

Golden Lioness: Her Own Pride

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Kelly leaves behind all she knows to find a new life.

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When she graduated from Kellogg Northwestern University in Illinois, Kelly was probably the happiest woman on earth. Not only had Kelly received her Managerial Analytics Certificate in four years, placing as one of the top students in her year, and already been interviewed and accepted for a high paying job in a private company, she also had a perfect life outside of school and work. Her parents (both healthy and married for over 25 years) were relatively well off and paid for her education, so she didn't have any debt. Her best friends were all from the same dorm and had also graduated as some of the top students in the university. She didn't take any drugs or abuse her right to drink, but still had her fill of socializing in her free time. She also had an amazing boyfriend of 3 years, Ryan, who was a track runner, and although not very bright, Ryan kept her as happy as a girlfriend can be by taking her on dates regularly and taking care not to forget her birthday or any other events. Kelly looked forward to an easy life. She planned to slowly work her way up in this private company, get married, and maybe travel about the world when she was older. Then one part of the plan fell apart. Kelly had been planning to go camping on a weekend with her best friend Sheila for weeks. Friday afternoon she left her house and kissed Ryan goodbye on the cheek, with a quiet whisper of promises when she returned. As she drove to Sheila's house to pick her up, it started to drizzle. No worries, she thought, the clouds will clear up soon. The car screeched to a halt in front of the small gravel driveway, and Sheila scurried in, tucking a wet umbrella in the back of the Honda SUV. The rain was pouring down now. It would be Kelly's first time camping in the rain, but that was ok. New experiences are always fun, she told herself. They were planning to camp in the wooded region of Mt. Caren, about 3 hours drive from Kelly's house. The wind and rain blew harsher as they dared the steep, circling road up the mountain, until finally the car began to skid. "Just our luck," said Sheila gloomily. "An unexpected storm when we want to go camping." Kelly pulled the car over to the side of the road, stopped and looked at Sheila. "We probably should head back, right?" Sheila just nodded glumly. They were no seasoned campers, just two girls who were looking forward to lying in a see-through tent under the stars. So they started driving all the way back. By the time they arrived back down town, it was 10 pm. Kelly dropped Sheila off and drove slowly back to her apartment, wondering what Ryan was doing. Maybe he was out with his friends watching some sport? She parked the car a long ways from where she normally parked, since some asshole had taken her parking spot. She ran through the

pouring rain and, fumbling with the keys, finally threw the door open and stepped into her apartment. Directly in front of her, against the white-washed walls of the dainty little living room - every quaint sofa chair where she laid them carefully after cleaning yesterday and sat down for tea - like a mark of filth upon a beautiful painting, Ryan drove his 8 inch cock into some slut of a girl, her hands gripping at her legs to hold them wide apart, as Ryan used his strong arms to lift her butt up against the wall. That scene was etched into Kelly's mind the way a raping is carved forever into the memory of an innocent young child. It is that shattering moment when one realizes sex definitely has nothing to do with the pure connection of love between two people. Kelly breathed in and relaxed her entire body, feeling her face come alive with the death of emotion. "Get out." She told them. Her voice was as soft and gentle as a mother talking to her baby. Ryan gaped at her in shock, struck by the way her wet hair draped her face and her tight white shirt pressed against her pale near-visible skin. The way her eyes seemed withdrawn into her when just a few hours ago, leaving for an exciting outing with her friend, her eyes had been so bright and accepting. He almost dropped the girl he was holding, at least allowing her to slip down while she looked him dumbly - "Hey man you said you were single wtf is up" "Kelly... look I can explain I can I mean I am so sorry it's not sorry..." Ryan blubbered, his words barely making it out of his mouth yet somehow managing to slip through in consistent disarray. He trailed off when he was met with nothing more than an emotionless gaze. He clenched his shoulders together, building up his protective self-aura. "Come on," he barked to the whore. "Let's get out of here." Rushed but defensive and indignant, yet so, so sorry, Ryan pulled on his pants. Kelly barely moved. "Hurry," she said softly. Ryan dragged the slut out the door with him. Once he was out, he turned back and shouted, "I'll get my stuff later bitch! I've got some business to be doing now!" He threw up his middle finger in one final attempt to pretend he still had some respect in the eyes of his girlfriend, or not even that, just to pretend he did not care if he had any respect from her at all. Then he jumped into his truck and drove off. Kelly vaguely wondered if Ryan had been drunk. Then she asked herself if it would make any difference. Of course not. She wandered throughout her apartment, but dared not touch the bed - who knows what might have happened there - and finally after a half hour went outside. It was still raining but she shut the door and sunk down to slump against it. Soaking wet, the warm rain now trying to pry through her skin to her very bones, Kelly closed her eyes and fell into a deep, troubled slumber. * * * The next morning her very concerned neighbor woke her, asked her if she had lost her keys, why in the world she hadn't knocked on the neighbor's door, and how in the world she had managed to fall asleep when it was raining so damn hard. Kelly didn't respond to these questions. It was 6 am and she didn't give a damn about well, anything. She had no interest in telling her friends or anyone what had happened, and she didn't want the endless sympathy she would be given, OR the sideways looks of annoyance when everyone thought she should be over it already later on. Up until then, Kelly had lived a very careful, well thought out life. And she was done with it. Why should she put up with it? She called the apartments office and told them she was leaving, and that she would pay any fee to have it cleaned, as long as she could just leave Right Now. The person at the other end of the line argued that they needed a two-day notice, but to no avail - Kelly would pay for two more days, but no way she was going to

stay. Spitefully she charged it all to Ryan's bank account, although it had always basically been her apartment. So by 7:30 am she was out of there, with just one small suitcase, her hand bag, and of course her trustworthy SUV. She stopped at a café and opened up her computer, connecting it to the wifi. She checked her bank account. After years of dedicated work put into her part time job, she had saved up quite a sizeable amount. She had been interested in traveling the world later on in her life, but why not now? Marriage didn't seem a very likely any time soon, and with her outstanding college results, she could easily get another job in a few years time. So she called her company and told a devastated financial manager that she would have to refuse their kind offer of an amazingly well paid job due to family matters. She cut the call quickly then started researching the cheapest flight departures that would get her to another country in the next 24 hours. Luckily she had been dreaming about doing this with Ryan for several years, so not much research or preparation was necessary. However, it was impossible to get to another country at such short notice, so she settled with a state on the other side of USA. In less than 3 hours she was at the closest airport boarding a plane to San Diego, California, having left her car and a note at her parents' house. It wasn't a very popular flight, which was why she had been able to get a seat, so she didn't expect much in the way of food or entertainment. 4 hours and 15 minutes later, Kelly was in a city she had never been to before. It was 5 pm in Illinois, but only 3 pm in California. She turned on her phone and was greeted by a dozen loud missed call alerts. Some were from her parents and her friends but most were from, you know it, Ryan. Finally after all those calls he had sent her a text: I'm sorry after 3 years our relationship had to end like this. I planned to have sex with Jennie just this one night and never tell you, or ever do it again. You have to understand you were the first girlfriend I had that refused to have sex with me until marriage. At first that just made you all the more precious, but the last year it just really drove me insane. It was also like you never committed yourself to me. We were the perfect couple, we didn't have any problems, and maybe that's why. Good luck in your life. Maybe some day we'll be friends. Kelly read this, and finally started to cry. Sobbing in the middle of a crowded airport, it was as though the whole world had abandoned her. Her memory of opening the apartment door and seeing Ryan fucking whoever Jennie was replayed over and over again, and she couldn't believe that either of them had really believed that they were in love with each other for 3 whole years. How could things go so wrong? In the crowd, he picked her out. One might not realize the courage it takes to cry in abandon in front of so many strangers. It's a courage he had been looking for, for a while. He looked her up and down, taking in her slender form, her shoulders hunched around and hugging her breasts, her waist as thin as a model's then flaring out into shapely hips and thighs. She was wearing a worn pair of loose jeans and a T-shirt, muddy and crumpled like it had been wet for a long time before drying. He walked over to her steadily and laid a hand on the small of her back. "Are you alright Miss?" His voice is low but light, like a lion's paw gently treading on the path of her life. Kelly turns around. She makes no attempt to smile, to conceal her state of misery, or to brush away the fine tears that her eyes won't stop releasing. She sees a man in his late twenties, his eyes dark brown, his hair an even darker brown, his face frowning even though his creases so obviously fell into an easy smile. "Yeah I'm fine thanks," Kelly tells him. But she's not ok. She doesn't want to regain control of

her life now: she's been in control of it for too long, she wants something new and different. The man smiles at her kindly. "Why don't you come with me for a moment? You're not in a hurry." It was a statement not a question. "There's a café over there where we can sit down." She just nods at him, too tired to do much else. Her short spurt of spontaneity in getting to California and abandoning everything she knew was over. She just wanted to think about nothing. The man put his arm around her waist and pulled her towards the café. The feel of his arm didn't bring back nostalgic memories the way she might think it would, but was like a spark of life. She was suddenly so very aware of how close this man was to her. They sat down. "I'm Richard," the man said, holding out a hand to Kelly. She didn't take it. "I'm Kelly." "Would you like something to drink Kelly?" Kelly just shook her head. Richard went to the counter and ordered something. Kelly took out some tissues from her backpack and started wiping away her tears. She attempted to comb her dry but very tangled hair with her fingers. Richard observed this and was pleased to see the return of self-awareness to this delicate creature. 'What had happened to her?' He wondered. Kelly couldn't help but sullenly admire the slim toned body of this strange kind man as he sat back down with two cups of hot coffee. "Here," he said, pushing one towards her. "This will cheer you up a bit, and if you don't want to drink it, at least warm your hands on the cup." She sat there for a long time, just touching the cup with her fingertips, looking anywhere but at Richard, awaiting the dreaded question she knew the stranger would ask: Why was she crying? What had happened? Richard was indeed curious, but knew better than to ask. Let a cat come to your hand, advance too quickly and the cat will be scared and run away. When several minutes had passed and still no question had slipped from his lips, Kelly began to relax, even venture a sip of coffee. She discovered she was very thirsty and drank it nearly all in one go. She had to stop herself as she felt her tongue get burnt. "So why are you at this airport?" Kelly asked, gaining confidence in the warm smile Richard gave her as she spoke. "Are you going on a flight soon, or did you just arrive? Or perhaps you're waiting for someone?" Richard leaned in slightly as though telling Kelly a secret. Kelly felt her heart skip a beat as he came closer. "I arrived here this morning from Colorado. I'm actually here on business, but I arranged for a flight a few days early to give me some time to relax." "What do you do?" Kelly leaned in too, subconsciously wanting to get closer to Richard. Was it his pleasant way of talking, his kind acts and words, or his good looks that uplifted her spirit so? "I'm a financial manager," said Richard with a laugh. "I'm here to try and convince the director of a company we work with that they should lower their product's cost and allow us some leeway with usage." Richard saw Kelly's back straighten up. Obviously she felt some confidence in this subject. "Really? I was about to take a job as a financial assistant manager when I left Chicago," she blurted out. Richard looked at the girl in surprise. He had guessed her to be some sort of rich girl that had finally been struck with some tragedy. Not too intelligent, but rather frail and sweet. They launched into an amiable conversation of Richard's experiences as a financial manager, and the differences between theory and practice of the job. Finally, Richard asked the long awaited question: "Why did you leave Chicago?" Kelly stared at him for a sec, then decided that sometimes it was good to tell someone. She brought out her phone and showed him the last text Ryan had sent her. "Ahh," said Richard gently. "When did you catch him doing it?" Kelly cringed the sympathy she heard in Richard's

voice, but at the same time it really soothed her. She somehow thought that this man knew how she felt, and actually cared, not pitied her the way other girls do, when they are so morbidly fascinated by the changes and beginnings and ends to relationships. Kelly took a deep breath and said, "It was last night. Just last night. Less than 24 hours ago." Richard looked at Kelly in amazement. This was no weak girl that he had thought her to be. What intelligent, well-mannered girl, just out of college, having found the man she thought she would marry had cheated on her, would decide to change her life in the same day and fly to another state? Most girls he knew would shut themselves in their room and cry for days and days, then at the end finally appear and complain to all their friends, gaining confidence by how their friends admire that they even appeared from their rooms at all. "I'm just so fed up." Kelly raised her eyes to meet Richard's, her brown eyes melting into his. "My life has been so perfect and controlled so far and I just want something new," she confessed. "Would you commit yourself to me now?" said Richard without hesitation, surprising himself a little. "I will look after you." Kelly felt a rush of excitement. She understood what this meant, understood this to mean for her to commit in a way she had never committed to Ryan. That was exactly what she wanted to do. Her heart was beating hard and she nodded in compliance. *** Richard took Kelly to a nearby hotel and checked her in. "Near my hotel," he said, and "it'll be my treat," meaning he paid for the night. They ate at the bar and ordered a bottle of wine to take upstairs. It was late when they finally retreated to the room, and Kelly collapsed upon the bed. Richard sat down next to her. "If you hadn't found me I don't know where I would've gone Richard," said Kelly with a sigh. She felt happy and comfortable and last night's troubles seemed much farther away. In fact, she had left them all behind in Illinois, miles and miles away. She reached up and pulled Richard down over her, their lips meeting in their first embrace, their first kiss of the night. First so soft and moist then harder and more passionate as Richard took over, pinning her against the bed. She ran her fingers through his hair then over his back, feeling his strong muscles through the thin material of his shirt. Their kiss broke and with a smile so confident it sent a thrill right through Kelly, Richard slowly began to kiss the side of her neck, right to under her chin, planting soft kisses along her neck til he reached her collar bones and kissed right between them. Kelly dragged her hands down Richard's back then under his shirt, pulling it up while feeling his abs and toned chest muscles. He was so gentle as he slowly pushed up her shirt. Ryan just told her to take off her clothes. She had hated being naked or even just in her underwear in front of Ryan; it was like being scanned, surveyed, and rated at the same time. Richard didn't make her feel this way at all. Though she was still shy as she lifted up her arms and let him slide off her shirt and toss it aside, the way he looked at her with such smiling adoration, his hands brushing over her pale skin, made her feel more special that she had ever felt in her life. How had she mistaken Ryan's boyish lust for her as love when Richard, from whom she expected nothing more than lust, could caress her so gently? Richard kissed her stomach, reveling in how smooth Kelly's skin was and slowly worked his way up. He kissed just below her bra, a plain white comfortable fitted bra, which was sexy all the same. He glanced at Kelly in case she would protest but her eyes were closed. He reached behind her to undo the clasp, and pulling off the bra, let her perfect B breasts fall out. He cupped each breast in his hands and rolled the nipples with his thumbs, hearing Kelly let out a light

moan. It turned him on to see this beautiful, intelligent, strong, but so delicate girl beneath him, totally in his control. He kissed her right breast, working his way to her hard nipple, then sucking on her breast while playing gently with the nipple with his tongue. His hand squeezed her left breast and gently pulled and pinched the other nipple. Kelly arched her back and moaned louder, intertwining her fingers into his hair and gripping his head tightly. He returned to softly kissing her on the mouth, feeling her cautious tongue reach and prod against his lips, opening his mouth and allowing his tongue to meet hers in a unison of passion. Richard slid his hands down to Kelly's jeans but before he could carefully judge if she was willing to let him go further, her hands found their way down to his jean zippers, undoing them and pushing down his jeans with an urgency Kelly had never felt before. Richard just smiled and stopped Kelly's hands, pulling down his jeans swiftly and dropping them onto the floor. He then slowly undid Kelly's jeans, his strong large hands pushing the denim down and tantalizingly touching her hips, then thighs, until Kelly kicked the jeans off from her feet. Her pale pink panties showed off her wetness that thoroughly turned Richard on. Kelly saw Richard's manhood swell under his boxers and was pleased. Ryan's openness in showing his massive 8-inch cock to her had always embarrassed and frightened her. How could she take in something like that her first time? She put a hand on Richard's boxers, but he pushed her hand away. Richard had a pace that he did not want destroyed. He pulled off his shirt though, allowing Kelly a good look at his fine, muscular form, his solid arms and flat toned stomach. He placed a hand on her shin and – moving to the side of her – kissed her thigh. He kissed slowly up one leg, and upon reaching the upper thigh, moved in to kiss the inner thigh. Kelly moaned and spread her legs, but Richard stopped and moved the other leg, again starting near the knee, and slowly, patiently, adoringly kissing his way up the thigh. As he reached the inner thigh of this leg, he gently pulled Kelly's panties down, past the knee, and she kicked those off as well. He slowly nudged her legs apart, allowing her to choose how much. Her hair was trimmed neatly above her small tight virgin pussy, which was wet and glistening. Richard caught the waft of her excited scent and breathing in he felt his cock lift to full erection under his boxers. Kelly saw this too, her eyes wide as she spread her legs and watched for Richard's next move. Richard leaned forward to gently kiss Kelly on the lips, calming her and reassuring her. He let his impatient hand stray up her inner thigh and then stroke her pussy lips, wetting his finger then bringing it up to rub her clit in a circular motion. Kelly moaned and began to play with her own breasts, murmuring his name "Oh Richard..." He brought his finger down and slowly, so slowly that it nearly drove Kelly crazy, slowly eased his finger into her tight pussy. Just one finger and her pussy was already tightly grabbing at it. His cock was engorged and complaining just at the thought of how it would feel when he was fully inside her. Kelly loved the way Richard was going so slowly, but at the same time was so turned on, so impatient she just wanted to pull down his boxers and pull him into her. But she was scared because this was her first time, she didn't want to do anything wrong, and she enjoyed the control Richard had over her. Richard began to pull his finger out and back in, and teased her clit with his thumb. She wriggled slightly beneath him and tensed and relaxed as pleasure shot through her. After just a short while Richard felt her tensing up, and slowly pulled his finger out of her pussy. She was very wet and Richard judged her suitably ready. He pulled down his boxers and gave his 7-inch

cock the freedom to jump up. Kelly's eyes widened with lust and some hesitation that the same lust soon overcame. Richard positioned himself between her legs and embraced her first. He saw the apprehension in on her expression and they shared a quick soft kiss, as he reminded her wordlessly of his promise to take care of her. Richard wet his cock with his finger covered in Kelly's pussy juices, then rubbed the head against the labia of her pussy. Unhurried, he deliberately pushed his cock into her pussy, 1 inch, then another, until a good 5 inches were in. Kelly cried out and he decided for now to go any further would just pain her, and not give her the pleasure she needed. He began to slowly pull out and push back in, feeling the pussy grip his cock, Kelly moving her hips to match his motion. Faster as Kelly became more comfortable, and he reached up to grab one of her breasts and squeeze it. Kelly felt the pleasure building; she hadn't pleased herself in so long and Ryan had merely made her want to avoid the topic completely. But Ryan was out of her mind as she closed her eyes and lost herself in the anticipation, waiting, growing so close to ecstasy... As Richard drove in and out faster he got his full 7 inches in, and he felt his instincts and desire taking over his cautiousness with Kelly. He pinched and twisted Kelly's nipples, teased her hard clit, and thrust in harder and harder. His cock was pained with the intensity, til finally he thrust in deep one last time and exploded. He felt his cum shoot out into pussy and almost immediately in response Kelly reached her orgasm, bigger than any she'd experienced before, her pussy contracting around his cock. She writhed and Richard held her down, rubbing her clit to draw out her orgasm more. The ecstasy burst through her mind. They both collapsed into an embrace, Richard's cock shrinking to its normal size. Kelly kissed Richard on the lips, thanking him. She felt so satisfied and content, but also exhausted, and in only a few minutes she fell asleep. Richard looked at her surprised by how quickly she had passed out, but realized that considering the amount of sleep she probably got last night, and the events before it, she was understandable tired. Richard wrapped his arms around her and marveled at her character and beauty. *** The next morning Kelly woke. She looked beside her, but there was no form of Richard asleep or awake beside her. His clothes were gone too. Kelly had known that was all it was, just one night... but it still came as a harsh blow. 'What more could it have been?' She scolded herself. As she got dressed and brushed her hair and teeth, she heard a knock at the door. Room service? No, it was only 9 am. She went to the door and opened it. Richard stood in front of her, dressed in a crisp black suit and tie. In his hands he held a bouquet of red and white roses. "Morning, my beautiful Lioness," he said to her. "I have a proposal for you. How would you like to come with me to Colorado? There is a financial assistant manager's position that I know of that you could apply to. And most importantly, I would like to take you on a date. So what do you say?" Kelly just stared at him for a moment, then found her eyes welling up with tears. How could this handsome, amazing, kind man be standing at her door, sweeping her away with his words, and offering to take her away into a new life? And how could he think there was a possibility she might refuse? "I'd love to go with you," said Kelly, and they kissed a lover's kiss, and as the song 'Love Is A Many Splendored Thing' goes: "Two lovers kissed, and the world stood still."