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## Chapter 6 - See Me, Feel Me

Kitty spent longer than usual in the bathroom. Based on the noises I was hearing, she was removing all the glued electrodes from her skin. After wearing them for a while, she probably decided that it was about the right time to gift herself with an extended break from her sex-coffin. Spending a lot of time in it was not all she wanted in life. Her last runs were two of five days and one of eleven days with only two or three days of rest in between. Kitty was not an idiot. Her love for the evil box was undeniable, but she also wanted to spend some time with me as well. She loved me very much and knew I was struggling with loneliness. We did all we could to keep our couple healthy, and it involved sacrifices from both sides.

Her recovery routine completed, she trotted back to our room, where I was waiting for her.

“Zip me!”

Of course, she always needed help to close the lovable, girly, and sexy pink catsuit. Cosmetically, outside the new color, it looked a lot like her old broken black one, but technically, it was a much better product. It was a bit more sturdy, better overall quality, and the sweet padded paws made her life much more complicated and enjoyable. As I was zipping it up, it was my only opportunity to see the human inside the suit. She didn't want me to, but she understood that there was no other choice. The only thing I could see and touch while performing that task was her long straight black hair and the skin of her back.

I respected her wish to only present herself as a latex cat to me, so I tried to keep my actions to a minimum. I moved her hair out of the way and tried not to caress her real skin on purpose. But I wanted to. It was so hard to resist. I could have easily done it as Kitty was super weak. She couldn't prevent me from removing her suit by force; however, knowing it would break all the trust we had in each other, I always refrained from doing so. Loving latex so much, I quickly forgot about my human skin desire as soon as her body was fully encased. I still couldn't believe that my girlfriend was a latex lover. What were the odds? I didn't want to lose that no matter what. Her suit turned me on, and it would remain that way for a very long time. That aside, I still missed her old black catsuit.

“I prefer this one to your old one. But I'm still missing your first one. We should get you more suits so you can alternate colors.”

She climbed on top of me and started to cuddle.

"I don't know. I don't like changing suits. I like this one a lot. It is not the first time you suggest it. Maybe we can look into it ... eventually."

"That's what it was ... a suggestion. I'm fine with my helpless pink Kitty. How are you feeling? No brain damage after 11 days?"

"Hey, the sex-coffin is not worse than watching TV all day while eating chips. My brain is just fine. I wish you'd come to talk to me more often, though, and that maximum punishment is kind of extreme. It hurts a lot," she said.

"Yes, but you decided to add it yourself and set it to 1%. What is the big deal?"

"I'll increase it again."

"Why am I not surprised? Pervy girl. You are so funny, sometimes. Do you remember that you don't even like pain?"

"Meow. I know. Pain sucks. But not having control is a bit hot."

She hit the nail on the head. Kitty never liked pain. As a typical girly girl, she was sensitive and loved tenderness and affection. Pain was not something on her wish list. An occasional slap on the butt was fun, she had no problem with it, but besides that, she needed comfort and pleasure. If I put her in bondage and it caused some pain, she would ask me to redo it differently. A pressure point at the wrong place would spoil the fun of her predicament. But yet, her obsession with losing control made her cross that frontier. Knowing that she could receive pain and that she couldn't do anything about it was such a turn on for her. This continuous reward was how she was able to cope with what she didn't want in certain situations. I didn't like to hurt her, so I was glad the sex-coffin was doing it for me on some rare occasions.

Kitty kept cuddling with me while lying down on my chest. She needed some answer as to why I stopped her fun earlier.

"So why did you stop the box? I don't remember what you said at all," she asked.

"I didn't say much. It was not something I wanted to discuss while you were getting tickled."

"Tickled? I almost passed out."

"Kitty, I did what you suggested."

I dropped the news just like that. I knew Kitty was the one that proposed that I meet up with other women while she was unavailable. I knew that. But yet, I feared her reaction. Hurting her feelings was the last thing I wanted. I wouldn't forgive myself if that were to happen. She paused after I announced it. But then she sat on my belly and put her two cushioned rubber paws on my chest.

"Really? You did it?"

"Yes."

Another awkward pause. Kitty was just staring at me, with her cute rubber face and her little feeding tube in the nostril. Then I saw it ... her famous corner of the mouth upward twitch.

"Kitty ... Are you trying to retain your smile again?"

"Pfff... hahaha ... REALLY?"

Now she was laughing out loud. I was not sure what was so funny in seeing me worrying myself to death, but she certainly didn't take the announcement badly, which was a relief.

"Yes, really. But it is not going to work."

"Aaaah! I'm so proud of you for trying. I didn't think you would have the guts to do it," she said.

"Hey, now. Be nice! It was hard."

"Cute?"

"Her? ... Yes. She is as tiny as you."

"Smart?"

"Very."

"Hot sex?"

"... We just cuddled and kissed."

"Really? So you didn't do what I suggested then," she retorted.

"Ah, come on, Kitty. It is not like all the girls are sex maniacs like you. It was just nice and comfortable. I was not ready for more anyway. You are my one," I said.

"I know I am, and this is why I told you to go play with another girl. I am not scared that you'd leave me. Anyway, I'm not surprised that you kept things simple. You're cute. You always think way too much instead of enjoying the moment. But I'm still proud of you."

She poked me on the forehead with her paw. She then let her body fall back down on my chest and wiggled a bit to get comfy before restarting the interrogation.

"So, why do you say it won't work? Feeling too guilty?"

"That is not it. I can fight the feeling. It is more that it is not what I want deep down. What I want is you, Kitty. Not a one night stand."

"I know. We are trying to find a good balance here," she said, knowing we had this conversation numerous times before.

"Yes, but Erika planted some good thoughts into my head. I wanted to know what you'd think."

"Erikaaaa ... Erikaaaa ... Such a sexy name. Okay, what did she say? By the way, I need to pee again."

"Sorry. You can't. We are having a discussion, just wait. So, what Erika said is that we should find someone that we would learn to love, and that would become part of our family."

"Polygamy!"

"Uh? ... Said like that, you make it sound weird, Kitty."

"Mark, a cat is a cat. It is polygamy. And ... really? Interesting."

"See, you are confused about it too. In a nutshell, she said that our lifestyle is atypical, and because of what we like to do, there is potential room for a person that will complement our couple. So, how much do you like women?" I asked.

"How much do you like men?" Kitty counter-asked.

“Fair enough! But while you are occupied, I would be the one that would have to deal with the 3rd person.”

“If she is a cat, I can tolerate her.”

“A cat? I doubt we will ever find another someone like you, sorry to break it to you.”

“Erika, she is not a cat?”

“No, she is a red-haired girl with freckles. She did find you cute, though, when I showed her your pictures.”

“So, she is gonna move in?”

“Woah! Erika suggested that we find someone else; she didn't ask to join our family. You are going a bit too fast, don't you think?”

“It is amazing how little you know about how people, Mark. You should listen to yourself, it is funny.”

As if she was convinced that I was wrong, she didn't hesitate to make me feel it. She didn't even meet Erika once, and she already thought that the girl could be a good candidate to expand our household? I knew Kitty, much better than before, and she may have picked up on something that had eluded me. As she said, I was not that good at reading minds. It was worth listening to what she had to say. Kitty sat on my belly again.

“If she told you, it is because she considers it herself. Simple as that. Say, did she tell you what she thought about a threesome?”

“No ... wait ... Yes, Erika did mention something at the pub yesterday.”

“I bet she was open to considering it.”

How did Kitty do that? It was a mystery. What kind of creature could think that quickly and always be right? She left me in the dust before the race even started.

“... Yes. She was.”

“Call her!”

“What? No! She just left yesterday.”

“Call her!”

“Kitty, stop.”

“Call her!”

“No. Why do you want me to call her?”

“Invite her back here.”

Kitty stretched her arm and tried to reach my phone that was sitting on the nightstand. I stopped her and grabbed it before she smashed it on the ground with her cuddly paws; it happened before.

“Call her. Now. On speakerphone, I want to hear.”

She was putting one of her paws on my face while still trying to reach the phone with the other.

“Kitty, you are impossible. Ok! Ok! ... I’ll do it. Stop! Leave my phone alone.”

“Wait, unzip your pants first!” she ordered.

“Why?”

“I want to give you a blowjob while you are talking to her, it would turn me on.”

At that point, I almost had regrets. I should have left Kitty inside the sex coffin for a couple more weeks. In the end, I was not going to win, and she knew it. I pulled my cock out, and Kitty took it in her mouth and started sucking it quietly. I placed a hand on top of her latex head, and I dialed Erika's number with my free hand. I put my phone on speaker as Kitty asked me.

“Hello?”

“Hey Erika, it’s Mark.”

“Well, well, well! It didn’t take long. I thought we said we were going to text.”

“I’m sorry about that, but I told Kitty about you, and she was curious.”

“She asked you to call me? Haha ... Cute.”

“Aaaaaaanh ... mmmm!”

Why in the world was Kitty doing that for? That was so rude ... She asked me to call Erika, and she let out some loud moans while I'm talking. I tried to push her head away from my cock using my hand.

“Kitty .. shhh! What are you doing?”

“Mark? Are you fucking her right now?” Erika asked.

Oh god!

“No! ... I’m not! ... Kitty, stop!”

“Aaaaannh! Aaaaannh!”

Kitty kept moaning like a whore. It sounded fake, and it was fake, I could easily tell. She was doing it on purpose to embarrass me. Erika didn’t have the reaction I expected. Apparently, I was the only one that was freaking out about Kitty's impolite behavior. Erika started to laugh.

“Haha. Am I on speakerphone? Kitty, what are you doing to him?”

“I’m giving him a blowjob. He likes it a lot!”

I wanted to die. I fell into a trap, and it was so humiliating. Erika continued the conversation.

“Well, he loves you very much, you know, I’m jealous. Don’t stop until he comes twice. Okay?”

“Got it!” responded Kitty.

“Hey Mark, I have to go now. I’m at a clothing store. Are you available this coming Friday night? I want to see Kitty.”

“... Y ... Yes.”

“Cool! See you, you two. Have fun!”

*Click!*

What just happened? What just happened? Was I so weak that everybody could manipulate me like a puppet at will? And Kitty was really working hard on my cock now. I was already about to come.

“Kitty ...”

“Cum! We will talk after ...”

I was ready, so it was not a difficult thing to do. I shot a big load inside her throat. That was pretty much the only thing she was eating these days now that she had a feeding tube installed. She swallowed it all, but yet, she wouldn't stop sucking.

“Kitty, I came ... stop ... it's sensitive.”

“No. Erika said to cum twice!”

I was going to auction that rubber cat!

After what she did, I threw Kitty in her crate and left her there for three whole days. I also made her believe that I was overfeeding her to make her gain more weight. I told her I'd make her fat and force her to wear a pig suit. She wasn't too sure if I was serious or not on that one. That kept her a bit quieter during her punishment. Of course, I provided her with several sex toys, so she didn't get too bored.

The days rolled by, and Friday quickly arrived. There was a certain febrility in the air. I was anxious since Erika would meet Kitty in person for the first time, and Kitty was eager because she couldn't wait to meet her. One thing we had to decide was how the latex cat was going to greet her. Should she be locked in her crate? Should she be hogtied on the couch? Should she be running free?

“The crate!” said Kitty.

Those were useless questions. Kitty had her mind made up already. Needless to say that she would also be wearing her full rubber catsuit and her pink collar. She didn't wear it often anymore; we forgot about it most of the time. Her suit wasn't locked most of the time, either. We mostly added those accessories when we felt a bit more frisky.

“Alright, crate it is.”

I pushed her inside it with the side of my foot and closed the door. The padlocks went on. I left the keys on top of it. Somehow, I wasn't too worried about Erika seeing this kinky scene. She did enter the crate for fun when she was here last time and thought it was cool. Now we only had to wait for our red-haired friend.

I was nervous. One thing I didn't tell Kitty was that after spending a full day with Erika last week, I thought I was starting to develop feelings for her. I pushed them back down, as I was not ready to accept them, but I knew they were there. I thought about it on several occasions during the past few days. Those feelings didn't appear during or after our long cuddle and makeout session. They first appeared at the pub when I was telling her all about Kitty. My feelings for my rubber catgirl were powerful, but on that night, there was something new. I was attracted to Erika. She was so lovely, so funny, so open-minded and smart. All the things that I love in a person. It was not an instant crush like I had with Kitty at the bookstore; it was something just more mature, perhaps it was because she was a bit older. Who knew?

The more I was thinking about this, the more I started to understand why Kitty insisted so hard to invite Erika back in a hurry. Kitty was incredibly perceptive. She could read my mind like nobody else. I was wondering if, when I told her about Erika, she sensed that I was perhaps falling for that new person. That was definitely something Kitty would have picked up on. It made so much sense that it was scary.

*Ding!*

Erika arrived. I let her in, and she gave me a big hug. I kind of wanted to kiss her too, but it felt a bit awkward.

"Aaah, it's so nice to see you again. I kind of missed those hugs," she said.

Before I could even reply, and that was funny, she jogged straight to the living room to find the crate holding Kitty prisoner and crouched down in front of it. It was as if she predicted that it would be her location. She put her backpack aside and plunged her two arms inside the cage to cuddle her.

"OMG! You are so adorable! I'm so jealous."

"Thank you. I'm Kitty!"

Erika was thrilled to meet her finally. Very excited. It was a cute scene to see them interacting with each other for the first time. Erika pulled on Kitty's ears, and Kitty showed off her cushioned paws. They gave me the impression that they were already best friends. Erika then turned to me and asked me something rather unexpected.

"Mark, I have a weird favor to ask?"

"Kitty is mine. You cannot keep her."

“Haha. No. I know that. I want to make a trade with you ...”

“A trade? What do you mean?”

“I will give you a long deep kiss, and in exchange, you leave me alone with Kitty for a couple of hours,” she said.

“Well, that sounds hot. I want to see that kiss,” added Kitty, trying to peek through her crate's door.

What a strange request. I was all for the deep kiss, but I wasn't so sure I wanted to leave them alone together. They had never met before, after all ... and I wanted to spend time with them too. It was probably that second reason that bugged me the most. But, of course, I vocalized the former to look more manly.

“I don't know, guys ... You don't know each other. What are you planning to do with Kitty, Erika?”

“Haha ... nothing. I just want to get to know her one on one, that's all.”

“Mark, I want to see that kiss! Mmm,” Kitty insisted, a bit turned on.

“Why do I have to leave? Leaving the house?”

“Come on, Mark, you know I was looking forward to meeting her. Kitty and I will cuddle with you all night when you come back if the kiss isn't enough.”

“Okay, now that's very hot ... Mark, get out!” kitty added in a cheerful tone.

Okay, that deal suddenly got better, indeed. Cuddling with two cute girls all night? The thought was making me hard. Ah, well, why not? Erika was obsessed with Kitty last time, so this was probably a dream come true to meet her. I didn't want to spoil her fun. It was odd, I didn't want to leave, but rationally speaking, she was not asking for much. I grabbed Erika by the waist and made sure Kitty could see us.

“Make it count!” I said to Erika.

“Aaanh!” Kitty moaned

I started kissing the small Erika. She put all her heart into it. We kissed for probably 2-3 minutes, and she became all warm and even moaned a little before it ended. That was way more than I expected. My feelings for her were definitely present. She was bold and awesome. I'm pretty sure Kitty had her two paws down to her crotch.

“Alright, girls. When you are done getting to know each other, just text me. I'll go get a coffee at the mall. But don't let me rot forever, okay?”

I grabbed my keys and coat and headed out to my car.

I waited at the mall for what seemed an eternity, but they were not exceeding the reasonable limit of my patience. I was not too bored, though, it was actually nice to relax a bit. One thing Kitty taught me during the past year was to be a little bit less inside my head. Sitting here at the



mall, in front of a coffee shop, eating a muffin, I was observing the different people walking past me. Everybody was different, and I wondered what kind of relationships they had at home. Was my relationship with Kitty that weird? It was surely special, but I couldn't be the only one with a girlfriend that had an intense rubber fetish. It was nice to observe, to be in the present moment. To wonder about what was going on around me, and not worrying about anything. My cell phone vibrated, pulling me out of my self-exploratory experience.

Bzzz! "Come."

Bzzz! "Now."

Bzzz! "Love much."

If I had a fear that Erika took over Kitty's cell phone, I was reassured. Only she could type that way. Love much. That was cute. I texted her back.

"You girls are having fun?"

Bzzz! "Yes. She is gone."

"Erika is gone?"

Bzzz! "Yes. Come. Surprise."

"Alright. I'm on my way."

Kitty was using her mouth to text me on her phone with a touch pen. I wasn't going to ask her for a complete report. I was wondering what would be the surprise, but I was more curious to know why Erika left. I was looking forward to cuddling with two cute girls all night. I had never experienced that, so it was a bit sad.

A few minutes later, I got back to my house and walked up the stairs to the living room. There was nobody. The cage was open, but nothing else.

"Kitty? Where are you?"

No answer. I knew Erika left because her car was gone, but I hoped she had not abducted my girlfriend, that wouldn't be funny. I looked around some more and climbed up another flight of stairs and entered my bedroom. Kitty was sitting on the bed, a little feeding tube in the nose and catheter dangling from her crotch as usual. But something was different with her this time.

"Ah! Here you are. Why didn't you answer when I was calling? Hey, why did Erika leave? And what is this over your eyes? A blindfold? Did she put that on you?"

Kitty just groaned. She pointed at something random with her paw or something. That blindfold was a new addition. I sat next to her and took a closer look. Her new blindfold was all perforated. Could she see anything? I went to pull it off her face, but she slapped my hand with her cushy paw and groaned again.

“Well, at least I know you can see me now. Why are you not talking? Where is Erika? Hey, that pink lipstick is new too. That’s cute. What did she do to you?”

Kitty never wore lipstick or any makeup for that matter. It was a bit of a strange scene. It made me wonder what she was trying to achieve. I couldn’t see her eyes, so it was challenging to know what was going on. Then she pointed with her little paw again at a piece of paper that was sitting on the nightstand. That was what she was trying to do since I got into the bedroom. It was a note. I was pretty sure there would be a couple of answers in there. I picked it up and started reading. It was from Erika.

*“Hi Mark, I’m sorry, something came up, and I cannot stay tonight. I’ll be back tomorrow, I promise. So as an apology, I prepared Kitty for you. I hid her eyes behind a perforated blindfold (I wanted to give her later tonight, ah well), put some cute makeup on her, and told her that she was not allowed to speak until tomorrow. You told me Kitty loved to lose control, and I thought a touch of mystery would do some good to your relationship. I left you a surprise too. I wanted to share it with you guys, but you can get it even if I’m not here. Ask her about that later, she knows about it.*

*Enjoy your evening, guys, I should be back around noon tomorrow. Wait for me before having lunch. Otherwise, I’ll gut you like a fish.*

*PS: I don’t think Kitty liked my “you can’t speak” idea and blindfold. But I told her that I’d not cuddle with her tomorrow if she didn’t comply. Make sure to tell me if she fails, and we will punish her. >:)*

That was Erika, alright. Well, I was sad that she had to go, but that was nice. Kitty and I didn’t do a lot of things like that, mysterious things. I turned to Kitty. She was sitting like a cat next to me. I had to use this opportunity to make fun of her situation.

“You totally got blackmailed. So this was all Erika’s idea? Kitty, you got yourself in trouble again. Hehe. I will absolutely tell her if you fail.”

She groaned some more and gave me her usual corner of the lip upward twitch. I could tell she was not so happy about this plan. She got blackmailed, and she had no choice. All was good, Kitty being kitty wrapped her arms around my neck and started to kiss me deeply. She was so good at it, I could kiss a thousand women, and I would find her in the mass just because of how good she was. She lets a couple of those erotic moans out. I was getting excited. Still, I broke the kiss.

“Kitty, you are so hot. But what is the surprise she was talking about?”

I wanted this surprise. Kitty just groaned at me again, pointing at her mouth, indicating that she shouldn’t talk. She wanted to, but probably wanted to cuddle Erika even more tomorrow. The rubber cat tugged on my arm clumsily and pushed me on my back. Then she tried

unsuccessfully to pull down my pants, so I assisted her with this task. She moved my hand to her crotch, obviously wanting something from me right now. A splash of pussy juice came out when I unzipped her. We didn't fuck in a while, so I understood why she was wet like this, but this was something else. Maybe Erika played with her for a bit before leaving too. I won't know for sure until tomorrow. She was dripping and moaning. She didn't wait for a second to put my cock inside her vagina, all the way in, in one shot. The heat of her pussy was off the chart.

She fucked me so hard while moaning more and more. For some reason, her orgasm was taking much more time to build up than usual. It was fun to watch how frustrated she was today. She wanted to cum but couldn't. Slowly she was getting there, though. I was doing what I could with my hands to assist her. By massaging her small engorged breast, rubbing her neck and pulling her into deep kisses, caressing her tiny waist and body, she was getting closer. I couldn't get enough of my Kitty.

Then it just happened I felt her pussy starting to quiver and clench, and a massive orgasm washed over her in a way that I had never seen before. It was so hot that I also came at the same time, filling her pussy with a huge load of warm cum. At least that is what I liked to tell myself.

Kitty collapsed on my chest, and her small body trembled and shivered, still assaulted by sexual waves. I guessed this intensity was the reward for trying something different. I tried to calm her down by rubbing her back with my hands and whispering tender words in her cat ears. We just stayed there cuddling tenderly.

"That was something else. You never had one like this before."

"Mmmm mmm ...."

She just kept moaning softly as I was calming her down.

"I love you, Kitty. I love you so much. You are amazing."

She lifted her head and looked at me with a discreet smile. Even through her strange perforated blindfold, I could feel the gentleness in her eyes.

"You know what ... I like this blindfold of yours, let's keep it for a while, ok? Not just tonight. I think it's cool."

"Ok!" she said in a barely audible whisper.

"Hey, no talking! Whispering is talking. Unless you want Erika to punish you tomorrow?"

"pffff"

We stayed like this for a while and had a small nap. The first day I met her, I remembered that I laid down on the couch and she fell asleep on my chest. Back then, she told me that she liked

doing this. Since then, we did it all the time. We drifted off to sleep for short naps all the time; it was our thing as lovers.

When we woke up, it was time to eat. As usual, I sat Kitty on top of the kitchen Island and began preparing her liquid meal.

“So, you are not gonna tell what my surprise is?”

Kitty shook her head.

“I see ... I have to guess then?”

Kitty nodded again.

“What if I overfeed you again, will you talk?”

Kitty shook her head no.

“Alright, then. Let’s put that to the test. Extra-large food portion coming!”

Kitty groaned ... but what was she going to do to stop me?

“Okay, then ... mmm Is it a dog?”

Kitty groaned and shook her head no.

“Hehe, you are a tough nut to crack tonight.”

I walked up to her with the big syringe containing a meal and a half. She hated it when I overfed her. I connected it to her feeding tube.

“Last chance to tell me! No? Okay, here it comes.”

I injected the large quantity of food right to her tiny stomach. It only took 15 seconds. The paw she put on her stomach, and the long groan she emitted were a reflection of her discomfort. It was almost making me feel irresponsible.

“Haha. Poor Kitty, that was mean. I’m sorry. Here, come, we are going to make you pee, and we will watch a movie and cuddle. Would that work?”

She nodded and wrapped her arms around my neck for a deep kiss. She always did that after I fed her. I grabbed her by the waist and put her down on the floor. After a quick pitstop to the washroom, I carried to the living room while kissing her some more. We never watched movies

together as she was not interested in TV stuff. She always told me that it was boring. I didn't know if Erika talked to her or something, but she seems much calmer tonight. She didn't complain when I proposed this activity, and I didn't even know how much she could see through this weird blindfold. Well, at least I was going to enjoy a movie with my girlfriend for once. I picked something a bit girly, and for some odd reason, it seemed to work because she cuddled me during the whole thing, to my great joy. I don't think she watched it at all. Perhaps, that was all she wanted, just to cuddle.

After the movie, the mute Kitty stood up and poorly tried to explain something to me. She was really bad at miming. Making fun of her for that was more than likely why I got punched in the chest again by her cushy paw. I had no clue what she was trying to tell me. She bolted to the kitchen and started rummaging in one of the cupboards. The brave rubber cat didn't call for help. She quickly came back, holding something in her arms. She sat back on my lap and showed the item to me.

"Whiskey? Is this the surprise that Erika mentioned in her note?"

She nodded.

"Oh wow, that is a good bottle too. Are you sure it is okay if we open it without her?"

She nodded again. She pushed the bottle against my chest and tapped on the cap with her little paw.

"Ok, are you drinking with me? Remember what happened last Christmas ..."

She groaned.

"Haha, yeah, you are trying to forget ... So, you want to drink it normally, or you want it in your feeding tube?"

She brought her paw to her chin and cocked her head to the side, thinking. Then decided to point at her nose.

"Okay then, mute latex Kitty. I'll be back."

I went to the kitchen and grabbed a small glass and a syringe. It was bizarre, but I liked this little game of not talking tonight. No eyes, no words. It was forcing me to communicate differently. I felt as if it was deepening the already solid bond I had with Kitty. I sat back on the couch, and Kitty sat back on my lap with her knees on each side of my hips, I felt grateful. Grateful to Kitty, of course, for being so awesome, cute, and funny. But this feeling extended to Erika, that set in motion this whole evening as an apology for dropping the ball on us.

“You know what Kitty, I love you so much. I don't know what I'd do without you. You are the helpless one most of the time, but I feel that I am the helpless one tonight. You are so fantastic.”

She leaned forward and gave me a deep sensual kiss before tapping on the whiskey bottle again.

“Ha! Right. You only care about that tonight.”

Kitty nodded.

I filled up my glass to gauge approximately a small portion and plunged the syringe in it to fill it up. I connected it to Kitty's feeding tube and injected the liquid directly through her nose and down to her stomach. She paused ... waited ... then she roughly slapped the syringe off my hand. It went flying to the other end of the room.

“Haha .. What was that about? Did you just realize you couldn't taste it? It was a crime, right?”

She groaned and nodded. That was hilarious. Then she tapped me on the mouth with her paw.

“Ok, sure, my turn ...”

I filled my glass a bit, but before I could drink it, Kitty surprised me. She put her paws on my hand and guided the glass to her lips. With my help, she sucked the alcohol and leaned forward to kiss me. The delicious liquid warmed up by her love and affection was slowly transferred to my mouth. Okay ... THAT might have been the hottest thing I had ever done with her. I got a hard-on right away for some reason. There was something so sexual about drinking hard liquor that way. Kitty felt what was happening in my pants and, of course, started rubbing her crotch on my bulge. I was the luckiest person on Earth.

No words were needed. We had a shared understanding of what we needed. I quickly lowered my pants and underwear and unzipped Kitty's crotch. She sat back down and inserted my cock inside herself. It was not more to fuck than to be closer to each other.

We stayed like this, and we slowly went back and forth with the whiskey and the hips movement. Sometimes Kitty was drinking, and sometimes she was making me drink through her erotic kisses. Soon enough, we were both drunk. We went too far. Way too far. We could barely hold ourselves up. At that point, Kitty slid down to the floor, or falling might have been a more appropriate word to describe it. I was so hammered, but I knew what she wanted to do. She gave me the best drunken blowjob of my life.

The evening ended when Kitty tapped once more on the whiskey bottle. She was already destroyed, and so was I. So a bit more wouldn't change anything. Yeah, that was called

impaired judgment. Because I was so drunk, I overfilled the glass. In a desperate instinctive attempt to not kill the now distorted Kitty, I found enough mental strength to reconsider.

“No! Kitty, sorry, this is too much for you, you’ll get sick.”

She put her paw on my arm and used her voice for the first time tonight.

“It is fine.”

“You ... you sure?”

“Yes, I can take it. I have Irish genes.”

What the fuck was she talking about? She was caucasian-Asian, not Irish. I was hammered, and she was smashed. Nothing made sense anymore. I barely knew where I was and what I was doing. Ah, whatever. I brought the glass to her lips and made her drink it while she was giggling ... There was still one-third left, which I took care of. If she wasn’t going to regret this, I knew I would. She stood up unsteadily and gave me a deep kiss ... before falling back down on the thick carpet.

She dragged herself to her crate and crawled inside it, not without hitting her head twice on the frame. I locked the door and connected her urine bag to her catheter. I barely had enough consciousness to remember how to do actions that I did so often in the past. I then squeezed a big bottle of water through the bars of her door; she was undoubtedly going to need it.

“Good night Kitty .. see you tomorrow.”

“Good night Mark!”

I went upstairs and dropped like a rock on my bed, and my brain turned off like an old black and white TV instantaneously.

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In the middle of the night, while I was trying to survive the extreme drunkenness, I felt something pushing me.

“Mark! Wake up!”

I cracked one eye open but was obviously not awake at all. The whole room was spinning, making me very nauseous. In the darkness, I deciphered Kitty’s face ... she was trying to talk to me.

“W... what do you want? Go away!”

“Pee. Bad! Help!”

“... Let me sleep!”

I tried to push her away, but my hand only pushed air. I was still way too drunk to understand any basic forms of human language. I had no clue what time it was, but I wasn't going to wake up. Words kept coming but kept refracting on my sleeping aura before reaching my ears. Then I felt a big hit in my ribs.

"Oww! What the fuck do you want? Leave me alone!"

"PEE ... NOW! IT HURTS!"

"Aaaah ... " I groaned.

My juicy brain must have understood enough to activate a handful of emergency synapses. I extended my arm to Kitty's crotch and pulled the clamp off her catheter, and threw it away.

"Let me sleep!"

Kitty dashed to the washroom as she was leaking pee everywhere, unable to control the flow at all. The clamp was gone, broken.

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Dry ... My brain ... dry. It was as if it shriveled inside my skull, I thought. I could see a bit of sunlight trying to peek through the heavy curtains. What time was it? Why was I so miserable? I rolled to my back, and slowly, my neurons were firing back up one by one ... 5 trillion to go. I was trying to remember how I ended up in this weakened state. Kitty ... Oh yes ... Kitty. What a fantastic evening. It was crazy. I had to say; it was probably one of the best nights I ever had with her so far. I could have been frustrated by her mutism, but I decided to play along, and it was the best decision ever.

But right now ... I needed water more than anything in the world. I dragged my carcass out of bed and started walking toward the bathroom.

"Why ... Why is the floor all wet? What happened here?"

I stupidly looked at the ceiling to see if there was a leak, it was quite rainy recently, but I saw nothing out of the ordinary. The trail of wetness was going all the way to the toilet in the bathroom. What in the world happened here? Was the toilet leaking? I tossed a big towel to the floor and started drying it. I stopped for a second in front of the sink. Water ... source of life. I filled up a glass and gulped it down in one shot before refilling it. Slowly, I made my way back to the bedroom while pushing the towel with my foot ... the trail of liquid entered my bedroom.

"What in the world ..."



For the life of me, I couldn't remember anything about this. Was I that drunk? I got into the room and opened up the curtains carefully. It was bright outside. Nope, it didn't rain. I looked at my watch, and it was indicating 10:17 am. I whispered to myself.

"Jesus ... Did I drink that much? Kitty must be in terrible shape inside her crate. Pretty sure she drank as much as me. I better go check on her right away."

"I'm right here."

I turned around in shock. That voice ... that rubber cat ... Here she was, lying down on my bed, wearing her pink suit, weird blindfold, and novelty pink lipstick. She was also squeezing a large towel between her legs.

"Kitty? What the hell are you doing here?"

"I live here, remember?" she retorted.

"Didn't I put you in your crate last night?" I asked, totally confused.

"Does it look like it?"

"I ... put you in your crate ... I'm sure of it."

"You were drunk, my love," she said with a certain sarcasm.

"You were drunk too, my love. Wow ... I don't know what was in that whiskey then. Hey, what's up with that towel between your legs?"

"You broke my catheter clamp last night; now I can't stop leaking."

"I ... I did?"

I had no recollection of what she was telling me. But yet, she must have been right, why would she make that up? Clearly, she was not in her crate, and she was indeed leaking, plus all that water in the hallway, that must have been pee. I didn't remember a thing.

"I'm so sorry, Kitty. We will take care of that right now. Come."

As I led her back to the bathroom, holding the towel to her crotch, I thought she was in perfect shape for someone that small that drank that much.

"You seem ... well."

"I'm hungry."

"What? Even with that super sized portion, I gave you yesterday as a punishment? You ate more than me, and you are hungry? That is unlike you."

"I don't know, Mark ... Feed me."

"Okay, weird ... Let me clamp that thing off first."

After fixing her catheter issue, we went downstairs straight to the kitchen. As usual, I sat her on top of the kitchen island and started preparing her food.

"Regular portion this morning, else it is true that you'll get bigger."

"I don't want to get bigger. Bleh! So did you have fun last night?"

"Are you kidding, Kitty? Yes, It was amazing last night. Thanks for everything. We should do this more often."

"It was Erika's idea. You'll have to thank her. Did you love me last night?" she asked.

"Ok, it didn't look like it this morning, but, obviously, you drank too much. What kind of question is that? I always love you."

"I know that. But last night, from when we made love until we got drunk. Out of ten, how much did you love me? Like in, you really liked all I did, and you wanted more of it over and over."

"Ten ... Absolutely ten," I said with conviction.

"Feed me. I want to show you something."

"Another surprise for me?"

"Yes, but it is not whiskey. Feed me!"

Good, I really didn't want more whiskey at this point. Happy to obey her highness the sexy latex catgirl, I injected her breakfast in the tube, followed by a bit of water to rinse it off. As usual, I was rewarded with a deep kiss from Kitty. She jumped down the island and grabbed my hand with her cushioned little paws, and put it over her shoulder to tug me along.

"Living room."

"Ok? ... Why the mysterious attitude?"

I followed her lead, staring at her cat ears from behind. Then she told me to sit on the couch, which I did, and she sat like a cat next to me and waited.

"Okay? ... We are on the couch. Now what?"

"Nothing, we wait."

"We wait? What are ..."

"Shhh ... Stop talking. Wait. It will happen soon."

The next few minutes were very long. I had no clue what Kitty was referring to, and nothing was happening. She looked bored too. She was looking at her own paws, even licking them.

"Kitty ... your surprise is boring ..."

"I know ... sorry, but wait ... I'm sure it will happen."

She stood up and walked to her pink crate and looked at it. Then she kicked the closed door with her foot, which made the hasps rattle loudly. Then she quickly ran back and jumped on the couch next to me.

"What the hell, Kitty? What was that for?"

Then it happened ... A female lamentation came out of the crate.

“Aaaaah ... My fucking head!”

That voice ...

“... Son of a bitch! That was way too much! Fucking hell.”

Those colorful words ...

I thought at that specific moment; I had died. There was no word to describe what I was feeling. I was entirely frozen and didn't dare to breathe or move anymore. This familiar voice came from Kitty's crate. It wasn't a dream. On the side of the box was the urine bag almost at capacity. It was betraying the fact that someone was hooked up to it. I didn't notice it at all because Kitty was on the couch next to me, and she was the only person that ever made use of it. Then something hit the door from the inside of the crate, making the padlocks rattle loudly. I jumped.

Like a torrent of memories, I recalled every single detail of my evening with Kitty the day before. The way we fucked, the way we played in the kitchen, the way we kissed, the way we cuddled in front of a movie, the erotic way we drank, and very precisely the way I put her back in her cage and locked her in for the night. Those were vivid memories. I wanted to die.

“Kitty ...”

“Yes?”

“Why are you not in your crate?”

“What are you talking about? I am.”

“No. No, you are not! You are sitting on the couch next to me. Why are you not in the crate?”

“I told you. I am. Go take a look,” she said giggling.

I would have loved to, but I couldn't move. I was paralyzed, confused, distressed. Kitty started to make fun of me.

“Haha ... What's wrong, Mark? ... What if I told you that I taught her to move like me, to kiss like me, to moan like me ... Not bad for a 2 hours crash course. I'm pretty proud of her and myself, I'd say.”

HER!

Somehow I found enough strength to stand up and step toward the crate. I sat down in front of it, and what I saw in it was ... Kitty ... or a copy of her. The pink sexy fetishist latex catgirl that I love so very much with all my heart was inside the crate, looking at me. But yet, she was also sitting on the couch, laughing at me.

“E ... ERIKA????”

“... Heeeeeeeey! Mark ... hehe ... helloooo.”

“Is it really ... you? What in the world ...”

“Hee hee ... Well ... embarrassing a bit ... isn't it?”

I looked back at Kitty that was sitting on the couch ... then back at the crate ...

“No ... fucking ... way!” I said, totally mesmerized.

All the dots were connecting at the speed of light despite my efforts to deny reality. Since I came back from the mall yesterday, it was Erika all along. It was a big set up to make me believe she was gone and that I was having fun with Kitty. Last night, I kissed Erika, I fucked Erika, I overfed Erika, I watched a movie with Erika, I got drunk with Erika, I got a blowjob from Erika ... I put Erika in the crate for the night ... The lipstick ... the blindfold ... It was to hide her true identity from me. Last night ... I had ... loved ... Erika!

My shaky hands grabbed the key from the top of the crate and unlocked the two big padlocks. I opened the two hasps and pulled the door open. Slowly the impossible pink sexy rubber cat crawled out. She slowly climbed on me, and while I was frozen, she gave me a big kiss on the mouth. This kiss was definitely from Erika this time ...

“Help me with this, would you,” she said as she pointed at her crotch.

Having done this with Kitty a million times, my limbs moved on autopilot to disconnect her catheter, and I clamped it up. She then stood up and walked to the couch and sat next to Kitty, exactly like Kitty. They were perfect twins. After 10 seconds, my severely damaged mind couldn't tell them apart anymore. I had no idea who was who. They both wore the exact same pink and white latex suit. They had the same ears and tail. Same soft cushioned paws. Similar body shape, same perforated blindfold concealing their identity and same pink lipstick hiding the color of their lips. They both had a feeding tube in the right nostril, and a catheter was dangling from their crotch. It was a mirror image. One of them spoke to the other.

“Do you think he will be okay?” she said.

“I don't know, he looks a bit lost,” she said.

I had no idea who said what. This shouldn't be possible. How did this happen? Why? One of them talked again.

“Let's go upstairs to lay down on the bed. We can cuddle with him and chat about this. He looks in shock. I never quite saw him like this. I hope he is okay.”

The two pink cats came to pick me up gently and led me upstairs. I just followed them like a zombie. They made me lie down on the bed before joining me, one on each side. I had no clue who was who. I never felt like this before. My emotions were so mixed up that I couldn't make head or tails of this insane situation.

“Let's make him relax a bit. You take the cock. I do the cuddling,” she said.

“Works for me,” she said.

What followed was unreal. I was there, on my bed, with two hypersexualized sexy latex catgirls, literally unable to resist their assault.

I really wanted my girlfriend right now, to reassure me, to take care of me, to save me ... but there were two of her.