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Feliformia

Chapter 12 - Cats of the Caribbean - Part 3

"Elizabeth! We need two more cathead sandwiches and another shrimp skewer."

"Yes! Right away!"

"Michelle, do we have any more Old Castle beer?"

"No. We ran out. This is ridiculous."

"It's okay. We will just sell them something else. So, Erika? How is it going?"

"Someone, PLEASE! Go tell Kitty to come back here. I don't know what she is doing up there on the curb, but she is sending us way too many clients. We can't keep up!"

"I'll go get her."

"Thanks Mark!"

Chaos! That was the only way to describe what was happening at the inn right now. Erika, Elizabeth, Michelle, and Mae were having a hard time keeping up with the operation.

Mae was one impressive waitress, though. Not only had she accepted to wear this "uniform," which was merely a sexy bikini with cat ears, tail, cute cuffs, and a collar, but on top of that, she was a machine. Her energy level was off the chart, and being the only one who really knew what she was doing, she directed everybody around with a smile.

As I walked along the path leading to the main road where Kitty was posted with her big sign to attract new clients, two more cars loaded with people headed toward the Cats of the Caribbean inn. The number of clients that we got since its opening was absurd. The dining room was full, the terrace outside was packed, and people were even okay with standing around and drinking on the beach.

So far, the cathead sandwich was our bestseller, so much that Syr was about to send me back to the grocery store to get more ingredients before running out.

It was very entertaining to see Erika serving people. At first, she was very self-conscious about wearing this sexy outfit in front of strangers, but the sheer amount of work forced her to forget what she looked like. Amusingly, her lack of patience with the client was somehow helping. When the small five foot two red-haired woman entered the dining room while yelling, "Who ordered this freakin' sandwich?" instead of trying to remember who it was, people thought she was adorable. Good thing they didn't know she was actually pissed.

On the other hand, Mae was the dream girl, always smiling, always friendly with the clients, and there was never a single problem that she couldn't resolve. She was a master at using her womanly charm to get more tips. I stopped counting how many selfies she took with clients while pushing her generous chest forward.

When I approached the road, I found Kitty leaning against a car that had stopped to talk to her. I waited for her to finish her social work, admiring her butt that was sticking out nicely, and sure enough, the driver headed toward the inn; another successfully charmed client.

"Hey, Cathead. That's enough for now. There are too many clients."

"Really?"

"Yes, I don't know how you did it, but it worked. Let's walk back to the inn."

"Okay, but you carry my sign. And it was easy. I just showed my boob crack to the males and flirted with the females."

"I can see the boobs working for guys, but flirting with the females? Really?"

"Yes. Every female has an inner lesbian."

"Alright. If you say so."

As usual, Kitty had her very own special interpretation of reality, but she always proved us wrong, so I wouldn't start arguing with her today; I knew better.

"So, Kitty, I wanted to tell you... You were right about Mae. Without her, we would have been in big trouble. She is running the dining room like a champ. I don't know how you managed to sense that, but it was a good thing."

"I didn't sense anything. I just thought she was cute and wanted to see her wearing a small catgirl bikini."

"Why am I not surprised?"

"I'm sure she is a lesbian."

"Haha. Where does that come from? I don't think she is a lesbian, no. You should see her rubbing her sexy body on the male customers to get more money out of them."

"I'll ask her. I'm sure she is."

"Don't ask her that, Kitty. Common... be nice. It's her first day. Give her a break."

"Why not? I need to know if I can have sex with her."

"Aaaah! Seriously? That's all you think about? Corrupting all the cute girls you meet?"

"No... cute guys too, but Mae is just way cuter than everybody else so far."

"Ah, whatever, catbutt... Go help Erika now. She is going to lose her shit and murder a client if you don't help."

"Meow! I would love to see that! Blood everywhere while she is eating his guts like a hyena."

As Kitty happily headed toward Erika to grab her almost naked butt, I made my way to the kitchen to find out if Syr still needed my help. But as soon as I set foot in her domain, I realized that her usual maid manners had vanished.

"Mark! It is imperative that you go back to the grocery store right away. We are about to run out of salami for our cathead sandwich, among other things."

"Okay, I'll bring Kitty back here. We can slice her up. She is delicious."

"This is no time for humorous behavior! Take this list and go to the store at once!"

"Hehe. Yes, Mistress!"

"..."

"Okay... okay! No humorous behavior. I get it. I'll be back in about thirty minutes if everything goes well."

"Do not delay!"

As I walked through the inn, heading for the door, I could really appreciate how packed this place was. Mae was making random drinks at the bar, Erika was scolding a client who had grabbed her tail, and Kitty was explaining to a group of men that she saw a creature in the kitchen a while ago, a big one based on the way she was opening her arms as if she were telling a fishing tale.

The only one who wasn't around anymore was Michelle, so I asked Mae out of curiosity.

"Hey, did you see Michelle? She was there a moment ago. It's her inn, and she should help you a bit more than that."

"She said she went to rest. But it's okay. Everything is under control. I've worked in busier places than this."

"To rest!? Seriously!? No way! I don't care if she hates me even more, but I'm not going to let her get away with this. Letting all the girls work their ass off while resting. Come on, give me a break!"

Mae just shrugged and resumed her work, clearly not wanting to get involved in a conflict she knew nothing about.

I climbed the stairs and headed straight to Michelle's bedroom, but just as I was going to bang on her door, I realized that it was cracked open already, so I pushed it open slowly with a couple of fingers.

She was there, sitting on the floor under the window, hugging her knees with her face down.

"Hey? What do you think you are doing?"

"Oh! Great... you again!"

"Wait a minute... are you crying?"

"Whatever! Why do you care?"

Cold as ever. I let a long sigh out and sat on the floor next to her.

"Alright. Do you want to tell me what your problem is?"

"I'm fine. Just taking a break. I'm a bit overwhelmed, that's all."

"No, I mean, why do you hate me? Is it just because I'm dating your niece?"

"She is more my daughter than my niece. And yes, you are not the first guy who will break her heart."

"... And why would you say something so mean?"

"Look, Elizabeth is beautiful. I know that. But she is more than that. She is sensitive, she has a heavy past, and she will do everything she can to feel loved. I don't think you can understand that. I'm sure you are attracted to her, but she will need more than that to be happy. When you go get the newer model, it will hurt her badly. I don't want her to suffer again."

Wow...

"Well... Michelle... I only have one thing to tell you."

"..."

"Go fuck yourself, you arrogant bitch!"

"WHAT!?"

"Oh, don't give me that offended attitude! That is exactly what you are. An arrogant bitch. You know NOTHING about my relationship with Elizabeth, and you know nothing about her friends either. You just use your motherly love as a pretense to feel better about yourself. I don't know why you are alone on this island, but I suspect it has something to do with this. You are so scared to lose her and end up alone that you are ready to keep her as a psychological inmate. Sure, there is a chance that I will break her heart one day, who knows, but does that mean she should not date anybody just to avoid suffering? This is blatantly stupid."

"..."

"You are not that special, Michelle. Me too, I know all about Elizabeth's past. I know about her parents' tragic death. But you know what? Kitty, Erika, and I support her as much as we can. And she returns the favor too. Your niece takes care of us better than anybody had done before, and it makes all of us happy. Now, tell me how this is a bad thing? Haaa, you know what. Stay here and cry while she and her friends are doing the impossible for you right now. I don't have time to waste on people who just want to put us down in their own selfish interest."

Enough was enough. I put up with this shitty attitude for way too long. If it meant that I would have to sleep somewhere else tonight, so be it. I was done giving my best to someone who didn't deserve it.

But as I was about to exit the room...

"WAIT!"

"What? I don't have time for this. I have to go to the store to buy food to save your inn."

"I'm... I'm sorry..."

"Oh...Sorry? I think I didn't understand that correctly... Can you repeat?"

"I said, I'm sorry, Mark!"

"For what? For treating me like shit because I fixed your inn?"

"Well... yeah... But for not trusting you... with my niece, you know. You are right... I'm just scared for her."

"Bullshit. You are scared for yourself, and you know it."

"Aaaah! What do you want me to say!?"

"Nothing! Just listen to Elizabeth when she talks to you. If she says that she loves me, just try to be happy for her instead of making her life a nightmare. She is not an idiot. She can think for herself and make her own choices. When you ignore me or treat me like shit, I don't care, but it makes her sad when you do it in front of her, and THAT I care."

"MMmph! I don't know how to fix this..."

"For a start, why don't you get off your lazy butt and go work as hard as they do. They are saving your inn right now."

"Aaah! Okay, okay."

Michelle stood up and dragged her feet toward the door, carrying a burden of shame and humiliation. This discussion was far to be over, but there were more pressing things to attend to, which was why I encouraged her some more.

"FASTER!"

"EEEEK!"

The rest of the day was an absolute blur. I went back to the grocery store to get what Syr had requested but still received a nasty stare because it took me a bit longer than the thirty minutes ETA I had given her. Michelle kept a low profile and assisted as much as she could while Kitty and Mae were now best friends forever.

And then, there was Erika...

"EVERYBODY OUT! WE ARE CLOSED! I'M FUCKING DONE WITH YOU! OUT!
OUT!"

The few remaining intoxicated clients happily walked out of the inn, not taking too seriously what a small woman dressed up like a sexy cat was ordering them to do. Only I knew that disobeying Erika would be a very bad idea. She even shoved the last client out before slamming the door shut behind him.

"Aaaaaah! Finally! They are all gone!"

"Meow! That was fun!"

"Fun? Kitty, you did nothing. You just chatted with people all day long."

"Yes, and they bought a lot more food and drinks because of me."

"Mmm! Whatever!"

From behind, Mae wrapped her arms around Kitty's frail body, making her very happy, and rocked slowly with her. She was pleased about her first workday at the Cats of the Caribbean, where she had made new friends.

"Well, I loved working here, guys! I hope you thought I was good enough."

"Are you kidding, Mae? You are like a waitress superstar."

"Awww. Thanks, Erika!"

As everybody was busy congratulating each other, Syr came out of the kitchen and walked directly to me, dragging her feet. Her forehead landed on my chest, and her arms had no more energy to hug me. I had never seen her so drained.

"You worked very hard, didn't you?"

"... Cathead sandwich... shrimp skewers... nachos..."

"Hahaha. We know what you'll dream about tonight."

"Can we go to bed, Mark... I need to sleep."

"Sure. Go ahead first. I'll be there in a few minutes. Still have a couple of things to finish."

"Okay."

She had given her all, and exhaustion had taken residence in her body. I wondered what Michelle would do when we would go back home; if business kept being good like this, she would need to hire a cook.

As I observed Syr crawling up the stairs at snail pace, I realized something else. Mae was still around, smiling and holding Kitty, but I had no idea what her plan was. I didn't even know how she got here in the first place this morning.

"Mae? Do you need a ride home?"

"No, Kitty said that I must sleep here."

"That you must...?"

"If that is okay with everybody. If you want me to work tomorrow, I mean, I can stay. It's the easiest."

I turned to Kitty and gave her a very special stare. She acted all innocent and justified herself pointlessly. We all knew she had a different goal in mind other than being hospitable.

"Whaaat? We have plenty of empty rooms, right?"

"... Right! Whatever cat face... I give up."

"Whaaaaat? What did I dooo?"

Before going to bed, I went for a walk to collect the garbage from the outdoor bins and make sure nothing odd was going on. When I came back inside a few minutes later, I began to turn the lights off, but then a little voice reprimanded me.

"Hey! I'm still here, you know!"

"Oh, Erika? I thought you went to bed already."

"Nope, still counting our cash. It was a dream day."

"Do you need help?"

"Nah, I'm pretty much done."

Still wearing her small red bikini with cat ears, Erika was sitting in the darkest corner of the dining room, stacking all the paper money inside a metal cash box. It wasn't surprising since she was the type of person who wouldn't sleep well if she had not completed all her tasks perfectly. She had a plan and was following it to the letter.

Somehow, I found it a little bit unfair; Syr and Kitty went to sleep already, Michelle and Mae did the same, and they left Erika behind. I wouldn't be surprised if red-haired had told them that she didn't need help, but still, she probably would have appreciated some company.

So instead of going to bed like the others, I headed to the bar and grabbed a bottle of whiskey and two shot glasses. When I placed it on the table in front of Erika, it made her smile. We then engaged in a relaxed conversation.

"I like how you think, Mark. Giving me alcohol in exchange for sex."

"Pff... just tried to be nice. I wasn't asking for sex."

"Liar. You miss having sex with me."

"Syr is keeping me satisfied. I'll have all the fun I want with you once we are back home. I can wait."

"What if you don't?"

"Are you planning on staying here forever?"

"No, what if I don't have sex with you ever again? I would be happy with Kitty alone. She is keeping me very satisfied since we got here."

While chuckling, I filled our two small glasses with whiskey.

"Then, who would you drink with?"

"I dunno... I could go to random pubs and find suitable drinking buddies."

"Right."

Being around Erika was a never-ending game of sarcasm. This little woman was not only smart about everything business-related; she also had an intelligent sense of humor.

...and always spontaneous.

For no apparent reason, she got off her seat and climbed on top of me. Having her almost naked body in my arms like this felt right but so wrong at the same time.

"Erika, what if Michelle sees you straddling me like this."

"Then we will murder her with a blunt object."

"Why does it have to be a blunt object?"

"She deserves it after having destroyed our vacation. We ended up working like demons instead of relaxing on the beach."

"Hehe. I can see in your face that you loved managing a business again. Don't even try to make me believe otherwise."

"Pfff..."

Erika reached my crotch and unzipped my Bermuda shorts before plunging her hand inside to squeeze my dick.

"Oh... Now you are seriously going to get us in trouble, Erika."

"I see that you may not want to wait until we go back home before playing with me again."

"... Stop it. Seriously... if Michelle finds out, it's going to be hard to explain."

"She's going to be mad at you, not at me. Anyway, you can stop me, but you don't."

After finding a way to pull my hardening cock out of my shorts, she pressed her thinly covered pussy on it. Being only one millimeter away from all that pleasure was frustrating. I could feel how warm and ready she was through the stretchy fabric.

Gently pressing her hands around my neck, she leaned forward to kiss me sensually.

"Mmm... Are you sure you can wait, Mark?"

"Well... Maybe not..."

"I thought so..."

Using a finger, she pulled her bikini bottom to the side, unveiling the gate to paradise. She then aligned my stiff cock and impaled herself on it all the way in one single slow move.

"Mmpph! Oooh! That's good!"

"You are so warm, Erika. Is that the effect whiskey has on you?"

"Yes. And since you were around, I'm using your dick to calm myself down."

My cock was now hard as a tree, and it was melting inside her volcano-hot vagina. There was no way to deny it. I missed having sex with Kitty and Erka a lot, and it was not because Syr wasn't doing a good job. It was simply because I loved them and missed having intimate time with them.

When she began moving up and down on me, it was so pleasurable that I stopped caring about the world. There was no going back whether or not Michelle discovered us. I would make love with Erika right here and right now, and I intended to enjoy it as much as I could.

"Don't cum, Mark!"

"Hehe... You can, but I can't?"

"Yes. That's how it works."

It had been our third shot of whiskey since we started having sex, and Erika made sure to monitor my sexual state, so her fun wouldn't end too quickly. She did have a small orgasm already, but she wanted more. I wanted her to have more too...

... until my blood turned into ice.

"Sooo, is that what you guys are doing when everybody is asleep?"

"..."

Crouching in the staircase, a set of eyes had been spying on us for an unknown amount of time.

"Ma... Mae?"

"Yup!"

At least it wasn't Michelle, so perhaps there would be a way to salvage this situation. My heart was racing, and I tried to get Erika off me, but she was doing her best to prevent me to.

"Erika! What are you doing? Move!"

"No! We are not done here."

"Stop it! Mae is right there."

"I know. She has been there for the past few minutes."

"Seriously!? You knew she was there and said nothing?"

"Yes! Mae, come here."

What was this? It smelled so much like one of her usual mind games. I felt as if I was about to pay the price for having trusted Erika again.

Mae was a gorgeous girl, and seeing her sensuously walking over to us while having my dick deeply lodged inside Erika couldn't do anything else but to fuck with my already tempered mind. What was going on?

The smile on this perfectly tanned island girl announced trouble, and as a matter of fact, she positioned herself behind Erika and wrapped her arms around her waist. Erika turned her head sideways to welcome a very erotic lesbian kiss. Mae even moved her hair out of the way so I could see that kiss even better. I was ready to explode inside Erika's womb.

"How... How is this happening? How do you know each other?"

"Do you think we are hot, Mark?"

"Erika! Of course, you are! But, seriously... how?"

Mae chuckled a bit while playfully sucking on Erika's ear, who was enjoying herself, and then shed some light on the situation.

"Hehe. Kitty told me all about your little secret. You are dating three girls, kinky you! But it turns out that Kitty had a crush on me, and so did I. When you went back to the grocery store

earlier, Erika, Kitty, and I had a girl chat and even kissed in secret. They told me that you loved it when they fooled around with other girls."

"I never said that!"

"Oh, you don't like it?"

"... I didn't say that either... So, upstairs... You are sleeping in Kitty's room?"

"Yes. But Kitty was exhausted and fell asleep while we were cuddling, which was extremely cute, but I wanted more, so I came here to fetch Erika... and that's when I saw this."

Once more, Kitty and Erika had set a trap, and I stepped right into it. Far to be the most unpleasant one, it still took me by surprise. There were too much information and sneakiness for me to process, and my brain was playing tricks on me.

Earlier today, as a typical male, seeing Mae wearing this sexy swimsuit with cat ears made me wonder if it would be okay to sleep with a fourth girl. Back then, I had returned that thought to the realm of fantasy, thinking that greed would eventually cause my death. But now that Mae was here, kissing my girlfriend while massaging her small breasts from behind, and while I was fucking her, could sleeping with Mae become something more than a mere fantasy? When did I start believing I could get sex with all the cute girls I wanted?

But then, before I get too much self-confidence, Erika put an end to my train of thought. She pulled herself off my throbbing dick.

"Alright, it's late, Mark. Goodnight!"

"..."

"What? No goodnight for me?"

"Well, I... I thought that..."

"Oooh... Did you want to have sex with Mae and me? Aww Sorry! She told us she is only into girls. But it's okay. A few minutes ago, you told me that you could wait until we traveled back home before having sex with me again. I'm sure you won't mind, right!"

The two sexy girls, arm in arm, turned their back to me and walked away! This was beyond cruel to the point where even Mae seemed to wonder if it was okay to be this mean to me. Yet, instead of begging, a surprising sensation emerged from my chest. An opportunity...

"Hahaha! Erika! That was one tease too much. When we go back home, you are SO going to pay for that one."

"... whatever you say!"

"Yes... I will gut you like a fish!"

"Hey! That's my expression! You can't use it!"

"Go have fun with your new friend, carrot head. And then, dream about how I will exact my revenge on Kitty and you. Because it's going to be intense."

"... yeah... whatever... I think the hot night I'll get with Mae will be worth it."

"I hope so, Erika... For your sake, I hope so."

As they were climbing the stairs like two lovers, Mae smiled at me and pronounced some silent words, "thank you," as if she was grateful for having obtained my blessing for this little adventure with my partners. She was a lovely girl and must have been a bit nervous about pulling a stunt like this around me, even if Kitty had probably told her it would be okay. There was no way for her to understand the amount of teasing I was going through on a daily basis.

Still turned on like a dog in heat, and after hearing some wild lesbian noises coming out from Kitty and Erika's bedroom, I entered mine. The moonlight was enough for me to find my way to the bed and find Syr still dressed up for work and sleeping on her belly. She must have laid down for a minute to relax her tired legs and passed out.

Trying not to wake her up too much, I carefully took off her shirt and skirt, and I pulled the blanket over her beautiful body. As much as it was frustrating not to be allowed to watch what was going on in Kitty's bedroom, wild sex was not always necessary. Seeing this young goddess, whose skin was glowing like the moon, peacefully asleep after granting me the privilege to take care of her was all I needed to be happy.

She deserved that little kiss on top of the head.

"Good night, Syr."

"Aaanh! Master Mark! Aaanh! Harder!"

"I can't do it harder, Syr. Else I'm going to break you. And stop making that much noise. You are going to wake up everybody."

"Aaaaah! But it's so... good! Please... deeper!"

"Do you know how wrong it sounds when you say it like that? I'm just massaging your stiff calves."

"But they were so sore... and your strong hands feel so good."

"Well, next time, don't overwork yourself like you did yesterday. You didn't even take a five minutes break."

"Aww... I know..."

Syr may have been only twenty-one years old, but it was not healthy to cook all day long without sitting once. When we woke up this morning, she was in pain and didn't know what to do about it, so I had to rescue her with one of my clumsy leg massages.

"Alright, you are good. Let's go eat breakfast."

"Nooo... Just a bit longer, please."

"It's the third time you say that. Come on. I'll give you another massage tonight."

"Yes, Master."

Sleeping at an inn near the beach was a good experience. I liked to think that I had chosen the best bedroom too. We had this big window facing the sea that we could fully open to let the salty air in. This morning, Syr was wearing this white summer dress, so light that it was almost see-through, and the wind drafts were making it sway as if she was a delicate flower in a field. It was one of those scenes that made me feel like we just got married... without the wedding part.

Clinging to my arm, pretending that walking was too painful, Syr followed me downstairs to meet the others. It was the first time since we arrived at the island that Syr didn't cook breakfast for everybody. Michelle, Mae, and Erika were attacking a sliced bread with peanut butter and jam; that should be presumably enough to keep them alive long enough until their next real meal.

Michelle looked happy for once, she must have heard how much money she had made yesterday, but Erika and Mae looked like real zombies. Those two must have had a hell of a sleepless night full of scissoring and crotch licking.

"Geez, Erika. Did you sleep on the floor last night?"

"Shut up, Mark."

"Where is Kitty?"

"She's still sleeping. She was tired."

"Haha. I wonder why."

As tired as everybody else, Syr grabbed two slices from the bread bag and planted them nonchalantly in the toaster. We all looked at her in shock. Usually, she would be the one turning a slice of bread into a fancy meal, but she must have had a cooking overdose yesterday. Erika even questioned her about this strange behavior.

"Are you okay, Elizabeth?"

"Yes."

"Sliced bread this morning?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure you don't want a cathead sandwich instead?"

"I am quite sure."

Erika loved teasing me, but she could also make fun of everybody else. She had a knack for twisting a knife in a fresh wound; that was nothing new. But when Michelle got onboard with the teasing, that was when the real shock occurred.

"Elizabeth, can we have nachos for lunch?"

"Eerr!"

"Come on! You know you love nachos. Remember when you were little, you asked for nachos for your birthday instead of a cake. That drove us nuts."

"Auntie! Please! No stories about my childhood."

"Oh, remember when we gave you that kitchen playset? You were furious at us because there were only two burners instead of four like a real stove. It took you weeks before we caught you playing with it anyway."

"Auntiiiiie! This is embarrassing."

Everybody laughed at those untold stories about our secretive Syr. We jumped like sharks on this unique opportunity.

"So, Michelle, when did you find out that Elizabeth was an artist?"

"Ah! You should have seen our walls at home. We gave her a big box of colored pencils one day, and after that, we kept finding little drawings at the bottom of the walls in places where she thought we wouldn't notice. For months, she practiced over and over, and I cleaned the walls over and over behind her."

"Auntie! Don't tell them thaaat!"

"Why not? They are your friends. There is no shame in sharing a bit of your childhood."

Syr let her face fall flat on top of the table, and then she placed her hands over her ears while letting out a long grunt.

"So, Those little drawings on the walls, were they any good?"

"At first, no, but over time they got better. She went through that pencil box in no time, so we had to get her a new one, then another, and another. But then, there was that day when she was at school. I got fed up with her messy bedroom and decided to clean it up. After picking up all her crap, I vacuumed the carpet, and when I closed the door to reach behind it, I discovered that she

had completely covered its back in drawings. It was more like a fresco. That's when we discovered that we had a very talented artist in our family."

"What did she draw on the door?"

Syr banged her head on the table at that point, but Michelle reached her short blond hair and petted her reassuringly.

"Ah! That will be up to her to tell you when she wants to."

"Sooo... You said Elizabeth's bedroom was always messy?"

"Oh yes! She was the sloppiest child I had ever seen!"

"Aaaaauntiiiiie!"

Clank!

As Syr groaned one last time, the toaster ejected the two slices of unappetizing blackened bread, and they fell right in front of her.

It was not a fun breakfast from her perspective, but it was the best for us.

An hour later, the second business day's preparation was well underway. There was only one problem; Kitty was still missing.

"Geez, Erika. I understand you had a hot lesbian orgy last night, but you have to let Kitty sleep a little. You know her. If you don't stop her, she will have sex until she passes out."

"It is true, Mark. I admit my fault. There is nothing I can say for my defense. I used Kitty for my own selfish pleasure, and now I'm paying the price of shame and regrets! Once we return home, I will leave it up to you to punish me to the height of my sins."

"..."

"What?"

"Erika... What did you do to Kitty?"

"Who? Me? Oh... nothing. But maybe you should go check on her if you are that worried."

"..."

After patting me on the chest a couple of times, Erika walked away, giggling. Her attitude left zero doubt about it; she had lied, and she and Mae had done something perverted to Kitty.

I immediately ran to the upper floor and headed straight to Kitty's bedroom. When I opened the door, I unsurprisingly found a little catgirl struggling on the bed, and I couldn't do anything but shake my head and kick the door closed behind me.

"Kitty... What in the world are you doing?"

"Mmmph!"

They had hogtied her tightly, using whatever items they could find. A pair of panties acted as a blindfold, and they used a sock held in place by stocking to silence her; this improvised gag was the first thing I took off her.

"Gaaaaah! Mae... Mae was so hot!"

"Of course, that's the first thing you are saying instead of begging for your release."

"Nooo, I don't want to be untied. I want Mae to come back and play with me some more! I want to lick her pussy again!"

"What about sucking my dick instead?"

"Oh, that would work too. I missed breakfast. Feed me!"

"Do you want the blindfold off?"

"Nooo... they are Mae's panties... Mmm!"

Unable to battle such a perverted behavior, I unfastened my belt instead. My boxers were not even down that Kitty had her mouth wide open with her tongue out. After what Erika and Mae had done to me last night, I decided that I deserved this sexy reward.

My cock went right down Kitty's throat, and I started thrusting without giving her a chance to breathe.

"Gaaah!"

"Keep it down, cathead. We still don't want Michelle to find out."

"Glop!"

"Good Kitty!"

The next few minutes were very fun. I had missed having sex with my Kitty so much; her wild side was unique. I now knew for certain that Erika had set up this opportunity specifically for me, or else she wouldn't have told me to go wake her up. Perhaps she feared my revenge for what she had done last night with Mae, and that was her attempt to soften the upcoming counter strike.

Nearing the orgasm, I flipped Kitty to her back, leaving her head hanging from the mattress's edge so I could go deeper inside her throat. It was always interesting to see her neck bulging when I thrust in from that angle, and knowing Kitty loved it too meant that I could do so without any guilt.

It didn't take me much longer to cum hard while she was gasping for air. She had trouble swallowing, but she didn't choke at all.

"Good job, Kitty. You did that like a champ."

"Grrgl!"

"Indeed. You can go have your breakfast now! Hehe."

After pulling my Bermuda shorts up, I began untying her. Leaving her restrained all day would have made her very happy, but it would have been way too suspicious.

As soon as I undid the last knot, she crawled away from me, burying herself under the blankets.

"Hey! Don't go back to sleep, kitkat! We need you downstairs. Go take a shower! It will wake you up."

"Nooooo! I'm tired now! Go tell Mae to come to wake me up!"

The following few business days had not been as intense as the first one, but we were confident that we had found a winning recipe for the inn. It would now be up to Michelle to decide if the concept of cute waitresses wearing sexy cat uniforms was something she was willing to keep and exploit, but we all secretly hoped she would.

Sure, cute cat girls attracted their fair share of people, but it was not what the Cats of the Caribbean was all about. What mattered the most in our approach was the place's friendliness, making people feel welcome to relax, allowing them to be themselves, and above all else, have fun. Between Kitty, who was taking her time, for all the wrong reason, to discuss the creature that she had seen in the kitchen, to Erika, who didn't hesitate to slap guys behind the head when they dared to make inappropriate comments or occasionally challenging them to a drinking game, to Mae who was the friendliest person on Earth and always ready to take a sexy selfie with the customers; it was all about good human relationship.

Even myself, I had learned about people's kindness while working here. It happened more than once during the past few days that I needed help to fix something at the inn, and there were always customers who were willing to give me a bit of their time in exchange for a cold beer or a hug from Mae.

On the last day of our vacation, the rooms were still not ready to welcome travelers but weren't far from it. We arranged as many things as we could for Michelle to complete the works once we would be gone. Erika also left a foolproof financial system behind and many instructions about running the business. We were confident that she had learned enough not to turn this project into a failure at this point.

Mae was a gem. As much as Kitty had angered us when she had hired her without permission, as much as now, we were glad for it. She had no intention of leaving her new job since she loved working at the inn and wearing this cat bikini all day long. Some of her friends would also be joining the crew after we left, and one of them was even interested in doing Syr's ungrateful job in the kitchen. We would leave tons of quick recipes behind, including the now-famous cathead sandwich, for them to perpetuate our legacy.

Since we had quickly reached the end of our extended vacation, the only thing left to do was to load up our luggage in the van and let Michelle drive us back to the airport so we could return home.

We all stood up in front of the inn, proud of our accomplishment and ready to say goodbye to a place that had turned our vacation upside down.

Erika was the first to express her most sincere emotions.

"Well... That was hell!"

"Hehe. Is that how much you enjoyed your trip to the Caribbean?"

"Pretty much... Next time I'll go on vacation by myself."

"Right, as if... You were way too happy to spend every night alone with Kitty, and then with Mae."

"Pfff... slightly."

Then it was Kitty's turn to share her thoughts by throwing her whole body carelessly in Mae's arms.

"Oof!"

"Maeeee! You must visit us. You must!"

"Haha... I don't know. You live so far. Maybe I will if I'm not too busy here and make good tips."

"That would be amaaaazing! Then we can have more lesbian sex!"

"Hehe, you are never satisfied, aren't you?"

"Never!"

Syr clung to my arm as if she sensed that our quiet time together was coming to an end. Soon, we would be back home, and I wouldn't be able to spend as much intimate time with her. I wasn't sure how she would react to this return to abnormality, but I was pretty sure it was going to be a bit different. Would she still want to be my maid? Would she still be subservient in the name of love and roleplay? Would it cause new conflicts or a reassessment of her lifestyle? Somehow I was very confident that everything would go well and that we would find our balance back.

Michelle finally walked out of the inn, ready to drive us back to the airport.

"Everybody is ready?"

"Yes. Let's go."

We all gave Mae our last goodbyes and climbed in the van; she would stay behind to take care of the inn until Michelle came back.

The trip to the airport was actually a quiet one. Nobody was talking due to mixed emotions and tiredness. We all had worked so hard that, in some ways, we couldn't wait to go back home and relax. Kitty was even snoozing on my shoulder, probably exhausted by all the hot sex she had with Mae, but I didn't push her away even if Michelle had noticed us. Our rough argument had perhaps convinced her that I wasn't just dating her niece for her good look. So seeing Kitty drooling on my arm wasn't interpreted as a crime anymore.

Syr, who was sitting on the other side of Kitty, decided to gently pet her hair as if she was holding the small catgirl somewhat responsible for the two full weeks of special adventure we had experienced. She also looked at me with a gentle smile, knowing that we would only be able to discuss everything we had on our minds once we would be back home.

Sitting next to Michelle, Erika was still talking about business management, concerned that all her hard work would go to the shitter if she didn't keep a close eye on the inn. It would be a shame if all our efforts would turn into a failure. During the past two weeks, I had discovered the businesswoman version of Erika, the one who was ready to do everything to succeed, even if it

meant wearing a sexy cat bikini around strangers. She was smart, she was swift, she was confident, and it made me fall in love with her even more.

I preferred to ignore all the teasing they had imposed on me. When Kitty and Erika dragged Mae into the fray to make me jealous, I knew they meant well. They were aware that I liked to have fun, and teasing me always worked so well. But they were also conscious that all their sins wouldn't go unpunished. Eventually, I would get them back.

For the first time since we got here, it was raining, a warm rain that was somehow soothing. It was a great feeling to have saved someone that Syr cared about and turned a mistake into something rewarding. It had been a lot of work, but it made me smile to know that we were leaving behind an imprint of what our atypical family could accomplish.

When we arrived at the airport, I unloaded the luggage while the girls said goodbye to Michelle.

"Goodbye, Auntie Michelle! It was a lot of fun, but you must be careful. I'm sure the creature I saw is still hiding in the kitchen."

"Haha, Kitty. I'll be careful. I don't want to be eaten alive by a monster."

"I know, right!"

After Kitty's long hug, next in line was Erika.

"So, you remember everything I taught you about bookkeeping, right?"

"I think so... There was a lot to learn."

"You think so? Hey! I will call you soon to make sure you do it right! I won't let you sink this business!"

"Haha! Okay, okay! I'll do my best. Thanks for everything, Erika!"

"Don't mention it. Hug me now!"

The same way Kitty did, Erika buried herself in Michelle's arms. And then Syr followed with the longest hug of all.

"I'll miss you, auntie! My friends all worked very hard on your inn. Make sure you take good care of it, okay?"

"I will. I will. You worked very hard too. Make sure you send me pictures of your life in the city, okay? I don't know enough about what you are doing."

"I will do my best."

The hug continued for a while longer, but it was time to go if we didn't want to miss our plane. Erika abruptly put an end to the touching scene.

"Alright, guys. Let's go! It's time for our check-in."

"Meow! I want to sit next to the window again!"

"No, Kitty! It's my turn! Last time they hit my knee with the food cart!"

"That was your fault. You always sleep with your legs open, always ready for sex."

As Erika and Kitty were fighting back and forth while heading to the terminal, Syr let go of her aunt and walked past me while blowing two little words into my ear.

"Be nice!"

Her aunt Michelle walked to me, looking down a little bit.

"You... you take good care of Elizabeth, right?"

"Always."

"Mmm... and... thanks for helping me fix the inn... It was nice of you. I was a bit... too rough on you."

Did I just dream this? Michelle, complimenting my work? Syr asking me to be nice was the only thing that prevented me from chuckling; instead, I adopted a less antagonizing format for once.

"Thanks for the hospitality. It was nice to learn a bit more about Elizabeth's family. She can be very secretive."

"Oh, I'm sure she didn't tell me half of what I would have liked to know about you guys, but if that's the way she wants things, who am I to interfere?"

"Hehe. You are right about that. She is a special one."

"I... I will hug you now. Okay?"

"Haha. Sure. Come here."

It was an awkward but happy hug. Standing a few meters away, Syr smiled, glad that Michelle and I ended our encounter in somewhat better terms than when we had first met.

After saying goodbye one last time, I returned to Syr.

"See, I can be nice sometimes."

"Yes... Master Mark."

"Oh? Are you my maid again?"

"Yes. And I will take excellent care of you when we go back home. You deserve it."

"Well then, I'm looking forward to it."

"... only if you take excellent care of me in return."

"I'm sure we can arrange something, cute maid."

We kissed and walked toward the terminal hand in hand.

Ten hours later, after a tranquil and eventless flight, we finally parked in our home's garage. Kitty was the first to get out of the car and to run into the house, not caring about who would have to carry her suitcase in.

"Well, she was in a hurry. Maybe her bladder was about to explode."

"Who knows, Kitty is always weird."

It turned out that I was the only one who cared about our belongings because after I unloaded the car, Syr and Erika had disappeared as well.

"Oh, great. They all let me carry everything by myself. Fantastic! What's the point of having a maid, then?"

One by one, I brought the suitcases to the hallway, and as soon as I was done, Kitty rushed to me and shoved something in my chest; her pink latex catsuit, the restrictive one with cat paws instead of fingers. On top of that, she began taking off her clothes.

"Now! I must wear it now, or else I'm gonna lose my mind."

"Haha. Kitty, chill a bit. Can't you let me relax first? I'm exhausted!"

"NO! You don't understand! I MUST wear my catsuit now!"

"Fine, fiiine. Come to the living room, and stop throwing your clothes everywhere."

"And I brought Erika's one as well. She must wear her suit too."

"Did you even ask her, or did you decide for her?"

"It doesn't matter. You can force her to wear it."

"I suppose I can if I have a death wish."

I spotted Erika on the patio drinking directly from a bottle of whiskey, leaning on a comfy chair, absorbing the silence of her backyard. She looked exhausted. Perhaps Kitty was right; a few days inside a latex suit had the potential to relax her a bit more.

I got Kitty inside her suit in no time, and she was smiling like never before. Seeing my cute pink rubber cat again was so much more fun than I had anticipated. Spending time with rubber girls was probably an addiction at this point. Want it or not, Kitty had trained me to like latex so much that I didn't realize how much I had missed it.

As soon as I clicked the padlock on her back zipper, she trotted outside and threw herself on Erika, just for the sake of disrupting her peace.

And that was when Syr showed up in the living room; all dressed up as a maid. Things were getting back to normal a bit too quickly, but it was good to see that we all had missed something.

"Ha, so you couldn't wait to put your uniform back on, Syr."

"I'm your maid. I wouldn't wear anything else around my master. It would be improper."

"But you did for two weeks in a row. Hehe. Did it not feel good to be this regular shy cute girl for a while and to tone down the roleplay?"

"Mmmph! I don't know what you are referring to, Master Mark. I would never do such a thing."

"I see..."

"I'm your maid. This is not roleplay. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Actually, yes. Would you help me put this cute rubber catsuit on Erika? I fear she is going to fight me."

"Yes, Master. I will go catch her right away."

It was very convenient to own an obedient maid in hunting down catgirls. Tonight I would get to sleep with my two favorite rubber catgirls, and I had no intention to let them out of their suits for at least a week. Kitty wouldn't complain about it, but Erika might require a bit of arm twisting.

It was going to be a lot of fun.

"Mae? Do you know where the bleach is? I wanted to clean the bathroom, but the bottle is empty upstairs."

"Yes, Michelle. Elizabeth kept it in the kitchen. The bottom cabinet under the sink. Do you want me to get it for you?"

"No, I'll get it myself. Thanks."

Things were going well at the inn. Mae had brought in two of her cute friends who were willing to dress thinly and felinely, and business was profitable. The Cats of the Caribbean quickly grew in popularity, and Mae made sure to keep the spirit of the place intact. It was the friendliest place where someone could get a cold beer on the island.

So many clients had asked where Kitty and Erika were, but it was all good; they had learned to like the new staff, who were equally adorable. The cathead sandwich was still the best seller, and the new cook could barely keep up with the demand.

Things were definitely great at the inn, and Michelle finally had a solid retirement plan.

Michelle entered the kitchen and opened a few doors, trying to find the bleach.

"Where did she say? Ah yes, under the sink!"

She opened the door...

"Ah! There it is."

A very strange growl startled her when she pulled the big plastic jug out of the cabinet,

GRRrrr!

"EEEEEEK!"

As soon as she saw something furry moving inside the cabinet, she ran out of the kitchen, screaming!

From Mae's point of view, she barely had time to see Michelle flying out of the inn, chased by a big fuzzy creature.

"A possum? Where did it come from? Oh, my! It was a very big one too. Awww, they are so cute."

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