

Rachel walked out of her apartment and saw the same catgirl sitting by the gates as she had two or three times the previous week. She wondered where the girl lived. She was obviously in good health: silky and clean hair, bright eyes that moved quickly and responded fluidly to movement, and a body type one might describe as, bluntly, "slender with huge tits." Catgirls had different anatomy than human women on some level, like all monster girls did, but Rachel neither knew nor particularly cared about the specifics.

She avoided eye contact as politely as possible as she walked past, even if the girl's hair seemed extra beautiful in the sunlight that day. Rachel had groceries to buy, having put the task off for longer than she should've, and she wanted to get things over with quickly. Falling victim to an errant monster girl's mind control for however long they wanted didn't really mesh with her schedule- even if she was pretty sure most catgirls didn't actually have that kind of magic.

"Hello!" The catgirl squeaked as Rachel walked past. The human sighed and felt her inner drive towards politeness take the wheel. Resisting it felt futile.

"Hi," Rachel answered as she sped up her walk. Not to try and escape, but to get to her destination just a little faster. She had no hope of outrunning the girl with the cute ears anyway- why bother?

"You seem niiice!" The catgirl giggled as she easily kept up. She stood upright as she walked, which meant she either wanted something or felt like she had the power in this conversation. That annoyed Rachel, who adjusted the bag slung around her arm as she plodded on down a sidewalk in her sneakers. Hardly one to be shut out by some awkward silence, the catgirl went up on her toes and tippy tapped closer to Rachel- inside her personal space, honestly. "I'm looking for people to fawn over me, would you know where to find some~?"

"can't say I do," Rachel answered abruptly. She kept her eyes aimed straight forward with a mild squint, her thin-rimmed and almost angular glasses doing little to make her look less bothered. "I'm perfectly fine living on my own. I don't have that much money left over anyway." She saw the shopping center housing her grocery store come into view and adjusted her bag again. "Do you not have an owner?"

"No, I live in that apartment. Same as you," the girl chirped to Rachel's surprise. The young lady felt tempted to turn towards the monster girl with one eyebrow inquisitively raised, but chose not to risk it. "But life alone is so booooring! And I have to go to *work* some days! I'm just a sweet, cute lil kitty, why should I have to do work?" Rachel rolled her eyes.

"Why should cuteness matter there?" Rachel sighed in annoyance. The catgirl zipped around her in a fluid motion and cut her off. *God*, her tits were huge. Rachel frowned as she bumped into the catgirl, then stepped away and tried to circle around her. "You are very cute, yes, the picturesque cutie of every boy's dreams, now may I go get my groceries?"

"You're no funnnn," the catgirl pouted. Her cat ears- extremely triangular and covered in fur of a baby blue color which matched her hair- twitched cutely to indicate displeasure. Rachel couldn't help but roll her eyes again. "It's not fair! I'm so cute and in the mornings I'm sooooo very sleepy but there's nobody to tell me I don't have to get out of bed! Isn't that sad?"

"Is it?" Rachel answered as she finally slipped past the girl and moved again towards the grocery store. "Sounds to me like a perfectly normal life you're living."

"So!?" The catgirl replied. "It could be better!" She gestured towards her neck. "This could have a cute, *frilly* collar on it! With YOUR name written on in nice girly cursive!" For some reason, Rachel had never considered the possibility of monster girls knowing what cursive was. Being blindsided with that realization made her chuckle at herself...which her partner misconstrued. "See? That sounds fun doesn' it~?"

"Why would it have *my* name?" Asked Rachel. Before the catgirl could answer she spoke again. "Besides, I'm here to get groceries. Can you leave me alone now?"

"Ah...okay," the catgirl said with a kind of disappointed tone. She started walking away. Feeling bad, Rachel decided to extend her (sort of) neighbor an olive branch.

"What's your name?" Rachel asked. "Mine is Rachel. I guess if we live in the same building I might as well be courteous and friendly." The catgirl's ears perked up almost violently fast, which set off alarm bells in Rachel's head. She chastised herself for passing on an opportunity to get out of this easier.

"I'm Yuri!" The monster girl- or rather, Yuri- trilled with delight. Her green eyes widened with joy, obscuring the hints of yellow speckles in them. Her face similarly shone with an expression of pure joy, which did help Rachel feel less guilty but did not make her want to stick around any longer. "I'll stop bothering you now, baiiii!" Yuri giggled and ran off on all fours.

Rachel sighed and felt herself relax.

"Well, that's over with..." she muttered to herself as she went through a pair of automatic doors. She got a sinking feeling in the back of her head, telling her she'd be talking to that catgirl more in the immediate future. Well...might as well memorize the name Yuri for next time.

She reached absentmindedly into her bag for her grocery list and tried not to think about how badly her date had gone yesterday. Or rather, her lack of a date. She grimaced visibly to herself as her hand sifted passive aggressively through her things searching for the paper. It proved elusive, as anything inside a sufficiently packed bag tended to be. This annoyed her greatly.

"Damn it...come, come on...!"

She found it. Good grief. Why couldn't someone normal have accompanied her on the way there instead of that weirdo catgirl? Like the doggirl across the hall or her human boyfriend, the one that made her bitter she didn't meet him first. She look down at her list and placed her free hand on...

She hadn't gotten a cart. She had to walk back out and fetch one. Damn it.

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"Heyllo Racheyray!" That irksome fluffy disaster greeted Rachel as soon as she left her apartment's front door. Yuri was curled up on the floor, staring up at her with eyes that would melt Rachel's heart in any other context...if she liked girls, anyway. But Rachel was in fact straight, and so only grew annoyed. She rolled her eyes at Yuri as she shut and locked the door behind her.

"Don't you have a job?" She asked, only slightly trying to make herself sound less hostile and annoyed. She normally didn't like that pithy insult but Yuri had told that she did when they first spoke to each other half a week ago, so it seemed fair.

"I got fired. Was too sleepy on the job," Yuri whined. Her eyes and eyes tightened in a way suggesting she felt either bitter or sad, so Rachel opted to apologize. It would feel cruel not to.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to be insensitive about that," said Rachel. She looked down at her phone. "I could give you a reference at my job?" She knew Yuri wouldn't take her up on it.

"Really?" Yuri's head shot up and her body practically levitated up onto all fours.

"W-well I do have a desk job, so..." admitted Rachel, hoping to cover her tracks. It had the intended effect: Yuri's expression and posture both deflated, leaving her sad in a heap on the floor. Rachel frowned, annoyed with herself for feeling bad. "Look, I- I'm on a time limit but if I give you some scratches will you stop looking. Like that."

"Yes yes absolutely!" Yuri trilled, her body flailing up into position sitting straight. The way catpeople could work their spines frankly horrified Rachel sometimes, they were practically an entire species of wild-ass contortionists. "I love scratchies please please please?"

Rachel sighed and kneeled, then placed a hand on top of Yuri's head. She gently but firmly scratched Yuri's scalp with wide, soft motions and made sure to give special attention to the area at the base of her ears. Remarkably, the state of the girl's hair and scalp seemed exceptional. Well-brushed and combed, no dandruff, and with only minimal amounts of discarded fur from her ears. This fascinated Rachel into scratched Yuri's head a bit longer than she meant to.

Her phone beeped. Right. Work.

"I really can't afford to stick around more than I already have," muttered Rachel as she stood up and turned off the last-minute warning alarm she had set up in her phone. "Good luck with...you know, getting a job and all." She turned and left, leaving Yuri satisfied but no doubt still upset about the idea she needed to get one.

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"Any luck this weekend?" Jabbed an older coworker of Rachel's from over her shoulder. She rolled her eyes and pouted as she tapped at her keyboard.

"Really? For the fourth weekend in a row? Damn girl, I think you might be cursed!" They chuckled. The person behind her, a woman in her mid thirties named Waller- who had a younger looking face for her age and cloudy brown hair- read the email on Rachel's monitor with a look of concentration. "You got those numbers on the books, right? I can't remember whose job we decided that was."

"Mine," sighed Rachel. "And yeah, I got that taken care of. Corporate is just being micromanaging dickheads as usual." Waller rubbed her forehead with her palm and sighed, sounding tired. A moment of silence passed, punctuated by the clacking of Rachel's fingertips on the keys. Rachel scoffed silently to herself as she waited for Waller to move, but that never happened. Instead, Waller started asking questions again (much to Rachel's chagrin).

"You ever get lonely living in that apartment by yourself?" Served as the opening line in Waller's new inquiry. Rachel resisted the urge to audibly hiss at her coworker and demand they leave. She didn't feel like getting dragged into office drama. Still...she wished she could be anywhere else rather than being stuck at her desk. "It's decently big from what I remember, isn't it? You could get a dog, if men aren't working out for you." Hearing the question left Rachel just about feeling pins in her flesh.

"Can we not have this conversation today?" Rachel less asked and more demanded, her breath heaving and her words dripping with agitation. "Go get your work done Waller, I don't feel like getting in trouble for starting gossip about *myself*." She leaned forward in her chair as if to distance herself from the irksome questioning.

"Alright, fine, geez, I'll leave you alone," Waller said with disappointment as she walked off towards her desk. Rachel resisted the urge to check her phone and see if the guy who stood her up had answered her enraged text messages yet. Not worth it, not worth it at all. As tiresome as work was, she could at least lose herself in it and not feel violently angry.

"Fifth time's the charm," she awkwardly laughed to herself under her breath. Despite the laughter, her voice rang with malice. "Just gotta survive another terrible week of this annoying-ass job. I can do that, after all. Not like it's too hard for me or anything..." she cut off,

suddenly aware she'd been speaking out loud. Hopefully nobody important heard that. She sighed and closed a tab to open another email, taking a moment to check off a box in the to-do list that dominated her second monitor. She...hated it there. But what could she do, really?

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"You, like, look reaaaally tired!" Chirped Yuri, who sat up on all fours much like...well, a cat. She watched as Rachel trudged past her, face long and eyes baggy. Rachel lacked the brain juice to deal with this intrusion as gracefully as she normally did, so she just stopped and sighed. Her face turned slightly to cast a scornful eye down at Yuri, which burned extra hot with how disheveled she looked and felt. "Oh...oh. Damn lady, you look like you've been on a coffee IV for a week."

"Shut it," Rachel moaned just above a whimper. "How come you still look so good, you've been homeless for two weeks."

"UNEMPLOYED for two weeks, silly!" Yuri giggled. "I still have savings for, uh...this month's rent, and I've been getting free food with my feminine wiles and catlike charm~" she giggled again, then stood and stretched. Her smile irritated Rachel even more today than it usually did. Looking at it made the office lady's face tighten in displeasure. Yuri struck a silly pose, hands curled like a dog begging for scraps, and winked. If Rachel liked girls it might have been cute. If she felt less dead inside.

"Cute."

"I know right-"

"Move."

"Whuh-? But I'm not even in your way, Racheyrache!" Yuri wiggled. Rachel rolled her eyes. But then, Yuri stepped into her path. Rachel stared spitefully for a few seconds.

"...Excuse me."

"Whaaaat?" Yuri pleaded with fake innocence plastered across her face. "You told a cat to move! You don't expect kitties to listen to you, do you?" She gripped the hem of her shirt. "Besides, I wanna show you something. My feminine wiles, specifically, ehehe~"

"Flashing your tits won't change anything, dummy," Rachel said, though her eyes had slid over to Yuri's breasts when Yuri called attention to them. She felt no need to look away, either. Nothing else in view called for attention quite like the youthful catgirl's boobs did. "I don't like women. You're barking up the wrong tree."

"Cats don't bark, Racheyrache~" Yuri giggled as she yanked her shirt up.

And then, a few things happened.

First, the hardened scowl flushed from Rachel's face like water down the drain. She felt shock hit her brain like a hammer, and it smashed her anger to pieces. But then the shock vanished, and the anger...slipped steadily away. Her mouth hung open as her instincts demanded she stare at those luxurious, amazing tiddies so graciously being shared with her.

She dropped her coffee, which hit the floor and spilled all over the sidewalk. She did not see, hear, feel, notice, or care.

Her body went limp. She felt powerless, like a ragdoll held up before God. Her eyes dilated. She greedily slurped up every bit of the sight of Yuri's amazing tits that she could.

"T...tiiiitty..." Rachel murmured with joy. "Big...bouncy boobies." She could not think. She could not feel. Nothing existed in her mind but those giant, amazing tits. Her tongue lolled uselessly out of her mouth. She swayed weakly side to side as her broken equilibrium only barely kept her up, and only because she could see those tatas better standing up. She felt blood rushing throughout her body but it did nothing to make her feel any less disempowered. "Must...stare. At titty."

"That's right," Yuri giggled. "You can't resist these gorgeous titties." She slipped her shirt behind her head, then scooped her boobs up in her hands. Her fingers squeezed and massaged the pearly milky silky smooth texture of their skin as she bounced them and grinned ear to ear.

"Can't resist..." whispered Rachel, "those gorgeous titties." It felt so obvious, so self evident to her. Resisting a pair of tits like those? Simply impossible. Nobody could ever achieve such a feat, certainly not her. She couldn't even look away. She felt herself smiling as she realized just how comfortable she felt failing to resist.

"So just...stop trying," giggled Yuri. "Just choose to obey. It'll feel even better, won't it?"

"Just...choose. Choose to obey," swooned Rachel happily. "It'll feel...even better..." and Yuri told the truth. As she made the choice to actively choose obedience towards Yuri's amazing tits, the pleasure flooding her body intensified and threatened to make her orgasm then and there. No man's touch, no masturbation, no sex toy had ever pleased her pussy nearly as well as the mere sight of Yuri's sublime chest did right then and there. "It...feels better..."

"That's right, human," Yuri laughed gently. She continued to paw at and massage her boobs, which drew a long and shaky moan from deep inside Rachel's stomach.

"Now...you're going to lead me to your home," Yuri smiled. "You will unlock the door. You will bring me in. You'll let me stay the night."

“Yess...” moaned Rachel. She chose to obey. It felt amazing. “I’ll...lead you home...I’ll...unlocck, dooor...mmm. You caaan, stay the niight...” her speech degraded a bit at a time as the beautiful feeling of bliss inside her grew more and more intense.

“HmMMM...and I get to get in bed with you! In my undies!”

“mmmmfff...okaaay,” Rachel sighed. She wanted those tits up against her, in her hands, in her mouth, she just *had* to obey those tits... “Let you g, geeeee...get in, in bed wiith meeee...”

Yuri dropped her shirt with a laugh.

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Rachel blinked awake and suddenly realized she’d dropped her coffee. Her hand...why was it limp at her side? She raised her arm and looked at her hand. Did she just fall asleep standing up and drop the cup of coffee? She’d drank most of it already, too, so she should’ve had no problem staying awake...

“Hey, can I liiiiike, come home with you?” Yuri asked. Rachel’s body moved automatically to answer the question.

“Yes. Obviously.” She blinked again- was that what she meant to say? It was, of course, she had no intention of shutting Yuri out of her apartment, but...something had to be wrong there, right? She remembered wanting nothing more than for Yuri to go away, but...she couldn’t understand why. She clearly wanted to let that catgirl into her home, just for a day. She even felt worried that Yuri might change her mind! “Just follow me, Yuri. I’d be happy to have you as a guest.” She walked forward and Yuri obliged, falling onto all fours behind her. Rachel squinted as she followed the sidewalk back towards her apartment.

When she opened the gate, she felt strange.

When she opened her door, she felt strange.

But when Yuri set foot (well, hand technically, she was on all fours) in her apartment, she heaved out a sigh of relief. Suddenly she knew she was doing exactly what she wanted- why else would it make her so happy.

“May I strip to my undies, nya?”

“Not until bedtime, Yuri,” Rachel replied automatically. Wait, did she say bedtime? She did mean bathtime, right...?

“Awwww, you’re no fun!” Yuri complained as she hopped onto the couch and stretched. Her tail extended as far as it could, and she turned her head towards Rachel with a toothy grin. “Can I at least get in bed with you when we sleep?”

“Of course. Where else would you sleep?” Rachel replied. Something seemed off, but she couldn’t put a finger on it. Perhaps a good host should’ve let Yuri have the bed to herself...? No, that wasn’t it...

“Feed meee!” Squeaked Yuri.

“Feed yourself,” Rachel barked impulsively. “...please?”