

The Further Adventures of Kitty Girl - Part III

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The conclusion of my little adventure with being cat-sat.

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She toyed with me mercilessly, keeping me so wound up I began to wonder if I someone could die from being denied on orgasm. The conclusion I came to was unsettling, as every nerve ending began to scream, an overload of promised pleasure becoming too much to bear. I began to beg, telling her I would do anything, and I meant it. She pinned me once, lay on top of me until I was both still and quiet, demanding my attention with her level stare. "Anything, Rachel?" I swallowed, wondering if I would be made to regret my words. "Anything, I whispered." "I want to..." the tone of her voice was suddenly different, bringing me back to earth, just a little. Hesitant, almost shy. I blinked, staring up into her blue orbs, thinking she was so beautiful, blond hair cascading messily over her shoulders, skin shining in the soft light. Suddenly the cruel mistress was gone, replaced by the girl whose eyes had shone with that spark of desire when we'd talked, so candidly about what went on behind the bedroom doors. If I could, I would have wrapped my arms around her, holding her against me, kissing her tenderly, slowly stroking her hair. Instead, I lay there as lust dug its claws deeper, silently urging her to go on. Whatever she wanted, I would give her. She only had to say the words. "I want you to... I... have to pee..." I forgot to breathe. I remembered talking about this, how I would drink from Kay from time to time, after getting her a little tipsy. I could tell, then, that Cindy had wanted to do more than talk. I smiled up at her, wetting my lips with my tongue, willing the girl back into me, putting the kitten aside for now. "Not in the bed. Kay will kill us. Let me up." She released me, leaving the cuffs attached with a giggle when I let loose a soft cat like growl when she began to unbuckle one, and let me take charge of the moment. After all, this was new territory for her, and she needed someone to guide her. Once free, I sat up, pulling her close and kissing her. I had wanted it to be a tender moment, but I was so crazed with need, and it was anything but. We kissed, almost frantic with shared lust, hands roaming over each other, her fingers teasing between my thighs, until I thought she might forget and bring me off, while I slipping inside of her own dripping sex. I almost howled with frustration when she abandoned my cunt. I pushed it aside, concentrating on her, instead. I wanted to

taste her so badly, to drive my tongue deep inside of her and let her juices soak my face, I wanted to please her, to push her to the edge, over and over as she had pushed me, delighting as she spilled over the other side, her cries echoing in my ears. I wanted to fuck her ass with my tongue again, while she called me dirty names, her fingers twisting in my hair, forcing me deeper. Instead, I pushed her gently away, my hands brushing up her arms until they rested upon her cheeks, pressing my lips to hers. A longing kiss, passionate, and yet sweet, our tongues melting together. How long it lasted, I have no idea, only that we broke it off gasping for air and giggling, both of us a little nervous by what was to come. Taking her hand in mind, we left the bed behind, moving into the bathroom like one creature. I became frantic, then, and I think it began to wash off on her. Pushing her against the bathroom counter, we kissed again, her arms wrapped tightly around me, my small hands roaming over her breasts, twisting her nipples as I secretly delighted in her gasps. "Ready?" I asked, my words ragged, her own reply catching in her throat as I slid my fingers inside of her slippery cunt, curling them inside of her. "Yes." She finally managed, "What do you want me to do...?" "Just relax." I answered, kneeling at her feet, my hands stroking the tops of her thighs, nudging her legs slightly apart, instructing her to lean back on her hands and just relax and let go. I felt dirty, and I think she did too, but it was a feeling we both delighted in, me kneeling between her legs, coaxing her to pee, her struggling with the idea until, finally, her eyes went wide. "Oh my god." She whispered. Eagerly, I opened my mouth as wide as I could, my face so close that her golden tufts tickled my nose as she began to pee. I did my best to capture it all, my tongue out as it splashed against my lips, my cheeks, running warmly down my throat and between and over my breasts, my belly, dripping from me, even as a small trickle reached my own cunt. I swallowed, blushing as she watched me, her expression unreadable. How long she lasted, I can't say, only that I remained on my knees the whole time. When she was finally down, she shuddered, leaning forward, her hands clenching into my hair as if to say she was finished. I, however, wasn't. It was no longer about me needing to cum. Now it was the need to make her cum again. I ran my tongue over her still glistening lips, licking the golden drops that still clung to her, lapping at her pussy like a thirsty kitten. She gasped, giggling, her fingers tightening. "Oh, please..." she gasped, hips pushing forwards as she pulled my face into her, and let me feed on her, my tongue finding its way inside of her dripping cunt. I fucked her like that until she came, gushing all over my face, and following the trail of her pee down my throat until I was a mess of our combined bodily fluids. "Your turn." She said, not that I needed a reminder that I still hadn't cum! That said, she took me by surprise, squatting before me, hand upon my waist, and lifting me to my feet. Her smile was a little dazed. She kissed me, pushing her tongue into my mouth like I had pushed mine into her cunt, turning me slowly as she tasted herself in my mouth, until I had my back to her counter as well. "That was so fucking hot, Rachel. You've earned this." I watched, speechless, as she knelt before me, almost reverently, her hands stroking my thighs, my calves, until I was trembling from head to foot, needing more than ever to be freed from this agony of never ending denial. "Pee for me, Kitty." I gripped the edge of the counter, felt it digging into the small of my back, as I let go. I watched my pee splash all over her face, splattering against the insides of my thighs, streaming down the front of her naked body. She watched me, her gaze locked onto mine, not once straying to the

golden stream that exited my swollen cunt, not caring about the puddle that was pooling beneath her knees on the tiles. I had thought her beautiful before, but I'd been wrong. In that moment she was divinity itself, a goddess, a creature beyond mere words. When finally, I was drained, she fastened her mouth to me, her tongue snaking inside of me. I lasted the space of a dozen heartbeats before I came so hard that I feared I might pass out... The rest of the night passed too quickly. I had insisted upon cleaning up our mess while she watched, sitting on the counter, a comfortable silence between us. Afterwards, we showered together before retiring to the bed, both too tired to do more than cover ourselves, limbs tangled together, and sleep, mine dreamless and deep. Morning found us like that. I awoke her with kisses and, just like that, it was over. Kitty girl was gone, Rachel had returned for the time being. I made breakfast, we talked, laughed, snuggled, shared moments of embarrassment, helping each other through them, and made sure we were dressed, and up and about when Kay came home. When asked if I had behaved myself, Cindy replied that I had been a very good girl, at which I couldn't help but blush, while she giggled and Kay, my true owner, merely smiled, her gaze seeking mine, full of promises that were to be fulfilled once Cindy was safely on her way home. One more thing I should add. The following Christmas Kay and Cindy gave me a joint gift, a sexy little bikini like outfit to match my ears, complete with a tail and kitten paws for both my feet and hands, one that I wear proudly at those times when I am feeling my most kitteny! The End.