

# *The Key*

by

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Snarfy contemplated the key in his hand. It was a key... his father had told him so, and yet, so far all he'd done was pee through it.

"What do you mean 'key'?" he'd asked the elder Chipmunk.

His father had winked at him and chittered, "Just you trust me on this one. It's a key right enough, but you'd better be damned sure of the door you open up with it."

At that moment an acorn bounced off of the elder Chipmunk's head and Snarfy's mother screeched angrily that the nut supply wasn't going to grow with no one out gathering.

With a 'Yes Dear', and a 'Yes Mama', both father and son scampered off to gather, and the conversation was over.

Now, as Snarfy sat in his tree fondling his 'key' his eyes caught sight of some movement down in the dried leaves on the ground below the tree. "I see you down there Felicia," he called to the Cat. She lived in the house where his tree was located, and he was used to seeing her stalking around in the yard. The birds were always furious when she was around, especially during nesting season; but as long as he'd watched her he'd never seen her climb a tree.

"And I see you up there Scrumptious," she called back.

"My name is Snarfy!" he chittered back at her, the fur on the back of his neck raising up.

"Yeah, sure, and I'm a slim sexy Bobcat with claws." She flopped over on her back and commenced to licking her paws and washing her face.

"You do have claws," he yelled. "You're a Cat, and my father told me all about Cats!"

She stopped washing her face and looked up at him. "Reallllyyyy? And what did your father tell you?"

"You got claws and you eat Chipmunks!" he spit out. There was no way he was going to let her sweet talk him... best to stay angry in appearance."

"Poo... the humans took my claws away," she told him, holding one of her paws up and stretching it out in a way that would have extended the claws had she wished to extend them. "Have you ever seen me climb a tree?"

He was about to yell something back that was sarcastic, but the thought struck him that he hadn't ever seen her climb a tree. "No... I... no..."

Felicia smiled at him. "I see you playing with yourself up there. That's why I came over, to see if maybe you'd like someone to play with."

He looked at the cat, and then down at his paw which still held on to his little pink member. He released it quickly and found his face burning with embarrassment. "Was not! I was gonna pee until you came and disturbed me."

"Oh you poor dear thing," she smiled. "You have no idea what things are all about yet, do you?"

"Father told me it was a key," he replied hastily.

The Cat spread her back legs, and bending double, began licking the area between them. Stopping when the area was nice and wet, the wetness marking the spot like an 'X' on a treasure map, she looked back up at him and said, "And I've got a lock your key might just fit... that is if you're feeling trusting enough to add a bit of adventure to your life." She winked at him in a very strange way, and smiled a very alluring smile.

As if on its own, Snarfy's little key swelled and became hard. He had a very funny feeling between his legs and a voice in the back of his mind told him to take the offer and never look back.

"You'll eat me," he said in a near whisper. "Mama told me it was so."

"Poo..." the feline replied, "What would your mother know about Cats and keys and eating, eh?" In emphasis, she began licking herself again, a deep purring sound coming from her throat.

Snarfy thought about this, his mind suddenly on fire. It made sense... what would his mother know... she didn't even have a key of her own.

Tentatively he scampered down the tree's trunk to the ground.