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Chapter 2 - Adoption

Erika came back from the washrooms and sat in her lounge chair, facing mine. A fresh beer was waiting for her on the coffee table between us. It seemed that she enjoyed herself tonight.

“I don’t know about you, Mark, but I just love this pub. And we got the best seats too. So, where were we?”

I nodded in agreement about the pub. I’ve been here in the past, and it was one of my favorite places to relax and drink. The corner we were in was set up as an intimate lounge, which was fantastically comfortable.

“Erika, you know exactly where we were at. You didn’t forget just by going to take a leak.”

She scratched the back of her head.

“Of course, of course! Catgirl and falling in love. So, next is cat sex. Right?”

That woman ... unbelievable. I pinched the bridge of my nose before rethinking what I was going to say.

“No! Not cat sex!” I paused. “Well ...”

She pointed at me, instantly capitalizing on my hesitation.

“Ah! I knew it! There is some cat sex! Alright, I shut up now. Please proceed with the description of the events!” she said, with a good dose of sarcasm.

“Ok, ok! Some cat sex. I have to admit it. But it is not just that.”

I grabbed my beer, took a sip before I continued my story.

I must have fallen asleep. Wait! What was this sensation? My brain was sparking back to life as my eyes were opening unevenly. I was still laying down on the couch when, suddenly, all the earlier events were coming back to me. I raised my head a bit. The first thing I saw was a shiny black latex head with cat ears that had its lips wrapped around my dick. Did she start giving me

a blowjob while I was sleeping? She must have delicately untied my belt and unzipped my pants, somehow. Did she use her teeth or something?

“Theresa? What ... What are you doing?”

She lifted her head and looked right in my eyes while holding the tip of my penis in her mouth. Her two cute paws were holding the base of it. She didn't speak. Instead, she just cocked her head to the side, making a noise that could be interpreted as “Do you want me to stop?” I didn't force her to do this, but maybe she thought I was expecting something like that? I just didn't want her to do something she didn't want.

“Well, not that I'm complaining or anything. I just want to make sure you are ok with this, I guess.”

My comment was rewarded by some sort of paw punch to the belly, followed by an unhappy stare. But she quickly continued her excellent work.

“Ok, ok! I get it. You like it. I said nothing. Keep going.”

I lifted myself, so I could rest my back on the couch's armrest and put one of my feet on the floor to get a better view of the girl. She followed my movements, which gave her a bit more room to work, as well. I reached her head with my hands to pet her latex skin. It was so amazing. It was the first time I had sex with a girl wearing latex. It is so soft and warm. I felt fortunate at the moment. How come it felt so right to do this with a person that I knew nothing about?

The sexual pleasure she was giving me was off the chart. It only took a short time for me to get to the edge, so I thought a warning was necessary.

“I'm very close. If you continue, I'll ...”

Right when I started articulating those words, Theresa plunged her head down and deep on my cock several times until I shot my load directly inside her throat. She wouldn't let it go. The sensation was insane. I could hear her little moans as she was trying to swallow everything. She seemed to love it genuinely.

Once she was done with me, she lifted herself and sat, cat-like, in front of me on the couch, tongue out.

“Aaaaaaaaah! That was amazing!” she said.

“Well, I'm glad you enjoyed it, but I think it was a hundred times better for me in this case.”

She shook her head in disapproval.

“No, I would not say that. You don’t know what is turning me on yet. The only thing I didn’t like was when you called me Theresa. I hate that name. Don’t use it anymore, okay? I was waiting for you to wake up, but I couldn’t wait any longer. I hope you didn’t mind too much.”

Of course, I didn’t. Kitty crawled back to me and laid down on my chest again, hugging me tightly. I checked my watch before wrapping my arms around her.

“I can’t believe it! Is it 6:30 pm already? Are you hungry?”

“Yes.”

“Ok then, let’s take you out of the suit, then we will cook something.”

“No.”

“What do you mean, no? You don’t want to cook with me?”

She shook her head.

“I don’t know how to cook. I told you I like simple things.”

I scratched her behind the head.

“Ah, ok, that is fine. I’ll cook while you watch. No big deal.”

“Ok, but I stay in the suit,” she said.

I kept scratching.

“You can put it back on later if you want. How are you going to eat with no fingers?”

“I can’t take it off.”

Wait. What? Did she use the word “can’t”?

“I don’t have the key with me,” she added, very seriously.

A bit surprised by this new turn of events, I grabbed her shoulder and lifted her off me a bit. I looked her right in the eyes, trying to detect a joke or something. There was none.

“You are dead serious, aren’t you? So, how are you going to eat, or more importantly, go back home?”

She pulled back a bit more from me with a worried look.

“You don’t want me to stay here tonight?” she asked.

Darn, I had to be more careful when I say stuff like that. It came out weird.

“No, no, no! I mean, I’d not mind if you stayed here tonight, but eventually, you’ll have to go back to your place to get the key, right?”

She nodded in agreement.

“But that is not today. Can we worry about tomorrow, well, tomorrow?”

“Of course we can. So you are going to stay in your suit until tomorrow. You are okay with it?”

She laid back down on my chest, relieved that I was not going to kick her out after the blowjob she gave me.

“Yes. And for the food, you’ll feed me.”

And just like that, the small latex catgirl ended up sitting on top of the kitchen island, looking at me while I was preparing something edible. I checked her paws, and there was not enough room for her to open her fingers. She was helpless in the face of that pork and apple burger.

The next hour was a lot of fun. Weird, but a lot of fun. I had to bring the food to her mouth so she could bite. I never had an opportunity to feed someone like this before. I could appreciate how it created a bond between us. It was teamwork. I got to know her a bit more during the process, which was not a bad thing. We didn’t have any talk time since she arrived until now. What I realized more and more was how much she was living in the present moment. It was inspiring to some degree. Right now, she was a cat, and it was all she cared about.

It took a while, but we got to the point where she was full and me as well.

“Did you like it?”

“Being fed, yes.”

“I know that already, but I’m referring to the burger?”

“It is fine. I am no culinary expert.”

She kept repeating that about food. Could people be this indifferent regarding the food they ate? It was just a burger, nothing fancy. She didn’t need to be an expert to like burgers. Anyway, her belly was full now, and that was a good thing. She was no longer tipsy either. So I probed her for the next steps.

“So, what do you want to do now, Kitty? Go for a walk?”

“Yes.”

“Are you saying yes again just to please me?”

“Yes. Is that a problem?” she retorted.

“Well, it could be. It was a joke. You are dressed in a full latex catsuit, and I asked you if you wanted to go for a walk, you know, outside.”

“So? Yes.”

Was she missing the point, or was she doing it on purpose?

“People might see you.”

“So what?” she asked with determination.

“Well, I don’t know ...”

I cornered myself. That was the right timing for Kitty to attack my throat.

“Are you ashamed of me?” she asked.

“No. You are amazing.”

“Is there a law preventing me from wearing a catsuit in public?”

“No. Well, I don’t think there is.”

“So what, then, are you afraid of?”

Good question. Excellent question. I looked inside myself to find an answer that I didn’t possess. Kitty was staring at me, waiting for my next words. Was I scared that people would judge me? Or was I afraid that people would judge her? Maybe both?

Still sitting on the island countertop, she pulled me close and wrapped her legs around my waist and put her arms around my neck. Only a few inches separated our souls. Then she told me something that I didn’t expect to hear.

“Ok, listen to meow. I’m not smart. I’m not strong. I don’t know how to cook nor care about it. But one thing I know is that this fear you have inside you is a GOOD thing. Even though it is completely absurd, it means that you care about us. It matters not if you fear that we will be judged. I’m right here.”

“Kitty, I’m not sure I understand what you mean.”

She bumped her forehead on mine.

“If an evil man attacks me. Since I’m not strong, would you protect me?”

“Of course! What do you think?”

“Right. So, if an evil grandmother moralizes you, saying that you are walking around with a slut. What would happen?”

What was this question? Where was she going with this? Without realizing it, I turned my head sideways. Kitty put her paw on my cheek and brought my face back to hers and pressured me some more.

“Answer me! Come on, try.”

“I dunno. I would ...”

She put her latex paw over my mouth.

“Wrong! Try again.”

“Hum. I would ...”

She did it again. I didn't even have time to talk before she stopped me with her paw once more.

“Wrong again. Once more. Try.”

“...”

“Good, you are starting to think. But I'm still waiting.”

“Kitty, I ... I don't know,” I said in a pathetic tone.

“Yes, you do. We are doing it right now.”

What was she talking about? What were we doing right now? What would I do if someone on the street placed judgment on us? Would I walk away? Would I yell at them? What did she want me to say? She put her two paws on my cheeks this time and stared at me right in the eyes.

“Don't go back inside your head. Just look at me. I'm a good cat. I'm going to help you this time around. If someone strong attacks us, you'll protect me. Right?”

I nod.

“If someone makes comments about us. You ...”

“I ...”

“No! You ...”

“I ...”

“Nooo! Listen to my words. You ...”

“... You ...”

A bright smile appeared on her face.

“Aaaah, almost there! So, what's the rest?”

Did she mean ...

“You ... will ... protect me?”

She leaned forward and gave me an intense kiss that lasted over a minute. Then she pulled back and let a long, erotic moan out. She looked so turned on right now, with her tongue out again and saliva dripping from her latex chin. She managed to say one more thing.

“See, It is so much better when a relationship goes both ways. I can protect you as much as you can protect me. Hopefully, that kiss will make it sink a bit more into your human brain. Okay, let’s go for our walk. Then you are going to fuck me.”

I didn’t even have time to place another word before she wrapped her two arms around mine and pulled me along. We were going for a walk.

After putting our shoes on, we went outside. It was dark already, but gazillions of lampposts were illuminating the world. There was nowhere to hide. I was walking in the street with a cute girl that was wearing a full-on latex catsuit. It was unreal. I was torn apart between pride and worries, still, but I would not bring it up else she would scold me again.

Kitty was having a blast, running around me, and sometimes even climbing on my back. She was very cat-like. There was no denying it. As unbalanced as it could sound, I only saw this girl out of a suit for a total of fifteen minutes. Since then, it was only rubber. I was even wondering if I could remember what she looked like out of her suit.

Lost in my thoughts, I saw two headlights coming our way. Not the first ones, a couple of cars passed by us already and nothing happened. But this one seemed to slow down a bit too much. Then red and blue lights flashed as if to attract our attention. It was a police car. My blood pressure spiked up a bit. Kitty quickly joined me and grabbed my arm as much as she could. She rubbed my chest with her paw and whispered.

“It’s fine, don’t worry, let me handle this, they are just doing their job. You’ll see.”

How could she be so calm about this? It was as if it was all planned. Only a few minutes ago, we had this big discussion in the kitchen about protecting each other. And now this?

The cop car stopped next to us and rolled down the window. The officer greeted us in a way to sense what type of people he was going to deal with. Not so surprisingly, he checked on Kitty first.

“Good evening guys, we got a call regarding two individuals wandering around here. Lady, is everything okay? Do you know that person with you?”

Kitty let my arm go and walked right to the police car before putting her two paws on the edge of the door, pushing her butt out, which gave me a good view of it. She didn’t even intend to do this. She answered the question with confidence.

“Yes, everything is great, just relaxing and having fun. And he is my boyfriend. I’d not dare walk around like this by myself.”

The cop gave her a little nod while checking his computer.

“Okay, good to hear. Do you mind if I run a quick background check on you guys?”

Kitty denied his request without any shame or hesitation while staying very polite.

“No, we won’t do that unless you have a good reason. But I assure you, everything is good. Sorry for the nosy people. I look a bit different tonight.”

The cop was not offended in the slightest.

“Ok, no problem, guys. Yeah, it would probably be a waste of time anyway. Thanks for cooperating and have a purrfect evening, guys.”

And he drove away. Kitty just burst into laughter.

“Baaahahaha! Did you hear what he just said? Hahaha! What a cool cop.”

Yes, I heard that. Pretty funny, I’d say. But I’m mesmerized. When we left home, I had doubts as to how things would go if someone ended up seeing us. Her earlier words resonated inside my head. *I will protect you*. I didn’t fully believe them, despite the erotic kiss that followed. But now, after what just happened.

“Kitty?”

“Haha! Yes?”

“I believe you now.”

She stopped laughing and calmed down for an instant. She raised her two arms in the air and flicked her two wrists down, like a cat.

“AH! Told ya! Us, cats, are good to scare humans away!”

She ran to me and climbed on my back again before pointing ahead with her rubber paw.

“Forward!”

On our way back, Kitty noticed a path that was leading to a wooden area.

“Hey, where does this lead to?”

“Nowhere, a crappy park behind the trees. It is supposed to be a picnic area, but nobody goes there. There is not even grass anymore.”

“Let’s go in there!” she said.

Why in the world would she want to go in there? There were no lights at all in that park, and it was always muddy as fuck. It was one of those parks where you were not even allowed to go after sunset. But she was insisting and was pulling on my arm.

“Come on. I want to see.”

“Okay, whatever, but you’ll be disappointed. It rained all week. It’s just going to be a field of deep mud. Follow the path else you’ll get dirt in your shoes.”

She poked me in the ribs.

“You are devoid of imagination. Come! Let’s go check.”

We followed the path for a short moment and ended up, as expected, in a boring park with no electricity at all. It was night time, so we were struggling to see where we were going. On top of that, she was laughing at me because I ran into spiderwebs. I was not enjoying this part of my life.

Kitty looked around and suddenly bolted toward the middle of the mud field. I quickly lost sight of her because of the darkness. All I could see was her two pink ears floating around when she was facing me. Then she stated the obvious.

“Hey, the mud is very deep here.”

“Come back, then! You’re going to ruin your shoes and your suit.”

“No.”

Another one-word sentence. What did she want this time?

“Kitty, what are you doing? Come back. I’m not going to get you if you lose a shoe in the mud.”

“Yes. Come.”

It seemed to be the pattern with her today. Could I win at least this one tonight?

“Mark. Come.”

“No!”

“Don’t you want to fuck me tonight?”

She was EVIL! What could I say to that? Making love and going for a walk in the middle of a mud pit should be two different and unrelated things, but she managed to mix them up.

“Kitty! Come on! That is enough, let’s go home,” I begged.

“No.”

I was not going to win this. I was either too weak or too nice. I let out a long sigh and started walking to the mud field.

Slurp! Slop! Slosh!

It was gross and cold. I was slowly making my way to the floating cat ears; I couldn't see shit. The sound of mud suction accompanied my short trip. They were going to go right in the washing machine after this. It didn't take long before I reached Kitty; she was holding her hips with her paws. I was heavier than her and was sinking almost down to my knees. She welcomed me with a hug and sarcasm.

"Are you dead now?" she asked.

"No, but I'm muddy. It's not the best thing."

"Isn't mud with me in it great?"

She was toying with me. She always asked those questions that only had one possible answer. I better give her what she wanted and be done with it.

"Yes, mud with you in it is great."

"Oh, ok then! So be it!"

Uh, what? She opened her arms and let herself fall back into the mud.

Splotch!

I shook my head and stared at the small cat that almost disappeared inside the mud.

"Now you have done it. I'll have to hose you down at the house."

"Cuddle with me!" she said, with some eroticism in her voice.

"Kitty, what are you saying now?"

"Come here and cuddle with me. I love this feeling."

"You love ... the mud?"

"Yes. I think so."

I tried to remind myself that I met this girl about eight hours ago. And now she was squirming in the mud letting out sexual moans and wearing a latex catsuit. I repeated this to myself several times to make sure I fully appreciated the madness. She interrupted my train of thought.

"Mark. Stop thinking! We are here now, and it is all that matters."

That kind of snapped me out of it. Kitty was probably right. Why did I keep resisting? It was just mud. It was not dangerous. What was more important? A clean shirt or cuddling with a sexy, fetishist catgirl?

Defeated by her insistence and my desires, I lowered myself down to my knees and put my two hands in the mud on each side of Kitty. I grabbed two handfuls of fresh mud.

“So, this is what you want, right?”

And just like that, I started smearing the mud all over her small body. I spent some extra time on her breast and crotch, the areas that made her moan the most. At this point, only her face was still clean. I reached her lips with mine and started kissing her deeply for what felt an eternity. Her small voice kept producing the sexiest moans ever. While kissing her, we were rubbing our crotches together. I couldn't deny it anymore, I was turned on by her, by this. She knew it and let me know that she was victorious.

“I told yaaaa! You like it too.”

I wanted to kiss her again to shut her up, but my hands slid and sank a bit, enough to throw me off balance. I ended up putting all my weight atop of her, inadvertently, crushing her in the mud like a lemon. I quickly pushed myself up.

“Sorry, are you ok?”

Her silence was why I realized that even her head sank under the mud. I couldn't see her face or her ears anymore. I could only see part of her torso twisting around, but the suction was trapping it. She was not strong enough to pull her body up and get her head out. I slid my hand under her head and pulled it out of the mud.

“Pffwaaah! Oh my God! Pffwaaah!”

I cleaned up her face with my fingers while I checked on her.

“Hehe, you wanted mud, I guess you got some. Are you ok?”

She seemed a bit confused but then ...

“Please! ... Do it again!”

Did I hear that right? Well, since we were here and she was having fun, I didn't feel like I wanted to argue anymore. I took my hands and pressed her head down under the mud once more. I should have felt a bit bad about this, but curiously I wasn't. Her being stuck was not very dangerous. Her face was only like two or three inches under the mud. For her, that was a lot. There was no way she could free herself. Her arms were trapped deep inside the mud too. But I knew that I could free her up right away ... only if I wanted to. I was enjoying seeing her

struggling. It may have been some sort of payback moment for what she put me through so far. I pulled her out again after maybe fifteen seconds.

“Pfaaah! Pffaaah! Oh, my God! This is amazing.”

“Are you ok?”

“I ... I think I almost came. Can .. keep doing it ... your ... your way.”

Right away, I pressed her head under the mud again. She made a funny noise this time. I didn't think she had time to breathe in first. She sounded like she wanted me to take charge. Well, I was having fun, so why not? For the next twenty minutes or so, I kept drowning her under the mud over and over, occasionally checking to make sure she still wanted to play. A couple of times, I flipped her around and pushed her face down into the soft mud. She was not talking in between dives, but I knew she was having the time of her life.

“Alright, Kitty, one last time, then it's enough.”

“But ... I haven't come yet. I was so close so many times,” she said.

“Ok, one last time just to see what happens. Put your arms behind your back.”

She obediently moved her arms behind her lower back, and I laid her down into the mud. I pressed her whole body down really hard to make sure she couldn't move, and then I pushed her head down a good three inches under. This time I slid my hand down to her neck to make sure she felt that I was holding her there. She must have felt helpless. With my other hand, I reached her muddy crotch and started rubbing it vigorously. If she wanted to come, it was now or never.

Her small body started thrashing around. She was experiencing some strong feelings, but I kept her under. She couldn't do anything about it. I kept rubbing her latex covered pussy relentlessly.

It's been thirty seconds, and there was still a lot of energy in the little cat.

Forty-five seconds now. I was paying close attention to Kitty's body language past this point.

She was still pressing her crotch to my hand. She was somewhere else for sure.

And sixty seconds.

I grabbed her collar and slid a hand under her head to pull her out.

“PFFFAAAAA! AAAAAAH AAAAAAH! FFAAAAA!”

“It's ok .. I'm here ... I'm here ... Calm down ... Breathe ... You are ok.” I said as I was taking care of cleaning her face.

“Aaaah! Oh, my God! I see stars. I came so hard. It was unbelievable. It was insane.”

I laid down next to her in the mud and pulled her limp body up on top of me. We were so sticky.

“Come here, just relax, let’s take a break before we leave. Just relax. You did well.”

The next thirty minutes vanished from our existence. I think we both dozed off in the middle of the mud field. We only woke up when the rain started to fall. For some reason, we both stayed there for a bit when it started. We enjoyed the moment. I could see the raindrops hitting Kitty’s mud-covered body and slowly washing it off her latex suit. After a bit, we resigned ourselves to leave the field and go back home. Kitty was exhausted, so I carried her on my back for most of the way back. The rain started pouring, it was a bit cold, but it was doing an excellent job of cleaning us.

At home, we left our shoes and my dirty clothes inside the garage, and then we went straight to the shower. I had a reasonably big rain shower so we could both fit inside at the same time. Cleaning myself was pretty quick, but washing Kitty was not as easy since she couldn’t remove her suit, she was still locked in it. Quite a bit of mud got inside through the hood eyes and mouth holes and even seeped through her zippers. We did the best we could with the handheld showerhead, but that left her soaked inside the suit, with no means of removing it. It was not going to dry overnight.

After our shower, I wrapped her in a warm blanket and sat her on the edge of my bed.

“Kitty, we should go back to your place to get that key. Or I’m pretty sure I have a tool to cut the padlock.”

“No!”

“But why? You know you’ll be miserable if you stay like this all night.”

“I won’t. I’m used to wearing it.”

“I know, but this is different, come on, let’s go get the key!”

She was resisting as I pulled on her arm. Why was she so stubborn? She was going to get sick. Then out of the blue, she cast a spell on me that froze me.

“I love you!” she said.

“...”

“I love you, and I want to be with you.”

“... Kitty ... What are you saying? Are you not moving a bit fast here, we only met a couple of hours ago. Once you get to know me better, you might have some regrets. I’m not a perfect guy. Don’t you want to take some time to get to know me better?”

She stood up and put her rubber paw on my cheek.

“I understand what you say, and it is full of wisdom. I am grateful to see that you want the best for me, to the point where you are ready to sacrifice yourself for my happiness. But that is the

whole point. I've seen enough to know that you are what I want. You are different from the others. You care about me, and it makes me feel very good."

I was struggling to find my words. Pushing Kitty away was the last thing I wanted right now.

"... Kitty ... I'm not sure what to say ... I mean, things look awesome between us so far, I want to get to know you more, but it has only been half a day."

She just nodded.

"I know. I'm not asking you to say that you love me back right away. But you can't prevent me from presenting what I feel. I love you, I know it already. It is pointless to wait any longer before saying it. All I would like is if you could let me stick around for a bit longer and have fun until it is a bit more clear to you as well."

I was patting her on the head. Such gentle words and understanding.

"Of course, I want you to stick around. I promise not to leave you in the dark for too long."

"So you don't mind if I'm Kitty all the time?"

Wait! What? Her nickname?

"I can call you Kitty all the time. It's cute."

"No. It's not what I meant. You know, being Kitty, your sexy cat."

I heard the words, but I couldn't process them.

"Do you mean dressing up as a cat full time?"

"Yes. I want you only to see the cat. Not the human. You had such a good time with Kitty today, so if you don't mind, I'd like to keep it that way for now."

That was such a strange request, but again, it was Kitty talking. The truth was, she was more than awesome today. In such a short time, Kitty opened up my eyes to so many little things. She stirred so many feelings inside of me and resolved conflicts within my souls that were burning me alive. She provided me with a sense of freedom and a sense of security. Who thought a tiny girl like this could protect me from myself and others. Did I want her to be around me as is all the time?

"Kitty, if you want to be my cat, so be it. I am not sure exactly how you plan on making this happen, but if you think you can do it and if that is what you want, I'm going to support you as much as I can."

She jumped around my neck and kissed me. That probably meant she was happy again.

“Alright, let’s go get your key now so that you can dry yourself.”

“No!”

“Gah!”

“And, by the way, you love me too. And you know I’m right deep inside.”

Erika’s fingers were playing with a coaster she picked up from the coffee table.

“So, let me recap. Your cat friend gave you a blowjob, then you had to spoon-feed her, then you got arrested by the cops, and you tried to murder a girl in a mud pit. Then once you broke her spirit by not telling her that you loved her back, you forced her to become your new pet.”

“Erika! Did you even listen to the story I told you?”

“Whaaat? Am I that far from the truth?”

“…”

“Okay, okay! It was a bit of a stretch from my part. So, you did have some cat sex, though? What about the love thing? You told me that you loved her very much. You did tell her at some point, right?”

“Yes, I did. Kind of.”

Erika slammed her now empty glass on the table.

“What do you mean ‘kind of?’”

“Well, if you want to know …”

She opened her arms and smiled at me.

“If I want to know? Come on! Let’s order two more. We have plenty of time ahead of us. Or maybe I could promise you some sex in exchange for information. Your cat girlfriend seems to be good at using that lever to make you do all sorts of things.”

I shook my head at her infinite sarcasm.

“I don’t think so, Erika … I don’t think so.”