

# Black Cat Club - Welcome

By Abe E Seedy

McKenzie woke up. The weight on her arms and legs had already begun to register when her head jerked upwards and her eyes snapped open, but even so it was still a surprise to realise that she was bound by thick ropes around her wrists and ankles, holding her in a spreadeagle position. Her feet didn't touch the ground, she was simply being held up between the four separate ropes, in a solitary spot of light in an otherwise dark room.

This was... this was certainly not how the massage had been going before she went to sleep.

"Hello?" she tried, tugging at the ropes in turn without much result. She couldn't imagine how this had happened. The massage had certainly been relaxing and the masseuse nice, but surely she shouldn't have fallen asleep enough for this? And why exactly had this happened anyway? Yes, sure, she'd gone for a midday massage at the Black Cat Club, which had something of a... reputation, but this? This was A-level shit, and she was still learning How To Knots. She was frightened, definitely, but McKenzie found herself somehow even more concerned by the fact that she was a little turned on. "Is, uh, anyone there?"

"Hello", came the answer. It came from directly in front of her, and surprisingly close, which made McKenzie do a double-take because she could have sworn there wasn't anything there. "I see you've woken up."

The voice sounded like sex. Somehow the words practically dripped. They were a purr and a whisper and a tease and everything all at once. Involuntarily, McKenzie shuddered.

"Hey!" she started, compensating for her embarrassing reaction with aggression. "Let me down from here right now!"

Ahead of her, a patch of inky blackness detached itself from the shadows and moved towards her, its body gleaming oddly when it finally entered the circle of light. "Oh, don't worry", they replied. "We've just upgraded you to another level of service. Think of it like a free ticket to first class. Here, let me walk you through it."

Suddenly, all the lights in the room came on. McKenzie flinched instinctively to shield her eyes from the flaring brightness, opening them again a few moments later after they'd adjusted. The room wasn't some dank dungeon like she'd first suspected, but was instead surprisingly plush, with red velvet wallpaper lining the walls and- a bar in the corner? Behind the bar, the masseuse she'd had earlier gave a polite wave.

Far more distracting however, was finally getting a look at the person in front of her. If... she could be called a person. It was clearly a she, given how enterprisingly curvy her body was, with her ample breasts hidden only behind two large nipple piercings. On top of that, her entire body was jet black, shining wetly in the now-bright light. Overall, her overall features seemed startlingly... feline. She was like-

"A walking fetish sextoy", the creature said unexpectedly. McKenzie blinked. It shrugged and continued. "I'm pretty used to this by now. The name is Syn."

McKenzie's mouth moved a few times, trying to process the information. Syn sighed.

"Look, let's skip ahead, shall we?" She made puppets with her hands - her clawed, bright-pink-pawed hands - "I'm turned on but concerned!", she mimed with one as she spoke. "It's fine because of reasons", she said with the other. "Hooray!" she finished with the first, before mashing her hands together and making a series of enthusiastic kissing noises. "Get it?"

McKenzie stared blankly.

"Oh, whatever" Syn answered. "Let's just get started, shall we?"

She stepped forward, McKenzie seeing her tail swinging out from behind her for the first time as her hips swayed. It was... large. Large, thick, and extremely phallic; studded with bumps and whorls like an elaborate sex toy. The intention was... unsubtle.

"Are... are you going to fuck me?" McKenzie asked timidly.

Syn grinned. "I'm going to hire you."

McKenzie exhaled, honestly unsure if she was relieved or disappointed.

Syn leaned in right next to her, whispering her next words directly into McKenzie's ear. "Although, to tell the truth, that does involve quite a bit of fucking."

She shifted away to the side before McKenzie could respond, and behind her McKenzie saw herself reflected in a large mirror a few feet back. She was naked - there'd been so much going on she hadn't even noticed that before - and lit in such a way that she was more or less fully on display. The ropes were attached to rings on the floor and ceiling, the top ropes being notably longer than the bottom ones to compensate for her below-average height. The main light was angled in just such a way to illuminate her perfectly without shining directly in her face, showing up both her smooth almond skin and all the bright blue highlights in her short, spiked hair.

Looking to the side, McKenzie realised that Syn was unashamedly looking her up and down also. She turned back to face her and, with a slight smile, licked her lips. The tip of her bright

pink tongue was also somehow indiscreetly studded, just like her tail. The effect was disconcertingly arousing. "Shall we begin?" Syn asked.

Without waiting for an answer, she clapped her hands twice quickly, and from behind herself McKenzie heard a door open and close. Two sets of footsteps began moving towards her, eventually splitting so they approached from each side. Even with her limited range of motion, McKenzie was eventually able to turn her head enough to look at them each in turn. They both looked quite like Syn - with inky black, rubber-looking skin and wearing absolutely no clothes, although the one on her right was at least wearing some kind of old-style nurse's hat. That one seemed to look more like a fox, with a large poofy tail swaying easily behind her; whereas the one on the left looked more like Syn herself, even down to the sextoy-like tail. They approached quickly then, at an unspoken signal, sat down at her feet, looking up at her expectantly.

Syn spoke again, bringing McKenzie's attention away from the two politely smiling faces. "You see, I have need of someone with your... particular outlook."

McKenzie shot her a confused look. "Wh-what? Unless you want someone who is kind of crap at tying knots, I have no idea what you could mean."

In response, Syn smiled. She looked down for a second and nodded at the other two girls, and at that signal they both leaned forward and, with a torturous slowness, began licking the uncovered skin on each of her legs. The sensation was intense, like some sort of slick massage combined somehow with the feeling of being lovingly stroked. She bit her lip involuntarily to suppress a shudder as Syn continued.

"I... have a way of finding out the interests of people who enter my club. And you, my dear, fit perfectly with a position we need filled." She leaned closer, grabbing her head with one hand and pulling it firmly downwards to look at the girl on her left side. "Everyone here has a particular... talent, you see. Nurse here, for example" - the woman smiled happily at being acknowledged, but didn't look up - "well, see if you can guess what she has a fondness for."

For the first time, McKenzie managed to overcome the distractions of what was happening enough to actually LOOK at it. This... rubber fox nurse girl thing - was not just simply licking her, but her saliva was somehow some thick, viscous black substance that was seeping eagerly from her mouth, and she was using her tongue to push it around and coat McKenzie's leg with it as much as possible. Not only that, but on catching sight of her tongue itself- Syn's was indelicate, but this one was plump and thick and undeniably phallic.

The girl met her eyes and, seeing McKenzie's reaction, slowly withdrew her tongue back into her mouth, clearly thrilling at the sensation of it sliding along her lips. She gave a little shudder of pleasure when she was done, then looked back up at her with both a smile and, surprisingly, a shrug, as if to portray that she was too happy to care overmuch about how that all seemed.

"Of course," Syn said, turning McKenzie's face back to her, "not everyone is as... unsubtle. Go on Beatrice, show her your talent."

McKenzie found herself turned to the other side, where it seemed like the other girl was doing much the same thing as the first, although from what she saw of her tongue as it slipped back inside her mouth it seemed at least to be refreshingly normal. The woman, seemingly aware that Syn herself was not looking at her, rolled her eyes. "Ou est la bibliotheque", she said breathily. "Omelette du fromage."

"Beautiful", Syn answered.

Her face was suddenly again grabbed fiercely, the little pinpricks of Syn's claws digging lightly into her flesh as McKenzie was turned forwards to face Syn directly. "Now", she said softly, "what's your special talent, I wonder?"

Beneath her, the two other girls ramped up their efforts, licking at her legs with increasing enthusiasm. The feeling was all but overwhelming, it felt like her legs were being coated with pleasure, and as Syn tightened her grip on her chin at the end of her question McKenzie couldn't help but shudder as that pushed her even closer to release. Her naked slit was soon almost as slick as the parts of her legs the girls were working on, something that Syn noticed with a raised eyebrow. "Well, that's a start, at least."

Syn moved around behind her, stepping gracefully over the fox girl as she continued her work. Suddenly McKenzie found herself being grabbed from behind, one of Syn's hands gripping her forcefully as she moved her face in right next to her, whispering breathily in her ear. "But tell me - what do you REALLY want? What do you REALLY like? It's okay..."

McKenzie gasped as Syn suddenly shifted to pull her whole body close, drawing her in fiercely to underline her point. "You just have to ADMIT it."

All the while the two girls kept sliding their tongues across her flesh, moving further and further up her thighs, but always staying maddeningly away from her now practically dripping sex. She needed- she just needed- she- "I... I like... ropes..." she panted, mumbling the confession down to her chest.

"NO" Syn commanded, somehow instantly back in front of her, bringing her up to stare directly in her eyes. "That's a side effect. An approximation. Isn't it?"

Her head released from Syn's grip, McKenzie nodded weakly. Kneeling down on her haunches, Syn looked up into McKenzie's eyes. "So, what is it really? You can tell me. Say it." She leaned forward, placing her sharp claws against the black latex that had coated her legs, pressing them in and letting McKenzie FEEL their new texture.

"EMBRACE it."

"I like- I like tentacles." She said it softly, but without looking away from Syn's eyes, as though she found strength from the connection.

Syn nodded, also refusing to look away. "And?" she prompted simply.

"I want them!" The words all spilled out in a rush, finally let loose as she gave in. "I want to fuck people with them and fill them and feel every part of them and feel their slickness sliding over myself and over them and fuck god fffuuuuuck!" She strained against her restraints at the end of it all, as the thrill of admitting it combined with all the physical stimulation to send a tremor running through her entire body. At the end of it she fell slack again, her head falling down limply as Syn looked on with approval.

Taking her head softly in one hand, Syn moved her gently to look back at the mirror and stepped aside, so that McKenzie could see herself fully. "Look", she whispered.

McKenzie's eyes flickered back open at the command, and after a few moments her vision slid back into focus. Her whole body from the thighs down was now coated in that same shiny black substance the other girls had all over, but still the two of them kept eagerly licking her. If nothing else it demonstrated that she could still feel every maddening swipe of their tongues, even with the black, latex-like coating they were working over her skin. Then, suddenly, something began to change.

It was as though one of them - Beatrice - struck a rough patch. Suddenly she began focusing on one little area, running her tongue across it again and again as if to iron out a bump. But in practice the reverse was somehow true, the more she worked it, the more raised it became, this little section on the side of her leg, until eventually Beatrice reached in with one hand and delicately pulled, and something just... separated. With a feeling of slick pleasure, this raised area pulled away, revealing itself as a separate appendage running all the way from her thigh to the bottom of her foot. McKenzie's breath quickened as she saw it flex and curl as it was released, but before she could process the development an insistent tug drew her to look at the girl on her other side, finding her doing the exact same thing. Soon both girls were drawing apart her legs like wet cloth, until finally, and with no feeling the entire time except for drawn-out bliss, her lower body had been entirely subsumed into this set of eight smooth, black tentacles.

"Now" Syn said, snapping the practically hyperventilating McKenzie's attention back to herself as she moved in front of her, "let's go ahead and join you up, hm?"

With that she dropped to her knees and leaned forward, pushing her muzzle into McKenzie's eager crotch. McKenzie yowled out in pleasure, pressing herself forwards as best she could to emphasise the contact; her whole body tense and desperate for release. Syn wasted no time in obliging, her wonderfully thick tongue slipping out to slide into McKenzie's slit, giving her one

long, firm lick.

Abruptly, Syn sat back on her haunches, smacking her lips lightly as though pondering an unusual taste. "Why you sly thing, have you been holding out on us even more?" she asked with a raised eyebrow, while McKenzie simply moaned incoherently and kept thrusting her hips dreamily towards her. Leaning back in, Syn swept her tongue slowly around the girl's desperately slick sex, then once again retreated and licked her lips with a thoughtful expression. "Oh my", she pronounced finally, "there really is even more to you hidden away there, isn't there? Well then, let's see what we can do about bringing that out too, shall we?"

Before McKenzie could answer, Syn moved herself back into her, pressing her face hungrily against her slit. There was no teasing foreplay to it now, Syn's muzzle was pushing firmly into her as she lapped hungrily, only relenting for a moment as she drifted upwards to let her tongue play directly over McKenzie's clit. There she remained, licking and caressing her intensely while McKenzie moaned above her. Eventually Syn's movements began to change, instead of being wild and uncoordinated she settled into a steady back-and-forth rhythm; strong, urgent pulls with her tongue that lead McKenzie to gasp and thrust her hips forwards sympathetically before she collapsed against her bonds at the end of each stroke. And then, finally, her body began to respond.

Slowly, her clit lengthened, pushing outwards and growing with each pull. Syn shaped it like a master craftsman - running her tongue affectionately along its length, encouraging it eagerly with a satisfied grin. McKenzie in turn clenched her fists as the desperate sensations overwhelmed her. It was all so bizarre and overwhelming, but it felt so *good* to have this girl focus such loving attention on her... her...

McKenzie gasped, and looking down she saw Syn had moved one of her hands up against the flesh of her groin, and the sudden shock of cold contact told her she was cradling some part of her. As she watched she saw Syn lower her cupped hand slowly, and nestled within were two perfect, latex-black balls. Her balls. It was as though that very realisation triggered something in them, and she felt a jolt as some powerful feedback coursed through her. With a series of shuddering pulses she watched as this black coating swept out across her skin; rapidly overwhelming her crotch, and then turning upwards to spread thickly up her chest. And all the while Syn kept playing her tongue hungrily over her, licking and sucking and fondling worshipfully. The sensation was incredible, she had it all in her mouth now, pressing herself up and down with a look of absolute satisfaction in her eyes, while at the same time her wonderfully studded tongue pleasuring her absolutely. McKenzie could barely register the inky blackness sweeping up over her breasts, making them feel full and heavy as nipple piercings of her own appeared from nowhere to claim her, then washing up over her shoulders and down her arms to lock them in elegant black gloves of their own.

There was a pause for just a few moments, while McKenzie, panting, managed to gather herself enough to look in the mirror again. From the neck down she was just as they were, except for

her tentacle-legs and lacking a tail, and, more importantly, with Syn still fondling her balls and eagerly pleasuring her... her...

Overwhelmed by it all again, McKenzie threw back her head as she felt it surge up her neck, wrapping her head in its blissful embrace, pushing her face outwards slightly into an animalistic muzzle. With a slow sigh of relief, she lowered her head back down and opened her eyes to look at Syn once again. Finally she felt relaxed - whatever fear or trepidation she had been feeling had been banished utterly, and she had no reservations about enjoying herself in precisely the way that she wished. "Thank you for the service upgrade Syn" she said calmly, "but I'm afraid there's one slight thing you've overlooked."

Syn looked up at her quizzically, reluctantly pulling herself away and revealing all of McKenzie's thick black cock standing slick and erect between them. Licking her lips briefly, she replied simply, "hm?"

"You see, I'm not a fan of being given things", McKenzie answered. With only a slight effort she worked her tentacles free, the ropes binding them having been set against her old legs, and therefore little proof against her sliding them out one at a time as soon as she concentrated enough to do so. "I prefer to TAKE them."

Syn barely had time to raise her eyebrows as twin tentacles whipped around her head, pulling her back forcefully onto McKenzie's waiting shaft. She pushed herself deep into Syn's mouth, savouring the sensation of being in control and so utterly taking this creature as her own plaything. Syn, for her part, settled into her role without protest, closing her eyes with little more than a shrug as she resumed lavishing attention on McKenzie's cock. Even so, she soon found that active participation was not required from her, the tentacles that were gripping her were pushing her forwards and backwards to the speed McKenzie desired, and her movement outside that was restricted. McKenzie was fucking HER, and that was the important part of the encounter.

Suddenly her eyebrows shot upwards again. Apparently McKenzie had decided that Syn was not being fucked *enough*, and had managed to sneak one of her tentacles up behind her, thrusting them inside both her slit and maintaining a steady counterpoint rhythm. Her eyes rolled back in her head and her own movements ceased as her whole body went slack, the feeling of being so utterly filled overwhelming her control and settling her completely into the role of a toy to be fucked. She simply hung contentedly against her restraints, rocking back and forth to the rhythm of McKenzie's thrusts, her tail twitching involuntarily behind her.

Finally McKenzie leaned down and pulled her head upwards, looking her in the eyes as she gave one last definitive thrust. She relished the look of slack submission on Syn's face as she finally came, her hips jerking repeatedly as her new cum spurted again and again into her welcoming mouth. Eventually, once she was completely satisfied, she pulled Syn away, leaving her panting happily as all McKenzie's tentacles withdrew.

There was a few moments of silent recovery from both parties, while Beatrice and the nurse girl looked on in admiration and outright lust respectively. In the background, the masseuse girl gave a polite cough.

McKenzie recovered first. "I'll get paid by clients directly, and I'll have my own room, but I'll pay you to lease it." She looked down at Syn again, fixing her with a powerful stare. "And it will be a very REASONABLE rate to lease it, if you ever want to suck my cock again."

Beneath her, Syn nodded meekly, unable to pull her own eyes away from McKenzie's already re-stiffening cock.

"Good", McKenzie answered definitively. "I'm going to pick my room and set up." With that she turned and swept away, managing to traverse the ground on her tentacles with just the slightest stumble to break the illusion of command.

It was only when she was out of sight that Syn finally snapped out of it, realising for the first time in a while that there were other people there with her. She stood up awkwardly, a self-conscious blush managing to show through even her thick rubber skin. "Ahem" she said, shaking her head before looking at both of the other girls in turn. "Well, fuck it. Like any of you would have been able to do any better."

Beatrice simply shrugged, while Nurse was lost to the conversation, openly masturbating in a desperate effort to assuage her rampant lust.

"Yeah, that's what I thought."

"Ooh, what about me boss!" came a chirpy voice from behind the bar in the background. "I bet I could have negotiated with a new hire in a way that made her a profitable employee instead of a prospectively troublesome tenant!"

Syn rolled her eyes. "Quiet you."