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Feliformia

Chapter 10 - The cookie of love - Part 2

Click!

“There you go.”

“Meow!”

We were ready to go back to Erika’s home for a longer stay. I made my two girls wear their latex catsuit, just because I liked it. Kitty, of course, didn’t argue one bit, but Erika was not as cooperative. It allowed me to give her a good spanking to make her more docile. For good measure, I locked them in their suit using small padlocks. They were now both kneeling on top of the bed, looking as cute as ever.

Erika raised her fingerless cushy paws in front of her and pointed out the obvious.

“How am I supposed to help you pack your things now?”

“You don’t. Just stay here and play with Kitty. She will keep you entertained.”

As soon as I said that, Kitty pounced on her and started to cuddle. They were so predictable; Erika would complain a bit, then Kitty would start kissing her, and a second later, the red-hair would forget what she was whining about.

I went to the guest bedroom closet to retrieve two big suitcases. They were way too big for what I needed, but I didn’t have a smaller one. After placing one on top of the guest bed, I started filling it up with my clothes and our personal effects; Kitty had nothing else to wear than her latex suit, so it turned my task into something easy.

Because there was still plenty of room left, I decided to gather all the sex toys and leather gears we had. Living here or at Erika’s wouldn’t change a thing; Kitty would want to be tied up all the time, particularly until we move her crate over there. Without her regular bondage fix, she would become restless and annoy the crap out of us..

The other items I could think of were my computer equipment for home and work. With that packed up, I was pretty much all set; I now had one luggage decently filled up. I zipped up the

suitcase and placed it near the staircase. We could move everything else at a later date. It still gave me an odd feeling to do this; I really like this townhouse.

As I was about to put the unneeded suitcase back in the closet, I had a second thought; there was something else I could bring with me that I almost forgot about. I placed the suitcase, open, on the floor and went to see my two catgirls; I had an important question for them.

“Mmmm aaanh!”

“Of course, you two are making out. What’s new? So... I have a surprise, but I can only give it to one of you. Who wants it?”

“What is it?” Erika asked.

“I’m not telling you, it is a surprise.”

Both of them knew my offer was suspicious. They looked at each other and didn’t dare to say a word, forcing me to adopt a different strategy. I pulled a coin out of my pocket.

“Ok, since you are not thrilled about surprises, I’ll flip a coin. Erika, you are the heads, Kitty you are tails.”

“I don’t want your surprise, give it to Kitty.”

“No. You don’t have a choice.”

I tossed the coin in the air, caught it, and slapped it on the back of my hand.

“Aaah... it’s heads. Alright, Erika, come with me.”

“No!”

“You sure?”

“Yes!”

I grabbed her paws and pulled her off the bed. She knew there was nothing she could do against me while she was wearing that suit. My girlfriends were so physically weak; it was hilarious. I dragged her to the other room and pointed at the open suitcase on the floor.

“Alright, get in. We have to move.”

“What? No! I don’t want to be locked in a suitcase! Use Kitty instead. She is the one who likes that kind of stuff.”

“No, it’s you this time.”

“Not a chance.”

I pulled her to the bed and laid her down over my knees. I started slapping her butt hard; she yelped quite a bit as my hand contacted her smooth latex covered ass repeatedly. She tried to resist and deny her arousal, so I added a few extra minutes to make sure she wouldn’t go back to her confronting attitude.

“Stop! Stop! I’m done! I’ll try your stupid fantasy.”

“Look at the bright side, sore butt, you should feel honored. I’m only bringing to your house what is important to me. You will have a place of choice next to my socks.”

“I’ll gut you... I promise.”

“Sure. Come on... get in the suitcase so we can go.”

She would never admit it but Erika loved to be treated like this from time to time. She liked to receive pain as much as to administer it herself; we all knew this side of her personality.

Reluctantly, she climbed in the luggage and sat down in it... Because of her small body size, it was not a tight fit. I helped her curl and lie down, and I gave her a final loud slap on the butt before closing the cover.

"Oooww! Mmm aaanh!"

“See, you are moaning again. I bet you are all wet down there. And be happy. I could have gagged you.”

“Mark... I’ll gut you so much!”

I zipped the suitcase and placed a small padlock on the tabs; she wasn’t going anywhere soon. Kitty walked to the encased Erika and hugged her travel prison.

“This is so hot. Can we keep her in there until tomorrow?”

“Hehe. Maybe... What do you think, Erika?”

I kicked the suitcase lightly with my toes, which triggered a muffled voice. We couldn't understand what she was saying exactly, but we had a pretty good idea of the kind of poetry she was reciting. It wouldn't be a bad idea to prepare myself mentally for a future heavy clawing. But this was well worth it.

Shortly after, I loaded up the car with our things and placed Erika's suitcase on the backseat with a seatbelt. We were pretty much good to go. I waited for Kitty for a bit, but she wasn't coming, so I went back to the house and found her lying on the couch.

“Kitty? You are ready? We are good to go.”

“I’ll miss our couch.”

“Ah, yeah... I’ll miss it too.”

She clearly wanted to chat a little bit before we left. I took her place on the couch and pulled her back on top of me. As we were cuddling quietly, we knew our emotions were pretty much the same at the moment. It was a good thing to move out, but we were still a bit scared by the change of environment.

“Say, Mark. You really want to do this, right?”

“Yeah, don't worry about me. I think it's the right thing to do. Her house will be comfortable for all of us.”

“I know it will, but do you think you'll be fine living with Erika and Syr full time?”

“Will you, cathead?”

“Yes. I know I'll be fine. I love them. But I'm asking you.”

“I want to be with Erika and You, so yes.”

“And what about Syr?”

Since what happened last night, I didn't pronounce Syr's name a single time as I didn't want to risk being questioned about what I had witnessed when I went back to fetch my wallet. I was terrified that my next moment with Syr would be awkward, and since it was my own doing, I didn't want to drag Kitty and Erika into it. However, I needed her input about this maid.

“Syr... Well... She is quite special,” I said.

“Do you love her?”

“Kitty, why would you ask that? I have the two of you already.”

“Erika and I are not jealous. If you love her, you won't stop loving us.”

“I know that. But it's complicated.”

“I know you are attracted to her. Erika knows it too.”

“Is that what you, guys, want to hear? Well, yes. She is crazy attractive. Who wouldn't drool over this girl? It's even worse since I saw her in a sexy swimsuit.”

“Meow. I know, right. She is really hot. I got to cuddle with her a lot when she was teaching me how to swim.”

I didn't put any thought into this before, but Kitty was a pervert, and she loved both males and females. So being in close contact with an almost naked Syr, who possessed a Goddess body, must have sent some pleasant shivers down her cat spine.

“Kitty? Do you have a crush on Syr?”

“Maaaybe...”

“And that's why you want me to fall in love with her?”

“Maaaybe...”

“Oh, my God, Kitty. You know you can tell me things without trying to trick me.”

“Yes, but it wouldn't be as fun. Now that you know how I feel about her, do you think you could try and see if you would like to add her to your girlfriend list?”

“...”

“She likes you a lot, I know that for fact!”

Polyamory came with the burden of accommodating what the other partners desired, I suppose. The least I could do was to consider what Kitty wanted from me. Did I love Syr?

She was beautiful and smart. I was getting along with her really well; she made my life so much easier since she was around. I loved her smile, her voice, and her eyes. We had plenty of things

in common as well, such as our books and TV show and our appreciation for good food. Those were not things that resonated well with Kitty and Erika. I also liked that she was very open-minded, else she wouldn't be able to tolerate being around us three; I loved that trait.

Kitty, Erika, and I had this innate ability not to be jealous of each other, and even if we made fun of one another all the time, we were always respectful of our differences. Kitty often acted like a child, Erika occasionally turned into a rough sadist without even realizing it, and I lacked spine density at times. At the end of the day, our mutual understanding made it work great.

Syr, her, had the same trait, and I loved it. Not once she even came close to be judgemental about what we were doing. She either smiled at it, or she just walked away when she didn't want to be involved; having her around never triggered any discomfort in our home. Overall, she would be a girl I would like to love.

The problem resided in her unusual way of interacting with people. Syr's incessant roleplaying made it impossible to know what she thought about anything. She was sticking to fictional rules I didn't always understand, such as her refusal to accept any of my basic affection, such as a hug. I would undoubtedly love to date her if I knew she would be open to it. But all I had to work with were mixed messages.

"Kitty, do you know why Syr insists on being my maid?"

"No. But she has to like you to be this dedicated."

"Do you know if Erika is behind Syr's behavior?"

"She is not. You know, she asked her help just for your birthday because she was a good fit with her costume and acting, right? But I promise, Erika didn't know it would end up like this. It is all Syr's own decision to continue being at your service. She is confusing us all."

"Erika said Syr was waiting for me to make a move."

"She sure does. A girl doesn't go all weird like that all of a sudden after meeting a new guy if she is not interested to get more from him."

"But it's nonsense. Syr wouldn't even allow me to touch her."

"I have to admit. It is very odd. I'm usually good at figuring people out, but not with her. Her mad acting skills prevent me from understanding what she is trying to achieve here. Well...

Whatever... You know what I would like, and you will have plenty of time to get to know her better. At least you are very attracted to her. That's a good start."

"She is beautiful, yes."

"Yes... she is... But I'm cuter."

"Definitely..."

This little chit-chat made us sleepy. Kitty fell asleep on my chest as she always did, and I followed her to the arms of Morpheus; holding a small rubber catgirl while napping was a better use of my time than trying to solve an unsolvable puzzle.

“I don’t know where the key is. That’s annoying.”

We arrived later than anticipated at Erika’s house. We unloaded the car and brought all our belongings, including packaged Erika, to the basement. We tried to let her out but unfortunately, we couldn’t find the key for the padlock I used. Erika was struggling in her suitcase, but she was okay. The next clawing session would simply turn into a murder—My murder.

“Stay with her, Kitty. I’m going to check if they have some tools here.”

“Okay. But I think it’s hot, and we should leave her inside longer.”

“Hehe. If she hears you, you’ll be in trouble.”

“Indeed. But I like it that way.”

I left the giant bedroom and went upstairs. I wasn’t too sure what I was looking for, but maybe there was something useful in the kitchen. I got there and began opening and closing all the drawers and rummaging through them. I needed pliers or something along those lines.

“Welcome home, Master!”

“...”

I turned around, and Syr was there, six inches from my face, gently smiling and looking at me with her big grey eyes. Every single time I saw her was like the first, always stunned by her beauty. But quickly, all the memories of her masturbation session came back to me, and I got an unpleasant gut feeling... the feeling of awkwardness that I had dreaded since last night.

“... Syr!”

“Are you looking for something? I’m sure I can help.”

“Syr... Listen... I... I’m sorry about last night. I... I didn’t mean to...”

“I do not know what you are referring to, Master Mark. So, what are you looking for?”

“... Syr... You know exactly what I’m talking about. We need to have a chat about this... don’t you think?”

“Master Mark, I do not wish to discuss anything. Are you looking for a pen or something like it?”

She pulled open a drawer and dug through it with her fingers as if to pretend she knew what I needed. I grabbed her wrist gently to make her refocus on the discussion I attempted to start.

“Syr! Stop acting for a second... This is important.”

“What is important is that you do not touch me!”

Visibly nervous, she pulled her arm away from me and stepped back. I just couldn’t read her facial expression.

“Are you mad at me?”

"Master Mark, I'm not mad at you and never will be. But I explained my rules to you, and I would just like them to be respected. I'm your maid, I'm here to serve you as much as I can, but for the rest, you have your girlfriends. You are raising a topic I do not wish to discuss. Everything is fine. Now, please tell me what you need so I can assist you."

"... Fine... I need a pair of cutters or pliers."

If Syr wasn't mad, I was definitely irritated. She preferred to reject my friendship rather than drop her maid roleplay for a single minute. She opened one of the drawers and pulled out a multi-tool and handed it over to me.

"Would this be suitable for your needs?" she asked.

"I guess..."

Without the decency of a thank you, I just walked away from her, frustrated. I went back to the big bedroom and went directly to the suitcase sitting on the large bed. Using the strong multi-tool, I broke the small padlock without care. I unzipped the bag, flipped the cover open. I pulled Erika up a little bit; she looked at me with murderous eyes.

"My revenge will be terrible....," she said.

But I was really not in the mood to play along anymore; I just walked away without a word, tossing the multi-tool on the bed. Kitty saw my drastic attitude change and tried to inquire.

"Heeey! Mark? Where are you going? Come back! Are you okay?"

"It's nothing... I just need fresh air. Don't follow me."

I walked past Syr, who was still in the kitchen, without looking at her and got out to the backyard. I went all the way to the other side of the pool and sat on one of those long chairs. I pulled out my phone and started browsing the news to stop thinking about anything important.

Maybe I was tired or frustrated at Syr, but the last thing I wanted was to make anyone suffer because of it. I just would have liked to get some basic answers, or at least have Syr listen to my apologies. What I did was wrong, and I needed to make sure things were good between us. I liked her so much; I didn't want any conflict. But to achieve that, we needed to talk, which was apparently not allowed as per her infuriating roleplay rulebook.

I stayed outside for an hour, I didn't sleep, but I did close my eyes to let the peaceful sound of nature and the cars slowly driving down the road calm my mind. The small splashing noises from the pool were relaxing too. I looked around, and this new place was indeed really nice; the yard was simply dreamy.

The girls probably knew I needed my space and didn't come to bug me. But after the hour had elapsed, the patio door opened and closed. It was Syr, holding a small serving tray in the hands.

Fully dressed in her maid uniform, she was not coming to tell me that she would drop her acting, I knew that much.

“Master Mark... Can we talk for a moment?”

“Yeah... I'm sorry about earlier. It was not right.”

“It is alright. I thought nothing of it. I understand your frustration, and I poorly handled the situation as well. This is not how your first day in your new house should go.”

“Ah, it's all good. I'm probably just tired.”

“No, Master Mark, you are not. Your reasons were valid. Here, I brought you a drink.”

She handed me a cold beer bottle; some frost was sliding down on my fingers when I grabbed it.

“Talk about refreshing. Thank you.”

“I put it in the freezer before bringing it to you. I would like to point out that this is what I can do for you, because I'm gradually learning what makes you happy. In return, you just have to let me do what makes me happy and accept it.”

“Tell me, Syr... Why are you doing this? Being my maid?”

“Because I love it. But I know the true meaning of your question. This time, I will be more open. So, you know how I was asked to assist during your birthday? That was the only thing I was supposed to do. But performing my maid duty on that day brought me so much joy. You are the first one who accepted me as I was since Erika, and you appreciated everything I had done for you on that night. I simply decided to commit and continue. I would like you to keep accepting me as I am before you.”

That must have been the most unambiguous answer I got from her since we've first met. It was not answering any root questions, such as who she really was, but at least she gave me the why, and it was more than enough to start building a better relationship. Being a maid was not a job; it was something she wanted to do willingly, for the love of it.

“Syr... Since the beginning, I'm grateful for what you've done for me. You know what... If that's what you want, I will treat you like my maid and not like a girl that is roleplaying as one, I would love to do this for you. That's what you were asking for, right?”

“Yes, Master Mark. That is precisely it. It would make me very happy.”

“Alright, then we have a deal. But now... I'm sorry to bring this topic again, but we NEED to talk about last night.”

“I know, Master Mark. I just tried to avoid it, but it was wrong to do so. I will let you ask me whatever questions you wish regarding what happened, but in return, I want you to accept my words. Then, we will never discuss it again.”

“That sounds fair, so...”

“One moment. First, do you know what this is?”

She pointed at something. I didn't even notice, but on her tray was a small plate holding a big cookie. Well... of course I knew what a cookie was... But the answer was so obvious that I wasn't sure it was the right one.

"Is it... a cookie?"

"Your answer lacked conviction, but yes, it is indeed a cookie. It is a bit more than this, though."

"More than a cookie? A magical cookie?"

"No... It is not magical. It is OUR cookie."

"... Our cookie?"

"Yes, Master Mark. And it is very special because it is from me to you."

"Okay... Thank you?"

She grabbed a small plastic squeezing bottle with a fine tip from her tray. An opaque liquid was inside it, maybe chocolate syrup. Then she explained where she was going with this.

"I would like to personalize our cookie. If you would allow me, I will draw something on it for you."

"Aaah! Like at a maid café?"

"Precisely. What would you like me to draw? I will do it while I'm answering your questions."

"... mmmm... Not sure... Well, can you draw a cat? That would be pretty appropriate to summarize my life."

"I agree... Great choice."

I would have loved to see her work but she held the cookie at an angle preventing me from seeing. I would have to satisfy myself with the result. It was the first time someone was doing something like this for me. But now... we had to tackle a weightier subject.

"So, Syr, I wanted to apologize for what happened last night. It shouldn't have happened."

"Apologies accepted. Think nothing of it anymore. I assure you, it will not change my opinion of you."

"Okay... Because you looked quite distressed when I left."

"I was. However, you prevented Erika from discovering me. If anything, I'm grateful. Is there anything else you would like to ask me? My drawing is almost done."

I didn't know the cookie acted as a timer. Did Syr just put pressure on me to finish the discussion early? Ah, it was fine. I only had one more question, the one I probably shouldn't ask, but I just had to. I didn't expect much of an answer, but as per our agreement, I would never have another opportunity to ask it again.

"Well, to be honest. When I watched you, you were fantasizing about me. It was pretty intense... and... well... I just wondered..."

"Wondered what? Please, Master Mark, ask me exactly what is on your mind so we can move on."

"You are right. In your fantasy, you wished that I would force myself on you. Perhaps to force you to have sex without consent. You wanted me to do as I pleased with you. Did I get that right?"

"As embarrassing as it is to admit it, yes, it was my fantasy at that moment."

"This will be my last question, and I would like a clear answer to it. Listen, Syr, I'm really attracted to you. I have feelings for you because I think you are awesome and different."

Syr froze and my heart raced after my confession. I just needed a little bit more courage to ask what I really wanted to ask; the thing that was bugging me since last night and that I didn't share with anybody. I took a deep breath.

"So, what I need to know is... Are you pushing me away all the time because you wish it would lead to the fulfillment of your fantasy that I force myself on you?"

Syr closed her eyes and let a loud sigh out of her perfect nose. She slowly raised to her feet and looked at me with a somewhat stern look on her face.

"Master Mark. I know what it may have looked like to you, but do I really need to remind you what I keep repeating over and over since we have met? I guess I will. I am NOT your girlfriend, and you are NOT to touch me. I'm sorry if this is not what you wanted to hear, but it is what it is. And as requested earlier, we are never going to have another conversation about my willingness to have sex with you."

"..."

"On that note, here is your cookie, from me to you. This is the true symbol of the special bond that unites us."

She handed me the cookie and walked away at a determined pace. She had held her end of the bargain; now it was up to me to keep mine. I think we would be okay. What she told me was clear and concise, even if a bit heartbreaking. I was really attracted to her, but now the door was closed for good.

Are you pushing me away all the time because you wish to fulfill your fantasy that I force myself on you? I let my head drop back on the long chair pillow and looked at the sky. Such a stupid question should have been rewarded with a slap in the face.

The cookie she gave me was a symbol of our special bond... Right!... I looked down at it, and it was blank, the cat drawing was on the other side. I slowly flipped around with my fingers to reveal the artwork.

My heart stopped... My breathing stopped... I turned my eyes to Syr, who was trotting away quickly, and I looked back at my cookie; she hadn't drawn a cat at all... Instead, she had written a very simple three-letter word.

“Y E S”

This was her real answer to my bold question. That maid, she would never let go of her role-playing even if she died to tell me what she desired the most. But just now... she had found, in her own very special way, the strength to tell me what she wanted from me.

After savoring my cold beer, I finally headed back to the house. Syr was preparing some food on the kitchen island. She looked at me with a radiant smile and flushed cheeks.

“So, Master Mark, did you like your cookie?”

“Syr, it was the BEST cookie ever! The cat drawing was fantastic.”

“Good. Good. I’m pleased. If you happen to be hungry in the middle of the night, as I offered yesterday, you can come and find me. Don’t be shy.”

“Can we go upstairs now?” Kitty asked.

“What do you mean?”

“Syr said that if we were to go upstairs before you came back, she would put us in the oven.”

That sounded like something Syr, would do. I laid down in the middle of the big bed, and my two small pink rubber cats came to me to cuddle a bit, one on each side. Erika poked me twice with her soft rubber paw and stared at me.

“What?”

“Get me out of this suit?”

“Why?”

“I want to murder you. I will be quick. You won’t suffer.”

“Are you still mad about the suitcase thing? You are overreacting.”

“We will see who is overreacting when I get out.”

“We will make sure you don’t then.”

“Grrr”

Yeah, I better not let her out for a while, she was in a foul mood.

“So? What’s next? I’m off tomorrow, but after that, I have to go back to work,” I said.

“Kitty and I will be very busy,” Erika said.

“We... we will?” Kitty asked.

“Yes. I’m thinking about swimming lessons, your secondary school diploma. Then we have to go shopping; you still have no street clothes.”

“I can’t! I have no clothes to go clothes shopping.”

"I'll lend you some. We are the same size, remember?"

The list of things to do went on and on, and curiously all the tasks were for Kitty. Erika was kind of treating her like a child, and it was working great. Kitty was smart, but definitely immature, which made her look even more adorable. I had some other ideas I wanted to share as well.

"Erika, what about this whole basement?"

"It's a bedroom, not a basement."

"Whatever... So... it's all empty. Do you have plans to make it a bit more... interesting?"

"Sure... I... well... I..."

"I see... What about we turn it into a dungeon?"

"A... dungeon?"

"Yes. I dungeon to put you in cages, torture you, tie you up, and torture you."

"You said torture twice."

"Sure, because there are two of you."

It was not my fault. Syr put me in a good mood, and this basement screamed dungeon to me. The funny thing was that I never considered remotely the idea of building a dungeon at my place, probably because it was too small. But here, it was a different story. There was a ton of space to do whatever we wanted, plus, I was not a fool; Erika had moved her bed down here because it was "special." I bet it was before she met us, and it was her internal-kinky voice who pushed her to make this strange move. Normal people wouldn't do something this weird.

"Okay!" Erika said.

"What? Seriously? You didn't even hesitate."

"Yes. You want a dungeon; I want one too."

"Great. We will need to come up with ideas. I want to do all kinds of things to the two of you."

"Not so fast, manly-man! Kitty and I are trying new things all the time. Don't you think you have to be a bit more on the receiving end for once?"

"I prefer to take care of my catgirls. That's what I do best."

"Well... We will see about that. Kitty, do you think he would look good with a collar on?"

"Meow! I approve of this!"

Ah, come on now!

The rest of the day was encouraging. The more we were talking about living here, the more ideas we came up with. Most of them were nonsense, but still, it was a healthy sign that we wouldn't get bored. Wanting us to be comfortable in our new place, Erika seemed very open to letting us personalize her house.

A bit later, Syr cooked us a great dinner again, it was lasagna, but somehow, it was way better than the ones I was making. Since my catgirls were unable to use their rubber hands, I had to feed Erika, and Syr took care of Kitty. From an outsider point of view, this scene must have looked so bizarre, but for us, it was something we enjoyed doing. Kitty just loved having no control, and I think that feeling was growing on Erika as well.

In the evening, we tried Erika's amazing home theatre and watched an action movie. Syr being Syr, refused to join the fun as she was busy with the dishes and all kinds of other self-imposed tasks. She even brought us snacks during the show. I had no doubt anymore that she was finding great satisfaction in serving us like this, more than doing normal activities like ours. Now that she told me herself that being treated as a real maid was what she wanted, I didn't feel guilty anymore to let her go fulfill her duties while we were having fun. Somehow it took a weight off my shoulders.

I didn't have sex tonight, Kitty and Erika went to bed early without me. I think they were in the mood for some catgirl on catgirl action without a male presence, so I decided just to let them have their fun. I was pretty sure there was an intense making-out and pussy-licking session downstairs. 9:30 pm was too early for me, so I just stayed in the living room next to the fireplace, and I was browsing the web on my phone. When Syr crossed the room with a laundry basket under her arm, I intercepted her.

"Hey Syr, can I go upstairs and borrow one of your books."

"No!"

"Oh... Really? I thought you said I could yesterday."

"Sorry, Master Mark, it is not what I meant. You should have asked me to get one for you instead. I will do that right away. There is one I would like you to read."

"Hehe. I will learn, I suppose. Sure, go pick one for me."

"I will be right back."

It didn't take too long for her to return with the volume number one of a series I didn't try yet. She placed it in my hand and told me roughly what it was about.

"It is a skeleton king who gets stuck in another world, and he has to figure out what is going on. There are maids in it too."

"You liked it because of the maids?"

"Yes. I think they were inspiring."

"Alright then, I will give it a try. Thanks."

"You are welcome, Master Mark, I will get you a glass of wine."

She never stopped thinking about my comfort. It was a beautiful sight to see this pretty maid opening a bottle of wine all professionally and pouring me a glass after inspecting it for water spots.

Fresh in my memory, I couldn't stop thinking about her cookie, though. Eventually, I will have to act on what she sneakily requested. I was not nearly as good an actor as she was, but I would have to find it in me. What she secretly wanted me to do was not something I would even consider under normal circumstances. Forcing a girl to have sex was the opposite of who I was. It made me anxious just to think about it. Couldn't she have a more normal fantasy, like latex or something?

Reading was a better option for now. Syr brought me my drink and sat close to me on the couch.

"Master Mark, do you need me for anything else tonight? I'm sorry, but I'm quite tired. I will take my shower and go to bed early if that is okay."

"Wait a minute, Syr, why don't you relax with me for a few minutes? I would like you to stay a little bit longer before leaving. I wouldn't mind some cuddles like what you did during my birthday..."

"Very well, Master Mark."

She moved even closer to me, leaned her head on my shoulder, and wrapped her arm around my torso. I wouldn't touch her, of course, but it made me happy that she did it without serving me one of those warnings this time.

The book was very good. I looked at the clock, and it was almost 1 am. I let Syr go a long time ago already, then got absorbed by the story. I had to go to bed; else, I would feel like a zombie tomorrow. I left the book on the couch and dropped my glass in the kitchen sink. I stretched my limbs and headed towards the staircase. Then I paused...

"Would now be a good time?"

It was crazy. My hands were shaking at the thought that I could visit Syr to fulfill her deviant wish. Her scent from earlier was still on me, and the idea I could have sex with her right now was very appealing. I would have preferred a more romantic setup, but it was not what she had asked for.

Giving her what she wanted from me would put me under tremendous pressure because I didn't want to ruin the experience she had been waiting for for a while. I knew it would be weird, it would be wrong, it would be awkward, and I would have to fight off all the alarms that would ring inside my brain. I was not that confident I could pull this off properly. She was asking me to act like someone I didn't want to be.

But on the other hand, the thought of sleeping with the most beautiful girl I've ever seen turned me one so much. I remembered how hard I got when she laid down next to me while only

wearing her sexy swimsuit; it was uncontrollable. To be able to have sex with her would be a dream come true.

Both Erika and Kitty expected me and even wanted me to make a move on Syr. However, they probably didn't know how Syr wanted our first night to happen. They didn't know she had this unusual fantasy to be forced into having sex. Only I did. Syr wanted me to be the one doing this to her, that was crystal clear.

Then I decided, for one night, to put my anxious mind aside. What I was about to do would put an end to this destinationless train of thought. One thing I could be sure of was that she would act the part, and it would look real. I would not get any valid feedback from her, and I would have to use my best judgment to keep her safe.

I walked to her small bedroom, and I silently opened the door. The faint glow from hallway light allowed me to distinguish her sleeping form on the bed. I could see her naked torso as the silky bed sheets were only covering the lower part of her body. Her flawless back, narrow shoulders, and delicate neck were all exposed for my eyes to admire.

A healthy dose of arousal coursed through my veins at that sight. It was time. I put on my actor mask and hoped for the best.

"Syr!... Syr! Wake up!"

"Mmm... ? Aaah!"

Syr opened her eyes, and half asleep, she turned her head in my direction. When she saw my shadow in the doorway, she jumped a bit and hurried to pull the bed sheet over her chest.

"M... Master Mark? Is that you?"

"Who else would it be?"

"What are you doing here? What time is it?"

"Does it matter? You said I could come here whenever I needed you."

"... Y... Yes... but... I thought you would at least knock first. What can I do for you?"

"Well, I lied to you earlier. Your lasagna was gross, and as expected, it gave me a stomach ache."

"... Really?... I'm sorry... I thought it was excellent. The girls liked it."

"It doesn't matter what you think. I'm here to be compensated, you see."

"Master Mark? What are you doing?"

I walked up to her and tugged the sheet out of her hands. Within a second, she was completely naked in front of me. I was mesmerized. Her pale skin was glowing like a full moon, and I just wanted to run my hands on it.

I started to take off my clothes while she was looking at me with a scared face. First to go was my t-shirt. I dropped it on the floor next to my feet, confidently.

“Master Mark... I... I don’t understand. I thought I was pretty clear... I’m not interested in this. You cannot be here... you... you cannot do this...”

“I certainly can, it is just you and I, and you can’t stop me.”

I unfastened my belt and unzipped my pants before letting them drop to my ankles. There was no going back now; she was playing along, writing the storyline she had been waiting to compose for a while now. I stepped out of my crumpled pants and boxers.

“Hopefully, you are a better fuck than a cook. Else it’s going to be a very disappointing day.”

“Master Mark! This is enough... You... You cannot do this... This is wrong.”

“I don’t think so. It seems just the right thing to do.”

“You... you are scaring me! Please... Get out!”

As predicted, she was such a good actress. Even though I expected her to be good, this felt way too real for my taste. My brain was screaming to dial down the craziness, but my rational mind knew that if I were to make a funny joke or get out of character to confirm she was okay, it would ruin her fantasy. I had to commit.

I placed one of my knees on top of her small single bed.

“NO! Go away! Please!”

She pushed me with force, almost successfully, but I grabbed her wrists in an attempt to control her... She was fighting way harder than I could have expected. I had to put all my weight and strength to pin her down.

“NO! MASTER MARK, I DON’T WANT THIS!”

“Lower your voice, damnit!”

“NO! STOP!”

She was giving me a run for my money, I didn’t think she was going to be so wild. As I tried to climb on top of her, I had to endure some kicks to the stomach. I pressed my hand on top of her mouth to shut her up.

“Mmmpphhh MAaahhhh!”

“Syr! STOP IT! You are making it worse for yourself. You can’t win this!”

“Mmmphhh!”

“Yeah, if you want my hand off your mouth, you give up.”

“Mmm”

“That is it... Good little maid.”

I felt like a wolf about to devour a rabbit.

She was calmer now. I dared remove my hand from her mouth, and she was panting heavily from her fierce fighting.

“You are so pretty!”

“Master Mark... Please... I'll do everything you want! Don't go any further!”

“Sorry, not going to happen. You are my maid, and I do as I please with you. Let's have a bit of fun.”

“NO! I SAID NO!”

She restarted fighting, unsuccessfully, as I tried to kiss her. She turned her head sideways, but I grabbed her jaw to bring it back and pressed my lips against hers. It was absolutely not the first kiss I had dreamed of, so I quickly reminded myself that I was doing this for her.

“MMPhh! Master Mark! Stop! I beg of you.”

“You are right. You are not a good kisser, at least you can't bite me with your pussy.”

“WHAT? MASTER MARK! NO! NO! LEAVE ME ALONE!”

The fight resumed, and this time it was even more violent. If I were not careful, Syr could win this. She was giving me some good reasons to go back to the gym. I slapped my hand over her mouth once more. For some reason, that seemed to calm her down again, like covering a cage to quiet the birds.

Her naked body pressing against mine couldn't do anything else than excite me. At this point, I understood how much I had wanted to be in bed with Syr. I had desired her since the first day I met her. Granted, this was not a romantic night, but my unconscious brain didn't make the difference. I pressed my cock head to her burning hot pussy. Just by parting her lips a bit, I couldn't help but notice how wet she was.

I pushed my member inside her; she stopped moving, stopped breathing, stopped living.

“MMmmmmpphhh!”

“Syr, you are so wet and warm... Don't tell me you don't like this.”

“Mmmph!”

I started moving in and out slowly, and the feeling was incredible. Better than I could have imagined under the circumstances. She looked a bit more resigned to her faith, so I took my hand off her mouth once more.

“You stop screaming unless it's from pleasure. Got it?”

“But... why... Why are you doing this to me? What did I do to you?”

"You are my maid, right? You belong to me. If I want to fuck you, I fuck you. It's that simple."

"Master Mark... aaaaanh! I... I don't want this... aaaaanh!"

"That must be why you are moaning like this. Admit it... You like it!"

"No! No I don't! Aaaaaanh! Stop please! Stop! Aaaaaanh!"

Syr placed her two hands on her face in an attempt to hide her shame as my mouth went down to her engorged breasts. It was like licking the most delicious candy on the planet. I increased my pace, and Syr pushed on my chest with her hands; she had no more fighting spirit. She tried to retain her moans, but failed miserably.

"Aaaanh! Aaaanh! No! I don't want this! aaaaAAH!"

"See how much you like it... Why don't you try to cum for me... you know you want to! Don't you want to please your Master?"

"AaaaAH! Master Mark! AAAHH! OH GOD! AAAAHHH!"

Something had changed. It was as if a dam retaining Syr's pleasure had suddenly failed, and she got hit by an out of control torrent of bliss. I kept fucking her hard in an attempt to push her over the edge.

"AAAH! AAANNH! NO! STOP! AAAAH!"

"Come on, Syr! You know you want this... Let it go, you'll feel better. Come for me ... CUM!"

"AAAAH! AAAAAH! WHAT THE ... AAAAH OH MY GOD! I'M .. I'M CUMMING ... I'M CUUUMING! AAAANH"

What in the world was that? Did she just cum on command? No way! She must have faked it! No! The way she was thrashing around, there was no faking it. She really did come because of a word. That was so hot.

I kept pumping her hard while she was still mentally exploding. Her nails were digging deep into my skin, hurting me; she was not aware of her surroundings anymore. I got to the edge, entranced by this unreal spectacle, and decided to do something a bit different, that hopefully, she would like.

I pulled my cock out of her and came all over her belly and chest. As I was losing control over my eyes and facial expression, I saw a few stars for a moment. I looked down at beautiful Syr, who was panting her life out, trying to come down from her wild orgasm, as I was.

Then the reality set back in. As my climax subsided, my good old unconfident and worrying self was coming back in like a tsunami of remorse. I was about to start questioning what I had done to Syr. She was lying down naked in front of me, covered in cum, looking at the wall with a blank expression on her face, not even blinking.

I had to put an end to this and leave before I mess up her scenario. I had to leave my half-eaten pray behind before my urge to check on her well-being ruined everything. I used the last gram of douchebagness I had left in me to bring this adventure to an end.

"Ah, you did ok, I guess. But now you are all dirty, I don't want to touch you anymore. I'll see you tomorrow."

"... Master Mark... Please... Never do this to me again!"

She curled into a ball, turning her back to me and started sobbing. Ugh! I was distressed. This was acting... it was acting... It had to be... Oh, I hated this so much. Why did she have to say this and start crying? Was she serious? Did I make a horrible mistake?

I grabbed my clothes and fled the place. I was not feeling so good... My head was spinning, and I felt nauseous. Not only acting like a monster ravaged my mind in a nasty way, but now, I wondered if I had indeed hurt her. Her cries sounded so real.

I paused for a second in the hallway. Then I dropped all my clothes to the floor and ran to the washroom.

I knelt in front of the toilet, wanting to puke my guts out. Trying to make sense of what had happened, it made me feel so bad. I stayed there for what felt like an eternity, finding no answers to my questions. The action of thinking was sickening me. Perhaps this whole forced sex fantasy had been the worst idea ever, and I shouldn't have played along.

Then a soft rubber paw pressed on my back.

"Mark... Hey, Mark... Are you okay?"

"Kitty?... No... I'm really not... I did... I..."

"Hey, Hey! Shhh. I know what you did. Why are you in such a miserable state?"

"..."

I couldn't get words out of my throat. While the confusion choked me, Kitty sat at my side and rubbed my back.

"Hey, what's going on. Something went wrong?" she asked.

"Something went wrong? And what do you know about what just happened?"

"Well... Everything... I think. Syr told us about her feelings for you a while ago, in her own way. I know it was not clear for you, but I mean, you had to suspect it, right? As for tonight, it was supposed to be a happy moment between the two of you. I didn't expect to find you with your tail between your legs. What happened?"

"Do you know what I just did? I may have hurt her badly."

"What? No! Why do you say that?"

"When I left her room, she was crying, and her words were full of pain."

"AAaaaaaaah! Now I get it."

Kitty made me move so I could rest my back against the wall. She knelt in front of me and placed her paws on my sloped shoulders.

"Well, this kind of messed up our little celebration, but I won't let you feel that way. It was not supposed to end like this."

"Kitty? What are you talking about?"

"Listen to me. Syr is fine!"

"She ... She is?"

"Yes! I promise. I went to see her a minute ago because you were not coming downstairs as expected. She was all smiles, trying to clean herself from your sticky cum. Then I found you here talking to the toilet. Mark, Syr, was just acting. I thought you knew that."

"Are you sure? I thought she was acting, but... When I finished..."

"You believed her? She is that good, uh? Mark, she fooled you. It wasn't real. You didn't hurt her at all."

Kitty leaned forward and kissed me. Was that it? Did Syr manage to convince me I hurt her? Kitty put her paws on my cheeks.

"You did a phenomenal job. It must have been very hard, but you made Syr the happiest girl in the world tonight."

"I... did? I need to see her. I need to talk to her."

"Well, that was the plan before you went down in flames. She was supposed to meet us downstairs. Come. Let's go to bed. Then she will join us. I promise."

Kitty stood up and uselessly tried to help me back on my legs using her non-existent strength. Even during the most confusing times, she found ways to be adorable.

She led me to the basement and made me sit on the bed. Erika was awake as well and had a big question mark on her face. Kitty went to her and whispered some stuff in her ear; probably a condensed report of the situation because a rare wave of compassion suddenly hit Erika.

"Aaaaah! Poor Mark. Did she get you too? Don't feel bad about being fooled. She pulled that kind of stunts with me in the past too. Her acting skills can be infuriating-good, believe me."

"She... she did?"

"Oh, yeah! More than once. I could tell you some funny stories. Listen, Mark. Don't get angry at her, okay. There are things you don't know about her. She didn't do this to you on purpose. She doesn't realize we don't see things the same way she does. It's a bit special, but she is a very caring girl."

"So, what now? What am I supposed to do?"

"Nothing. We are going to send her down here, and you two are going to have a good chat between adults and decide what you want to do from now on. Kitty and I are going to sleep upstairs tonight. Syr isn't really into girls... you know."

I was still trying to make heads and tails of all this. I was relieved to hear that I had not hurt Syr, but what was next for us? She would come to see me for a chat, more than likely acting like my maid again, and I would have no idea what she really thought? I was unsure about how I could handle this after what happened.

Erika gave me a small kiss.

"Good night Mark. We will see you tomorrow. I'm sure you and Syr will get along just fine. Just be nice, as usual. Come, Kitty."

Ignoring Erika, Kitty decided to jump on me to cuddle.

"I want to stay with Mark and Syr!"

Erika grabbed Kitty's tail and started to pull on it to get her off me.

"Stop it, we talked about that already. Come, I can't sleep well if you are not with me."

"Heeey! Don't rip my tail off... Okay, okay... I'm coming!"

Kitty gave me a last kiss and got off the bed. The two small rubber cats walked away, leaving me behind bathing in a certain void. I hoped it was true, and Syr would come for a chat, I didn't want to be alone tonight.

They were about to exit the basement when Syr showed up all dressed up in her typical maid uniform. One of the rubber cats immediately pulled her aside, more than likely Erika, and she energetically pointed one paw at me and repeatedly poked Syr in the chest with the other. They were too far from me to make out what she was saying, but it was a rather aggressive whispering tone.

The one-way argument between the latex cat and the maid lasted for a few seconds and ended up with Syr, looking down at the floor, leaving the basement with Kitty and Erika. What was that about? I was now all alone with myself, not even knowing if someone would come back. What was I supposed to do? I kind of slid down under the sheets and closed my eyes, trying to relax a little bit and process my situation. It was so late that I drifted off to sleep faster than I could have imagined.

"Mark?... psss... Mark?"

"Mmm?"

"Are you sleeping?"

I heard my name. I opened my eyes, but it was so dark. Someone had turned off the lights. I felt a hand on my chest, not a rubber paw. Could it be ...

"Syr?"

"... Yes."

"Sorry, I must have dozed off. They told me you were going to come for a chat, but you left after Erika talked to you. What was that about?"

"She ... She scolded me..."

That didn't sound like Syr; Her voice was so shy, and I didn't hear a single "Master Mark" so far. It reminded me of the time I discovered her workshop and dropped out of character.

"Why did she do that?"

"... I was coming to see you... as your maid... but, she said I went too far and troubled you. She said that if I wanted to talk to you, I would need to come back without roleplaying. So... I'm sorry, I didn't know I had gone too far."

"Wait ... you are not role-playing right now?"

"... Not tonight... No. I... I don't really know what to do."

I turned my head to look at her, but it was too dark. I could barely see anything. Her hand rested artificially on my chest, trembling a little. Why was she doing this? She was definitely uncomfortable... but it was kind of cute.

"Aaah, Syr. If you prefer to act as a maid right now, go for it. Just don't give me a hard time, okay? I had enough emotion for one day. You know you scared me earlier, you were really into it. Did you get what you hoped for, at least?"

"Yes ... Master Mark. It was exactly what I had hoped for. I really enjoyed all you did and the way you treated me. I felt so powerless."

I didn't have to ask her twice; the maid was back. Her voice tone went from shy to confident

"Good. I'm glad I was able to give this to you. But I'm not going to lie, this kind of rough sex roleplay is not for me. Sorry. I don't mind if you want me to be a bit more masterly around you, but no more extreme."

"I... I understand."

"Oh, and no more. 'You can't touch me, I'm not your girlfriend,' okay?"

"But... I enjoyed that part... It made you want me more. Why do you want me to stop?"

"Just tone it down a little bit then, because you ARE my girlfriend."

I pulled her toward me and slid my arm under her neck so she could rest her head on my shoulder. As I was breaking the romantic news to her, I discovered she was naked as a worm. Her warm breasts touched my ribs, and she tangled her leg around mine. I started to play with her little fingers gently.

"I... I am your girlfriend?" she asked.

"Yes. Is it not what you wanted all along? Erika and Kitty told me you had feelings for me, but honestly, your roleplaying was quite confusing. I am not as smart as they are, I didn't know what to think."

"My name is Elizabeth. And I would love to be your girlfriend."

"Elizabeth? That is such a nice name. Well, Elizabeth, I guess we are officially dating then. Are you okay with that?"

"Very much, Master Mark."

She squeezed me really hard, letting out a little happy cry. She was totally different from Kitty and Erika. Perhaps it was because she was younger, but I felt my relationship with her would be much more of a work in progress and see where it would lead to, rather than an intense and direct love as with my two other catgirls. We would need to ease into it.

I was not worried per se, but I wasn't sure how we would deal with certain aspects of this new romance. I was attracted to Elizabeth like crazy, I loved her maid character so much and decided to accept it fully, but on the other hand, there were concerns. She didn't love girls, which kind of excluded her from our frequent bedtime activities. She was also Erika's best friend, which made things a bit weird. On top of that, Kitty told me she had a crush on Syr. Was Syr even aware of that? How would we be able to navigate through all of this without friction? What did I get myself into again?

"Syr, we will need to take our time, okay?"

"Yes, Master Mark. I agree. As your maid, I'll do all I can to make things easy for you."

"I'm sure you will. I think it could be a fun journey. We will have a lot to learn about each other."

"Yes... but... about earlier?"

"Don't worry about it... You had lots of fun. I had some fun too. Forcing girls like this is just not my thing, at least for now."

"I understand ... but ... You did something to me that I never experienced before... You made me cum on command..."

"Yeah, that part was kind of hot ... Was it real?"

"Of course, it was. I lost control. Can... Can we try it again?"

Oh, boy. I wouldn't sleep a lot tonight.

When I woke up late in the morning, I was alone in my bed. Where did my beautiful Syr go? I certainly hoped that I hadn't dreamt everything. How many times did we have sex? I lost count. I rubbed my eyes and murmured to myself some unreal words.

"... A third girlfriend... Seriously, Mark? What is wrong with you."

I crawled out of bed, and there was a pile of neatly folded clothes on the corner of it; no doubt Syr did that. I grabbed the small pile and went to the washroom for a shower. The warm water kept my morning mind calm. I didn't want to start recapitulating everything that happened yesterday. I was feeling good and wanted to stay in that mood.

After my shower, I climbed upstairs and went to the kitchen for a coffee. As soon as I showed up, Syr, who was all dressed up as a maid, greeted me.

"Morning, Master Mark. I heard you showering, so I prepared some fresh coffee for you."

"Oh, thanks. I need one."

I walked to Syr, wrapped my arm around her waist, and tried to kiss her good morning, but she backed off with a shocked expression on her face.

"W... What are you doing? Master Mark! This is inappropriate. I am not your girlfriend. I thought we've been clear on that."

A depressing wave of discouragement hit me... not that broken record again!

"... Not my girlfriend? Syr? Why did we have that conversation last night then?"

Syr smiled at me, pressed her body against mine, and kissed me tenderly.

"Did I scare you, Master Mark?"

"A little bit, yes. Don't tell me I have another girl who loves playing tricks on me. Geez."

"Hehe. Now go sit, I have pancakes for you with maple syrup. Please, behave yourself this time!"

"Alright! Alright! Where are the catgirls?"

"Still upstairs. They have been moaning a lot since early this morning. They probably fell back asleep."

"When did you wake up? Didn't we go to sleep at about 6 am? Aren't you tired?"

"I do not know what you are referring to, Master Mark. I went to bed early last night after I brought you the book."

"Of course, you did... of course."

Yeah, this is going to be one special relationship. I was getting exactly what I signed up for.

She placed my pancakes in a white dish and started to do something to them. I couldn't see since she was hiding the plate with her body. All I could only stare at her back. She then turned around, widely smiling, and walked around the island where I was sitting. She positioned herself on my back and put the plate in front of me.

Her arms wrapped tightly around my neck as I looked down at the pancakes. She drew some words on them. "I love you!"

"Master Mark. You were right. I am dead tired... I will go for a nap. So please enjoy your food. You should join me after."

She kissed me on the cheek before walking away.

Yes... It would be interesting to live in this house. Very interesting.

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