

Pretty Kitty - Part 2

Anthro Cheetah TG

Commissioned Anonymously

By TheSpiralledEye

Aaron's night continues in his new anthro cheetah form, and he has both a personal and sexual reawakening.

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Aaron sighed happily as Rich ran his fingers over his furry belly. It felt so nice having somebody touch him like this. He couldn't even be sure if it was his new cheetah instincts or the fact that none of the girls he'd been with were much into cuddling. Vanessa certainly wasn't. By the time he'd made her cum enough to be satisfied, she barely had the energy for a quickie, let alone any caresses or cuddles afterwards. It felt so nice to be on the receiving end of all this affection for once.

"Cheetah...that was something else." Rich breathed. "I really wish we could go again."

Aaron's pussy burned with need; he wanted that too. He'd entertained the idea of going and finding another man to experiment with, but he didn't want to rush off and offend Rich, not when he'd been so nice.

His hand moved up Cheetah's body to his head and started to scratch, rubbing the soft ears between thumb and forefinger. The sensations that touch created were unlike anything Aaron had experienced before, pleasurable and utterly relaxing, like having the knots massaged out of his back. The more time he spent in this body, the less horrifying it became. In fact, he was starting to like it. Not only was he experiencing fun and pleasures he never had, but nobody knew this was him. Except Vanessa, but she was nowhere to be found.

"Your purring sounds so nice," Rich whispered. Aaron made sure to pur louder. "You know, I still don't know your name."

Aaron paused; he didn't want to lie to Rich, but he also didn't want to admit he was actually a guy. Especially not when he was feeling less masculine by the minute. Even saying 'Aaron' felt wrong, like that was a lie.

"It's Kitty." He said finally. "But Cheetah is also fine, I like both."

Rich smiled, a cute lopsided smile that said he probably didn't believe him, but that it didn't matter.

"We should probably get off the grass, Kitty. Before somebody comes and sees us."

"My fur covers me." Aaron giggled. "It's a shame you have to get redressed though, such a good view..."

He rolled onto his side, head propped up by his clawed hand and watched as Rich redressed in his green eyes sparkled as he eyed Aaron off. He then reached out an arm, and Aaron took it, rising to his feet just in time. The sliding door of the house opened, and people spilled out onto the lawn, laughing drunkenly as they dragged out a keg.

"Wow, that takes me back." Rich chuckled.

"Woah! Girl! You are looking fine tonight!"

It actually took Aaron a moment to realise he was the one being talked to. A red-faced guy a few years older than him stumbled in his direction and gave two big thumbs up. Aaron felt himself blushing; the last thing he'd expected in this costume was compliments. Now that people thought he was a woman, they thought he was great. He'd been so focused on feeling miserable before that he hadn't noticed all the appreciative looks he was getting. The drunk guy wasn't the one: men and women alike were looking him up and down in a way that made his fur stand on end.

"Wow, is that a magic costume? I wish I could do something like that!" One girl said, "Is the tail real? Can you wiggle it?"

"Yeah..." He blushed, giving the tail a little shaky, and the woman laughed in delight.

"Can I touch it?"

"Uh, sure."

She ran her fingers along the thin appendage, and Aaron felt a shiver run down his spine. Her fingers left off just near the top of his ass. He couldn't help but wonder how it would feel if she kept going.

"Told you that costume was dynamite." Rich chuckled. "It's good to see you smiling after all those tears."

Aaron felt buoyed; being Kitty was easier than being himself had ever been. Maybe...it wouldn't be so bad if Vanessa never changed him back. If this was the sort of greetings he got. First impressions were so hard to make, but now, people lit up the moment they saw him. Not to mention all the fun he could have in this body. His pussy was still throbbing with need and with each step he took the folds rubbed together. If he didn't find a distraction soon, he was going to make a scene.

"I'm going to go...get something to drink." Aaron said, slipping away from Rich and back into the house. He managed to find a quiet corner by the door to take a deep breath.

“Alright, time to be Cheetah for a night.” He said, excitement bursting through his voice despite his attempts to temper it.

No, not his voice. Her voice. Because she was a ‘her’ now and it was time to embrace it. Cheetah stretched, letting her muscles burn pleasantly and taking in all the tiny changes to her body. Her frame was so lithe and agile weaving back through the crowd at the party felt easy; she was like water flowing through a stream. All this time, she’d been trying to walk like a man and move like a human when what she really needed was to embrace her animal instincts; she never would have run into Rich if she had done that earlier. She couldn’t bring herself to regret that happening, though.

Music thrummed, making her blood sing as she moved through the rooms. As she got closer to the source, she started adding a little bounce to her step in time with the beat. Her breasts responded, bounding in turn. It was an odd sensation, feeling her tits move independently of her frame. After an entire life flat-chested, she couldn’t quite stop noticing the weight. She experimented, jumping high, then low, fast, then slow, feeling how her new curves responded. Her ass bounced in much the same way. The feeling was intoxicating! She was...having fun.

That was the last thing Cheetah had expected to have tonight after Vanessa forced her into this. She almost wanted to thank her; Aaron wouldn’t be having nearly as much fun as Cheetah was right now. A makeshift dance floor had formed in the middle of the rooms, all furniture pushed hastily to the side, and people were swaying back and forth, drunkenly waving their arms and grinning ear to ear in an impromptu mosh pit. Topsy girls swayed, partners pressed up against one another and once in a while, a small circle formed and somebody would step into the middle of it, do a little solo dance and then swap with somebody else. Everybody cheered, no matter how sloppy or drunk the dance was and Cheetah felt her heart start to pound.

She had always loved dancing, but of course, that wasn’t considered very manly. The few times Vanessa had invited him out on the town with her, she had insisted he wait by the bar while she and her girlfriends danced. The few times she’d made his way onto the floor, she’d had no choice but to awkwardly shuffle back and forth, trying not to get too pumped up by the music. Vanessa wasn’t here now to force her to quiet down; she could dance as much and as wildly as she wanted to.

With a grin on her furry face, Kitty walked confidently onto the dance floor, feeling her hips and tail sway with the movement. She exaggerated the movement, letting her butt stick out slightly as she shook her booty to the beat, stepping in time with the music. Kitty noticed those appreciative eyes on her once more, and they spurred her on, adding some of that sway to her shoulders, and she shimmied right to left, joining the throng of dancers.

Her tail brushed against the legs of other dancers, sending a thrill up her spine. Her wide hips bumped against others, but it didn't feel crowded, if anything, she wanted people to get closer. She stretched her arms up to the sky, lifting her breasts and twirling for all to see, that circle formed with her at the centre, and she danced like nobody was watching. Except everybody was watching, and that made things even better. She soaked up the attention as she shook her chest and swayed, jumping from paw to paw with utter delight.

The song came to an end, but before the next could start she fixed a random admirer with a wink and smiled.

“Meow.” She purred playfully, and the man's face went beet red.

Kitty giggled in delight; she'd never made somebody speechless before. Her confidence was sky-high, and she hadn't even had a proper drink yet! Sensually, she walked up to the man and leaned in close.

“Don't look so scared; I don't bite...unless you're into that.”

The crowd burst into giggles and wolf whistles, and the man turned into a spluttering mess. The man downed his drink before shakily offering Kitty another, which she gratefully took. Her new admirer looked like he was trying to muster the courage to say something when a familiar voice rang out across the crowd, making Kitty's blood run cold.

“What is going on here?”

Kitty had been having so much fun she'd almost forgotten how she'd gotten here and who made her this way. Despite the music and drinks, the crowd seemed to part, and Vanessa stepped forward. The tension in the room was suddenly palpable, and all those who still had masks seemed thankful for the ability to hide their face; Kitty sure wished she could.

Vanessa looked as hot as ever in her cut-off shirt and shorts; the explorer outfit really did suit her. She would look beautiful if it weren't for the sour look on her face. Kitty knew that expression well; it was the one Vanessa made whenever she fucked up, which was often. All the confidence and happiness she'd been feeling seemed to drain away like water down a plug hole, and she felt her shoulders hunch as she took a step back, trying to make herself as small as possible, tail between her legs.

“Aaron, what are you doing parading yourself around like that?”

Kitty felt her cheeks heat, and people muttered all around her.

“Aaron? Isn't that a boy's name?”

“Is that a dude?”

“Woah, you never would have guessed.”

“He must be whipped as hell.”

Vanessa stalked up to her and shook her head like she was reprimanding a child.

“We came here as a couple, Aaron. Why are you embarrassing us both by going off on your own and acting like some sort of attention whore?”

“Um...well, you were ignoring me...”

“Oh please,” She scoffed loudly. “A girl can talk to her friends, Aaron. Sorry, I can't give you my full attention every second or every day. Trying to embarrass me as punishment is so immature.”

Kitty bit her tongue, and shame welled behind her eyes, making them sting with tears. This had been the best night of her life a few minutes ago. Now, she felt nothing but shame. Vanessa didn't even know Kitty had cheated on her yet! Oh God, she had done that, hadn't she? She was an awful partner. She forced her gaze up from the floor, ready to admit everything and apologise when she caught Vanessa's expression. There was a cold, smug smile on her face, and suddenly, everything became so clear. Vanessa didn't care that Kitty was away from her. She had been the one ignoring her at the start of the party, after all. All Vanessa cared about was that Kitty was finally having fun.

This costume and magic had all been to deliberately embarrass her. That's what Vanessa really cared about, she got off on humiliating and running roughshod over her partners. She didn't love Kitty or Aaron; she never had. All she wanted was the satisfaction of acting the victim and making her grovel like she had so many times before. Kitty felt her face hardened, and for a split second, she enjoyed the confusion on Vanessa's face; sKitty wasn't going to take her abuse anymore.

“No, you were the one who abandoned me, knowing how embarrassed I was to look like this.” Kitty hissed, waving a hand over her body. “All you wanted to do was humiliate me; that's all you ever want to do!”

“T-that...what are you saying? How dare you speak back to me!”

“Speak back to you? What are you, my teacher? No, Vanessa, it's time I grew a backbone, and thanks to this costume, I finally have!”

“You look ridiculous.”

“I look beautiful. And I feel beautiful, too!”

The crowd started muttering again, but this time, the tides were turning, and it seemed like Vanessa could sense it.

“You insult me one more time, and I won't change you back!” She threatened with an evil smile. “You'll be stuck like that forever, and I won't fix you, no matter how much you beg!”

Kitty crossed her arms beneath her breasts and defiantly jutted out her chin.

“Good.”

Vanessa's face fell.

“What?”

“You heard me. I like being this way. I'm hot, confident and best of all...single!”

A 'oooooh' echoed out from the crowd, and a few people laughed. Vanessa's face blushed and looked utterly lost for the first time Kitty could remember. She'd never been taken by surprise before.

"You can't break up with me!" She spluttered. "Nobody breaks up with me!"

"I do." Kitty shrugged, inspecting her sharp nails with a bored expression. "Bye-bye."

"Woo! You go, girl!"

"That was amazing!"

"What a burn!"

The crowd clustered around Kitty in support, and that confidence began to rise back up. She was sure she'd done the right thing, and before Vanessa could get another word in, she flicked her tail and turned her back, walking back through the party with a sensual sway.

"Now, if you will excuse me. I have a party to enjoy." She purred. "Enjoy the rest of your life. I know I will."

A woman held up a hand as she passed, and Kitty high-fived it. She didn't bother looking over her shoulder at her now ex. She didn't want to give Vanessa the satisfaction. On the outside, she was a sleek, cool cat, but on the inside her heart was pounding. She'd done it! She'd actually broken up with that witch, and not only that, she felt good about it. Not even a small part of her felt any regret.

The residual horniness from that first round still burned in her blood along with the alcohol, and it fueled her as she moved through the party in search of Rich. She wanted him to see her as the powerful predator she really was. Not that crying kitten he'd first met. Eventually, she caught a flash of familiar green eyes and her own lit up. Her pussy lips moistened at the sight of him, leaning casually against the wall. Nobody would ever had guessed he'd fucked her brains out once tonight already. He was looking around with a bored expression on his face, but broke into a smile when their eyes met. Kitty had to stop herself from running straight to him.

Instead, she focused on making herself as sensual as possible; each step she took across the room was deliberate, like a predator stalking their prey. In a way, Rich was her prey; she wanted to devour him.

"Hey! Was that you I heard arguing before?" Rich grinned. "Somebody told me a hot cheetah woman stuck it to their ex."

"That was me." Kitty beamed. "That bitch had it coming, you have no idea what she's put me through."

"I can only guess...Aaron?"

Kitty fidgeted uncomfortably.

"That was my name, but I'd rather you call me Kitty now, it feels more me."

She paused for a moment.

“And you don’t feel...betrayed? That I was a guy up until this spell?”

“The way I see it,” Rich shrugged. “You’re a woman in all the ways that count.”

Kitty leaned up against him, letting her breasts crush against his chest enough that he was sure to feel her nipples despite the fur and shirt between them.

“I think so, too.”

Rich gave her a flirty smile and a peck on the cheek.

“Well, since you’re officially single, would you like to treat this party as a first date of sorts?”

“Oh, absolutely.”

“Then later, maybe we will find somewhere more private...”

“On the first date?” Kitty said in mock horror. “What sort of a girl do you think I am?”

They both laughed, and Rich rested an arm around her waist, pulling her close. Kitty felt her pussy thrum; it was tempting to pull Rich into a broom closet right then and there to ravage him, but she resisted the urge. She wanted to enjoy this, let their desire build until they couldn’t stand it anymore, then take charge.

Music thrummed through her.

Kitty felt a rush of adrenaline as she moved her lithe body to the beat, her long tail swaying playfully behind her. Rich matched her moves, his hands gently resting on her waist as they moved through the party. Kitty felt a surge of confidence as she pressed her body closer to Rich, their dancing becoming more intimate with each passing moment. His hands roamed over her hips, tracing the contours of her fur-covered body, sending shivers of pleasure through her. In response, she nuzzled her face against his neck, her hot breath tickling his skin, marking her territory with a possessive purr.

A few times, other men would approach, hoping to steal her away, but a quick growl was all it took to scare them off. Kitty could feel herself getting territorial as she got hornier. The heat between them was palpable, and Kitty’s animal instincts started to take over. She felt a primal urge to claim Rich as her mate, to show him just how wild she could be. Now that all of Aaron’s nervousness had melted away, leaving nothing but confidence, she wanted to revel in it.

She let herself get bolder, unbuttoning his shirt and running her sharp nails down his chest as they cuddled in a corner. She could feel his strong heartbeat and smell his musk as she nuzzled his neck. It was intoxicating.

“Let’s get out of here,” she whispered seductively, her voice low and husky. “I want you all to myself.”

Rich’s eyes lit up with desire as he nodded eagerly. They weaved their way through the crowd, their hands tightly clasped, leaving behind the pulsating dance floor. Kitty’s pace quickened as they reached the hallway, her tail flicking back and forth in anticipation. She

could sense Rich's growing excitement, almost smell it. She'd already had him once tonight and yet now she felt twice as excited. This time, she was in control and taking the lead.

"Where are you taking me?" Rich asked, his voice laced with anticipation.

Kitty smirked, her eyes glinting with mischief.

"You'll see," she purred, her claws extending slightly, leaving tiny indentations on his arms as she guided him forward. "Just trust me, and you won't be disappointed."

Her sharp ears flicked as she listened to the sounds coming from behind closed doors until, finally, she found one where there was only silence. With a swift motion, Kitty pushed Rich inside, closing the door with a kick of her strong legs. The room was dimly lit, the soft glow of the moon filtering through the window and the muffled sound of music from downstairs. With a flick of her tail, she locked the door, ensuring their privacy, her heart racing with anticipation.

Rich leaned against the closed door, trapping Kitty between the warmth of his body and the solid wood.

"You're incredible, you know that?" he breathed, his voice filled with awe and desire. "I've never met anyone like you."

Kitty's cheeks flushed with pleasure at his words, but her animal instincts were in control now. She grinned, nuzzling against his chest before pressing her claws into the skin ever so slightly. Rich yielded, stumbling backwards and onto the bed. Kitty gave her fingers a sultry lick, tasting his skin, then she prowled towards him, her movements graceful yet predatory, her eyes never leaving his.

"Don't think that because you've had me once that you've experienced everything I have to offer. I'm going to prove to you just how incredible I can be," she growled, her voice deep and commanding.

Silently, she added *'and to myself'*.

Rich's eyes widened, a mixture of excitement and nervousness flashing across his face. She stood over him and leaned down close so that her breasts hung low off her body. Kitty's fingers traced the outline of his jaw, her touch gentle yet firm.

"Tonight I am in charge," she whispered, her breath hot against his skin. "And I'm going to make you beg for more."

She could see Rich's resistance melt away as he surrendered to her dominance. It made desire well between her legs, making them all the wetter and ready for him.

"I'm all yours," he murmured, his voice hoarse with desire.

With a quick, cat-like motion, Kitty pushed Rich onto the bed, her strong body pinning him down. She straddled his waist, her tail curling around his legs, holding him captive. Her eyes gleamed with a feral light as she gazed down at him, her lips curling into a satisfied smile.

"I may be a kitty, but I am no pet," she purred, her voice taking on a playful tone. "I'm a wild animal, but I think you like that about me, don't you?"

Rich's breath hitched, and Kitty knew she had him. Her claws gently scraped against his chest, eliciting a soft moan from Rich.

"Good pet," she cooed, her voice filled with satisfaction.

She leaned down, her lips brushing against his, their tongues entwining in a passionate kiss. Her hands roamed over his body, exploring every inch of his muscular frame, her touch both tender and demanding. Rich responded eagerly, his hands caressing her fur-covered thighs, his fingers inching closer to the wetness between her legs. She wanted so badly to feel those fingers on her folds again but she pulled back,

"Not yet," she whispered, her voice laced with authority. "I want to make this last; no touching till I say so."

Rich's eyes sparkled with playful energy.

"Whatever you say, Kitty."

"I want to know everything this body is capable of feeling." Kitty admitted. "Vanessa was such a selfish lover and you're the exact opposite, I want you to make me see stars."

"I'd love nothing more."

She leaned back and let Rich wiggle out from her. His eyes never left hers as he lowered himself to the floor. He positioned himself between her legs, his face level with her dripping folds, and she spread them wide. She watched his nostrils flare as he drank in her scent.

"I'm going to make you purr with pleasure."

Rich's tongue darted out, teasing her folds, tasting her sweetness. He lapped at her eagerly, his tongue flicking against her clit, sending waves of pleasure through her body. Kitty arched her back, her tail thrashing wildly as she surrendered to the sensations.

"Yes, just like that," she moaned, her voice hoarse with pleasure. "Keep going, don't stop!"

Rich's tongue worked its magic, his fingers joining in, delving deep inside her, exploring every inch of her wetness. He remembered exactly how to touch her and improved on it. He twisted his fingers and brushed against her G spot slow enough to tease as much pleasure as possible out of the movement. Kitty's body trembled as she neared the edge, her claws digging into the sheets, her moans filling the room.

"I'm going to cum, pet," she panted, her voice pleading. "Oh God, it's so good! I don't want it to end!"

Rich increased his efforts, his tongue working feverishly, his fingers curling inside her, hitting all the right spots. Kitty's body convulsed as an intense orgasm ripped through her, her juices flowing freely, coating Rich's face and hands.

"Oh, yes!" she cried out, her voice filled with ecstasy. "Again, please! Again!"

Rich's determination never wavered as he continued to pleasure her, his tongue and fingers working in perfect harmony. Kitty's body trembled with wave after wave of pleasure, her orgasms coming in quick succession, leaving her breathless and sated. Once or twice, cat-like yowls escaped her, but she didn't have the brainpower to be ashamed. Her mind was filled only with ecstasy.

As the intensity of her orgasms subsided, Kitty collapsed onto the bed, her body spent but satisfied. Rich crawled up beside her, his eyes glowing with pride and adoration. Kitty drank in the expression, trying to memorise it. Nobody had ever looked at her that way before. It felt so good to be an object of desire. Rich stroked along the length of her spine, giving her time to revel in the post-orgasm haze before Kitty smiled and surged forward to claim his lips once more.

Their tongues intertwined once more as she pressed her body to his. She could feel his hardness pressing against her mound. It was still throbbing with the residual pleasure from her own orgasms. She was so oversensitive the idea of her folds being touched again was almost scary, but her lust wasn't satisfied yet.

Her claws made quick work of his belt. It took her last shred of self-control not to shred the clothing off with her claws. Kitty took the length in her hands and stroked slowly. He was rock-hard. It must have been torture for him, having this erection unattended for so long. Despite the lightness of her touch, Rich moaned as she stroked him, and his whole body trembled in anticipation.

Kitty rolled atop him, clambering down his body to give the cock a quick, teasing lick before rising up and lowering her body down on top of him. She let the cock slide into her slowly; her folds were so sensitive it was as much as she could bear. By the time she was fully penetrated, Kitty's mouth was hanging open in pure pleasure. She squeezed her passage around him.

"Oh, Kitty, yes." He moaned. "Please..."

"Your wish is my command."

She began to rise up and down, squeezing him with every thrust as she bounced. Her breasts jiggled with every move, her butt slapped against his legs, and her tail coiled around his leg as an anchor. Her animal instincts took over, she was a beast in heat, desperate to feel him cum inside her. Kitty came quickly; she was too overstimulated to hold back, but no matter how many times she came, it wasn't enough. It would never be enough until Rich came as well.

She knew the risks; she could get pregnant in this new form, but they had already taken that leap earlier tonight. She didn't care; she needed to feel him cum in her and see his face as he did. Her eyes locked with Rich's green ones, they were wide with pleasure.

“Oh fuck, Kitty...I;m close...I...I...Ahhhh!”

Kitty watched as his eyes rolled back, a second later, she felt something wet flooding her womb. The sensation pushed her over the edge one final time, and she let out a deep, animalistic cry. She'd never experienced pleasure like this. This new body was wild, beautiful and capable of so much. She couldn't dream of giving it up now. She and Rich continued to fuck through the pleasure until he was soft, until finally, they collapsed onto the bed.

They both caught their breath, entangled in one another's arms and breathing heavily. Kitty's tail flicked back and forth slowly; she was filled with a kind of contentment that she had never known. This was what making love felt like; she'd never realise what she'd been missing out on. This certainly wasn't how she expected her Halloween to go, but Kitty couldn't have been happier.