

For Always

Bea stared at the catgirl. That word echoed between the two of them like a thunderclap.

““Mommy’?” she repeated blankly.

The catgirl smiled, her tufted tail flicking behind her head. “Yes~?”

Bea squinted.

“No, I mean—” Her foot dragged against the carpet as she took a slow step back. “I mean, *you* just called me...”

“Mommy.” The catgirl giggled. “Uh-huh!” She glided forward. At five-foot-even, she stood over half a foot shorter than Bea. “I think this has been enough pretending, sweetiepie.”

Bea swallowed. “Alli, I...” She noticed Alli pout at the use of her real name. “I know you don’t want me to move away, but—but this is what I *want*. And I’ll be back every summer! I need to—”

“You need to stay here.” Alli’s smile returned. She giggled, taking a bouncy step closer. “You’re gonna stay here with me. For *always*. Just like we promised, dumdums.”

“We—” Bea rubbed her forehead, trying to suppress her frustration. “We’re not playing games anymore, Alli. The world’s more...” She didn’t like how close Alli was getting. Even with their distance over the last few years, she still knew what time of the year it was for Alli. “It’s more complicated now, and—”

“Nuh-uh,” Alli cooed. “It’s *simple*, sweetie.” Another step closer. Bea took another step back, but she knew every step was taking her farther from the door. “It’s *sooo* simple for a silly little girl like you.” Her eyes sparkled. “Don’t you remember the game we used to play, Honeybea?”

Bea was trying not to breathe in too deep, but briefly, she just stopped breathing altogether. Tiny pinpricks of weakness bubbled up inside her.

“A-Alli—” she started.

“Mommy,” Alli corrected petulantly. She took a step closer.

Bea backed up and felt her butt squish against the wall. Her heart started beating faster.

“I-I let you pretend a lot,” she said, trying desperately to keep her voice together. “But we are both grown adults now, and you *need* to start acting like i—”

“So *cyuuuute*~” Alli’s fingers ran through Bea’s hair. The catgirl had started faintly purring, and Bea felt a little weak at the familiar, soothing rumbles. Fuck, Alli smelled weirdly *good* up close. Even better than normal.

Bea knew she'd just keep smelling better and better the longer this went on.

The light from the windows faded as clouds outside overtook the moon. Shadows settled over the hall.

"And I'm—" Bea licked her lips. "This is hard for you. I know that. And I know how you get when you're—" The scent poured in even thicker. "So I'm going to *overlook* this, Alli, just this once." In the darkness, Alli's green eyes had taken on a pale nocturnal gleam. Bea made her voice firm and stared hard at the little catgirl. "And we are going to forget this ever happened."

Alli's head tilted slightly.

She regarded Bea with an almost cool expression, lips quirking up toward a sort of half-smile.

"Yes, you are," Alli said.

Bea blinked.

Her lungs constricted. She turned to hurry away from—

Alli's hand slammed into the wall right in front of her.

Bea whirled back around. Her heart was at a gallop. Alli, though, still had that same sweet, innocent smile as before. She was so much smaller than Bea, and the idea of her being intimidating should have been almost laughable, but...shoving her out of the way felt *wrong*. It felt like the wrong note to leave things on.

"And where do you think you're going, Honeybea?" Alli asked.

Bea's breathing was getting shallow. Alli's scent was everywhere, now, especially with her arm raised up towards her—gods, there was so much skin bared by Alli's tight crop top and boyshorts, that bubble butt was being so perfectly shown off, those soft thighs, her slender arm and bare shoulder—had she been *planning* for this—?

"Alli," Bea whispered. She wanted so badly to just grab the catgirl by the shoulders and shake some *sense* into her, but the idea of encouraging any skin-to-skin contact right now... "You... you need to understand that you can't make me stay. That's not how it works."

"I can make you do anything I want." Alli grinned, bouncing on her tiptoes. "I always get my way with you, Bea! *Aaalways*. Because I'm cute." She pouted. "And sweet." She fluttered her lashes. "And *better than you~*"

"No!"

"And because. You. *Love* me." Alli licked her lips. "Remember? You promised. You *promiised~*"

"I d-didn't—"

“And promises are important, baby!” Bea heard Alli’s claws protracting and retracting, cutting into the wall next to her. “Promises are *binding*. You told me that.”

“I—that was about—”

“And you’re *such* a good girl,” Alli cooed. She swayed from side to side, and fuck, *fuck*, Bea swore she could *see* Alli’s scent wafting off of her—that pale, swirling mist of thick, sweet pheromones— “You wanna set a good example, right?”

Bea’s feet shuffled. She was bigger than Alli. She was stronger than Alli. All she had to do was shove Alli away from her and get out of here, get out of this hall, out of this house full of Alli’s intoxicating scent and into the crisp night air. She’d be able to breathe clearly out there. Alli’s eyes would lose that breathtaking gleam, and the catgirl would come to her senses. Alli would cry, and apologize for getting carried away. Bea would leave.

Shove her away. That was the first step.

Why wasn’t she shoving her away?

“You always give me what I want,” Alli said sweetly. “Every time.”

“A-Alli.” Bea trembled. Since when was Bea’s scent *this* effective on her? “Stop.”

“Every time. Whatever I want.” Alli’s tail swished. She slowly raised her other arm, bringing almost to eye level her bare, smooth armpit. “So *huff-huff, wittle dumdums~*”

Bea was midway through the second breath when she realized what she was doing.

She actually squeaked, trying to lean away. Alli leaned after her, giggling like mad.

“I remembered how you *staaared*,” she cooed, bouncing in place. “It’s always *soooo* easy~!”

“S-Stop—”

“You do whatever cute girls say.” Alli’s eyes gleamed brighter, with something almost sadistic glinting within those pools of fire-streaked green. “Whatever I want. Whatever I want. *Whatever I want*. Because I’m your *always-forever...*” But her eyes had taken on a glaze, too. A sugary glaze of adoration. “... and you *loooove me~*”

“No,” Bea whimpered.

“Yes,” Alli squealed. “Yes-yes-yes! It’s conditioned, dummy-wummy. I think you’d rather die than see me sad, deep down. You *knew* you wouldn’t be able to leave if I didn’t want you to, Loveybee.” She batted thick lashes and pouted those plump lips. “*And I. Don’t. Want you to.*”

“A-Alli,” Bea whispered, “please, don’t... don’t make this any...” Fuck. Oh, *fuck*, she was—why was she—? Alli just smelled so, so, so *good*, and Alli’s pretty armpit was right there, Alli was doing everything she knew worked, taking advantage of every hidden weakness, “... a-any...”

“Any...” Alli’s ears flicked back. She rose up to her tiptoes and leaned in closer, until her armpit was right next to Bea’s cheek, and their lips were inches apart. “... *hhaarder~?*”

Bea moaned.

“If you’d actually wanted to leave,” Alli purred, and oh, no, she was *fully* purring now, that buzzy-fuzzy thrumming purring that always came when Alli knew she was winning, and Alli *was* winning, *Alli was going to win*— “you wouldn’t have told me about it, like, two months ago, like a little idiot.” She giggled. “But you did!”

“I—I wanted you to—”

“You told me so I could stop you.” Alli’s other hand slipped down between Bea’s legs. Bea let out a shameful mewl. “So I’d have lots and lots of time to get you *ready~*”

“A-Alli—” Bea was huffing hopelessly, staring at Alli’s armpit as her world went glossy. Alli’s scent was all over them both now, oh, gods, why did it feel so good—*why was she humping against Alli’s hand*— “Alli. Wh-what... did you do?”

Alli blinked innocently with a coquettish tilt of her head.

Her tail swished wickedly behind her.

“You still keep your key under the flower pot, dummy wittle Wuvvybee.” Alli grinned, rubbing Bea’s bulge, her purrs resonating through her hand and sending buzzes of unbearable pleasure into Bea’s throbbing cock. “And I guess you must still be scared of the way your door creaks at night, since you still leave it *wiiide* open~”

“A-Alli—!”

“Shh, babygirl~” Alli rubbed faster. Her eyes narrowed with amusement. “Just huff Mommy’s armpit and hump Mommy’s hand, and let Mommy do all the talkies, okay~? Same as always.”

“A-Aah—!”

“Gosh, it’s even better when you’re awake~”

“A-Aahnh—?”

Alli blinked up at her and beamed, her expression pure and innocent once again. “You’re *sooo* *cyuuute~!*” the catgirl squealed, and shoved Bea facefirst into her armpit. “Mommy loves you *sooo* much, baby~!”

“A-Alli! *Alli!*” Bea shook her head frantically, her struggles pathetic and useless. Alli was everywhere in her head now, and even speaking her name felt *so good*, just like in—oh, fuck, those *dreams*, wait, *fuck, fuck fuck fuck*—

“*Whaaat~?*” Alli’s body was shaking with barely-controlled laughter. “You wanted this, *Baby-Bea!* Remember? You *wuuuuv* when Mommy gives your bwain lots of *special touchies!*”

“N-Nnooo~!” Bea cooed, as she throbbed and humped hopelessly against Bea’s hand.

“Yes you *dooooo*~!”

“No, no, nooo~!” Bea nuzzled Alli’s armpit unthinkingly, sniffed, huffed, soooo much scent filling her up, she felt so dizzy, so horny, so hard, so pathetic, so *little*—

“You’re staying because you *love* me,” Alli said firmly. “Because you *promised*. And because...” She pulled Bea out from under her arm with a smile and tipped Bea’s chin up. Her tender pink lips touched Bea’s. “... because your Mommy doesn’t think you’re ready to be without her, Babybea~”

“Ah—*nnggh*—” Alli’s lips were so soft, so wet, and Bea felt a dangerous sense of déjà vu. Even back then, back when they’d played together, those little ‘play kisses’ had always—but *now*, now there was something else, something *familiar* and *recent* and—

“Or to leave the house alone.” Alli licked Bea’s lips playfully with that long, rough tongue. “Oh! I’m gonna move in, by the way~”

“Wh-Wh—”

“Just like old times~!” Alli beamed. “Isn’t that *sooo* nice? Teehee, the town will be *sooo* surprised when they find out *decided* to stay, but when they find out we got *married*...” She stroked faster, jerking Bea off through her pants.

Bea was humping against Alli’s hand. She was panting, huffing, drooling. Her mind was smothered in heatscent, boiling in steams of lust. As Alli’s lips brushed hers, newly wetted, Bea sensed the subtle tingling of witchpact paint on those lips. “No,” she gasped, “no, please, *please* don’t—”

“And I’ll be your Mommy again, Loveybea. Just like before! And I’ll make you *sooo* feel good...” Rub, rub, rub... “... and make *aaall* the ***hhaard*** decisions...” She stretched the word out into a lusty, purring moan. “... and pamper you, and spoil you, and brainwash you so you can just be my *dummy wittle lovey-dovey Baby-Bea*. Forever. For *always*.”

“A-Alli!” Bea cried.

“Lovey-dovey dummy baby,” Alli burbled, bouncing happily. Her breasts jiggled mesmerizingly, nearly slipping out of the crop top. “Mommy’s little dumdummy princess, nursing in my lap. Don’t you see you’re *waaay* too young to live on your own?”

“But I’m—I’m—” Bea felt like a shattered window still trying to hold its shape. She moaned, head lolling, scattering about for something she could say, but everything was falling apart, everything was ruined, Alli was winning, she was losing—

“*B-But I’m older than you...!*”

Her pathetic squeal echoed through the hall. Her cheeks were bright red, her tongue was out, she needed a kiss, needed more touches, needed to cum, cum, *cum*, but her free will was... it was *melting*, she could tell, and if she broke now, if she let Alli take her to pieces, she wasn’t sure she’d ever...

The little brat catgirl just smirked up at her. “Shush, babygirl~” Her tail flicked as she rose up to the very tips of her toes. “We’re gonna fix that.”

And she leaned in and pouted her lips for the final kiss.

A kiss that would bind their fates for always.

“A-Aah! N-No, please, *please*, I—” Bea’s words stumbled and tore over one another in her panic, her cock was throbbing, her mind was dissolving— “I-I’m sorry, *sososo sorry* this—you don’t have to—I won’t leave—” Fear and need were skyrocketing, she was humping faster and faster, matching her frantically-racing heart— “I’ll stay, *please*, I—just don’t—*don’t*—”

“Do you love me?”

Bea’s breath caught. She stared down into Alli’s shining, hungry eyes.

“I love you,” she whispered.

Alli grinned. Her hand slowed a little, and Bea trembled with burning relief and a strange, hollowed disappointment.

“You love *who*~?”

“I—” Bea felt like she was in front of a smith’s forge, and the heatscent radiating Alli was just making it worse and worse and worse...

“I love you, Mommy,” she whimpered, feeling unbearably small and more pathetic than she’d felt in so, so many years...

“And you’ll stay?” Alli batted her eyelashes. “You’ll stay with me, and love me forever? Play the games I want? Give me what I want? *Whatever* I want?”

Whatever I want.

Bea stared down at the spoiled bratkitten, panting, trembling, her cock twitching and leaking.

“W-Whatever you want,” she whispered. “Just... please, *please*...”

Alli’s eyes shone with pure love.

“Okay, Baby-Bea,” she mewed happily. “Well, *I* want us to *play house*, okay?”

Bea froze.

Alli cupped Bea’s chin. “*For always*,” she cooed.

And she took Bea in a long, tender kiss on the lips.

Bea felt warmth. She felt fire. She felt molten, gooey heat rising within her. She felt Alli's lips against hers, she felt Alli's rough little tongue slip in to toy with hers, and she remembered so many kisses before. So many kisses, she'd always been so weak for makeouts with Alli, but this kiss...

The heat burned too hot for her to truly notice the magic slipping in, to register the rippling ribbons of mystic energy fluttering into her mind.

Slithering around her brain.

Wrapping and tying, binding, rewriting...

Their lips smacked together wetly, and Bea felt the catgirl moaning against her, purring, clutching at her more tightly. Bea's eyelids fluttered open, and she stared weakly down at Mommy. Mommy's eyes were shut with pure bliss.

Wait, not... not Mommy, this was *Alli*, it was...

But the kiss didn't break. It went on and on, deep and endless. Alli's purring thrummed through her, that smug, triumphant, satisfied rumble, the purring of a spoiled brat bitch who had gotten her way again, who always got *whatever she wanted*, tongue flicking and swirling, moans filling Bea's ears, and Bea felt so—

—so unsure, so confused, because Mommy's hand felt so nice where it was, but she felt sticky, and she wanted to hump more, humping felt nice—but no, something was—this wasn't—

And on. Drooly, slobbery, lips smacking wetly against her sensitive skin. Alli sucking playfully on Bea's lower lip until Bea cried out. Nipping slightly. Cooing and purring and moaning and licking and Bea squirming and—

—and Mommy clutching her even tighter, shoving her hand under Bea's pants to grope her thingy and start pumping it, and that felt so funny and so *nice*...

And on. And on. Lips breaking and rejoining, tongues flicking, Alli's purrs pulsing through Bea's helpless little brain...

—Mommy giggling slightly, squeezing Bea's tip, and Bea whimpered and moaned, bucked stupidly into Mommy's nice, soft hand, 'cause she wanted more of those touches, more, more, more—!

—and the kiss broke with a sloppy, wet *pop*, and pleasure erupted in Bea like fireworks, tingly buzzy waves of bliss, her own purring—

—she bucked and humped, squealing, crying, babbling and loving it, loving it all, her thingy was twitching and pulsing and *spurting* and she loved loved *loveloveloved*—

The pleasure poured into her, overwhelmed her like a desert flood, too much, *too much* for a weak little thing like her. Her body shook violently, but Alli held her tight and rubbed *faster*.

More pleasure. More and more and *more* as Bea helplessly spasmed, panted, babbled—Alli was talking and Bea was stupidly bobbing her head and agreeing with all of Mommy’s sweet coos and whispers, ‘cause Mommy was giggling, Mommy was so smart, so so *sooo smart*—

More. More.

More. Bea bucked and jerked like a broken puppet, drooling all over herself. Nuzzling Alli’s armpit. Sniffing. Huffing. Kissing. Losing herself to Alli. Dosing. More.

More. She was taken under by sticky, gooey waves, ruined by... but... she knew that Mommy had her, so it was okay. Mommy knew how to take care of a lovey-dovey-dummy little girl like her.

More. Her head wobbled and swam. Her hips bucked a little. Her panties felt sticky. Her brains felt sticky, too.

The waves finally, gradually subsided. The stickiness was still there, but it was a calm, sloshing sea, no longer crashing against her thoughts like big waves.

Bea’s eyelids weren’t all the way closed, but she couldn’t see what she was looking at. Everything was sparkly and glowy, cast in a golden haze of dozey, dazzled dizziness. Her lips felt tingly and sensitive. Her lips felt nice when she licked them. Something on them tasted nice, too. She wasn’t sure what it was. They tasted nice.

What was the taste? Her eyebrows twitched as her brain tried to ooze its way towards an answer...

At a soft little hum, she blinked, and she could see again.

Mommy was smiling lovingly down at Bea. Bea realized her knees had given way, and she was now half-cradled in Mommy’s arms.

Mommy raised a hand and gently stroked her hair. “Good little girl~”

Bea’s lashes fluttered. Oh, that felt really nice, but... wait, this... this was...

... she blinked uncertainly up at Mommy. At... at *Alli*...?

“Mommy?” she whimpered, and blushed. “I... buh...”

“Don’t you *loooove* your Mommy?” Mommy asked sweetly, tail flicking.

“A-Ah...” Bea wiggled, feeling a funny sense of embarrassment she only vaguely understood, a weird feeling that this wasn’t how her and Alli were supposed to be.

But of course this was how it was supposed to be. She licked her lips, blushing hotter and avoiding Alli’s eyes. Alli was *sooo* much stronger, and smarter, and more grown-up. Bea was just a dummy, silly little girl. Of course Alli was her Mommy. And Mommy took care of her.

Mommy loved her.

And Bea...

"I w-wuv my Mommy," Bea cooed.

A hand cupped her chin, and she was forced back into Mommy's eyes. She found herself smiling and drooling, feeling all that sticky, gooey adoration pouring from Mommy's eyes and straight into her. Her thingy twitched and dribbled as she found her face being pressed against Mommy's breast.

"And Mommy *wuuuvs* her *cutie wittle Baby-Bea*," Mommy cooed. "Forever and ever and *ever!*"

Bea moaned and burbled in bliss. Acting on instinct, she latched onto a nipple and started to suckle.

The little catgirl patted Bea on the head. "Just like we promised, dumdums."

Bea nodded eagerly, babbling around the nipple. Sucking felt *soooo* good. Like this was what her lips were made for. She pressed in closer, huffing, drooling, drinking...

"For always~"