Kara's Suspicious Little Cat

by StarlightBellona

Summary

Cat confronts Kara, believing her to be Supergirl.

Kara distracts her by screwing her senseless, reminding her who she belongs to.

(Takes place during Season 1, Episode 8, near the end of the episode)

Notes

A follow up to my last fic, but can be read standalone if you prefer! Still gradually watching through the show and in love with it. Very eager to see more as I find the time!

See the end of the work for more notes

“If you’re not who I think you are, what does it matter?” Cat stared intently at Kara, cool as a confident kitten.

“Ms. Grant, I—” Kara’s mind swam, trying to find some way out of this predicament. Cat suspected she was Supergirl, and wanted her to take her glasses off to confirm it. Was she too careless, letting slip that she had overheard about the scheme to remove Cat from her own
company when she couldn’t possibly have heard a thing? Stupid, careless—

“Glasses, or I take it as a confirmation.” Cat’s eyes felt like they were piercing right through her soul.

That stare, so calm and collected. She knew. Kara could feel it in her core, like icy vines shooting through her veins, learning her every secret. She fought it, unleashing her anger in defiance instead of meekly cowering. It bubbled to boiling quickly as all of her daily frustrations assaulted her, a million things to worry about every fucking day. Today in particular had been rough, with confusing memories of Astra and her mother making her question everything she thought she knew.

Within moments, she knew just how to proceed. She was Supergirl, and while it seemed Cat was catching wise, her boss was forgetting one important thing—a thing that Kara was almost too flustered to remember.

Cat’s body belonged to Kara, and none other.

Kara grinned with fire behind her eyes, channeling every emotion into her cock which quickly hardened as she spoke.

“But Cat, haven’t you heard the old saying?” Kara crossed her arms and stared right back into Cat’s eyes, whose ice began to melt at Kara’s change in demeanor. She took a step back, her lips quivering nervously as she spoke.

“Remember what?” Her brow furrowed as she smoothed her tight skirt with one hand, adjusting her top with the other. Kara knew just what she was hoping for, and she was going to give it to her right here on her office’s balcony. She could see the goosebumps covering Cat’s skin—was it the cool night air, or her knowledge that she was about to get fucked harder than she could possibly handle? Kara was convinced it must be the latter.

“Curiosity killed the cat.” Kara pointed down, and Cat’s legs seemed to melt into the floor. She almost dropped the glass of whiskey she’d been holding, but her shaky hands managed to set it down at her side on the ground. Her eyes were already hazy, longing for cock, staring at Kara’s skirt with a powerful lust. Questions swirled in Kara’s mind. Is this why she was so ready to submit to Kara’s will last time? How long had Cat known she was Supergirl, or even just suspected?

Well, whatever. Kara let all of her worries go, focusing instead on the growing lust within her, the desire to remind Cat of her place. To teach her a lesson for prying into her personal matters. To give her exactly what she needed—what they both needed right now.

Kara ripped her skirt and panties off, leaving her bulging cock bouncing upwards as it was freed, pointing into the sky. Cat gasped, absentmindedly rubbing at her skirt, desperate to stimulate her pussy. Supergirl knew at an x-ray vision’s glance that the bitch’s panties were already completely soaked through. She could easily smell Cat’s sex, the scent intoxicatingly mixing with her whiskey. Both women licked their lips, and Kara smiled as she pulled her shirt off and unhooked her bra.

She had myriad ideas for how to proceed from here. After all, it wasn’t their first dance, and she wanted to keep Cat on her toes. She only wished she could play out every single path from here, but even Supergirl couldn’t do that—but she knew in her heart that there would be a next time anyway, so she should patiently take things one fuck at a time.

Breaking and dominating such a stuck-up slut like this just made her feel so powerful, somehow
even more than defeating supervillains did. It made her feel in control of just one thing in her entire fucking life. Her cock throbbed needily, hungry for Cat’s body.

She finally stepped forward, pleased that Cat waited patiently without a word, staring up at Kara’s thick cock in anticipation as she massaged herself through her skirt. Her shaft was inches away from Cat’s sexy mouth, and she opened wide but didn’t make any further moves.

“So you remember how to be a good little kitten,” Kara said down to her obedient Cat. “I was going to punish you for trying to claim that I’m Supergirl...” Kara glanced over at her torn skirt and panties. They were all but rags now. Fuck, the way she tore them off may have been impossible without superhuman strength. She hoped the sudden unleashing of her Kryptonian cock would make Cat’s horny mind forget about such details. She’d be cum-drunk soon enough, Supergirl told herself. The only thing her obedient little kitty would remember come tomorrow ought to be the feeling of her body being thoroughly used and pushed to its absolute limit.

“... But since you’re being such an eager and yet patient little cockslut, I’ll reward you.” Cat’s yearnful eyes were tearing up and she nodded fervently, pure joy filling her eyes as the scent of her honey-soaked panties tantalizingly filled Kara’s nostrils. Her cock ached for stimulation, to use her boss’ body, but her willpower won out as she pushed Cat onto her back. Kara knelt near her legs and pulled her tight skirt off as Cat wiggled her hips in excitement. She carelessly tossed it a few feet away.

“Now say my name and beg me like the needy bitch you are,” Kara commanded, spreading her boss’ legs and bringing her face close to Cat’s completely wet panties. She couldn’t wait to get a taste of this unbelievably wet pussy right in front of her.

“Superg—” Kara moved too fast for Cat to finish the name, climbing on top of her and bringing a hand to her throat and squeezing just enough to cut her off. She was oh so disappointed in her plaything for trying to call her Supergirl.

“Did I say you could call me Supergirl, slut?” Kara seethed anger, but took care not to squeeze too hard. She didn’t want to damage her fucktoy, she just wanted it to learn. Cat shook her head no as tears flowed down the sides of her face. It was a pathetic sight, but it somehow only made Kara want her even more. She loosened her grip around Cat’s throat and let her gasp for a full, deep breath. Kara eyed her heaving chest, wanting to rip her blouse off and taste her nipples, but she reminded herself not to lose control. As she met Cat’s gaze, the woman spoke.

“I just thought—I thought you were her—and everything has just been so overwhelming and...” Cat sobbed, and it quickly turned to bawling as Kara stared down at her shivering form. The Cat Grant, breaking down in front of her, completely and shamelessly vulnerable. Kara was eager to fuck her brains out, but she still had a heart.

She took her hand off Cat’s throat and laid down on top of her, cradling her boss’ head in her hands and hugging her close. She could easily guess why Cat was crying. She’d almost lost her company today, a place she’d poured her heart and soul into. Kara didn’t know what that was like, but she could relate to overwhelming stress.

“Shh... just breathe, little kitty. Let it all out. I’m here.” Kara held her patiently as she cried, but she also had some fun for herself. While comforting her pet, she humped her powerfully erect dick against her needy, sopping wet cunt through her black silk panties. She couldn’t really think of it as dry humping if her cock was already slick from it. So she slowly wet humped Cat as she cried, and soon enough, those cries turned to moans.

Cat sniffled and whispered under her breath, “Thank you, Kara.” Supergirl’s ears easily picked it
up, and took it to mean she was ready to get fucked.

“That’s a good girl. I’ll take care of you. Everything will be all right. Now...” She slid down her boss’ chest, down her stomach, settling in as her face arrived at Cat’s panty-clad cunt. “Scream my name or I won’t let you touch your pussy for a month.” Her voice was icy cold this time, leaving no room for disobedience.

“Kara!” she cried out. Not nearly loud enough, but Kara could appreciate the effort. She tried not to let sympathy cloud her judgment, but she felt a little burst of happiness somewhere deep inside that her kitty was willing to openly bare her heart to her. It was an unexpected feeling, but if anything her cock somehow felt all the harder because of it.

“Scream it like you want the whole fucking city to hear!” Kara shouted as she brought her fingers to Cat’s panties, ready to yank them down at the scream she knew was coming.

Cat moaned loudly, her hips quivering beneath Kara’s touch. “Kara!” she screamed at the top of her lungs, sending sweet echoes bouncing across the neighboring skyscrapers. It was music to Supergirl’s ears, bathing her with intense delights flooding her supersenses.

Kara yanked her panties off, easily snapping the fabric and making Cat yelp in surprise as she tossed them into the pile of her own torn clothes. Her twat was smoothly waxed, her scent overpowering. Kara took her first taste of Cat’s pussy, savoring every drop her tongue could lap up as she firmly dragged it across Cat’s entrance. The taste was delectable, her lips perfection—everything she’d expect from a classy bitch like Cat.

Cat moaned as Kara began tracing her tongue in circles around her clit. She paused as her kitty started arching her back, lost in pleasure.

“Please… don’t stop, I beg you. Eat me right up, Kara!” Her pleading tone only made Kara want to stop licking, but she decided to tease her toy some more.

“Tell me right before you come, you needy little slut, or I’ll make you regret it for weeks.” Her tone was harsh—she meant what she said. Kara loved a bit of push and pull, but she’d let her Cat get away with too much already.

“Yes!” Cat shouted, her pussy quivering before Kara’s eyes, aching for more stimulation. Kara resumed eating her, sucking at her lips, tasting her sweet nectar, firmly massaging her clit. Within moments, Cat’s breathing became sharper and sharper, and finally she squeaked. “Oh fuck, Kara! I’m—”

Kara stopped tonguing Cat’s clit and moved up her body, going face to face with her employer. She brought her throbbing cock up to Cat’s entrance and rammed it home. She shoved it in all the way, her cocksleeve’s tunnels tight and slick around her girth. Kara let loose, grunting and moaning as she began thrusting rapidly, unable to deny her cock’s desire to fill Cat’s womb.

As for Cat, she was uncontrollably moaning with her arms stretched out, spasming with each new thrust, every single one more powerful than the last. She knocked the whiskey glass over, spilling it across the ground and all over her nearby skirt, but Kara paid it no mind.

Pressure mounted in the head of her cock as she repeatedly smashed into Cat’s deepest reaches. She momentarily glanced down with her x-ray vision, curious, and the sight of her cock stretching Cat’s walls and bashing into her cervix pushed her over the top.

Cat convulsed as hot cum shot into her womb. Her tightness quaked around Kara’s cock, desperate
to coax more seed out of her. Kara surprised herself by thrusting a few more times as she came, fighting through the extreme sensitivity at the tip of her dick with a series of gasps.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck!” Her cock spurted with renewed vigor, and she stared into Cat’s face as sweet release overwhelmed her entire body. Some strange instinctual part of her felt like she could die happily, her cock was just so fucking satisfied with filling this hot woman’s body to the brim. But no, she had too much to do still in life—too many people to help and too much fucking to subject this fuckpuppet to. Still, it was a strange and confusing notion to briefly enter Kara’s lust driven mind.

She refocused on her boss’ body. Cat’s eyes were all but rolled back as her body shook and her voice cracked, moans and whimpers and delighted sobs all a delight to Kara’s ears, urging her cock to keep squirting thick cum.

Kara’s chest heaved against Cat’s, her naked breasts feeling her boss’ bra through her thin blouse. She regretted not ripping it all off earlier, but it wasn’t too late. She pushed herself up with one hand on the ground and yanked at the fabric with her other, forcing the top’s buttons to pop off with ease. Her hands eagerly explored Cat’s smooth skin and the silk bra covering her small but wonderful tits. Kara gently tugged at the fabric, savoring the contrast in textures between bra and skin.

Her cock released its final few loads as she stared down at Cat, who appeared to still be in the throes of ecstasy.

“Is my cock that fucking good that you can’t stop orgasming, slut?” Kara asked with a self-satisfied smile, enjoying the sight of her boss lost in her lust beneath her.

“Ah!” Cat was still moaning, but her lips worked as she struggled to find her voice. “Yes, your amazing cock is that fucking good!” she cried out. “I belong to Kara and nobody else!” she yelled, just as loud as she’d screamed Kara’s name earlier to earn her oral pleasure.

Kara was in awe. At her boss, for being able to have such a prolonged orgasm. At herself, for giving it to her unfettered. At this developing relationship, in which she held so much power over her boss’ body and, it seemed, her heart. Kara just knew she’d do anything to keep her as her own forever.

“Good kitty,” Kara whispered into her ear. “Don’t you ever forget who owns you.” She briefly pondered just how possessive she felt towards her plaything, but pushed it to the back of her mind as the thought of Cat being completely and utterly hers and hers alone made her Kryptonian cock ready for more.

Knowing full well she could accidentally hurt her little kitty if she wasn’t careful, an idea dawned on her. “If you ever need or want me to stop, I will in a heartbeat, but only if you say the word ‘kryptonite.’ Anything else and I have free reign on every inch of you. Understand?”

Cat immediately pulled herself out of her cock-drunk stupor, opening her eyes and meeting Kara’s intent gaze. She nodded. “Yes.” She tried moving in for a kiss, desperation suddenly taking over her eyes, but Kara quickly brought a finger between their lips.

“Good girl. You may yet earn a kiss, but right now you’re not even close.” Agony ripped through Kara’s chest. She really fucking wanted to kiss the exposed kitten beneath her, her boss, her very own Cat Grant—but she needed to maintain control. She needed Cat to beg her for it, and right now her cock had other plans.
Kara pulled out, her slick cock still rock hard and leaving Cat’s creamied pussy gaping. Her boss gasped at the sudden absence as her walls closed, cum spilling excessively all over the floor of her balcony. She whimpered, but laid still other than the slight shivers Kara could sense working up her spine. Kara flipped her over onto her stomach, away from the spilled whiskey. Her hands grasped at Cat’s hips, hauling her up onto all fours from behind.

She soaked in the sight of her boss before her on her hands and knees for a brief moment. Cat’s now buttonless shirt still clung to her back, and though Kara could easily rip it right off, she decided to let her boss keep it on. The night’s air was growing cooler by the minute, after all.

Her boss started turning her head towards her, and Kara used that as her catalyst to continue. In one superhumanly swift motion, she guided her cock to Cat’s rear entrance and shoved it all the way in before the uptight bitch could even turn to look back at her. Her body tensed up, ass reactively clamping down on Kara’s cock as her pelvis smacked loudly against Cat’s buttocks.

Cat howled at the top of her lungs as her ass struggled to accommodate her owner’s immense girth. Kara was content to enjoy the sound of her voice, and for a few moments she let Cat’s body adjust to the sudden thick member inside her butt. Cat’s voice calmed soon enough, and she began hammering into her tight ass without further delay, wishing she didn’t have to hold back her strength but still drilling her more mightily than any human would be capable of.

Kara grabbed a fistfull of Cat’s hair and pulled, her cock again enjoying every inch of Cat’s depths. Her personal cockwhore moaned as her ass was plundered without any sort of regard for her own pleasures. Kara only aimed to use her ass as the tightest cum receptacle imaginable, but she could feel through Cat’s inner walls as her pussy started contracting, spasming wildly with each thrust of Kara’s thick rod. A dazzling swirl of emotion hit her, frustration and elation and intense desire.

She was miffed that Cat could orgasm so easily, even just from her ass getting ravaged. At the same time, she felt happy and powerful, having her very own bitch to ream as she pleased, knowing full well Cat enjoyed every second of it. Well, if nothing else, Kara used this slight annoyance to her own advantage—and by extension, Cat’s as well.

Kara slammed her cock into her boss’ ass harder than ever, quickly driving herself to the edge of a powerful orgasm. As she teetered on the brink, still pulling on Cat’s hair from behind and intoxicated by the dizzying delights of every powerful sensation, the image of Cat’s smiling face shined clearly in her mind as euphoria shook her to her core. Her cock twitched in delight and she came hard, relentlessly filling up Cat’s incredibly tight ass. It was all too much for Cat and her arms that had been holding her body up went slack, leaving only Kara’s firm grip on her hair to keep her upper body afloat.

As she stared down at her beautiful bitch with an ass full of cock, her phone suddenly rang, adrenaline coursing through her chest like lightning.

She quickly gathered her composure, unsheathing herself from Cat’s thoroughly fucked butt. “Excuse me, I have to—”

“No, I’m sure it’s very important. You should go,” Cat managed, her voice only cracking a bit.

Supergirl stood and turned away, walking into Cat’s office to take the call. It was Alex. She’d certainly have to leave immediately to save the day. A pang of regret tugged at her heart as she didn’t even have time to tell Cat what a good girl she’d been tonight. Perhaps leaving her wanting for approval would work out for the best. And there was still the question of whether or not she truly believed her to be Supergirl.
“Worries for another night,” she muttered to herself before answering the phone.

End Notes

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