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Chapter 7 - Every Me Every You

“I don’t care. What is the difference?”

I was there, sitting on my bed, and before me, there were two identical girly latex cats. After abusing my traumatized body for the past two hours, they removed their perforated blindfold, and I finally could tell which one was who. I tried to explain all over again what my point was. I was tricked into thinking that Erika was Kitty and that it may not have been the same if I had known the truth right off the bat. Erika didn’t want to hear about it and tried to hammer some sense into this thick skull of mine.

“You spent all evening with ME, not Kitty. She was hiding in a closet upstairs during all that time. You made love to me, and you fed me. We watched a movie and drank together. I’m the one who gave you a goodnight blowjob before you forced me to get super drunk.”

I protested about that last point.

“Oh! Hey! You are the one that asked for that last glass. I wasn’t going to give it to you, so don’t put that on me.”

“Ah, whatever ... The point is, you enjoyed being with me a lot, and you said you loved me.”

Kitty jumped in.

“Yeah, you kind of told her that several times. It was hot. I was rubbing my crotch a lot, so I remember.”

“Kitty! Don’t encourage her!”

Kitty was just looking at us, smiling and having a blast. She enjoyed the whole situation a bit too much and did all she could to make it worse for me. She seemed so comfortable with this whole thing of having a copy of herself that pulled dirty tricks to me. I felt that, once more, I was traveling on the path of defeat. I sighed.

“Okay, kitties, yes, I enjoyed last night a lot. And yes, Erika, you were fantastic ...”

“He gave you a 10 out of 10.”

Of course, kitty had to bring that up. Traitor! She even high fived Erika on that one. I continued my speech despite the incessant teasing.

“Thing is, I was convinced that you were my girlfriend yesterday, and that is part of why I enjoyed it so much. Erika, you shouldn’t have to copy Kitty in an attempt to give me what I want. What I want is for Erika to be Erika and Kitty to be Kitty.”

There was a heavy silence in the bedroom. Erika looked at Kitty, half angry.

“Really? Is he always like this? I mean, it’s cute and all, but ...”

“I fear he is,” Kitty said while shaking her head.

Erika turned back to me for a second, then she climbed on top of me and sat on my hips before placing her two paws on my chest. Kitty always did the same when she wanted to explain some things to me. I became apprehensive. Then she punched me hard in the chest with her small rubber paw ... “Oof!” ... Kitty didn’t pack a punch like that, so this was a new form of negotiation for me.

“Apologize to me!” she said.

“Hu? What for? What did I say? I was trying to be nice.”

“I’m going to gut you. Apologize now!”

“Okay! I’m ... I’m sorry?”

The thought of being gutted was a deterrent to arguing any further. Erika was capable of such violence in her language when I was saying something she didn’t like. She initiated what I would call a good scolding.

“I listened to you at the pub because I wanted to. I went to your place and cuddled and made out with you because I wanted to. I came back here yesterday because I wanted to. I did my best to copy Kitty perfectly because I wanted to, thanks to her amazing support and pointers, it worked well. I inserted a catheter and feeding tube into my body, desecrating it because I wanted to. I borrowed her personality because I wanted to. I made love to you because I wanted to. I let you force feed me because I wanted to. I let you control my bladder because I wanted to. I watched a movie with you and acted tenderly because I wanted to. I let you get me drunk because I wanted to. I let you lock me in the small crate all night because I wanted to.”

Each one of her words was hitting me like a ton of bricks. She was far from being done with me.

“Now, many of those things I did yesterday were very hard for me, like this feeding tube, so weird. Many other things were such a turn on, like putting this expensive catsuit on and listening to Kitty telling me about all your love habits. Many things were embarrassing, like being scared to make Kitty feel bad if I were to sleep with you. And all that for what, you think?”

“I ...”

It was not a question to which she wanted me to answer, so she punched me in the chest again with her soft paw. She acted mad, but it felt more like she just wanted me to understand her a bit better.

“Let me finish. It was a lot of planning and effort and heart that I put into it to make this evening as fantastic as humanly possible. Why did I do all that, you think? Because I really wanted to. Oh, I SO wanted this to work. I wanted from the bottom of my heart to see both of you enjoy what I was trying to accomplish, what I was giving you. Deep inside, I was terrified, I was going very far with this, and I hoped so much that you guys would appreciate me. And thank God for Kitty, that right away understood my intention, and she did all she could to help me turn it into an amazing success. She even zipped my suit up with her teeth, which was very hard.”

Erika put her heart into her speech, and I felt it. Kitty was leaning sideways behind her to get a better look at my face. I looked back at her for an instant, perhaps I wanted to be saved, but Erika put her rubber paw on my cheek, forcing me to pay attention.

“Look at me. I just want you to tell me very honestly, from your heart; Were you happy to spend the evening with me? It doesn’t matter how I decided to behave, who I was trying to copy, or what I was trying to do. Did you love being with me last night? Yes, I tricked you, I know that well, but it was because I hoped, with all my love for you guys, that at the end of the day you’d have enjoyed what I gave you and accepted me because of it. Accepted me for what I wanted and loved to do.”

All I had left in me was a paralyzed throat, and this big ball of emotion stuck in my chest. I was looking at Erika while every single word she had pronounced was exploding inside of me, destroying all the misconceptions I always had about people. I was continually trying to make sure that what they were doing was for themselves and not only to please me. How selfish on my part to think that people would try to please me first and relegate themselves to the second rank. My intentions were pure; I was not doing it on purpose. I genuinely wanted people to be happy, therefore doing what they wanted to do. This was what Erika just explained. I was the problem. This insistence I had in making sure other people were okay was the mirror of my lack of self-confidence. I was checking on them, to avoid checking on myself, because I was scared, like a child. Afraid of what would happen if I committed, fearful of the future, terrorized of not being good enough, apprehensive of what people would say. All of this was preventing me from letting my love flow. Other people could take care of themselves. The only thing I had to do on my side was to make them feel appreciated and loved.

What an imbecile I could sometimes be. Did I like Erika? Yes. Did I love what she did to me last night? Yes. What did I honestly feel about all that? Why was I trying to prevent myself from saying what I wanted to say since the first time I met Erika at the pub?

I placed my hands around Erika’s pink rubber neck and gently rubbed her cheeks with my thumbs.

“I’m so sorry, Erika. You are right. I’m not sure why I’m fighting this. You were so amazing, and I was a fool to question your intentions. There is one thing that has been burning inside me since I met you at the pub. I’m developing feelings for you. All week I was thinking about you, trying to push the emotion back down. Maybe it is too early to say it, but ... I love you. I love you so very much.”

I pulled her close to me and held her in a hug that I didn’t want to ever let go, almost crying and hoping that the feeling was mutual.

“Awww, I didn’t think you had it in you. You know what? That is how I felt too,” Erika said.

Kitty was sitting in silence behind Erika and was witnessing a true declaration of love. She was watching from backstage, but it filled her heart with great joy. She was astonished by what Erika had just accomplished. During this past year, she had built a great relationship with Mark. She knew she was loved, and she knew it was real. He had said the same words to her countless times, but it was a mere attempt to express what was burning inside him. Not once, he had managed to let it out with all his heart, like he just did with Erika. There was a wall that he never managed to cross before. Kitty tried and tried, over and over, to help him pass it, but it never fully worked. Erika, with her intelligence and her smart words, and a touch of aggressivity, finally made that wall crumble.

Yes, her boyfriend had just declared his true love to someone else, but it didn’t matter. Kitty knew that from now on, Mark would be a better person, and this mental restraint gone would make their relationship skyrocket to a whole new level. She was even more in love with him than ever before.

Do amazing things for yourself and hope from the bottom of your heart that people will love you for it.

For the next hour, I cuddled my two pink latex kitties on the bed; it was so hot. They were so nice to me after I told Erika that I loved her. Kitty seemed very pleased about all this. As if it was not enough emotions, the two girls started kissing deeply in front of me, which was insanely pleasant to watch. There was no jealousy, just pleasure. Kitty initiated a rather unexpected discussion.

“Erika? You like me, right?”

“Of course, you are the cutest thing in the world.”

“I really like you too.”

“I know that! We are cat soulmates!”

“Ah! So you love me? Like you love Mark?”

“Let me show you how much I love you.”

Erika pushed Kitty on her back, way rougher than I would have allowed myself to do. Kitty had no muscles to resist. Erika plunged her face between Kitty’s already unzipped crotch and started eating her with an absolute passion.

“Aaaanh! No ... Erika! Wait! Aaaanh!”

This spectacle was priceless and made me instantly so hard. I knew how sensitive Kitty was down there, and Erika was going to learn about it. I had no intention to interfere. I just needed popcorn. The more Kitty was coming, the more it was clear to me that we had found the missing piece of our love puzzle.

Several orgasms later, Kitty was lying on top of Erika in front of me. She started to probe Erika about her intentions. She didn’t even try to hide it; she wanted Erika to move in with us. It was not a discussion in which I wanted to be involved in right now. I preferred to let them fight a bit, and eventually, they would ask me what I thought. It was my house, after all.

“Move in with us!” Kitty said.

“Calm down. I have my own house, you know. I can’t just decide to move here after spending a couple of hours with you guys.”

“Move in with us!”

“Kitty, are you even listening to me?”

“No! You must move in!”

“Haha, you are way too much like how Mark described you.”

Erika was wiggling under Kitty, latex on latex, offering me the sexiest sight in the world. Erika rationalized and proposed a reasonable option.

“Look, even me, I’m surprised by how fast I fell in love with you, guys. For the first time in my life, I feel that I’m at the right place at the right time and with the right people. I would love to spend a lot more time with you. That said, what if I commit to stay here for two full weeks? Just to see how things go. I’m on vacation for another four months, so I have nothing else overly important to do right now. Would that work?”

Kitty hugged her tightly.

“Yes. But you have to be Kitty all the time so we can keep confusing Mark. I’ll teach you more to be like me. It turned me on a lot.”

“Haha ... It turned me on a lot, too. Deal!” Erika said.

Oh no! That was way quicker than I had anticipated, and they didn't even check with me. I attempted to interject.

“Hey, you two, are you not going to ask me for my permission first? It is my house, you know.”

“No.”

“No.”

Alright, that answered the question. It was a good plan, I admitted. It would be fun to have those two cat toys around me for a bit. What Erika was trying to say was that she wanted to get to know us better before doing something too extreme. She was not like Kitty at all and had a life of her own. She needed some time to digest the whole adventure. Kitty got off her new lover and poked me in the chest.

“Pee!”

“Again? Taking care of two rubber cats will be intensive. And you Erika, you need to go as well?”

“Not really, I just want this catheter out of me sooner rather than later.”

This small request for pee gave me an idea, a brilliant one. The girls encouraged me to do what I wanted and to trust them to love me for it. So it was time to put that wonderful quote to the test. I also wanted to see how close those two were going to be shall we live under the same roof. I didn't think Erika fully realized what it would be like to share Kitty.

I headed to the bathroom, and Kitty followed me.

“No, Kitty. Go back to the bed. I'll be back in a sec.”

She was perplexed, and it was hilarious. She thought I would let her pee. I grabbed one of the big glass and filled it with water. I drank a bit of it and refilled it again before going back to the room. I walked up to Kitty.

“Drink this.”

“Why? I need to pee ... this is not helping,” Kitty protested.

“Drink, or I force-feed you with it. You know I can do that. Erika, come with me.”

Erika was as puzzled as Kitty, but she followed me to the bathroom. I made her sit on the toilet, and I emptied her bladder. She looked at me and didn't know why I was doing this.

“That was mean, she was the one that needed to pee.”

“Welcome to our perverted life,” I said.

I led her back to the bedroom. While Kitty was trying to finish her water, I started applying some bondage equipment to my two kitties. First, I put lockable collars around their necks, the ones with a front ring. Then I put ankle cuffs on each of them. I used small padlocks to attach Erika's ankles to Kitty's ankles. I did the same with their collars. My two rubber cats were now attached to each other with their noses an inch apart.

"Aaaannh!!!"

Unsurprisingly, Kitty started moaning immediately. She didn't have the self-control that Erika had. Erika was just wondering what was going on at this point. I grabbed a short length of rubber tubing, and I connected their two catheters together. Erika, smart as she was, immediately understood where this was going. She moved her paws to her crotch right away to stop me, but I pushed her hand away.

"No. Don't you put your paws down there."

Kitty was too far gone in her sexual pleasure already to understand what was happening, so I gave them some food for thought.

"So, my two rubber cats, one of you is desperate to pee, and the other one is empty. So I was wondering what would happen if I connected your bladders. Will Kitty ask Erika for help first, or will Erika offer to help first. Maybe Erika will refuse and will let Kitty suffer? Or maybe Kitty will suffer for Erika? The only thing we are sure here is that it is going to get worse the longer you wait. One of you will eventually have to tell me to remove the catheter camp."

"Aaaaaanh! Aaaaaanh! ... oh my God ... Aaaanh! This is so hot ..."

"Mark! You can't do this to us!"

Kitty was losing her shit, almost coming on the spot, while Erika was trying to think of a way out. Unfortunately, pleading her case wasn't going to help her. I just sat next to them, rubbing my hands on their pink latex skin. Clearly, Erika had things to learn about Kitty, and this was a golden opportunity to do so, no pun intended.

The next few minutes were super entertaining. Kitty started to kiss Erika deeply, she needed sexual stimulation badly, and curiously Erika was getting turned on more and more as well despite the mental torture.

"Erika ... I really need to pee," Kitty said.

"Kitty ... can't you hold for a bit longer? Mark, let her go!"

"Nope. That is not an option."

This entertainment was FUN; Seeing Kitty sexually losing her mind and twisting around in discomfort while assaulting Erika with kisses and hugs. I honestly had no idea who was going to give up first.

“E ... Erika ... It ... It's starting to hurt. Aaaaah!”

“This ... This is so perverted. I can't ... Mark ... Why? I ... I'll do whatever you want today. I'll let you fuck me as much as you want. Just let her go!”

I didn't reply to that. The latex kitties had no way out of this. Instead of helping, I teased them even more. It was an act of sweet revenge for what they did to me yesterday.

“Kitty, it's just natural, don't feel bad for Erika. If you have to go, you have to go, right? Just tell me, and I'll make it happen. It's natural. And you, Erika? Can't you see how desperate Kitty is? Is it fair to prevent her from a well-deserved release? I thought you loved her.”

“...”

“AaaAaaanh ... AAAannh ... I .. I'm about to ... cum ... aaah AAAAH it hurts!”

Erika lost all her words, and Kitty was not there anymore. There was no longer any guarantee that Kitty could make a decision, and Erika started to realize that. She was not the one in pain; she was the only one who could rescue her new latex lover. Erika screamed atop of her lungs.

“OKAY! OKAY! ENOUGH! ... Just do it already!”

“Aaaanh! Aaaanh! ... I'm so sorry, Erika ... Aaaanh!”

I reached Kitty's catheter and pulled off the clamp. Immediately, due to the pressure, her pee started to rush right to Erika's bladder. Kitty had a massive orgasm when it began to happen. It was so wrong and so uncontrollable. That one really got to her.

“AAAANNH I'M CUMMING! I'M CUMMING! AAAannh!”

Kitty's body was out of control, and she was twisting in every direction. Erika was just there along for the ride, trying to curl and experiencing for the real first time all the extent of Kitty's perversion. She felt the warm liquid filling her bladder and expanding inside of her. It was such a strange sensation. She had mixed emotions ranging from feeling good because she helped her lovable friend and feeling weird because she was now holding pee that was not her own.

“Interesting. So, Erika lost,” I said.

“... Lost? What? It wasn't a competition!” she protested.

“No, I just decided that right now. I'll find a proper punishment after my shower, I guess.”

I caressed the two cute pink latex catgirls and headed out to the bathroom to take care of myself, for once. The two girls, tied to each other, stayed on the bed and quickly started to make out again. They now both needed to pee, but it was not nearly as bad for Kitty anymore. While I would be away, I knew that my Kitty wouldn't give Erika any break, which was making me very happy.

I spend a good 30 minutes in the bathroom, showering, shaving, brushing my teeth. It felt very good. Once done with all that, I went to meet my two catgirls and led them to the bathroom after untying them. I made them stand in the tub and disconnected their catheter link. I have never seen that much pee all at once. The yellowish liquid was pouring down the drain, and both Kitty and Erika were moaning their life out in relief ... and restarted making out. Nothing too surprising there. After clamping them back, I let them be and made my way to the kitchen to prepare our breakfast.

I had to feed three persons, and it was starting to be a bit more work. The situation I was in would make many guys envious. I was the luckiest guy on the planet. I could date two girls that I loved at the same time, and they were ecstatic about it, at least for now. However, I couldn't help but think about all the things I would have to do to take care of them. Food, peeing, cleaning, pleasuring ... it was considerable. If I put Kitty inside her sex coffin, it would make things easier, though. That was how this whole thing started anyway. Kitty wanted to spend more time in bondage, and she wanted me to find someone else to have fun with during that time. Erika made it happen in the most perfect of ways.

I heard a bunch of little footsteps in the staircase; it was the two pervy latex cats smelling food. I sat them both up on top of the kitchen Island and kept cooking. While I was preparing the meal, the two girls chatted together. Kitty was trying to teach Erika how to talk like her. The worse thing is that she was succeeding. It was hilarious, but if I were not looking at them, I couldn't tell which one was talking. That was going to get me in trouble, later on, I was sure of it.

I force-fed them with their breakfast. Kitty was used to it, but it was still feeling strange to Erika.

"Eating without eating is odd," she said.

"You don't like it?"

"Not that much, I mean, it's fine. It's kind of hot. But I'm not like Kitty. To me, it was just a fun thing to try."

Kitty didn't forget our morning habits, she wrapped her arms and legs around me and gave me a long deep kiss. Erika was studying with attention, and once Kitty was done, she did the exact same thing. Same position and all. Even her tongue technique was the same. I didn't feel bad anymore for having been fooled last night. She was good, really good.

After our food, we went back to the living room to chill and digest. The rubbery girls started making out once more. That was their newfound hobby, apparently. Both Erika and Kitty said they never kissed a girl before, but now they were solidly addicted to it, I could fully understand that. I loved kissing girls too. Erika, however, disengaged for a moment and asked me to unzip her suit, which made Kitty react rather badly. She jumped in between the two of us and tried to push her away.

"No! Erika, he shouldn't see you if you are not a cat!"

“What? You are going to apply your self-imposed rules on me now?”

“Yes! He must not see you!”

“Haha. You are so cute. I promise I’ll consider it. But now I want to do something with my hands, so ... Mark, unzip me!”

I acknowledged the order and unzipped her suit, which made Kitty grumble. It was a learning experience for Kitty as well. Kitty knew that I was mentally weak, and she could win all her fights against me. But with Erika, it was not like that at all. Kitty wasn’t used to having someone that would just brush off her commands. The red-haired girl just did whatever she pleased.

Erika struggled out of her latex skin and lowered it down to her waist. Her hair was an absolute mess, but outside that, she looked just fine, and I loved her naked boobs too. Kitty never gave me such a show. Erika made a roundtrip upstairs and came back with her phone. It was strange to see her as a human being. I already started to like her a lot as a pink cat. Kitty rewired my brain overtime. I didn’t know those latex rubber cats as humans anymore. I was probably doomed and would need my daily dose of rubber girls for the rest of my life. Erika sat next to me and started to type on her screen.

“Mark, I’m sending you 250\$ to cover for my expenses for the next two weeks. The password is ‘kitty.’ I think it is fair since you are going to do a lot for me.”

“Sure, thanks. I appreciate that.”

“Can ... Can I take a picture of you two? I’d like to have one as a souvenir,” she then asked.

Kitty and I looked at each other.

“Sure, come here, Kitty!”

“Meow!”

I repositioned myself on the couch, and Kitty sat between my legs. I wrapped my arms around her. She raised her paws to my hands, and I placed my face next to hers. We never posed together for a picture; it was the first time. Erika snapped a pic and clapped softly on her wrist, all joyful.

“Yaaay! You two are so cute,” she said.

“Hey, put your suit back on, I’ll take a picture of you and Kitty as well.”

I helped Erika back in her suit, and she joined Kitty on the couch. Amusingly but not surprisingly, they chose to sit Indian style, one of them had legs wrapped around the other and hugging each other real close, cheek on cheek. I snapped that picture, and by the time I reviewed it, the two cats were making out again.

“Alright kitties, enjoy yourselves, I will go do some shopping. We are almost out of food. I’ll be back in about 2 hours or so. Is that ok?”

“Mmmm”

“Aaannh! Aaannh.”

“That's what I thought.”

It was good to get out of the house for a bit after all the emotions I recently went through. I took my time to collect the groceries and went to the liquor store as well to buy alcohol. We had Erika at home, and she probably wouldn't survive on milk and water alone. I had a bite at a fastfood restaurant and drove back home.

I could faintly remember that only one year ago, I was this lonely, pathetic masturbating person. Did I miss that time? Yes and no. I loved what was happening to me. There was nothing like loving and being loved in return, but somehow, it was a bit less freedom. It was not bugging me per se, but it was the same thought I had earlier this morning. Taking care of two helpless girlfriends would take some more freedom away, not in a bad way, but still.

I parked in my garage, and as soon as I opened the door, I heard Kitty orgasming like there was no tomorrow.

“AAAAAH AAAANNH! Stop ... Stooooop! AAANH!”

I climbed up the stairs and dropped my bags on the kitchen island. I followed the whining all the way to the living room and saw the two pink latex catgirls on the floor. Not knowing which one was which, I quickly determined that Kitty was on the receiving end. She was on her back on the carpet, and Erika had her head in between her legs. She was pinning her down by the hips with her paws and was licking the life out of her. Kitty noticed my presence and cried for help.

“Mark! Stop her! She doesn't want to stop. I ... She keeps making me cum ...”

“How is that a problem? You love it!” said Erika while she kept licking.

“Unbelievable. When did you start doing that?” I asked.

Kitty cried some more.

“When ... When you left! Aaaaaanh! Aaaaaanh! Stop Erika ... Please! Aaannh!”

Wow ... They have been at it for the past two hours. Talk about stamina. I did tell Erika that Kitty was an always full tank of orgasm. She could come all day nonstop. Did she even listen to what I said?

“Alright. That is enough, Erika; you'll damage her if you continue.”

I pulled her out of there, and Kitty just collapsed like a crepe on the floor. Her pussy was bright red. I dragged her to the crate and locked her in after connecting her catheter to the urine bag.

“There, that is where you will spend the night; it should give you some time to recover.”

“Mmmm,” she responded.

I turned to Erika. Her face was covered with pussy juice.

“Geez, you apparently discovered that you love girls a lot.”

“Apparently ... Kitty is delicious. She is so cute and such a sexual machine.”

“Yes she is, she never stops. I’ll have to give her some sex toys later else she won’t be able to sleep. As for you, we have to figure out what your punishment will be.”

“What? Were you serious? It’s not fair. You never said it was a competition!”

“I know, I know! It’s not fair. So what about I let you choose your punishment?”

“How is that fairer? I will still get punished.”

Erika groaned while we were walking back to the kitchen. I had groceries to unpack. She climbed on top of the kitchen island and looked at all the things I had bought.

“That is a lot of food!”

“We are three now. That is like 7-8000 calories a day. For all of us. You, cats, need to eat.”

“That much? Ah well. Let me know if you want more money, okay?”

“Nah, you gave me more than enough. I bought you some of this too.”

“Rum and Whiskey? That’s cool. Hey, Mark ... ?“

“Yes?”

With her small fingers, She pinched her nose tube and catheter and pulled gently on them.

“Can you take those things out of me? I didn’t want to say it in front of Kitty earlier, but it is not my thing. As I said, it was hot as a one-night experience, but I don’t like them.”

“Oh, sure. Not a problem at all. Let me finish this here, and we will take care of you right after.”

There was no doubt about it. Erika was not Kitty. She was willing to try new things, even if extreme, but at the end of the day, she knew what she wanted. Kitty would absorb any fetish like a sponge and acquire them forever while Erika was more of a calm romantic that still had a lot to discover about what she likes or not in bed. Her being almost forty made me wonder what kind of life she had so far. As I was putting the fresh food in the fridge I decided it was a good time to get to know her a bit better.

“So, why did a beautiful and fun girl like you ended up single, if I can ask?”

“Haaa! Long story, my friend. In my early twenties, I met that guy and spent over ten years with him. We had a quiet life and all, and we wanted kids. But I was so busy at work that I postponed reproduction for a while. In my early thirties, we finally decided to try, and it never worked. I was declared infertile. I blame all the whiskey in college for that one. I was fine with it, really. I didn’t need kids at all costs, but he didn’t accept it as well.”

“You could have adopted one, no?”

“Yes, I talked to him about it, but he wanted his own. He didn’t want to “buy” them, as he said. When I heard that, it was a bit of a wakeup call. The more I was listening to him, the more I realized he was not aligned with my values. He was too close-minded for my taste, and we started to fight over stupidities, and we broke up.”

Erika was not phased out by this part of her life. As usual, she was calm and honest while telling me about all of this. She rubbed her paws together and looked at me.

“About you, Mark? What did you do before you met Kitty?”

“Nothing ...”

“What do you mean, nothing? You are such a great guy; surely, you dated more girls before.”

“I did, but it never worked for very long. I don’t have a huge track record. I had more sex with Kimberly Clark than real girls. I never thought I’d meet someone like Kitty that pulled me out of my misery.”

“Haha. That’s funny. Well, you were just not ready, that is all. Do you want to get married?”

“Married? With you? You are a quick one!”

“Nooo! I’m just asking. That is all. I think I’d like to get married one day.”

“Honestly, not me. I’m fine without it. You can always ask Kitty.”

“Yeah! Maybe I’ll do just that. Alright ... Take those things out of me now!”

I took Erika in my arms, which made her giggle, and we went to the bathroom upstairs. I sat on the edge of the tub and unzipped her crotch. I used a syringe to deflate the balloon sitting inside of her bladder and slowly started to pull it out.

“Haaa! Careful. It feels weird.”

“I know. Hang in there.”

The long rubber snake slid out and fell on the ceramic floor. Erika immediately started rubbing her crotch. I made her sit on the edge of the tub next to me. I worked inside her nostril with a small cotton tip and some alcohol to break the glue.

“Geez, you did this to yourself? You are a brave one.”

“It was hot. I had never done something that perverted.”

“I bet, but you know what. It was worth it. You totally fooled me.”

“That was the best part. You should have seen your face.”

I didn’t respond to that. At least, without the tubes, I’d be able to tell them apart in the future.

“Ah! Got it ... It is no longer attached. Okay, take a deep breath, it will be a bit gross. Ready?”

I efficiently pulled the tube out of her nose. It came out, and I dropped it on the floor where the catheter was already resting. I used a warm wet towel to clean her face and nose gently. And at

that moment, we just looked at each other ... There was a powerful connection that had been triggered by me taking care of her. Erika put her padded paw on the side of my face.

"Why am I so attracted to you?"

"I told you, since the pub, I can't take my mind off you. We are in the same boat."

"Do you know why?"

"Why? I don't think there is a reason."

"I think there is one ... It's Kitty. She is so special. She is the one that brought us together."

"Maybe. She must have very special pheromones, that one."

"Well, why don't we go entertain her a bit then? For my punishment, I will let you fuck me in front of her"

"Hehe. Alright. I will let you get away with it, new girl!"

Erika stood up and led me downstairs to the living room. She knocked inefficiently with her rubber paw on top of Kitty's crate.

"Wake up! Mark is going to fuck me right here in front of you."

Erika wasn't shy about sex one bit. She woke up Kitty so that she could watch through the bars of her crate.

"Meow! That's sexy. But, Erika, I hope you like pain."

"Pain? ... Why?"

"Cause Mark likes it rough, you know. He is going to slap your butt hard."

"Rea ... Really? But he told me that you didn't like pain."

"I don't. But he does it anyway. I can't stop him."

I was doing my best not to laugh. Kitty was totally teasing Erika without her realizing it. I knew Kitty perfectly, she pulled my leg so many times in the past, and now she was doing the same thing to Erika. Kitty shot me a glance requesting my complicity on this, so I played along.

"Yeah, I can be a bit rough sometimes, I didn't tell you? Didn't you say you liked pain earlier?"

"What? No ... I didn't. I ... I never experienced sex like this ... You were so gentle every time we were in bed together ... I didn't think that was what you liked."

Kitty's lips curled up. She was stuck inside her cage, but she wanted to play and wouldn't let it go just now.

"Erika, it's okay. He will start slow with you. Mark, why don't you give her a light spanking and see if she likes it?" Kitty asked.

"You want to spank me? ... Well ... I guess ... I can try ...," Erika said.

"You'll see, it's fun!" I said.

I walked to the crate and crouched down to pet my funny Kitty cat. I leaned forward and whispered to her.

“You are such an evil cat, you know that?”

“I know! But you will see ... She will love it more than you think.”

“What are you talking about? I thought you were joking ...”

“No. You two know nothing about people, it’s amazing. Get me out of my crate, and I’ll guide you through it. You’ll see that Erika is special.”

Erika was standing behind me, clearly nervous. She came back here to have sex with me in front of Kitty, just to have fun, but her whole plan backfired, and she was no longer in control.

“Guys? What are you talking about?”

“Nothing. Kitty just wants to watch from the couch instead. I will let her out.”

And just like that, once more, Kitty was the Queen of mind reading and manipulation. I was wondering what she had in store for poor Erika. As usual, she must have seen something I didn’t.

I was under the impression the next two weeks would be a lot of fun.