Dearest Kitten - When They Met

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Published on Lush Stories on 11 Sep 2011

You've seen their passion, now see their meeting...

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/masturbation/dearest-kitten-when-they-met.aspx

A picturesque little café an thecorner of a normally busy road was the favoured meeting spot for young flames in the area. Most days the café would play host to men and women of all ages at all times of the day. The rush hour for instance attracted the people in their prime of life. Twenty somethings and thirty somethings all flirting and laughing over a coffee whilst their lunchtime freedom from work lasted. When that freedom ended and they retreated again to their jobs, the schools would soon open releasing the teenagers in the throes of 'puppy dog love'. Cute little encounters of couples ordering a large milkshake with two straws are met with smiles and 'aww's from the waitresses as they take orders and scoot around, like ghosts, being ignored by all couples for the most part.

This little café did mainly cater for couples but that doesn't keep a stressed and slightly tired Ian from being a repeat customer. He anxiously awaits lunch time most days if only to visit this little café and sit with a coffee and a bagel, basking in the sweet atmosphere the entire establishment radiates. He never visits for the chance to meet someone. He's never been that engrossed by the idea of a relationship in general. Not until one day during the winter at least...

It was snowing through the night and by lunch the Café was surrounded by a blanket of snow that reflected the soft sunshine slightly. The weather didn't deter Ian and, as usual, he was sitting with a hot drink and watching the world flow by. Normally, he would watch and see the normal group of rushing businessmen and couples but today was different. Today, there was a goddess in the room.

Long black hair flowing elegantly, glasses glittering beautifully, wrapped up in a classy black coat and long scarf but still shivering slightly. He couldn't take his eyes off her from the moment she drifted through the door to her stride to the counter before she sat at a table opposite his, pulling out a book. Her eyes drifted up to meet his for a brief moment and he suddenly became shy, quickly looking away. She smiled to herself but couldn't help blushing a sweet crimson too.

Time went on slowly, an eternity passed between the small glances they shared and as his lunch neared an end, he felt compelled to learn more about this maiden. He walked to her, nervous but forcing himself to walk as casually as possible before taking a hesitant seat opposite her. She

blushed once again and placed down her book, looking him dead in the eye. Even the cold couldn't prevent beads of sweat forming upon his forehead. He forced out a nervous introduction, smoothing his voice as much as possible. “H-hello, my name is Ian”. He smiled awkwardly.

“Hannah” she responded in an angelic tone joined by a cute smile that only strengthened the chorus of beauty she commanded.

“A pleasure to meet you Hannah” He said, much calmer now, taking her response as a sign she's willing to talk. “Don't take this the wrong way but … I haven't been able to take my eyes off you since you've arrived and … I would love to learn more about you. Wh-what are you reading?”

They talked for a while, both quickly becoming more and more relaxed. They laughed and smiled as suddenly they were no longer loners surrounded by couples, but a pair of individuals quickly falling for each other.

This conversation ranged from questions about work to family and even turned slightly more sexual at times before it reached its crescendo: a question.

“Ian, I should go but ...w-would you like to walk me home? It's just down the street ...” She asked coyly.

Shocked slightly at the request, Ian was silent for but a moment before smiling broadly and struggling to contain his happiness. He forced a casual “I'd be happy to” despite the parade of joy going through his head.

He quickly paid as she put on her coat and scarf then rushed back to her side, still struggling to contain his excitement. He gestured towards the door smiling and she stared into his eyes again to return that smile.

They stepped into the brisk winter air and began the short walk to Hannah's apartment but their conversation was as warm as ever. Laughing into the wind before she shivered again and cutely remarked “my hands are cold”.

He looked to her gentle frown as she rubbed her hands together and, without thinking, quickly took one of her hands in his. Her cheeks burst red as their hands dropped to their sides. Silence fell over them but neither noticed, that first contact speaking for them. Her soft flesh in his, gently shifting as they walked but always so smooth. They remained this way for a while, until they were at the door to her house where their hands reluctantly separated. She turned to him and shuffled nervously, avoiding eye contact before saying with that angelic voice “I-It's awful cold out … would you like to

come in for some cocoa?”

All he could do is smile and nod before following her into her warm, welcoming living room.

“I just need to get changed, make yourself at home” She said before drifting upstairs to, what he assumed would be her bedroom.

He looked around her living room, noting the delicate browns of her walls, the book shelf filled with tomes her dainty hands had caressed, the black leather sofa that embraced her frame often. He couldn't help but feel slightly jealous of these objects because they've experienced the angels touch much more than he has. He sighed softly and collapsed onto her sofa, observing the collection of items on her table. A book caught his eye. It had a red binding but no real title in sight. His curiosity got the better of him and he felt compelled to see the story that had grasped his angels attention.

To his surprise the book felt deceivingly light and, when he opened the cover, he noticed that it had been completely hollowed out. The books only contents were a stack of photographs, all facing down. Led solely by impulse now he picked the top photo of the stack and flipped it into his view. His eyes opened wide with shock and joy as he noticed the subject of this picture was Hannah … nude. His eyes danced over her perfect curvature, her toned stomach, her wonderous breasts, her beautiful long legs leading to an equally beautiful pussy. All forming the figure of the beauty he was holding hands with but moments ago.

He continued looking through the stack of photos. All of them the black haired beauty, all of them in different poses showing off every aspect of her physique. As he was working through the stack he couldn't help but think that despite her innocence, this woman was no angel. She was cute but she harboured such a wonderfully naughty side. From this moment on he knew that she … Hannah … would be his dearest kitten.

Through the daze of finding such a collection he noticed the sound of movement coming down the stairs. He panicked, trying to get the photos back into the book but his efforts were in vain. The sounds grew closer until a wide eyed, bright red Hannah was standing in the doorway and staring down at the pictures but all he could do was stare back like a rabbit caught in headlights. She rushed to the other sofa and quickly sat, head in her hands as silence embraced the room.

“H-Hannah … Why do you have these?” He almost whimpered out not wanting to break the vice of silence this situation held.

What felt like an eternity passed but eventually her head raised beyond her hands. Still unable to make eye contact she explained in a voice barely above a whisper “I've always been … insecure

about my looks. I took those to try and make myself feel better...”

He stared at her as she spoke, unable to believe what she was saying. “But … you're the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.” A smile played over his face, “You don't need photos to know that.”

She smiled weakly before staring at him intensely, her face suddenly serious as she commanded one word … “Strip.”

Completely taken aback, he looks back in surprise. “Wh-what?!”

“You've seen me naked, now I want to see you so strip.

Shocked into silence, he waited for a bit assuming this was some joke. As her eyes drilled into his though, he gradually began to know that he would have to do it. He stood, reluctantly unbuttoning and draping his shirt over the sofa. She continued to stare and he looked away as he gently kicked off his shoes before lifting each foot in turn to remove his socks. He unbuttoned and unzipped his pants before dropping them and placing them with his shirt. He stopped, standing awkwardly as she continued to stare.

“The boxers too.” She barked out.

He sighed but slowly dropped his boxers releasing his semi-erect manhood. “You see? If I wasn't telling the truth, If I wasn't completely sure of your beauty I wouldn't have done this.”

Suddenly shy again, she stared away as if in deep thought. “Prove it” She muttered out.

“I'm sorry?”

“I said prove it!”. Her voice raising back to it's previous commanding tone.

“H-how?!”

She hesitated. “I want you to … to masturbate to the pictures!”

His mind raced, trying to find some clue that she was joking. Stripping is one thing but actually being asked to do this is ridiculous. Once again he sighed into his fate. “Do you want me to go into the bathroom or something?”

“No. Here. In front of me.”

“In front of you?!”

She smiled smugly. “Are you going to do it or not?”

He sat and stared down at the stack of photographs. Flicking through them slowly as his hand gently gripped his member. Before long he was completely erect and he started to slowly stroke up and down, trying to ignore the kinky kittens stares.

She was transfixed by his movement and gradually moved closer and closer before kneeling in front of him, watching him intently.

He paused at a picture of her bent over. Perfectly shaped buttocks compelling him on. Her pretty pussy on full display. He dreamt of thrusting into her. His manhood being welcomed and caressed by her body. Her hair draping over her elegant frame as her moans filled the room. He went to the next picture, trying hard to ignore the kneeling frame of Hannah but occasionally glancing at her.

His pre-cum lubricating him, his hand sped up over his shaft. A picture of her perfect breasts now lay before him. He pictured how they would feel in his mouth, how they would feel in his hands as he massaged them and explored every inch of her flesh. The glances towards Hannah were increasing and he was quickly growing more aroused at her watching than he thought he would.

Some time passed and his grunts increased. He was close to cumming and moved to the next picture. The eyes of his kitten still focused on his shaft.

The final picture was of her luscious lips, shining red and pouting cutely at the camera. Those crimson red lips were the same lips that were physically before him now, parted slightly as she watched. He turned completely to her and looked at those lips, imagining them around his shaft. Sliding up and down as her warm tongue caressed his length. This image sent him over the edge and one final grunt pre-empted his warm cum shooting out and splattering over his watcher's gentle features. She squealed in surprise as his dick pulsed gently in his hand.

Now time seemed to move quickly. He dressed fast and was quickly leaving for work (of which he was late back from lunch). She dashed to the bathroom to wash his cum off her face before darting back and meeting him at the door. Next came the slowest event of their entire encounter. She pressed her lips to his and he melted into the feeling, never wanting it to stop but, inevitably, it did.

She forced a note into his hand then rushed back off into the depths of her house and he left for his

unwelcoming workplace. He read the note she gave him later and it said simply 'You really like me, thank you' followed by her phone number.

They had several dates after that day, none quite as explicit until one day when their passion overtook them ...