

Author: Onedlehand

Title: A Promise of More

Summary: After vanilla relationships, or worse, with their former spouses, a couple in their late 20's move forward searching for the many other flavors previously denied them.

Codes: MF, rom, oral

It wasn't just her warm, moist breath. She was nibbling on my ear in a full court press. Holy smokes!

I'd known Kitty about five years - she was with Rick while I was with Becky - It was a socially polite relationship formed over several years of periodic business gatherings, some all business, some casual.

Kitty had always been a looker, with a face that started at cute and leaned towards beautiful, the latter depending on what she did with her thick mane of sandy blonde hair. She also had a nicely cut figure, which she couldn't fully hide despite her habit of wrapping it up in too much clothing. It's not that she dressed plainly, not at all. She would wear a clingy skirt or blouse, but if she did, she would inevitably wear a jacket, scarf, or frilly something to obscure her form. She let it be known that she had the right curves; she just didn't let you appreciate them fully. Irritating, actually.

For that matter, she wore too much makeup. It's not like she was *trying* to portray the image of a very attractive but modest housewife; she fully succeeded in doing that, in style, all the time. Still, it seemed like she had always been dressing the part. Even at a pool party, she would wear a one piece, but cover herself with a wrap up until she headed into the pool. The same getting out. In the company of a bunch of attractive women, it was infuriating, really. She should have shined brightly over them all.

And, that hair. Pulled back and tamed, she looked equally suitable for a business meeting or a brunch on the porch. Quick, easy, adorably cute. But, there was something about the shape of her face, the depth of her blue eyes and, when released, her mid-length blonde hair that begged the notion of a tigress, regardless if she kept herself on a leash.

It is, of course, wrong to think that way about another person's wife, but with a teasing name like Kitty, and those looks, thinking of a hellcat in bed wasn't difficult. Add in good conversational skills, a general niceness about her steeped in positivity, and a quick wit, she was enjoyable company at any function.

This didn't just occur to me now, with her bathing my ear with her tongue. It's the accumulation of observations made casually over several years of observations about another person, the kind that seep in on you when you're in a committed relationship. She just stood out. And I had noticed.

Bad things happened. I became a widower, and within a year, she divorced. Far less negatively, and just 30 minutes ago, she was assuming all sorts of cute poses from her seat on the row behind me as our group awaited a speaker in the auditorium.

Let me define “cute poses.” She’s smiling at me. That’s all that matters, right? It brightens her face and my spirits. She’s wearing a white skirt that cuts off above her knees, affording me gracious views of her impeccably tanned and toned legs, and a bit of thigh as her legs are crossed and deliciously nestled together. I give myself credit. I didn’t stare. Maintaining eye contact thoroughly... well, there’s hope for improvement?

Everyone knows that high-heeled shoes are back in vogue. I can’t imagine walking in them, and now I don’t have to imagine how at least one of her feet looks in them. Her shoes take the minimalist look, with only several wispy thin, white straps that suggest “It’s a business function now, but you should see what else I might match with these shoes.” Visions of a clingy dress and the underthings that may, or may not, lie underneath dance in my head.

And I’m not “into” feet, but dang those are cute toes. Well-manicured and glossy toenails, and soft arches, and... well, naked begins at the tips of her toes, works its way around the corner into those calves, and, it’s just too impolite, trying to make conversation and otherwise fathom the rest of her goodies. Eye contact. That’s the ticket.

And does she ever so slightly squeeze her arms inward when she’s talking to me, just enough so that her breasts swell against her form revealing cotton blouse? And is it by accident that the ceiling spotlight casts a slight shadow over her tight abdomen even in a well lit room. “Cute poses.”

“...so gently swaying through the fairyland of love, if you’ll just come with me you’ll see the beauty of Tuesday afternoon.” Yeah. It’s Tuesday afternoon, and that’s now my favorite song. I’m tiger bait, helpless in her domain, wondering, is this the same woman I’ve known?

I had been just on the verge of coming around to some means of asking her out, which was awkward in the present company of others. While I was trying to mentally navigate tactics, I hear, “It’ll be a few minutes yet before they start. I’m thirsty. Do you want to come get a drink with me?” It came with a look, too, one that, if others happened to be watching, didn’t invite an opportunity for them to ask us to bring something back. Or tag along.

And now you’re about caught up. So it was that she actually took my hand and guided me to a stairwell to have a “quick personal conversation.” Before you think “sex in a stairwell,” it wasn’t. I was thinking that, too, I admit. She drew closer where I could draw in the smell of her, but it was a personal proposition delivered in almost a business negotiation. “I’m not here by accident, and I’m not sitting where I am by accident either. I’ve had a crush on you, for longer than you know, longer than was appropriate.”

When you were married. Got it. Nod. Don’t say anything to spoil this.

“I know this is awkward, but I need to know if you’re interested in me, now, because there is another... opportunity, and I don’t want to miss both.”

Wow. Flattering. I think.

They say that your life flashes before your eyes in near-death instances. I don’t want to find out. But within that reality time warp, one has to find the appropriate response. Fast.

In my vast experience in such instances, there are a flurry of possible responses. To wit:

- 1) I’m really not attracted to aggressive women.
- 2) Are you proposing a serious relationship that possibly ends in something permanent?
- 3) Kitty, as your friend, I think it’s too soon after your divorce to jump into anything.
- 4) Why me?
- 5) Who is the other guy?
- 6) How long have you planned this?
- 7) Is modesty your true nature, or the more forward woman I see now?

None of those are a response. But they help shape it. And, with it being improper to ask all those questions, they’re crossed off as follows:

- 1) I’ve actually never had a woman come on to me. I like it.
- 2) Obviously, yes. Or, I think obviously. She’s not the type, I think, to be booking her bedtime plan for the evening. Or an afternoon nap.
- 3) It’s long enough. Don’t judge when it’s too your advantage.
- 4) Don’t go there. It doesn’t matter.
- 5) Don’t go there. It doesn’t matter.
- 6) I can be grateful that she did.
- 7) That is, indeed, the question. The one that matters to me, anyway. But I can’t ask it yet.

So, I gathered her in my arms, pulling her close, and began with a romantic kiss. Less chance of saying the wrong thing. I peeked. Her eyes were closed. And now, to see if she’s still wrapped up in layers...

Yes, her body didn’t just remain in an embrace, it adjusted for fuller body contact. There was a slight but noticeable pressure against my groin, not entirely static either. Nicely done. And her tongue became alive. Teasing the lips, but not fully exploring a French invasion, if there is such a thing. I could, and probably should, fuck her right there. My brain was on life support and was in full agreement with whatever the rest of me wanted to do. And, when she stretched her head upwards, and, as noted earlier, to make good work of my ear lobes, I knew it was going to happen.

But... no. I’m not that kind of guy. I don’t mean I’m not eager for the fruition of that very experience. Had it been someone I knew more casually or that I was less, well, preoccupied with, then yeah. I’d do that. Okay, it was a crush, but my end game wasn’t a fling. I really, really liked her.

Also, despite the opportunity, I'm not so thrilled at the prospect of being found in the stairwell in a civic auditorium by the Police, ushers, or anyone else, which was likelihood as I wouldn't want this particular experience to be a quiet one. Yet, my hands, damn them, found themselves grasping her very taut hips as I pulled her even closer, which were now in a circling motion. I wasn't in a hurry to end whatever this was. Tigress.

I'll let you figure out how I could possibly be a victim of too many thoughts while possessed by a raging hard on. I broke away.

I looked at her. She looked ready to eat me. Her hair was wild and loose. Her eyes, her lips... damn me, I'm so stupid.

I had to take a few breaths to let thoughts shape themselves fully into words. I hoped they would work, because the other path led to more immediate gratification. Except the cops part.

"Kitty, the answer to your question, obviously, is yes. But we have to get to know each other a little better yet. I want you to come to my place at 7:00 tonight. I'll prepare dinner, but I want you to bring with you three to five questions, written on index cards, and at least one of which has to be about sex, that you would want to know about me."

She looked surprised, then curious. "You'll do the same?" she asked.

"Yes, of course." That was really my point, though she wouldn't know that.

"That should be... *interesting*. And fun. Looking back, I definitely want to get things right next time."

Indeed. Maybe she understood my agenda after all. It really depended on what things needed improvement.

I don't think either of us heard anything the speaker said that afternoon. Real Estate law updates are not exactly compelling, and, in fact, they turn to vapor given Kitty's toes periodically grazing my neck and ear. I couldn't look back, but I couldn't help but wonder if anyone noticed what she was doing to me. I couldn't even concentrate on how I might phrase my questions for that evening, as the thought of twisting around to suck her toes there and then interfered. And that's not even something I've done before.

Afterwards, departing pleasantries were exchanged by everyone except us. Her eyes, though, and that little bit of teeth she flashed... Meow. I'm glad she didn't press to follow me home. I needed the time.

To vacuum, for one. And clean the bathroom. I mentioned I'm single, right? Oh, and change the sheets, and... think. And think mostly of what I wanted sexually from a new partner, if not a new wife.

Sure, I'm a funny guy. But I'm a thinker, too. After my wife's passing two years earlier, I dated very little. Although I loved her deeply, the fiery sex at the beginning of our relationship had settled into a

very dreary world of vanilla, “that felt good,” almost obligatory sex. Don’t judge me. I understand “making love” and all that involves. But it left options on the table that were left to the world of fantasies. And while they’re rewarding in their own personal way, they’re also a reminder of how they are from the reality that is. And some fantasies I certainly wanted to be a part of my reality going forward, regardless of how tempting the dish. And Kitty was definitely dishy. If she didn’t eat me first.

The experience of that afternoon notwithstanding, my prevailing understanding of Kitty had been as “Ms. Modesty.” She clearly had demonstrated initiative and passion today, but I had no idea whether she would revert to her old self in time, or whether she had a gravitation towards kinks, for lack of a better word. I’ll admit that it was a nervous endeavor to craft questions that met my needs, because I really, really hoped that she was the matching piece. Otherwise, this might end horribly, and it’s not like these opportunities landed in front of me often. Or at all, really. I wrote them on my computer, edited them to death, then copied them to index cards. That done, as I prepped for dinner, I confined my thoughts on how she might dress for the evening. Patience. Patience. Both in my head and in my loins.

She arrived on time. I had alerted the Concierge to send her up when she arrived and notify me. I took the few steps from my door to greet her at the elevator lobby.

She stepped forward, raising an arm to lean against the open elevator door, stretching her opposite leg at an enticing angle like an old school Hollywood starlet. “You like?” she asked.

In my dinner preparation, I had settled on the idea that she would wear a thin, clingy party dress or something sophisticated. I had countered this image with black dress slacks, a short sleeve button up casual shirt and a sport coat. Not too formal, but enough to say that even in my condo, she was worth getting dressed up for. Boringly predictable on my part, but I have a limited wardrobe anyway. And, as it turned out, she was much more thoughtful and well-conceived.

She arrived in, get this, a college T-shirt from my alma mater. Yeah. She knew the team I loved, and she had apparently gone shopping for it because she would have no other reason to have it. It wasn’t particularly tight, but its cut was short. Her particular position raised her shirt, where I could see a taut abdomen and a cute belly button, pierced with a small gold ball. That was fairly shocking, actually. Now you know that tigers have belly buttons, too (not jewelry, though).

I’m a breast guy, but that doesn’t mean that I was ignorant of the rest of the package. Blue jean shorts. Rather, *short* blue jean shorts that revealed a greater length of her gorgeous legs. No high heels this time, but sandals, the sort you have around for comfort wear. A toe ring added balance to her navel piercing. She looked in every way, collegiate. That’s a good look when you’re starting over, I have to admit. The overnight bag behind her was an encouraging accessory. I now understood the uncertainty in the Concierge’s voice when she had called to let me know Kitty was on her way up. She certainly didn’t fit the mold of the rather staid residents and guests that silently passed through the property. So, she had probably been trying to decide if this was a sibling, a date, or a very casual hooker. I tipped her well. She’d get over it.

The elevator interrupted my thoughts with a loud “buzz.”

“Well, I guess ‘speechless’ is a compliment then,” she said.

“Actually, no, the word that came to me as soon as I saw you was ‘delicious.’ I’m just appreciating how delicious you look. I’ve never really *seen* you before, if you know what I mean.”

“Flattery will get you everywhere, buster. And, yeah. We’ll probably talk about that.”

I took her bag, offered my hand and we walked the ten steps to my door. Had either of us ventured a kiss... all my planning might be for naught.

The Condo life is not one that is common to my friends. But, after my wife’s accident, I had wanted something different, away from suburbia without the headaches of many possessions, household maintenance, a lawn to care for... in short, I wanted a fresh start. And the settlement from the drunk’s insurance company had afforded me an 18<sup>th</sup> floor view of downtown Atlanta, plus money in the bank. I had no idea whether she would like the place.

She took in the main living area at a glance, pronouncing “It’s very masculine,” noting the darker tones of the flooring, fabrics and wood trim. Yes, it was, but certainly by no means glum or claustrophobic. She ventured to the dining area, where a single spot shown on the center of the table, on which a tall red candle was burning. White table cloth, cloth napkins, elegant wine glasses, muted lighting, a single candle... I can do romantic. Of course, the way she was dressed, a tailgate BBQ in the parking deck would have worked.

I gave her the quick tour, because there is no extended tour in high rise Condos. The kitchen, dining area and living area are all one room. This leaves a bedroom converted to my study/office, another bedroom for guests, a full bath, a hall closet and, of course, the master bedroom. Oh, and a pantry, because every square foot matters.

Each bedroom shared the same exterior wall, each with an expansive view of the city from floor to ceiling. She said nothing, taking in the view. The silence was almost uncomfortable, but then I noticed her mouth had opened slightly and her nipples, if my mind wasn’t playing tricks, had hardened. Yep, given an opportunity, that’s where my eyes go. I made a movement, setting her bag at the foot of my bed. Putting in the guest room would have been funny, but... this wasn’t the time for cheap humor.

Her trance apparently broken, she turned and smiled.

“You looked lost in thought,” I said. Her face blossomed into a smile. “Yes, you have a beautiful view. I was thinking that I don’t know if I’ve ever really looked through my bedroom windows after the blinds and curtains were installed. This is so... open.”

“Well, that’s true for most people probably. But I don’t have nosey neighbors, people walking their dogs or UPS trucks making deliveries to my doorstep.”

Kitty didn't say anything to this, but I could see her quickly scan the high rises in the not-too-distant distance. *Interesting.* I activated the button that lowered the privacy screen. "Oh, that's okay. Leave them up. It's beautiful." Check.

"I've had invitations to view new listings of condo properties, but my customer base isn't located here. I really like this; I should have taken advantage to see something different." She turned away from the view to face me. "I suppose you never know what someone might like until you show them the options. You have very good tastes. I *really* like it here." Music to my ears. As we made our way back to the living area, Kitty briefly took in the art that I had chosen, some of the books that were lying around, and the tradeoffs of managing the stuff of life when storage space was limited.

I slid open the door. "And then, there's the balcony."

"I've been waiting for this. It's gorgeous!"

This I knew from experience, just as I knew the sun would be setting in about 45 minutes. It was a fairly simple balcony, with a table, two padded chairs, and optional footrests. There was also a plant which was all that I could commit to watering, assuming that nature helped when I forgot. But my balcony was like the several above it and all the ones below. They were all stacked relative to each other, offering commanding views but private with respect to each other. She pulled her index cards from her back pocket and placed them on the table weighted by a coaster. Good. It was like I had written a script and she knew her parts. She leaned on the rail, her bent posture capturing my attention, but it didn't seem intentional. She was looking around, a warm breeze tickling her hair.

"Hungry?" I asked. Kitty turned, smiled, and pulled close as we walked hand in hand on our way back inside. I don't know perfumes. I don't like them when they speak volumes. Hers... was a trace amount, to the point where I wanted to get far too close too fast and inhale her scent. A sneaky one.

Dinner was a garden salad, Penne with peppery broccoli and Morel sauce, and a side of asparagus, this for a number of reasons. I'm good at preparing it, it goes well with wine, and it's not so loaded with protein that it puts me to sleep. Or, hopefully, her. I refrained from adding garlic to the bread. That was not how I wanted the evening to be remembered.

We caught up, awkwardly at first. It was strange to talk about a period of time in which we were attached to others while beginning new possibilities. Still, conversation became pleasantly casual, during which she exhibited the traits that reminded me why I had always liked her. Or, more honestly put, why I maintained a curiosity about her even though we had been off-limits. It hadn't been a case of outright lust, I think. Until now. But my interest had certainly been with a clear recognition of the paths not taken in life, where the other road at the fork might have led.

Traits. Her eyes shine when she's talking about a subject in which she's interested, she listens well and engages with good questions, and she transitions from one topic to another without having skipped past what was to be learned or slowing into tedium. She's a great conversationalist, and conversation is

certainly something that, with a plate of nuts, crackers and cheese, can be enjoyed on a balcony as the sun sets. Oh, yes, with the wine and the glasses.

Kitty seemed mesmerized as the sun settled between two other high rises and dipped finally below the horizon. I hadn't paid much attention, not that I'm immune to a nice sunset. The warm tones of the evening sun on her face had been much more remarkable. She turned toward me, a casual smile on her face, knowing I was admiring her.

"That was beautiful," she said.

"Yes, you are." I replied.

She gazed into my eyes. I could have her at that moment, or her, me. It would be fiery and furious and wonderful. But got *it*. We both knew we were there for more than that. It was time.

I placed the table to the side with our wine and arranged the seats so that we were knee to knee. "It's time to find out a bit about ourselves. Do you want to go first, or me?" She seemed to like the direct intimacy.

"I will," she said. "Ladies first, you know." She retrieved her notecards, but didn't bother to look at them. "What do you think is the best way to keep a relationship alive, after the first couple years?"

I was no stranger to this line of thought. I answered, "After the lust wears off? And you find that you live with someone who actually has flaws?"

"Exactly," she said.

"Love is a commitment, not a feeling. I read a book about that some years ago."

"Probably, the *Five Love Languages*," Kitty added.

"That was it. Communication is key, and you have to be intentional on making sure you're connected."

We talked about the love languages a bit, her primary one being words of affirmation, words that I soon discovered weren't known in her ex's vocabulary. Good to know.

It was my turn. "What turns you on the most?"

She crinkled her eyes in mock scrutiny. "If that's your first question, this is going to get real interesting fast," she teased. But, her answer was surprising. "I'm still waiting to find out. What I did, how I acted today, that was new to me. You just don't know how that was for me. It wasn't acting, but it was a new role. I liked... I liked being that way. A lot."

What followed was an explanation of how her ex had quickly gravitated towards sex when it suited his needs, and the way he would punish her by withdrawing from physical contact whenever he felt jealous, rightly or wrongly. It included when other men looked at her for more than a glimpse or even talked



with her at length. "It's fair to say that you've caused me to be deprived, by the way. I always enjoyed talking with you, but I knew there was a price to be paid."

I wasn't sure how to take that.

It had led, gradually, for her to question whether each man really lusted after her as her husband asserted, then he demanded that she dress as conservatively as possible as she was his alone to enjoy. "Don't get me wrong, I wanted to please him, and for the longest time I told myself that I was doing that. But he kept adding to the things that upset him, and I wasn't happy. I'm comfortable with my husband taking the lead on making decisions, but I'm not property. Then he struck me. And that was that." It made all too much sense. And I was just sorry to hear it.

"You needed to know, but I don't want to dwell there, especially tonight. So... how many women have you been with?"

Predictable. And a quick story, as in 1, 2... "Two." Hers was two as well. One in college to set her expectations of how exciting sex would be, and another to ruin it. We talked about our first lovers, essentially both being clumsy discoveries and not devoid of sentimental attachment.

My turn. "Okay, what do you think would turn you on the most?"

Kitty laughed. "You didn't write that down, did you?"

"Nope. Still fishing on the first question."

"I don't know. For endurance, love has to be there, both emotionally and physically. It's a trust point. But beyond that... Something with variety to it. I'm tired of watching TV and seeing other women do spontaneous things. I'm jealous of *that*. Maybe like today... proposition a guy in a stairwell, kiss him passionately and jump into sex in semi-public places. I don't know the details of it all, but I want to experience different things, both in bed and out."

I laughed. "We do have stairwells here, you know."

"Oh, I'm quite... aware, and if you play your cards right, my intrigue about how certain sounds carry might be satisfied. That's a good word. I'm intrigued about moving from fiction to reality. I want you to crawl inside my mind, make my imagination run wild, and consummate it. I want fun. How that plays out, I don't know yet. New things. Share fantasies and work towards making them become reality. I feel like I've been caged and suffered enough through the last years. I want to be appreciated sexually, challenged, played with... I'm saying too much. That probably doesn't make any sense." She leaned forward and put her hands on my knees. "There's love, and there's sex. I need love, but I need sex too. And they're two different things."

"That's about as... *hopeful* an answer as I could ever ask."

Kitty gave a wicked grin. "I think what I said is that I'll try just about anything."

“That’s a pretty big statement. It also requires trust. Do you trust me?”

“I wouldn’t have been here if I didn’t. I’ve watched you. I know you.”

I reached to place my hands on top of hers. “You think you know people. But then you find out you don’t know them as well as you thought. Rick, for example.”

“True, but I saw the way you loved your wife, and the way you treated her. And I’ve seen your speculating eyes whenever our paths crossed. Unlike my ex, I never sensed you were looking for an affair, but perhaps a kindred spirit.”

I was surprised at this. “You knew my sex life was unsatisfactory?”

“Well, no. But I’ve seen you at work and socially. It was just in your eyes, or maybe intuition. Was I right?”

I looked into her eyes and gave her a slow nod. “Your turn.”

Kitty asked, “Do you want kids?”

And she was serious. This wasn’t just about a night or a fling. “Yes, but sometime after the two years of lust.” She laughed at that. Two, we agreed.

“Here’s my third, or fifth, or whatever we’re up to but final, question.” I said. “Sex was... limited foreplay, one of maybe three positions, and a comfortable sleep that followed. I do not want to look back at my sex life someday and remember it that way. I want kinks. You said you would do just about anything. So, between your “fun” and my “kinks,” where do you draw the line?”

“I don’t know yet.”

“Really?” I asked.

“I don’t want to put limits out there. It’s too early for that. I do know that you’re the only one that I would want inside of me. That’s my only boundary.”

“I agree, but that’s a very delicate way of phrasing that. It leaves open...”

“Possibilities. I saw *Fifty Shades*. Did you?” she asked.

“Audio book.”

“The only pain I would want would be from my own pleasure. Otherwise, I was extremely turned on. Toys can be fun. Settings can be fun. Clothes can be fun. I said you’re the only one allowed...”

She struggled. I helped, “I get it. But maybe there’s someone else watching.”

She blushed, and her mouth parted. “And maybe that someone touches you in other ways.”

“You’re already inside my mind. There’s a wild animal inside me that doesn’t know the whats or hows, only that it needs to be free. I need you for that.”

Tigress. I was right. There was a momentary silence. Jump her bones now, or...

“You’re stirring my imagination now,” I said. “Okay, when you’re alone. What do you fantasize about?”

“I thought you asked your final question, already. I tell you that I’ll try just about anything, and now you want me to fill in the blanks?”

“Humor me. Just this time.”

“Well, I want to watch a man jerk off for me.”

“Never happened?”

“Nope.”

“A shame. And have you given a guy a show?”

“No, but I like the idea of being watched. I’ve spent a lot of time in the gym and never had a chance to really show off.”

“And what if I took a picture of you doing that?”

“See, that’s what I’m talking about. I don’t know. I don’t know if I would get into it or freeze up. But I want to find out.”

“I have a Nikon D800. It’s a camera that’s worthy of taking your picture, clothed or naked. Having sex. Bathing in the tub. Naked in a forest. In sexy poses...”

“Like in my Clemson shirt?” she teased.

“Especially your Clemson shirt. It’s particularly good at showing your erect nipples.”

Kitty did a quick self-assessment, an endearing one.

“You know, if you’re cold, we can go inside.”

“I think you know I’m quite *warm* already.” She quickly changed tact. “Follow me. A lot of people go to the gym for health reasons, but how many go there so that they look better when they’re with their partner? You say ‘sexy poses.’ I’ve never been allowed to do that. I’d like to be sexy. Visually so, and obvious to others in the right circumstances. Like I was today at the auditorium. I’d like for other men to be jealous of you having me on your arm. Not because of my face or my figure, but because...”

“Because you’re sexual.”

“I want to be in a state of arousal because of you, and I want you to be in a state of arousal because of me. And if other guys can’t help looking at me, I think it would make feel like I’m doing my best for you. But, that’s not all true. I’ve been bottled up. I want to be admired, too. I’m not saying I want to dress like a slut, but I’m fine with men checking me out. I want to be... like a younger version of A.J. McCarron’s mom.”

“The Alabama quarterback from a few years ago?”

“Yeah, have you seen her? I don’t want to be a celebrity, but it would turn me on to know guys talk about me in a sexual way.”

“Just to be clear. Guys look to check out a figure on about every woman. I do too, and it shouldn’t make you jealous. But when that look lingers, it goes to what you might look like underneath, and then to what you might be like in bed. You’re saying you want guys to lust after you?”

“Yep. Because, as you say, I’m sexual. Or hoping to be.” And she stretched out a long, tanned leg to wiggle her toes.

“Oh, you are that. ‘Tigress’ has come to mind long before this evening.”

“I want out my cage.”

“Let’s see then. Would you go in public without your bra or your panties?”

“God, yes. I did it as a teen on a dare, but... As long as you’re comfortable with it, of course.”

“I think you’ll be wearing them a lot less. And if you were at a public park, sitting on a bench, would you spread your legs so that I could see up your skirt?”

“I almost went to our meeting without panties today, but I chickened out. Like most things, I imagined doing it. And I planned my seat right.”

“I couldn’t quite make it out. I did try to steal a glance, but I didn’t want to get swatted for looking, not knowing if you were hopelessly clueless about what you were doing to me, or just teasing to tease. In any case, crawling into your skirt to see up close would have been noticed.”

“Ha. You should have let me caught you looking. I would have opened up if you had. Or I think I would have. I just don’t know yet about all these things.”

“One more kink.”

“And here I thought you had asked your final question a while ago.”

“Pretend that I’m just reading from a checklist.”

“Roleplay? Okay, doctor, go ahead.”

"I'm *this* close," I said as I suggestively measured 7" between my hands, "to wheeling you to the operating area. Okay, let's try a few other kinks."

"Now? Out here?"

"No, and maybe later but that's a good place to start. Out here. Sex on a high rise balcony."

"Fun. Maybe. I don't know yet. Kind of scary fun."

"Blowjobs?"

"Fun. Or used to be. I'll stick with fun."

"Swallow?"

"I'm not sure. But I'd have to imagine McCarron's mom would, so yes."

"Facials?"

"What do you mean?"

"I..."

"I know, silly. I heard the term and googled it. And... there's plenty out there on that. As long as you've got enough to do the job right, fun."

"Intimacy with another woman. You seem to have a thing for the Quarterback's mom."

"I thought for years about how that might be better than Rick, but no real interest that I know anyway. And have you seen her?"

"His mom?"

"Yes."

"No. Should I?"

"I don't think so. You'll have your hands full."

"Right. With a vibrator. Game for that?"

"Definitely fun. More fun when it's not home alone."

"Bon..."

"By the way, facials? I say that, but I've never done it. I don't really know. How long does it take for you to recover? A woman has needs."

"I'm asking the questions, here. Bondage?"

“Fun. Scary fun. I think I’d like the teasing, but like I said, no pain.”

“Nipple clamps, then?”

“I really have no idea. Maybe in the right moment when I’m aroused. Maybe not.”

“Slave for a day?”

“Whatever you want, Mister.”

“That would be ‘Master,’ actually.”

“Fun.”

“Anal?”

“Actually, no. Went there once. No.”

“And how about...?”

“How about I stand up, stretch, and admire the city lights?”

Kitty moved to the railing, pushing against it to test its strength, then leaned over the railing. “You get this view every night?”

“Yep.”

Kitty looked back over her shoulder. “For a guy with so many kinks, you’re kind of slow. You get this view every night?” She wiggled her hips very, *very* provocatively.

“Eh, no. Never.” I stepped beside her, close beside her so that our arms touched. The evening had cooled slightly, but Kitty was incredibly warm. “You smell wonderful.” And I didn’t think it was just her perfume.

She turned, her back to the rail, and invited me close. We looked at each other for a long moment, but there was nothing tentative here. We both knew it was time. Past time, even. Her lips were magical, and then her tongue started darting, expressing her need. My hands found their way to her waist, then lower, flaring to the width of her hips, which I pulled closer. We kissed for minutes, I suppose, and like our conversation, building, but not urgent. Until I was able to nibble my way to her ear, and her neck. She exhaled at first, and then moaned. I felt her hands reach to mine and guide them up to her breasts.

“36,” she said. My hands reached under her shirt as I continued to tease my tongue along her neck. “C’s,” she added. “28 and 36 are the other dimensions in case you go shopping.”

“Perfect.”

“You’ll see,” she said. She reached behind her back, unclasped her bra, and by her gender’s secret magic, quickly removed her bra through a sleeve.

She turned her head, glancing at the skyline behind her. For all the darkness that had settled in, dilated eyes revealed how bright the city was up close, but I wouldn't dare call it light pollution. She was just that gorgeous and deserved illumination.

She turned back to me. "I want you to keep your eyes on my eyes. Nowhere else. Understood?"

"Got it." Standing six inches from me, her face was intoxicating. Her mouth quivered, not from nervousness, but as if we were already making love. Determination, humor, and need beamed with the minutest of changes in her eyes.

And she began to reveal herself. I was aware of leg motion and heard her flip flops scatter across the concrete. I sensed the movement of her hands as she unfastened the decorative belt and unbuttoned her shorts. It wasn't a lengthy zipper, but I heard it unzip slowly, taking her full, luxuriant time. Then there was a slight twisting of her body and she kicked her shorts free. Gone. And I hadn't looked. Down, anyway.

She started unbuttoning my shirt, and after several, stopped. She shook her head slightly, boring into me with her eyes as her hands grasped the hem of her shirt. She lifted it steadily, and I could feel her eyes behind the fabric, testing my resolve. My gaze held true. I was staring directly into her eyes when she pulled it over her head.

Her face was worth my concentration. I hadn't seen a woman look so beautiful. Her face was flushed, and while being within view of other buildings may have spoken a measure of embarrassment, I knew it was her own consuming passion. The Tigress.

"Close your eyes," she said, and I did. "Take two steps back. Good. One more. Again. Now, when you open your eyes, I want you to look directly in mine. Nowhere else. Now."

It was the most difficult challenge I've ever faced. I looked into her eyes and somewhere amongst the sexual heat was a woman experiencing "fun" possibly in a way she never had before. It was intimidating. I might fool myself into thinking I had all the cards, but she was playing a different game. She had the power.

I tested the periphery of my vision. There was more than adequate light, not just from the buildings behind her but from my own living room. She was gorgeous, from the...

She interrupted my thoughts. "I think we discussed words of affirmation earlier."

It was too steep a challenge. "I..."

"Don't even bother." She raised her right hand to her face and extended her index finger. "I want you to keep your eyes on my finger."

God.

And she lowered it, teasingly, to her chin, and along the side of her neck, down to the nakedness of her shoulder, which was... muscular, but feminine, and flawless. Then she settled down a slow path to her left breast, finally circling her nipple with her fingertip before suddenly grasping her breast from underneath, her finger still at her nipple, her palms squeezing at a steady rhythm that marked the timing of her inner drums. .

Then her hand lowered to her piercing, briefly tweaking the little gold ball, before lowering to her panties. Blue ones, cotton. A sports undergarment with a very low cut. And wet. She put her finger on the fabric above her clit, pressing... rotating... and I could see her shiver. She reached underneath with her finger, followed by her hand... and abruptly her other hand descended and she flung her panties to the floor. That particular show would wait for another time, then.

And just like that, I was staring at the most beautiful shaved cunt... the most beautiful. There were a few wisps of hair neatly trimmed like the fletching of an arrow above her clit, and... her hood was shiny, and her clit protruded enticingly even as her fingers began to rub it gently and reach beyond. My eyes fell away from her hands, drawn by the moistness on her thighs.

I started forward. "Slowly," she said. And by the time I took the several steps, her fingers had disappeared between her legs. Her breasts were flushed, her nipples calling for my mouth.

She stopped me, again almost touching her body. She didn't have to tell me to look into her eyes. I didn't want to look anywhere else. They were on fire but now surprisingly needful rather than commanding. "I want you to taste me." She raised her fingers and inserted them in my mouth, slowly. Her face had changed slightly, suggesting a question. She quickly withdrew her fingers.

"You taste... like you smell. So good, yet so much richer. Again..."

Kitty brought her fingers back to my mouth, freshly wet with her juices. And she tried to pull them away, but I grasped her hand, holding it in place so that I could clean her fingers, taking my time. "It's honey," I said. And I saw a small tear form in the corner of her eye. "Kitty, we've got all night. But I'd like to start by savoring every drop you. You are truly, delicious."

She allowed me to carry her back to the bedroom, control given completely to me. Sure, she gathered her juices and trailed them to spots that she felt needed attention while I otherwise lapped between her legs, but she was content to purr. She was open to so many things; in fact, she had demonstrated that already on the balcony that was much more public than she knew. But, I sensed that this was not the night for evolved fun or kinks.

After we had fully explored each other's nooks and crannies, we finally made love. I slid into her easily, testing her depth, her eyes opening wide, communicating both surrender and her need. Her legs wrapped around me and the time for patience had ceased. I fucked her, hard and fast. If she said words, I wasn't aware of them, or I couldn't hear them over the sounds of our bodies meeting. She returned thrust for thrust, her eyes closed as I viewed the most beautiful expressions of pleasure that I could ever imagine on a woman's face.



I came inside her, hard and amply. And when she had gathered her breath, she cuddled her way onto my shoulder, our legs entwined, her arm draped across my chest, finding the intimacy that follows the joining. Was it love, yet? Did it matter just now? The width of her smile and the contented, trusting look of her eyes said that she was mine.

And my imagination ran wild.

More to come in this character series.

Comments to: [oneidlehand@hotmail.com](mailto:oneidlehand@hotmail.com)

Thanks for reading!