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# Feliformia

## Chapter 11 - Friendship

"Master Mark! Aaah! You are hurting me!"

"Just a bit longer, Syr, you can endure it for me, I'm sure. Both of us are going to be happy when this is done."

"But, I'm bleeding. I'm not acting this time. You are too rough."

"I'm not too rough. You are going to be fine!"

"Be more gentle. AAaah! Not like this!"

"Stop whining! You promised to do this for me."

"Aaaaah! You never said anything about pain."

Poor Syr... so fragile. I thought she was stronger than this, but apparently, she was a weakling like the others. She was always eager to please me, but then, she cried as soon as it got a bit more intense. I was not going to be sorry for her, and we were going to finish what we started, whether she liked it or not.

"What do we do now, Master Mark? Aaaah! I can't do this any longer, please, stop."

"I said, stop whining! That's all you are doing! I'm going to put it in there. Hold on."

"Nooo, it's too big!"

"It's not too big! What are you talking about?"

With my free hand, I opened my car's tailgate, and Syr helped me lift Kitty's heavy crate in the trunk. That was hard work. We came back to my old house to pick it up since Kitty missed it too much.

"Alright. Done! Show me your finger, Syr."

"As I said, it's bleeding."

"Aaah! It's nothing. It's just a small scratch. Just don't put blood on your white apron."

I wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her close to me. She was beautiful as ever, even when frustrated at me. I was so glad we decided to start dating officially despite some obvious challenges.

"Thanks for helping me, cute maid."

"Master Mark... What are you doing?"

"I'm kissing my maid? Is that a problem?"

"... Are you that satisfied with my work today?"

"Yes, I am."

I romantically planted my lips on Syr's to distract her from her grave injury. Since our first "interesting" date, her attitude as a maid was much more manageable. Sure, she was still pushing me away all the time, but all I had to do to get closer was to come up with a good excuse that would fit well within her storyline. I respected her desire to roleplay our relationship, so it was fine by me. When she was doing good things, I would reward her, and when she was doing bad things, generally on purpose, I would punish her. It was a game we loved playing together.

Of course, Erika and Kitty kept calling us nerds, but we enjoyed ourselves a lot. This new girlfriend situation didn't cause any conflicts either. Erika was still Syr's best friend, and Kitty still had a crush on her, knowing it would probably never end into a romantic relationship. It didn't stop Kitty from trying, though, and Syr's attitude toward those attempts was great.

I saw those two in the pool just this morning; it was quite entertaining. Syr was trying to teach Kitty how to swim because she still sank like a rock, and the small catgirl was doing all she could to put her hands wherever she wanted. Kitty was taking every opportunity to grab Syr's boobs "by accident."

"Mmm... Master Mark, this is good, but I need to cook dinner, we should head back home now."

"I don't think so... come with me."

"... Master Mark?"

We got back into the townhouse, and I led my maid upstairs to my old master bedroom. It looked so small compared to Erika's freakishly huge basement, but it would work just fine for what I wanted to do. Syr knew where this was going but acted ignorant on purpose. I turned her around and pulled on the silky ribbons that kept her apron in place.

"Master Mark?... What are you doing?"

"I think you deserve more than just a kiss, don't you agree?"

"... Do... do you think so?"

"I do... Let me help you with this."

I pinched the small metal zipper tab behind her neck and slowly slid it down to her lower back, revealing her soft skin. As I gently kissed her neck, she pulled her arms out of her maid uniform's long sleeves and let it drop to the floor.

Syr created all her clothing by herself, and she had crazy attention to details. Her panties and bras were matching her uniform perfectly. They were silky, green with white frills, and it was super cute.

We climbed on the bed and started cuddling and kissing. Syr knew not to act in distress anymore like the first time we had sex, but in exchange, she just wanted me to be a bit more controlling since it was what she liked the most; it was a good compromise, and gestures such as pinning her wrist above her head or behind her lower back was definitely something enjoyable for both of us.

As I pulled her panties down, I kissed her warm belly while she played in my hair. Syr was not hitting the gym, but she was always walking around the house, doing shore. That kept her body fit and very pleasant to look at. My mouth went down to her crotch, where I spent a bit of time eating her as a warm-up activity.

"Aaaah! Master Mark! This feels so good."

"And you are a delicious maid."

"Mmmm! Aaah!"

I gradually took my clothes off, but not too quickly. Another thing Syr seemed to like was being naked while I was fully clothed; it made her feel a bit more submissive, and I had to admit... it also made me feel a bit more manly.

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"Aaaanh! Erika! Stoop! AAanh!"

"Not a chance, KittyKat. And there is nobody to save you today!"

"Aaaanh!"

Every time Mark was not around, Kitty turned into Erika's meal, particularly on days like today when a certain sexy pink catsuit encased her cute body and not her aggressor's. However, what they were doing at the moment was a bit more intense than usual; the small cat was laying flat on her back on the soft bed with her cuffed wrist tied up to the middle of the headboard with some leather straps. Her ankles tied to corners of the footboard kept her legs nicely open for whoever desired unlimited access to her ever demanding crotch.

"Aaaanh!"

Having Kitty stuck in such a position had allowed Erika to lick her for a very long time, but the red-haired girl had since then upgraded to their new acquisition.

"Kitty, you seem to love our new strap-on!"

"Aaanh! Stop Erika! You are breaking me."

"No, I'm not. You always say that, but you always come back and ask for more."

"Aaanh! Yes... But you always go too far! Annh!"

Erika was pounding Kitty's pussy relentlessly with the large dildo as if she was trying to beat a personal record. How many times could she make Kitty come in a day? She had lost count already. There was nothing new in Kitty's behavior, though; the more she lost control of a situation the more she was loving it and the more she was cumming. Her sexual brain didn't work in any other way.

"Alright, alright... I'll give you a five minutes break."

"Aaanh! Only five minutes?"

Erika pulled the monstrosity out of Kitty and unfastened the straps that were securing it to her hips. She laid down next to her tenderized cat victim and pushed dildo in her mouth.

"Aabblmm..."

"Yeah, I think it's a bit big for your small mouth, Kitty. If we use it too often, you won't feel anything anymore when Mark fucks you."

"Mmppphh!"

"So, Kitty, what do you think of Mark and Syr? Do you think it's a good thing?"

"Mmphh!"

"Ah, yes ..."

Erika pulled the big dildo out of Kitty's mouth and tossed it aside. She then half-climbed on Kitty and cuddled her while nuzzling her cheek.

"I think they go well together," Kitty said.

"I think so too. But I'm worried a bit about Mark."

"Why? He is doing fine. I think he understands his situation well enough. He is happy as far as I can tell."

"He is! But I'm scared he will burn himself out, trying to do too much for us. Right now, it's not too bad because he spends a lot of time playing with his new toy, but eventually he will go back to you, Kitty. You are by far his favorite, and that is when he will struggle and feel the need to give equally to all three of us."

"I'm not his favorite. He just likes me a lot more than all of you together!"

"Hehe. You ARE his favorite! We all know that because you are my favorite too. You are even Syr's favorite... She just doesn't know it yet."

Kitty burst into laughter at that last comment. Syr wasn't about to have sex with a woman anytime soon. She was a romantic heterosexual prince and princess type... with certain strange deviancies. If Syr's "master" were not available to sleep with her, she would just wait for her turn until the next time she would be worthy of being fucked.

"My bond with Mark is beyond sex. I'm happy for him right now. He gets to experience a lot of fun things with his maid. I mean, seriously, Syr is so attractive, don't you think?"

"Yes... Yes, she is... It's a bit odd because she is my best friend. So now that she is part of our little harem, it changes things a bit. But I know her, she will do everything to make it work without conflicts."

"Erika, we are a harem. Mark isn't the central piece of our family. It's not like we are waiting for him to get sexually gratified. Actually, that's why it's working so well. We are all easy going and not jealous."

Erika climbed on top of Kitty and sat on her belly. Only Erika could do this without crushing the small latex cat. She put her index finger on Kitty's nose and pressed lightly.

"Kitty, you are a little liar!"

"Meow!? A liar? Where does that come from? Let my nose go!"

"You ARE jealous!"

"No, I'm not! What are you talking about."

"You have a crush on Syr, and it's bugging you."

"... She is odd!"

"Still, you like her a lot more than you care to admit. You keep yakking about how beautiful she is, and when you are in the pool with her, your hands always end up on her boobs and butt."

"Pfff... I would do the same to you if you were the one teaching me how to swim. Anyway, you are the best swimmer in the house, how come you never teach me?"

"Cause I'm letting you have what you want. Syr."

The red-haired girl has always been the evil mind-controlling strategist. Since the beginning, she noticed that Kitty had a soft spot for the maid, well before Mark started dating her. It wasn't like the small catgirl hadn't been vocal about it at times.

"Yes, I like her a lot. So, what? I'm not jealous because Mark can sleep with her and not me."

"Okay, maybe it's not jealousy, but you want her badly."

"... Maybe."

"Syr knows about it too."

"Probably, she's smart. Anyway, there is no problem. I know I can't always get everything I want. Why are you probing me like this about it?"

"Well, as I said, it's bugging you. We need to find a way to put an end to this. Because eventually, I'll go back to work, and you'll spend all your days with Syr."

"Mark will be here with me. You will make more money than he does so that he can quit his job."

"Haha! Nope! He is not going to quit his job, KittyKat. During the day, you'll be home stuck with Syr, and it won't be fun if it's bugging you."

"I'll just stay in my crate all day. I'm used to it."

"Well, that won't be fun for Syr. She would like to have a friend during the day too."

"Aaah! Erika, you give me a headache. What do you want from me?"

Indeed, Erika was beating around the bush, leaving Kitty confused. Kitty was right; there was no apparent problem around their current love arrangement. Everybody had fun their own way, and everybody respected each other.

The poor latex cat was trying hard to understand where Erika was going with this. Being smiled at like this by her female companion wasn't helping... or maybe it did. Kitty locked eyes with Erika's and started to read her mind. She had been a bit slow on that one, but now, her instinct kicked in, and she understood everything. Immediately, Kitty vocalized her disagreement while pulling on her bonds.

"Oh ... NO! Erika! NO! You must not!"

"Whaaaat? I didn't even say anything! Haha!"

"You said enough! And you are not allowed!"

"Allowed to do what? Kitty, you imagine things... Alright, what about another round of strap-on. This new toy is good for me. It will keep me fit."

"NO! Erika! You must not!"

What Kitty had understood, or how, was a mystery. But Erika knew very well that her small lover-catgirl was probably right to feel anxious after what she had told her.

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After my little fun love-making session with Syr, we returned home. The maid wouldn't stop worrying about cooking our dinner on time so I finally complied to her righteous request.

"Hey, Kitty! We're home! Syr and I brought back your crate!"

Erika entered the garage to update us on Kitty's current status.

"She is tied up on the bed downstairs... Where do we put it? In the living room?"

"Sounds appropriate."

Erika wrapped an arm around my waist, scratching the crate with her nails. She was familiar with the box as she shared the rent more than once. I was wondering which one of the two cat-faces would spend the first night in it? Syr wasn't an eligible candidate; I didn't picture her sitting inside that box for any length of time.

We carried the box to our living room and placed it so that any future occupant would have a good view of both the living room couches and the kitchen area. Kitty would be thrilled to get her heart-shaped pillow back too; she missed it so much. As soon as we completed the task, Erika gripped Syr's wrist and pulled her away.

"Syr! Come with me. I need your help!"

"... But, I'm already late to prepare dinner. I don't want Master Mark to starve."  
"Aaah! He won't starve... Come. It's important. I have a plan, and I need your help."  
"Alright then..."

I had no clue where those two were going, but I knew my next destination.

I made my way to the basement to find my beloved Kitty. As advertised, she was strictly tied to the bed, unable to get free. I sat next to her and rubbed her belly while noticing their abandoned strap-on sitting on one of our pillows.

"Ewww, we sleep on those, don't leave your juicy toys on our pillows."  
"Meow. Erika broke me... I'll never be able to have sex again."  
"Right, as if."

I started to untie the small rubber cat and announced the good news.

"I got your crate! It's in the living room."  
"AH! NICE! Can I spend the night in it?"  
"You sure can. That's why we brought it back. That thing was heavier than I remembered, good thing Syr gave me a hand."  
"Did you fuck her?"  
"... Maybe. Why?"  
"Was it hot?"  
"Not as hot as fucking you, cathead."  
"Lies. Fucking Syr must be so hot."  
"You are still obsessed with her, I see. Talking about hot, It's scorching outside. Why don't you go put your swimsuit on and meet me at the pool? I want to swim with you. Since Syr took over your swimming lessons, I didn't get to see your progress."  
"Meow, okay. Unzip me, and I'll meet you there in a bit."  
"Sounds like a plan."

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The sun. It was a bit too strong for my taste right now; my skin told me that I had my dose of UV for the day already. Back at my townhouse, it was never a problem since we didn't spend a lot of time outside. But here, at Erika's, it was so relaxing by the pool that there was a legitimate skin-peeling concern when not resting under an umbrella.

That thought became irrelevant when a little visitor tiptoed my way, awkwardly trying to avoid the burning concrete's discomfort. Kitty, wearing her cute pink bikini, was ready to go for a swim.

"Woah! It's hot today!"  
"Hey, Cathead! Yeah, I'm roasting."

She climbed on top of me as if it was the most natural thing to do. It was a good thing that those long chairs were sturdy enough; not that Kitty was very heavy by any stretch of the imagination.

"Hi!"

"Hi, Kitty."

"I love it here, Mark."

"Yeah, not bad, uh? Do you miss our old house?"

"A little bit. We've only been away for two weeks, though. It still feels a bit strange. The vibe is different here."

"I know, right. But we are having a lot of fun, so it's good. As long as I'm with the people I love, I'm happy."

Kitty crossed her two small hands on top of my bare chest and rested her chin on them, looking at me with a smile. For some reason, I was still not fully accustomed to seeing her out of her rubber suit. She was my Kitty, alright, but I never had much time to appreciate how beautiful this Caucasian-Asian girl was. I ran my fingers through her silky black hair.

"You are so cute out of a suit. You know that?"

"You like me more when I'm all rubber."

"I love you as much. I told you. Latex or not, you are still my Kitty."

"I think you get harder when I wear my rubber suit."

"You trained me well. Hehe. So? What's with Erika? She took Syr away from me for something important, she said."

Kitty pressed her face on my chest and hid it with her hands, as if it were going to make her disappear.

"I'm not sure exactly, but I think she wants me to help around the house when you two are going to be back at work. She said Syr will need a friend during the day. That can't be good."

"Why not? She is right. If you are going to stay home with Syr, you could help her around the house. She is doing everything by herself."

"I can't! I'm a cat... and I'm lazy... and not good at anything. It's in my genes. I cannot be useful."

"Haha, Kitty, you know those are not very good arguments."

"I don't want to work!"

"Well, don't you want to spend time with Syr at least? We all know you have a crush on her."

"... Yes... Maybe."

"Ah, so it's still bugging you."

"Aaah! Stop! Erika said the same thing. Is it that obvious?"



Oh, yes. It was. I've never seen Kitty like this before. She has always been the one acting as if relationships were an easy thing, and all problems were easily resolvable. However, this time around, it was the first time her little latex cat charm didn't provide her with what she wanted.

In the past, she just had to look at me at the bookstore to win my heart. Then, when Erika arrived in the picture, she got her too only by saying, "Thank you, I'm Kitty." But now, with Syr, it was not going to happen, and she knew it. Someone not willing to return a particular type of love couldn't be forced to do so. As much as Syr liked Kitty and Erika as friends, she wouldn't magically change and be attracted to girls.

"Well, Kitty. Yes, it is obvious. Come. I'm roasting. Let's go for a dip, then we can talk about it."

"Okay, but you must help me swim."

"What? You are still sinking?"

"Yes!"

"Even after two weeks training with Syr?"

"Yes!"

"Alright. Get on!"

I put my feet down the chair and lifted my carcass off it. Kitty climbed on my back and wrapped her arms around my neck.

"Eeh! Don't choke me like that!"

"Go! Make me swim!"

"If you stay on my back, that is not swimming!"

"I'm right, and you are wrong! Go!"

This was Kitty's immature part that made her so darn adorable. I made a couple of leaps, quickly shrinking the distance between us and the pool, and jumped in it with the small catgirl hanging around my neck. Our bodies pierced the surface of the water, and I voluntarily let us sink as deep as we could go. I stayed underwater for a bit, appreciating the calmness of the aqua world.

Kitty trusted me with her life. As she was holding her breath, she knew I would never let her drown. She was entirely giving herself to me and would follow me to the depth of the scariest situations without flinching.

Her long jet black hair floating around my head made me think; running my fingers through the smoke-like cloud of human fibers gave me the impression I was carrying a dream on my back. I pushed my hands and feet down and emerged from the wavy water with Kitty, who took a deep breath.

"Aaah! You went so deep."

"Hehe. You like it deep, Kitty."

"Meow! I like the way you think."

"So, what are we going to do with you and Syr?"

"Nothing... There is nothing that can be done."

"Why do you say that?"

"She doesn't like girls, and I'm a female."

I dove back underwater and swam across the pool without warning. Kitty was hanging on to my neck with only one arm and tried to get a hold of me with the other. When I emerged on the other side of the pool, I turned around to face her.

"That doesn't mean there is nothing you can do about it, Cathead."

"Kah! ... Mark! Kah!"

"Swallowed a bit of water?"

"Meh. What do you want me to do then?"

"You? Everything! You are smart, funny, adorable, small, and very kinky."

"What does my cuteness have to do with anything?"

"Well, Syr likes you for all those reasons, so use those qualities to be a good friend and stop acting odd when you are around her."

"I'm not acting odd! ... Am I?"

It felt good not to be the clueless one for once. As I was slowly swimming backward, dragging Kitty along with me, I wasn't sure how I could make her see things from a different angle. I didn't want to make her feel bad, but she had some introspection to do.

"I told you earlier; you are a little obsessed. The way you keep telling us that she is so pretty and so warm. Then when she makes you swim, you find all kinds of reasons to grab her boobs and butt. That's what I mean by a little obsessed."

"Hey, Erika is way worse than me. She is ALWAYS after me as soon as she has a window of opportunity."

"Yes, but you like it, and she likes it too. You and Syr don't have this kind of relationship."

"... So, what you are saying is that I'm annoying Syr?"

Poor Kitty, now I knew how she must have felt every time she taught me life lessons. I was not always the quickest to understand relationships, but Kitty, right now, was struggling to get my point. I splashed her with a bit of water.

"Don't be silly. You are not annoying her. Else she wouldn't spend as much time with you. But you do make it a bit difficult for her."

"... I... I do?"

"I think so... Syr would prefer you to accept what she has to offer instead of trying to pull more out of her. If you do that, I think you would have a much more satisfying relationship with our cute maid."

Kitty sank a bit and started to make some bubbles. She may have realized that I had a valid point and wouldn't dare argue about it.

I pulled Kitty to the pool's side and lifted her in the air so she could sit on the edge. I extirpated myself from the water too and sat next to her. The sun was lower and not as warm as earlier, but the air we were breathing was still heavy and humid. Kitty leaned on me.

"Erika is planning something that will involve both Syr and me. I don't know what it is exactly, but I'm sure she has seen the same thing you did."

"I'm sure she did too. Look, Kitty, you know this better than anybody else. We are helping each other all the time, and it's always for the better. Usually, it turns into a lot of fun. So, I'll see what I can find out about Erika's plan, but you, you will just play along with her idea and trust her. Okay?"

"I changed my mind."

"Uh? About what?"

"I don't want to sleep in my crate tonight. I want you to put Erika in it, and I will sleep with you in the big bed."

"Haha! I'm not sure she would agree to this."

"You must put her in the crate."

"Alright, Cathead, I'll tell you what. If you swim across the pool by yourself, I'll do it."

That was kind of cute. Kitty spent a lot of time in the pool, learning how to swim with Syr, so she could totally do it. She just liked playing helpless around me. I really wanted to see her swimming on her own, and this was a perfect opportunity. To get what she wanted, she had no choice but to show me her newly acquired catfish skills.

She slowly turned around and went back in the water. She held onto my leg and tried to gather some courage for what seemed like an ocean crossing. Pressing her two feet on the pool's wall, she pushed her body forward and started agitating her arms.

"Use your legs, Kitty!"

She was just flailing her arms in every direction... and slowly sank before silently disappearing underwater. Even her little drowning bubbles found a way to be cute.

"Really? She just sank like a rock."

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"Syr? Are you sure you are teaching her how to swim properly?"

"I am! However, Kitty is the most unfocused person I've encountered when it comes to this activity. She cares more about playing than learning."

While Erika was helping Kitty back in her pink rubber catsuit in the middle of the living room, I questioned the seriousness of Syr's teaching. I found it a bit strange that Kitty couldn't even float a bit after two weeks of training.

Nevertheless, Kitty lost her bet and was going to sleep in the crate tonight. The last time she did was weeks ago, and I was sure, deep inside, she was looking forward to it. The crate was her mini-home that she always loved so much, and also a perfect recovery place. As long as I kept her locked in there, Erika couldn't sexually assault her.

"Hey, Kitty, I found this in our luggage," Erika said.

"My pink collar! You found it!"

"Yes. It was inside one of the suitcase's pockets, all squished. Lift your chin so I can put it on you."

I had not seen Kitty's collar for a while. I remember the first time I put it around her neck, on our first date, it had made her so happy. She was even happier when I asked her if she wanted me to call her Kitty like the name written on it. This little accessory was part of her heart, it was the strongest symbol of our love.

"Well... that's weird..."

"..."

Erika tried to fasten the collar around Kitty's neck when, suddenly, the small silver buckle twirled in the air and came crashing down at my feet with a metallic noise announcing bad news. Erika moved her hand out, holding a broken piece of pink material. She knew very well what this collar represented to Kitty, and the blood drained from her face at the realization that she had broken it.

"... Kit... Kitty... I'm... so sorry. I... I don't know what happened... I'm sorry!"

"... My... My collar..."

Kitty grabbed it with her two rubber paws and looked at it closely. Her eyes started to well up.

"It... It broke."

"..."

I was feeling bad, but not nearly as bad as Kitty. Syr leaned forward and picked up the buckle from the floor and stood up. She gently grabbed the dead collar from Kitty's paws and inspected it. Erika, feeling guilty as hell, was hoping for a miracle from her crafty friend.

"Syr, you can fix it, right?"

"... I'm sorry. I can't. It is fake leather, vinyl actually, and it ripped. It wasn't designed for longevity."

Never in a hundred years, I would have mentioned this, but Kitty must have found it in a dollar store. It was more of a Halloween costume accessory than a real collar.

A tear ran down Kitty's latex covered cheek. She wiped her eyes with the back of her paws and turned to Erika to pull her in a gentle hug.

"... It's okay, Erika. It's not your fault."

"... I feel so bad. We... We will find you another one."

"No, it's okay. There was only one like it... I don't need another one. I will see you guys tomorrow."

Kitty went down to the floor and crawled inside her crate. She laid down on the thin mattress and hugged her heart-shaped pillow tightly, sighing. I wasn't sure it was a good idea to leave a depressed girl inside the crate for the night.

"Kitty, I think you should sleep with us in the bed tonight."

"No. I prefer to sleep here. Close the door, please. I'm just tired. I would like to sleep."

"..."

I've never seen her so sad since that time when she was evicted by the social worker a long time ago. Even back then, she had not cried like this.

"You sure, cathead?"

"Yeah... Good night."

I closed the door and the latches, feeling awful about it.

"Alright, it's late for everybody. Let's go to bed. Tomorrow will be a better day."

"Mark... Lock my door!"

"... Kitty, I'm not sure it's—"

"Lock my door... please."

I looked at Erika for guidance, and she just shrugged at me, not knowing what to do either. I went back to the crate and crouched in front of it. I grabbed the two padlocks and installed them on the latches.

"If you need anything, just ask. Syr's room is not far, she will hear you."

"..."

Well, that was a horrible way to end the weekend. At least I knew Kitty's crate was her safe place. She loved sleeping in it, so it was a comforting thought. Erika and I interlaced fingers and walked away.

"Good night, Kitty. Good night, Syr."

"..."

"Good night, Master Mark. I will see you tomorrow."

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The maid stood in the living room, in silence, for a long moment. In one of her hands was a broken metal buckle, and in the other, a piece of fake pink leather with fake diamonds glued to it. Her thoughts were for Kitty, who was securely locked up inside her crate, experiencing sorrow after her most meaningful possession ripped apart around her own neck. This collar had been a symbol of her entire love life.

Syr secretly had more empathy toward what happened to the pink cat than anybody else living under this roof. Her feelings were powerful but hidden behind her acting mask.

She remembered...

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"Hey! Can you hear me? Are you okay? Can you hear me?"

"..."

"Guys! GUYS! There is a child in this car! ... We need an ambulance right away! ... We need it NOW! There is a child here! She is still alive."

"Impossible!"

"Yeah ... There is a small girl ... NO! Don't move her! Wait for the paramedics to get here! She is badly hurt! Wait ... No! That's NOT her blood. Oh, my God! Use my scarf to clean her face, quick!"

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"Hey, little one. My name is Sandra, and I'm a paramedic. Yes, that's why I'm wearing a nice uniform. See? I'm here to help you and be your friend... What is your name? Do you want to tell me your name?"

"..."

"That's okay... You don't have to. We will get you out of the car very soon, I promise. I just want to take a good look at you first. Do you feel pain anywhere? No?... That's amazing... What if I gently press here? Or here? Still no?... Well, that's super great. Are you sure you don't want to tell me your name?"

"..."

"Guys! We need to take her to the hospital right away for a full check-up. She is in shock. And please, for her sake, cover the front seats right now! Why wasn't that done already? Don't let her see that!"

"I'll tell you what. Did you know I'm driving an awesome ambulance? Like the ones you see on TV... That's right! It's super cool. Would you like to see it? Yeah? Nice. But hey... you know what?... My co-worker is a bit grumpy, and he won't let you see my ambulance unless you tell him your name. I think you should tell him."

"... Elizabeth."

"Oh, wow. That is a super cute name. Alright, We will just put this little piece of foam around your neck, then my firefighter friends over there will help you get out by the window... I bet it's the first time you get out of a car by the window, it's cool, uh? That's right. Usually, people use doors. But you are special, and we will use the window this time. Then you can tell all your friends about it. And guess what, If you do everything my friends tell you to, we will give you this cute teddy bear, and we will go check the ambulance together while my friends are helping your parents."

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"Alright, Elizabeth, this is a very special machine that will look through you so we can make sure you are okay. I'll be just on the other side of the window over there, keeping an eye on you."

"... Where are my parents?"

"They just arrived at the hospital with my friends. They are very sick, but don't worry, we are taking care of them. They asked me to take care of you and your teddy bear until they get better. Do you trust me to take care of him while the machine is checking you out? I'll give him back to you right after."

"Yes."

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"Morning, Elizabeth. Did you sleep well? I see that you took good care of your teddy bear. Did you give him a name yet?"

"... I want to see my father and my mother."

"... You... You can't. I'm sorry ..."

"Why? I want to see them! Are they still sick?"

"... E... Elizabeth ... No ... They are not sick anymore... But you can't see them..."

"WHY? I want to see them now! Where is my mother!?"

"... No! Wait... listen... The big car accident yesterday... You remember? Your parents... they... they didn't make it... They passed away. They ... won't come back."

"No! ... NO! YOU ARE LYING! I WANT TO SEE THEM!"

"Come here! Come here! It's going to be alright. I promise. Poor thing."

"LET ME GO! LET ME GO! I WANT TO SEE MY PARENTS! WHERE ARE THEY!?"

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"Elizabeth. Your aunt is here to pick you up. You'll go live with her for a while. You like your aunt, right? I talked to her a lot, and she is super nice. She will take care of you. She has two kids around your age too. You know them already, right? They will help you a lot."

"... Sandra. I want to stay with you."

"That's... That's not possible. But I'll visit you to see how you are doing from time to time. Hey, I have a little gift for you. Actually, it's for your teddy bear. It's a little medal. It says "Ambulance 471"... That's my ambulance. Let me tie it around his neck, then every time you feel alone, you can look at him and think about me, okay?"

\*\*\*

Syr was standing in the living room, a broken buckle in one of her hands, and in the other, a ripped piece of pink vinyl. She took a deep breath and walked out of the room radiating resolve and determination.

She first went to her room, stripped out of her maid uniform, and carefully placed it on the bed. She opened her small closet and pulled out an old pair of jeans and a t-shirt that had seen better days, and she put them on. After tossing her headband on the bed, she went upstairs and unlocked the door leading to her workshop.

She turned the lights on and tossed the broken collar on the workbench without care and went rummaging around to find the tools she had in mind. She then began the long process of what would be considered an homage to all the people who had been so supportive of her in the past when she lost what was most important to her.

It took forever, but she removed one small crystal after the other using a soldering iron, some solvent, and a pair of tweezers. There was now a pile of undamaged crystals waiting for a new home. Destruction often paved the way to a greater creation.

She threw the damaged collar in the trash and went to her costume rack, where a series of seemingly expensive costume pieces were hung. Her modest income very much depended on those. One of them was created for an upcoming musical staged by a renown company. The contract tied to this item was a crucial one for both the money and her reputation. Failing to deliver was not an option.

This particular costume had a specific hat, on which she spent countless hours crafting. It was made of pink leather. She carried it back to her workbench and grabbed a seam ripper along with a few leatherworking tools. She would destroy something great for a greater cause.

In front of her, sitting on the workbench, was a teddy bear. It had a small medal around its neck on which she ran one of her fingers. Syr wore a faint smile made of pain and resilience.



The inscription on the medal was "Ambulance 471."

"I have a little gift for you..."

\*\*\*

Several hours later, in the basement of the big house, a silent shadow walked toward the large bed. As if it was aware of the habits of its two sleeping occupants, the shadow went straight to the nightstand on the left. Its delicate feminine fingers wrapped around the key ring sitting on it. Then it left the room swiftly and silently, not even displacing any air.

Next, the shadow crouched in front of Kitty's crate and looked at it with compassion.

\*\*\*

"Hey, good morning Syr! You are up early."

"Good morning Master Mark, good morning Erika. Yes, I wanted to prepare some crepes for you today. They will be ready in a few minutes. Please have a seat."

Just as she greeted us, her jaw started to stretch into a long and uncontrollable yawn that was impossible to hide. It was not proper behavior for a maid. Erika scoffed.

"Geez, Syr. You should have stayed in bed if you were that tired. Mark could have made his own breakfast for once."

"I'm his maid. I must serve him. I would not have bothered to do this for you alone."

"Smartass! Of course, you would have. I'm your best friend."

"Only because you proved to be a reliable source of light novels."

"Hahaha! That was the only way to make you happy when you moved here. Alright, I will let catbutt out of her crate. Where are your keys, Mark?"

"Oh shoot, they are on the nightstand in our bedroom. I'll go get them."

Syr interjected.

"Actually, no. They are right here. You left them on the kitchen island last night."

"Really? That's odd... I was certain... I guess I was tired too... "

Erika grabbed the keys and went to the crate. She unlocked the door and tossed the padlocks and the key ring on top of the box before opening the jail-like door. Kitty was still asleep, rubbery butt facing the door. It was enough exposure for Erika to slap it. She wanted to start the day in a positive manner.

"Oww! It's too early for a spanking!"

"Come on, Cathead. Get out of there and come to eat crepes with us."

"Only Mark calls me Cathead! You must not!"

"Mark! I think Kitty is back to normal."

As Kitty crawled out of her crate while Erika came back to the kitchen. The small pink Latex cat stretched her limbs and dragged her feet to the island and climbed on the stool between Erika and me. Syr looked at her gently and greeted her.

"Good morning, Kitty. Did you sleep well?"

"I did. Sorry about last night, I kind of overreacted. It's just a collar. As Erika said, I'll just get a different one."

"I do not think it will be necessary."

"... What? Why?"

Syr turned around and kept cooking her crepes, ignoring the question entirely. We were all a little puzzled by what she had just said and her reaction. It was unlike Syr to say something seemingly heartless.

I turned my head to look at my two girls to check if they understood Syr's reaction any better than I did, and my eyes landed on Erika, who was staring at Kitty with way too much intensity. Then I realized why she was making that weird face, and I adopted the same expression.

Kitty, in between, who sensed that we were observing her a bit too intently, grew uncomfortable.

"Guuuys? What's wrong? Do I have a bug on my shoulder or something?"

"... Kitty... you... you may want to go check yourself in the mirror real quick."

"What? What's going on?"

Kitty, thinking she may have had some dirt on her face, rubbed it then inspected her rubber paws, but that was not it at all. She jumped down her stool and ran to the nearby washroom.

A scream ensued.

"WHAT THE...!?"

She ran back to the kitchen, looking at us with huge eyes, and immediately bolted back to the washroom a second time.

"Guys! Are you kidding me!? What's going on here!?"

Kitty ran back to us, totally confused... and holding her neck with her paws. Erika and I grabbed her wrists and lowered her hands to uncover something impossible. She had a bright pink

leather collar fastened around her neck, a real one this time... and in front of it, written in a million little shiny crystals, her name, KITTY.

"But... HOW? I was locked in my crate all night! That's not even possible!" Kitty asked.

"I have NO idea."

"Me neither."

Kitty was baffled, I had no clue either, and Erika was at a loss as well. We all looked at each other for a moment before slowly turning to Syr, who genuinely focused on breakfast making. I attempted to ask the burning question first.

"Syr? Did you—"

"Master Mark, how many crepes would you like? We also have maple syrup if you'd desire."

"..."

Her message came across loud and clear; our maid wasn't disposed to discuss any non-maid related matters this morning. Kitty went back and forth to the bathroom about fifteen times to look at herself in the mirror while we were eating our delicious crepes.

\*\*\*

The following days were eventless. Kitty got her crate back, she loved her new premium-quality collar, and last but not least, Erika filled me in about an evil plan she came up with to address Kitty's romantic issues with Syr; an idea that charmed me right off the bat.

Of course, Kitty suspected something was brewing, and she tried hard to get the details, but we didn't give her any. When she insisted too much, we just threw her inside her crate with a vibrator, which not-so-curiously kept her quiet for long moments.

Syr, her, never admitted or discussed the new collar. We all knew she had something to do with it, but at the end of the day, it was her choice whether she wanted to talk about it or not. Nonetheless, I did all I could to reward her the only way she was willing to accept, by being masterly and treating her like a real maid.

Erika let me take care of Syr, of course, she even slept upstairs in the guest bedroom with Kitty to let her have as much time as she deserved with me alone. It was a nice gesture, or maybe just an opportunity to sexually assault Kitty all week.

But today was the day. I was back from work, and Erika was ready to put in motion her fantastic weekend plan. Syr, Erika, and I gathered in the living room and called Kitty over. The little pink rubber catgirl showed up, holding a juice box with her paws. She kind of paused when she saw the three of us sitting on the same couch, staring at her.

"Uh-oh!"

"Hi, Kitty! Do you like rubber?"

"..."

Kitty knew she was in trouble, particularly after hearing Erika's irrelevant question. Plus, it was Friday night when things usually got crazy in this house. The pink cat decided to remain silent in an attempt not to incriminate herself, so Erika pressed her some more.

"Come on, Kitkat. You have to participate a bit, or else it won't be fun. Do you like rubber or not?"

"... I... do? One would think you knew about that already..."

"Good. We got you a new suit!"

"WHAT?"

"Yeah, look!"

Erika pulled a black latex catsuit from the bag at her feet. It was a copy of the original suit she wore when she first met me. It had the same cat ears, tail, and sexiness. However, there was one major difference... It had fingers instead of paws. Kitty got very suspicious of this, but she couldn't retain her smile because of her love of latex and the memories a black suit triggered inside her heart.

"... Is it... really for me?"

"Yep, and you need to put it on right now. Come on. Undress."

"But, you are all looking at me."

"We've all seen you naked before. Syr, go help her."

"Alright."

Och. When Erika asked Syr to assist undressing Kitty, we could all see her face changing. It was a good thing she was still in her suit because I was sure she turned beet red at the thought to be undressed by the cute maid she had a crush on; asking Syr to do this wasn't devoid of purpose.

Syr didn't care, though. She unfastened Kitty's new collar, put it aside, and then proceeded with unzipping the small cat second skin. Once her hands popped out of the rubber mitts, Kitty took care of the rest.

Slowly, Kitty put on the new catsuit. She never liked to dress up in front of me, but today she had no choice. The more the black suit covered her soft skin, the more I realized how much I had missed the black Kitty costume. The little latex fingers made her look even more adorable.

Syr helped pull the hood over Kitty's face and pinched her cheeks to properly align all the holes. The small catgirl kept griping Syr here and there by accident so much she wasn't used to having fingers while wearing a suit; it was rather funny to watch the maid trying to get away from the

velcro cat. The final touch was the zipper closing behind her spine, causing the latex to stretch around her curves.

"Meow! That is so nice of you guys! It feels very comfy. But why the sudden gift? You are hiding something."

"Yes, we do. So... Mark and I are going to spend the weekend at a nice hotel. It is the first time we do that together."

"Really? Without me?"

Poor Kitty wouldn't have asked this if we hadn't had our prior discussions about her crush on Syr and her attitude that needed some tuning. She knew perfectly well that my weekend alone with Erika had one objective; leaving her alone with Syr to work on their dysfunctional friendship. It only took Kitty a few seconds to turn to Syr and start questioning her.

"Syr! You knew about this, too, right?"

"I did, but it was not my idea. However, when faced with the non-choice, I quickly realized that it would be beneficial for me to have you around for the whole weekend."

"... Why? What for?"

"I am running late on some personal projects, so I would be happy to have someone help me with the house chores."

"House chores? No way! I never do those. I'm too fragile."

"Too fragile? Are you refusing to help me?"

"Yes!"

"Very well, I won't force you. I will still be happy to spend the weekend with you. Oh, by the way, we forgot to put your collar back on. Please lift your chin."

Kitty's heart sank to her heels. Even if Syr never admitted that she was behind the new collar magical apparition, everybody knew it was her. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that Syr mentioned the collar just now to crush Kitty under the weight of guilt and to make her comply. Kitty let a long groan out.

"Aaaah! Alright, Alright! I guess I can help you with a thing or two."

"I'm pleased to hear you changed your mind. You'll be my assistant maid. Erika, would you give me her uniform, please?"

"Wait? What? Uni—"

Kitty was frantically alternating her stare between Erika and Syr. She suspected something was fishy, and the moment of truth had arrived. A little bit of distress traveled down the black cat's spine because she was not too sure what to expect next. All Kitty knew was that she would be a victim of our deviant minds.

Erika started to pull more items out of her bag. The first thing she put on the floor was a pair of pink shiny Mary Jane shoes, followed by a pair of pink stockings. She paused there on purpose, even if there was much more to come.

"Come on, catbutt. Put those on!"

"Are you turning me into a pink maid!?"

"I'm not telling you. Put those on now, or else I'll spank you."

"Well ... They are pink ... I kind of like pink a little."

"We know you do, that's why we picked that color."

It took a little while, but Kitty put her new stockings on, which clashed drastically with her black catsuit. Then, she sat on the edge of the couch to slide her rubbery feet inside her new shoes while Syr was neatly folding her other catsuit.

"They seem to be my size..."

"Of course, they are!"

Erika gave Kitty some attitude for stating the obvious, but it was time to reveal the best part of her new costume. Kitty knew we were about to turn her into some sort of maid, but she wasn't too sure what her uniform would look like. In her head, she was probably picturing a neat silky dress like the one Syr was permanently wearing.

I pulled on the bag since I wanted to show Kitty the last item, but Erika tugged back on it.

"Heeey! I want to give it to her!" Erika said.

"No, you gave her the shoes already. It's my turn," I said.

"If you do, my wrath will be terrible."

"Whatever, Erika... Not everything can go your way. I'm doing it."

Erika let out a few mumbles, but I wanted to enjoy this transformation too. I plunged my hands inside the bag and pulled out, under Kitty's attentive gaze, the piece of resistance. Kitty brought the paws up to her head and started pulling on her rubber ears.

"... Seriously? I have to wear that?"

"Oh, yes. It was hard to choose, but we finally agreed on this one. Do you like it?"

"..."

I stood up and held the uniform by the shoulders to put it on display. It was so small compared to my body size that I even wondered how Kitty would fit in. We got her the cutest maid uniform we could find. The tiny dress was made of glossy pink latex with white frills and had short sleeves attached to its puffy shoulders. I would have preferred a high neck, but Erika decided on a round one so Kitty could wear her precious collar.

The skirt was barely long enough to cover her butt cheeks. Erika pulled out two more items from the bag.

"And here is your apron and headband. You'll look adorable. Come on, put it on now before we leave."

"But... I'm not a maid..."

"Yes, you are... You said you'd help Syr."

I laughed at Kitty's reaction. The reality had a hard time sinking in. We were converting her into a sexy maid, and she was not getting away with it. Just by looking at her face, I could tell she thought the little uniform was super cute... and latex was her favorite thing in the world. There was no way she could get herself to refuse this gift even though there was a poisonous side included.

Since the dress had no zipper, we had to slide it on her. We got her to insert her arms in the sleeves first, and then we pushed her head through the neck. The rubber crackled, stretched, and squeaked while we tried to lower the dress over her body. It was so tight, almost like a corset. Erika made sure the sleeves were adequately adjusted, and then, from behind, she squeezed Kitty's compressed boobs.

"Aaanh! No! Erika! Don't turn me on!"

"Why not? Mark, I'm voting to fuck Kitty right now before we leave."

"Nope. We are paying for our hotel room. We don't have time to play. Go get your suitcase, Erika, so that we can go."

"Alright! You are no fun. I just wanted to enjoy our new sexy latex maid a little bit."

"She will still be our maid when we come back on Sunday."

"I... I will?"

Erika and I were just playing with Kitty's brain to confuse her further. The poor catgirl was still unsure of what was happening to her, and hearing that she might still be our sexy maid after the weekend was a bit scary to her. We always had to do everything for her, and all of a sudden, it was a role reversal.

Syr was just standing next to us, in silence, as calm as ever even though she would be responsible for Kitty all weekend. She made it feel as if it was just another mundane chore to accomplish. However, with Syr, we never knew what she really thought. When we tried to give her ideas about how to handle Kitty alone for two whole days, she just said that guidance was unnecessary. Who knows what was going to happen once we would walk out the door.

"Okay, Kitty. Hug me before I go."

"Meow? Am I in trouble now, Mark?"

"I have no idea, Cathead. It's all between you and Syr from now on."

"I remember what happened during Easter... I AM in trouble!"

"That story again, Kitty? I still do not believe you. Stop spreading little lies, else it's true you'll get in trouble. Have a great weekend, okay?."

I hugged Kitty and kissed her on the forehead while she was groaning. She would be just fine, and I was sure those two would sort out their relationship status once and for all. They both knew it was the purpose of this exercise, so I was persuaded they would act on it for the better.

Kitty laid down on the couch, sighing at her predicament while I walked toward the door leading to the garage. Just as I was going to open it, Syr caught up to me, turned me around, and pushed me against the wall. She looked at me in the eyes... She was so beautiful. Every time she was acting oddly like this, I couldn't do anything but melt.

Out of the blue, she engaged me into a deep, long and sensual kiss. Not that I had anything to complain about, but it was just a bit odd that she initiated such a move as I usually had to go through her typical "This is inappropriate, Master Mark!" This time around, she was in control.

"Master Mark..."

"Geez, Syr... What was this about?"

"I just wanted to wish you the best for this weekend."

"Heee... Thanks? I guess?"

Clearly turned on, she let go of me and walked away, intersecting with Erika, who saw the whole scene.

"You know, Mark, if you want to stay here to fuck your maid instead of going on a weekend alone with me, just let me know."

"Come on, get in the car, silly!"

"Ow,ow,ow! Don't do that!"

I pinched Erika's back of the neck with my thumb and index finger and dragged her to the garage. She knew I was looking forward to this quiet weekend with her. We haven't done anything like this since the first weekend we've met.

She put her suitcase in the trunk and climbed in the driving seat. I sat in the passenger seat and pulled out my phone as she was backing the car out of the garage. I put some music on and questioned her about our destination. She was the one who had made our reservation.

"Where are we going exactly?"

"1 Rideau St."

"... WHAT?"

"Yes. I hope you brought your wallet with you since I'm going to let you pay for everything."

"Yeah, right. I don't have to tell you how much a room costs over there."



"I have no mortgage, so please, don't talk about money this weekend. I just want a good time with you. I've always dreamed of going there, but it's the first time I have an opportunity."

I scratched the thin hair behind her neck while she was driving and put my phone back in my pocket; we wouldn't need a GPS to get there. This was the most expensive hotel in the city. That place was shaped like a Castle and had tons of amenities for us to enjoy. It wouldn't be cheap, but it would undoubtedly be a great experience.

"It's going to be a fun weekend, I'm sure. Thanks for organizing it."

"Is that gratefulness I hear in your voice, Mark? Well, I thought you were going to complain more than this. There is hope for us, then. Alright, we have a reservation at the restaurant too, we need to hurry."

"Yeah, but don't get us killed before we get there, or else I won't be as grateful."

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"Alright, Kitty. They are gone now."

"Mmm... This uniform is kind of cute. So rubbery and girly."

"It suits you. I will be back in a moment, and then we can talk about our plan for the weekend."

"Syr! You don't need to plan anything. Your master isn't even here. Can't you take a break from being a maid, for once?"

"I intend to do so. I'll be back in a moment."

Syr walked out of the living room and headed to her modest bedroom and closed the door behind her to get some privacy. She took off her uniform and stood naked in front of her closet where a short selection of regular clothes were hung.

"Mmm... I'm no longer used to this. Maybe this one, today..."

She ended up choosing a casual blue dress, perfect for a warm day like today, and slipped into it. From the dresser, she picked some matching panties and put them on. Looking at herself in the full-length mirror attached to the closet door, Syr didn't see the same thing as the others saw.

Sure, Syr knew she was somewhat pretty. Many had told her she was the most beautiful girl they have ever seen, but to her, beauty was only a tool like any other. She could use this mere characteristic to trigger reactions from others as needed, when it could be useful to her friends, or when she wanted to act as a specific character such as her maid.

Syr had tried to find love using her beauty at some point, but it only brought her loneliness. The attracted men did not like her; they simply wanted her corporal shell. They were not filling up this void she had inside her heart; a void carried since she was little and that she has never been able to describe; an absence of true love.

Erika had been the first person who had managed to reach her in this very special way. The red-haired girl was not someone who had to take care of Syr by obligation, or someone who had to play with her after being told. No, Erika, for no rational reason, planted a seed of real friendship inside Syr's chest. She took care of her just because, and Syr thought this was worth rewarding as much as she could.

As this seed germinated, its roots slowly reconnected feelings that Syr didn't think she had; trust, dedication, affection, just to name a few. As nice as it was, this abnormal empty space needed something more. Something that only could come from herself.

Then Syr met this man when she accepted to be part of a funny plan to help her best friend during a birthday event. At first, Syr's intention was simply to fulfill her maid role for the evening, but everything went sideways when she found out how Mark genuinely loved his girlfriends. It triggered something inside her, a desire to be loved that way too, something beyond friendship.

What followed was a maid's best awkward attempt to create a storyline where this man would make a move, proving her out of any doubt that he wanted her for who she was and not for what he wanted her to be.

To do so, she had forced him to do something almost against his will. Syr could just have asked him to sleep with her, but instead, she pushed him to do so with her while she pretended to reject him. On that night, he showed her how far he was ready to go against his own values to make her happy and how much he was willing to suffer for her. On that night, her heart got a bit fuller. Her only regret was that she pushed him a bit too hard for her benefit.

Then there was this small catgirl, wearing a latex costume most of the time. Syr didn't really know what Kitty's role was in her life. So far, she was Mark's girlfriend, someone important who made him who he was, but there was more to it; Syr couldn't understand the small catgirl, yet, she sensed that building a relationship with Kitty was critical to find another missing piece of her heart.

Kitty wouldn't be a lover, Syr knew that much. But why was she so curious about the small rubber cat? Kitty was immature, lazy, whiny, and everything was about sex with her. So, why were Mark and Erika so attracted to Kitty? Cuteness alone wouldn't be enough.

This weekend alone with Kitty was probably Syr's best opportunity to solve this mystery. She enjoyed spending her time with the catgirl, but she was far from understanding her the way she should. Now that they were alone together, this investigation work could begin.

Syr walked back to the living room to rejoin Kitty, but she wasn't there anymore; she had vanished.

"Kitty?"

It was not a small house, so the rubber cat-maid could be hiding anywhere in order to avoid her chores. Syr, very relaxed, padded from room to room, trying to find her friend without success. After a few minutes of searching, she found the rubbery feline outside, lying down on a lounge chair next to the pool.

"Here you are, Kitty."

"It's always a shock to see you out of uniform."

"I could say the same about you when you are not wearing your rubber suit. Can I sit?"

"Meow, of course."

Syr rolled one of the chairs next to Kitty and laid down on it. Kitty looked at her, knowing a little bit what was going to happen next. If Erika and Mark left them alone for the weekend, it was not so that they could chill under the sun; it was to figure out their relationship situation a bit better. It would have been a good idea to start talking about this right away, but Syr had something else on her mind.

"You will be my maid this weekend."

"... Uh? What do you mean?"

"I'll be busy. I have work to finish in my workshop. So you'll be my maid this weekend. You will do everything I usually do."

"Hey! That was not the agreement! I said I would help you, not do everything."

"I know. I just decided otherwise. You'll have to cook us something for dinner."

"..."

Kitty couldn't believe what she was hearing. How could this help their relationship? At first, when Syr dropped the bomb on her, she imagined herself cleaning the toilet and the shower, cutting the grass, taking the leaves out of the pool... Not cooking. She never cooked anything in her lifetime. Not even toasts. How could Syr ask her to cook a full dinner? It was unthinkable.

"Syr? I can't cook!"

"You don't have a choice but to learn."

"... No! Even before meeting you, Mark always fed me. I never cooked anything."

"So? Are you saying you refuse to fulfill your duty?"

"My duty? I'm not a maid! You are!"

Syr looked at Kitty, who was wearing a little latex maid uniform, which prevented her from denying her current function. Kitty felt scrutinized and knew exactly what message her appearance conveyed.

"Oh! Well, yes, I'm dressed like a maid, but you guys forced me to."

"It suits you. But you are definitely a maid, and you must cook me a meal."

"What if I say no?"

"What are you afraid of?"

"I don't know. Poison you?"

"Alright, I won't insist. But you put me in a challenging situation."

"... What situation? What do you mean?"

Syr returned to her backrest and stared at the blue sky, sighing heavily. Her tone changed into a disappointed one as if she were concerned about something important. She explained what was on her mind.

"First, I told you the truth. I must work really hard on something in my workshop. It is my most important contract, and I have to deliver everything on Tuesday. If I don't, my reputation will take a hit, and this will make my life more difficult in the future. Then on top of that, Master Mark and Erika asked us to spend time together to get to know each other better. We both know that it is necessary. If I have to do my house chores on top of this, I won't be able to spend any time with you. I thought you would like to help me a little bit."

Kitty didn't know on what foot to dance on that one. She was dealing with Syr, after all. It was possible that all of this was flawless acting and was an attempt to manipulate her cat's brain. The only thing she knew for sure was the part where Mark and Erika asked them to work on their relationship. However, Kitty couldn't help but think there was more to it.

"Mmm... Syr? Did you tell them about the contract you needed to finish?"

"No, I do not discuss my day job around them when I'm a maid."

"Tell me honestly, did you get yourself in trouble because of us? Because you spent too much time serving us?"

"... This... This is irrelevant."

"Oh, no! It's not."

Kitty jumped from one chair to the other and sat on top of Syr. The rubber cat was used to girl-on-girl contacts, but Syr, not so much. Not only Kitty had cornered her with a question she didn't want to answer, but on top of it, she was physically in her face, forcing her to look sideways.

"Kitty... You are very... close."

"I can't believe it. You preferred to get yourself in trouble to please us instead of taking care of your job?"

"... It was... worth it. I love Master Mark, and Erika and you are my friends."

"It doesn't mean you have to be dumb about it. You have to think about yourself first."

"Can you... get off me? This is embarrassing..."

Kitty had an innate ability to pull the truth out of people, but also had an innate ability to turn a drama into her favor. She placed her latex index finger on Syr's forehead.

"No. Wait. I have an idea. I'll be your maid, but in exchange, you have to sleep with me."

"But... Kitty... You know I'm not attracted to you that way."

"I didn't ask you to have sex with me. I just want someone to sleep with this weekend. It's the first time Mark is away for that long. I'm not sure how I'll feel if I'm all alone in the basement in that giant bed. It scares me a little. Friends can share a bed, no?"

"... Alright. I suppose... we could do this."

"Meow! NICE! But... I still don't know how to cook."

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"How do you think they are doing? I should text them."

"Erika, we talked about this. You don't touch your phone this weekend. You are always playing on it."

"But what if they need us?"

"They won't. Why are you so anxious? They are not kids."

"I don't know. We just turned Kitty into a maid and fed her to the lions."

"Syr is not a lion. Kitty is super smart. They both need that time together. We did the right thing, so now eat your salmon before it gets cold. The food is excellent, and you shouldn't waste it."

"Mmm... Yes, it's good. So, did you look at the list of activities that they are offering here? Is there anything you want to try?"

Erika and I were facing each other inside our luxury hotel's fancy restaurant. There was a silver bucket of ice cooling some very delicious wine, which tasted even better because we didn't have to drive anywhere tonight. There were some soothing little candles here and there dancing inside small decorated glasses sitting on the white tablecloth.

With such a relaxed and intimate atmosphere, Erika's anxiousness was out of place. We were here not to be with the others for once, so she had to let it go. I hoped this was the last time I would have to bring her back to the present moment, or else she wouldn't enjoy her weekend as much as she should.

I grabbed the booklets listing the hotel amenities and reviewed them once more with her.

"Tomorrow morning, we will go to the spa, right?" I asked.

"Yes, for a massage."

"What about you going to get a pedicure and manicure? While you do that, I could wait for you at the bar."

"You go to the bar without me, and I will terminate you."

Erika was as romantic as ever. I said this on purpose because I knew she loved drinking. When I took her luggage off the car, it was curiously heavy. I would not be surprised if she brought some bottles from our home mini-bar.

"Did you see their beer menu? It's crazy. We would need a lifetime to try them all," I said.

"I guess we should get started then."

"No. Right now, you eat your expensive food, and then we said we were going straight to the bedroom. We have a jacuzzi and a giant bed to test."

"Oh? Were you expecting to have sex with me this weekend? I think I just want to rest. Sorry."

"You are funny, Erika. You can rest if you want, I'm still going to have sex with you."

"Oh! Gross! I'm not like Syr, dreaming of being abused in my sleep. I'm the one who will run the show this weekend."

"Not if you are too drunk. Your suitcase was quite heavy."

"Aaah! I brought a bottle or two, so what? ... It's going to be fun!"

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"Syr... I have your food."

"Ah, see. I knew you could do it."

Kitty placed a bowl in front of Syr, who was sitting at her workshop bench. She looked down at the bowl and tried to identify what it was... unsuccessfully.

"Kitty? What is... this?"

"Hey, don't be mean. I tried my best."

"No, seriously? What is it?"

"... Noodles? Can't you tell?"

"... But... what is the... paste... covering them?"

Syr tried not to be mean, but she was not joking; she couldn't remotely determine what it was, and God only knows how many meals she had prepared during her life. Presenting her with a plate that she couldn't identify was quite a feat of creativity. Kitty, who was aware of her culinary limitation, was not offended, but she didn't expect Syr to ask questions that had such an obvious answer to her.

"... You mean the tuna?"

"... Tuna?"

"Yes! Tuna ... mixed with tomato paste. Try it. It's good."

"..."

Syr, unsettled, grabbed her fork and poked an overcooked fish paste covered noodle. She brought it up to her nose and smelled it before placing it on her tongue.

"..."

"Soooo? It's not so bad, right? I got that once before when I was homeless, in exchange for a food stamp. I liked it. I'm not sure why it doesn't look the same, though."

"It's... special."

"Well... I mean... I told you, I don't know how to cook. I know it's not as good as what you do."

Syr extended an arm and grabbed Kitty by the waist and pulled her into an unexpected gentle hug.

"Kitty, thank you. It's good."

"Really?"

"Yes. I'm proud of you."

"Awww. Stop it... I know it's not very good."

"Now, go clean the kitchen, and bring me some fruits when you are done."

"You are not going to take a break from working?"

"I can't. I'm sorry. I have too much to do, still."

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"What a bedroom!"

"It's not a bedroom. It's a suite!"

"Still. Having a jacuzzi so close to my bed is a first for me."

Erika and I were both naked, soaking in the wonderful bubbling tub. My open arms rested comfortably on the edge while Erika was straddling me, holding a bottle of whiskey in one hand and a shot glass in the other. She had a firm intention to damage our brains tonight.

As if the wine we got at the restaurant wasn't enough, the red devil twisted my arm, and we ended up trying the beer menu at the bar after our meal. Ah, well, spontaneity has always been a good thing. While she attempted to pour some whiskey in the small glass, I ran my hands on her warm and lovable breasts for a little squeeze.

"Hehe. Mark, if you make me drop the bottle, you're going to be in big trouble."

"Did I ever tell you how beautiful you are?"

"Yes, every time you want to have sex with me, you predator."

"Ah, stop it. I'm serious. You are super cute. I like all your little freckles."

I ran my fingers on her pale skin, identifying all the little rust-colored dots that made her so unique. It was not that Erika lacked confidence in herself, she knew she was not ugly, but she never overly cared about little compliments like this. It didn't prevent me from flirting with her anyway.

"Shut it. Here, it's your turn. Drink this. It's an 18 years old... since you like tasting young adults."

"Hahaha! You are terrible! Syr is 21 years old... she is not a baby anymore."

"That's what I said... young adult. Alright, open your mouth before I drop it in the tub..."

Erika gently brought the glass to my lips and made me drink the whiskey I had never tried before. Immediately, the comforting heat traveled down my esophagus, and a surge of happiness spread inside my brain. Erika leaned forward and gave me a sensual kiss.

"Aaah, that's a good one!"

"The whiskey or the kiss?"

"Is there a bad answer?"

"Yes. If you disrespect the whiskey, I'm out of here."

"Hehe, Erika. You're nuts."

I reached her breasts with my mouth and started sucking on her nipples. Her response to this sexy action was to wrap her arms around my neck and moan a little.

"Mmm...They are not toys, you know. It's really turning me on when you do that. I don't want to have sex just now, okay? I just want to relax with you and drink."

"We can do that too. I'm good with whatever. But are you sure you are okay?"

"Yeah, I am, I'm just thinking a lot about—"

"... Kitty?"

"And Syr too. What's wrong with me? It's like if I let my children alone at home for the first time."

"They are fine. I promise. Stop thinking about them."

Erika got off me and sat in the jacuzzi seat next to mine and poured herself another glass. She sent the liquid straight down her throat, groaning in satisfaction. Something was definitely bugging her, so I decided to open a door.

"... want to tell me?"

"Mmm. Yes. You know how Syr is always roleplaying and never being normal?"

"Hehe, yes, I noticed, believe me."

"Well, did you ever think about the fact that she might have been doing this not to face her real emotions?"

"Oh, yes. I never talked to her about it, but it is pretty obvious. Something happened to her, and she is running away from it."

"Then, you are much smarter than I am.. It took me years to figure that out."

"Do you know what it is?"

"Yes. But I shouldn't... And I'm an idiot because I'm about to tell you. I'm a horrible person."

What was that about? She was so sad all of a sudden and started hating herself for something she hadn't done yet. It wasn't even the whiskey's fault as, usually, the drunker she got, the happier she got. I took the bottle and glass off her hands and put them aside. Without any resistance, I made her sit between my legs and turned off the jacuzzi to make things a bit quieter. I wrapped my arms around her warm little body and used a more soothing voice to discuss this.



"Hey, hey. You are not a horrible person at all. You obviously know something too heavy to carry alone. If you want to share it with me, I'll support you, you know that."

"But, I don't think she would like you to know... I... I don't know what to do."

"Listen. Something this heavy, I will end up knowing sooner or later. I think it would be better just to tell me and be done with it. Start slow. Tell me what happened. Why are you saying that you shouldn't know what happened to Syr?"

Erika let her head drop back on my shoulder and let a long sigh out.

"Now and then, Syr gets a letter from a certain person named Sandra. It's rather odd since people don't write letters anymore. Every single time, Syr grabs the envelope and disappears in her room for hours, which is very unlike her. I never asked questions, but I suspected it had something to do with her family. She told me in the past that she didn't have parents anymore. They passed away, but I never asked for details."

"I didn't know that. That's very sad."

"Yeah, well, one day, the doorbell rang while I was alone at home. When I answered, an older lady, probably 60-65years old, said she was in the area to give some training and wanted to say hello to Syr. Her name was Sandra, and she was wearing a paramedic uniform. That was the lady from the letters."

Erika was choking more and more because of the emotion. I stayed silent, respectfully listening to her story. Inside me was a feeling of apprehension; something ominous was slowly developing, and I didn't like it very much. The more I heard, the more my conviction that it was a good thing to have Erika share this with me grew. The red-haired girl continued her difficult tale while her fingers squeezed my forearms.

"It... It was so wrong of me to do that, but when the lady left, I decided to search both Sandra and Syr's real name on the internet. I quickly found something that turned my stomach upside down... I feel so disgusting for having done this. It was none of my business."

"Don't say that, Erika. It's not true. You just cared about her, okay? Tell me what you have found."

"... Aaah. Their names were associated with an infamous car accident... a big tragedy. A truck driver fell asleep on the highway and ended up in the opposite lane... It... It rammed through a bunch of cars... It violently decimated three entire families, and there was only one survivor... a small girl who didn't get a scratch... physically at least. Her parents died, Mark. She was only six years old! They died in front of her! THEY DIED..."

"Hey,hey! Come here, shhhhh. It's okay. It's okay."

Erika's dam broke, and she started crying like a newborn in my arms. I didn't know how long she had kept this secret to herself, but for some reason, leaving Syr and Kitty behind triggered something inside her, and this moment of intimacy with me, allowed her to let it out finally.

Perhaps it had been something as simple as feeling she was abandoning them. Abandoning the girl who had lost everything.

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"Syyyyr! It's so late! I cleaned the kitchen, brought you your fruits, and carried all those heavy laundry baskets to the laundry room. I'm getting tired. Plus, you are supposed to sleep in my bed tonight. That was the deal."

"I understand, but I need to push through this else I won't make it. This hat got damaged, and it is an essential piece of the costume they need."

"Alright... Alright... Hey, that is a cute teddy bear on your table. Can I look at it?"

"... Yes, just be careful. It is very old."

Kitty carefully grabbed the teddy bear and squeezed it gently, making him do friendly nods.

"So cute. What's the medal?"

"Just a symbol of friendship. It is important to me."

"Who gave it to you?"

"A friend."

"What friend?"

"Just ... Just a friend. Put it back now, please."

Kitty delicately placed back the bear on the workbench. One thing the small catgirl always been good at was to read people's mind. This slight hesitation from Syr on her last question triggered her sixth sense and desire to dig deeper.

"Outside us, do you have any friends?"

"Not really. I'm happy the way things are."

"You know, Syr, I don't have friends either. Everything went downhill when my father died, and my mother moved back to Japan."

"..."

"I guess I was all alone and didn't feel like living anymore. I just let myself go and ended up in the street. That was super dumb."

"Then, Mark found you, right?"

"Yep. He saved me. He gave me something I didn't expect that turned my life around, I guess."

"...What was it? Love?"

"Kind of. But not the way you mean it. I needed something to escape my reality. I was despondent about my life. But then, he told me to ditch my old normal self, Theresa, and he allowed me to be Kitty full time. I was much happier as Kitty for a long time, and I never went back to who I was before. So, basically, Mark taught me self-love by showing me it was okay to use my cat character as an escape until I got better."

"... I never really thought you were... acting."

"We are all acting, Syr. And there is nothing wrong with it."

Syr unconsciously stopped working, hypnotized by Kitty's impromptu slice of life. Her heart was racing; she really wanted to open her mouth again and tell Kitty how much she related to what she had just said, but she couldn't. The small rubber cat entered her head effortlessly and stirred all kinds of emotions and memories inside of her. While Syr swam in her own thoughts, Kitty dropped a few more words to complete her mind job.

"For what it's worth Syr, the more pain we carry, the more we act to cope with it."

"..."

"But do you know what's most important? It's to be aware of it and slowly try to return to our true self one day or another. It's the hardest part, but it is necessary. You know that! You were there when I let Mark see me out of my suit after such a long time hiding from him. You and Erika were the reason why I managed to do it. It was so hard, but you supported me."

"..."

"So, if you ever need us for something similar, one day, when you are ready, you know where to find us, right?"

"... I..."

"Alright, I'll let you finish your work. I'm going to bed now. I mean, it's up to you, but—"

"I will join you downstairs, Kitty, when I'm done."

"Yay! If I'm asleep, you must wake me up! Else it won't count."

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It was 1 am when Syr looked at the pink hat she had just finished repairing, and it now looked brand new. Her crafting skills were limitless. She placed it on the shelf just above the matching costume and let a long yawn out. As she was putting her tools away, she looked at her teddy bear.

"Kitty is so amazing... How does she do that?"

She turned all the lights off, exited her workshop, and made a little round around the house to lock all doors and turn off all the lights. Kitty would need much more basic training to be able to take care of a house one day. That made Syr smile. The tuna noodles were so gross, and she wondered how Kitty had survived all those years before she met Mark.

The off duty maid made her way to the basement where the lights were dimmed, possibly betraying the small rubber cat's fear of the dark while alone in the creepily large basement. On the floor, in front of the bed, a latex maid uniform and some stockings and shoes were as asleep as the catgirl on the bed.

Syr's finger flipped the switch which plunged the basement into the dark, then took her clothes off and climbed on the large mattress. She slid under the soft sheet and carefully approached Kitty from behind. Kitty felt pulled into a spooning position, which she didn't quite expect tonight.

A whispering voice reached Kitty's ears.

"Kitty? Are you awake?"

"Mmm? I am now. Meow! What time is it?"

"Past 1 am..."

"Woah, you worked late. Did you manage to finish what you wanted?"

"Yes."

"Good. You should get some rest now. And keep cuddling me, I love it."

"... Okay."

"Good night, Syr."

"... Good night."

Syr had this unbearable pressure inside her chest. The same one as earlier when she wanted to say something to Kitty but couldn't. It was almost painful. Her heart was racing, and she couldn't control it. Her breathing was laborious. She needed to let something out... badly.

"K... Kitty?"

"Mmm?"

"I... I want to tell you..."

"... What is it?"

"I want to tell you about my parents. About what happened to them."

"Syr. If you keep holding me tightly like this, I'll listen to everything you want to tell me all night."

"... I... I was six years old when—"

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"Good Morning, whiskey girl!"

"Hehe. Morning, Mr. Shoulder-I-Can-Cry-On."

"How are you feeling this morning?"

"Much better. Thanks to you. You are the best."

Erika climbed on top of me, and we started kissing. Last night was intense. Erika had her meltdown, and then we talked it out while drinking. We didn't have sex or anything; we just chatted until very late at night while cuddling.

"So much praise. I feel like I know a thing or two about life now. Hey, do you still want to go to the spa this morning? It's almost 10 am," I asked.

"10 am? Ow, it's late. Can we do what we said we would do last night?"

"Sure, did you bring your tablet?"

"Yes, it's right there on the nightstand."

"Oh... Right."

I stretched my arm and grabbed Erika's tablet. Last night we discussed Syr but also life in general. We were able to find a certain inner peace while talking and agreed that it was up to Syr to open up regarding her life, and whatever she decided to do, we would be there to support her. I think Erika understood that it was pointless to torture herself with what she had learned about her friend. With or without knowing about her tragic past, Syr was still the same nice girl we all loved.

I called Kitty via videoconference, hoping that she would answer. It took a few seconds before a black latex cat appeared on the screen.

"Meowning guys!"

"Hey, Kitty, just checking how you were doing as a maid."

"I'm really good at it. It gives Syr a well-deserved break."

The screen was moving in every direction; it was nauseating. Kitty looked like she was bouncing on our bed. Erika scolded her.

"Hey Catbutt! stop moving like this! We are going to puke."

"One sec, I'm trying to sit."

Once the camera stabilized, we finally got a clear image of Kitty, wearing her black rubber suit, and... Syr... who was sitting naked next to her.

"Kitty... Why is Syr naked with you in our bed?"

"Oh... She slept with me."

"She slept... with you?"

"Yes! We spooned all night."

"Uh? Did you have... sex?"

"Master Mark! This is none of your business!"

Alright, it didn't take long. Kitty purposely told me something shocking, and Syr prevented me from getting the crunchy details. Those two were apparently best friends now and would pull my leg together. As if I didn't have enough girl troubles as it was.

Erika grabbed the tablet and looked at them through the camera.

"Syr! Kitty! I love you so much! I'm so glad you are having fun. I just wanted to check on you.

Mark and I are going for a massage now, but let us know if you need anything, okay?"

"Yes, Erika. But we are fine. I'm an amazing maid and a great cook!"

"... A great cook, uh? Alright, you two. Enjoy your weekend."

"Okaaay! Byyye!"

Erika hung up the call and tossed the tablet on the bed. All her worries vanished, and fresh energy filled the empty space. In one spontaneous move, she climbed on top of me again; I felt like her prey today.

"Don't move! You are mine!" she said.

"Am I?"

"Yes! And now that all is good, we can have our weekend together."

"That's the spirit. So, are we going to the spa or not?"

"No! We go eat, and then we go back to the bar."

"The bar right after breakfast? I'm not sure beer and eggs will be a good mix."

"You do as I say! You are mine!"

"Erika, you are starting to sound like Kitty more and more. You know that?"

"NO! We must go to the bar! We must!"

Oh, boy.

\*\*\*

Syr suspiciously poked her scrambled eggs using a single tooth of her fork. Once more, she was speechless. Kitty, the adorable latex maid, was tasked to cook a late breakfast. Syr kept her order as simple as possible, yet she stared at her food in amazement, not understanding how the end result had branched so far away from what she had ordered.

"What's wrong, Syr? Don't you like your eggs over easy? I thought that it was what you asked for."

"... It's fine."

"And I put butter on your toast, too, as you like."

"... Thanks."

Using the tip of her knife, she lifted the toast to look at it on both sides. That poor piece of bread was entirely black and was struggling to absorb the butter. She glanced at the toaster and saw that the setting had not changed. How in the world did Kitty manage to burn it to this extent? It was a mystery.

"... I will need to work all day again. I will provide you with a list of tasks to do," Syr said.

"More tasks? But I did so much already today!"

"... You cooked eggs and bread. That is all you did today so far."

"It's a lot more than I'm used to!"

"Have you always been this lazy? I now understand why Master Mark was on the verge of exhaustion when I first met him."

"If I were not lazy, I would not be as cute."

To Syr, it was unbelievable to see Kitty justifying her lack of motivation toward work using the cuteness card. She was indeed an adorable girl with tons of people skills, but those were no reasonable arguments to withdraw herself from all basic responsibilities.

Syr opened a drawer and pulled out a notepad and a pen. Using soft calligraphy, she created a list of simple tasks for the small cat-maid to perform. Every time she added an item on the piece of paper, Kitty thought it would be the last one... but it was not... and she started to whine about it.

"Surely, you don't expect me to do all of this!?"

"I do. If you don't, you'll sleep alone tonight."

"What? You are blackmailing me?"

"I do. I have lots of work to finish today, and I do not have time to argue. Follow me now. I have a small gift for you."

"You are blackmailing me, and now you have a gift for me?"

"I do."

Syr sounded a bit like a parrot to Kitty with her repetitive "I do." All her answers were final, leaving no room for negotiation. Syr had hit a nerve. She knew very well that Kitty would do anything to spend another night with her.

To Kitty, last night was perfect, and she couldn't have hoped for anything better. Syr joined her late in the night and woke her up with a hug from behind. Her reason to do this quickly became apparent when she told her about her tragic past.

Syr had not cried or dwelled; she just wanted to share. She used Kitty as a living Teddy Bear, to whom she could tell everything and anything without feeling judged or pitied.

Happy to receive all the hugs and squeezes, Kitty understood that Syr didn't need another lover... Above all else, what Syr needed the most was a special friend, and the latex catgirl was more than happy to play this important role in her life. As an added bonus, this little reconciliation had allowed them to tease Mark and make him wonder if they had sex together, which should bug him for quite a while.

The two girls entered the workshop, and Syr went right to a small dresser and opened the drawers. She pulled out a ribbon with several jingle bells attached to it.

"Ah! Here it is. Kitty, give me your tail."

"My tail? Wait a minute ... you are not going to..."

Syr lifted Kitty's pink skirt, grabbed the long snake-like rubber appendage, and began to tie the ringing ribbon to its tip.

"... but ... why?"

"It will make a lot of noise when you are moving."

"I know that! But ... why?"

"I'll be busy. I cannot follow you everywhere to ensure you are doing your tasks. If the bells stop ringing for too long, you are going to sleep alone tonight."

"But ... that's not fair!"

"Now, get going and follow your to-do list. If I catch you cheating, the deal is off."

"Syyyr! You are so evil!"

"I'm not. I'm just busy. Now, go. You have a lot to do."

"But... Aaaaah! You are worse than Erika and her English lessons!"

Kitty dropped her arm and curved her back, a bit defeated. What had she done to deserve this treatment from her new best friend? She turned around, and as soon as she made one step, her tail hit her calf and...

*Jingle!*

"Oh, God!"

"Oh, my!"

It was a bit louder than the two girls had anticipated.

\*\*\*

Erika and I have been sitting at the hotel bar all afternoon, trying all the different beers we could. We kept ourselves alive with various snacks; those deep-fried cheese curds were a revelation.

"Mark... Last one, then we go back to the room."

"Hehe, you have enough already?"

"Of course not, but we can't have sex here."

"Good point. Did you bring your rubber suit?"

"No. No rubber suit this weekend."

"Aaah, too bad. I really like the latex version of you."

"Kitty trained you well. OH! This one is mine!"

Erika roughly pushed my hand away, even if I didn't try to do anything; my funny companion always spotted the biggest cheese curds from the basket and dove like an eagle to snatch them first. I could only imagine how many calories Erika put inside her body this afternoon; it was not something I was remotely interested in mentioning as it could only result in one thing. My death.

I wanted her closer to me, so I wrapped my arm around her tiny waist as she was munching on the squeaky food. After I kissed her on the head, her eyes looked up at me, and she asked me an odd question.



"What if it were only the two of us?"

"You mean, like a normal couple?"

"Yeah. What if Kitty and Syr didn't exist? Would we be together?"

"No!"

"Aww! Seriously? You say that to your girl right before we are supposed to make love?"

"Yep!"

"Aww! Why? Am I just a side dish?"

"Hehe... No. If I had not met Kitty first, you would have hated me. She turned me into who I am now. I went from stupid to decent."

"That's not true!"

I started playing in Erika's ponytail, spinning my finger around it. All the credit had to go to Kitty; she taught me that I could take care of someone well. People don't realize it, but tying someone up required self-confidence. I learned to trust myself whenever I locked Kitty inside her crate, which made me much less paranoid over time. I don't think Erika would have tolerated the old version of me.

"Thanks for the vote of confidence, but really, Kitty made me a better person."

"No, that's not what I meant. I was saying that you are still stupid."

"Hey! Do you want to sleep in the hallway tonight?"

"I would get a lot of attention from random males. Would you like that?"

"No! No, I wouldn't like that."

"Well, you have three girlfriends, why can't I have three males?"

"..."

"Relaaaax! I am just teasing. I'm not interested in other males. Not even another female. I love Kitty and you as a unit!"

"Good... I'm happy with what I have too. Alright, let's go to our room now."

We paid our enormous bill and left the bar, hand in hand.

After a quick elevator ride and a short walk, we arrived at our suite.

"Hey, Mark. I'll just take a quick shower first."

"Need help?"

"Nah, just try to light the fireplace or something. I won't be long."

"Sure... Good idea."

Trying to light the fireplace was not a big challenge; I just had to find the switch; it was a gas one. Not only this suite had a jacuzzi, next to the bedroom, but it also had that small but cute fireplace in a corner. In front of it, was this little loveseat and a fake white fur rug.

I heard the shower running, so I had time to relax a bit. I tossed my shirt on the bed and took a look at the bottles Erika had brought from home. The 18 years old whiskey we tried last night was definitely the best. I grabbed it along with two shot glasses and set them up near the loveseat. There was no doubt in my mind that Erika would want some.

I grabbed the room service menu from the desk and browsed it. We ate snacks all afternoon, but eventually, we would need a proper dinner; it wouldn't hurt to order a little something for later. I pressed the zero key on the phone and waited for someone to answer.

"Hey there, this is room 1066, I would like to order some food. Yeah. Maybe in an hour from now, that would be good."

"..."

"So, how good is your club sandwich? Okay... Well, that sounds good. So, two of those... and a bottle of your house red."

"..."

"Yeah, that's all... Oh, wait! No... add a basket of deep-fried cheese curds too, my life depends on it."

"..."

"Cool, thanks!"

Why not crank up our bills a bit more while we were at it. We will have to put our budget on a diet once we return home, but it was well worth it. Despite last night's drama, it was just fantastic to spend the weekend alone with Erika. I fully understood why I fell in love with her; she was so fun to have around.

I sat on the loveseat, extending my legs to rest my heel on the soft rug warmed up by the fire and started browsing my phone to kill time. The water stopped already but Erika was probably doing more girly things in there.

After a few more minutes, the bathroom door finally opened.

"Hey Mark, don't look, I put on some special lingerie for you..."

"Oh! Feeling kinky, are you?"

"Oh, yes! You'll love it... but don't look, okay?"

"Okay! Not looking!"

Arriving from behind me, Erika leaned over the couch and slid her two arms around my neck and down my torso... An intense fear shot down my spine.

"OH, GOD! Not again!"

"Rawr!"

\*\*\*

*Jingle!*

"Here is your dinner, Mistress Syr."

"Mistress? I didn't think you would go that far."

Kitty, the cute cat-maid with jingly bells still attached to her tail, placed a plate in front of Syr on the workbench. A seemingly blank sandwich was sitting in the middle of it. Kitty bowed and stepped back. There was no mistaking it, she was frustrated. Being a maid was definitely not her dream job, so trying to mimic what Syr's was usually doing was a sarcastic gesture at best.

*Jingle!*

"I hope it is to your liking, Mistress Syr!"

"Kitty? Are you making fun of me?"

"A little... but I'll stop now because it hurts my jaw to talk like you. So... I cooked you dinner. It's the same thing that you made for us a few weeks back. It was super good and it looked easy to prepare... The cheese sandwich."

"The cheese sandwich?"

"Yeah, remember? Mark said it was so good that he slept with you on that night as a reward."

"You mean... the Brie and fig jam grilled cheese?"

"Aaaah! So, that's what it was!"

Kitty was not very observant when it came to food. She would eat anything and everything as long as it was not awful, no matter what the ingredients were. Syr was well aware of that fact and facing the harsh reality that Kitty attempted to replicate one of her best dishes by memory only was a source of great concern.

"W... What did you put in it?"

"Meow! Well, I didn't know you used jam... but I knew it was something breakfasty..."

"...Breakfasty?"

"Yes, so I used peanut butter instead."

"... Peanut butter? ... and ... what about the cheese?"

"Well... I didn't find the fancy one you used. All I found was nachos cheese. I mean, cheese is cheese, so whatever."

Trying to hide her horrified mental state not to insult Kitty who seemed so proud of her newfound culinary skill, Syr separated a corner of the sandwich and observed the inside in silence. There was a mixture of sugary and salty peanut butter that she never cared for, covered with a layer of artificial melted cheese containing some jalapeno pieces. She closed the sandwich and opted for an evasive maneuver.

"Thank you, Kitty. I appreciate it. I will eat it in a minute. You may go rest now. I will soon be done with my work and I'll join you."

"What? No! That's mean. At least tell me if it's good. I made it just for you."

"..."

*Jingle!*

"Come on, Syr, it would make me happy to know I didn't totally fail at being your maid."

"... Alright."

Her trembling finger grabbed the revolting sandwich and, after a deep breath, Syr took a small bite from its corner. That was step one. Step two was to start chewing and experience the apprehended flavor. Reluctantly, and that was an understatement, she crushed the food with her perfectly white molars under Kitty's intense gaze.

"So? Is it good?" Kitty asked.

Syr developed a new trauma.

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"Aaaaah! Stop it!"

"Why did you take off your shirt in the first place? As if I could resist."

Erika was wearing her jet black furry catsuit, the one she used to torture me during my birthday. It was the first time she put it back on since that moment and it quickly reminded her how much fun torturing me was.

She dragged her metal claws on my skin and even tried to play tic-tac-toe on my chest. It was not too bad just yet as we were sitting on the loveseat in front of the fireplace to relax. Because of her muzzle, she couldn't really use the shot glasses to consume her whiskey, so she was taking small sips directly from the bottle; such a lady-like behaviour.

Her turning into a vicious cat was not part of my plans, but since it happened and I would have a tough evening, I decided to get some pre-torture revenge.

"I ordered some food, it should be delivered in a minute. Follow me."

"Oh... not a bad idea. What did you get me?"

"Just a small club sandwich. Come"

I grabbed Erika-cat by the wrist and pulled her off the couch. I guided her to the small table in the middle of the place and made her sit down. As she was executing herself, someone knocked at the door.

"Ah, talk about perfect timing. I'll put my shirt on to hide my scratches, or else, he might call the cops on us."

"Haha! It would be way worse if a giant cat were to answer the door."

"Oh, you think so? Well, we will see about that..."

"... Mark! ... If you are about to do what I think you are about to do ... Don't!"

"I can't hear you, Erika... your muzzle is muffling your voice."

"You totally heard me!"

"What?"

"Grrr... Don't!"

Too late. I opened the door, and the waiter was there with his food cart.

"Hi there, would you mind bringing this to our table?"

"No problem at all."

"Oh, don't be shocked. There is a girl who likes cosplaying."

The waiter just nodded as if he already saw everything during his time as a hotel employee. He pushed his cart inside, which made Erika freeze like a taxidermied cat. I knew she turned beet red under her mask and also knew this would be my last day on Earth.

He approached her, not showing any sign of discomfort and proceeded with the unloading of his cart. He placed the two plates on the table along with the cheese curds and opened the bottle of wine for us. He poured a little bit in Erika's glass for her to taste. She had no other option but to say something... because I wasn't going to; I was too busy savoring the moment.

"... I... I can't... you... you know... because of my... muzzle."

"Oh, it's alright, Miss Cat. Would you like a straw?"

"... N... No... I'm good."

He pulled the glass back and filled the remainder of it; he did the same with mine. Once his service was completed, he pushed his cart out of the room, I gave him a generous tip and he was on his way. I closed the door and expected to get stabbed by the small cat with a fork or something.

I walked toward the table where Erika was still not moving; she was just staring at me. Because of the mask, I couldn't really tell what she was thinking. Then she burst into laughter.

"Pfff! Bahahaha! Mark! You are such a moron! Hahaha!"

That went better than I expected.

"It's time to eat, Miss Cat."

"You are such a dumbass! Poor guy, he is going to have nightmares now."

"Nah! You are super cute in that costume. He will just be jealous because he can't have you."

Erika reached behind her neck and unzipped her suit a little bit, just enough to flop the cat mask forward. With her claws, she pinched the largest deep-fried cheese curd she could find and put it in her mouth. She really looked happy today. I couldn't be certain, but sharing her heavy secret with me last night may have lifted a massive weight off her shoulders.

The rest of our dinner was more joking, sarcasm, and gutting threats. We managed to finish our bottle of wine, just to damage our livers a bit more, then we went straight to bed for some fur on skin action. Erika was a full cat again, on top of me, in a commanding position.

"Aaaah! That hurts!"

"I know! But you deserve it."

"What did I do?"

"You let the waiter in our room."

"Yeah, but you thought it was funny."

"Doesn't prevent me from punishing you anyway!"

She placed her two hands on each side of my rib cage and dragged her claws down to my waist. The burning sensation radiated through my whole torso; her technique was flawless. I twisted in discomfort, but didn't dare to move my hands to stop her. I kept my arms open as she had ordered. Once more, she was using my willingness to make her happy against me.

"Oooooowww! That one hurt! So what was this one for."

"You locked me in a suitcase the other day, and left me alone in the car while you took a nap with Kitty."

"Well, it was Kitty's idea to take a nap. You could punish her instead of me for once."

"Since she doesn't like pain, I can't really punish her. So, I punish you instead."

"Wait a minute, I don't like pain either."

"Is that why you are hard under me."

"... No. That's because you are sexy and you keep rubbing your cute furry butt on my crotch."

It was partially true, at least enough not to admit that her little clawing session was somehow interesting to me. I never decided if what she was doing to me as a sadistic cat was painfully pleasant or I was simply happy to let her have her fun and express herself.

"Well, maybe I can help you accept your clawing better," she said.

Erika rose on her knees and unzipped her crotch, barely revealing her slit. I had no idea she had this hidden feature down there, it was a rather interesting surprise. She placed one hand on my belly, and guided my cock inside her with the other.

"Aaaanh! Mmm! It's been a long time!" she said.  
"... Mmm ... Three days?"  
"That's a lot! Stop arguing with what I say!"  
"Hehe. It feels good though."  
"You are not allowed to feel pleasure! It's all for me tonight."  
"Is it?"  
"Yeah! Else, I'll claw your balls."

Having my balls ripped off was not an interesting prospective. It seemed in my interest to remain quiet and not to antagonize the evil cat too much. She started moving hips, slowly, and moaned erotically.

"Aaanh! Mark... Do you love me?"  
"More than anything. I'm really lucky to have you."  
"Aaannh! I.... mmmm Oh this feels so good."  
"Maybe it's because you are drunk."  
"I'm not ... aaanh ... I'm not that drunk."

Of course she was, and I was too. We started drinking around 11 am, right after breakfast, and we didn't stop after that. It was 8 pm already, and I was sure we would add a few more glasses later... or during. All of a sudden, Erika got off me and presented her behind to me.

"Aaah, come on, I want it rough... Doggy style."  
"I thought you wanted to be on top tonight..."  
"Add a word and there will be blood. I changed my mind."  
"... Alright. You want it rough?"

I moved behind her, grabbed the base of her furry tail and I slapped her butt cheek as hard as I could.

*THWACK!*

"OOOWW! MMMmmmmm..."

My hand was buzzing from the impact and Erika groaned loudly, but she didn't say anything. She had fully accepted the rough part of her request. I launched another full force strike on the same spot.

*THWACK!*

"OWWW OWWW! Oh God! OWwww!"  
"You felt that one, apparently. Come on, let's have some fun with you."

I grabbed her tiny waist and pushed my dick back inside her pussy, without too much care. Erika dug her claws in the duvet, ripping it in the process. Because of the vigorous fucking and her slippery fur, she had trouble keeping her butt up. Every time she was sliding too far, I brought her back to me.

The fourth time it happened, I put a hand between her shoulder blades and pressed her hard on the bed. It crushed her, but at least it fixed the problem. I never thought she would let me dominate her that way while she was wearing her evil black cat suit, but she was clearly enjoying herself.

"Aaanh... AaannH! Harder! Aaaanh!"

I was already fucking her as hard as I could, yet, she wanted more. If I were not careful, I could certainly cum before she gets her release. So I kept going for as long as I could, but when I reached the edge, I pulled out; she was nowhere near ready to cum.

I flipped Erika over like a steak on the grill and went down on her with my tongue, she knew why I was doing this, it was not our first rodeo together. Instinctively, she reached my head with her hands, but those sharp claws were too dangerous for my taste.

"Erika, don't do that, okay?"

"Aaanh... Sorry. Aaaang God!"

Instead, she gripped the duvet again, adding some more holes to it. It took quite a bit of time to push her toward an orgasm, perhaps there was a climax retardant in all those cheese curds she ate.

"AAaanh! I'm close... don't stop! AAaH!"

As if after all those efforts I was going to stop; she would never forgive me. I kept licking her faster and harder for a bit longer until, finally, she got hit by a powerful wave of pleasure and started thrashing around on the bed.

"AAAAH AAAAH! OH GOD! AAAAH!"

In the middle of her mental explosion, I pulled her closer to me and restarted fucking her. I got slashed a couple of times in the process but I wanted to have my fun too. She was so beautiful in her little cat costume; it was still strange, but I really liked this deviancy.

"Aaaah! Mark! You'll kill me if you continue... AAAah!"

"You are a tough one, hang in there!"



She never fully came down from her orgasm and I noticed that she was already building another one. Generally, it's not important to time our orgasm together, but I really wanted to attempt tonight. I paid attention to my pleasure level and Erika's body language, that one would be for myself.

"Aaaah I'm... i'm about to ..."

"Hold on, black cat ... I'm almost there too."

"I... I can't! Aaaah! AAAAAH! I'm cumming again! AAAAAH! WHAT THE..."

Ah well, I tried. Better luck next time. The small furry cat started to thrash around again, invaded by her second wave of orgasm. It took me a couple more minutes before it was my turn to climax. After seeing Erika being ravaged by her double orgasm, mine didn't seem that much entertaining.

I crawled back on the bed and dropped like a crepe on top of the massacred duvet. Like a suction cup, Erika joined me to cuddle. I was so warm after this intense exercise. She was boiling inside her suit as well, making me feel even warmer.

"You are a little furnace, Erika."

"I'm so hot. But I'm fine. This was amazing."

"What happened to the evil cat?"

"I thought I wanted to be bad... but just didn't feel like it in the end. I prefer just to cuddle now."

"Cuddling is good. I really like your fur. It feels so real."

"So, after having fun with very young adults, you like animals?"

"Erika! Stop it. Syr is 21 years old! And I just like fur, not animals. You make it sound so wrong."

"... very ... young ... adults... and... animals..."

"ERIKA! Stop!"

"Hahaha! Okay, okay! I'm just teasing. I'm super glad you started dating Syr, she is a gem and you make her very happy. And I love my fur too by the way."

"She is the one that crafted your costume, I suppose?"

"Yes. I got the idea when she showed me an amazing dog costume she made for an organization training dogs for the blinds. Mind you, the dog suit was not nearly as sexy as mine."

"I bet, or it would have been rather inappropriate..."

The rest of the evening was more cuddle, more whiskey, more sex and eating the remaining aphrodisiac cheese curds. I loved this woman. She was offering me such a different experience than what I was getting with Kitty or Syr. There was a sense of urgency in all her acting when it came the time to have fun.

But around midnight, Erika, who was pretty smashed, had an urge to go on a new adventure.

"Mark, I want to try this whiskey on the rock. I need some ice."

"Sure, the machine is at the end of the hallway. Let me put some pants on, I'll go get some for you."

"Nah... it's fine. I'll go."

"... as a cat?"

"Yeah, whatever. If people see me, I don't care anymore. I'm drunk."

"Hehe, okay."

The small black cat grabbed the shiny ice bucket and got out of the room without any shame or hesitation.

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"So, why is this hallway so long? Was it on the right or the left? Damn it!"

Erika trotted all the way to one end, scrutinizing all the wall signs but didn't find anything that looked remotely like what she was looking for. When she reached one end of the hallway, the wrong one, she swore some more.

"Damit! Of course it's the other end!"

She turned around and headed in the other direction. As she was making some good progress, a random room door suddenly opened. A man got out of it and quickly spotted her. For a second, Erika paused. She hugged her ice bucket a bit tighter, and resumed her walk as if there were nothing to it.

The ambiance was very tense as she walked by the man, who was staring at her a bit too intensely, forcing her to accelerate the pace of her little padded feet. Of course, she knew this could happen, but now that it was real, it felt awkward.

"People should sleep when it's night time, damn it!"

Erika quickly reached the other end of the corridor and found the small room where the ice machine was located. She opened the door and dove her bucket in the freezer to collect fresh ice, but dropped it when a voice coming from behind her startled her.

"Isn't that cute. A little furry girl roaming around at night..."

"Oh... Hehe... Yeah. I know... It's a bit odd. Don't mind me."

"You seem drunk too. Can't walk or speak properly."

Erika was indeed drunk, but not enough not to be a bit scared. All she wanted was ice, not trouble. Her situation was not the best since this stranger cornered her inside this small room. He was much taller than she was and blocked her only escape route.

The man placed his hand on her shoulder and she immediately pushed it away.

"Hey! I'm not a toy, okay... I'm just here for ice..."

"Ah, come on. You don't dress up like this just to get ice. Let me check you out a little bit. I think you are cute as hell."

His hands kept reaching her shoulders, arms, neck... Erika kept pushing them away, which was really starting to irritate her. He just wouldn't get the message.

Inside every human being, there were only three instinctive options when facing danger. Fight, flight or freeze. Erika only had one of those.

Fight.

"Hey, hands off me and walk away!"

"Ah, don't be like that, cutie. I just want to pet you."

"I'm telling you! Back off! I don't want to hurt you!"

"Hurt me!? You are half my size. Don't be ridiculous."

He was right about the size but so wrong about his assumption that he was facing a helpless girl.

He grabbed her by the waist and sat her on the ice machine. His next move brought him closer to a bad ending when he pushed his hips between Erika's knees to keep her legs open and slid his hands up her breasts.

Something snapped inside Erika's brain and she started grinning widely under her mask.

"Do you like my breasts?"

"I do... A bit small, but they are soft and warm."

"Good... Now, listen very carefully. You can keep massaging them, if that is what you like, but I'm gonna count to three, and if you are not out of my sight by then, you'll be in a world of pain."

"Ah! Come on! Stop with the attitude already. You are drunk! Just let me enjoy this a little. Why don't you come to my room for a quick fuck? "

"One..." Erika slid a hand inside the short sleeve of his left arm.

"Oh... You are changing your mind now?"

"Two..." Erika slid her other hand inside the short sleeve of his right arm.

"Good girl, see... I knew you were totally willing... You are all the same. Girls say no at first, then they are asking for it."

"Three..." She reached the middle of his back under his t-shirt.

"So... that was your threat? A hug?"

"Oh, no! You are very mistaken... This is way more fun than a hug..."

Erika planted her metal claws right around his spine area and held them there.

"AAAAH! What the... AAAH! S... Stop! STOP! ... I'm sorry! AAAH!"

"Oh, no! No, no, no... It's way too late to be sorry. You've made your choice, so be a man, and endure the consequences!"

She dug her claws a bit deeper.

"AAAAH! AAAAH! What do you want from me, bitch! Let me go! AAAAH!"

"What I want from you? You dare ask that to ME? After trying to molest me... after I said NO? Well, listen to me again... You are lucky I didn't do this to your balls. Now, you will get off me... slowly... I will make sure it hurts you a lot.... Then you'll be on your way... and next time you even THINK of forcing yourself on an unwilling woman just because YOU think it's okay to do so, I want you to remember this moment... Now, get off me, jerk!"

When the man tried to step back, he quickly realized that his punishment wouldn't be a tender one. Each millimeter he needed to create distance between Erika and himself would cause her claws to plow his skin atrociously.

Erika was now calm and felt in control. She had fully accepted her lack of compassion for human stupidity. To her, this scene was over; everything else that would ensue was in the hands of her aggressor. She rejected the notion of herself being a victim.

The man slowly pulled away, trying to find a non-existent way to diminish his suffering. This was his reward for doing something inherently wrong. With one last painful pull, he managed to get off her. The next move would be his.

Erika, still sitting on top of the ice machine, crossed her legs and arms, as if to say "I hope we are done here!" The man, him, tried to wrap his arms around his back, to dim the stinging. He stared at Erika with an aggressive look.

"You are fucking crazy! You know that? Go to hell!"

"Goodbye, mister! Enjoy your next shower and good luck explaining those scratches to your girlfriend if you even have one! Hopefully you are going to dream about my soft boobs too."

The man sneered and left.

"What a moron! Alright, now... the ice."

As if nothing happened, Erika got off the ice chest and filled up her bucket. She went back to the now empty hallway, but after maybe three steps, she froze like the ice she held in her arms.

"Are you kidding me? I have no clue what our room number is!"

She slowly walked in silence, trying to remember her number when another door opened.

"Ah, shit! Not again! Give me a break!"

But this time it was Mark, who was looking for her.

"Hey, catface? Are you coming back or what? I thought you had passed out somewhere."  
"I couldn't find the freaking closet! I have our ice."

\*\*\*

I opened the door fully to let my black cat back in and she placed her bucket on the table. She leaped back to me and threw herself in my arms to give me a big hug.

"Heeey! You okay?"

"I'm great! I was just thinking... I don't like hurting you. You are a good guy and I don't like hurting good guys!"

"Aaah... Too bad. It was kind of growing on me..."

"Okay... I'll hurt you just a little bit then... but not too much!"

"Sounds like a deal. Hehe!"

Some more whiskey later, Erika and I went to bed and cuddled ourselves to sleep. She was particularly clingy tonight.

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"Good night, Kitty!"

"Good night, Syr! ... and sorry again about the grilled cheese."

"Think nothing of it. I will live."

"They are coming back tomorrow, right? Hopefully they had a good time."

"I'm sure they did. I was busy, but I had fun with you as well."

"Meow! Syr who is having fun? I want to hear that more often."

"... You made it easy for me."

"I know, right! I'm that good!"

Syr squeezed the small rubber cat in her arm. Some barriers between Kitty and her fell over the weekend, and it was a great thing.

\*\*\*

"Hey guys! We're back! How did it go?"

"Very well, Master Mark. And how was your weekend?"

"It was great! We had a small ice dispenser issue but... OW!"

Of course, Erika punched me in the ribs for talking about something that was prohibited, but it didn't stop me from smiling. I wrapped my arm around Syr's waist and gave her a small kiss on the cheek.

"And how did our Kitty-maid perform?"

"Master Mark, it is critically important that Kitty must NEVER be allowed to use a kitchen again."

"Aren't you a bit harsh?"

"I am not. She must never be permitted to be near any ingredients at any time."

As usual, there was no way to tell if Syr was serious or if she was roleplaying some sort of story in her head. I preferred just to smile and pat her blonde head. Then Erika pushed me away from her, bumping into me with a heavy box.

"Syr, this is for you. Mark and I just dropped by the store on our way back."

"A gift?"

"Yep!"

Erika placed the box on the floor and Syr crouched down. I didn't expect this, it was as if it was something they did often in the past. Syr, who is usually rather serious, adopted a child-like look as she was opening the flaps of the box. We got her a full series of light novels that we knew she wanted. There were 10 volumes total to add to her collection.

"Erika, you know I can afford my own books, now..."

"I cannot afford not to give you books. It makes me too happy... It reminds me of when you moved in. Do you like them?"

"I do love them. Thank you so much."

Syr provided Erika with a well-needed never ending hug and since this was taking too long, I looked around, trying to locate my small rubber cat.

"Hey, where is Kitty."

"In the master bedroom, Master Mark. The few tasks I gave her exhausted her. She decided to stay in bed a bit longer."

"Okay, I'll go check on her."

I left the two friends to have their moment together and headed to the basement to find my Kitty. The lights were dimmed and she was indeed still under the blankets. I climbed on the bed and wrapped my arms around the cocooned latex cat.

"Good morning, Cathead."

"Mmm... Maaark! You are back!"

"Yep, just arrived. Syr said you were exhausted after working hard all weekend?"

"A little bit. But it's mostly because Syr slept with me."

"... Really? You really slept with her?"

"Yeah! But no, we didn't have sex. We are just friends and it's perfect like that. Good friends can cuddle with each other, right?"

"They sure can."

"I'm tired because I didn't want to sleep. She wrapped her arms around me and fell asleep right away last night. I wanted to enjoy that for as long as I could."

"I know the feeling. I did that often with you."

"What? Really? You watched me while I was sleeping?"

"All the time, Kitty. All the time."

"Meow! But now, you must get under the blanket with me. Do you realize that I couldn't have sex for two full days?"

"Oh, no! Not two full days!? How did you survive during all that time?"

It was not a bad idea. I always missed Kitty when I was not around her. As I took my clothes off, I couldn't believe how lucky I was to be surrounded, not only by a handful of cute girls, but also by the most interesting human beings I have ever met.

I loved them all so very much.

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