**Cat Got The Cream**

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We were on our way to a Halloween party, my newly married wife and I. I was dressed as a great lumbering Frankenstein while my wife was dressed as a witch's cat. She was drawing plenty of looks as we walked down the dusk-lit street. My wife is twenty-five; quite a bit younger than me -- we were married after only a short acquaintance in a frenzy of shared jollity and desire. She is quite petite, with foxy-brown hair and excitable eyes that light up saucily when she grins her wide, cheeky grin. She's a real fun lover and has an amazing body. Tonight her all-in-one cat suit was black pvc, almost matt black, replete with hood and eye mask and little pointy ears. The suit had a zip that went down from the bust all the way round to just under the tail at the small of her back (presumably designed that way for easy access to the toilet, or other things!). She had it unzipped slightly at the top, showing off her incredible cleavage. She has amazing round tits, and a firm peachy arse to go with it which has a delightful natural wiggle when she walks. Her flesh is soft and milky. Incredible curves!

Anyway, as you can imagine she was creating quite a sensation as we walked the short walk to our (I should say her) friend's house on this barmy evening. I was getting quite jealous but it was tinged with pride and stoked my desire for her fiercely. She just seemed oblivious to it, giggling lightly and chatting about how much she was looking forward to the evening -- she loved fancy dress parties -- taking it all in her stride.

When we got there the party was in full flow. We were met by the hostess, Susanna, her friend, who looked pretty incredible herself. She is quite tall and blonde, but with dark eyes and darkish streaks in her hair, and she was dressed in a stunning witch's outfit. She had fishnet stockings, slightly ripped in places, a short black rara skirt, what looked like a black lace teddy or bodice, and a tall witch's hat, crooked cockily at the top. She held a wand in one hand and a large green cocktail in the other. They screamed ecstatically when they saw each other.

"Oh my god! You've come as my cat!" Susanna yelped, and hugged Becky tightly, spilling a bit of her drink down my wife's back. "Sorry!"

"Doesn't matter, PVC!" Shrieked Becky in return, shrugging her shoulders playfully and giggling in response.

"Hello, Brian. You look fantastic." Susanna said, hugging and kissing me on both cheeks while appraising my outfit. "Now excuse me but I just need to borrow your wife, drinks are in the sitting lounge". With that she dragged Becky off, laughing excitedly and squeaking something about a karaoke machine.

I pottered off round the house, grabbing myself a large drink from the punch bowl on the side board in the front room and admiring the costumes as I went. There were quite a few people there and most had made a really good effort. The women generally looked incredible and the men had not scrimped either. There was the usual blend of ghosts and Draculas, werewolves and zombies. The women were usually witches or devil-sprites, fairies or mummies (sometimes with more skin on show than bandage if you get my drift!). I soon found a friend of mine and stopped to chat as the music blared.

After a while and a couple more drinks, I went to see what Becky was up to. As I say, she's a bit of a party girl but she's not too good at holding her liquor. But I wasn't quite expecting what I found. I had pushed through most of the downstairs rooms and looked around briefly upstairs, when making my way down to the basement room -- they have a kind of second sitting room that opens out onto a garden at the bottom floor -- I came across quite a crowd. The music was playing but in the middle, talking over the noise and the laughs of the crowd, was Susanna. She was playing to her audience, and at her feet, slinking about on all fours and mewling coquettishly, was Becky.

Susanna bent down to pet her kitty. She did so by only bending one knee slightly and keeping the other dead straight. It meant the crowd behind her could see the thong of her teddy under her rara and the bottom of her two rosy buttocks. She peeped back naughtily over her shoulder.

"Have you ever seen a more beautiful pussy?"

The crowd giggled and guffawed heartily.

"Now pussy, wouldn't you like some cream?"

Susanna straightened up and Becky, gamefully playing the role of the feline sidled affectionately against her mistress's legs. She rubbed her cheeks against Susanna's high heels and wiggled that beautiful rump of hers in the air playfully. The throng cheered again. Susanna produced a large bowl of cream from a sideboard and set it down in front of Becky. I caught that luck of wild, sparkly glee in my wife's eyes I'd seen before. Susanna crouched beside her and stoked her head lovingly.

"There you go my lovely, lick it all up like a good little pussy-tat." Becky looked up longingly into Susanna's eyes, before dipping her head eagerly to the big bowl in front of her and extending her long tongue. She began to take great, slow laps, closing her eyes and seemingly putting her whole body into the pleasure of it, dipping the small of her back in an inward arch and writhing her backside slowly from side to side so that her tail swished. The crowd hushed a bit and the atmosphere got markedly thicker. Susanna stoked and murmured encouragements to her. Suddenly, she picked up the bowl.

"Now kitty," She said. Becky sat up on her hind quarters and hovered her two front paws in front of her like a dog begging. Some cream ran down her chin and dripped onto the exposed flesh of her two big breasts. Susanna looked around at the gathering saucily. "Let's show the nice people what a good witch's pussy can do, shall we?" She held the bowl aloft above Becky's head, and tipped it slowly. Becky held out her tongue. The cream poured into her waiting open mouth and splashed down over her throat and chest running down into the crevice of her bosom in a rich torrent. Susanna stayed the flow.

"Oh my!" She exclaimed, the crowd giggled in anticipation. "You seem to have got yourself in an aweful mess. Becky miaowed in agreement and nodded her pretty head. The crowd laughed and cheered. "We'd better undo that dirty suit of yours a bit hadn't you?" Susanna bent over again in that provocative way of hers and slowly drew down the zipper at the front of my wife's outfit. Becky's eye's watched as the zip descended. A tense hush once again gripped the pack of observers, me included. With a soft bounce, my wife's two magnificent round breasts popped free. They were glistening white with the cream which ran in streaks and beads over them, trailing down further across her midriff to between her legs. Susanna paused. "Shall we go further?" She looked into Becky's eyes and then around at the wating multitude. The assembly cheered their approval, and Becky grinned saucily, clearly revelling in the tension and excitement of the atmosphere, as well as the fevered attention -- she'd always been a bit of a one for the centre stage -- and raised her arms slowly above her head, jiggling her bosom from side to side a little to signal her approval. She raised herself up on her knees a bit and arched her back again to facilitate the manoeuvre.

At this point I stepped forward and began to say something. But someone put his hand on my chest and stayed my motion.

"Come along mate, let her have her fun," He said. His tone was quiet but firm. I barely looked in his face, but something stopped my progressing with my complaint.

Susanna unzipped my wife's costume all the way back to the tail at the top of her buttocks and Becky sat back down, this time with her legs splayed out beneath her in a kind of 'S' shape. She held her back straight and thrust out her bosom provocatively. She let out a miaow and the crowd laughed again. She was looking at the cream. Susanna looked around indulgently.

"Alright, as you've been such a good kitty!" She nuzzled Becky's nose maternally with her own then handed her the bowl of cream. Becky took it and lent back a ways, tipping it rapidly so that the rest of the cream spilt out about her cheeks and moutgh, and poured down her naked torso. She angled her body so that it ran down over the soft dark fuzz of her pubic hair. She put the empty bowl down beside her and licked her lips and purred loudly. Another cheer from the mass.

Susanna stood aside a bit and admired the spectacle.

"Now surely there are others here who like cream?" she looked about the group. "Who wants to help clean my pussy?" Several members of the audience seemed to push forward at her request; not all of them men. Susanna selected a couple of young gentlemen, seemingly at random, and pulled them forward from the crowd by their belt buckles. She guided them down on all fours and bade them start licking at my wife's breasts. Becky lolled her head back and closed her eyes.

After a short while Susanna said,

"What about down below?"

One of the two men caught her drift first, and eagerly bent his head down, and then led down on his back in order to start licking at my wife's pussy. I could see she was glistening wet, and not just from the cream. She raised herself up a bit so he could squeeze his head beneath her and then sat down on his face. She looked about naughtily and put a finger to her mouth. The crowd giggled. The man made muffled slurping noises. I tell Becky was getting very turned on.

The other guy knelt back on his heels and looked a little gutted. Susanna stoked him under the chin.

"Don't look so down-hearted my boy," She said, "I'm sure my pussy is still hungry for more cream." I made another involuntary move forward but again the strong hand stayed my breast. The man who had been previously sucking on my wife's nipples stood up and Susanna slowly undid his belt and slipped her hand into his trousers.

"What have we got here," She cooed, "A big hungry snake?" The crowd laughed.

The beat of the music was a dull thud in my ears. From the corners of my eyes I saw the throng swaying lightly and taking sips of their brightly coloured drinks. Men and women in heavy make-up and bizarre, fancy costumes leered in drunken excitement. Susanna pulled from his trousers a large, fat cock. It was indeed mighty long and was swelling obligingly before us. The pack oohed and aah'd appreciatively. I saw Becky's eyes widen and her grin got bigger. She gulped exaggeratedly, again causing the mass to titter. The gentlemen advanced and slipped his massive member into my wife's obliging open mouth. As she took him in she let out a long, satisfied

"Ummm!"

The man between her legs continued his ministrations and she began to grind down onto his tongue with a little fervour as she sucked and slurped away on the big dick in her mouth hungrily. She took it all the way in, before letting it almost all the way out again slowly, gazing at it wonderfully and stroking his balls with her hand; with the other behind her back she ruffled the hair of the man beneath her. She held out the flat of her tongue and let his big glistening bell end sit on it, before enveloping him whole once again. The gentleman closed his eyes and put his hands on his hips. He threw his head back and thrust his midriff forward. Becky gripped both his buttocks with her two hands, her long polished fingernails digging into his flesh, and began working her head back and forward rhythmically. You could tell she was working herself to a climax as well, with the man beneath her munching away furiously at her pussy, is own wet tongue lapping greedily at her enflamed clitoris.

Suddenly her whole body clenched and shuddered, and she took her two big tits in her hands and squeezed them roughly. Her swollen nipples seemed to pulse invitingly. The man in her mouth also shuddered and tensed, arching his back and moaning loudly. Becky let out a stifled squeal as she orgasmed visibly, and gulped down on his exploding penis.

After lapsing slightly she raised herself slightly so that the man beneath her could slide his head out from under her. She slumped a little and slowly drew the big flagging cock from deep out of her mouth. A thick strand of cum drooped down from its tip up to her bottom lip before swinging down across her throat and chest. She gulped again with gusto and licked her lips. A wide saucy grin spread itself naturally and speedily across her rosy face. She gazed round at the multitude and caught my eye on her journey. Then she looked up fondly at Susanna. Susanna looked down approvingly and patted her playfully on the head.

"You did wonderfully my pussy, just wonderfully." She said, putting on an exaggerated voice as a mother talks to a baby. Becky scooped up the last of the semen with a finger from her bosom and popped it into her mouth. Then she sidled round the legs of her mistress again, like a cat who's just been given a treat. The crowd clapped.

"Now Brian," Susanna said, turning to me purposefully, "You better get this one home and cleaned up, I think she's had rather a lot to drink!" Again the crowd guffawed and giggled, and I came forward (I hope not too sheepishly) and helped Becky to her feet. She tottered a little but gave a tinkley giggle and curtsy. The crowd clapped and cheered again.

"Now," began Susanna, donning her ringmaster's tone again and turning back to the gathering, "Who's next?"