

# Super Heat

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## Super Heat

A rough tongue licked Kelly's thighs and she grinned. Sometimes her dreams were a little catty, but this was ridiculous. She lay on her stomach in her favorite position. The tongue flicked on the inside of her thighs. Her pussy ached, clenching in heat for her dream kitty's mouth. A purr curled up from her chest, rumbling through her body.

"Somebody's happy to see me." A familiar voice caressed her skin, flooding her pussy with warm breath.

Kelly gasped and jerked away, only to realize her legs and arms weren't moving. They were tied. To her bed. She hissed and pulled, arching her hips and fighting against the decadent heat his breath unleashed.

"Hey Hellcat, relax. I'm not here to bust your balls."

The amused voice grated on her nerves, but at the same time, it excited her. "Then what are you here for, TC?" Kelly growled.

He chuckled. "You know my name. I'm flattered." His hands cupped her ass, squeezing the firm cheeks and spreading her legs wider.

Kelly gasped. Heat rushed to her face and twisted deep in her gut. His breath brushed against the thin cotton panties covering her mound. "What are you doing?" she squeaked, much to her further embarrassment.

"I'm interrogating you. What does it *feel* like I'm doing?" His warm breath caressed the lips of her sex and she bit back a whimper.

*Down girl!* She cleared her throat. "It feels more like seduction."

"So you enjoy being tied up and at my mercy?" Laughter deepened his voice.

"Who wouldn't? I read the tabloids." She grinned, remembering a particularly hot and steamy and *very* personal account of his interrogation practices.

A stinging smack to her ass caught her off guard. She gasped, the pleasure/pain shooting its way to her pussy. "What the hell was that for?" she bit out, trying to ignore the tingling warmth of his handprint.

"For sassing me, kitty cat. Now what were you doing at the museum tonight?"

Kelly rolled her eyes and tugged at the ropes binding her to the bed. "I was delivering a goody basket to my grandma."

He leaned over her back, the full weight of his body stretched taut against hers. One part of her screamed to be dominated and the other raged at being caught with her pants down, so to speak. The only saving grace was the fact that she could escape whenever she wanted. His lips brushed her ear and she jerked away in surprise.

"I'm not a big bad wolf, honey." The hard ridge of his cock pressed against the crease of her ass and she took a shaky breath. "I'm more of a king of the jungle type."

"Why do you keep calling me kitty cat?"

He chuckled. "You're in heat, darlin'." His husky drawl sent chills of delicious lust down her spine.

"How could you possibly know that?" All powers of the supers were carefully hidden from the media. So if he was a king of the jungle type, that made him a lion?

His only response was to purr against her back, rumbling deep in his chest and vibrating against her already fevered skin. She gasped. He really *was* a cat splice. How the hell had she ended up with a frisky Tom? Her pussy clenched, moistening for his cock. She couldn't close her legs, and any second now he'd be able to see the evidence of her unquenchable lust.

She was aware of him going completely still above her, the whipcord strength of his body held taut, reminding her of a cheetah about to spring into a chase. "Well, well. What have we here?"

His fingertips slid between their bodies, caressing his way down her spine. He wove a spell of sweet sensations, alternately scratching and caressing until he reached her hungry pussy. His thumb brushed her clit. She jerked away, the intensity like a shotgun blast through her nerve endings. "How long have you gone without sex, kitty?"

She shook her head, beyond words until the almost painful sensation passed.

He slipped his thumb past her nether lips and the tension threatened to destroy her will. "How long, kitty?"

"Stop calling me that!" She growled her irritation, focusing on the hard edge of her anger instead of the hard length of the super's tight body.

"I don't suppose you'll tell me your name."

"Call me Kell," she snapped. He knew her face anyway, so it didn't really matter if he knew her first name or not.

"Kell. It fits you. So tell me." He purred over her name rubbing the sensitive nub of her sex between his fingers. "How long has it been?"

Kelly's claws extended and she latched onto the mattress. Her body tightened in painful lust. Her thighs quivered against the mattress. If he didn't hurry the fuck up she was going to rip through the ropes and tear him to shreds.

He slipped his fingers inside and she cried out in sweet need.

"Weeks."

His fingers scissored inside her slick canal and she whimpered against her arm, trying to muffle the sound. His dark chuckle was like a caress. She caught a scent of earthy male and woodsy aftershave -- a man who liked to take care of himself. She liked that.

Her muscles contracted around his fingers and she decided it was time to play with her food. She spread her thighs as far as the rope allowed and arched against the restraints. He brushed his thumb against her clit and she screeched.

“Like that, kitty cat?” He nuzzled the bend of her hip and nipped at the sensitive skin under the ridge.

Kelly trembled, all thoughts of escape flying from her mind. “Do you always interrogate your suspects like this?” Her words came out in a husky drawl.

“Only the really *bad* ones.” His breath heated the folds of her sex and she moaned. His tongue made a swipe against her clit, shooting electric sparks through her hungry cunt. His fingers worked their magic, moving slowly, aching in and out of her hot sex. Gods if he didn’t hurry up she was going to scream!

Her breath came in soft gasps and his tongue pierced her, lapping at her juices in soft swipes. He purred against her slit and she did scream, her climax rising.

His chuckle was her only warning before he gripped her hips and pressed his mouth tight against her clit, purring against the aching nub until her body tightened. He twisted his fingers and she lost it. Her pussy clenched him like a fist. *Too long!* She’d waited too long. She arched back against the ropes and screamed again, orgasm pounding through her body.

He lapped at her juices, stretching out her spasms until she purred deep in her chest. At her rumble, he pulled his talented mouth from her sated body. “Ready for more, kitty cat? I’ve got days.”

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