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Chapter 3 - With A Little Help From My Friend

Erika brought her paint to her lips and swallowed a bit more beer. Honestly, I didn't think this evening would go that way. She was fun and didn't seem to be offended by anything I said so far. She reminded me of Kitty somehow in a way that both of them seemed to understand better than I ever will the value of the present moment. I was envious.

My red-haired drinking companion interrupted my thoughts.

"So mark, are you going to tell me about that love declaration or what?"

"I will. In due time. We will see how far I can go with my story first."

She laughed at that.

"Well, we've been here for a while, and you only told me about the first 12 hours of your one-year relationship with the cat girl. I get the feeling we will never go back home at that pace."

She was right ... I was a slow teller, but I didn't feel there was an easy way around it.

"Well, all those moments were significant to me. That is how I learned to love Kitty. I can try to accelerate the pace if that's what you want."

Erika shook her head.

"Nope, your story, your pace. As I said, I'm entertained. So take the time you need. I'm curious, though, did you ever manage to get her out of that suit after all?"

"Ah, yes. That is a good question ..."

"NO!"

"Don't be stubborn, Kitty. What we did tonight in the mud was crazy. Just do it for me, okay? If you don't want me to see you as a human, for now, that is fine. I can just drop you off at your place while you do your thing and wait for you in the car."

"I don't have a place," she retorted.

"How come? Where do you sleep at night?"

"I don't want to talk about that."

"Ok, well ... where is the key then?"

"Yes."

"What? Yes is not even an answer!"

"No."

I looked at her in the eyes, attempting to read what she was trying to accomplish here. It was a bit hard with her rubber hood on. The eyes told a lot, but not everything. I got the feeling that I was being toyed with. Doing that so far was very entertaining for her. She was sitting on the edge of the bed, wrapped in her soft towel, and was just staring at me. Then I saw it ... one corner of her lips twitched up. I was sure of it. I grabbed her two wrists and pushed her down on the bed, and started pinching the side of her tiny waist.

"Kitty! You are pulling my leg! You evil cat!"

She bursts into laughter.

"Hahaha! Stop stop! Haha! Stooooop! It is in the mailbox! I left it in your mailbox! Haha!"

Satisfied with her confession, I gave back her freedom.

"You are such a piece of work, you know that?"

"I wanted to see if you'd get angry. I don't like people who get angry," she said.

I didn't get angry. I could get irritated, frustrated, and such, but anger was not one of my traits. I poked her on the forehead and went all the way down to retrieve the key from the mailbox. It was indeed there.

When I entered the bedroom again, Kitty was lying on her belly, hugging a pillow, kicking her feet back and forth. She always looked entertained for some reason. I sat next to her and inserted the key in the lock and removed the padlock. Then I unzipped her suit. As expected, her hair was all wet and full of mud still.

"There, you can go take a real shower now and clean up your suit."

"Are you not going to force me out of my suit?" she asked.

"No, you said you didn't want to."

"I did ... but I like testing you."

"I know you do. I'm happy with the rubber cat for now. Go, do your things now. I'm going to read a book, but let me know if you need anything."

"Meow!"

She hugged me and headed to the bathroom for another shower, a real one this time. She let me put a lot of effort into cleaning her earlier so that she could tease me. Unbelievable.

I stayed in my bed, respecting her non-cat privacy. While I was reading my book, I could hear the shower, then the hairdryer, followed by toothbrush action. I sensed that she was struggling with her suit again. It took her over an hour overall, but she finally came back to the bedroom, wearing her suit once more.

"Zip me."

Once that final task out of the way, she got in the bed next to me. We cuddled and kissed for a bit. Unfortunately, we were so tired at that point that we just decided to sleep. I got to hold that cute rubber kitty in my arms all night, which was just plain fantastic.

Erika was looking at me with her beer in hand. She didn't look like a person that heard what she wanted to hear.

"Mark. This is boring! You just described that she was a funny girl and that she was good at cuddling. What about cat sex? That is more fun."

"Well, you asked about the suit, no? Plus, I got to know a bit more about her playful personality that night; it is important."

Erika was not convinced. The beer made her a bit intolerant too.

"Is this even true anyway? If you are pulling my leg, I'll break yours. I swear. I mean, running around town with a girl that dresses like a cat, you know. Oh ... I know ... Show me some pictures of her. You must have some on your phone, right?"

"I ... do."

"Show me!"

"Are you sure? It is kind of kinky."

"If you show me, I'll give you a blowjob."

Of course, she said that with a big grin on her face. I knew she was not serious, but she wanted to see. Ah, whatever! Why not? She deserved it after listening to my little story patiently.

"Ok, ok ... Fine. Come here, and I'll show you a couple."

I was sitting on a loveseat sofa, so I invited her to sit next to me. It was going to be more comfortable that way. Surprisingly, Erika stood up and kicked off her heels. She laid down and curled next to me on the sofa, resting her head on my lap. That was unexpected, but I made no comments at all. I was even happy that she decided to do that. The warm and social ambiance of the pub made her action feel appropriate. She pulled my arm lower so she could see the screen better. A cute picture of Kitty was displayed on the small screen.

"Is that her?"

"Yep."

"But why is she pink? I thought you said she had a black catsuit with pink ears."

"Those are the newer pictures. We got that suit only a few months ago. One sec, I'll show you the old suit, we don't have it anymore."

I went back to my picture menu and traveled back in the past to find an older set.

"Look, this is the original Kitty suit."

"Aaaah, how cute. She is so pretty. I'm jealous."

She slowly swiped to the next pictures with her delicate finger while I was holding the phone. Without even realizing it, as she was looking at the pictures and commenting on them, my free

hand started caressing Erika's body gently. As soon as I noticed what I was doing, I stopped and apologized.

"Oh! I'm sorry. I didn't mean to."

Erika just laughed at me again.

"Nah, keep going. I don't mind at all. Tell me what happened next. This time try to add some cat sex, else it is too boring. Your mud thing was cool."

"Cat sex? Alright. Let's see ... "

It was now Sunday morning, the day after I met Kitty. I woke up, just to find her sleeping in my bed next to me, still wearing her suit, of course. It seemed like a perfect opportunity to pay her back for what she did to me yesterday. She was in an ideal position too. She was lying on her back with her legs slightly open. Her cute latex suit fitted her like a glove; it must have been custom made. She was probably not rich, so I wondered where she got it from. I carefully opened her crotch zipper, and for the first time, I saw her cute little pussy. She was clean shaved and so warm ... and wet. She must have had some interesting dreams. I carefully navigated on the mattress and reached her crotch with my mouth.

I barely started licking her when she woke up with a start. Then she let out a long moan mixed with stretch.

"Aaaaaannhh! What ... what are you ... AAAAAannhh!"

I wrapped my hands around her hips to hold her steady while I was eating her. This was good. She tried, unsuccessfully, to reach my head with her paws, but she is a weak little thing and couldn't stop me.

"Aaaaannhhhh! Why are ... you ... Aaaannhh!"

Kitty tried to say something, but her brain didn't allow her. Instead, she was assaulted by waves of sexual pleasure. I kept working hard on her small clit. Very quickly, she alerted me that she was about to cum. No ... that she was cumming.

"AAAAaaaaah! .. Aaaaaaaaah! Stop stop! I'm cumming! ... I'm cumming! ... I'm good! Stop! ... Aaaaah!!!"

Her cute little body was convulsing non-stop even after I stopped. Whatever I did, send her to a very happy place. I chuckled while she was trying to recover.

"Geez, Kitty, that didn't take any work at all to make you lose it. I barely had time to start."

"I ... I know. I have always been like this. I can come super quickly, it's annoying. You didn't believe me yesterday when I told you that just giving you a blowjob was feeling good for me. Now you know. You have to be careful with what you do to me. I'm almost cumming on demand. To be licked like this is probably the worst of all."

"Or the best. Kitty, you are so hot."

I returned to my spot on the bed and rested my back on some pillows. I couldn't hide my hard-on, but I didn't care even though I'd not mind exploring her body a bit more right now. As if she read my mind, she turned to me and started to pull down my boxer with her paws and her teeth. She then climbed on top of me, placing her two paws on my chest and positioned her juicy pussy right on my dick. Of course, she started rubbing back and forth slowly to tease me. If she were not careful, I would explode before we could even get to business. I, too, could cum quickly. She was way too hot. Of course, she started her usual teasing, which meant torturing my mind.

"You want to fuck me?" she asked.

"... Can I?"

"No."

She was back in her single word sentences. Every time she did that, the burden of unknitting the knots fell back on me. I always got trapped.

"How come? You are scared of kittens?"

"Nooo .. I have an IUD."

"So I can fuck you?"

"No!"

"Do you want me to fuck you?"

"Oh, yes! I really want to."

She increased the rubbing on my dick and was even bold enough to place my cock head between her burning pussy lips. I tried to move up to go deeper inside her, but she retracted immediately.

"NO!"

"Kitty! I'm going to lose my mind here. What do you want?"

"Nothing. You decide."

I decide? I decide what? She looked so sexually turned on, with her tongue out, drooling and her pussy dripping juice, but yet she said no.

"I'm a good cat. I'll help you again."

"Of course you will."

"Remember the mud?"

"How can I forget? It was insane."

"I liked it a lot. Why?"

"Because you have a deviant mind?"

"Yes. And?"

"You didn't have control?"

"Meeeeooooow! That was quick for once."

She started moaning as if her brain jolted her with a wave of pure ecstasy. And she was not faking it either, not with that face. So she didn't want to have control while having sex. I could

probably arrange something along those lines. I moved her aside, and her paws immediately went down to her pussy. It looked almost painful, I was not sure what idea crossed her mind, but I was better to hurry before she passed out.

I went to my closet and opened a small chest. I retrieved two pairs of leather handcuffs. I turned around to show her.

"Would this work, you think?"

"Yes!"

I wasted no time, and I wrapped a cuff around each one of her wrists and ankles. Once that was done, using some ropes, I tied her spread eagle in the middle of the bed. She didn't even resist one bit. She was too busy trying to control her overactive brain. But now she was all mine. I climbed on the bed and over her. I took my sweet time and rubbed her whole latex body with my hands. I will never get tired of those little moans. I kissed her deeply several times; she was so great at it.

"You are not arguing anymore."

"Aaanh No."

I insert my cock head inside her pussy.

"I'm not sure if you deserve this. You teased me quite a bit earlier."

"Aaaah aaaanh ... I'm ... I'm sorry!"

"I bet you are! What are you going to do about it?"

"Aaanh ... come on ... I'm dying here ... What do you want me to do?"

"You'll do nothing because you can't. You are tied up. As you said, I'm the one deciding."

Of course, I was just playing with her. I didn't have a dominant fiber inside me. But this poor acting got to her anyway. Just the thought of what I have said, of having no control, it was a significant turn on for my little rubber cat. She twisted uncontrollably under me; she was powerless. It was great to see her like this.

It was time to have my share of the fun. I slowly pushed my cock in and out of her, deeper and deeper every time, until our pelvises finally met. The quality of her moans indicated that she was no longer connected to reality.

For the next 30 minutes, I toyed with her. I didn't want to come too quickly, so I took all the time I wanted. I did whatever I wanted with her. I kissed her, caressed her whole body, fucked her, licked her, fucked her some more. It was true that she was coming quickly. She had three orgasms already, and I didn't have to put a lot of effort into it. It was as if her brain was doing all the work for me, and I just had to find a way to trigger it. After forcing my dick inside her mouth for a bit, I went back to her pussy and started to pound her hard until I came. That was when she got her last orgasm of the session.

I laid down on my side next to her and kept rubbing her latex encased body, following the curves of her cute little breasts. Her breathing was still a bit quick as she was trying to regain her senses.

"Is Kitty happy now?"

"Very."

She was pulling on her bond quite a bit now.

"Oh, no. You are not going anywhere. You did this to yourself, remember?"

"Aaaanh ... stop ... I ... I shouldn't have told you ... about my control weakness."

"But ... you did. So now I'm going to have a shower and cook us some breakfast while you stay here and be a good Kitty. All tied up and unable to move."

"Mmmm ... aaaanh!!! ... Stop talking ... You make it worse!"

On that note, I stood up and walked out of the bedroom. I looked one last time behind me and saw a small latex cat that was twisting and pulling on her bonds, with fresh cum dripping out from between her legs, and that was about to orgasm every single time she was thinking about losing control. I thought to myself, "How cool is that?"

Erika was still resting her head on my lap as I was still exploring her body with my fingertips. She interrupted my storytelling for a moment.

"Is she really that sexually sensitive? I mean, it sounds crazy."

"Oh yeah, she is. I just say the right thing to her, and she will spiral out of control and ends up into a pool of sexual bliss. I wasn't too sure if she was acting or not at first, but it didn't take me long to realize it was all genuine, to the point where I even have to be careful when I'm talking."

Erika lifted her body and sat next to me. She grabbed her beer and drank some more of it. My fingers found her hair and started playing in it, causing her to smile cutely.

"Hey, you seem to like my hair a lot. Usually, males just grab my boobs and butt."

"I haven't touched any girl's hair in a very long time. Yours is really soft."

She chuckled.

"Ah, yes, your cat is hairless. So is it true? You never saw her out of her suit again?"

"Not once. I know it is a bit weird, isn't it? I'm not even sure I remember what she looks like. I only know the latex cat."

"No, not weird. It's kind of hot actually. What you are telling me sounds like fiction, but it is not. Do you realize how lucky you are? This doesn't happen in real life. I'm curious, though, if she refuses to let you see her out of the suit, how does it play out with work and all. Do you have to hide every time she dresses up for work?"

I grabbed my beer and took a big gulp.

"Well ... are you ready for some more insane stories? The work situation was the next thing that we had to deal with."

Erika laid back down on my lap.

"Yes ... I'm not tired. I'm just happy. Keep going. And keep playing in my hair cause I love it, okay?"

"Happy to oblige. So this is what happened on that very same day..."

For the remainder of the day, I kept Kitty tied up in various positions. Like yesterday, I had to feed her, so it was pointless to release her. For breakfast, she was tied up on the bed with her hands above her head. What girl doesn't like a guy that serves breakfast in bed? For dinner, around 2 o'clock, I tied her up on a chair. And in between the two meals, it was a game of teasing, fucking, and trying to get to know each other. The latter was the hardest part. It was not that Kitty was not social, but she didn't want to talk about herself all that much. When I thought about it, the only thing I knew for sure was that she worked in a bookstore. Did she mention a social worker gave her this job?

What she loved to talk about the most was right now. This present moment. Disinterested in the past and future, she was focusing on 'now.' It was great in the way that everything I did to her since the morning, she enjoyed every minute of it. But I could see a bit better why real life is causing her some distress.

It was the first discussion we had yesterday when she mentioned that sustaining herself was hard. That she wished things could be easier. I was already convinced that she would prefer to live in a fantasy and not having to take care of anything else, like having a job, cooking, and doing laundry. Unfortunately, things did not work that way.

It was mid-afternoon already, time flies when you have fun. I was sitting on the couch in the living room, and Kitty was in front of me, arms tied in her back, giving me another one of her awesome blowjobs while I was petting her head. She was still wearing her shiny black catsuit, with her useless fingers curled inside the mitts, her little cat ears and rubber tail dragging on the floor. Extremely cute.

"Mmm, You know, if you continue like this, I'll never be able to let you go."

She raised her rubber head and stared at me for a brief moment before telling me what was on her mind.

"I know what you mean. But you make it sound like you will have no choice but to let me leave. I told you how I feel. You can easily keep me."

I tenderly rubbed the side of her face. She was right; I was sure she would gladly stick around if I asked her to. I couldn't help myself, even if I tried, but think that she needed to go back to her life eventually, whatever it was.

"I'm sorry, yeah, that was not what I meant, of course. It is just that I get to know you right now as a sexy cat girl, but don't you have things outside this? That is what I don't know. I enjoy being with you right now, and I had an amazing 24h so far. I want it to continue badly, but you have to

give me something more to work with. So far, outside the bookstore, I know nothing about your life. I'd love to hear a bit about it, do you understand?"

She suddenly straightened her back. She went from the soft, warm, and calm rubber toy to a tense, out of character almost panicked girl.

"What's up, Kitty? Did I say something wrong?"

"No ... Where is my phone?" she said, looking around nervously.

"I put it on the charger for you. It was low on battery. Do you want it?"

"Yes!"

I went to the kitchen to pick it up from the countertop. On my way back, I activated the screen since she wouldn't be able to do it herself. There was 1 text and 3 missed calls. I presented the phone to her.

"Here, look."

"Oh, no. Unlock it, please. It's '5235'. Who called? What is the text?"

She didn't sound like the same girl anymore. She was worried about something. I unlocked the phone and gave her the information she requested.

"The three calls are from the same person, Jane Goodwill. The text is from her too. It just says to call her back."

"Oh, nooo! Please call her and put my phone on speaker."

While I was figuring out how to do this, she stood up and sat close to me. I put the phone on her thigh and let it ring. Then a mature female voice answered, and the two girls started their discussion. It didn't feel it was right for me to listen, but Kitty did sit very close, even leaning on me, so I'm pretty sure that if her hands were not tied behind her back, she would hold my arm tight.

"Hello?"

"Jane? It's Theresa. Look ... I'm so sorry ... I totally forgot to go ... and my phone was on mute ... I will ..."

"Theresa! Theresa! Stop, stop! Listen to me. You know our rules. You know we care. We gave you an opportunity in this program, but we also told you the rules were very strict."

"But Jane ... What am I going to do now?"

"That is why I was calling you. Listen carefully, okay? Do you have something to write on?"

Clearly, something terrible was going on, and I was not sure what it was. Kitty seemed to be in trouble because of something. Is this woman the social worker she was telling me about? Kitty looked at me and whispered-asked me if I had something to write on. I immediately pulled out my phone from my pocket and opened a text app.

"Ok, Jane, I have something."

"Listen, you have to call Mike, I don't have his phone number with me, but it is on the contact sheet we gave you, you still have it?"

"Yes."

"Good, so call him and tell him that you need a place to stay tonight. If you don't have money, he will give you a couple of coupons for food. We created a dismissal notice for him. The number is 5557872; he will know what it means. It is important because he will use this number to return you to the basic assistance program. You will continue to receive help from them. If you don't, they will assume that you are still with us. You understand?"

"Is ... is there no other ways?"

"Theresa, we discussed this last time. You know the answer is no. So you can't return to the bookstore, and you cannot come back here. Your access card is disabled, and you don't need to return it. I'm sorry about that. You'll be ok?"

"... I'm ... ok. And ... I'm sorry."

"Good luck, Theresa, I'm sorry it didn't work with us. Again, don't wait and call Mike right away, else he might not be able to find you a bed for tonight. Goodbye!"

"G .. Goodbye. Thanks."

I pressed the red button on the screen to hang up. The screen turned black, like the current mood. The beep of the phone application marked a long pause and the beginning of heavy silence. I put her phone aside, and she flopped on top of my lap. I think I understand what is going on now, at least enough to feel sorry for her. I started to pet her soft latex arm again and decided to get some answers. I can help her, but she has to come forward about this. I tried to initiate a dialogue.

"You had to go to work today, but you forgot, right?"

"Yes."

"That program you were in was a social reinsertion program?"

"Yes."

"So they gave you an apartment and a job under certain conditions, and you didn't respect them. It was not the first time?"

"No ... third."

"Now ... You are homeless. That is not the first time? Did I get that right?"

"..."

"Kitty ... talk to me."

"... yes."

Poor Kitty, she sounded so ashamed after saying that. I may have been wrong, but I thought she was afraid that I'd kick her out after discovering she was homeless. I needed her to help me help her.

"Kitty, I want you to tell me what you think about all of this and what you want to do. No games, okay?"

"Mark ... "

"Don't worry; I'm not your enemy. Just open up a little. You'll feel better."

Multiple times she tried to say something, opening her mouth only to eject a loud silence that dissipated in the living room. Then the dam cracked, and she flooded the space with a torrent of frustration and self-hatred.

"I ... I ... I HATE THERESA! I HATE HER! SHE IS DUMB AND UNDERSTANDS NOTHING OF THIS LIFE! I HATE HER! STUPID LIFE, STUPID MONEY, STUPID ME! I JUST WANT THEM TO LEAVE ME ALONE!"

It was a painful cry of distress, a call for help. It was her life, a life of struggle that she instinctively wanted to escape at all costs. She tried to run away from the pain. She tried to run away from all those obligations that she didn't care about. She didn't want any of that. She just wanted to live.

At that moment, I felt that she was not equipped at all to face our society in its current shape or form. Being brave when walking around in a catsuit didn't bring money in, being extremely smart about living the present moment didn't bring food on the table. She just wanted to live and not worry about anything.

"Well, what should we do about her then?"

My sudden question pacified her.

"... what?"

"Yes, Theresa is dumb, you said, so what should we do about it?"

"I ... I don't know. What do you mean?"

"She has been a bad girl, so she has to pay the price, right?"

"... Pay the price?"

"Kitty, do you trust me?"

"I ... yes ... I do. You are amazing. Why?"

"Come here."

I dragged her further on my lap and rolled her on her belly. Her butt was just at the perfect place for me to rub it with my hand, which I did, and squeezed, and scratched.

"So here is what we are going to do. We will tell Theresa to fuck off and give her something to think about. But to do that, she needs to tell me what I need to know so I can take care of Kitty better. Okay?"

"Mark? ... What are ..."

"Do you trust me?"

"Yes ... O ... Okay ... What ... do we do?"

THWAK!

"OW!"

My hand descended on her shiny ass with a well-gauged power.

"What is your full name?"

"What? ... Mark? Why do you ..."

THWAK!

"OW!"

"Don't make me repeat. What is your full name?"

"Theresa ... Theresa Taylor."

"Good, how old are you?"

"My ... my age? Why ..."

THWAK! THWAK!

"OW, OW! Twenty-seven ... I'm Twenty-seven. Ow, my butt!"

Good, we were finally going somewhere. She was not even trying to get away; that was a good sign.

"Are you a convicted criminal?"

"What? NO!"

"Just asking Theresa, that is all. Are you a drug or alcohol addict?"

"NO! This is embarrassing ... did you think that ..."

THWAK!

"OW!"

"I'm the one asking the questions. So, Theresa just didn't finish school and never been able to hold a steady job because she always got distracted with more fun stuff?"

"... That ... summarizes it ... roughly."

I was now just rubbing her butt gently and massaging it with my fingers. I had so many questions, but there were difficult ones that I needed to be answered. I needed to know about who could support her.

"Do you have friends around here?"

"... No ... not really. It is not easy when you have no steady roof."

"That is okay. I'm not judging, just asking. What about your family?"

"..."

"Come on, Theresa, trust me. I need to know to give Kitty a hand with her things, you understand?"

This time I didn't slap her because that would just be cruelty. She was trying to find her words. I could tell she wanted to say something.

"I ... I don't ... not ... anymore ... Well, my mother ..."

She paused ... but her silence was not regular. I could almost hear her mind thinking about how she wanted to deliver her story. She found just enough strength to continue.

"... My father died about two years ago ... He had a heart attack while shoveling. My mother was Japanese, so she went back to live in Japan. She ... she wanted me to go ... but I didn't want to ... I grew up here. You ... you understand, right? I didn't want to go live there."

Somehow I expected a sad story, but this is not half as bad as I expected. It was not great, but coldly put, it was almost normal events that could have happened to any twenty-seven years old women.

"I understand, sorry to hear about your father. So then what? What happened after that?"
"I thought I could do it, live alone here, but ... with no education, it didn't end up well. It went downhill. And it is still going downhill ... Nothing good happened to me recently. It's a nightmare."

It was time to change the mood a little bit. I raised my hand and slapped her butt twice as hard. Plus, it would be a little payback for what she tried to teach me earlier.

THWAK!

"OOOWWW!!! That stung! What was that one for?"
"You said that being here was nothing good."
"Oh! ... No! ... No, no, no! ... I'm sorry! That's not what I meant."

THWAK!

"OW!"
"I'm a good thing for Kitty. Can't you see, Theresa?"
"..."
"Listen, Theresa ... Give everything you have to Kitty right now, and leave her alone for a while until she heals her wounds. Okay?"
"Give everything to Kitty?"

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

Kitty was now twisting in pain. Her butt was on fire, and she was a bit mixed up. She wasn't sure where I was going with all of this.

"Yes. Theresa will give you back your family, your limited belongings, and your entire life. Then she will fuck off for a while and wait for you to go back to her if you ever wanted to."
"..."

I lifted the small rubber cat and made her sit on my lap, her knees on each side of my hips. Her arms were still tied up behind her back. I looked at her directly in the eyes.

"So? What does Theresa say? She is going away for a while and let you handle things for once?"
" ... Yes. I think so."

She finally came to understand that she didn't have to hide from herself anymore. Being both Kitty and Theresa at the same time was unsustainable. She had to make a choice and chose the former. Kitty would only find happiness by following her true self. Right now, she needed more to be a sexy rubber cat rather than a struggling girl working in a bookstore and eating with coupons.

"Good. Now, it is just the two of us. No more evil Theresa for a while, okay?"

"My ass hurts a lot. But ... yes ... no more hiding things. I'll share whatever you want to know about me."

"Good. I'm looking forward to it."

"But I'm staying here tonight!" she said.

She started rubbing her crotch on mine, leaned forward and started to kiss me while moaning like the pervert she was.

"Haha ... Kitty is back. Of course, you are staying here. I'm not letting you go anytime soon."

The next two hours consisted of erotic rubber cat sex. This girl was like the sex cauldron of the Dagda. We started on the couch and ended up in the bedroom upstairs. Only when we were finished, I released her from her bonds. I needed a break at that point. It was impossible to keep up with this erotic kitten.

"Meow. Wait."

She bolted out of the bedroom and came back a few seconds later, arms wrapped around her big backpack. She dropped the thing on my stomach before climbing back on the bed.

"Since Theresa is gone, you tell me what to do with this junk."

"Haha .. You would let me look in your magic backpack?"

"Yes, I don't care. Open it. And do stuff."

"Do stuff ... Alright then, let's do stuff."

I guessed it was the right moment for that. Kitty owned her decision to walk away from her misery and fully trust me, at least for now. I was curious to see what else I would find out about her. That backpack was her entire life. I opened it and looked inside. Kitty was hanging to my arm as I did so, she should know what was in it, but she seemed as curious as I was. There was a bit of innocent Kitty acting in the air.

"So, work clothes ... some panties and socks ... is that all she had?"

"Yes."

Good thing she was cute because anybody else that would have worn those clothes would probably never have been able to get a date with me. I tossed them in the trash can in the corner of the room.

"Okay, you don't need those anymore. Right?"

"... ok."

"What is this ... toiletry bag? We keep for now ... but we will get you a new one."

" ... ok."

"Cute pink collar and padlock?"

I turned to her and wrapped it around her neck, then clicked the padlock on her rear zipper. I couldn't believe we forgot about those things today.

"Ah, and the key ... that goes in my pocket until further notice."

"Mmm aaaanh!!!"

"Ok, calm down, I can't fuck you. I'm drained. What is next? Hey, what is this binder?"

"Stuff that they told me to keep."

"Who told you to keep this?"

"I dunno, important people. Social workers and family."

Well, that could be important. I opened the binder; the quality was outstanding. It was made to protect Kitty's documents well. I would be surprised if she got it from a social worker. The first thing I noticed was a picture on the inside cover. It was her with two other people, a North American man, and an Asian woman.

"Kitty, are those your parents? They look very nice. Can I put it here for now?"

"... S ... Sure ... Don't lose it, okay?"

"No, no. I'll be careful. Trust me."

I carefully placed the picture on my nightstand. Then the rest wasn't that interesting. There was the social worker paperwork, we put that aside as well, and I made her call Mike to update her case, a formality. She told him that she didn't need a place to sleep or coupons for food. I had to jump in the conversation and explain that I'd take care of her for a while, pretending I was a family friend so he wouldn't ask too many questions. He was simply doing his job.

Following the call, we ended up looking at more personal stuff like her birth certificate and other government documents. I pulled that out, and there was only one thing left, a very good quality plastic envelope with some papers in it.

"Kitty, what is this?"

"I don't know."

"Well, where does it come from? Do you know?"

"They gave it to me when my father passed away. More official papers, I suppose."

"You never opened it?"

"No ... I ... I couldn't ..."

"Do you mind if we look together now? I think I know what it is."

"..."

She hesitated. I started ripping the velcro off slowly, but she didn't react. It was better to look at it. I saw an envelope like this in the past, and it must be opened, whether she wanted it or not. I carefully pulled the papers out.

"Kitty, don't freak out, okay? This paper here is your father's testament. Do you know what it means?"

"... like ... The stuff you give to people when you die? He gave everything to my mother, I think, which is fine by me."

I felt the need to shield her from what might be in it. Sometimes it is not always good news. I wanted to check it first and think of the best way to present it to her. If she possessed this

document, she certainly received it from the proper officials. It was a personal document, and they gave it to her for a reason.

"When they gave you this, you signed some papers, right?"

"Yes, I don't remember a lot of this whole day. My mother took care of everything."

I started reading the will. It was pretty standard stuff. No house, no special items, probably everything was just passed down to her mother as she said. I found no big surprise. Then I flipped the last page, and my heart skipped a beat. In bold at the top, I could read 'To Theresa Taylor, daughter of Frank Taylor.' As I kept reading, my anxiety cranked up a notch. It was saying that if the daughter were over 21 years of age, she would be granted access to an investment account. It doesn't mean that much, but we won't know until we take a look at the real thing. There was nothing else after that. Kitty was staring at me, feeling a bit uneasy about all this.

"Kitty, you need to take a look at this."

"At what?"

"Your father may have left you a gift. But I tell you, don't get too excited. We need to look at it first. It might be nothing."

"Ok, how do we do that?"

She came back close to me and looked at the paper I was holding.

"What are those numbers?"

"Bank account number and validation codes. He may have left you a bit of money."

"Money. Bleh. That sounds like trouble."

Nope, there was not a bit of excitement in her voice. She was simply not caring about things such as finance. Or maybe it was true that she didn't understand any of this.

"I think it would be important to take a look at least."

"Okay then ... I will. How do we do that?"

I got up and grabbed her wrist. We went to my computer and connected to the bank site. She was behind me, wrapping her arms around my neck and looking over my shoulder. It took a while to figure out how to access this special account, but I finally got it to work. I had access to the full detail of the investment account her father left behind for her.

"Oh my God ... Kitty ... look."

"What am I looking at? Am I rich now?"

"Well, not rich, no, but you have a nice head start. See here, 223 016\$can ... that is the value of your account."

"Oh, it sounds like a lot."

She didn't seem very excited. She probably didn't get what it meant in the real world.

"It is a lot, but you should be grateful to your father. He saved a lot for you. He would be pretty mad if you were going to spend it all on sex toys. Look, all it means is that you are safe for a while if something bad happens. Nothing else. It can vanish very quickly if you are not careful."

I signed off the site, turned off the computer, and spun my chair around.

"Kitty, we can talk about this later, but there will be quite a bit of paperwork to do because of this. All the tax stuff. But don't worry, I'll help as much as I can.

"What tax stuff? This is confusing and boring. I'm happy and all, but see, this is the stuff that drags me down. It is so complicated, and I can't keep up. I prefer just having sex with you."

"I prefer having sex with you too, believe me. Come on, let's go eat something, and then we can fuck some more."

"No! Fuck me now!"

I grabbed her by her collar ...

"Come ... Let's go eat, cathead."

Erika was now lying down on her back, head resting on my lap, still, and she was looking up at me.

"Mark ... you are shitting me, now, right? That is a nice sum."

"I wish. I would have avoided the fucking headache to do all her unfilled taxes of the past years."

"Now, you are rude. You offered to help, that is your fault," she said.

I was rubbing Erika's belly with my hand when the waiter showed up. Asking if we wanted more beer. Nonchalantly, Erika raised her hand ...

"Yeeeeeep ... two more ... We aren't done here."

"More beer? ... It's getting late, you know."

"Well, here's the deal. I still have NO clue why you are trying to date me. You spent all that time talking to me about the sexy cat girl that you love so much, but yet you let me lie down here on your lap. Who does that?"

"Erika, I ..."

"No ... let me finish. I'll tell you what. Until I finish my beer, you have to continue your story. And if you turn me on enough, I will go back to your place tonight. We will cuddle ourselves to sleep. Deal?"

"I ... I dunno ..."

"What is it? Your cat girl is waiting for you at home? Come on, Mark. I know you want me to, that's why you are here."

"Aaah, it is difficult to explain. No, she won't mind if you stay at my place for the night."

"So ... deal?"

"Ok, ok! ... Deal!"