

RUTHLESS CATHY
THE "BOOK MOVIE"



PATROB

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the “book movie”

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By
PATROB



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Dedication

Special thanks to all the readers who embrace sensual materials that challenge the mind, stimulate the body, and broaden the whole perspective of sexuality as a necessary dietary supplement, for healthy mental, physical, and spiritual well-being.

Acknowledgements

I wish to express sincere gratitude to all the people who have stood beside me and encouraged me to take the step forward in publishing this book.

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Preface

Ruthless Cathy depicts the life of a promiscuous and cunning Jamaican schoolgirl, a character molded by twisted and abusive childhood experiences, however exaggerated they may seem to be. After reading this book, before you point any fingers, look at the “main man” in the mirror.

Ruthless Cathy is also intended to show real promiscuous situations and their effects. Also, it serves as a means of entertainment, and in particular, a sexual enhancement tool and sex therapy, by way of enhancing ones sex drive, thus promoting greater sexuality among companions. The tone and pace of this book are deliberate to achieve an intended effect.

Introduction

Somewhere in the Western hemisphere, in a country named Jamaica, where every day is summer, there is a girl who lives with a mystical mark that leads her to carry on a family tradition. Oblivious to her task, this promiscuous Jamaican schoolgirl has no idea what she is in for. She travels a wanton path, but time will have its way, and the longer the clock ticks, the clearer the writing on the wall becomes, changing her course of travel and pointing her to a promise she might never remember, but will fulfill nonetheless.

Many people look into mirrors, but some people are themselves mirrors for others to see into. From the time we were children growing up keen to see what we will become, we have reflected many mirrors, as many mirrors have reflected us, but what we become is sometimes bits of the reflections we have encountered.

Not often if ever, one gets to experience the effects of a good movie without going to the cinema or watching television; a movie which stimulates your mind, and engage your sexuality in the comfort of your own private space; one that is so unique, it can only be described as a “book movie.”

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By design, all books are literature, but by character, *Ruthless Cathy* is a “book movie.” *Brace yourself, and put on your seat belt—you are about to experience a level of sexuality that is unparalleled.*

Welcome to the “book movie.”

CHAPTER ONE

“**A**nd a good education is the key to success,” says Mr. Ford, the sixth form teacher of St. Peter’s High School. “Yes, Cathy?” he asks as he looks at the second seat of the back row, where Cathy is sitting. Cathy has her right arm raised, seeking his attention.

“May I go to the bathroom?” she asks.

“You young ladies can’t hold yourselves,” he remarks, giving her his consent. Cathy storms out of the classroom and down the stairs. She takes a left turn—then!

“What kept you so long?” Bobby asks in a whisper, looking around to see if anyone is coming.

“I came as quickly as I could,” Cathy replies as she hurriedly slips into the bathroom. “Hurry up,” she whispers, undoing her blouse buttons. Bobby pulls her toward him and starts kissing her tits while pulling up her skirt. He gently rubs the inside of her thighs with his fingertips. Cathy cries out softly as Bobby begins to take control of her body. She starts to pant and sigh powerlessly, raising one of her legs onto the toilet seat. Cathy commences undoing Bobby’s pants, getting them to his knees.

“Oh, wow, this feels good,” she mutters as she reaches for his fully erect manhood, massaging and pulling it toward her. Bobby quickly gets out of his pants. “I want it in my tight little place,” she commands. “Do me just like a dog.”

“I will if you put it in,” Bobby replies.

Cathy holds his erect penis between her thumb and index finger. “Oh, Bobby,” she moans as she inserts it into her hot “little place.” Bobby holds one of her feet over his shoulder as he forces her against the toilet tank. He sinks himself all the way down her furnace. She bites into his shirt and shivers as Bobby stretches the walls of her “fishy” with his eight-inch member. “I love you,” she says while breathing in his ear. She clenches onto him like a scared baby holding on to its mother. “I want to ride you now.”

Bobby gets off and sits on the toilet seat. Cathy anxiously sits on his weapon, facing him with her arms over his shoulders. Her face gets red from the intensity of her adrenaline rush. She rides him furiously, panting and sighing like crazy. Bobby holds her buttocks in his hands. She cums and cums.

“I am cumming again,” she screams, while putting her fingers in her mouth to suppress her voice.

“I am too,” Bobby mumbles.

“Not in me,” she speaks out, making haste to get off him. “I am not on the pills, remember?” She kneels in front him, holding his cock with both hands. “I will blow you,” she mumbles, sucking on it meanly while massaging his scrotum. She bobs up and down, gulping every bit of his cum. “If I see you looking at Karen again I am going to kill you,” she says, looking at him in an evil-eyed manner. Bobby sits there, looking helpless.

Moments later, Cathy returns to class.

"Cathy! Cathy," Mr. Ford calls as he looks across the classroom. "Where are you coming from?"

"You sent me to use the bathroom. Remember?" Cathy replies.

"Oh, I did," Mr. Ford recalls, getting back to his lesson.

"I guess he is getting old," says Sharon, Cathy's best friend.

"I heard that," says Mr. Ford. "I will see you both after class," he adds, looking at them.

The class dismisses shortly after.

"And make sure you do your assignments," says Mr. Ford as the students scramble to go home. Cathy and Sharon sit diligently, waiting for him.

"Oh, you are still here," says Mr. Ford, packing up his desk.

"Why does he always do that?" Sharon asks.

"What?" Cathy asks.

Sharon replies, "He always pretends to forget."

"I guess he loves giving people the chance to cross him," Cathy answers.

The girls walk up to his desk and stand in front of him.

"And what was that about me getting old?" Mr. Ford asks. He leans back in his chair and takes off his glasses, resting them on his desk.

"We didn't mean anything," Sharon explains. She raises her chest, allowing him to see the curvature of her breast and showcasing her voluptuous body.

Mr. Ford looks at the door, realizing that it's shut. "Will you open that door?" he asks, fearing someone might barge

in and see him with two female students after school hours, behind closed doors. His thoughts seem to linger on the closed door, and recognizing what he is thinking, Cathy breaks her silence.

“What are you afraid of, Mr. Ford? Don’t you see we are the only ones left on this block? Remember, we always go an hour later than the other classes,” she says as she sits in front of him. She spreads her legs just enough for him to see between them.

Realizing Cathy has a point, Mr. Ford says, “Okay then, so I’m old, but why do you two keep talking in class?”

Cathy dances her tongue across her lips, lubricating them and capturing Mr. Ford’s attention at the same time. Like a rude little player, she pulls the seat of her panty to the side and teasingly slips her finger between her slit while looking unblinkingly into his eyes.

“I know you are not too old,” she remarks, licking her cunt juice from her finger.

Mr. Ford tries to get up, but he falls back into his chair at the sight of the girls. Sharon begins to undo her blouse, exposing her well-developed tits. She leans over on his desk and shakes them invitingly at his face. He tries to talk, but Cathy interrupts by whispering in his ear.

“Sixteen is the age of consent, and we are way past that. Don’t you want to taste your products before selling? We are graduating soon, remember?” She sticks her tongue in his ear.

Mr. Ford loses all control of himself, allowing them to take charge of his body. Sharon begins to undo his shirt, running her fingers up and down his chest and touching his nipples gently with her nails. Cathy uses her tongue like a feather, lightly brushing his neck back and forth while

pulling down his shirt. Sharon helps him out of his pants. They pull him out of the chair. Like a lamb to be slaughtered, Mr. Ford leans forward with his hands resting on his desk, allowing the girls to have their way. Cathy kneels behind him, working the back of his thighs with her tongue. She teasingly bites on his balls softly while pulling on his stiff cock; his eyes and mouth pop wide open. Sharon kneels in front of him, sucking his cock. She practically chokes herself, coughing like a little baby.

"Ram it down her throat," Cathy commands.

Mr. Ford forces his cock down Sharon's throat while holding her by her hair. Cathy lies on her back on the desk with her legs around his neck. She pulls his face into her crotch with her hands, while Sharon sucks his "soul" from under the desk. Mr. Ford sinks his face in Cathy's hot, juicy pussy. He licks and sucks her greedily. She sighs while pulling his head into her. She moans and begins to cum.

Sharon then takes her turn on the desk. Cathy holds Sharon's feet over her head from behind as Mr. Ford rams her mercilessly. Cathy watches Mr. Ford's piston going in and out of Sharon's pussy.

"Fuck her hard!" Cathy tells him as Sharon begs her to let go. Sharon clenches onto Cathy as Mr. Ford gives her his agony. She grunts and trembles as she cums continuously. Mr. Ford shoots his load between her tits as he explodes.

"Too bad I didn't get to ride you," says Cathy, wiping the sweat from Sharon's face with her hands.

"Do you still think I am getting old?" Mr. Ford asks as he sits back in his chair, exhausted from the activity.

"Let's see about that," Cathy replies as she goes down in front of him. "How quick can you get hard again?" she asks as she holds his semi-flaccid cock with both hands.

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She then swallows it, gulping it all the way to his scrotum. Mr. Ford raises both his feet, resting them on the desk as he sits back in his chair. Cathy sucks his cock like she wants it down her stomach. She bobs up and down as Mr. Ford's cock gets steel-hard again. Cathy then turns around with her back facing Mr. Ford and leans over, resting both hands on the desk and putting herself in a crawling position. Mr. Ford gets up and begins stroking her ass up and down with his hands. Cathy responds by hoisting her ass high up in the air. Mr. Ford holds his cock by the shaft and pushes it into Cathy's slit. Cathy moans as she pushes back. Sharon can see Cathy's cunt juice on Mr. Ford's dick as it goes in and out of Cathy's cunt. Cathy wiggles and twists her ass as if she wants to break Mr. Ford's cock, as he rams her like a whore.

"Am I old?" Mr. Ford asks, giving Cathy the fulfillment she desires.

"Don't stop!" Cathy cries out as she begins having multiple orgasms. "Fuck me harder!" she yells. Mr. Ford clutches Cathy as he shoots his juice all over her ass. Cathy lies flat on the desk with her head hanging over, and Mr. Ford lies on top of her. They breathe to recover; shortly after, they get dressed and then go home.

The next Saturday evening, Cathy is getting dressed for a party.

"I can't believe it. Tonight is the party, and my period won't stop until tomorrow," Cathy says, quarreling with herself. She calls out to her mom, who is watching television in the living room.

"Can I borrow your car?" she asks.

"No, you can't. Take a taxi," her mother yells.

"Great," she mumbles to herself. Cathy dials the phone. "Karen," she says. "Do you mind picking me up?" Cathy pauses. "Okay," she says, and hangs up.

On the way out, Cathy stands in the driveway until Karen drives up.

"Oh, there you are," says Cathy.

"Jump in," Karen replies as she opens the door for Cathy.

The party is a twenty-minute drive away.

"When Pete finds out that I am not wearing any panties, he will freak out," says Karen, gossiping with Cathy.

"Oh! Great, and I will have the night of my life!" Cathy utters, folding her arms. Karen notices the pale look on Cathy's face. "What would you do if you were having your period right now?" Cathy continues as she watches Karen put on the left indicator.

"I wouldn't be here—maybe I would stay home. And if not, I would just take it easy. Besides, it's a party, not a strip club," Karen responds.

A short time later, they pull into the driveway.

"It's party time!" Karen shouts as she parks the car.

"Hey, Stefanie," Cathy calls out, recognizing one of her old friends.

"You look good, girl," Stefanie remarks, giving her a hug.

"This is Karen, who is trying to get laid by my boyfriend," Cathy says, introducing her friend.

"My, girl, who wouldn't try at Bobby?" Stefanie replies. "Wasn't that how you got involved?"

They all start laughing.

Later on, Stefanie catches Pete with a girl sitting on his lap.

“Surprise, slut,” she says. “And when Karen hears about this, she will go roof top.” She starts to walk away. Pete and Stefanie dated secretly a year ago, but never fucked.

“Wait,” Pete begs, grabbing onto her arm. “Please, Stef,” he pleads. “You know we are engaged. You can’t tell her.”

“And what can you do for yourself, sir?” asks Stef. She runs her fingers through his shirt, pulling gently on the hairs on his chest.

“This is blackmail,” he says.

“Yes, Pete, but this way I get what I want, and you get to marry and live happily ever after.” She begins touching his nipples, saying, “I want your piston in my cylinder, and if not, I am going to tell.” She smiles, biting her finger in a mischievous manner.

“Have you ever done it in a bathroom?” Pete asks.

“I have done it in treetops,” Stefanie replies, heading toward the bathroom. She goes in, and Pete follows without hesitating. Inside the bathroom, Stefanie bends over, holding on to the toilet seat and allowing Pete to fuck her from behind. All the agony in the world is handed down to Stefanie. She pushes her fingers in her mouth to prevent herself from screaming. Pete’s cock is larger than Stefanie anticipated. She grunts as her little place stretches to fit the size of Pete’s manhood.

“Please—don’t. I’m feeling dizzy,” Stefanie begs. She is now sorry she made this wish come true.

“Shit! I’m cumming,” Pete announces, pulling out. His cum shoots all over Stef’s back as she goes down to her hands and knees, distressed and exhausted, breathing heavily. Then, suddenly, they hear a noise. “Someone . . .” Pete whispers, but the door is already opening.

"What!" Cathy says as she walks in. Pete stands there with his cock still fully erect and pointing out, and Cathy watches Stefanie gasping for breath. Stefanie gets up and sits on the toilet.

Cathy looks at the size of Pete's manhood and licks her lips.

She walks to Pete and says, "I won't tell if you let me." She then glances down at Stefanie and says, "Can you hurt me the way you hurt her?"

She gets down in front of Pete, holding his erect manhood in her hands. She begins licking it all over gracefully and tries to stick her tongue in his pee hole. Cathy tries swallowing his cock all the way down, but she can't.

She stands up and tells him, "Come to my window tomorrow night at nine. My room is around the side of the house. You know where I live. If you don't come, you know I will tell." She then leaves.

Pete manages to fix his still-erect penis in his pants.

"It's all right," Stefanie replies after Pete asks her if she is still feeling dizzy. Pete leaves the bathroom, and Stef remains to regain her composure.

After he rejoins the party, Pete bumps into Karen. "And where were you?" she asks.

"I was looking for you." Pete replies with a smile, trying to hide the bulge of his pants by putting his hands in his pockets.

"Wow! Is this for me?" Karen asks naively while touching it.

"Who else could it be for?" Pete replies, pulling his hands from his pockets. "Do you care for a drink?"

"Sure," Karen answers as she sits in the living room suite. Pete fetches drinks from one of the girls who are serving. "It has been awhile since we last got together," Karen says.

“Honey, you know it is beyond my control.”

Karen tries to show understanding.

“I love you, and that’s all that matters,” she says. She takes a sip of her drink. “I know that your job is very demanding and causes you to be away for long periods of time, but don’t worry. We will be married soon and everything will be different. Then it will be just you and me.” Karen continues. “When we get married, you will get the promotion and you won’t have to be away so long anymore, then we will have more time together.”

Pete pulls her closer to him. Then suddenly, *Click!*

“I won’t give you this one until you are married,” Cathy remarks after taking Pete and Karen’s picture. “You look so perfect together I think I will take another one.” *Click!*

Karen replies, “And you will be our chauffeur and drive us around.” They begin giggling like crazy.

Pete adds, “I wouldn’t trust you to drive my worst enemy,” laughing himself to the floor.

“Am I missing something?” Stefanie asks, as she approaches what seems to be a happy three enjoying the party all by themselves.

“Oh, not at all, not at all – join us,” Karen beckons before calling for more drinks.

In the midst of Karen, Stefanie, and Cathy, Pete is now under psychological pressure to play his role and play it well, but Stefanie and Cathy look totally relaxed.

“Which will it be? Boy or girl?” Cathy asks.

“I think I will want a boy first,” Pete replies.

“And don’t I have any say in this?” Karen asks.

“Oh! No, you don’t, not this time,” Stefanie says. “The man wants a boy and a boy you will give him,” she remarks

ironically, as if Karen has no control over what sex their baby would be.

Karen and Pete have already reached their full limit of alcohol, as they have been drinking champagne. They now ask for soft drinks while Cathy and Stefanie go all out with champagne glasses.

"I have an idea," Karen says.

"What?" Cathy asks.

"Tomorrow is Sunday, isn't it?" Karen asks.

"And the other day is Monday," Pete sings jokingly in a drunken tone.

Karen continues. "What I'm saying is, why don't we all go to the beach tomorrow?"

"Go to the beach tomorrow? No way," Cathy remarks.

"Come on, it will be fun," Stefanie adds as she looks at Karen. Karen in turn looks at Pete.

"What do you think?" she asks.

"I don't know, seems like a good idea to me," Pete concurs.

They all look at Cathy. "I guess the odds are against you," Karen finishes with a smile.

"Okay . . . I'm in," says Cathy.

"So, we have a deal. We leave at nine," Karen confirms. "I think I will go outside and get some fresh air," she continues, pulling Pete by his arm.

"We understand," Cathy and Stef both reply at the same time.

Five minutes later, Pete lies on his back on the grass. Karen stands over him, pulls up her skirt, and says, "Surprise!" Pete's eyes open wide when he realizes she isn't wearing any underwear.

“All of this is for you,” Karen says while exposing her womanhood to the man she loves.

They are all by themselves, surrounded by a couple palm trees that form a fence around them. The stars are bright and the atmosphere is cool and relaxing. Karen can feel the wind tickling her naked lower sex parts. Pete lies between her legs as she stands over him.

“I have never done it outdoors—please take me here,” she says while touching her sex lips.

Pete watches how restive Karen is as she begins finger-frigging herself and crying out softly.

“Oh Pete, please. I need you now. Can’t you see I’m flooding?” Karen throws herself on him, sitting on his face as he lies on his back. “Oh, baby,” she mutters, panting. Pete sends his tongue between her flesh and begins to nibble at her clit. She pulls down her blouse, releasing her tits with one flick of the hand. Pete begins to take control of her. He positions himself on his knees, putting her on her back with her legs raised over her head. He pushes down on her legs, causing them to touch the ground behind her. Pete begins licking her like crazy. Karen moans and sighs in delight. “Oh, Pete,” she cries as Pete massages her labia with his tongue. He bites her playfully on her clit, and then with one gulp takes it in his mouth. “I love you,” she says, crying tears of joy as Pete sucks her “soul” out.

He lowers her legs and licks her navel gently; her body shivers. Pete massages her body up to her tits with his tongue, licking her nipples up and down and occasionally biting them lovingly. He licks her neck, then her ears, breathing into them. He licks her eyelids and nose. She grunts softly at each touch of his tongue.

“I love you,” she cries while pulling his pants off.

"Karen!" Pete whispers as she holds his manhood in her hands. Karen breathes on it then gulps it in her mouth all the way down to the socket of his scrotum. She bobs up and down, sucking and then letting out Pete's cock from down her throat. She shines up Pete's dick with her hot lips. She begins licking his balls furiously as he lies on his back on the grass. She licks his balls and then his asshole. She tickles his balls with her tongue as she takes control of his body. She begins sucking on his cock again. He watches her as she bobs up and down on his ten-inch dick.

Karen assumes a kneeling position with her hands and knees firmly secured to the ground, elevating her ass way up as Pete squeezes his manhood between her pussy lips, slowly, inch by inch, pushing her flesh apart and making a place to fit. He grips her firmly by her waist with both hands as he sends his giant dick into her furnace. Karen's pussy stretches as if it were about to burst as he sends his length and width deep into her split. Karen grunts and shivers as he strokes her faster, sending his dick deeper and deeper. She moans and grunts as her pussy walls give up all contractions and just relax as Pete's cock stretches out her pussy to fit its size.

"Oh God, Pete, I'm dying," she mutters as he fucks her without pity. She twists and turns and grunts as Pete continues to bang her from behind. He sinks himself all the way down to his balls as she begins pushing back on his cock.

"Yes! Oh, fuck me," she grunts with her ass still cocked up high in the air. "fuck me," she begs as Pete rams her some powerful blows. She reaches under with one hand to stroke his balls, and as he sends his cock deep down in her opening his seeds erupt and flood her hole.

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They stay outside for awhile, then return to the party, have some more soft drinks and then leave for home. Cathy and Stefanie don't stay much longer, as they have enjoyed themselves so much, thanks to Pete. Well, maybe Stefanie wouldn't say thanks, but rather "not again" instead. Cathy, however, now has something to look forward to.

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