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## Chapter 5 - Would You Like Some Coffee?

It was already 1 am. Our cab was driving down the city streets. The shine of the street lights was reflecting on the billion water droplets that were falling on the windows, making them look like a living night sky. Erika and I were on our way to my house. Her head resting pretty low on my shoulder, and her eyelids closed indicated that she was ready to lie down for the night. I knew of a cute rubber cat that would have been using the same amount of space at my side, Erika was just as small and delicate. Despite the similar body type and size, both girls were very different, though. My fingers were playing with a bundle of soft red hair from my companion's ponytail, and I remembered her light brown eyes contrasting with white freckled skin before she closed them. The absence of a mask allowed me to appreciate how different she was from what I knew. The air moving in and out of her lungs, that alone, emanated a serenity that Kitty didn't possess.

At the pub, Erika explained to me that she was a DG for a big tool renting chain, and she was quite successful at it. However, the symptoms of stress accumulated over the years, pushing her to start enjoying her financial independence a bit more. Her newly found freedom caused her to be tracked down by headhunters that were disregarding the fact that she didn't want to rejoin the circus for a while. To me, this only showed how smart and valuable she probably was.

The tires of our taxi stopped in a puddle of water in front of my driveway. After a short transaction with the driver, Erika and I exited through the right door. Arms wrapped around each other, we slowly followed the short stone path leading to the entryway. We headed upstairs, leaving our jackets behind on the black metal hooks that were mounted on a dark brown wooden board, and abandoning our shoes on the rough carpet to dry.

Erika scanned the foreign place with her eyes, associating what she heard from my Kitty stories with what she was seeing. Of course, the most prominent element was the pink crate sitting on the soft grey carpet next to one of the black leather couches.

"Is she in there now?"

"No, you can check it if you want, it is empty. One sec, I just have to go to the washroom, too much beer. You can look around."

Curious, she pulled gently on the door open to look inside. Perhaps she felt a bit of disappointment when she confirmed that there was no rubber cat to be found.

"Sure, I need to go after too."

Those four or five pints of beer, I couldn't even remember, forced my kidneys to work intensively. As the soapy water from my hands was going down the drain, I looked at myself in the mirror. I was wondering if I did the right thing by bringing this new girl home to satiate some sorts of physical needs. Was it even that? No. The sole reason why she was here was that I liked her. I knew it wouldn't have been possible for me to connect with someone only for the flesh part of it.

I kept those thoughts to myself as I walked back to the living room. Erika wasn't there anymore. It didn't take me long to find her lying down inside the crate from where she was smiling at me.

"It's not that big in here."

"Hehe. Erika, what are you doing? You want to sleep in there tonight?"

"Haha. No! I just wanted to get an idea of how it would feel. It's fun. Alright, I need to go to the washroom now."

She crawled back out of the box and leaped to the washroom. Once that out of the way, our fingers interlaced, and we went directly upstairs to the bedroom. It felt so natural for some reason.

"Okay, bed ... it's late," I said.

"Yes, let me help you."

To my surprise, Erika started undressing me. It was nothing sensual or anything. She was just performing this task to be helpful. Maybe she sensed one of my biggest vulnerabilities. Kitty had never done such a thing for me as her fingers were encased in rubber mittens at all times. My soul was probably screaming for this kind of attention. Erika must have heard it. Before I could return the favor, she stepped away with a gentle smile as if to not make me feel rejected. She tossed her clothes on the laminated floor, leaving her down to her blue lacy bra and panties. Her mostly exposed body was oozing desirability. Being more tired than shy, she quickly slid under the sheets and called me over.

"Okay, lights out! I'm dead. Come here and hold me. I'm cold."

The darkness allowed me to rediscover Erika's body by only using my sense of smell and touch. When I joined her in bed, I turned to my side, and she instinctively pushed her back against me to spoon. It felt so right. The warmth of human skin was exquisite. As much as I loved the feel of latex on Kitty, this was something else. It was comforting to allow another person to touch me directly without an intermediary. I wrapped my arms around her, and that was it for the night. There was no need to talk tonight. There was no need for sex tonight. There was no need for worries tonight.

Soon enough, the morning sun was hitting my face, melting away a vague dream that I wouldn't remember anyway. I must have forgotten to close the curtains last night. I didn't want to open my eyes just yet. It was more pleasant to scan my body and try to understand all the sensations I was experiencing. Somehow, I rolled to my back during my sleep. It felt like Erika adjusted herself to my new position. I could feel her body wrapped around me like a koala on a tree. Her head was resting on the relaxed muscles of my shoulder and arm. Motionless on my chest was her hand. Her knee was up over my hip. She used her toes to scratch the inside of my thigh gently. She was awake too. Far to dislike it, I still felt a bit odd in this atmosphere. Simply put, she was not Kitty.

"Morning, Mark. Did you sleep well?"

"Morning, Erika. Yes, you are a very comfortable girl to sleep with, I must say."

"Awww... I know! Hey, thank you for not trying things last night. I appreciate it. I was so tired," she said, rubbing my chest and belly with her soft hand.

"So, where is Kitty now?"

"She is away for a bit. She will come back in a few days. Don't worry about it. She won't show up out of nowhere."

"I'm not worried about that. I'm just curious about her, that's all. I built a mental image of her personality in my mind, but I'd like to see if she is like it for real. By the way, where did you get the pink catsuit? It was super cute in the pictures you showed me. I may have dreamed about it too. It's your fault."

There was a feeling of obsession in the air. Right away, Erika's focus was on Kitty and not on me, or us. Honestly, I didn't think much of it, though. Erika just seemed as if she had discovered something amazing and couldn't wait to learn more about it. It happened to me in the past. I knew the feeling and could recognize and accept it in others. In a word, she was excited. I extended my arm to grab my phone that was sitting on the nightstand. I showed her the website.

"That is a local shop, believe it or not. We just went on-site, and Kitty described to them precisely what she was looking for. Measuring her from head to toe was easy since she was wearing her black catsuit, even though there was a big hole under her arm. They did an amazing job, and we got our product within a week for a reasonable extra fee. It was urgent, after all, since Kitty was so distressed. She said the new suit was even comfier than the old one. Look, it's based on this model ..."

Erika pinched the screen out to zoom in to get a better look at the details. It was adorable. Paws, feet, hood were all attached. The pastel pink latex with an accent of white inside the ears and around the eyes and mouth made it look super girly.

"Well, it's not cheap, but if the quality is good, then it would be worth it, I suppose," she said.

"Totally worth it. Kitty's new paws even have padding in them, so she is even more helpless than before."

"What happened to the black suit then?"

“Nothing, she was ALWAYS wearing it, so the latex finally gave up. Those things are not eternal. She was so sad when she ripped the arm. She wouldn’t stop crying until we started shopping for a new one. Choosing the color and features cheered her up quite a bit. She probably won’t admit it, but I think she likes the new one much better.”

Erika’s body stretched a bit. It could have been an ordinary morning stretch or simply that she was a bit turned on by the thought of wearing a latex catsuit herself. The truth belonged to her.

“Mark, I don’t want to leave the bed. Tell me more about you two. Last night you said you would.”

“Are you begging me? Hehe. We can stay in bed all day. What do you want to know?”

“I don’t know ... just continue where you were at yesterday. Did Kitty really wear a catheter for a full three months.”

“For the past year, yes. We are replacing it every two months or so. She didn’t have any control over her bladder since the first day we tried it. I’m the one who decides when she can relieve herself when her urine bag is not connected. There is nothing she can do about it. She has no fingers. As a bonus, she discovered that the balloon inside her bladder is making her feel like she needs to go permanently. It drives her nuts.”

“Jesus. You, guys, are extreme. Oh, I know what I want you to tell me. You said that you needed to talk to her about her food habits. It seems like she skipped a lot of meals, do you know why? That can’t be good,” she said.

“Ah, yes. That. I’ve never been sure why Kitty was acting like that, but it is no longer a problem, we found a solution. She regained some weight and has much more energy. She feels fantastic and looks fantastic as well.”

“How did you help her with that?”

“Oh boy ... Well ...”

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For the next month after the catheter event, it was just pure enjoyment. To me, it was more and more like taking care of a pet. Kitty was helpless without me. Wearing the latex catsuit almost permanently was preventing her from doing anything useful outside having sex. She couldn’t remove her suit alone. She couldn’t pee alone. She couldn’t brush her teeth alone. It was quite a bit of time taken away from me, but in the end, it was all quality time I could spend with my catgirl. It was just magnificent.

Our weekends consisted of me tying her up in all ways possible and having fun with her helpless rubber body. We couldn’t get enough of that. As a side effect, this caused an increase in bondage equipment in our collection. We got new cuffs, leash, lockable collars, gags, and harnesses. We also got her some more sex toys for when she was in the crate. One of them, in particular, was a remote-controlled vibrator, which she hated. I made her lose her mind more than once using it.

She was rarely getting out of her catsuit. Only once a week, to be exact. Friday evenings were when I was unzipping her and let her spend an hour or two in the bathroom. She was cleaning herself thoroughly along with her latex suit. As much as it was tempting, I was not allowed to participate or even take a peek. She never changed her mind about me seeing her without a suit. I didn't remember much of what she looked like at this point under that black skin. My girlfriend was a kinky, latex, sex cat, and that was it. There was no human anymore. Occasionally I wondered, if she were to drop the catsuit, would I still be attracted to her? Maybe she was worried about the same thing, and it was reason enough to keep wearing it. Regardless, I didn't think of her as Theresa anymore. She was a hundred percent Kitty, the latex cat. Only one area of concern remained at this point in our relationship.

"NO!"

"Kitty, stop acting like that."

"No!"

"Why are you refusing to eat?"

"I'm not. I'm just not hungry."

It was a Friday evening, I came back from work, she was locked in her crate, and I was talking to her through the bars. During the day, she couldn't get out of her box, so I provided her with water and food items that were easy to eat. However, the stubborn rubber cat was not eating them most of the time, and it was becoming a concern. Once again, today, I found, uneaten, all the food that I left in her crate before leaving for work.

"Kitty, you lost weight during the past month, you were already tiny. Aren't you feeling a bit low on energy?"

"... I'm fine. If I overeat, it makes me too aroused."

"Is that even possible? Well, once again, you didn't eat all day, and you wasted the food I made for you. Are you not going to listen to me?"

"..."

"Okay, then. You stay in the crate until you are hungry."

"Meow!"

I walked away, frustrated, and went for a shower. While I was scrubbing my skin, I was trying to think of a way to fix this mess. I grabbed the handheld showerhead and started to rinse off the soap from my body. I aimed it at my face and shot some water inside my mouth by accident, which made me cough like an imbecile. But then, it struck me ... I had found a potential solution to make my beloved Kitty eat more.

It was around 6:30 pm when I went back to see her with an ultimatum. I passed her some unwrapped granola bars through the door and explained the deal to her.

"Eat those, now."

"No."

“Are you sure?”

“... yes.”

“Okay, you stay in there until tomorrow morning then. Congrats, it will be your first time spending two full days in a row in the crate.”

“Mmmm ... I could get used to that,” she said, a bit turned on.

“Don’t be so sure, Kitty. If those granola bars are not all eaten when I wake up, you are never going to eat again.”

“...”

She looked confused at my last statement. She had this look in her eyes, saying, ‘I know Mark loves me, surely he won’t let me die of hunger.’ I passed her a fresh bottle of water and left her there for the night. I watched a movie then went to bed early to read a book. I didn’t speak or check on her at all. I wanted her to think about what I told her.

The next morning, I went to the kitchen to make coffee then went to see her. The urine bag was full. I’d not be surprised if her bladder were full as well. I looked through the bars, and she was deep asleep. I saw that she drank all the water, but in terms of food, she only ate three of the four granola bars I told her to eat. It was not even close to being a regular meal, and she didn’t even eat them all. This was ridiculous. I poked her in the ass to wake her up.

“Hey, sleepyhead. Wake up.”

“Mmm ... is it morning already?”

I showed her the uneaten bar.

“See ... you’ve done it.”

“Oh .. wait, I was keeping it for this morning, I swear. I’ll eat it now,” she pleaded.

“Too late. No more eating for you.”

“Wait .. what do you mean? I do eat ... just not as much as you. How do you want me not to eat?”

I frowned at that question.

“Kitty, I explained this to you already. You don’t eat enough, and I’m worried about you. So it is time for a change. Stay there until I come back, I have to go shopping.

“Ok ... but I need to pee now.”

“I’ll be back in an hour. You’ll live.”

“Mark! Wait!”

I just walked away, ignoring her. I had a plan, and I was going to activate it.

It took me about an hour to find what I needed at the store and come back home. When I entered my house, there was a whining noise coming from a particular rubber cat. I didn't even have time to get to the living room before I heard some begging.

"Please ... you have to make me pee ... It's so bad now ... "

I got to the crate and started unlocking it. I wouldn't keep her in that state forever just because I was frustrated.

"But you are cute when you are like that. Alright, come on."

I led her to the washroom. I emptied the bag in the toilet and unclamped her catheter. That was a lot of pee all at once. She was not pretending this time around. I carried her in my arms back to the couch. She pointed at the big box on the coffee table.

"What is this?"

"Those are your new teeth."

"Uh? What? Are you feeling okay?"

She put her paw on my forehead as if to check my temperature. I pushed it away.

"Hehe. Stop it. It is a blender. I'll blend all your food from now on."

"Bleh! No ... this is gross. Blended food won't make me eat more."

"As I said, you are not going to eat anymore. Here ... check this out."

I put a plastic package in her small arms.

"What ... What is this thing?"

"A feeding tube. You were fine losing control over your bladder, so this isn't any different. You now lost control over your food."

"Aaaaannh!!!! Mmmm ... wait ... What are you saying? ... aaaaanh!!!!"

She started twisting around as her treacherous brain decided to assault her again with sexual waves. Her rational mind was saying one thing, but her fantasy brain cranked up to overdrive. I thought this would happen. The idea of being force-fed was just too erotic to bear.

Unconsciously, her paws went directly to her crotch. This time, I was not willing to offer her a way out of this. This would go ahead, and she had to accept it.

"Alright, sit back and relax. I'll put it in. Be nice, because I won't change my mind."

I followed the instructions carefully and calculated the length I needed. After lubricating one end of the tube, I started pushing it inside one of her nostrils. She didn't react too badly. She couldn't realize what was happening to her entirely. She was confused. Her little heart was saying, "this

is so hot,” but her logic was not agreeing with this. The heart won. The tube slowly went down her throat, tickling her inside and weirding her out. I talked to her while it was happening, gentle supporting words, and made her accept the situation better. I could tell she was a bit anxious.

Once the tube was in place, we tested the system with some water from a syringe. To Kitty, it felt as if she was drinking ... without the drinking part. I was increasingly confident that this would work as well as I had hoped. The final touch was some medical crazy glue that I used to cement the tube inside her nostril. It wouldn't be permanent, of course, but it will stay there for a while. I cut the end of the tube, only leaving a centimeter or so out. Just enough to connect the feeding syringes.

“All done. How does it feel?”

She touched her nose carefully with her paw.

“Mmm ... Good. Weird ... but ... good.”

“How does it feel knowing you are not going to eat anymore?”

“Aaanh!... stop saying that! aaanh!”

“Okay, let's prepare your first meal then. Come with me.”

Out of habit, I sat her on top of the kitchen island. She wouldn't stop touching her nose. It would take some time for her to get used to it. I made her breakfast but threw everything inside of the blender and mixed it with water until I had a smooth liquid. I took a big syringe and filled it with the whole liquified meal. It was time to feed the cat. I stepped in front of her, and she wrapped her rubber legs around my waist. Holding me was making her feel a bit safer. She was willing to try but not without my reassuring presence nearby.

“Mark ... Is this not too much? I don't want to die,” she said nervously.

“Don't worry, Kitty, this is a small size meal. It's not too much. Trust me. Alright, open up!”

“Very funny. Mmm ... go slow ... I'm a bit scared.”

“Don't worry. You'll be ok. Just let me know how you feel.”

I started pushing the liquid food through her feeding tube. As planned, it went down right to her stomach. She could even talk at the same time.

“It feels weird. I can feel it.”

“Does it feel bad?”

“... No. It's ... it's kind of hot.”

“Yes, because you are a pervert. There, all done.”

“What? That is it? All of that went inside me? It didn't even take thirty seconds.”

“I know, right. And we will do it again two more times today. Like what normal people do.”

“That's too much ... “



“No, it is not. It is normal. And you don’t have a choice anymore. Now come upstairs, I didn’t have any Kitty fun last night, and it is unfair. Let’s see how you perform when fueled up properly.”

“Meow! Not before I get my feeding kiss.”

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Erika was staring at me, almost in disbelief.

“You guys are insane!”

“Is that why you were humping my hip the whole time with your crotch?” I retorted.

“I ... I didn’t ... do that ... Did ... Did I?”

“You totally did.”

Her face turned beet red before she had time to hide it into a pillow. Her body betrayed her, and it was adorable indeed. She was more of a pervert than she would have liked to admit. However, I was not here to embarrass her, so I needed to say something nice. No, I needed to do something nice for both of us.

“Hey, Erika, there is something I’d love to do with you right now. Something I never had a chance to do with Kitty.”

“What? Anal?” she asked with a smirk.

“You are very funny. No. Not anal. I would like to serve you breakfast in bed. Do you have time?”

Some shiny stars appeared in her eyes. Was she secretly a romantic?

“Hell yeah! I have nothing to do at all today. Serve me all you want! This is awesome.”

“Perfect. Would you like some coffee?”

“Yep, with milk.”

It didn’t take long to prepare everything, Erika stayed in bed browsing her phone and answering some messages until I showed up again with a serving tray filled up with various food items. I sat beside her while she was holding the tray, then we found a sweet spot for it on top of our lap.

“There you go. All for you, cute girl.”

“I know, right. I’m super cute.”

Her sarcasm had no boundaries. We shared some croissants, fruits, cheese, eggs, and potatoes. It was great to have someone that could do things themselves. I mean, I wouldn’t trade Kitty for anything in the world, I loved her even if she became useless. Well, that was not fair to say it that way. Yes, she was mostly helpless, and she let me control her whole life and

her body in general, but that made her more and more interesting to me. Her growing happiness due to her extreme situation just made her increasingly fun to be around. It was an exciting game to find new ways to entertain each other. Every little moment spent with Kitty was joyful, and she was the reason for it. I was continuously thinking about her, even now, while sharing breakfast in my bed with another girl.

Trying everything from the tray, Erika looked super happy.

“Hey Mark, this is good. Thanks so much.”

“You are welcome.”

“So now, tell me. What am I doing here?”

I sighed heavily. She was right. I had to give her a bit more to work with. I promised her I would.

“Well, first, you were very nice to me. Else you’d not be here. You are awesome. I’ll try to put this into words. I think I gave you enough info about Kitty to give you a good idea of what kind of girl she is, right?”

Erika nodded. “Oh yeah, she is a perverted latex catgirl, like you said.”

“Yes, she likes to be controlled a lot, hence why she spends so much time inside the crate or in bondage. That is many, many hours for me to be alone. I love her so much. I don’t want to take her hobby away. But at the end of the day, it is eating me up a bit inside. I’m lonely. Pleasing her means sleeping alone most of the time. I want to sleep with someone all the time like we did last night. No need for sex every night, but feeling a warm person next to me, a presence, is all I ask. Kitty enjoys sleeping in her crate so much. I don’t want to take that away from her. She wouldn’t be the kitty I love if she couldn’t do what she liked. I’m torn.”

Erika chewed on a croissant some more and nodded again.

“Yes, I can see that happening. So what? You guys talked about it, I hope?”

“Yes, we did. Actually, no ... Kitty did. She is the one that started to feel guilty about leaving me alone so often. She knew that I loved taking care of her, but also knew I was a human being. She understands very well that I am not like her. Her goal is to find a way to combine all the fantasies she loved so much with my need for basic affection.”

Erika nodded some more. I was getting the feeling she was analyzing every bit of my whining. Her reaction felt as if this was a non-issue.

“Ah ... so Kitty told you to check if you could find someone to do things with when she was not available. That is a bold move,” she said.

“Yes, she convinced me, to a certain degree. She is not jealous, and she trusts me a lot. She knows I will never abandon her.”

“Of course not. But, it will be pretty hard to find another girl that is not Kitty, and that accepts that kind of arrangement, that kind of lifestyle. I suspect that finding a girl that doesn’t want to spend days inside a small crate might be easier, though.”

I laughed. Indeed, Kitty was unique in that aspect.

“Mark, let me give you a different perspective here. I think I know what you should be looking for.”

“Oh? You do?”

“I think so. Listen. What you want is not another girl. What you want is Kitty.”

I lowered my head, thinking about it. She got that right.

“... yes ...”

“So, don’t go around, trying to fish for girls to add to your fuckfriend list. It is not going to work for you. Even if you have a different girl in your bed every night, you’ll continue to feel like shit and be miserable. I know you loved holding me all night, but once I’m gone, you’ll be back swimming in your lukewarm soup of loneliness. Your real relationship is only with Kitty, and you love her too much to be satisfied with anything less.”

A ball of emotion was swelling up inside my chest. Erika was so right. Every single word she had said was accurate. It was useless to pretend otherwise. I even felt a bit dejected for even trying.

“You are right. But it doesn’t help me. What do I do now?” I said.

“No, no. Listen. I wasn’t done. How to put it? It is as if you are stuck in a game of Tetris. You and Kitty are piling up some tetrominoes, but neither of you has the “I” shaped one that would allow you to complete a Tetris.”

“Erika, are you a nerd?”

My reward for asking that was a slap behind the head.

“Dumbass! No. I’m not a nerd. What I mean is that you need a nice person that you will take care of and slowly integrate into your family and lifestyle over time. She would be different from Kitty, but yet, complementary. I’m talking about building another precious relationship that would include the three of you. Then you can complete a Tetris.”

I tried to make sense of what she was explaining to me. I scratched my head a bit.

“But, that would mean I’d have two girls at home.”

“Maybe, maybe not. There are all kinds of possibilities. But because of your current atypical relationship, I’d say you are a good candidate to make something like this work. Plus, you said that Kitty was not jealous.”

A three-person relationship. I never looked at it this way. When Kitty told me to look for someone else, she just wanted me to have a good time while she was enjoying her hobbies. But here we were talking about a couple, Kitty and I, falling in love with a new person. And that person would need to fall in love with the two of us in return. Was this even possible?

“Thanks, Erika ... for the advice. I think I understand what you mean. I am not sure how we could make something like this happen, but ... it is food for thought. I will talk to Kitty about this. She is way smarter than I am for those things.”

Erika put the food tray aside and started to cuddle with me.

“Hey, Mark, you’ll be ok. For now, give me an incredible makeout session. I want us to kiss for the next hour or so and forget about all this. I didn’t come here just to chat, you know.”

“That sounds like a perfect plan.”

We spent a few hours cuddling and making out on the bed. Erika was so different from Kitty. She was in absolute control of her sex drive while Kitty had zero control over it. I never had a makeout session that long without feeling the need to relieve my partner of some sexual tension. Erika was calm, warm, and relaxed. She was soothing. We didn’t do much outside cuddling. We watched a movie. We went out for a bite, we came back and cuddled some more. Before I knew it, the red-haired girl announced that she had to leave.

“Alright, Mark, I had a blast. Seriously. I didn’t find someone to cuddle like this in a very long time. You are so nice. Do you know that? Kitty is a lucky one, and I’m sure she knows it. That is probably why she declared her love to you on your first date.”

“Thanks. I enjoyed it a lot too. You helped me with my guilt. Thanks for everything. Can ... Can we see each other again?”

“Yep. For sure. I want to hear more about Kitty and you. Will she be here next weekend?”

“Why?” I asked.

“Why do you think? I’d love to meet her. That is why. Don’t tell me she is not allowed to meet new people.”

“No ... It’s not that. Kitty is just different. You know what, let me talk to her, and I’ll text you. I think I’d like her to meet you. I’ll tell her exactly what happened and see how she reacts. It was the first time that I tried what she suggested after all.”

“Sounds like a plan, text me later. Thanks again.”

It was over. Erika walked out. What a nice girl.

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It was so silent in the house now. A feeling of loneliness was weighing on my soul once more. Erika was right, little encounters like this wouldn’t solve my issue. But right now, It was better to

check on Kitty. I went down to the storage room below the main floor and turned on the light. Next to one of the walls, resting on a thick carpet, there was a coffin-shaped wooden box, large enough to contain a small human being. On top of it, there were many devices such as a heart rate monitor, a blood pressure monitor, a sizeable cooled container half empty of liquid food, and a large container of water. Those two last items were connected to a pump and a timer. Everything looked good at first glance. A laptop and many wires were taking care of the rest. I logged on the system, and I could see what the program was doing. Right now, it was executing one of the random pleasure modes. But that was not what I was looking for. I went to the communication section of the software and pressed the red button to activate the microphone and speaker.

“Aaaaanh aaaaanh ... aaaahn mmmmm ...aaanh ...”

That was Kitty’s moans, being tormented by this whole set up. She was a prisoner of this box. We named it the sex coffin.

It was the reason why I was a bit too lonely these days. It was the reason why I met this new girl last night. I was not completely honest with Erika. But yet, how could I have explained this to her? An innocent lie was all I could do. Just telling her that Kitty was away instead of telling her that she was stored in here.

“Kitty ... Kitty ... it’s me ...”

“Aaannh .. Mark ... aaaaanh ...”

Her little voice could be heard through the laptop speakers.

“Listen, I need to talk to you.”

“Has .. has it been ... 15 days already? aaaaanh!!!”

“No, only 10. Listen. I need to let you out.”

“No, no, no! ... Why? It’s so early. I’m fine! I have a lot of fun here.” she whined.

“I know you are, but this is important. I can put you back in later.”

“O .. ok ... AAAAHH!!! AAAAAH!!! Oh, my God!!! AAAAAH”

Kitty started screaming in her microphone. I swapped windows to see what the program was doing to her, and it had switched to maximum punishment mode. It only had a one percent chance to be triggered per day and was going to last for 15 minutes. Kitty was screaming inside the box as the electrodes glued everywhere on and inside her body were attacking her relentlessly with shocks and vibrations. I knew she didn’t like pain very much. I told her not to use it, but she wouldn’t want to listen to me. Ah well.

“AAAAH IT HURTS SO MUCH!!! AAAAAH LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT! AAAAAH!!!”

“Kitty, it turns out your computer decided to have a bit of fun with you. I’ll let you enjoy yourself a bit longer, after all. I’ll come back tomorrow.”

“AAAH NO NO ... IT HU” click!

I ended the communication. I felt a bit bad about it, of course, but it was not the first time this happened. If I stopped it now, Kitty would be mad at me later. We built that box four months ago, and she used it a lot already. We decided on all those settings in the computer program together. This maximum punishment mode, at first, was added just for the thrill of it. We initially set it to zero point one percent chance to be triggered in a day. We knew it was there, but it was more of a psychological thing. The fear that it would trigger was adding a little bit of excitement. But it never did. Only in the past month, she decided to increase it to one percent. This was her third session this month, the longest, and it was the second time that it activated. She didn’t learn her lesson the first time. I was pretty lucky to witness it live.

I decided to stay there for a bit longer, to listen to her muffled screams through the box, and to make sure the feeding pump that just activated was working fine. It was now pumping liquid food directly to her stomach. I could see a lot of pee flowing through the tube connected to her catheter, thanks to the decision to set her daily water intake to four liters. That, too, was her idea. We, of course, added some electrolytes in it to be on the safe side. The whole system worked very well. I was not worried about leaving her alone for an extended period.

The next morning I went to see her again, this time to let her out of the box. After disconnecting and moving all the equipment aside, I unlocked the coffin and opened the cover. I removed one by one, all the foam pieces that were specifically carved to hold her tight inside the box. When the lid was down, she couldn’t move an inch.

And there she was, wearing her pink, latex catsuit, and being extremely cute in it as usual. I missed her so much. A big bundle of wires came out of her crotch zipper. They all led to the different electrodes that were glued to her skin all over her body. It was not permanent by any means, but the glue lasted a couple of weeks in case there was a need. When we wanted to use them, we just had to connect wires to the pads. Of course, she did that herself because, even after a full year together, she still refused to let me see her without her suit.

It always took a while to unplug her. I removed the VR goggles that were resting over her eyes. Those could be a lot of fun too. The videos could be a quiet grass field to a rough BDSM scenario. She blinked a bit and looked at me, not moving. It was useless to talk to her as her ears were plugged with wax, and her earbuds were disconnected. She looked so confused. Sometimes I wondered if she was going to lose her mind with this insane self-inflicted treatment. But no, she would always be confused for an hour or two, then she would be back to normal and would ask for more. I was not as worried as the first time.

Now that I was looking at her, lying there in the foam, I agreed with myself that the forced feeding was the best thing that could have happened to her. She regained a good 20lbs during

the past year, and her weight was now stable. She looked much healthier than when I first met her. Additionally, her sex drive skyrocketed. She suspected that this would happen. From an insane sex drive, she went to ultra crazy sex drive. Just pronouncing her name unexpectedly was a risk to make her come. It was absurd.

The box was, initially, an attempt to calm her down. But Kitty was an endless reservoir of sex now and couldn't have enough of it. I guess one of the reasons why I accepted to put her in there was so I could get a break.

I lifted her out of the box and carried her limp body upstairs. I laid her down on the bed. I grabbed a book and sat next to her. In an hour or two, she would slowly regain her composure. I would unzip her suit, and then she would disappear in the bathroom for a long, long shower and self TLC. Only after this routine, she would come back and talk to me about her experience, as fresh as before.