The Further Adventures of Kitty Girl - Part I

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Again, the names have been altered to protect the guilty :)

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/fetish/the-further-adventures-of-kitty-girl-.aspx

A little background. Our kitty girl games have rules, ones that have been slowly established over time, the most important of which is whenever I am wearing my collar I am no longer Rachel, I am Kitty Girl. That means, unless there is an emergency of some kind (signified by my use of our normal safe word), I communicate only in mews, meows, and purrs, and I am expected to behave as feline as possible. Embarrassing as it is to admit to, I have a box out in the garage in which to pee in, and a water bowl and a food dish that am fed from. Also, unless my "owner" decides to dress me up, I am not allowed to wear anything besides my collar.

Your collar is hanging by the back door.

My girlfriend had chosen a Friday to send the email, eight simple words that distracted me over the course of the next few hours so much that I mourned my decision to go without underwear, certain that the scent of my arousal hung in the air like some erotic fog bank. To make matters worse, the day had been pleasantly warm, and I'd chosen a light blue sun dress, modest in length but reminding me of my state of undress every time I had to make a trip to the printer, fax machine, or filing cabinet. By the time I left at 4, I was nearly undone by desire, my thoughts on what might happen when I arrived home.

Somehow I managed to pull into our driveway without incident, having been unable to keep my hand from settling between my thighs, the hem of my dress barely covering me as I teased myself to greater heights. I have to admit that twice, only the sound of the horn behind me alerted me to the change from red to green and sent me into further fantasies, one in which I was caught in the act of pleasuring myself by Seattle's finest and carefully strip searched while standing alongside a busy intersection. Not a likely scenario, but certainly an enjoyable one! By the time I got home, the back of my dress, as well as my car seat smelled of cunt, as did my hands. Even my breathe smelled of sex

having licked my own arousal from my fingers at the second to the last stop light before reaching our quiet little suburban home.

Once inside the safety of our garage, I unbuttoned my dress and slipped out of it, leaving it and my sandals on top of the washing machine. After all, once I had my collar on, clothes would be forbidden me. I felt fairly safe, having a fence between me and the neighbors, one that I had to stand on abox ora bucketto see over. Still, I felt terribly exposed as I scurried out of the garage door that led to our side yard and around to the door the led to our bedroom. Also, it was obvious that my lover wasn't home, her usual parking space empty. I could only surmise that she had run out to perform an errand and I couldn't help but wonder how long I'd have to wait for her, naked as I was.

I should take a moment to describe myself, for those who are curious. I am a small girl in height as well as build. For those who like to know such things, I wear a B-cup on those rare occasions I actually decide to wear a bra. At the time my hair was lighter then it is presently, best described as a dirty blond, and it hung slightly past my shoulder blades. My eyes are green, more of a sea green then emerald. Throwing all modesty aside, I think I am pretty, although I would never dare to call myself beautiful. Some minor details, but worth sharing; I have no tattoos, I am rarely without nail polish, and it's usually bright and fun, I had my hood pierced (which I have never regretted), as well as my nipples, although at present my breasts are unadorned. Also, I keep myself shaved bare, loving the feel of it, as well as the touch of the razor when I shave (or am shaved).

As she had promised, my collar awaited me upon a nail above a chair upon which lay my kitty ears and a note addressed to me. Since Kittens can't read notes, I opened that first, reading through it quickly. I should point out that my owner had been kind enough to leave my water bowl in the shade in case I got thirsty. The note read:

Dear Kitten,

I regret that I have a prior arrangement this evening and have had to ask the neighbors to look after you in my absence. Wait where you are and someone will be along presently to care for you. Please be on your best behavior, remember our rules and, more importantly, your safe word.

Love, Kay.

I cannot begin to explain the feelings, both physical and emotional, that beset me, turning my brain to jelly. Terror was not the least of them. I may be bold, at times, talking of such fetishes or partaking of them in the privacy of our home, but when faced with exposing them in public it's a very different matter. I set the note down with trembling hands, glancing around our yard. It was still light out, and would be for another few hours. Taking a deep breathe, I took my collar from the wall and buckled it

around my neck, smiling as the newest addition, a small silver bell, jingled softly. Putting my ears on, I finished my transition into Kitty girl and, strangely, the fear went away. Oh, I was still nervous, but it was the nervousness of a kitten now, unsure about being locked outside, wondering where her owner was, and hoping that whoever was going to look after her was nice. Getting down on my hands and knees, I lapped water from my bowl, my mouth having gone dry, scratched at the back door and mewed softly, then simply sat on my heels in the shade of the house, doing my best to push any non-kitteny thoughts from my brain.

I didn’t have long to wait before I heard the door the bolt on the back door being drawn. Tensing, I managed to remain kneeling. I was told, later, that my eyes were the saucer eyes of a frightened cat, not at all surprising.

It was Cindy, of course. Since my last encounter with her as Kitty Girl, she’d not seen me in my feline role. However, we had kissed again, and not simple chaste kisses, but kisses born of desire, our tongues hot inside each other mouths, her hands under by blouse, roaming over my breasts, and then under my skirt, teasing the golden barbell that I wore before slipping inside of me as she whispered in my ear words that are only passed between lovers. We hadn’t yet consummated the act, but there was little doubt between us that it was only a matter of time.

She looked radiant at that moment, her hair blonde, with only the edges a faded pink from the last time she had dyed it. Dressed causally in jeans and a tee shirt, she squatted down, her fingers held out to me, smiling softly.

"Here kitty, kitty."

My transformation was complete. Padding up to her on hands and knees, I sniffed her fingers, forgetting for the moment that I was naked, and then rubbed my cheek against the back of her hand, purring softly. Her giggle was as nervous as mine would have been, had I been allowed to giggle. She let me in, thankfully, and at least the fear of being seen by a stranger was gone.

In my last tale, the comment was made that there was very little actual sex involved, something I took to heart, so I won’t spend too much time on how I spent my evening competing against my two actual cats as we batted a ball of yarn around the living room. Or of the time I spent curled up on the couch, my head on her thigh, as she petted, and scratched, and stroked me gently, until both of us had become comfortable with our unique relationship.

One other aside, my girl and I had an open relationship at the time. The rule was that we needed to discuss potential partners with each other first, and that we were both okay with each others choices. We had already discussed the possibility of sleeping with my current guardian. What’s more, Cindy

and I had several conversations on sexual turn-ons, fetishes, and fantasies and lately, the sexual tension between us had been so thick, you could cut it withthe proverbialknife. I have a feeling that we both knew where things were going to end up that evening. It was only a matter of when.

She led me down the hallway, closing the door and banishing my sisters from the bedroom I normally shared with Kay. Once again, my musk gave me away. I was finding it hard to think, even to breathe, overflowing with need and want, and I'm sure that she could hear my hummingbird heart from across the room as she closed the curtainsand slowly undressed until she too was naked. She was so beautiful at that moment, her own desire over powering her hesitance as she sat on the edge of the bed and called me over, her long legs spread wide as she slowly stroked herself.

"Here Kitty, want some cream?"

I mewed, padding over to her, looking into her eyes to reassure myself that this was alright, reminding myself that my lover had given her blessing already. I began rubbing my cheek against her thigh, delighting in the heat of her soft skin and the her scent, slightly pungent with a hint of lilac. As she spread hers legs wider, I kissed her inner thighs, enjoying her soft moaning sigh. She settled back, still sitting, supported on her arms.

She tasted different then Kay. Nectarines came to mind, as I slowly parted her pink edged lips, bottom to top, with my tongue. She was already slick with desire. I was as well, and longed to reach between my legs and tease myself. Instead, I repeated the motion, this time planting tiny kisses in the soft tufts of golden hair between her legs, my gaze wandering over her taut tummy, her full breasts and swelling nipples, the look of pure pleasure in her eyes as she met mine. I meowed softly, and she shifted, reaching down and lifting my chin with gentle fingertips.

"Good girl." She cooed. "Do a good job and you'll get treats."

I smiled for her, my mind turning to what treats she had in store for me, my tongue lapping playfully, tasting her, flickering over her swollen nub, slipping inside of her. She lay back, her hands on her breasts, stroking them, teasing her nipples, contented sounds slipping from her lips. I took the opportunity to kiss her, taking her clitty between my lips, and pulling it gently between my lips, the tip of my tongue flickering teasingly, before releasing her. It wasn't long before my lips and cheeks were smeared with her juices, her scent filling my nostrils, the taste of her making me bold. I ran my tongue between her glistening petals and down over that sensitive flesh wrongly named 'taint', nostrils widening, my kitteny sense of smell pleased. She smelled clean, as I had been hoping. Kissing the insides of her thighs once more, I nudged them wider, smiling at her soft groan as I teased her pucker with the tip of my tongue.

"Oh, god, please…" she whispered, reaching down between her legs, her fingers resting possesively on my head, tenderly at first, and then more urgently, as I lapped at her tight hole, pushing the tip of my tongue inside, her muscles clenching, delightful moans filling the silence like music. Her thighs lifted, giving me better access, her hands moving so that she could pleasure herself, teasing her clitty, while I slowly fucked her with my tongue, alternating between her tightly puckered ass and her sopping wet cunt.

Finally, unable to take it anymore, she caught hold of my hair, he voice a growl of lust. "Fuck me, you dirty little Kitty. Make me cum with your sluttylittle tongue."

I loved hearing her words, knowing that they were true. I was nothing but a dirty little kitty slut, and my tongue was made for only one thing. Cindy rolled on her hips, pulling her legs up, and I obeyed, fucking her wet cunt with my tongue, pushing into her deeper and deeper, my nose pressing against her swollen nub as she shook with need and pleasure, her hands once more on her perfect tits, her back arching until finally she cried out, release gushing out of her as I did my best to capture it, filling my mouth with her juices, lapping hungrily at her until she pushed me away, giggling.

"Enough!"

I smiled, obeying only after I had lovingly kissed her sensitive clit, my way of telling her thank you for letting me pleasure her.

Afterwards, we lay together, both naked, and snuggled, stroking each other tenderly, me doing my best to purr while she murmured, her kisses warm on my cheeks and mouth. Playful, intimate, tender. I could feel her heart beating against mine, matching its rhythm, pumping blood through my body, mostly into those places that still ached for her touch.

I must have mewed, for she laughed and gave me a playful swat on the bottom. "Yes, kitten. I haven’t forgotten. I promised you treats."

She rolled me over on my back then, trapping my wrists in her hands as she straddled me. Our gazes met and there was a silence during which all our conversations of late passed between us, or so I believed. She kisses me then, tenderly, her full weight trapping me against the quilt, her lips sliding past my cheek, to my ear once more,her breathe hot against my neck.

"Your mistress said she was spending the night with a friend. That means I have you until sometime tomorrow, so be patient, hmm? I have so much planned before I put you too sleep, kitten."

I nodded, butterflies twisting in my tummy, and licked my lips nervously as I glanced at the window,

the sky still light through the curtains. Turning my attention back to her, I let loose a soft meow and smiled.

to be continued.