**Kitten Tales**

by Tell\_a\_little\_tale

**Kitten Tales - Part 1**

*Taking my Kitten out to play…*

You watch as I apply the last of the blood-red lipstick to my pouted lips in the full-length mirror in our bedroom. You let your hungry eyes roam all over my scantily dressed body, drinking in my dangerous curves and alabaster skin aching to have it pressed against you.

I know your eyes are on me, and not just because I can see you through the mirror, but because I can always feel your gaze when it is upon me, especially when it’s as full of lust as it is tonight.

“You look incredible, baby doll,” you say, breaking the comfortable silence that fills our bedroom. I smile, adoring that even after all this time, you still look at me with the same want and need that you always have.

I twist the lipstick back down into its barrel and replace the lid, placing it next to my clutch on the bed as I saunter over to you. You have barely stepped foot into our big master bedroom before stopping to take in the view that had greeted you. You are standing in the doorway, leaning up against the door frame and looking simply irresistible as you do.

You have on your black suit pants, a gorgeous cobalt blue shirt, open at the neck, perfectly shined dress shoes, and of course, your signature cologne.

I take in a deep breath as I approach you, inhaling your masculine scent and relishing in how truly seductive it is. You have always captured my attention this profoundly, and even though I now get to fall asleep in your arms each night, you still take my breath away.

As I reach you, I place one hand on your firm chest, gathering some of the material of your shirt as I do and using it to pull you the last of the way into me, crushing my lips against yours.

Immediately your hands move to my body, tracing the delicate lines of my womanly curves, my bare flesh prickling in response to your gentle touch. The black and electric blue lingerie set that adorns my skin does little to keep me warm, but it does look exquisite.

You had brought this set home with you tonight, beautifully gift wrapped and placed upon our bed, ready for me to find. I have no idea what we are doing or where we are going tonight, my only clue is that you’ve asked me to wear the contents of the scarlet red gift box and that we are going out.

I had opened it with child-like excitement after showering earlier tonight, knowing that it would be something luxurious, something tasteful, something that you had picked just for me, and something that you were aching to see me in.

A barely-there lace g-string sits perfectly on my hips and disappears seductively between the fullness of my pert ass. The intricate lace design of the bra barely contains my full breasts as you had intentionally purchased a set that was one cup-size too small. Admiring the way the smaller size accentuated my cleavage, causing a subtle ripple of my full flesh as I walk, confirmed that you had made the right choice in doing so.

You have perfected the look with the inclusion of a pair of lace-topped thigh-high sheers, which are held in place by a matching black and blue lace garter belt.

Our embrace is passionate, lustful, and full of need. The anticipation of the night ahead has us both excited even though I have no idea what it might entail. You adore organising these little surprise outings for us and have always executed them with flawless precision. No detail was ever overlooked and so when you had told me to shower and get dressed after I’d found the lingerie, I knew I was in for an incredible night.

“We had better head off soon, baby,” you say, breaking our kiss and leaving me wanting so much more. I look up at you, with pretty blue eyes that are wide with excitement.

“Aren’t I a little underdressed?” I ask, speaking the words ‘underdressed’ slowly, emphasising each syllable as I do and gesturing to my near-naked body as I twirl slowly in front of you. I unashamedly show off your thoughtful gift of gorgeous lace and the sinful curves that it frames as my way of thanking you for spoiling me.

“Actually, you are, baby doll. You’re missing something.” With a devious smile, you reach into your suit pants pocket and pull out my stunning black and silver, Kitten play collar. You see my eyes light up with excitement and I start bopping up and down, as the energy moves through me. You give me a playful yet stern look and I stop moving instantly. Obediently, I turn away from you, lifting my hair off my neck and present its elegance to you, ready for you to place the lace and silver collar around my neck.

The moment the lace touches my skin, a surge of hot energy spreads deliciously through my body. It makes me tingle all over, electrifying the circuits between my hardening nipples down to my now, throbbing sex. The collar transitions us both and we instantly fall into our predefined roles.

Once the gorgeous lace is clasped, I turn around to look at you, looking deep into your eyes. I let my hair drop from where I was holding it and blonde curls spill haphazardly around my shoulders. You position the collar so that it sits perfectly against my throat, a touching and delicate, albeit unnecessary act but one that you complete to showcase your dominance. You see the sudden hunger in my eyes burning deeply and full of desire. The transition is complete, your Kitten stands before you, in all her stunning glory, proudly showcasing your ownership of her. You smile approvingly at me, and I melt, a crimson blush spreading across my cheeks.

“Thank you, Master. Thank you for your thoughtful and beautiful gifts,” I say in an appreciative tone, “I hope this pleases you, my Master?” I pose provocatively for you, gesturing again to my half-dressed body, pushing my full chest out and pouting my deep red lips.

“Kitten, you couldn’t be more perfect. It pleases your Master greatly,” you say as you place your large, strong hand against my cheek. I nuzzle against your touch and close my eyes, relishing in your attention for a few short moments.

Pulling your hand away, you remind me that we need to go and you reach for my tan coloured, very short trench coat. “It’s cold outside, Kitten, you’ll need this.”

I throw you an inquisitive look as my pulse quickens and I wonder where on earth we could be going where this lingerie could be considered appropriate attire. You smile demurely back at me, enjoying the air of mystery, knowing your Kitten will ask no questions and will follow you blindly into your adventure.

With my mind reeling and a thousand different thoughts consuming me, you hold the jacket out for me to slip into and I dutifully obey. You lean into me kissing me softly once more before moving your lips to my ear and whispering, “Trust me, baby doll.”

Your deep, soothing voice washes over me, heightening my steadily increasing arousal. The warmth of your breath tickles my skin and I resist the urge to giggle excitedly, choosing to keep my alluring composure and responding with an almost breathless, “Always, baby.”

I do trust you, I trust you implicitly and on nights like tonight, where I succumb to you completely, giving you complete control, it turns me on incredibly.

“Good girl,” you respond approvingly, as you pull the jacket over my shoulders and help me to tie it up at the waist.

“Shall we?” you ask, offering me your bent arm in an act of expected yet endearing chivalry. I smile lovingly at you, swooning over just how wonderful you are, before sliding into a pair of far-too-high black, patent pump heels and grabbing my clutch and lipstick from the bed.

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The car ride to our mystery location is quiet but filled with an electrified excitement and anticipation. I’ve not uttered a word about where we might be going as I know this game all too well and we have slipped into our kinky personas seamlessly as we left the house. Me; an adoring and compliant submissive who, at the hands of her not-your-regular-kind-of-Master, is adored, protected, controlled but also cherished and cared for. I know how to behave as your Kitten, I knew I was to ask no questions and that the night would be revealed to me exactly how and when you intend it to. Your Kitten is to trust you completely, and know that you will protect and guide her. I didn’t need to know anything more.

You would never put me in a position that I wasn’t comfortable with or one that could possibly cause me any harm. This you had proven time and time again and it is a truth that I would never doubt. I am your Goddess, your naughty Temptress, your hot little Minx but also your beloved and adored Wife.

You reach over and place your hand on my thigh giving me a reassuring squeeze. “Red, yellow or green, Kitten?” you ask, reminding me that no matter what, I am always in control of our play.

I place my hand over yours, lacing our fingers together on top of my exposed thigh and respond confidently and with a smile, “Green, Master.”

You smile your devious smile at me and I feel my pussy throb. I love your devilish ways, I always have. We have dabbled in all kinds of debaucherous and wicked things and had established early in our relationship that we enjoyed a varied and somewhat kinky sex life. Whilst we didn’t fit the box of any particular kink scene, we had discovered things we’d both enjoyed which now included a whole range of sordid desires discovered in a whole range of different situations.

This love affair with sexual exploits that we peruse has taught us a lot about ourselves and even more about each other. During our exploration of devilish desires, we have learnt how to read each other with complete accuracy, we have learnt how to communicate deeply, and mastered how to love and lust one another wholeheartedly. We had established a set of rules, that were determined and refined along the way. Rules that set clear boundaries and expectations, that ensured that we are always comfortable with whatever play we are engaging in. These rules are greatly respected and have never been disregarded, regardless of the time, place, or situation.

The very first of these rules was our warning system communication; a traffic light collection of colours; red, yellow, or green, that expressed how comfortable each of us was with what was happening. Whilst I play the submissive role and you play my dominating Master, we have always done so with the utmost respect and care, and this system ensures that continues. This was not a new concept, it is used in play situations in all arenas and represents the desire to either keep going, calm down and pull back a little, or to stop play immediately. We share an open mind approach to our sexual desires and knowing each other so well, we hadn’t needed to speak the word ‘red’ very often, but when we did, it had roused an immediate response.

I hear the indicator start to click on and off and you pull the car into a dimly lit, long, tree-lined driveway. The perfectly manicured trees are dressed tastefully with string lights that shine a soft hue and lead the way to the magnificent two-storey French provisional styled home.

You park the car and look over at me and see that I am in complete awe of the magnificence of the homestead. Picturesque and secluded it is surrounded by a stunning, blooming garden and not a single neighbour for miles. I see that there are already a bunch of cars parked nearby and It suddenly becomes clear what tonight is all about.

You watch my body language change as the realisation washes over me and the excitement starts to build. I look over at you and catch you smiling at me, clearly pleased with my reaction as I figure out my surprise. Suddenly, I feel giddy, nervous, anxious yet also instantly aroused. Sensing my apprehension, you lean over to me and place a hand on my cheek, gently turning my head away from the dominating structure before us and turning me toward you so that you can look me in eye.

“Red, yellow, or green, beautiful?” you ask, your eyes full of concern and searching mine for an indication of how I am feeling. You fall from your Master demeanour momentarily, showing that your concern for me is so much more important than play. I take a deep breath and exhale slowly, trying to calm the thumping that is raging in my chest. The concern and security that I find in your eyes wash away any doubt that I feel and I quickly channel my inner Minx.

“Green, Master,” I purr seductively as relief washes over you and you quickly shift back to being my firm, dominant Master.

You get out of the car and come around to my side. I wait patiently for you to open my door and reach your hand out to take me. I take your hand and elegantly alight the car, two killer black heels emerging from our low riding, black sports car. You pull me to my feet, close the door, and then rush at me, pinning me against the side of the car with your strong, masculine body pressed firmly against mine. I feel my heart rate increase, my entire body reacts and I am suddenly very aware of my lace panties now slick and wet against my smooth sex.

You wrap strong arms around me, and kiss me deeply, passionately and with a hunger that always presents when you are in Master mode. I feel as if you’re devouring me, I feel so delicately feminine with your masculine form enveloping me against the cool steel of the car. I feel your hand searching for the tie at the front of my coat, and within seconds you have it open and your hands are upon me.

“Mmmm,” I moan into your mouth as we kiss aggressively, I ache for you and when I feel your need hard against my hip, it stokes the fire that rages within me. I instinctively reach out for your desire, running my hand firmly over the front of your suit pants, eager to feel you, to please you, to have you.

You pull away from my kiss and growl, a lustful, needful growl before grabbing my wrist and pulling it away from your hardening shaft and forcing it behind my back. You grab my other wrist and do the same, grabbing both of my wrists with one of your large hands holding them both at the small of my back, pinned between my body and the car.

Completely restrained, I stand there at the mercy of my Master. You open my coat to the night air exposing me completely as the cool night breeze licks at my skin. My nipples harden instantly beneath the thin lace and the sensation pushes me further and further into that inky abyss.

You run your hand down my smooth skin as we kiss. My body pulses with need and when you slide your hand over the outside of my lace, cupping my pretty little pussy, I almost come right there on the spot.

Your lips leave mine, with the promise of more so that you can instruct your Kitten, your words hushed as if you are sharing a secret with no one but me.

“You are a naughty Kitten, MY naughty Kitten and so before we walk in those doors and I parade you around as there’s no doubt you’ll be the prettiest pussy here, I’m going to claim you. Own you. Take what’s mine. I will have your first orgasm tonight, baby. But, you aren’t to come until I say you can, you got that, Kitten?”

As you say the word ‘Kitten’ you pull the offending lace aside and slide your middle finger inside my smooth, hot sex and sink it deep within me. My body clutches your finger and I crumble. Your body against mine holding me against the car is all that keeps me from falling.

Your words speak to my very core, I adore your claim upon me and will obey your every command. “Yes, Master,” I whisper as I exhale.

Your expert touch sends ripples through my already highly aroused body. You can feel my breathing start to quicken as I bury my head in your neck and moan as I enjoy your expert assault.

Adding a second finger, you slide inside my tight heat, my state of arousal ensuring I’m wet enough for you to go harder, faster, more aggressively. You work your expert fingers in and out of me, your palm firm against my sensitive clit as you push me closer and closer to heaven. My wrists still clasped tightly in your hands stops me from moving. Your grip is tight, however, I know better than struggle against you. Succumbing to the wicked sensations, I start rocking my hips back and forward, feeling every gorgeous stroke that my Master will give me. You feel incredible and I can feel an intense orgasm building, and building far faster than I had expected.

“Master, oh Master! You’re going to make me...” I trail off, concentrating on settling the intense wave of pure pleasure that’s just about to rip through my body. Shutting my eyes tightly, I whimper, “May I please cum, Master? Please, let me cum?”

You growl deeply in response and releasing my wrists you move your hand up to my chin. You tilt my head up so that our lips are just about to touch, you can see the need in my eyes, the ragged edge fast approaching. You open your mouth to speak and I listen desperately, needing those words to fall from your lips.

“Cum, Kitten, I want you to cum hard and gush all over your Master’s hand but as you do, I want your tongue in my mouth!”

I push up on the very tips of my toes and wrapping my arms around your neck, I pull you into me crushing your lips against mine desperately. The pleasure, the relief, the need, combines and takes over and I lose all control.

My orgasm rips through my body like a hurricane of sheer pleasure, a feeling I am wholeheartedly addicted to and one that you always grant me. My body shudders as our tongues twirl and the faint sounds of my ecstasy driven moans tumble from my mouth and into yours.

You relish in the way my body spasms and jolts, the height of my climax demonstrated in how violently I shudder. You continue to tease me a few seconds more knowing that it will make heaven that much more pleasurable but stop just before the intensity becomes too much.

I fall against your firm body, my chest heaving as I gasp for air and shudder as the last of the orgasm leaves my body. With my heart pounding, my head spinning, and a euphoric bliss washing through me, I recover from the incredible climax. Catching my breath, I look up to you and kiss you softly once more, breathing the words, “Thank you, Master,” just before I do.

I feel your smile against my lips before delivering a quick, firm smack against my sensitive sex, jolting me from our kiss and lighting that fire once more. You bring your hand up to your face and, looking me in the eye, you suck your lust covered digits past your lips and into your mouth. You moan as you taste your Kitten’s arousal, “Mmm, damn, Kitty, I will never get tired of that taste.”

Then, as quickly as it started, you are done with my wanton abuse. You step back and tie up my coat for me, securing it at the side of my body and, taking my hand in yours, you lead me up to the large front doors of this beautiful estate.