

Mommies' Dearest

Nia wasn't sure what had happened.

But it all felt so wonderfully familiar.

"There's Mommy's babygirl," cooed the holstaur with the silver hair and the rosy-pink cheeks, slowly smooshing those big, heaving breasts together. "You're doing so good for me~"

"S-So well," agreed the pretty house fey beside her, clinging to the holstaur and smiling dreamily at Nia. "And good girls... wanna feel *good*, don't they, Mommy?"

Nia watched the holstaur's fingers run through the hob's lustrous hair. "Of course they do, Bobbi," the holstaur purred.

Nia felt her knees wobbling. She leaned against the cart for support, trying desperately to recover some of her wits. The scents of sweet nutmeg and cinnamon, which had grown dull to her over the weeks' ride, were now suddenly mixing with the tastes lingering on her tongue.

She licked her lips.

Stupid. Why had she... all it had taken was for the holstaur to hold out that one dripping fingertip, and... and latching on had felt so...

She stared weakly at the holstaur, struggling to stay upright. "N-No. No, um, I..."

The holstaur smiled lovingly and moved in close, spreading both arms wide. Nia watched as the holstaur's breasts jiggled and bounced.

"Come to Mommy," she cooed.

"M-Mommy," she whined. "I-I mean, um—"

"Yes?" The holstaur giggled, lashes fluttering. She gave her breasts another bounce. "Something wrong, babygirl?"

"Ah. Buh. I..." Nia leaned away, staring at the jiggling tits. "I... mean... this d-delivery complete, s-so—so I h-have to..."

She trailed off, staring as those tits slowly bounced out of their dress. She licked her lips. That wonderful taste on her tongue...

“... have to...?” The holstaur’s eyes sparkled with amusement.

Nia whimpered. But she felt the house fey moving in behind her, helpfully nudging her forward.

“Mommy,” she whined, and spilled into the fey’s loving arms.

“Good girl,” Mommy cooed, guiding her straight to a nipple. “There’s Mommy’s good girl.”

Nia moaned and clung happily. She latched on and began to suckle. Oh, yes. There she was. Mommy’s good girl.

Even though she always forgot about it...

... she knew this was always the bestest, *bestest* part of her delivery run.

* * *

Oh... Laca so, *so* wished she could keep this one.

She smiled lovingly down at her adorable clinging courier. Little Nia stared back up at her with such an expression of perfect devoted need, suckling ever-so-docilely at a nipple, that Laca could almost cry. The poor little thing worked so hard, and she’d be so much happier belonging to Laca forever...

“Bobbi,” she murmured dreamily, stroking Nia’s hair, “let’s get the shipment inside, okay, baby?~”

“Yes, Mommy!” chirped Bobbi happily, effortlessly lifting the two small barrels of spices, one under each arm.

“Good girl~” Laca licked her lips as she watched Bobbi shiver. She clutched at Nia tighter, sighing happily. “Such *good girls* for me.”

Of course she couldn’t keep Nia. She needed her little Nia to keep running these little deliveries, after all.

A normal holstaur wouldn’t be able to think that far ahead. But Laca had lots of practice.

Still, she took a little longer re-applying the conditioning than she really needed to that afternoon.

It wasn’t as though her other playthings were going anywhere~

* * *

“A-Ah! K... Kitten...”

“Mew?”

“*K-Kitten...*”

Kitten giggled up at Senya. She gave his cock another lick, then another dainty suckle. Sultry purring reverberated through his lower body, and he bucked needily.

She had his wrists pinned back to the bed. Her legs held him in place down below. Her back was arched, her whole body precariously upright, and her head bobbed as she licked his cock like a newborn kitten.

“P-Please,” he whined, “I—”

Senya was drowning in edged bliss. His brain, already always so gooey and soft, now felt like a liquid.

Kitten just giggled, mewed innocently, and gave the tip another little suckle.

“K-Kitten, p-please,” he moaned, “I’m... s-so close...!”

More purring came in answer, making his brain short out again. Kitten smirked slightly, eyes sparkling with mischief.

Senya drooled, gazing adoringly up at his fellow plaything. He knew there was no escape.

She was Mommy’s kitten.

He was Mommy’s kitten’s kitty toy.

But Mommy didn’t know Kitten liked to do this whenever Mommy was out. And Kitten never let him get the chance to tell. It was her little game, and judging by her flushed cheeks, one she adored more than anything.

“Meww!” Her tail twitched. Senya whimpered and bucked helplessly as she gave another lick.

“K-Kitten,” he whimpered.

“*Mrrr~?*” Her eyes gleamed.

“Pleease, I... I’ll...”

Oh, gods, he... he couldn't...

But they both knew what came next. What always came next. He was going to break. He would give in and start saying whatever he could think of. And eventually he would say...

... he would say that he'd do anything, *anything*. He knew he couldn't let himself, but he always would. And she would smirk.

And she would make him promise not to tell.

And then she'd just keep doing it. She'd just keep torturing him like this, keeping him on the edge endlessly, purring and licking and kissing and suckling, and he *knew* she would, but—but he couldn't—"Please, Kitten," he squealed, bucking at the latest lick, "I-I'll—I'll do—"

There came a faint tapping from the window.

Senya stared. For a moment, he thought he'd imagined it, but...

... but Kitten had gone still, too.

Kitten blinked up at him. She slowly turned, following his gaze.

They were on the second floor. But that tapping... it sounded unmistakable like a human hand. Knuckles against the glass.

Tap, tap, tap...

"Oh, *little ones~*" called a soft, feminine voice. "Won't you come here and open this window for me?"

After barely a moment's hesitation, Kitten hopped off the bed with an excited giggle. Senya panted with relief. He slowly pulled himself up to a sitting position as the ever-curious Kitten half-crawled, half-scrampered over to the window, fumbled with the latch, and pushed it open.

"Hi~!" she chirped.

And an unknown scent wafted in.

Senya blinked. It was strange. Not exactly familiar, but... adjacent. It was like a rich, nutty vanilla, sweet and cloying, but also distinctly *creamy*.

Senya breathed in deep, blinked twice more, and pulled himself out of bed to make his way to the window next to Kitten.

A towering peach tree grew next to their home. Its twisting branches descended over the roof above their heads like a sheltering hand, and one branch actually grew right alongside their window, allowing peaches to be picked right from the bedroom in the summer months. Some dryad had once loved the owners of this house very much.

Currently, a woman sat side-saddle across that branch, her seafoam-green sundress billowing over elegantly crossed legs. Her luscious locks were a dark navy blue, tied in a loose ponytail to spill down her bare shoulders, and her skin was milk-pale, almost unnaturally so. Black freckles dotted her cheeks; they, as well as bright, glossy pink lips, thick lashes, and baby blue eyeshadow lent color and shade to her fair features.

Delicate ruby jewelry and colorful threads hung from the two bull horns rising from atop her head, and a pair of fuzzy black cow ears poked out to the sides. Her eyes were a vivid, fiery hazel.

Senya only had a brief moment to take in the woman's cold, eerie beauty. Then she smiled slightly, shifted, and his vision fell to her massive chest.

The unfamiliar fey's heaving breasts pushed out the dress almost obscenely, immediately making it obvious just what kind of fey she was. They were perfect, flawless as they squished together. The outlines of her curves could faintly be seen through the sheer fabric. Her heart-shaped cleavage drew Senya's eye, and he could tell Kitten was staring, too. Out of the corner of his eye, he swore he could see Kitten drooling.

"Hello, my little lambs," the lovely lady said, tilting her head slightly to the side. "*You* may call me Joy for now, and it is so *very* nice to meet you."

"F-For now?" Senya asked. He couldn't tear his gaze away from her chest. She had such nice, big breasts. Not as big as Mommy's, surely. Surely. "For now, like, um..."

He trailed off. The holstaur's smile had widened slightly, and briefly, her gaze was almost cold as she looked him up and down. He felt like a tiny prey animal being sized up by a predator.

Then her gaze warmed, and her smile was like the dawn. "Aw, you must be little Senya," she cooed. "You're so *adorable*~! And..." She glanced downwards and smirked. "Awww, has Kitten here been having her way with you?"

"Yes, Joy!" Kitten giggled as Senya flushed and covered himself with his hands. "Senya's my little kitty-toy! Mommy says so!"

“Oh, you *precious* things.” Joy beamed. Her fingertips played with the cloth of her neckline. “But... goodness, where *is* your pretty Mommy?”

Senya and Kitten exchanged looks. Kitten looked unsure.

“She’s busy,” Senya mumbled, squirming slightly. “But! But she’ll be, um...”

Tiny, vague parts of him sometimes remembered that something was off about all of his. About where they were, how they felt. Especially when Mommy was gone for a long time.

Mommy and Kitten had trained him how to help those funny feelings go nice and quiet, though, so he started to rub his cock as he fumbled for answers.

“She’ll be back soon!” Kitten burbled, kissing Senya on the cheek. “I bet she’ll love to meet you!”

“Oh, and I would love to meet her!” Joy giggled. “You must love her very, very much.”

“Uh-huh~!” Kitten bounced happily as Senya’s head bobbed. “Love Mommy! Mommy knows best!”

“I see~”

The holstaur’s eyebrow raised slightly.

Then she smirked.

“But,” she purred, “Since she’s gone now, and you poor things must be *soooo* thirsty...”

She pulled the neckline down, and her breasts bounced right out, jiggling, squishing. They seemed to move almost in slow motion.

“Wouldn’t you *adorable little lambs* like a drink?” she cooed.

Instantly, Senya couldn’t look away. Instantly, his lips felt dry, and his head swam to match those soft, jiggling motions. He stared, still rubbing a little.

“Um,” he mumbled. “Um...”

“Mommy might not...” Kitten’s voice suddenly sounded dreamy and weak. “... w-want, um...”

“Aww, she won’t mind, babygirl!” Joy’s voice echoed sweetly over them. “She’s a good, good friend of mine~!”

“She...” Senya blinked dumbly. “She is?”

“Uh-*huuuuh*~” Joy slowly lifted one breast, and Senya’s eyes descended to that perfect nipple. It was visibly leaking. “And just a teensy wittle suckle wouldn’t hurt, would it, Senya~?”

“Um...” He swayed slightly. His hand took Kitten’s arm for balance, but she was swaying too, involuntary purrs thrumming from her chest. “Buh, but, um...”

“Come on, little lamb,” Joy whispered. “Come to Joy~”

He heard Kitten mewling softly, and felt her leaning forward.

“Such a good little Kitten.” Joy’s voice was as soft as feather down. “You want to taste my milk, don’t you, sweet girl?”

Kitten squirmed against Senya. “I—I shouldn’t, um—”

“Shh. Hush, little lamb. Just let those words fall away...” She let the breast fall. Bounce, bounce, bounce. “... and breathe in *deeeeeeep*~”

Senya and Kitten both breathed in deeply, and dreamy, dazing foggy bliss descended in Senya’s mind as that nutty vanilla-cream scent filled his lungs.

“That’s right. *Good* girl! *Goodboy*!” Soft, sly, mischievous laughter echoed over them as Senya leaned in closer, as those bouncing, jiggling tits rose in invitation...

And Senya's lips wrapped around a nipple, and surrender took him as he began to meekly suckle. He heard and felt Kitten’s purrs as she did the same.

Pure sweetness poured onto his tongue. Thick, creamy pleasure, familiar and yet dangerously unknown, flooded his mind.

He could hear Joy’s laughter. It sounded more wicked now. Almost triumphant. But Senya could barely process anything but Joy’s milk, Joy’s softness, Joy’s hand on the back of his head pushing him in deeper... encouraging him to *drink* deeper...

“Come to *Mommy*~”

* * *

“Oh, that Nia really is just too adorable, isn’t she?” Laca smiled sweetly down. “Isn’t she, Bobbi?”

“Mm-hm,” moaned Bobbi softly, clutching at Laca’s chest and eagerly suckling. She was half-cradled in Laca’s arms as they ascended up the stairs.

“We really should keep the little one with us, one of these days...” Laca sighed. “It would be so nice to adopt a new little plaything for Kitten!” She smirked down at Bobbi, patting the hob’s cheek. “It might give me more time to give *you* the extra-special treatment you deserve, baby Bobbi~”

Bobbi’s lashes fluttered. A soft whimper escaped her lips as she dutifully, brainlessly suckled.

Laca giggled, reaching the top of the stairs and making her way to the bedroom. “But, well, then we’d have nobody to deliver our nutmeg, and those darling little vampires would just...”

She opened the door and strode inside.

To her surprise, Kitten and Senya weren’t cuddled together as usual. Kitten was always so cute with how she seemed to dote on Senya in Laca’s absence, but right now they weren’t even in the bed. They were just lying on the floor in a sunbeam by the window, intertwined, softly nuzzling and clinging. They were both clearly deep asleep.

Laca smiled softly. She helped Bobbi to the bed and guided Bobbi’s thumb to replace her breast—Bobbi flushed, but sucked dutifully on her new focus. Her eyes glazed over as she slowly sank onto her back, knees brought to her chest, grinding softly against her spare hand.

Laca turned to the dozing pair, walking over and crouching down low.

“Oh, my darlings?” she asked softly, reaching to pet Kitten’s hair.

Kitten’s eyes shot open. She smiled brightly up at Laca. “Mommy!” she mewed, and rapidly disentangled herself from Senya to hurl herself into Laca’s arms.

Laca giggled and cooed, catching the catgirl and kissing her deeply. Adorable, sweet Kitten was as eager as ever, with that rough tongue sliding in, those precious little moans, and that...

... strange sweet taste.

Kiten broke from the kiss with a loud *mwah~* and a dizzy giggle.

Laca found that she was frowning.

It was the taste of milk. But it... didn’t quite taste like hers. Did it?

But it must, she supposed. Who else’s could it be?

She blinked slowly down at her beaming Kitten, whose tail was flicking excitedly behind her as she not-so-subtly eyed Laca's breast. She could hear Bobbi whining softly from the bed—spoiled as Laca's old rival was, even in her nicely broken state, Bobbi refused to be left alone for long—and Senya was starting to stir, blinking up at her with those big, dumb eyes.

"Oh, my darlings," Laca whispered, finding herself smiling. Those worries fluttered out of sight as she saw the adoration in her two little darlings' eyes, and soon they were back in her arms, and they were returning to the bed, and Laca was descending back into thick, silky pleasure.

She smiled dreamily down at Kitten as the little catgirl docilely suckled, wiggling against her thigh.

Her little princess could never be anyone's but hers.

* * *

Kitten loved her Mommy.

It wasn't something she'd always known, she knew. She hadn't always been smart like this! Sometimes Mommy would sit her down in her lap and, as if sharing a fairy tale, tell her the story of how once, she'd been a silly, naughty little brat who didn't *realize* how much she'd loved her Mommy, and how Mommy had helped her learn her lesson.

The bedtime story rang true against the shards of Kitten's lingering memories. She vaguely remembered that she *had* tried to fight this once, fight it desperately, that the old her would have seen this as a humiliating defeat.

But all of that sounded so silly to her now.

She was dreaming, she was pretty sure. It was hard to tell. Everything was so creamy and dreamy and sweet all the time now, even when she was awake.

She lay back in a bed ringed by metal bars, like a jail cell. Mommy was there. Twirling lights dazzled her as she suckled on a bottle of milk and beamed up at Mommy. She was dressed in a fuzzy pink dress of the kind utterly undignified for a grown woman like her to wear.

Or she imagined someone might think so, if they weren't smart like she was now.

Mommy smirked down at her over the bars. "Isn't this nice?" she whispered. "Isn't this better?"

Kitten giggled, drooled around the corners of her mouth, and nodded eagerly. "Yesh, Mommy!"

Mommy reached down and stroked her hair, scritching behind an ear. Kitten mewed, wiggling happily. She realized she had a soft pillow between her legs—or maybe it was a stuffed animal—and her purring was making it buzz pleasantly through her panties.

“You look *soooo* cute,” Mommy cooed, cupping her cheek. Kitten squealed and blushed. “Mommy’s cute, *precious* little Kitten.”

Kitten couldn’t stop purring. She couldn’t stop smiling. Her voice came out slurred around the bottle as she managed a soft, helpless, “I wwuvv my Mommy.”

Joy leaned down closer, giving a coldly satisfied smile that made Kitten purr louder. “I know you do, my little lamb.” Her eyes sparkled. “But say it again~”

Kitten beamed, her whole body wriggling against the pillow. The words felt so hard to push out, her vision felt all blurry and indistinct, but she managed to babble out, “I... *wwuv*...”

* * *

"... you... M'mmy..."

Kitten’s eyelids fluttered open.

She lay cuddled up against Mommy in the nice, big bed they shared. She realized she was straddling the holstaur’s soft, pillowy thigh, grinding slightly. Aside from her purring, the only sounds were Mommy’s dreamy moans and the sounds of Senya and Bobbi contentedly suckling. Tonight, Senya had a bottle, and Bobbi had Mommy’s other breast. They had to take turns.

Kitten wasn’t sure why she was awake. Mommy wasn’t. She was happily dozing away, silver hair spilling around her head like a halo. Mommy was drooling slightly into her pillow. Perfect and angelic as always.

Kitten’s gaze brushed over Senya and Bobbi. They were deep under, just like Kitten had been, happily suckling without any concept of the waking world.

She could just go back to sleep. It would feel nice, and Mommy’s soft embrace called to her.

But something felt... funny.

She didn’t have the words to understand it anymore. She just knew something was not quite right. A funny taste lingered on her tongue, and a funny feeling had settled over her mind.

She couldn’t sleep. She blinked slowly, continuing to suckle, to gulp down sweet, heavy milk.

Dimly, Kitten wondered if she should have told Mommy about Joy. Mommy would want to know one of her friends was visiting, wouldn't she? That *had* felt a little weird, not telling Mommy. But...

"I want to surprise your Mommy, okay, babies?" Joy's sweet voice echoed in her vacant mind as she nursed. *"So not. A. Word~"*

Obedying that had felt so natural when her mouth was still full of Joy's sweetness and her mind was still full of Joy. But now...

"Oh, Kitten~"

Kitten slow-blinked.

The sweet, singsong voice was Joy's, and it was coming from down the stairs.

She glanced at Mommy, but of course Mommy was still sleeping contentedly. So was Senya. So was Bobbi. None of them had her advanced hearing.

"Kitteen~"

It was like a special call meant just for her. Kitten found she was blushing for some reason.

Kitten hadn't willingly pulled away from Mommy's breast in... a super-duper long time.

But...

"Come to Joy, little lamb~"

Kitten's lips slipped from Mommy's nipple with a faint pop. She lapped at the nipple, cleaning it up instinctively, getting as much milk as she could while she could.

But her back was already arching, and she was already climbing out of bed.

Walking was hard. Especially since Mommy always thought she looked so cute when she crawled. But crawling all the way downstairs would take forever. Kitten didn't want to be away for that long.

Forever was probably a really long time. Mommy always said that was how long they would be hers.

So she struggled upright and stumbled for the door, and then the stairs, leaning heavily on walls and railings. Her mind felt thick and sloshy, and the world felt dreamlike in a new way. Unreal. Weightless.

She plodded down the stairs, her awareness extending only as far as the next step. Her mind was fixated only on the soft voice calling to her and the way her lips craved to be filled.

"Oh, Kitten~? Can you hear me?"

"Yes," she breathed, as she reached the bottom of the stairs. The porch lamp had been lit, and light spilled in from outside through the shuttered windows.

Before even fully thinking about it, she was at the door.

Briefly, she hung there in silence, trying to think. Thinking was hard for dummy Kittens like her, though.

She smiled dizzily. "Joy?"

A pause.

*"**Good** Kitten!"* Joy sounded amused. *"I knew you could do it. Won't you open this door so I can see your pretty face?"*

Kitten's cheeks heated. Her heart fluttered. She was already hastening to oblige, retrieving the spare key from nearby and undoing the primary lock. Absent-mindedly, she tucked the key into her nightgown's pocket.

She opened the door to the limit of its chain bolt and peeked out.

Joy's smile was radiant. She was wearing a deep, dark scarlet gown, embroidered with the faint patterns of flowers and bumblebees. It hung low, baring one shoulder and a truly massive amount of cleavage. Kitten had become so used to seeing her Mommy's naked breasts that somehow, seeing breasts be covered almost felt more scandalous, more flustering.

Kitten licked her lips. "H-Hi, Joy!" she squeaked. "Um, what's... why're you, umm..."

Joy just smiled at her.

Kitten squirmed a little under that stare. She brought a hand up to nibble on her thumb. "You, um, like... do you want me to get Mommy? Or do you..."

Joy's eyes crinkled in amusement. She swayed slightly from side to side, as if admiring Kitten from multiple angles.

Kitten felt the heat in her cheeks deepening. She leaned from side to side to keep Joy in view. “Um. Um.” She was having to resist the urge to suck on her thumb. It was an idle habit Mommy had encouraged; she thought Kitten looked adorable doing it, and Kitten liked looking adorable for Mommy, and a part of her wanted to look adorable for Joy, too, and she wondered if Joy would like it, and maybe Joy would also like it if Kitten was crawling and meowing and...

Kitten dragged her focus back into frame. But it took a lot of trying. She felt dizzy. The swell of Joy’s breasts had her heart racing. She suddenly couldn’t stop thinking about the taste. About how soft and warm it had been down there. She squirmed under that endless stare, desperate to escape, desperate for Joy to break the silence.

“... or, um,” Kitten managed, “Do you wanna... um... c-come inside?”

Joy’s smile widened. She leaned forward slightly, and Kitten nearly swooned at the rich, familiar vanilla scents washing over her. “Oh, why Kitten, I’d love to!” She smiled, reaching through the gap to cup Kitten’s cheek. Kitten found herself nuzzling Joy’s hand. “You’re so sweet to offer.”

Kitten nodded shyly. But something felt... off.

“I’m, um...” She sucked slightly on the tip of her thumb, rubbing her thighs together. “... n-not s’posed to let strangers inside, though.”

She hated saying no. It was so hard to remember she was even supposed to, and Joy kept smiling at her, and she wanted so badly to impress Joy, to *please* Joy...

“Oh?” Joy’s eyebrows arched slightly. “But I’m not a stranger, am I?”

“Oh. N-No.” Kitten ducked her head, but Joy’s hand forced her chin back up, forced her to meet Joy’s pretty eyes. “I-I mean, you’re not, but, um...”

“So I’m not.” Joy’s voice was soft and soothing. “You know me. You know how... sweet I am to you.” Her other hand grasped a breast and gave a languid squeeze. Kitten stared helplessly. “So let me in.”

“Oh... but, but...”

“Buh, buh~” Joy giggled. She leaned in and tipped Kitten’s head down slightly, helping Kitten to watch her breasts jiggle. “Adorable little baby lamb.” She bounced the breast in her hand. Kitten’s eyes followed it helplessly. “Don’t you want to be good for me?”

“Oh... I, um...” Kitten sucked on her thumb. “B-But Mommy...”

“Mommy wouldn’t mind,” Joy cooed. “Mommy’s gonna be *soooo* happy with you!”

Bounce. Jiggle.

“O-Oh. She... she will?” That didn’t sound right, but Kitten’s head felt so filled with thick, heavy milky fog...

“Of course!” Joy giggled. “You’re a very silly Kitten, aren’t you?”

Kitten found herself giggling, too. The hand was helping her to nod, and since she was nodding, she guessed she must agree. “Uh-huh!” she burbled.

Joy swayed from side to side, causing her boobs to bounce, bounce, bounce. “A silly Kitten like you doesn’t know how to make all these hard decisions, does she?”

“Oh, no, Joy!” Kitten was so relieved Joy understood. Joy took Kitten’s hand and pulled it away from her mouth, pulling the thumb out in the process. Kitten’s mouth felt so unbearably empty. She stared at Joy’s big, bouncy boobies... “I’m, um... *soooooo*... silly?”

“That’s *riiight*. So *very* silly. But that’s okay, kitten. Because Joy is very smart, isn’t she?” Kitten felt Joy’s hand stroking her hair. “So you should let me inside. So I can help you figure all of this out!”

“O-Oh.” Kitten wiggled. “Um... um...”

Joy took another step closer. Her breasts squished against the door, nearly bursting right out of the dress. “Let me take care of you,” she whispered. “Let Joy take care of everything. Mommy will be so pleased with you.”

“I...”

“Be so good for her. So good for me.”

“O-Oh, um...”

“Go on. *Open up for Mommy~*”

Kitten’s purrs drowned out any remaining doubts as she fumbled to undo the bolt. She was clinging to the doorknob just to stay upright at this point.

The bolt’s chain went slack. The door swung open, and Kitten lost her balance and—to her intense embarrassment—went tumbling to the floor.

“Oh, poor baby!” she heard Joy cooing, descending down over her. Kitten blinked dumbly as she found herself being scooped up in Joy’s arms. The holstaur smiled sweetly down at her. “Such a silly girl!”

Kitten giggled stupidly, purring, nuzzling into Joy’s chest.

Then she flushed. She hadn’t fully thought about it. Instinct was taking over. It had felt so natural, so she’d just... but she wasn’t supposed to...

“Um,” she managed, “Um.”

Joy’s eyes gleamed. She stroked Kitten’s hair, her fingertips trailing down Kitten’s spine and stroking down the length of Kitten’s tail. Kitten squealed and mewed and squirmed.

“Suhc a precious little kitten,” Joy gushed. “So *good* for Joy.”

“Um. Th-Thankies, I, um...” Kitten had used so many words today, had so many big thoughts. It was getting really hard. And she was so close to those breasts, and suckling would feel soo, soooo nice...

Joy giggled, tickling under Kitten’s chin. “But that door has a lock, doesn’t it?”

Laughter bubbled out as Kitten nodded. “Uh-huh!”

“Wouldn’t you like to tell me where the key is, Kitten?”

“Oh, um, I...” Kitten bit her lip. She’d been about to just say yes without thinking! She really *was* a silly little kitten. “Mommy said not to let anyone have the key,” she mumbled. “For, like, security and stuff.” She nibbled on a knuckle, trying to contain her desperate craving a little longer.

Joy smiled and pulled Kitten’s hand away again. Kitten whined, licking her lips.

“Well,” Joy purred, “*now* Mommy says to give the key to me. Okay, baby?”

Kitten blinked slowly. “... u-um...?”

Wait.

No.

This... this was...

Joy smirked down at her. “Be *good for Mommy*, now,” she whispered, stroking Kitten’s hair. “And Mommy will take ever-such-good, *good* care of her little baby Kitten.”

Kitten's heart started to pound faintly in her chest. She watched those breasts bounce slightly as Joy squeezed her in close. "Um. Buh. But."

"You're doing *soooo* good for Mommy, little one!" Joy squished Kitten's reddening cheeks together. "You're making me *soooo* happy. You want to keep making me happy, don't you?"

"Buht—w-wait, um—" Kitten's heart started to beat faster. Old conditioning was activating. *Danger. Danger.* She took a deep breath to scream for—

"Hush, little baby." A finger popped past Kitten's lips.

And Kitten immediately began to desperately suckle.

"Mommy's talking~"

Kitten's eyes widened. She squealed and whined futilely, wiggling, blushing as hot as a furnace.

But she couldn't speak. She couldn't think. All she could do was suckle, and that sweet nutty vanilla cream was dripping onto her tongue. Oh, she'd forgotten how good it tasted.

Her lashes were fluttering. They felt so heavy. "Mm... m-ma..." she babbled around the finger.

Joy stroked her hair, kissing her on the forehead. "There's a good Kitten," she purred.

"Mm," Kitten whined, trying to shake her head. No, no, no! Her lips smacked around Joy's finger. "Mm—Mmf..."

"You love being good for me, don't you, little lamb?" Fingers ran through Kitten's hair, scratched daintily behind her ear.

Kitten whimpered, trying in vain to stop purring. No, she... she was, um...

The finger popped out, trailed down her cheek, and tipped up her chin. Kitten blinked, lips still parted in an 'o' shape, as her gaze was guided to Joy's pretty eyes.

Joy smiled warmly. "Just focus on suckling, Kitten. Doesn't that feel easier?"

Kitten blinked slowly. "Umm... no, um..." Oh. Right. She... needed to call out...

... but... sucking...

She stared uncertainly up at Joy, struggling to collect her scattered, half-liquid thoughts. Easier. Sucking.

“Mmnuh.” She licked her lips. “N-No, I—”

“Hush~” Another finger popped in, dripping with milk.

Kitten’s lashes lowered, and she started docilely suckling again, soft moans slipping out. No. No, she was... she wasn’t...

“Suckle, suckle, suckle, baby.” Joy’s sweet coos made Kitten quiver with pleasure. “Focus on that. That’s all your thoughts are for, Kitten. That’s all your mouth is for, my precious little lamb.”

Kitten whined. That was... yes, she was for sucking, but... but that was for Mommy, she was... she...

... sucking... Mommy...

... her brain felt all... mushy...

And then Kitten felt a hand creeping up her thigh.

She squeaked, squirmed. No. No, that was... um... only Mommy was supposed to...!

... but before she could remember that, the finger popped back out, and she was back to that horrible emptiness. Her lips moved feebly as she stared helplessly up at Joy.

Joy smirked, scritching under Kitten’s chin. “You want to give me that key, don’t you, little lamb?”

“Nn.” Kitten whined, squirming, tongue lolling as the hand started to touch her kitten parts and pleasure started flooding through her. Being touched like this hadn’t always affected her brain so deeply, she was sure, but Mommy had done so much to her, had fixed her so much... “N-No,” she whimpered, shaking her head. “M-Mommy... I c-can’t...”

But Kitten’s treacherous body thrummed with happy purrs.

Her eyes followed Joy’s finger as it stroked around a bare nipple.

“Yes?” Joy whispered.

Her eyes crossed as Joy lifted the finger to bob slowly before her eyes.

Kitten's lips parted as she watched the milk dripping from that finger. All of that yummy milk going to waste.

"Can't what?" Joy's voice was soft and sweet as she squished Kitten close against her, groping Kitten's butt under her skirt. "Can't let me... *subvert* you?"

"S...suh..." Kitten's eyes followed the finger. Her whole head did. Bobbing. Back and forth.

Back and forth...

"Subuhbuh..." she echoed faintly.

She heard Joy laughing at her. Joy's laugh was so pretty. Joy's fingers were so pretty, so long and dainty and suckable, and being touched by Joy's pretty hands felt so nice, and—and—

Subvert.

Subvert her against Mommy.

And against Senya.

Kitten's spirit rallied once more, and her eyes widened, her lips parted to scream—

And *in* went the finger, and Kitten purred and wiggled and squealed happily as she suckled on her prize.

Deep down, fragments of her wondered if she'd never really planned to scream at all.

"Such a precious little pet," Joy cooed. "So good for me."

Kitten purred and nuzzled, grinding her hips against Joy's predatory groping.

There was a time that letting someone touch and use and abuse and humiliate her like this, her, a grown woman and trained warrior, surely would have infuriated her beyond belief.

But Valina had slept for a very long time. This was just how Kitten was used to being treated.

It was so easy to focus on nursing. On getting dumber and dumber with every taste of cream. Nice and happy and silly and weak. That was all Kitten knew how to be now.

And so when Joy smiled, and whispered once more, "Give the key to Mommy, little lamb..."

... Kitten didn't even hesitate to proudly retrieve the key from her pocket and hold it up for Joy to take.

And Mommy smiled at her.

"There's a good little lamb," she cooed.

The finger popped out, and she took the key and tucked it into the pocket of her dress.

Kitten had a moment of not-quite-clarity. With nothing to suckle on, her lips felt empty, everything felt wrong, and she wondered...

But then her eyes fell on the fully-bared breast, and she squealed happily as Mommy guided her in for the final stroke.

"So good for Mommy," Mommy whispered in her ear, groping her down below, and she shivered with bliss. Kitten began to suckle on Mommy's nipple. Her suckling started to draw in trickles, then full, deep gulps of that wonderful, creamy milk, and it felt so much like returning home.

And she purred happily. She knew Mommy was right. She knew Mommy knew best. And she knew she was where she belonged.

Being good for Mommy was what Kitten was best at.

To Be Continued...