

At His Whim

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For A Cat

Oh god.

Oh god oh god oh god.

How the fuck did I wind up here?

Okay, cat, come on, you can do this. Mind's all sorts of hazy, but just need to keep track of things, try and remember back to where things got started.

Oh god, so full...how does...oh god...

§

I reasoned that a date was probably a good excuse to get all prettied up. After all, this was one of those first impressions things, right? You get to meet someone, and they'll always have this picture of you in their head from when they first met you.

Hell, I could still picture so many people in the outfits I first met them in. "Oh, yeah, they were in a white button-up shirt," or "yeah, he was definitely wearing a silly shirt grabbed off some site online".

So, okay. Yeah. Lets do this.

This date's unspoken theme — at least on my end — was Business Goth: I had a satiny black blouse with barest hint of silky shimmer; long fingerless gloves that

reach up to the elbows, also in black; a black box-pleated skirt, just above the knees, with the only concession to color being navy blue piping along the waist and hem. Oh, and underthings of course: black panties and... well, actually a light gray bra, since I didn't have a black one. Padded out slightly because why not.

Dang, see? You can dress up nice! I looked halfway like I was gonna go take over a company, halfway like I was going to some industrial show.

Business Goth.

That was enough to get us started. There's this wolf I'd been dying to meet, and now that was *actually happening*. After the date had been arranged, we sent a few goofy texts back and forth deciding on what we would each wear. Not to specifics, of course, otherwise I wouldn't have had the chance to explore much. We just agreed on smart, snappy dressing, and that I would be in the darker clothes.

Ought to be fun, right?

§

I'm stuck bracing myself against the wall, claws digging at the paint and finding little purchase. Nothing seems able to give me any respite. I'm so full, so full... he just keeps cumming and cumming, and so do I, and how the fuck did I even get here?

Those headphones are still in, but it's all I can do to keep myself propped up against the wall, with the way he's leaning into me like that. If I move my paws, I'm pretty sure I'd just slam into it nose first.

Those headphones...

Think, cat, come on.

Oh god.

Oh god oh god oh god so full... I can feel the way my lower belly is starting to bulge, feel the fur bristling beneath the newly-taut skin.

How can one cum so much?

Those headphones... that beat, that off-rhythm beat that's different in each ear... and his murmuring words beneath it, tangled coils of repetition hidden beneath sibilant essences and susurrating syllables that tug at me this way and that with tangled coils of repetition beneath murmured words and commands and half sentences that double

back on each other in tangled coils of repetition reinforcing small instructions that have me letting go and. . .

Oh god. . .

How. . .

§

Thus gussied, the both of us settled in at the painfully pomo ‘bistro’ he’d picked out. It was something more than a bar and less than a restaurant, which I supposed was what a bistro is supposed to be. Still, it had few concessions to the French (or was it Italian?) style that I’d associated with that word. All black wood and brushed aluminum and chopsticks. We ordered “tapas” of “Asian bruschetta” - a rice cracker bearing a sheet of nori, a few paper-thin slices of mozzarella, and half a cherry tomato, drizzled with a reduction of black vinegar and soy—

I lost track halfway through the description. The food was good. *Very* good. “I’m sorry, I can’t hear you over the sound of how good this is,” I joked, and the wolf laughed.

Handsome guy. Very handsome. He had dressed just as smart as I, his dark fur set off by a linen jacket and trousers, and a pressed shirt. No tie, and lemme tell you, ties are for chumps. Jacket and shirt without a tie is top notch.

The food was good, the company was good, the wine was good. Plum wine, natch, which went weirdly well with the temaki made of a curled, fried Parmesan crisp, stuffed with arborio and lightly seared ahi dredged through a balsamic—

Anyway, it was all too good.

He paid over my strident protests, and laughed when I pouted at him. He admitted that, yes, it was expensive, that yes, I’m getting the next one, and that yes, if we go out for dessert — “which we totally should” — then I can get that one, too.

Luckily, I knew this area of town, and I could guide us to a good dessert place. There’s this dinky hole-in-the-wall place that does crepes on one end of the counter and scraped ice cream on the other. You could get a few of those rolls of ice cream tucked neatly into a crepe with sauce and such, but if you’re me (or the owner, who told me about the trick), you can have them fill the crepe and then press it down on

the ice cream surface, then roll it up into a cone with alternating layers of crepe and ice cream and, once again, I couldn't hear him over how good the food was.

Judging by his expression, he liked it enough to have given himself an ice cream headache.

From dessert, we went for a walk around town. We talked about... I can't remember now. So much of that is fading away... We talked about this and that. We talked about music, I remember that much.

We talked about music, and his voice kept getting quieter, and yet no less distinct. And I... but that's fading, too... We started wandering away from the park area and toward an apartment building.

§

Knot's... too big. I have to brace myself against the wall, but my hips are canted at such an angle that I don't really have any leverage to make myself comfortable, to deal with that far-too-full feeling.

I'm a mess, I can tell. I can feel the way the lube and cum stick to my fur, cooling in the air of the room, despite it being so warm. So warm. So warm I'm panting, I can feel the cooler air drawn raggedly over my tongue and teeth, but nothing seems to help cool me down.

Too full, too full, can't think straight...

Oh god, how...

How does he keep going? How do we both keep going?

All I can hear is the soft beats from the headphones and the soft words and commands, and I'm struggling to think of anything else but that knot, keeping everything in place, locking him to me... that knot and the stretching of my belly, so much cum I can feel the way my lower belly is distending, feel so much of his cum sloshing inside with my every twitch and shudder...

Oh god oh god.

Think. Words...

§

I remember him saying, “I’m really into binaural beats.” For some reason that really stuck out to me at the time, because the only time I’d heard of them being used was during a course in school to explain stereo perception or something.

We’d made it to the door of his apartment complex and he’d invited me up for music, but — and I mostly remember this — right there, in the lobby, he perked up and told me to wait as he fished in his jacket for some headphones, clicked them into his phone, and then handed them to me.

He was sweet and kind about the whole thing, and even if he wasn’t, he was totally my type, so I just kinda went along with it. It was fun, right?

The music was a sort of house beat, but with a third rhythm knocking around inside my head. My paws darted up to tug one of the headphones free, and the beat disappeared. My face must’ve shown something, because he laughed and tugged me over to the elevator by my free paw, letting me tuck the other earbud back in place.

There’s something about that. . . that binaural beat, that third drum line kicking inside me that was almost hypnotic. Was hypnotic. It was — is — hard to concentrate on anything but it, following it around in some internal space.

§

It’s still there, too. It’s getting louder, and his words are rising with it, and I can’t do anything but moan and hold on and try to remember.

But I can’t. Words are failing, and memories are slipping away, and I’m unable to quite pull up how. . .

How this. . .

How this happened. . .

How this is happening. . .

§

I think I made it to his apartment still of my own volition, but I can’t be sure. I had that music going, and he was tugging me along and talking to me smoothly. I could see his lips moving when the music was loud, and hear his soft, murmured

words when it wasn't. He was encouraging me and telling me I was pretty and enticing me and telling me I was good, and it was all so comforting, and so easy to not think about anything else.

I think I made it out of my clothes all by myself, and I know I helped him out of his, or maybe just pawed and fawned ineffectually at him as he undressed himself. I can't be sure, though. Through the whole process, he never ceased his soft explanations of how good I was and how good I was going to be, and he made sure those headphones stayed in my ears the whole time.

I remember him being big. Like real big. That bit I remember. I can't forget that, not with where I am now, not with how full I am.

And... words and memories are sifting away through some as yet unseen grate, and I can barely pick up after that. Words...

He was big, bigger than I thought.

He seemed to keep getting bigger.

He was hard and seemed to keep getting harder.

He was gentle, and I don't quite know why, but that was surprising to me.

He was steady. He moved sensually, but never sped up nor slowed down.

He kept talking, kept cajoling and convincing and enticing and praising and the songs trailed from one to another and all I could think about for a while was that beat. That beat and how good I felt. That beat and how pretty I was. That beat and how nice I was. That beat and how I was his. I... his words... remember...

And when he tied with me, I started to lose it.

And when I came, and so did I, I started to unravel.

And when I started to unravel, I was lifted up and pressed to the wall.

And when I was only able to hold myself up and not move otherwise, he tucked his muzzle over my shoulder.

And as his murmuring grew more and more insistent

I became less and less

And less real

I don't know

How this is happening. I don't know

I don't know how

I can't
I can barely
Keep up
And it
It all feels
So good
So full
So good
So good
So good