickness filling her mouth. Her tail swayed behind her as she celebrated the capture of her prey, and in turn Evan's back arched as his own tail began demanding its release. Anna allowed herself to be lifted up slightly to make room, the promise of what was to come more than making up for the momentary distraction. After all, her body was already well in the process of adjusting to make herself better at this - her lips perfectly suited to wrapping around his cock, her tongue studded for his pleasure, and her cute pink nose designed to bask in his scent. Why would she ever do anything to stop him changing the same way?

Out of the corner of her eyes she saw his tail peek out from behind him, the tip already beginning to split in two. Once again, things progressing so quickly for him would normally provoke some faux-mocking comment, but it was hard to be snide about his enthusiasm when her whole head had reshaped just by rubbing her cheek over his cock. Still, it was sign enough that it was time to move things forwards, and she gave no resistance as he lifted her gently

upwards, beyond a last enticing swipe of her tongue over his cock as she came free. Then she went to turn around, but was stopped by his hands holding hers.

He straightened up on the couch, widening his stance slightly and raising his eyebrows. She matched that look, but eventually just shrugged. Then, facing him all the while, she sat down slowly and carefully into his lap.

This particular position took a lot of effort. At least, it did for Anna. Evan couldn't do anything, with any rhythm needing to be maintained by her moving her whole body. But still, there was something nice about resting her hands on his chest, looking into his eyes as she slowly rose and fell. It gave her a front row seat to his change, her fingers sinking in slightly to the swelling latex as it rushed up over his chest. For his part, the fact that she was right there, an adorable smile gracing her feline features, her cute little ears twitching with every movement - it all helped push things on further and further. He could feel his mouth get full of slickness long before the change boiled up past his neck, his tongue unfurling past his lips and sending forth a tide of dripping blackness. His nostrils flared as he took her in, her grin growing wider and toothier as his own muzzle pressed outwards in response. When the dull black nubs began to press up through his hair she could see his eyes drift closed, the last of his transition fully overtaking him as he finally slipped completely into Renfield.

Given that her hands were still normal, he'd beaten her to it. She very politely refrained from bringing that up.

That smug thought was set aside as his eyelids snapped open, his blazing yellow eyes fixing her intently. There was always that hint there, like some part of him really was subsumed into this other, monstrous identity. The time for soft, drifting teasing was done, she knew when he gave her that look she was going to get *fucked*.

Renfield stood, bringing her to her feet at the same time and walking her around until she was bent forwards, her hands resting on the couch. Anna felt him grip her waist, but instead of just starting to thrust wildly as she expected, he apparently had a different approach in mind.

There was a hiss; a long, drawn out sibilant sound, and even facing the other way Anna could tell that he was running his thick tongue over his teeth. Then his claws shifted on her body, his hands moving from horizontal to vertical in their grip, and she put together what that meant just as she heard his knees touch the ground. After that she had just a moment to ready herself, and then his muzzle pressed fiercely up against her pussy.

He had ways of being artful with this, but he wasn't using them now. This was the brute force version of cunnilingus, stretching her lips with his reptilian maw and slithering his dripping tongue inside her. He made sure to focus on her clit - that particular tip had certainly paid dividends if he was remembering it even now - but that was the extent of his finesse. He simply

lapped at her hungrily, rubbing his whole face against her slick pussy and stimulating as much of her as possible while growling in rumbling approval.

For all his lack of skill, it certainly still had the desired effect. Anna's stance shifted outwards to give him better access, her heart beginning to race. With every pulse she felt her hands twitching, her fingers curling slowly inwards. She purred as she leaned into it, pressing her pussy back against his face, her tail curling happily around his body as her own mouth fell into an open pant. Her eyes wanted to drift closed, but instead she forced them to stay open, looking down at her hands as they slowly but surely changed. Soon the last of her body withdrew beneath the welcoming latex, her fingers disappearing into cute little kitty paws. When it was finished Syn dug her new claws into the sofa, steadying herself as best she could while her body stiffened, a heated yowl escaping her as she came.

Behind her, Renfield savoured her shuddering release. The slickness of it coated his tongue, and now it was her scent filling his nostrils and spurring him on. He withdrew from her reluctantly, snorting in satisfaction as he licked the length of his blunt muzzle, then once again grabbed her waist firmly.

Normally he'd take this opportunity to tease her even further, to make promises about how things were going to be, and what exactly he was going to do with her. But he didn't need words right now. His mouth was still thick with her cum, her paws kneading at the couch as her ears and whiskers twitched with misfiring energy. What more could words add to that?

His clawed feet dug into the ground as he moved forwards, his cock sliding easily into her latex pussy. Once again he snorted happily, content to just be a beast indulging his simple needs, filling her body with his cock and feeling his balls churn in anticipation. His tail curled around the both of them almost on autopilot, one of its twin tips sliding in between her lips and giving her something to indulgently suck on, while the other smeared its slickness across her face. And so they fucked, rocking back and forth in unison while he pressed into her from both ends, his lips curling back in a snarl as they both gave in to it utterly. When he came it was an animal, desperate thing, his whole body crying out as he buried her face-first into the fabric, an endless stream of viscous cum pulsing into her again and again as she writhed in her own insensate bliss.

They had no appointments for the rest of the day. There was nothing they needed to do besides relax and recover together, idly leaning in for one more kiss or hug as the last of the energy worked its way through them. Eventually they rose up out of it, their lustful forms falling away as they reluctantly pulled themselves back towards their day-to-day responsibilities.

Evan exhaled slowly, smacking his lips as they settled back into place. "Well, happy Friday", he mumbled.

"Happy fucking Friday my guy", Anna answered.