

Kitty Girl's Day Out

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Part I: Full Fur Jacket I wore my kitty ears last night. It felt good. My Mistress, the lovely and amazing Mistress Laura, had asked me to wear them the next time I was online, so, of course, I did. The events of last night? Well, perhaps I won't share the details, and I certainly won't admit to peeing in a bowl before going to bed and drinking every last drop, still hungry for an orgasm, yet satisfied that I could make her cum. No, I think I'll keep those details private, and just share my day, a day I woke up bushy tailed and wide eyed and full of hope, a hope that I thought had abandoned me over a very difficult month... For those of you following the exploits of kitty girl, you may know that one of my children, the furry kind, has been ill. Not just a cold, but a serious, possibly life threatening illness. Since mid-December, my life has revolved around that, and it's worn me down to physical, mental, and emotional exhaustion. I have added kitty care-taker to my list of duties, a job I don't resent, but one that I wish wasn't needed. It has been heart breaking to watch... well, in essence, my daughter, struggle with what she once did with ease. I sense her frustration at not being able to get to all those high places she once leapt to without a second thought, of not having the energy to bound down the hall chasing her sister, only to turn and flee as the tables are turned. It's hard not to watch her and wonder if the day will come when I'll have to take her on the final drive to the vet and say good bye to her forever, and it's hard not to crawl up in a ball and cry until there are no more tears... Yesterday, however, she seemed to liven up, to resemble the vibrant kitten that has been trapped within her little kitty head, and hope began to take flower within my heart, a hope that continues to grow today as I keep finding her on top of window sills, the dining room table, the kitchen counter, not leaping with the power and grace she once had, perhaps. Clumsy, yet determined. So, as I said, today was full of possibilities and sunshine and my muses. My beautiful baby girls, who'd miraculously pulled me back into the world of the living 6 years ago, inspired me to shed my mantle of mourning and revel with them. This morning, it wasn't enough to just have on my ears and collar. This morning, I decided to go full fur jacket. =^.^= My playmate Cindy loves to sew. In fact, she loves it so much, she often makes a supplementary income sewing costumes for local theatre groups, role players, and serious Halloweeners. Oh, and me. I would never ask, that's not my nature, but in the two years or so that

we've been friends, she's made little contributions to my carefully stored collection of kitty wear. Today, for the first time in too long, I brought it out, admiring it longingly, lovingly, running my hands over each and every piece, including the newest additions which had come hand delivered on Christmas day, carefully gift wrapped and which had never been worn. It was time. Rachel needed a break from all the darkness. Kitty girl needed to play. I think that Kay, my owner, had recognized that need as well. Before leaving for work, she gave me a very serious, and very long, look. "You look tired." "It's early, I didn't sleep well." I mumbled, head propped up on one hand, elbow on the kitchen counter. "No. It's beyond that. You should get out of the house, babe. Go shopping, just... take a break." "But Cleo..." She kissed me. Not a passionate kiss, but oh, so much more, softly, carefully, her dark eyed gaze drinking me in, one hand resting on my thigh. "That's not a request, kitty. " And so, it was settled. I would get out of the house. Of course, something else settled within me. She'd called me kitty. As soon as she'd pulled out of the driveway, me sitting in the kitchen window, watching until the car was out of sight, the mantle of kitty girl began to settle around my shoulders. And so I found myself dressed in kitty gear. The ears had been improved. The old ones had been wonderful, brown triangles attached to a hair band. The new ones were even better. Carefully clipped on, you couldn't even tell they weren't a part of me. My collar, of course. Before I put it on, I carefully polished the pair of tags that hung from it, one proclaiming me as Kay's Property, the other, Laura's Kitty. I was proud of both and, although Kay would always be first in my heart, Laura had become an important part of my life as kitty girl as well. I eyed the rest of my costume, unable to keep a smile from spreading across my face. Today, a collar and ears weren't enough. Today, I intended to transform myself. It was a new year, not just a calendar year, but the Lunar New Year as well. The Year of the Dragon. Dragon-Kitty, I amended mentally. I changed. Not just my clothes, but within. I stripped off everything, strolling around the house naked, save for my collar and ears, savoring the chill, enjoying the way it kissed my nipples, my flesh, arousing me with cool fingers that touched me in the most intimate of places, my thoughts focused on transformation, Kay's command still fresh. Get out of the house, take a break, kitty. I couldn't go wandering around naked... well, I could, actually, but it wouldn't be wise. For one, if the house was a little chilly, the world outside was worse. I pictured being discovered on the front lawn, frozen solid, a naked ice sculpture waiting for the spring to thaw, and shivered. Kay wouldn't be pleased with that. The other scenario was being arrested. In my fantasies, cops were scantily dressed girls with batons who handcuffed me and did amazing things to me, making me cum over and over. Those, however, were simply that; fantasies. In the real world, I'd be taken in, charged, and fined for indecent exposure and worse, bailed out by a very angry wife. Not a good way to repay her for her patience. So, no. Naked wasn't an option. Back to my kitty box, thoughtfully dressing myself mentally, and then physically, slowly making the transformation from girl to kitty girl. Brown tights. A velvety brown leotard. Fuzzy brown slippers with pads for soles. A tail. There were two, one of which I could attach to my leotard at the base of my spine, the other doubling as a butt plug. I thought it wiser to go the safe route. That said, I had slipped a pair of ben-wa balls into my pussy before pulling my tights up, liking the way they felt snug inside of me, reminding me of their presence as I dressed. I put my paws aside for now, knowing that once on, I'd be limited in what

I could do. They were mittens that effectively fused my fingers together, making it impossible to do all those things that humans take for granted. Sitting at my dresser, I carefully drew a trio of whiskers on each cheek and blackened the tip of my nose, wrinkling it playfully, the tip of my pink tongue sneaking out from between my lips. Oh, yes, lip gloss. Never leave home without it. A touch of mascara and eye liner and I was almost there, registering in at 95% kitten. Only my paws remained... =^.^= I took a short break, chatting with two of my favorite people here on Lush, my Mistress and Dancing Doll... coming clean about my state, discussing... well, perhaps those topics should be left to the imagination... then, it was time to let go of the last little vestiges of girl-hood, leave that 5% behind and transform into kitty girl –why do I suddenly hear dramatic movie music in my head? =^.^= My mittens went on last. After that... well, human things became difficult with no fingers to work with, just a paw and a thumb, which was perfect. It forced me into the role of kitten, taking away another link to my humanity. It seemed so natural to find myself on hands and knees, crawling about the house, poking my nose into things, batting toys around, ben-wa balls keeping me subtly aroused with every movement, making sure that a sexual fog hung around me at all times. Kitty on the edge, the verge of being in heat. I soon found that it wasn't quite enough. I found myself wishing I'd thought this through better. Such as preparing myself a litter box to pee in or putting out a bowl of water for myself. I became frustrated, not because I'd forgotten, but because those weren't truly my responsibilities. My owner had neglected to provide for my most basic needs! Yes, I am aware of how unreasonable this line of thinking was. After all, Kay had no idea that I'd choose today to disappear into my alter-ego. I did have a box. It was in the garage on a shelf, and there were bowls in the kitchen cupboard, but stubbornly, I wanted someone else to take care of my needs. I shouldn't be expected to fill my own bowls or set up my own box! So I sulked for a short time, until I remembered Kay's advice. To take a break, get out of the house, do something, go shopping! Part II: Free Range Kitty It was too cold to venture out in my kitty clothes. Nor was I brave enough to risk it in public! Both issues were easily solved, however. Layer two was applied. Sweats, turtle neck sweater, a jacket with a hood pulled up over my head to hide my ears. I'd taken time to carefully wrap my tail around one leg. I even borrowed a pair of Kay's rubber rain boots (She has several; all very fun and colorful –I chose the Capelli's with the multi-colored skull and crossbones, reminding myself to mention that she promised to buy me the Princess Kitty pair for Christmas and somehow forgot) so that I could slip my slippers into them. Yes, they were clumsy to walk in, but the thought of not having my paws on bothered me more than the idea of falling down rain soaked steps and breaking my neck (especially after I reminded myself that kitties always land on their feet)! Oh, and yeah, having overly large boots on made for interesting driving, as did having mittens. There was fumbling with the keys to lock the house up, more fumbling to get the car started, a burst of giggles as I glanced up into the rearview mirror and realized that I'd forgotten about my whiskers and little black nose, a sure give away that there was more to me than meets the eye. With a shrug, I pulled out of the drive way, and drove off, and began my adventure. The details of my adventure would bore you to tears, trust me. That said, it rejuvenated me. I spend much, mindful of the vet bill that resulted from the latest round of blood tests (we have begun teasingly calling Cleo 'the five thousand dollar cat'. No, it hasn't quite hit those

numbers. Yet). So it was with a sigh that I stared longingly at the cages at the pet store, recalling Kay's promise to take me looking after Christmas, and perhaps, purchase one. Oh, how hard it was to run my fingers over the latch, opening and closing the cage doors, the sound so final, imagining what it might sound like from within, shifting on my feet, finding the perfect movement to stimulate the metal balls in my suddenly very wet pussy, trembling with primal urges spreading throughout my body, wishing I dared to rub myself against the steel bars of the cages until I collapsed against it in ecstasy... Oh, and yes, I looked at collars and leashes, fingering them, a secret smile on my face as I touched my throat as a reminder of the one I wore. I'm not sure when, but at some point I'd decided I was warm enough to pull my hood down, revealing my ears to the world. I think sometime during my little private cage gazing session. With a shrug, I decided that my ears needed to be free and left it down. Something I was glad of after I'd overheard a young girl tell her mother Look at the pretty cat lady, mommy ! That left me with a permanent smile. After that, it was the usual haunts, my favorite book store, the thrift store (where I picked up the cutest daisy print top for only \$5!), several shoe stores that made me want to empty out my bank account (I resisted the urge, but oh, it was painful), and a stop at Jack In The Box for a strawberry milkshake, all while being teased by those delightfully cruel balls, reminding me with every step of my status as kitty in heat, my arousal growing until I could feel the crotch of my tights being sucked up between my labia, pressing against my clit, soaking through with my desire... Oh, how I wanted to slip into a changing room, to 'try something on' or rather, take the opportunity to slip my hand under my kitty-tard and masturbate furiously, doing my best to keep my yowls of pleasure down. I found myself purring to myself as I walked, slowly getting lost in a sexual daze, eyeing each bar that I passed, wondering if there were hot single guys looking to score with a cute over sexed kitty. Thoughts of how my owner would react kept me honest. Still, the thought persisted. It had been three weeks since I'd been allowed a flesh and blood penis, after all, and despite my present status as felinus lesbianus the craving never quite went away for a good thick cock, one that stretched my eager little pussy wide as it plowed a path inside of me, pumping, thrusting, a hot piston of swollen flesh filling my dirty little fuck hole... mrrrwww... Still, I resisted, losing myself in the fantasy, my feet continuing down the sidewalk, past temptation, my hands shoved into my pockets, itching to reach into my sweats until I couldn't stand it anymore. It was getting to the point where I didn't just want to cum, I needed to cum. It was all I could concentrate on. I was in danger of walking into lamp posts or out into traffic or running into people on the side walk. My car wasn't far, but far enough that I knew I'd never make it before the urge overwhelmed me. That's when I discovered salvation in the form of an adult book store. Not the kind we preferred to shop in. Most of our toy shopping was done at upscale toy stores, the clean, well-lighted kind with a touch of class to them, where you could ask questions and get informative answers.... This one wasn't like that. Sam's Adult DVDs and Novelties. It looked sleazy. Small blacked out windows, a solid looking door, what you would call a hole-in-the-wall. It had a sign claiming to have video booths. I'd heard about those, although never experienced them. Booths in the back, where you could go feed quarters or dollars or your credit card and watch XXX movies while masturbating. At least, I assumed that's what happened in them. Guys jerked off on the walls, the floors, everything. The very idea maddened me, robbing me

of all common sense and guiding my feet to the door, lifting my hand to push the door open as I entered a very strange world that dripped with sex. What is it with guys and porn? We all know they look at it, it's not a big deal, and yet, getting caught out by a girl (a rather cute one, at that) is embarrassing? I felt like a leper, the few men in there not wanting to catch my eye, shuffling to the far end of the store, nervously putting shelves between me and them, so that I couldn't tell if they were looking through gay porn, bondage mags, or at cock rings. Not that I cared. All I cared about was the curtain at the far end of the store that separated me from what I hoped would be a massive orgasm. I felt out of place. This was no place for a kitty off the leash to be. Had my owner been with me, I would have felt comfortable enough to stay, but without her here... I turned to go, anxious to get back to the parking garage that housed my boring little silver commuter car, knowing that I could probably get away with rubbing out an orgasm in the front seat if I slunk down below the dashboard... Part III: Bad Whore and the Glory Hole "Can I help you?" He looked young, probably a college student. Not Adonis, but pleasant looking enough, although he would have benefited from losing about 20 pounds and a shave. "I um... wondered about the video booths." I told him, feeling like a deer caught in headlights, my weight shifting from foot to foot, the balls in my eager cunt shifting as well, making it hard to concentrate as he explained how they worked. Oh, what an education. Glory holes, I had heard of, read about, and no, I didn't think that was a good idea, to be honest. Buddy booths intrigued my inner voyeur; a small window where I could watch or be seen I put that thought on hold. I could pay for a block of time or feed cash into the machine... that was easy. I asked for half an hour, changed my mind, paid for forty five minutes, asked for a private booth and then, my brain and my pussy started a debate, trapping me in the middle, unsure of which side would win. I was given a code and found myself in a booth. It wasn't much, more like an oversized closet with a seat in front of a control panel and a video screen at one end. It wasn't pitch black, but it was dim and it smelled subtly of cleaning supplies which I guess was better than smelling like stale cum. Actually, I'd wasn't too sure about that. Yes, I'd chosen one with a glory hole, something I was already regretting, but determined. And yes, I made sure that it was next to one with a green light indicating occupancy. I double checked to make sure that I'd locked the door behind me and then, well, I closed my eyes, counted to ten, and let loose my inner slut. While Seattle shivered, Sam's simmered. Well, perhaps not. But it was comfortable enough, temperature wise, to make me want to disrobe. Off came my coat, laid down carefully in the black upholstered armchair so that it made a nest of sorts. I pulled my turtleneck over my head, making sure not to dislodge my ears and hung it on a hook on the back of the door. My purloined boots came off with an excited purr, followed by my sweats, leaving me, once again, in kitty guise. I settled down onto my newly made nest, sitting on the edge of the chair, punching in my code, the screen coming to life. 10,000 titles were promised. I wondered, briefly, how much time guys spend just deciding on the perfect film to jerk off to. Did they just choose one randomly, or did they waste their precious minutes picking through titles? It started with categories... straight, lesbian, anal, teen, and.. . bondage. Yeah, I know, I am so predictable. After that, it was alphabetized by title. I chose one that looked interesting, not even sure if I'd watch it or just use it as background 'music'. I picked a film called Bad Whore . It promised spanking, rope bondage,

humiliation, girl on girl, dominatrices... you know, the good stuff. I started it up, and then, simply settled back, getting very comfortable with my legs draped over the chair arms, leaning back as I began rubbing my already inflamed pussy through my kitty suit. I'm not sure if it was the sound or the light of the video that attracted my neighbor, but soon, I had a visitor, or rather, I heard a knock on my wall and I made the happy discovery that my chair swiveled! I spun slowly, legs spread obscenely, my breath quickening with a mixture of nerves and desire as I came face to face with... well, a face, or rather part of one, peering through the circular waist high hole in the wall. "Hey, baby." His voice was thick with lust. I couldn't tell if he was handsome or not, but he was certainly male. "Hi." I breathed shyly, unable to stop my progress, slowly rolling my hips so that the ben-wa balls massaged my velvety passage. "Mind if I watch?" "No." I replied, smiling softly, not sure if he could see my face, certain that even if he could, his eyes would be focused elsewhere. I shifted, pushing my hips forward, closer to the hole, towards the stranger watching and kept it up, one hand rubbing my pussy, the other stroking my breasts through the material of my kitty suit, my swollen nipples making perky dents in the material. "You're a kitty?" he asked. I meant to mew, but it turned into a moan of pleasure as my fingers pushed the crotch to one side and tugged down my tights until I could slip them beneath and play with my puffy clit, my eyes closed as I forgot his presence, intent on making myself cum. "I'm playing with my cock." "Good." I groaned. "Come closer, little kitty. I want to see your nasty little pussy." It was like being in a trance, scooting my ass to the edge of the chair, pulling my leotard further to one side, my tights down so that my clit was visible, my trembling, glistening lips were exposed, my fingers slipping in and out of my cunt. "So fucking hot, kitty. Show me more." I struggled, suddenly frantic to obey, tearing my tights with my nails so that I could expose myself further, needing him to see my cunt as it slowly filled with cream, my belly and breasts heaving with lust as I half sat, half lay, and masturbated for some guy in the back of a porn shop. I was in heat, whimpering like a whore, thrusting my hips towards him, the balls inside me making it impossible to think straight as I neared climax... "Suck it." My eyes snapped open suddenly, staring at a cock protruding from the wall, it was hard and full, covered with veins and seemed to pulse with life as the light from the video screen danced around the room, the sound of cries as a girl was spanked hard by her Mistress, her moans making it clear that, not only was she enjoying it, but that she was about to cum. "You want some cream, kitty? Then suck it." I couldn't have stopped myself even if I'd wanted to. I found myself on my knees, one hand between my legs, shoving two fingers up my dripping snatch, my other gripping his cock, my lips parting, taking his head into my mouth, swirling, sucking it eagerly, feeling it twitch inside, the sweet slickness of his precum waking my taste buds as I leaned slowly forward and took more and more of his meat in my mouth. I began to rock back and forth, my fingers pushing against the balls in my pussy, forcing them deeper and deeper, even as I took him deeper and deeper down my throat, gagging on him, spit sliding from the corners of my mouth, my cheeks round like a chipmunk. "Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck." I felt him tense, pulling my head back moments before he shot his load, squeezing my eyes shut as it hit my mouth, covering my lips with his hot cum. I felt it dripping down my chin and onto my clothed tits. I did my best to lick it off, swallowing it like the dirty little kitty whore I was when he groaned and shot another load, this one hitting my cheek and getting

in my hair. "Fuck!" he cried, and I replied with a wordless cry matching his as I pushed myself over the edge and climaxed, reaching one hand out to steady myself on the wall, otherwise I'd have fallen over. I slowly became aware of whimpers not my own. The video, long forgotten, played on in the background, the perfect soundtrack to my defilement. Cum covered my face, the front of my costume, my throat. It dripped onto my thighs, my own cum smearing my flesh, dripping to the floor. "Bring that pussy here, girl. I want to taste it." "Please, don't make me." I whimpered, already in motion, bending over as he laughed cruelly, my hands planted on the arms of the chair, my ass pressed to the wall, giving him access to my cunt, not knowing if he'd fuck me up the ass, use his cock or his tongue, not caring, as long as he did use me! I wasn't disappointed. He started out by sticking his tongue into my cunt as I ground it against the wall, sexual heat making me sweat in the closed booth. "Fuck me." I moaned, unable to take it much more, feeling my arousal pounding through me, my entire being throbbing, my legs spread, thighs pressed against a wall that I was suddenly sure was covered with dried cum from dozens, if not hundreds, of horny men. "Fuck me like a whore. Please!" I begged him, gasping as he stuck his fingers into my hungry pussy and pulled the ben-wa balls out. I heard them hit the floor moments before he shoved his stiffening cock into my fuck hole, grunting with each thrust, as I drove my ass back against the barrier over and over, my hair hanging in my face as I felt it building inside of me again, this time impossibly more intense until, finally, the dam burst and I exploded in ecstasy, my pussy clenching his cock even as he drove it deep into me and unloaded what felt like a gallon of jism. I felt it squishing inside of me, cascading down the insides of my legs, staining my torn tights as he pulled out. "Keep still, cunt, while I stick my meat into your ass..." I cried out softly, more of a mewling, then a moan, cumming hard, my hips raised off my seat, bucking as my pussy clenched around the balls within me, one leg over the hump of the gear shift as I stared out of the window, unable to translate the view into words, shaking as I came again, my entire being undulating, trembling as I cried out wordlessly in the safety of my car. =^.^= Oh, yes, it never happened. Or it did, but only in within my head. Yes, it's a fantasy that I yearn to fulfill, sucking an anonymous cock, letting a stranger eat me out and fuck me in a dirty little cum filled booth, but it's not one I've dared live out. Yet. One day, perhaps, but today wasn't that day. Instead, I simply fantasized about it while parked on the far side of level 2 in a parking garage while finger fucking myself, knowing that I might get caught, but not caring, my doors locked, my windows slowly fogging up. In fact, the memory has me playing with myself now, taking turns, curling the fingers of one hand into my wet slit, typing with my other, then switching, teasing my clit, sucking my juices from my fingers before continuing with my story... Part IV: Puss in Ropes My timing couldn't have been better, turning onto the street of my quiet suburban neighborhood and finding myself behind a very familiar looking car, one that was easily recognizable by a pair of bumper stickers: Think about honking if you love conceptual art & Cleverly disguised as a responsible adult (There. Anyone interested in stalking me now has a starting point. Good luck!). "Oh, kitty girl's been out prowling around." I nodded, feeling suddenly awkward as we exchanged smiles across the short strip of lawn separating us. She'd recently decided to be a brunette. It looked good on her, I have to admit. She looked me up and down, looking thoughtfully at my ears and my rather conspicuous whiskers and nose, her eyes

glinting with mischief. "Collar too?" "Umm... yes." I said, blushing, staring down at my toes, noticing that my feet were rocking back and forth a bit, one of my many nervous habits. Kay says that I am constantly in motion, even when I am still, which isn't far from the truth. "I'm home for the day, Ms. Sunshine. Keep me company until Mike gets home. I'll pour you a saucer of milk, if you'd like." She was teasing. Of course she was teasing. She had to be teasing. I wasn't sure. All I knew for sure was I was suddenly hyper alert, not of my surroundings, but of her. The way her pea coat parted to reveal a tightly ribbed shirt that hugged her breasts. Her slightly parted legs, the tilt of her hips, the V of her jeans directing my eyes to her crotch... "I should check on Cleo." I said, my breath catching in my throat. "Gotcha. I'll put on some tea. Check on your girl first. See you in a bit." =^.^= Yeah, I know you don't want to hear the boring stuff. The details of how my kitty was doing, of me agonizing over hiding out in our bedroom until Kay came home or spending time with Cindy, knowing that, in my present state of mind, I wanted to fuck her, or let her fuck me, or, well, something to happen that involved nakedness! Instead, I'll just skip all that and get to the fun stuff! =^.^= She'd made me take off my coat and then, coaxed a confession out of me, smiling gently when I admitted that yes, I was in full kitty garb. "Show me." She waited, watching patiently as I undressed for her, standing in her living room while she sat, following her directions to turn slowly, making a full circle for her, my fingers trembling inside my mittens. "You're wet." I nodded, peeking down at the panel covering my cunt. I was. I blushed, ashamed of myself. "It's ok, kitty. I think it's cute. Vibrator?" "Pleasure balls." "Those are fun." "Yeah." "I bet you're pretty horny by now". "I... Yeah." "Good." After that, there wasn't a lot of useless chat. I simply stood still, my eyes going wider and wider, my whiskers quivering as she approached me, cupping my cheeks and kissing me, letting her hands roam over my shoulders, my arms, my breasts, my thin 'fur' barely a barrier to her touch as I felt her touch on my ribs and tummy, making me purr with lust. I opened my mouth for her tongue, already lost as her hand slid beneath my legs, cupping my wet little pussy, kneading it through my already soaked costume as I shifted my legs apart, welcoming her in. "Stay." She whispered, and I stayed, curious and a little frantic, when she left me, relieved at her return with a short leather leash which she deftly clipped to the ring on my collar before leading me down the hallway to the bedroom, me on my hands and knees, mewling softly, my eyes glued to her ass as I licked my lips, eager to show her how talented my tongue was, wondering what she had planned; we'd been lovers for a while now and mostly it was sweet and simple, if playful. There were no ropes, no handcuffs, no whips or chains or paddles, just two young women enjoying each other's bodies. But sometimes, she wanted more than that, and I was always a willing participant when she did. "Undress for me, kitty." Trembling, I removed my mittens and slippers, then my leotard, revealing my small breasts, my nipples hard and pink, standing there in my tights and collar and ears under her watchful gaze. "All the way." She demanded, and I complied, peeling my tights from my legs, willing my hands from covering my smoothly shaved pussy as she removed several lengths of rope from her dresser. She tied my hands behind my back, taking her time, making sure that the rope was tight enough, yet not too tight. I was laying on her bed, the one she shared with Mike, almost hyperventilating as she bound me. Rope above and below my elbows, restricting the use of my arms completely. And then around my waist. "I've always wanted to try this." She took

her time, attaching rope to my 'belt' and threading it between my legs, parting my cunt and ass cheeks with it, slipping it beneath my waist rope once again, and retracing her path, this time framing my pussy. She bound my breasts, as I lay pliantly on my side, watching her every move with eager eyes, not saying a word as she tied my ankles together, then bound my legs above and below my knees, not panicking until she got out the camera. "No." I whimpered, giving her pause. "No?" she asked, sitting down on the bed beside me, tracing her fingers over my flesh, touching me intimately, our silence only broken by my soft moans as she slowly drove me insane with need before once again, stepping back, camera pointed in my direction. "No?" she asked, her finger on the button, waiting for my reaction. "No." I whispered, my resolve firm. This time, she simply put the camera down and undressed, pulling her ribbed top over her head revealing a cute powder blue bra, her nipples poking through, then unzipping her jeans and letting them slide from her legs, her panties matching her bra, a dark patch over her pussy, her lips clearly outlined beneath the flimsy material. She picked up the camera again, making it clear that this was a game between us, obviously confident that she would win out. I was determined, however, and I could be stubborn. "No." This time I stuck my tongue out playfully, assuring her that yes, I understood the game as well. "Maybe?" she grinned, sitting beside me once more and grabbing hold of the rope around my waist, pulling so that it sawed between my legs, rubbing against my swollen clit, stimulating me until I writhed with pleasure which set the balls inside me into motion as well. "No." I gasped, shaking my head, the tags on my collar jingling. "Think about it." She retreated, pulling up a chair alongside the bed, relaxing on it, her legs spread so that I could see between them as she slipped her fingers into the waistband of her panties and began playing with herself while I lay there, unable to move, unable to do anything but watch. From time to time, she'd lean forward and smear her nectar under my nose, over my lips, on the tip of my tongue. "I'm in no hurry, kitty." "No." I whimpered, struggling in my bounds, making little kitty noises as the reality of the scene began to sink in. I'd been given a choice. If I wanted any relief, I had to give in to her desires. I trusted her not to share any photos she took with anyone else, at least not without permission, which she knows I was unlikely to give, but still, I felt vulnerable... She tried a different tactic, kneeling on the floor and blowing warm air against my sex, driving me mad, giggling as I began twisting and growling at her to stop. "Not until I get my way." She teased. "No." I said, my voice shaking. "No, no, no." She removed her bra, and then her panties, revealing a soft patch of light brown hair, smirked at me, and brought out a pair of nipple clamps. "I'm having fun, kitty. Are you having fun?" "No." I told her petulantly, yowling as she attached the clips to my nipples and took her seat once more, slipping a pair of fingers into her beautiful cream filled pussy. "That's such a shame." With a gentle shove, she rolled me over on my back and settled her hips over my head, her dripping wet cunt mere inches from my mouth. I stuck my tongue out, doing my best to lick it, hungry for her in a way that defied understanding. I tried lifting my head, but she simply laughed, rising up, just out of reach of my tongue, her fingers inside of her, pushing slowly in and out, her breathing getting heavier. I could tell she was enjoying herself! "How about now, kitty?" she asked, grabbing the chain connecting the clips that were slowly crushing my nipples and giving it a playful tug. "No!" I squealed, the dull pain suddenly turning sharp. She yanked it again. And again. "Stubborn

little bitch.” “No.” I cried, writhing on the bed, the rope cutting into my flesh, my cunt, rubbing against my clit painfully or pleurably... I wasn't quite sure. “Mike will be home soon. I could just leave you here for him to find.” She teased. “No, please?” I whimpered, shaking my head from side to side. Her answer was glorious. She sank down upon my face, her pussy smothering me. I didn't waste a minute and plunged my tongue into her fragrant velvet depths, filling her cunt, her juices running over my tongue, filling my mouth and nostrils as she began grinding herself against my face. Ravenous, I feasted on her pussy until she began to shudder, crying out, her fingers rubbing against her clit while I tongue fucked her to what felt like a mind numbing orgasm, during which she yanked on my nipple chain so hard, she tore the clips off. Pain exploded through me as blood came rushing in and I screamed into her cunt, as her fluids gushed over my face. Finally, she collapsed, laying along my length, her head upon my thigh so that I could feel her quick, shallow breaths caressing my heated and unsatisfied cunt. We lay like that for a long time, no words between us, only heart beats, an occasional whimper (mine) or soft sigh (hers). “Last chance, kitty.” She said, finally breaking the silence. I lay there, trussed up, unable to move, discomfort making itself known, my nipples still throbbing, for a long while, my heart pounding as I considered the choice she was giving me. Finally, I made up my mind. I needed to cum. “Yes.” I whispered and I felt her smile against my thigh. “Good girl.” She praised me, filling me with the warmth of kitty love. I let her photograph me, something I was even wary of Kay doing. Certainly, my owner had never taken photos like this, me naked and bound. Part of me reveled in it, knowing that I would insist upon sharing them with Kay, perhaps even keeping them a secret, sending them to her from time to time via email. And part of me wanted to cry, begging her to stop, telling her I'd changed my mind. Only the certainty that, if I asked, she'd delete them without question, kept me quiet. “Would you like to see?” I nodded, letting her roll me over on my back, holding the viewer up so that I could watch the parade of depravity scroll slowly before me. Oh, and if that wasn't enough, while she let the slide show play, she pressed a vibrator against the soaked ropes lodged in my cunt and pressing against my clit, holding it there without mercy until my eyes rolled back in my head and I began bucking violently, my orgasm almost painful in intensity, screaming for her to stop, not to stop, losing myself in what I felt must be the world's longest orgasm. Afterwards, she untied me, holding me close, stroking my hair, kissing me until we made love again, this time gently, less screams, more laughter and gentle words (although, at one point, it became playful and it became a mutual spanking session before we settled down to the business of making each other cum again). And then? Well, she helped me dress, touching up my make-up, making sure my ears were on straight, and telling me what a pretty little kitty I was before sending me home to await my owner which is a story in and of itself, one I may or may not feel compelled to share. Oh, and no, Kay does not yet know of the cache of bondage pictures starring kitty girl now on my computer. That said, she will once she reads this. I guess the cat is out of the bag now. xoxo Kitty Girl =^.^= Oh, and this time, I want to give credit where credit is due, to CuriousKitty, who has taken on the job of my editor, and to the readers who take the time to comment or vote on my stories and offer me encouragement. You know who you are, but I'd like to name a few of you anyways. Dancing Doll, Buz, Nikki703, Justinebaby, CuriousCat, Nazhinaz, Crossdresser50, Lady X, Jaymal, Artman,

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