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Chapter 8 - Wildcat And Whiskey

"How did you know?"

"I'm good like that. Meow!"

It was around 11:30 pm. I was naked in my bed, and the wonderful feeling of warm latex rubbing over me was so dreamy, cuddly Kitty was wearing her full rubber catsuit. I was petting her cute springy ears peacefully. Every minute I could spend with her like this was a moment that I cherished preciously.

We were discussing Erika. What happened earlier this afternoon was kind of insane and unexpected, at least for me. Kitty, her, she had known all along what was bound to happen with that girl. How did she know? It was a mystery, but she was so good at discovering things in others that it was almost scary.

Erika was currently sleeping in the crate in the living room downstairs. She wouldn't have been of much use in my bed tonight. She was slightly broken and needed to rest. I thought it was a joke at first when Kitty asked me to spank Erika, and I was ready to play along ... but it went sideways. It was the first time Erika received pain in the context of a sexual game. Her nervousness was a symptom of her lack of experience with being slapped on the butt playfully.

"Do you think she liked it that much?"

"Mark, you saw her face the same way I did. You know she did."

Kitty was right. It was nuts. She suggested to Erika to lay down on my lap and present her butt for a little tenderizing session. The best way we could know if it was something she liked it was to try. So our little Erika agreed with that concept and executed herself. Her cute latex covered body walked up to me and laid belly first over my legs. I started by just rubbing her behind gently as if to gather my courage for what was to follow.

I was not a top nor a master. Kitty and Erika were not my slaves. I could administer a good spanking, but it had to be playful. And for me, playful meant that it was to cause pleasure, not distress. Not once, with Kitty, I punished her beyond her limits to correct one of her behavior that I didn't agree on. Kitty didn't like pain, and I was not going to use this against her, ever. But Erika, her, she was made of something else. I didn't know it; she didn't know it. But Kitty had found out.

"Do you think she will be able to walk again? My hand is still sore."

"If she wants to lick my pussy, believe me, she will walk again."

"Good point, she has a Kitty crotch addiction, it seems."

The rest of the evening with Erika didn't need further description. We had fun with her, not just once or twice ... but three times during the evening. She kept asking for more, and we gave her what she wanted. We didn't even reach her limits, if she had any. Before I sent her to the crate for the night, Erika asked for a good dose of whiskey to anesthetize her sore butt. As long as she asked for more alcohol, I knew she was going to be just fine.

I kept petting Kitty's ears and picked her brain some more.

"So, you think she is a masochist?"

"No. There is more to it than that. It is only part of what she is."

"More to it? What do you mean? She almost came just from the heavy spanking I gave her."

"Yes, I know. Meow! It was cute and all, but that is not who she is. I can't believe you didn't notice."

"Notice what? I'm not following you ..."

"Well, what did she tell you at the pub? You know, when she was wondering if you were just toying with her to get sex?"

"... That she would gut me like a fish?"

"And when she thought you were pulling her leg ..."

"... That she would break mines ..."

"And in her letter, during the evening when she copied me? When she asked for you to wait until she came back before having lunch?"

"That she would gut me, again. Kitty? Where are you going with this?"

"Wait, one more! What did she do when you insulted her this morning?"

"She ... punched me in the chest ..."

"Yes, she punched you twice. So?"

What was Kitty trying to say? After a full year around her, she was still as cryptic as a bitcoin. I had no clue what kind of idea was bouncing around inside that cat head.

"Kitty, help me a bit. Use words I can understand."

"Meow! I'm going to be a good cat and help you."

"Of course you will ..."

"When she punched you? Did she hesitate?"

"Not quite, no. Erika was pretty convincing. Why?"

"Did she feel bad?"

"I don't think so. She just wanted me to listen to her."

"Did it hurt?"

"Hehe. Good thing her padded paws saved me, else I would have felt it. She can pack a punch, unlike another girl I know."

"Hey, I'm stronger than you think!"

Kitty started to fight me a bit with her little paws, but I grabbed her wrists easily and brought her back to my chest. She had no strength at all. Her weakness was so adorable.

"No, you aren't! Anyway, why are you asking me all that?"

"You still don't understand?"

"I don't know? Erika is violent?"

"No. She doesn't do it to be violent. She ..."

Kitty paused. Something was bugging her because it was unlike her. It was as if what she was going to say was not a good thing. Since Kitty never said anything negative about people, it would have been shocking. I pulled her on top of me to cuddle her some more.

"Hey, what is it, Kitty? What are you trying to say?"

"Hmm. That might get me in trouble if I say it. I don't like pain."

"Pain? Erika would never hurt you. Why are you saying that? This is nonsense. She acts tough around me because she knows I can take it, but she is a sweet and caring person when you get to know her."

"Mark, she is a sadist! That is what she is. She just doesn't know it yet."

"Aaaah! Kitty, seriously? She is not a sadist."

"Ah, yeah? So that must be why she assaulted me for two hours when you were grocery shopping. She wouldn't stop even if I told her to."

"That was because you liked it, she knew that. You came a lot, so what? How was it different than your sex-coffin rides?"

Kitty grumbled. For once, she had trouble winning an argument. She loved her new girlfriend, but she had difficulty handling her as she did with me. Erika was stronger and as smart as her. It was an uneven battle that she wasn't sure she could win. Yet, she kept fighting a bit more.

"Look, Mark. I may have secretly liked it, but did you see how happy she was when she held me down and licked me? She loved forcing me to cum."

"I did notice, yeah. She wouldn't have stopped anytime soon. She was really into it."

"She is a sadist! She loved it way too much! And today, when you spanked her, I was kissing her, and you know what? ... I saw it in her eyes. Yes, she liked the pain, but that was just awakening her real desire."

"And what that real desire would be, as per Kitty the psychologist?"

"She wanted to do the same thing to me!"

"Aaah! Kitty, you imagine things."

"I'm not! She is a sadist! Wait until she discovers it. We will be in trouble."

Maybe she had a point. But I was not sure how this was a problem. Erika had the right to like whatever she wanted, and we had the same right to decline something we didn't want to do. If she were indeed a closeted sadist, she would never hurt us on purpose; I knew this for sure.

"Kitty, do you like Erika?"

"I love her very much!"

"So you want her to stay and be happy with us?"

"Yes ... Very much so."

"Good, so you are going to help her. You helped me a lot, so why don't you do the same with her? Tomorrow I have to go to work, and you can talk to her and maybe find out what the real truth is. How does that sound?"

"That is what I was saying ... I'm getting in trouble for telling you."

"You are not. It will be just fine. I'll give her some pointers in the morning, and she will take care of you. She loves you too, you know."

"I know! But I tell you, she is still a sadist."

"Now, let me unzip your crotch. Your cuddles are treacherous."

"Meow! Tie me up first. I'm not fucking you if I'm not in bondage!"

"That again? Alright, let's have a bit of fun with you."

Poor Kitty. I've never quite seen her like this. She was madly in love with Erika, but at the same time, she feared her. How could two contradictory emotions even co-exist inside the same heart? As I was tying Kitty up, spread eagle to the bed, I couldn't help but think that she was the most fantastic creature I have ever met. Even my love for Erika would never be the same as this. Kitty was so different. I didn't remember her real face, and I didn't care. She was my pure hardcore latex catgirl, and she was the only one in the world. Perhaps one of these days, I would be allowed to make love to her out of her rubber costume, but she would still be the precious latex catgirl that I loved beyond reason, and this forever.

Early in the morning, I had to go to work. I fucked Kitty so hard last night that I'm going to be tired all day. That lucky one, she could sleep as long as she wanted to everyday, but it was not a luxury I could afford. At least, since my second girlfriend was on vacation, I could get an extra thirty minutes of sleep this morning. Erika, instead of me, could take care of feeding Kitty. I had something to test.

Before Kitty woke up, I put a ball gag in her mouth and fastened the buckle behind her head. The blinking latex cat was trying to figure out what was happening. She already had comfy leather cuffs on her wrists and ankles so hogtying her with some leather straps was a formality. The end result was a little tied up catgirl wiggling helplessly on the bed. I patted her head and explained what I wanted to do.

"So ... I'll tell Erika to take care of you today, okay?. She needs to let you pee and feed you. For the rest, she can decide. I'm sure she will have plenty of ideas to entertain you."

"Hmmp?"

"Yeah, you don't dislike that idea, right? But when I woke up, I was still thinking about what you told me last night. So I'm going to tell her everything you said about her and tell her to try new things on you to find out if she really is a sadist. I'm going to let her out of her latex catsuit as well today because she will more than likely want to use her hands."

"Hmmmph! Hmmmph!"

"Hehe. Yes. I love you too, pink ball. I figured you'd appreciate my little idea since you love losing control. Enjoy your day now!"

I kissed her on the forehead and left the room. She couldn't speak, but her worries transpired through her sexual excitement. It was a good sign; it meant I could go to work knowing she would have a blast with Erika. I went downstairs to meet up with my other crated cat, the one with the vandalized bum.

The living room was so quiet. The little pink crate was so cute next to the couch, and just the thought of having a sexy girl inside it was turning me on a bit. I checked the time, I was not that much in a hurry. Why not? I could abuse my new girlfriend for a bit if she were willing to play. I removed the padlocks, opened the door, and pulled on her ankle to wake her up.

"Morning, sore butt. How are you feeling?"

"Mmm ... My hips are shattered."

"No, they are not. You will be fine."

"I will never walk again."

"You sure will. Come on out, Erika."

"I have a dislocated tailbone ..."

"Okay, that is enough. Crawl out of there! I need to talk to you for a bit."

Erika groaned in pain and managed to drag herself out of the crate. I lowered my pants and sat comfortably on the couch. Erika started to smile.

"Oh? You are so dominant today. Why the poor acting?"

"Ah, don't be mean. I dislocated my metacarpals on your butt yesterday to give you what you wanted. You owe me one."

"Yes, Master!"

Of course, she was making fun of me; she picked the appropriate teasing tone. Nevertheless, she crawled to me on all four and started sucking with a smile, and her exciting little moans got me hard pretty quick.

"Mmm, that's so good. I'll return the favor when I come back," I said.

"Hehe. You don't have to. I like doing this. It's good to know I'll get to suck you whenever I want from now on."

"Right, I won't have a say in this. Hey, I wanted to talk to you before going to work. Just keep going but listen, then you can tell me what you think."

"Mmmm ... Alright, what is it?"

"Well, I discussed you with Kitty last night. She had some thoughts, but I'm not sure if she was right this time. If she were, I think it would be important to explore that aspect of your life."

Erika kept sucking gently but was looking at me with a frown. She was getting curious about what I was saying, or rather what I was going to say next.

"Kitty thinks you are a sadist! ... OWWWW!"

"THAT I WAS A WHAT?"

"You bit my cock! Ow! ... Geez ..."

"Well, did you hear what you just told me? It is your fault!"

"Yes, I know what I said, and she might be onto something."

"I'm not a sadist! Where does that even come from?"

"Do you feel bad after biting my cock that hard?"

"..."

This involuntary and straightforward question made her pause, she had a strange feeling. It was as if she were looking for that compassionate emotion that would enable her to contradict me, but it was not there. It troubled her to have discovered that void so suddenly and it even worried her a little bit. She started gently rubbing my cock with her paw, trying to display some empathy.

"I'm... sorry. What else did Kitty say?"

"Don't worry. You didn't hurt me that much. I'm at fault for bringing that up at an inappropriate time. Well, the other thing she said was that yesterday, when you were kissing her while enduring your hard spanking, in your eyes, there was a thirst to do the same to her"

"Oh my God ..."

"Don't worry. She probably imagined it if you ask me. Sometimes she can be ..."

"No! ... No, Mark! She was right. I didn't know why I was thinking about it, but she was right."

"Okay ... Now, Kitty scares me. She can read minds."

Erika stood up and asked me to unzip her crotch. I pulled the tab down, and she climbed on top of me before guiding my cock inside of her. She put her two paws on my shoulder and started moving her not-so-shattered-after-all hips. I would be late for work.

"Oh, boy! That always feels great," I said.

"Aaanh! Mmm! ... So? What if I'm a bit of a sadist? I can do nice things too."

"Very nice things. It doesn't change who you are. It just means that you have to explore yourself a bit and align your life with what you like to do. I think this is a new feeling for you, so just take your time."

"A lot is new to me. So what? Do you have any suggestions?"

"Actually, I do. Kitty will be your test bench."

"Mmm ... What do you mean?"

"Kitty loves you very much. She asked me to do something special for you today to help you find your inner self a bit more."

"Like what?"

I'm going to regret this so much later, but I just had to, for my entertainment. Erika moved her hips a bit faster, and her breathing grew heavier and warmer.

"Well, Kitty asked me to tie her up and gag her. She is hogtied upstairs. I will let you out of your suit, and today, and you are going to take good care of Kitty."

"I would love to take care of Kitty. I can babysit her ... Aaanh! Nngh!"

"Well, she doesn't want you to remove her gag. So you have to make her pee, feed her, then you have to give her a good spanking as I did to you yesterday. After that, you can do whatever you want to her. Just try to notice how you feel while you are doing it. Don't walk away from what you like to do."

"Mmm! Aannh! Are ... Are you sure Kitty is okay with this?"

"Of course! You know her; she loves losing control. That is her thing. Just promise me not to damage her. She is rather fragile. Oh, and remove her gag around lunchtime, after a while, her jaw is starting to hurt."

"Nnngh! Okay ... That is kind of hot. I'll try to come up with fun stuff to do to her."

"Great ... But now, I'm about to cum."

"Already? But ... I barely got started."

There are things humans can and cannot do. One of them is the impossibility to retain cum inside for an extended period when a sexy rubber girl is clenching my dick with her vagina walls while I'm manipulating her mind into thinking my other girlfriend asked for painful entertainment. I knew I'd pay dearly for that one, but today, I allowed myself to be evil.

I couldn't focus on work. I couldn't stop thinking about my two girls at home that were more than likely having way more fun than I had here. I just wanted this day to be over, but I only reached halfway through my time. I sat at my desk for a sandwich and checked my phone. I got a few texts from Kitty.

11:56: Mark = evil.

11:58: Was right. E is sadist.

12:15: Come soon, please..

I leaned back into my chair. I knew it. I totally expected this to happen. I chose to sacrifice my life just to enjoy this very unique moment. I'm sure Erika had a lot of fun with our helpless Kitty this morning. Unrestrained fun. I will gladly pay the price for what I did when I go back home later.

I was driving back from work; half stuck in traffic, listening to the radio, as usual, and daydreaming about all the hell I would probably go through when I set foot in my house. But then some bells started ringing in my car ... then a few lights turned on in the dashboard.

"Well, that can't be good."

I swiftly turned to a residential area and pulled over. I observed my car for a bit, and it just stopped. I tried to start it again without success; the battery had died. I was pretty sure I knew what happened, my laziness caused this. I knew the battery was weaker and weaker recently, it was over ten years old, but I never took the time to replace it, not smart. I grabbed my phone and called Erika.

"Hey Mark. Are you on your way back?"

"No, my car died. I would need your help."

"Oh, no! Are you okay?"

"Oh yeah. I think it is just the battery. Look, can you bring me my socket set and my multimeter, they are in the garage on the shelf?"

"Sure, I'll be right there. Where are you?"

The fun thing with Erika is that she had worked for a tool renting company before, so she knew about tools. I gave her my location, and she was on her way. Another convenient thing was that she was not Kitty; she could drive a car. Good thing I let her out of her catsuit this morning.

Shortly after, Erika showed up, and we confirmed that it was indeed the battery that had shorted. She drove me to the local store and a swift exchange later; we came back with the new battery. A few minutes later, my car was purring again. I got out and gave her a hug and a kiss.

"I guess I owe you for that one. I suppose you'll have to sleep with me tonight."

Erika grabbed my arm and proposed something different.

"Hey, Mark, why don't we go to the pub instead? You pay!"

"It would be nice ... But aren't you angry at me?"

"Angry, no. Why would I?"

"Well ... because I lied to you?"

"You ... lied to me?"

The blood drained a bit from my face. Did Kitty not tell her about my lie this morning? Her texts didn't say much, outside that she was in trouble, but Erika was just looking at me, wondering what kind of lies I told her. If she didn't know and Kitty told her nothing, then I majorly shot myself in the foot. I tried to get out of this situation, but I had no hope to do so.

"No ... No ... I mean ..."

"Mark ... What did you do?"

"Nothing ... I swear!"

"I'm going to gut you like a fish if you don't tell me."

Erika grabbed me by the collar. That was it. My plan was to get scolded playfully when I got back home, but now I would be murdered in a public street in a random residential area.

"Alright, alright! Let go of me ... Kitty never told me that she wanted you to spank her."

"WHAT? Are you fucking serious?"

"I'm sorry! It was just to tease you, guys."

"I destroyed her ass this morning ... I even had to apply ice because I was a bit too rough with that piece of wood I found in your storage room."

"You ... have hit Kitty with a piece of wood?"

"Well yeah, she wasn't reacting to my hand anymore. So I found something harder. But I did what you wanted ... I removed her gag around lunchtime and put her in her crate. She was all submissive, so I thought she was acting to make me happy. She didn't say a word. She just wanted to text you."

"..."

What have I done? My poor Kitty ... My joke turned into a nightmare. I never thought Erika would have gone as far as to spank her with a piece of wood. I started to panic a little.

"Where is Kitty now?"

"Well, home ... We spent the afternoon together. After lunch, I gagged her again for round two."

"... Round two?"

"Well, yes. You are the one that told me to explore this side of myself ... so I kept playing with her until you called me. Her butt was done for, so I may have bruised the rest of his body ... a bit; she doesn't have a lot of meat on her limbs. Anyway, it's your fault ... You told me I could! Why did you do that! I trusted you."

"ERIKA! Stop! Are you insane ... I never meant that you could beat Kitty up with a piece of wood. Have you totally lost your mind? Where is she now?"

"Hey! Don't yell at me. She is home, hogtied in the garage. I used your vice grips on her breast before leaving. She was whining quite a bit through the gag, but I thought she was enjoying it."

Oh my fucking God. What have I done to Kitty? I left her in the hands of that newborn sadist, and now she was in hell. What happened to Erika? Was she always that crazy, and I was just so charmed that I didn't notice? My whole body was shaking ... I didn't think about hating her at the moment; my only thoughts were for Kitty that was probably in living hell at home. There was no way this little girl could have enjoyed this ordeal. I hated myself so much right now. Then ...

"WAAAAAH!"

"AAHH!"

Two small arms brutally wrapped around my chest, and a little voice yelled at me loudly. My heart stopped, and my already adrenaline-filled body jumped. I almost had a heart attack. What did just happen? I looked at my chest, and two small pink rubber paws were holding me tightly. In front of me was Erika, with the biggest smile I have ever seen on her. She just burst into laughter, then walked to me and hugged me.

"Hahaha! You should see your face!"

"Mark, you are soooo funny sometimes."

This voice behind me, I should have known, was Kitty ... and she was just fine. How did I end up falling into this trap? Erika was pulling my leg all along, and I fell for it. They drove down here together just to prank me. Surrounded by two of the two smartest girls I knew, I didn't even consider that they could outsmart me, as they always do. A desire for revenge was about to erupt inside me.

"You guys, you are going to pay dearly for that prank!"

"Hahaha. It was priceless."

I turned around, and Kitty was smiling. How could I be mad at her? She was melting my heart. I grabbed her by the skin of the neck and walked her to my car.

"Alright, very funny. Get in the car before someone calls the cops on you again. Erika, we will see you at home. And stop laughing, for crying out loud!"

Kitty climbed in the passenger seat and fastened her seatbelt clumsily with her cushy paws. I did the same and drove off.

"Kitty, you are such a trickster. I'm sure it was not Erika's idea."

"Guilty as charged. But she liked it a lot. That will teach you to try to trick us."

"Try? It didn't even work in the morning."

"No."

"How did she find out? You were gagged."

"Well, you made a huge mistake."

"I did? I thought I was perfect this morning."

"No, you came inside Erika before leaving."

"What does this have to do with anything?"

"Well, you should have known, Erika is a pervert too. She came to see me right after you left and removed my gag. She forced me to lick your cum out of her pussy."

"Oh, Gawd! Is that what you girls do when I'm not home?"

"Yep, I liked it a lot."

Those two girls are just insane and hot. They are such an incredible combo of sex, and I was the one stuck in the middle. I was the luckiest guy on Earth. Kitty put her rubber paw on my arm while I was driving.

"So, we did talk about what you told her, though."

"Her being a sadist? What did she say?"

"She said I was right, of course. But she is not ready to go crazy just yet. She told me that she enjoyed forcing me to do things, but she said I was too cute and couldn't get herself to hurt me ... much."

"Much?"

"Yeah, she did give me a good spanking. She was gentle, but I could tell she was getting more comfortable just before we stopped. Her real personality was taking over. It is going to be so fun later when she fully accepts that part of herself."

"Well, I'm glad. I tried to trick you this morning, but in fact, this was pretty much all I was hoping for. I hope she won't get scared by it. Being a bit sadistic doesn't mean you are a bad person. It just makes her even more fun to have around."

"Exactly."

We were almost home. I could see Erika in my rearview mirror, following me in her car; she was relaxed and looked around. I wanted her to like us enough to be part of our life for a very long time. I would have to take better care of her. I would do everything to make sure she was happy with herself and with us.

When we got home, I laid down on the couch, and Kitty climbed on top of me, like on the first day I met her, and she closed her eyes.

Erika sat on the other couch and texted on her phone for a bit. The silence was good. A few minutes later, Kitty fell deep asleep and was purring a little. She was so cute. Erika looked at us with a faint smile and whispered.

"So, did you notice it?"

"Notice what?"

"Well, look at her nose."

"Her nose? ... Wait. What? How did this happen?"

"She asked me to remove her feeding tube. She said she wanted to eat like me. She is adorable. I think that with me around, she won't pull the same not-eating crap she did with you when you met her."

"Well, I hope so ... I don't know what triggered her bad food habit back then."

"I'm not sure either. But I'm guessing that Kitty had a problem taking care of herself and she loved you so much. She was probably scared of not looking cute anymore because she didn't want you to leave her."

"Maybe ... I'd not be surprised if it were true. You know what? I think she will be fine. You have to keep an eye on her, though. Will you do that for me?"

"Yes, of course. She is my girlfriend too. I care about her, and I'm fully into that polygamy thing now, I just love it. And look, the catheter is gone too."

"What? No way. Is that true? She always refused to let me remove it."

"Same deal, I suppose, she wanted you to take care of her. But when she saw you loving me without those little extras, it probably made her think about the necessity and the burden it put on you."

"I loved feeding her and making her pee. It was fun. But yeah, I suppose those things are not meant to be permanent. This is a good thing."

I carefully cuddled the sleepy catgirl on my chest, I didn't want to wake her up. What else did she do in the name of love? I wondered. Was it me that enabled those weird behaviors in her? For sure, I had a role to play, but she could have said no. I think once we experimented with new things, it became a habit for both of us. Erika's presence was sufficient to make us reevaluate what we were doing and how we were doing it. A return to a more reasonable baseline could only be healthy. I got the feeling Kitty would not go back to her sex coffin for a while.

"Mark, when she wakes up, can you help me in my catsuit?"

"Are you sure you don't want to take a break? If you try to follow Kitty and wear it all the time, you probably won't be able to keep up. She is an expert latex cat."

"Well ... The truth is, I love it. The catheter is a no; the feeding tube is a very no. But the latex catsuit is a huge yes, I want much more of it. I was a bit disappointed this morning when you took it off me. I felt so naked."

"That is because you were! We will get you back in your suit when the sleepy cathead wakes up. I promise."

Later on that evening, my two latex catgirls were sitting on the kitchen island. Erika was happy as a squirrel, back in her latex kitty costume, and we were just chatting about what they did to me today. But this time they were going to eat for real, no more feeding tube. With no fingers, Erika could still handle those chicken skewers I gave her, but Kitty was struggling. Her jaw weakened a little bit over the year, so I was spoon-feeding her mashed potatoes along with some tender pieces of chicken. We took our time. It reminded me a lot of the first day we've met. Back then, I fed her a pork and apple burger, and it took almost an hour. Those moments were the best.

Erika looked at Kitty and asked her a strange question.

"Kitty, you love latex, right?"

"Haha. How did you know?"

"I mean ... as long as you wear latex, you are happy?"

"Very much so ... Why?"

"I think I will buy you another suit."

"That again? Mark keeps talking about that. What is wrong with my current suit?"

"You cannot help Mark."

Woah, that was direct. Erika was fearless. Not only she managed to have Kitty remove her tubes, but now she was attacking her helpless paws as well. She kept asking more questions too.

"Why did you get a suit with no fingers in the first place, anyway?"

"I don't know ... I didn't choose it."

"What? What do you mean? You bought it yourself, no?"

I was as shocked as Erika by that answer. Kitty never told me about that.

"I was still with my parents when I bought it. It took a while to save all that money. I ordered it online, I picked a catsuit with no hands, no paws, no hood. It was the cheapest I could find and afford. But when it arrived, it was a cat with everything attached and no fingers. They made a huge mistake in my order. I loved it, but I could not fully wear it. I couldn't zip it up with those paws. Mark was the first person that sealed me in my suit."

"No way! I was the first one to see you fully zipped up years after you bought it?"

"Yes. It was the first time I wore that collar too ... I mean, over the suit, and the first time I was locked in it as well."

"So, that whole cat act, you didn't choose it?"

"No, but I loved and embraced it. It was like my destiny or something. My first text to you was "meow" wasn't it? I'm sure you liked it!"

That, I did. Today, I learned so many things about Kitty. Exciting things. But Erika kept probing for some obscure reasons, what was she looking for?

"Kitty, eventually we will go shopping for a new suit, with fingers this time. I'm going to buy it for you."

"Okay, but you need to get the same one so that we can keep teasing Mark."

"Deal. But Kitty? Do you know Mark would love you even if you are not wearing your suit."

"..."

Kitty climbed down the island and walked away without answering. Erika and I looked at each other, a bit surprised by her sudden reaction. I was about to go check on Kitty to make sure she was okay, but Erika reacted first. She climbed down the countertop and patted my arm.

"Don't worry. I'll talk to her. I know what I'm doing. She is fine. Go read a book in your bedroom; you'll have two rubber catgirls joining you in a bit. I guarantee you that."

"Okay, I hope she is okay. You were pressuring her quite a bit."

"She is very happy right now. You have no idea. Don't worry about her, just love her when we join you in bed. That is all you can do. Leave the rest to me."

I kissed Erika on her rubber head and let her go after Kitty. I cleaned up the kitchen a bit and followed her advice to go read a book upstairs.

About an hour later, I heard little footsteps and ... Oh no! Not again. The two small cats showed up, wearing their perforated blindfolds and lipstick ... I couldn't tell which one was who anymore. They were so evil ... and so hot.

One of them flicked the light off before climbing in bed. The two catgirls assaulted me and each other relentlessly. It would be another short night for me. While one of the rubber toys was giving me a seriously intense blowjob, the other one whispered in my ear.

"We decided that it's going to be like this for the next two weeks. And there is nothing you can do about it."

Oh, great!