

Tales of the Quiet Kitty 4: Cat Scratch Fever

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Unedited Excerpt

Foreword

At Corporation Central Hub

Lance Avron strolled down the center isle of the high-security animal compound, manicured hands lightly clasped behind his back. His steps slow and leisurely, he allowed no hint of the pleasure he felt to manifest on his face.

Reports of the Quiet Kitty's last position had reached him two days ago. It wouldn't take long to pinpoint its exact position. When he captured the rogue wave ship, the first thing he'd do was make sure his wayward son had reason to recall the house rules governing all who lived within the Avron domicile. No one defied him and remained unpunished. *No one.*

Anger, as well as pleasure, was controlled and tamped down. Discipline started with oneself, and Lance had long ago learned to keep a tight rein on anticipation, knowing everything eventually came to the patient man. He was nothing if not patient.

It didn't take him long to reach the special section, the area where the scientific specimens were kept. He sauntered past the gates, slowly progressing down the central path, observing the alert stance of the guards, noting their wary, watchful eyes and grim expressions with an inward nod of satisfaction.

There hadn't been an escape in over six years, yet these men still cringed, recalling his retribution for their miserable failure. They knew he would tolerate no more breakouts from the pens. Every unique specimen he held would remain right where it was until such time he decided their usefulness was over.

He pursed his lips to disguise the smile trying to soften the stern curve of his lips as he thought about his most prized possession. In this one area he was weak. He could not stop the rising, filling of his cock as he contemplated how he planned using her to relieve the tension boiling in his gut.

It was a good day for torture. The sky was a dark pink inverted bowl highlighted by the force bubble enclosing the prison, the weather warm and clear. Thin yellow clouds studded the sky here and there, affording minimal shade from the hot saffron mini dwarf that served as a poor substitute to the long-destroyed sun that had once been the focal point for Earth's orbit.

“Good morning, your majesty. Ready for our walk...?”

An animalistic roar, filled with insane fury met his sarcasm, shook the air about him. Lance's mouth

turned up in a cold smile. “Come, now, madam. We can’t neglect your daily constitutional.”

The alien cat pacing in the large cage dwarfed the human male. Her yellow-green eyes glinted with an intelligence that never ceased to fascinate Avron. This beast was much more than her present form suggested. This unnatural animal was Letshya-levelB, Regina of the dis-planeted Sh’Bahkyr—mated to a filthy medusoid Jenari and lover to a degenerate killer; the escaped animal he’d do anything to regain. Lance ground his teeth, recalling the cat man’s last taunting boasts.

I’ll regain my queen and my people, and destroy you slowly and completely. You and yours will pay for what you have done to my people and to my world.

In that moment, looking into the furious cat’s yellow eyes, Avron had seen his own death and feared for his life. Never before had that happened to him, and he chafed even today, knowing how the Tygyr had somehow known and scoffed at his terror.

You do well to fear me, planet-killing human, for the day comes when my vengeance will be complete. On that day, the guardians of Hel itself will not protect you...

Under the intensified rays of their artificial sun, Avron felt a momentary chill at the remembered promise...no, make that a threat. He unconsciously raised a hand and fingered his neck. Thank the cosmos he’d been cautious enough to keep the Sh’Bahkyr female secreted away. If the one called Brant had known where his queen-lover was, how to retrieve her, he would have swiped those insanely long claws across his throat and ended his existence immediately.

Now, years away from that incident, Lance Avron opened the door of the cage, not revealing an ounce of his lingering fear. He walked boldly inside the open-air prison, peripherally aware of his men’s open mouths and awestruck gazes. Not one of them would dare attempt what he did on a regular basis.

Lance chuckled. With good cause, he admitted to himself. The fierce alien queen had killed too many of his cadre for any of them to take her deadly teeth and claws lightly. He, on the other hand, held something she wanted more than freedom, more than escape...more than her own personal physical dignity.

Avron reached to the hook hanging just outside the cage and pulled down a barbed collar attached to a chain leash. Quirking an amused eyebrow at his snarling prisoner, he held them up before her, his sing-songing voice soft with menace as he reminded her of his power over her.

“Come to my hand and be collared, or I’ll order that long-term experiment terminated. Your choice as always, your majesty.”

A louder, fiercer roar announced the cat's displeasure, but the great beast slunk toward the open door, belly low to the ground. Eyes promising a slow, lingering death, the huge head lowered in submission, reluctantly allowing the positioning of the hated collar.

Fighting to hide his inner glee, Avron bit the inside of his cheek. He raised a mocking brow, mobile lips mouth twisting in a sarcastic grin as he witnessed her surly surrender. "You know the routine..."

She rolled to her back, great claws sheathed in her wide, fleshy pads. His nostrils flared, cock hardening as she meekly accepted his dominance. To see this feline bitch bow to him as all other females did, unable to withstand his will and control was a tremendous rush. With a slow flick of the wrist, he closed the metal collar about her thick neck. Sharpened steel spikes lined the inside; pressing against the vulnerable flesh in a cruel, constant reminder of the pain he could inflict by the smallest twitching of her leash.

Once he had her secured, Avron decided to give his watching men a little show. Sliding his free hand down her flank, he slid his fingers through the soft fur of her underbelly, coming close to, but not touching, the fur-hidden sexual organ snug between her back legs. Straddling her hind legs, he drew her up by his grip on the leash, forcing her body to rise to avoid the tightening of the spikes. Her back rubbed against his chest, hid the rise of his cock against her lower extremities.

He'd been inside her many times—though never while she remained in cat form, which would have been too nasty even for his jaded tastes. Taking her in her present guise smacked too closely of bestiality; despite knowing she was as sentient a being as he was himself. Still, though he would never tell her so, she didn't need to worry about him wanting her thus. In her Tygyr form she was too deadly by far.

In fact, he could barely stand fucking her at all. Her ghost form carried all the mass of her great cat body, which translated into a tall, full-breasted, big-hipped womanish shape that towered over him, outweighing him by a least a hundred pounds. Fucking her was like climbing a freaking mountain.

Thank the cosmos her other form was invisible because he probably wouldn't have been able to sustain a hard on if he'd had to *look* at her while fucking her. Just the sight of all that flesh would have shriveled his cock faster than sticking it in the ice sloes of Hesperion.

No, what turned him on was the power, the complete control he had over her. He ran a hand down her belly one more time, barely concealing his jerky response at her grumbling warning cough. Avron felt the throbbing vibrations clear through her dense body covering and his cock jumped, lengthening in his pants. As always, he found the danger of piquing the cat's ire, flirting with the threat of cat-scratch

fever intriguing and addictive.

A mocking chuckle preceded his softly voiced retort to the cat's clear warning. "Don't worry, cat. I'm in no mood for *pussy* today. I have other, more important items on my agenda, items I intend for you and me to discuss at lash-length. Perhaps, if you're good, I'll let the men have a go at you...some of them like fucking animals.