

Black Cat Club - The Cat Comes Back

By Abe E Seedy

“So”, Anna said, steepling her fingers over her desk as she paused for a moment. “You settling in okay?”

Evan shrugged. “Yeah, I think I’m doing alright. I mean, you’ve seen the setup I’ve got upstairs. Pretty sweet, right?” He paused, his eyes widening slightly as he thought things through. “Wait- that’s okay, right? Is this a disciplinary thing? Am I in trouble?”

“Yes Evan”, Anna answered with a roll of her eyes, “it’s okay to have a bunch of well-satisfied girls in your den inside this over-the-top sex club, shockingly.”

“Oh.” Evan settled back down. “So, what do you want then?”

Anna smiled. “Well, I was hoping we could talk about what you see yourself doing in the future. There’s a lot of opportunities in this club, and”, she added, her tone never becoming anything less than politely formal, “if you say that your answer to my previous question is ‘you’, then I’ll make you man the phone for Nurse for a week.”

There was a ‘tnc’ as Evan’s mouth snapped shut, his raised finger slowly wilting as his cocky grin withdrew. “Ah”, he said simply. “Fair.”

“Although, that *is* the *correct* answer...”, Anna continued with a quiet purr.

Before things could go any further, there was a knock on the door. “Oh, uh, come in!”, Anna called.

The door opened smoothly, and in stepped... some guy. That already struck Evan as unusual - so far he hadn’t seen any other guys working here, and presumably only an employee could get into this office so freely. Other than that surprise, the main thing that Evan noticed about him was that he looked, to put it bluntly, dapper as fuck. He was sharply dressed in a sort of smart-casual outfit (which, being the habitual ‘jeans and vaguely acceptable t-shirt’ type that he was, Evan couldn’t even begin to specify the components of), with his beard and his brown hair all immaculately styled and presented. For a second Evan genuinely thought he’d be the type to bow as his introduction, but instead he simply nodded to the both of them and said, “hello Anna. Been a while. New recruit?”

Turning back to face Anna, Evan realised she seemed genuinely surprised. “Oh- hi Ted. I wasn’t expecting you back in to the office today.”

He shrugged. "I was in the area, and I realised I hadn't been in for some time. I've been getting a lot of field work done, but I don't think I've actually *recruited* anyone and brought them back here since... what was that enthusiastic dog girl's name? That one with the cute little diary of her conversion?"

Anna seemed genuinely confused, and after a few seconds Ted brushed the issue off. "Well, maybe I sent her straight to the Boss. Anyway - I haven't been in for the longest time, so I thought I'd see what's up." He strode over, sitting himself on the desk as he began absently stroking Anna's hair.

"So... what's up?", he said with a grin.

It took Anna a moment to collect herself, blushing slightly under his attentions. "Uh, yes - this is a new hire", she said, indicating Evan. "You two haven't met before, have you?"

"I don't think so, no", Ted answered for them both, leaning forward and offering his hand. "Ted. And you are?"

"Oh, uh - Renfield", came the response. There was a brief pause, before he hastily added "oh wait, shit. It's Evan. It's meant to be Evan right now, yeah."

"Ah, so you *are* the one I've been hearing so much about. Nice to finally meet you." They shook hands, Ted squeezing just hard enough to leave Evan confused as to whether he was being assertive or if that was just how he normally shook hands.

With the introductions done, Ted turned back to Anna. "So, how have things been going in my absence?"

"Pretty good, actually", Anna answered. "We've taken on quite a few new recruits - you might have seen the new lobby decorations on your way in, and we... uh... what are you doing?"

Absently, Ted had reached out and started petting her, with long slow strokes of his palm down the top of her head. "Oh, this?", he said innocently. "Nothing, nothing. Anyway, what were you saying girl?"

A visible shudder ran through Anna, but it was clear from her expression that it wasn't because she disliked what was happening. "Uh, yeah, anyway; those two girls have been installed in the new lobby aquarium, and... uh... it's, uh... good..."

Ted's other hand had slid up around her neck, scratching her affectionately underneath her chin. "That's nice", he purred. "You've clearly been being a very good girl."

"Mhmmm...", Anna said distractedly. "I... yeah, I..."

His fingers moved upwards, scritchng her behind her ears. "You're a good little kitty, aren't you?"

Anna drifted back into his attentions helplessly. "Yeah..."

"Good girl..."

Without further conversation, he hooked the thumb of his free hand into the waist of his pants, pulling them aside in one swift movement. At the same time he shifted his grip on her, moving to hold her firmly by her hair. Pulling her lightly with him - not enough to truly hurt, just enough to ensure he had her completely attention - he stepped around behind her, finishing by pushing her forwards fiercely to leave her sprawling helplessly across her own desk.

At this point, Evan was staring wide-eyed, looking back and forth between Anna's increasingly distracted expression and Ted's as he methodically tore away her clothes and undergarments. "Uh..."

Placing a heavy hand on the back of Anna's neck, Ted pressed her firmly into the wood of the table, drawing out an involuntary gasp as her eyes drifted closed. "Oh, right", Ted added, looking up briefly as he clicked his fingers - "I keep forgetting you're here. You don't mind, do you? I'm sure you've seen this all the time."

There was a pause. "...yes? I mean, no? I mean, sure?"

Ted grinned, looking back down for a moment as he ran one finger slowly around the outside of Anna's pussy, savouring the feeling of the slick blackness rapidly coating it. "Still a little new to this then Evan?", he said casually.

"Uh, well-"

Brushing off his response, Ted interrupted with an abrupt thump as he pressed himself fiercely inside her. "How about I show you how it's done then, huh?" He leaned in close, purring into Anna's ear as it began to slide unstopably up towards the top of her head. "I know best what this little pet likes, after all..."

Anna's drawn-out moan was almost drowned out by the sound of Evan's chair sliding backwards as he stood up slowly and deliberately. Ted looked up at him again, one hand absently tightening around the bottom of Anna's chin.

"Actually", Evan said quietly, "I think I hav-"

"Hold on there champ", Ted interrupted. "Let me just take care of something real quick..."

He shook, like a dog drying itself off after a swim, except as he did so a wave of blackness swept over his entire body, wrapping him up in its coating in less than a second, the rest of his powerful feline features forming just as rapidly.

"Ahhh, that's better", Slyck rumbled, his long tail flicking happily behind him as he resumed his forceful thrusts into Anna beneath him. "Now, what were you saying?"

Evan blinked. "What?", he spluttered. "That's- that's cheating! You can't just... skip to the end!"

A heavy, black paw landed on the side of Anna's face, idly twirling the slickness dripping from her lips with a single long claw. "Oh yes I can...", Slyck growled.

He picked up his pace, pushing her again and again into the desk beneath her, while her own growing tail began to press out irresistibly between them. From the front Evan could see her teeth sharpening helplessly into points, as what remained of her voice trailed off into urgent animal yowls. With every thrust the blackness spread out across her body further and further, dripping down her chin as her breasts rested heavily against the desk, her nipples quietly sprouting her trademark stirrup piercings.

Suddenly, another hand landed on the top of her growing muzzle. It was enough of an interruption to throw off Slyck's rhythm, and both he and Anna looked up to see what was going on. The hand was Evan's, claws pushing out from his fingertips slowly as he delicately coated them in her dripping blackness.

"You know", he hissed, his tongue flicking out from between his lips as it lengthened dramatically, "maybe I could show *you* a thing or two..." There was a brief pause, before he added quietly, "you poof-TF-having jerk..."

Slyck grinned widely, dragging one paw along the length of Anna's back and enjoying the sight of her slickness spreading out over her flesh from that line. "Oh, you think?", he answered. "That sounds like a challenge..."

He pulled her backwards, pressing Anna onto his stiff cock and causing another surge of dripping blackness to spread outwards from her pussy. Then he thrust into her, pushing her bodily forwards towards Evan. Looking down, Evan licked his lips, his long tongue slathering his growing snout in shining latex of his own. He took her head in his hands, his fingers digging slightly into her latex flesh as they slowly formed into claws. Then, with one dramatic movement, he tore off his own clothes and pressed his cock into her waiting muzzle.

Anna purred unthinkingly, her tail swaying happily out behind her. Slyck and Evan passed her back and forth between them, ensuring one or the other of them was pressing inside her with

every movement she made. Slyck was rumbling approvingly the whole time, powerful and confident with his well-timed thrusts, while Evan's head was drifting backwards as he slid increasingly into his own sex persona.

"You ssee", Evan said with a distinct and growing hiss, "there's more to fucking her than just penetration." Behind him, Anna caught sight of his long, thick tail swelling outwards, splitting smoothly from the tip down. "There'ssss alssso penetrating her the *mossst*".

Behind her, Anna heard Slyck give a soft chuckle. "Cute trick", he growled. "But let me show you something she *really* likes..."

He leaned forwards, his thick paws landing heavily on her outstretched hands, pressing them firmly down onto the surface of the desk. His claws dug in, just enough to make sure she *knew* he was in control, absolutely in command over her very body. In response, fresh blots of blackness welled out from her skin where he pressed into her, quickly spreading outwards to wrap around over her fingers and palms. He pushed into her fiercely from behind, and she gasped desperately as she felt her hands changing under his powerful grip, sealing together and becoming like thick, inflexible mittens. As her eyes rolled back in her head, it was clear for all of them to see that her new paws were just one solid mass, entirely useless for anything but making her more of a nice, obedient pet.

Satisfied with his handiwork, Slyck leaned back. "Your move", he rumbled.

"Pfft", Renfield answered, scowling even as he kept up his rhythm of thrusts into Anna's mouth. "That'ss nothing - you didn't even talk her through it."

He bent down, letting his cock slide out of her mouth as she gasped for it desperately. "Oh, I know you need it", he said, "but firsst we have to make you perfect, don't we? Have to make you a nice, eager, dripping, *ssslut*, hmm?"

"Yes", Anna breathed softly.

In response, Renfield clicked disapprovingly. "Oh, that won't do", he hissed. "You have to sssay that like you *mean* it. Have to ssay it like..."

He leaned in closer, sliding his long tongue out of his mouth and licking it along her face, pulling and dragging at the growing mass of latex reshaping it. Between each lick, he spoke a little more directly into her changing ears.

"...a good..."

Her muzzle lengthened and widened, flaring out into a snout like his own.

“...little...”

Her tongue fell from her mouth, dripping its own mass of black fluid as it dangled down several inches over the side of the desk.

“*ssslut!*”

“*YESSSsss!*”, Anna answered finally, rolling her head backwards in ecstasy as Renfield finished molding it, leaving her with a reptilian face like his own.

“Hey!”, Slyck called out, giving her a hearty spank on her latex rear. He thrust into her, pressing her forcefully back down into the desk. In that one movement he caused some sort of surge to run through her, and when it got to her head it swept over her features easily, changing her in moments to the feline configuration they were both familiar with. “Let’s keep this ‘Syn-classic’, hmm?”

“*Sspoilssport*”, Renfield replied, but even so he didn’t challenge the issue further as he resumed sliding himself into her muzzle. “Your turn then”, he added. “*Ssshow* me what you can do to make her *ssay ‘yess’* that happily.”

“Absolutely”, Slyck answered with a grin. “And by the way, I love that - what would you call it - ‘sex lisp’? Real hot.”

Renfield scowled. “*Sssuck* it, house cat”.

Before Slyck could say anything back, he was interrupted by Syn speaking up from between them. “Hey, dorks, this whole competition thing is all very hot, but not when it gets in the way of me actually getting *fucked*.”

There was a pause as the two guys both realised they’d stopped their thrusts as they were distracted by insulting the other one.

“Oh”, Slyck said simply.

“*Sssorry*”, Renfield added.

Syn rolled her eyes. “Don’t apologise, just stop it and put your cock back in my damn mouth, geeze.”

It wasn’t easy to tell given the black latex coating his features, but Slyck was pretty sure regardless that Renfield blushed slightly at that. “Uh, *yesss*, of course”, he said, doing as she’d asked.

The two men shared a silent, shrugging, 'she has a point' expression, then turned their attention back down to Syn herself.

For his part, Slyck mostly focussed on picking back up his powerful, forceful rhythm, pushing Syn forward again and again into the desk while her heavy tits brushed against its surface. He leaned himself back slightly, adjusting to give his thrusts maximum leverage, while at the same time reaching out from time to time to spank her ass for additional encouragement. All the while a low, steady growl filled his throat, the claws on his steadying hand slowly tightening against her flank.

Renfield, meanwhile, wasn't maintaining such a singular focus. His thrusts into Syn were slow and lazy, mostly content to let her do the work with her mouth and tongue, as well as providing what assistance she could with her big mitten paws. Still, he was hardly motionless - his tentacle tails snaked out from behind him, sliding slickly against Syn's shiny black skin. Soon, with a quiet shudder, they began to spurt a slow, constant wave of his thick cum, coating her face and head while she moaned in quiet bliss. The whole time he gave out one long, sharp hiss, his tongue hanging down freely from his dripping snout.

Before too long, Slyck began to tense up, his growl tightening in his throat. Syn slid herself backwards expertly, coaxing his orgasm from him as she ran her pussy along his ridged length. Within moments he roared, both of his heavy paws landing firmly on her ass and digging in his claws as he came, pulling out his cock to ensure he gave her another thick, messy coat. Syn came happily too, dripping with wanton enthusiasm as she felt him pulsing onto her again and again.

Looking onward with a toothy grin, Renfield waited for a few moments until he could be sure he had Syn's attention once again. Then, once the two of them had safely wound down, he let himself go, letting out a wordless, sibilant cry as he too climaxed. He filled her mouth first, making her purr as she worked to swallow it all, before pulling out and joining his tentacles in cumming all over her face and cleavage. He kept it up for several long seconds, his eyes flashing a fierce yellow as he snorted loudly and lost himself in cumming on her as much as possible.

Eventually, some minutes later, there was a wet thud as Syn finally let herself collapse against her desk. She rested her head against the slick wood, a lingering smile on her lips as she settled down. Likewise, Slyck and Renfield fell backwards heavily, Renfield into the chair behind him and Slyck simply leaning up against a convenient wall.

"So", Syn said eventually, indicating both of them in turn despite not raising her head, "Slyck, meet Renfield. Renfield, Slyck."

"Good to meet you", Slyck said between heavy breaths.

“Likewise”, Renfield answered.