



EROTICA

Manny & Lucille

When Cupid's away, the cats will play... An erotic story about a lot of magic, a little mayhem, and two heavenly felines.

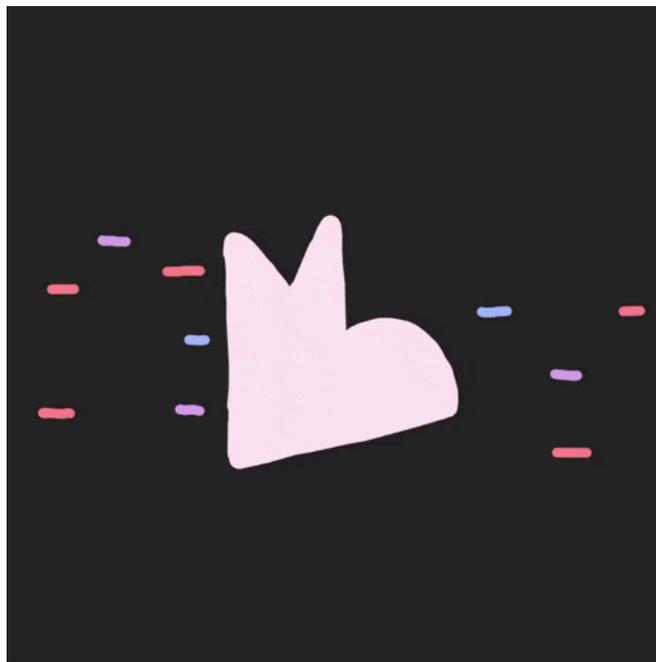
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Join the party

you're walking towards the VIP section **in a nightclub**; even a vaguely Greek-looking statue of a large-breasted woman dons a pink feather boa, a tutu, and cat-eye shades.

The conversation pit in the center seems outdated for 2023, but the loft's owner is certain this interior design trend will make a comeback, even if she has to start it back up herself. Anyway, her cats love the pit. Manny, the black Maine Coon, and Lucille, a black Savannah cat. They're laying in it now while their owner loudly steps out the shower upstairs. Lucille's long, lanky body arches up into a stretch. Manny's attentive orange eyes never lose sight of her.

"Baby come oooover!" the cats' owner sings. Everyone's favorite Aquarius loves Beyonce's 'Virgo's Groove' and is blasting it from the speakers wired throughout the loft's walls. Her towel slides rhythmically off her body with every shake of her waist while she dances and puts lotion on. She's a whopping 4-foot-11, but dances tall, with an **air of confidence**. She cups her tiny breasts when bending over to dance with her reflection in her wall-to-ceiling mirror. Her pubic hair is waxed into the shape of a heart. Her tiny foot tapping on the beat like she's at a disco, she points a red-nailed finger towards her closet.



from *Ginhy*

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inch platform heels that tie all the way up her slender thighs.

Heart-shaped pasties cover her nipples, but reveal themselves under a white halter dress that barely covers her little booty. A gust of wind trails after the clothes as they make their way back to the closet, causing the dress to momentarily billow up around her waist, revealing a pink thong that reads “EAT ME” on the front. The loft owner giggles, and holds the front of the dress down as if channeling Marilyn Monroe. She rushes into the conversation pit where Lucille is laying on top of Manny, both purring in the simple satisfaction of each other's company.

“What do you think of the ‘fit, Manny? How about you, Lucille?” The loft owner asks, posing in front of the cats. “Is she giving, or is she giving?” Her bob lengthens, red hair is flipped out at the ends. The color makes her flaxseed skin tone stand out. Her beat face is decorated with tiny crystal hearts that twinkle when they catch the light. Manny and Lucille meow in approval. The loft owner smiles at her pets, scratching both of them under their chins, then runs back upstairs for a final lookover. She walks with a bounce in her step, still in time with the music, until it suddenly cuts off for an incoming call.

“Incoming call from... Himeros,” the robotic house voice announces. The loft owner rolls her eyes in her bedroom mirror, taking out a clear shade of lipgloss to put over her red lips.

WHEN THEY STEP OUTSIDE, LUCILLE’S CAT BODY TRANSFORMS INTO THAT OF A WOMAN, HER NAKED SKIN THE SAME COLOR AS THE NIGHT SKY.

“Accept,” she says to her reflection. A hologram face with bone structure similar to her own appears in the mirror.

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Himeros sighs. “All I wanted for my birthday was for my agent-of-love sister to surround me with amour-crazed dicks and here I am buying my own drinks.”

“I’ll see you in a sec,” says Cupid, blowing a kiss to her twin.

He responds by blowing kisses back. His face disappears from the mirror and so does Cupid. Her wings carry her downstairs and she grabs the red, mini-Telfar bag waiting for her by the door. Manny and Lucille both perk up from their resting positions and watch her, like they’re waiting for something.

“Manny and Lucille,” Cupid says, “watch the place for me, okay?”

The two black cats respond only with flicks of their tails. “And try not to make a mess,” Cupid says, walking out the door, flicking her fingers towards her cats in the final moment before the door closes completely. Thousands of tiny, pink lights cascade from her fingertips in a sparkling fountain. They crowd the room like stars. Manny and Lucille hop off the couch in the conversation pit, marveling at the ceiling. Manny looks over at Lucille, who always looks so pretty in this light, and licks his lips. Lucille can feel his fiery eyes hot on her fur... and then she takes off running.

Manny darts after her, matching her every move as Lucille swerves from the living room to the kitchen, then towards the balcony. Cupid’s magic is still swirling around the loft and pouring out the door and into the city. When they step outside, Lucille’s cat body transforms into that of a woman, her naked skin the same color as the night sky. Her green cat eyes take in the lights of downtown, while she bends over and waits for Manny’s embrace. He doesn’t make her wait long. When he emerges nude behind her, the dark Maine Coon is now a large man. The black and gray tufts of hair that sat beneath his feline face are now a salt-and-pepper beard. His sharp teeth are capped with a silver grill that ice out **his fangs**.

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from Giphy

Manny licks Lucille's back from the tip of her buttcrack up to her neck. She leans into his body, letting his big hands paw at her torso and breasts as he kisses her with both hunger and care. She turns around and begins to lower herself to the level of his waist but Manny cups her chin and raises her back up. Instead, he backs her up against the balcony banister. Lucille lifts one leg, balancing herself with the other, and runs a finger seductively over her exposed clit. When Manny bows down and begins to swirl his tongue between her lips, Lucille's quiet nature subsides.

A moan escapes from between her parted lips, the **volume increasing** despite the hand she clasps over her mouth, until the essence of her spills onto Manny's beard. Lucille grabs his face, desperate for her own taste. He smoothly picks her up and carries her back inside, back to their pit and love lights. When Manny sits down, Lucille adjusts herself on top of him, so that when he sits, he'll already be inside. The subtle force of him hits Lucille's favorite spot, and jumpstarts her into riding. Her tightness makes Manny's eye roll back, and he slumps down, accepting her will completely.

Lucille's nails dig into Manny's neck and he moans with a heady combination of **pain and pleasure**. Lucille bounces higher, harder, putting one breast in Manny's mouth and the other in her own.

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“I forgot my bow and arrows!” Cupid responds. Flying up to her bedroom, she grabs the curved gold bow and quiver of feather-tipped arrows she left on the bed.

“I’m leaving now! Be there in 10,” she says, walking out the door for the second time. When the door slams, Manny, who’s sitting on top of Lucille, begins licking her behind with his rough cat tongue. Lucille looks at her Maine Coon man and begins flicking one of his pointed ears with her paw.

“Now, where were we?”she purrs.

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