

Kitty on the beach

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A dreaded New Year family trip to the beach gives me a unique opportunity to get close to a lovely kitten.

I felt a new sense of dread as the plane door closed and I buckled my belt. I actually thought I was going to be sick for an instant, but it was all in my imagination. There was no longer any escape, I was really on my way to spend New Year's with my family.

It's not that I hate them, I actually have a lot of good memories growing up with them, along with some very bad ones. It's just that they don't understand me, they never had, and by now I don't expect them to but that doesn't remove the bad taste of all their comments and ill-disguised suggestions.

Ever since I was little I always felt out of place during the family reunions. They were always talking about me, about what I would do, what I would think or what I would accomplish, always comparing me with Leroy, my cousin, and in turn making him become a terrible bully.

Oh, how things had flipped around. When we were kids I was always the good one, the studious one, the careful one, the one with a future, the one who would one day be president or an astronaut. Leroy was the slacker, the bully, the troublemaker, always in my shadow, regardless that I didn't care for that. I just wanted to play, and he was the only child my age, so I endured his bullying. Now, Leroy is the family man, married and with a cute child, a steady 9-to-5 job, a car, a mortgage, the whole package. I'm the drop-out, the *freelancer*, the one without a girlfriend, a child, or even a car, probably sucking my dad's bank account dry for all they know.

Leroy and I don't talk a lot, but I think we both understand we had nothing against each other, it was just the family's expectations. He's the least unpleasant one to talk to, but we don't have much to talk about. We don't care about our common childhood

or our current lives. We just want to live and let live. If only the rest of the family would let it be that way.

I tried to prepare myself for the questions. First, they would ask about my job. After failing to understand what I do, the job offers would begin. “It comes with an office and a car,” would be the high selling point. I could always just smile and nod; those were the easy questions. Then they would up the attack. “Do you have a girlfriend?” “When can I expect great-grandkids?” Grandma would lead the charge and the rest of the family would follow. Louie would *take my side*, and say being gay was all right, while Joseph would offer a church retreat to *cure* gayness.

My dad would stay silent, at least. I had talked to him years ago, and I think he actually understood I would not be having children, a wife, or even a girlfriend, even if the reason was left unsaid. I didn’t spell out that I was a pedophile. I didn’t want to give him a heart attack, but at least he understood I had no interest in *normal* women.

And now not only was I on my way to deal with the family but, on top of that, we were to spend New Year’s at the beach. If they hadn’t already got me to agree to go before I knew where we were going, I would have made up something to miss the date. The beach meant families with little children naked or almost naked all around, and I knew it was going to be torture not to stare like an idiot. Plus, I had to pretend to ogle the older females flaunting their charms, or I’d receive even more teasing from my uncles.

It was with those thoughts heavy in my mind that I stated the journey from my peaceful house to our meeting point.

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I almost wished airport security would keep me longer, but with all my papers in order, I was allowed outside. A short taxi trip later, I arrived at a small parking lot where most of my family was already surrounding a hired bus. I wasn’t sure if the beach we were going to lacked an airport, or if the family just felt we needed 4 hours of bonding before spending 5 days together. By that point I didn’t really care.

“Johnny! How are you?”, “It’s been so long!”, “You’re still alive?” they greeted me as I approached. I must confess, being hugged and warmly welcomed did make me feel good.

I was a bit taken aback by the sheer quantity of people already waiting. We were well over a dozen adults, plus the two children, all running, chatting, screaming and trying to put order in that chaos. It was overwhelming, and at the same time nostalgic. This was the same noise I had lived with week after week while growing up.

Besides my aunts, uncles and cousins, most of them all grown up, there were two small boys running around, my only two nephews. The older one was Leroy’s, and

I've seen him once or twice. The younger one was a new face.

"Elian! don't run!" called one of my aunts, but the little boy just ignored her and continue playing.

After the required greetings to grandma and my dad, I excused myself to the interior of the bus. Apparently, we were still waiting for more family, but I decided to stick to my plan of making myself as small as possible and hope to pass unnoticed the rest of the trip.

Slowly people began filling the bus, giving me only cursory glances and greetings. Lucky for me, I wasn't the most interesting novelty on the trip. That honor fell partly on Elian, whose antics everyone was celebrating, and on Barbie, Jules' new pregnant bride, who was showcasing a nice baby bump that everyone wanted to caress. It seemed Jules was following on Leroy's steps, as always. He was our next youngest cousin, and from an early age, he had tried to emulate Leroy at everything, including bullying me. I didn't hold much hope that he had tempered with age, but at least he was much more interested in his new bride and soon-to-be baby than me.

Barbie was a new face to me. We greeted each other soberly, and I didn't ask, or was offered the chance to rub her growing belly. She was a good-looking girl, probably in her mid-twenties, like Jules. Some might call her beautiful, but all I felt was a pang of jealousy over Jules at being able to create a new life with a girl like that, something I had resigned myself never to experience. I knew I could fake affection for a girl in order to trick her into giving me a baby or even hire a womb just to have it, but both options felt dirty to me. I wanted the affection as well but with my tastes that was something I knew I couldn't get.

My thoughts were suddenly halted when *she* entered the bus, and I was promptly left dumbstruck admiring her. I hadn't seen her in almost 10 years, before her father's drug addiction made her mother take her and her brother away. Last time she had been a cute toddler running around and unknowingly tempting me, but now she was a vision of perfection in every aspect.

Katey was her name, and she entered following her father Joseph and her brother Alex, but from the moment her head entered the bus, she was *Kitty* to me. She was wearing the cutest cat ears on her long hair, pants and a jacket that hid most of her body, and still, I could guess that under those clothes she had the perfect body. She was the definition of *petite*. The way her clothes moved showed she had not an ounce of extra fat and lean delicate limbs.

Joseph had to actually greet me twice before I could tear my attention from his daughter. He didn't seem to notice, and I managed to say something. I actually stood to greet Kitty, and I fought with myself to keep the hug I gave her from turning into a

make-out session.

“Long time no see,” I think I told her. “Last time you were still a baby,” I said, or something equally corny. She actually smiled at me and said something about remembering me, I believe.

Joseph and his family were the last to arrive, so shortly after that everyone got a seat on the bus and we started the last leg of the journey to the beach. The seats were hard and small, the bus had almost no suspension so we were jumping around, and the driver and my cousin Ann had the worst taste in music ever. All that didn’t stop the rest of the family from chatting away in earnest, half congratulating Jules and Barbie, the rest celebrating Elian running around.

I could not keep my eyes from Kitty’s cat ears and her flowing hair. She had sat a few seats in front of me with another of my younger cousins, and they were chatting and giggling as girls tend to do. It dawned on me that my attraction for Katey was weird both in its intensity and the fact that she was clearly a full-fledged teenager now. Even my cousin sitting next to her, who was at least a year younger, had never made me turn my head, but for some reason Katey captivated me.

I forced myself to calm down and bury those feelings. I tried to rationalize that I was remembering the last time I saw her when she was a five-year-old running around shirtless; that it wasn’t her, but that her choice of cat ears had grabbed my attention... By the third bathroom break (and the only one that Elian actually really had to go), I had convinced myself that whatever I felt had been a fluke and returned to my original plan of keeping a low profile.

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If the bus wasn’t poor quality enough, the hotel was a complete scam. The rooms were not for six people as advertised, but only for four. They definitely weren’t *luxury* suites but run-down rooms. Furthermore, the hotel wasn’t a beach-front property. You actually had to cross the highway to get there. Worst of all, they didn’t accept credit cards, so I, as one of the few who exchanged currency, was left to pay most of the bill, with promises from my dad they would repay me. The silver lining was they actually let me stay in a room by myself for all the trouble, so I didn’t have to share it as most of my family had to.

Even though the day was almost over, several of my cousins and uncles wanted to see the beach, but the hotel staff came clean with us. They told us that the sea was wild and the beach was dirty and unsafe, so we better just stick to the hotel’s pool. The hotel’s advertised *Olympic-style* pool was actually two small circles, one for kids and one for adults, and neither looked particularly clean. The young ones didn’t care and jumped in the moment they received permission.



Figure 1: Kitty's side-tie bikini

I just went to my room. I didn't bother to unpack. If things at the beach were half as bad as the hotel staff had said, we wouldn't be staying the full three days we booked. At least the room and bed were clean, and the mattress was soft enough to provide a good night's sleep.

* * *

We should have known anything the hotel staff told us would be a lie. The beach was actually clean and the sea was calm and inviting. Best of all, even though we were in the middle of the winter break, the beach was almost empty, with only three other families sharing the sea with us. Of course, those families *had* to include little girls in skimpy swimsuits that frolicked in the beach, bending down to build sand castles and didn't care for poor old pedophiles that had to avert their eyes.

As I was debating if it would be best to just pretend to sleep and hope to steal some glances at the kids, or go into the sea and observe from there, *she* arrived, shattering my ideas. Kitty was still wearing those cute cat ears in her flowing hair, and other than that, she wore the most revealing blue side-tie bikini I'd ever seen. I think this was the first side-tie bikini I'd ever seen, and seeing it on such a lovely creature made me unable to stop staring. Just as I imagined the day before, she was perfect. Her small frame moved, betraying her growing attributes, as the bikini hugged her ass, hips and breasts. Her flat belly was just begging to be caressed, a cute bellybutton the only imperfection on that perfect front. And her breasts! They looked big on her small frame, although I was sure they would feel small in my hands. Her hips swayed at every step she took, and the small bikini had to fight hard to keep both her buttocks

covered.

I found I had to force myself to pay attention to the other girls playing on the beach in order to keep my eyes away from Kitty, but after seeing her, those kids lacked the raw sex appeal that my teenage cousin displayed.

The fact that there was no volleyball court on the beach didn't stop my uncle Louie. He ripped apart a towel to make a rope, stole two sticks for posts, and in short order we had a fully functional volleyball court. We all participated, to various degrees of humiliation, until only those that really wanted to keep playing stayed while the rest of us watched from the sidelines.

To my everlasting pleasure, Kitty kept on playing for a long time. She wasn't good, but I didn't care for the game. My eyes were glued to her, noticing how every few steps she took, she had to pass a hand over her butt to fix her bikini, how her breasts bounced whenever she jumped to catch the ball, how the ties on her bikini button seemed so frail that they could come loose at any moment, and how I could almost see a camel toe in the front of her groin.

I had to enter the sea several times just to cool off, to be able to watch her from afar with less worry about others noticing where my sight was. Whenever I tried to look away, I found myself unable to do so. I was attracted to her like a moth to the flame, and I had no idea why.

As we were preparing to retreat, Kitty covered her still wet bikini with a pair of shorts and a shirt, finally giving my overwhelmed brain chance to stop looking at her. I couldn't contain myself as we were walking back to the hotel, and I sped over to her.

"Why do you wear cat ears?" I asked her.

"'Cause I'm a cat, meow!" she answered with a giggle and a bright smile.

"You played a lot," I continued, not really knowing what to say. I just wanted to keep talking to her.

"I did, but I'm no good. My brother is much better," she said, frowning.

"Did you enjoy the sea?" I pressed on.

"Yeah, but it was scary! What if a shark came up?"

"There are no sharks here," I pointed out. "That's why you didn't get any deeper?"

"I dunno—"

"There are no sharks, but there are killer whales!" interrupted Louie from behind us, making whale sounds. "And they love to eat swimmers!" he continued, making Kitty run away between laughs.

The rest of the day passed without other notable incidents. I was appointed part of the group tasked with buying enough food for the rest of our stay, plus New Year's dinner, most likely since we were aware that not only the hotel, but all local retail stores

did not take credit cards. I never thought I'd say it, but the teasing I suffered during that shopping trip was actually a nice break from the feelings Kitty stirred inside me.

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The next day started almost as a carbon copy of the previous day, with the family taking a place by the beach next to the other three families. I kept trying to take a peek while the mothers put the swimsuits on the little girls, giving me some nice nipple shots.

Just like the day before, all my attention was on Kitty when she entered and shed her pants and shirt to showcase her beauty. Once more, she wore a side-tie bikini, a blue one that was perhaps even smaller than the previous one. The biggest change was the bra. It now included some decorative trims that actually made her breasts look bigger. Also, the deep blue color made it easier to see the wrinkles in the fabric. Every time I looked at her groin I wondered if I was actually seeing her pussy being pressed by it.

The volleyball games resumed. This time, the men from one of the other families joined in to challenge those that knew how to play, so most of us that had no talent were quickly shed aside. I didn't care, but Kitty seemed disappointed when no team wanted her anymore.

I followed her to the beach, quickly entering so the waves could hide my erection, and watched her stay close to the beach, down on her knees so the waves could cover her. Once more it struck me as weird that she didn't come further in, while Leo seemed happy to be hit by the waves, but you could see Kitty fixing her bikini after each one, apparently not too happy.

"Come over here where the waves don't hit!" I called for her.

She looked at me but didn't answer. Maybe she couldn't swim? That would be weird since both her father and brother were pretty good swimmers. I advanced towards her and extended my arm in her direction.

"Come on, I'll help you," I insisted, and with a lovely smile, she finally grabbed my hand and let me drag her further into the sea.

"Can you still feel the ground?" she asked me after we had gone only a few steps further in, still where the waves could hit us.

"Sure, but we have to go deeper to be safe from the waves," I explained, still dragging her.

"I don't like not feeling the ground," she said, and to my surprise, she clung to my arm, and I was suddenly very aware of her breasts pressing against it.

"Don't worry, it's actually much calmer a few feet deeper, and I can help you float," I assured her. "You do know how to float, right?"

"Somewhat—" she started to answer, but then a big wave passed over us, and Kitty

launched herself over me in a frantic attempt to stay above water. Feeling her breasts on the back of my neck and her toned legs around my torso would have made me much happier if I weren't in the middle of swallowing a mouthful of salt water.

Luckily, I touched the ground and was able to push myself back up, after which I unceremoniously pulled the girl from my back and pressed her back against my chest, being careful to keep her head above water.

"Just stay like this," I ordered. "I'll make sure you stay afloat, but don't try to grab me again, Ok?" I said, still coughing a bit.

"Sorry, I got scared," she apologized, relaxing in my arms and letting me keep her afloat.

By now I'd moved us beyond the waves, and we could enjoy the sea without having to look over our shoulders. Only then did I realized I had my arm around Kitty's body, her breasts resting on it, while her ass bumped against my groin as the sea rocked us. My erection, that had disappeared when I was sent underwater, began to grow once more, and in this position, I had no way to prevent it from poking on Kitty's ass.

"Aren't you afraid you'll lose the ears?" I asked her, trying to distract myself, but seeing her cute cat ears right in front of my face didn't really help.

"I have a lot," she responded, apparently more relaxed and focused on watching the beach. "It really is a lot calmer here," she added, and then turned, smiling at me. "Thanks for helping, I feel safe with you around."

"No problem—" I answer as a wave threatened to pull Kitty out of my reach. Not wanting that to happen, I quickly adjusted my grip, pulling her closer, but once that was over, I discovered I had a handful of bikini-covered breast in my hand.

As big as it seemed on her tiny frame, her breast was quite small, as my hand could envelope it completely without problem. It felt soft and bouncy, and I couldn't help but give it a small squeeze, trying to disguise it as a normal movement.

"You've grown a lot since I last saw you," I said when she didn't make any movement or comment about my hand on her boob. Her only response was to lay back on my shoulder, I could see she had her eyes closed and a happy smile on her face.

I wasn't sure if I was reading too much into her willingness, but I just couldn't help myself. While my hand closed once more over her soft breast, my other arm came around and started caressing her naked belly and lower chest in big circles, following the movements of the sea.

"You're a very beautiful girl," I complimented. I felt my erection push against her ass as the waves moved us.

"That's not true," she said, opening her eyes, "Barbie is beautiful, I'm just...meh!" she expressed. I was taken aback by how a girl so pretty could say that, was she really

unaware of the effect she had on me, on all men, that could see her in the tiny bikini and cute cat ears?

“Do you think you would be more beautiful with a belly like Barbie?” I said without thinking, while my hand caressed her lower stomach. At first, I said so thinking her trim body was much more beautiful like it was, without any fat, but the moment the words left my mouth, the image of Kitty with a big belly and my baby growing inside her made me realize that yes, perhaps she would be even more beautiful like that.

Kitty lifted her head from my shoulder and straightened her body. I stopped squeezing her breast and caressing her tummy, fearing I had said something bad.

“Can you take us back?” she finally asked, as her hand took mine over her belly, but she didn’t move it away, just grabbed it there.

“You want to get out?” I asked, pretty disappointed the make-out session had ended, but I started swimming towards the beach.

“Not really...” she said, “but I gotta pee.”

I stopped swimming. “Well, no need to get out, you can do it here,” I assured her. She just turned her head and looked at me with confused eyes. “There’s no one around, and the sea will take it,” I continued.

“Really? But—”

Before she could raise an objection, in an impulsive act fueled by having her lovely body wrapped in my arms, I lowered my hand to her groin and without further explanation grabbed the thin material of her bikini and pulled it to the side, exposing her naked pussy to the sea water.

“Let it go,” I instructed, even as I felt her body tensed in my arms.

My fingers were actually touching her pussy as I held the bikini to the side. Before the weight of what I was doing hit me, I felt her belly move, and a warm stream left her body, right next to my fingers. It extended down to my legs, before disappearing in the cold water. I could hear a soft “Mmmmm” from Kitty as she relieved her bladder, and I couldn’t help but purposely move my fingers further in, to caress her pussy lips while my hard cock, moved by the sea, continued to bump into her ass.

The warm stream soon ended and Kitty moved her hand down and removed mine as she fixed her bikini. “Better?” I asked her.

“Mh-hmm, I’m getting cold, let’s get out,” she answered, as she began to kick toward the beach. My hand was still on her breast, but her movement forced me to lower it to fully support her. I could feel how tense her body was and I was beginning to regret letting my infatuation do the thinking for me.

She got off me the moment her feet touched the ground and was out of the water and running up the beach to meet with the rest of the family. I stayed behind, in part

because I had to wait for my erection to go down, but also out of fear of what would happen. Would she tell her father? Her brother? Everyone?

After a while, when nobody came to drag me out, I decided to emerge. Kitty was nowhere to be seen, but the rest of the family continued playing, chatting and taking the sun like nothing was wrong. Perhaps she had enjoyed it also, I dared to think, or perhaps she thought nothing of it. Or perhaps she was waiting to tell her dad in private. I excused myself early as I was in no mood to pretend to care.

My worries diminished after dinner when still no one confronted me. Kitty's absence at the table was normal. She and her brother had gone out to eat the night before as well, and I think I convinced myself that I was looking too deep into the encounter. I was just helping her float, so of course, I had to touch her, and with such big breasts, it was unavoidable that my hands found them from time to time. And she had clearly never peed in the sea before, so I was just helping her keep her bikini clean. It was my own dirty mind that applied extra meaning when there was none.

That night in the shower I masturbated to that encounter. In my fantasy I had been bolder. After she had finished peeing, or even while she was doing it, I had taken my member out and fucked her. I first pictured her as a virgin, surprised by my intrusion. Then I imagined her as an experienced lover, eager to have me. In my mind I fucked her hard, my movement resonating over all her body. But when I feel getting closer, I imagine the sea ruling our movement in an almost tender lovemaking. It was a great orgasm, only tarnished by Jules knocking on the door, wanting to use the restroom.

I was still conflicted as I lay in bed. Kitty hadn't outright rejected me, and I had gone much further than I ever thought possible. But as much as I had enjoyed it, and as much as I fantasized about doing even more, I knew it was best to remain apart. With that conclusion reached, I finally managed to fall asleep.

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I decided not to go to the beach the next day and instead stayed at the hotel to help grandma and my aunts prepare New Year's dinner. The luxury suites' *fully* equipped kitchen consisted on a small electric grill, a single saucepan and perhaps five forks and a spoon among all three suites. It was lucky grandma had been cooking a long time before microwaves were common or I think our dinner would have been crackers with milk.

Most of the day I spent running around between the three suites, picking up small tables to try to form one big enough for the entire family. I also made several trips to the store for missing items, starting with disposable plates and cutlery, all the way to a spare saucepan. In hindsight, I should have bought a microwave and been done with it.

In the end, the dining table didn't look half bad, as long as you imagined the

disposables were fine cutlery. Grandma actually managed to make enough food for all of us; most of it was even warm.

For me, it was a nice day to forget what had happened and try to detox from my cousin. This was to be our final full day at the beach (the bus would pick us the next day at midday), so I reasoned that avoiding seeing Kitty in a skimpy bikini might help me forget about her and her cute cat ears.

It actually worked, and by sundown, I was pretty proud of myself. I had not only not thought about Katey, but I had endured a full day being questioned by my grandma and aunts about my love life without pulling out my hair.

It all came crashing down at dinnertime. I had steadied myself for when she arrived. I knew she would be dressed in something more than a bikini, since grandma would not allow that for New Year's dinner, and I hoped she'd choose a demure outfit that allowed me to keep ignoring her. She did, and came wearing a long white dress that did nothing but accentuate her beauty. She had actually put on some makeup that made her black eyes stand out even more, and had a smile on her face that lit up the entire room. And of course, she still had those precious cat ears poking out between her locks of flowing hair.

I'm not too sure what happened at dinner. Half the time I was too distracted discreetly looking at her and the other half I was worried about everyone noticing I was looking at her. I know I received a lot of questions during that dinner, many of which would have made me flinch had I been paying attention, but I doubt I gave more than single word response all night.

Much sooner than I expected, midnight arrived and everyone got up to hug and wish each other a Happy New Year. All I wanted was to hug Kitty and never let her go, but amidst the chaos that ensued and the beginning of the firework display by the beach (at least we could see them over the buildings), I realized I hadn't given her a hug but she was nowhere to be found.

Joseph told me that Kitty and her brother had gone out when I asked if she had gone to bed early, like Leo and Elian. I think he found it cute that I assumed his teen-aged daughter would go early to bed, telling me teenagers would rather party than sleep.

I didn't stay long after that. I did not want to endure less restrained comments as my cousins and uncles got drunk. It was actually quite easy to leave without being noticed and retreat to my room. I felt sad and unfulfilled, even though I had achieved everything I wanted for this trip and that tomorrow I would be back home, and able to forget all about it.

* * *

"... you up?"

I awoke to those soft words, and for a moment I wonder if I was dreaming or if I had really heard Kitty's voice. I opened my eyes and in the half darkness of the room (the luxury suite didn't include curtains for the windows), I was able to see her, standing right next to my bed. I had to shake my head to make sure I wasn't dreaming, and then I really looked at her. She was wearing white or gray pajamas, had removed her makeup and for once didn't wear her cat ears, and she was looking down at me with a worried expression.

"Sorry, did I wake you?" she softly asked.

"Something the matter?" I said, deciding there was no point in denying her question when I was obviously still half asleep.

"Err... can I... sleep here?" she finally said. "My brother's got... company and I..." she explained after seeing me raise my eyebrow.

I wasn't about to turn her away, regardless of the reason. As bad an idea I knew it could be, I just moved over to the side of the bed and lifted the flimsy sheet to welcome her.

"Thanks," she said and quickly got in. I was still quite sleepy, and I think that's the only reason I didn't just jump over her or try to hug her. Instead, I stayed on my side of the bed, seeing her get under the sheet and wondering if she was hot in those pajamas. I'm pretty sure if she had just stayed there I would've gone back to sleep in no time, but to my surprise, she continued moving. She brought her back against my chest, maneuvered her head so it was resting on my arm and relaxed once she was spooned up to me.

By then I was completely awake and fully aware that her cute ass was pressed against my lower chest, her legs touching mine. I couldn't stop my other arm from embracing her, my hand resting on her belly, as close as I dared to put it to her chest.

"Do you really think I'm pretty?" she asked after a while when I began to think she had actually gone to sleep. Her smell was heavenly as I buried my nose in her hair, and I once more wondered how this beauty could ever doubt it.

"Yes, you are a very beautiful... lady," I assured her. I was about to address her as "girl", but I thought the teenager in her might take that the wrong way.

She snuggled even closer to me and I could feel her thighs caressing my hardening member. "I really enjoyed what we did yesterday," she continued. "I wish I could swim better, but the sea scares me," she said, pausing only to take my hand from her belly in hers. "But I felt safe with you." With that, she lifted my hand and placed it on top of her pajama-covered breast, letting go once I had a handful of it.

"I also liked it a lot," I managed to say, unable to fully accept what was happening, even as my fingers closed over her soft breast.

“They’re too small,” she complained after my hand had squeezed her a couple times. “And sometimes they get itchy.”

“They’re perfect,” I assured her. I then moved my hand down her body, all the way to her belly until I found the rim of her shirt. Without warning her, I lifted her shirt up and caressed her naked belly all the way up to her budding breasts and gave her a real squeeze.

“Mmmmm,” she moaned and trembled as my hand made the trip, and actually arched her back when my hand took her flesh in. I could feel her hard nipple in my palm and wished I could bite on it, but for now, I contented myself with moving to her other breast and give it the same treatment. “Barbie’s are beautiful,” she continued complaining, even amongst moans. “Mine are just... *cute*.” She almost spat that last word.

I had to suppress a laugh at how she dismissed one her most appealing characteristics. “Well, Barbie is preparing to feed her baby, I’m sure yours would also grow with a baby in here,” I said as I once more moved my hand down to caress her belly under the shirt. I didn’t stop there, however, and after circling her belly a couple times, my fingers found the rim of her pants. I suddenly found my hand under them, under her panties, and caressing the top of her pussy, my fingers happily running through her scarce and soft pubic hair, getting closer to her pussy with every move.

Kitty moaned again and pressed her ass against me, her legs bumping into my erection. I don’t believe I was thinking and was just thankful she was as willing as me, for I doubt I could have stopped even if she asked me to.

“Do you want to have a baby so your boobs grow?” I asked out of the blue, my fingers making the first contact with the top of her heated pussy, coming in contact with her hard and wet clit, and that touch, or perhaps that comment, was all it took for the teen in my arms to squirm and tremble as she tried to muffle her moans in the most beautiful orgasm I’ve seen.

Hearing and feeling the pleasure running through her was too much for me. I got my arm from under her head and took hold of her body, turning her around and pulling her on top of me. Her still trembling body offered no resistance as her beautiful face came to rest on my chest. Her eyes closed and her lips tightened while her throat continued to moan. I didn’t stop there! My hand ran down her body, and in a quick motion I took her pants and panties and pushed them down as far as I could. I repeated the movement with my own trousers, and finally, my hard member was able to touch her naked legs. On the way back up I lifted our shirts until her young and beautiful breasts came to rest against my chest.

Kitty let me half undress her in the afterglow of her orgasm. I was too pent up to

completely remove our clothes, and with our legs still trapped in our pants we had limited mobility, but I didn't care. With both hands I grabbed her naked buttocks, caressing them and forcing them down, trying to lead her pussy to my aching cock.

That first touch was electric. My cock jumped as the heat and wetness of her pussy made contact. I was so hard I was amazed I hadn't yet cum. All I wanted was to bury myself in, but the angle was wrong, so I moved my hand to try to align my cock with her opening.

"Wait... I... I haven't..." mumbled Kitty in my chest as she felt my cock bump against her several times. "I can't have a baby... please..."

Her plea came an instant too late, as I finally managed to bend my cock up and forced the tip inside her.

"Ahhh... Mmmm..." shouted Kitty as her legs tensed, preventing me from entering further. She was so tight I was almost certain I had just taken her virginity, at least I hoped so. "It's... inside..." she said in amazement as her muscles relaxed, letting me gain another inch. "Wait, slower... please!" she begged when I pushed again. I was too excited to stop, but between her previous orgasm and all my precum, she was so wet that it only took two more movements before I felt her belly resting completely over me, my cock fully embedded in her. "Just... not inside," she said between moans as my cock finally stopped, and then she started rocking her hips, mashing her clit against my body.

"Don't you want..." I said between movements, still debating how long to stay before attempting a last-moment pull-out. "Big boobs... and a big belly... like Barbie?"

That was a mistake, for the moment my question entered her ears, her whole body started trembling once more as another orgasm took hold of her. "Yesssss!" She screamed into my chest as her pussy began to spasm and squeeze around my hard member, and that was too much for me.

Joining her in a muffled moan I felt my balls contract as pleasure ran through my body and I started to decorate the inside of her convulsing pussy with spurt after spurt of dangerous seed. I felt my hips moving on their own to push my cum as deep as I could into the trembling body of my cousin, as we both did our best to reproduce even against our wishes.

I managed to stop my hips after the fourth big spurt left my cock, and just hugged her body to mine, holding her close while we both recovered in the afterglow of our mutual orgasm. I could feel the aftershocks of hers as her pussy tightened with each one around my cock, and my member jumped in response, dripping another drop full of sperm inside her.

"I do..." she finally said into my chest, still recovering her breath. "But please..."

don't do it inside... I can't... I *really* can't have a baby."

It dawned on me she was unaware I had already spermed her, that she already had millions of my sperm in her belly, looking for her egg. That image was enough to stop the softening of my cock, still embedded in her.

"Is it a bad time?" I asked, and I couldn't prevent my hips from slowly moving again.

"Mmmmm...", she smiled as my cock began to massage her again. "I... I'm not sure," she said, and I felt her hand traveling down between our bodies till she reached our union and started massaging her clit. "Mmmmmwww."

"Are you... a cat?" I asked out of the blue. Her last moan had kind of sounded like a meow.

"Yes, mmmhhh. Meow!" she answered as her fingers increased the pressure on her clit and her own hips joined mine.

"A little cat... in heat..." I said, my movement growing, and to my surprise, I could feel another orgasm drawing near. "Just waiting for my seed to have a big litter of kittens growing in her belly!"

"Ohh, yeah!" said Kitty, pushing against my chest and getting up over me. I felt my cock go even deeper into her wet passage in this new position, and I even felt the end of her pussy bumping against my glans every time she dropped down on me. "I'm a horny kitty!"

As she got lost in her fantasy and her pussy began to squeeze me in earnest, I felt I would soon join her. Part of me wanted to just give it to her, after all, the damage was already done, but I managed enough control to delay my orgasm a moment.

"I'm about to give my milk to your kitty!," I warned between clenched teeth. "I'm going to give you a big belly if you don't get off!"

"Yes!" cried out Kitty as her back arched and her pussy once more started milking me. "Fill my belly!" she begged, her hands jumping up to caress her breast. "Make my boobs big!" I looked down to her flat and beautiful belly, just above our union, it was undulating in her orgasm, and the image of that belly growing with my child was the tipping point of my new orgasm.

I grabbed her hips and pull her down hard as my balls contracted. I felt the tip of my cock bump against her cervix while her whole pussy worked to drag every drop of my cum up into her womb. Even though I had just cum not ten minutes ago, I felt as spurt after spurt of sperm pass my cock and shot out inside her belly while the pleasure made me see black. The danger that I was making a baby in her, and that this time she knew I was filling her belly, only served to heighten our orgasm. "Your kitty is drinking my milk!" I said to her. "I'm sorry... I'm giving you a baby!"

Kitty fell down on me while my cock was depositing the fifth spurt of dangerous sperm into her young body. I wanted to kiss her, but I only managed to kiss her hair and hug her tightly while we once more basked in the afterglow. I moved a hand up her body, caressing her back all the way to her head and, in lieu of kissing her, I started stroking her flowing hair. Kitty also snuggled over me, enjoying the caress, and for a moment I imagined my little kitty cat was about to purr in happiness.

"That was... so good," said Kitty, lifting her face and looking at me with a tired face. "And *so* bad."

"I'm sorry," I said, not finding anything else to say. My softening cock was still trapped by her tightness, but I could already feel her dripping over me. I had really filled her up.

"What am I gonna do if I get pregnant?" she asked, and she moved her body up, forcing my cock out of her, until her lips were levelled with mine. I got the pleasure of softly kissing her. It was a chaste kiss, especially after all we've done, but for me it was perfect.

"Then you'll get bigger boobs, and a big belly," I said. The moment the words left my mouth I regretted it. That wasn't the time for jests.

Luckily Kitty smiled and playfully punched me. "We can't say we did this, right?" she asked, the smile leaving her face.

"I'll stand by you, if you want," I assured her.

"You'll get in trouble."

"You'll be in trouble if you're pregnant."

"I might not be."

"And if you are?"

"I'll tell them a stray cat got me," she said, shooting me another cute smile. "I don't want you to go to jail."

"That's not the point—"

"I'm tired," she interrupted me, lowering her arms and in a motion pulling her pants and panties up, over her still dripping slit.

"Do you want to wash?" I asked, pointing to the puddle she had dripped over my belly. Even now her panties must be getting sticky.

"Nah, all the baths are always busy," she replied, lowering her shirt and covering her perfect breasts. "Besides, I like the feel of your stuff inside, it makes me warm."

I was about to remind her the extra danger that represented, but really, after all I had put in her, cleaning would not do much. Besides she had already snuggled at my side, just waiting for me to embrace her.

I grabbed my trousers, using them to remove what I could from my soft penis and belly. I turned to spoon with my Kitty, one hand patting her hair while the other caressed her body, from the lovely line of her hips, to her perfect breasts, passing over her cum filled belly, still undecided whether I wanted to see it grow or stay as perfect as it was right then. With that thought in my mind, I closed my eyes, relaxed my body, and let sleep claim me once more.

* * *

A heavy noise of furniture being moved awoke me with a start. The clock told me it was close to noon, so that must be the family in frantic hurry to finish packing before the bus arrived. A dull ache ran through my body as I tried to move, which in turn reminded me what had transpired last night. A quick glance confirmed the bed was empty, and my hand didn't detect any heat left over. In fact, if not for the painful pluck of a few pubic hairs trapped in my dried sperm as I moved, I would have thought it all had happened in my imagination. I had to accept that I either had the most realistic wet dream of all, or I had really fucked Kitty last night, and maybe even left her a long-term New Year's present.

I managed to enter the bathroom without drawing attention, and once I was presentable, I started looking for Kitty. I wasn't sure what I needed to tell her, but I just couldn't remain indifferent after last night.

"They wanted to take advantage of the last hours on the beach," explained Ann's mom when I question the absence of most of my cousins.

I let them drag me along on the last few needed errands before we left, in part because I really had no idea how to talk to Kitty. It turned out that someone had signed an inventory of all the things the *suites* supposedly had. Even with everything we've bought, we were missing a lot of stuff, and the hotel was demanding we paid for it. After almost an hour of arguing, I ended up paying a token amount in exchange for our family to be forbidden from ever returning, and we finally were allowed on the bus.

It wasn't until I had taken my usual seat near the back of the bus that I remembered I had to talk to Kitty. That only came to me when she got on the bus accompanied by my other young cousins. She was wearing the same pants and jacket I saw her in for the first time four days ago, along with those cute cat ears. My mind reeled at the realization it had only been four days. The way my heart had been swayed by her, I felt I had been in love with her for an eternity.

Our eyes met and the smile she had from talking with her seat companion fell on her face but was almost instantly replaced by a naughty smirk as she quickly lifted a finger to her lips, and silently told me not to say anything. She then returned to her girl chat, getting into the seat, and not looking back. I wasn't sure if I felt afraid, hurt

or relieved by her attitude. Looking at her (and I really could do nothing else) she appeared completely normal and unconcerned; like last night had never happened and she didn't still carry my seed in her womb.

By the time the bus arrived near the airport, I had almost convinced myself that it hadn't happened. I had spent the entire trip looking at her head, at those cute cat ears moving side to side and up and down as Kitty chatted, laughed and sang with the rest of our cousins. I hardly even felt the hard seats or listened to the horrible music.

Joseph and his family had to get out first, and I also stood, ready to at least give her a hug, trying to think what I should whisper in her ear while doing so. But once more a simple shake of her head stopped me. The three of them got out the bus and I felt empty inside. Was she protecting me? Did she hate me? Would I ever see her again? I followed her from my window as she walked away, suddenly she turned around and looked straight at me. She smiled a bright smile, looked around and blew me a kiss. She then patted her tummy a few times and mouthed something that looked like "thank you", before turning around and running to catch up with her father and brother.

I'm not sure how I managed to say goodbye to the rest of the family, or if I promised I would be back. Her smile stayed with me all the way back home. Part of me wished our encounter would bear fruit, and that she would come back to my arms once more, for better or worse. But really, that would be ruining her; it was better if this remained just a memory. There was no real future where we could be together, so why burden her with it.

I thought I had accepted loneliness when I came to terms with my attraction for little kids, but I had never been *in love* with a child. Now, as my heart broke when I entered my empty house, I realized what loneliness really was. And yet I was smiling, for her smile remained in my mind, and as long as she was happy, I knew I could be as well.