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Animal Café

Chapter 28 - Dating pets

"Are we doing the right thing?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Lucy won't be mad?"

"I don't think so."

"Are you sure?"

"I don't see why she would. She is always trying hard to keep us happy."

"Are you happy?"

"I am now."

It was my way to evacuate anxiety, asking too many questions. But no matter how many answers Oreo provided, it didn't help much. I had this lingering feeling inside of me that made me wonder if we were making a mistake or, at the very least, if I deserved what was happening to me.

Still wearing Oreo's special catsuit and her little leather harness and cuffs, I was lying on my back with her sitting on my hips. Our fingers were entwined, and we were just making waves with our wrists while we were chatting quietly. Was this really happening? Was Oreo, the girl I had an irrational crush on, really my girlfriend? Or was she just being playful as the café pets often were?

"Clara?"

"Yes?"

"You like having fun with the other girls too, right?"

"Oh yes."

"So... How am I special to you?"

And I wasn't the only one with the same fears, which was somewhat reassuring.

"I am not sure."

"Hmm?"

"When I saw you. I just had... a big crush."

"So, what if you discover that I'm too boring?"

"I'm quiet too. I'm like you, Oreo."

"Hmm..."

"I spent time with the other petgirls. I like them all, but sometimes, it's too much."

"Yes. But that is only here, Clara. At the café, we are all the same. But here, I never liked it."

"No? You don't like the pethouse?"

"Not really. I prefer being a pet. But Lucy says I can't do it all the time. She says I have to take breaks. She says that I have to get more comfortable outside the café, but I don't know how to do that. Everybody is weird."

"Hehe. Yes. They are."

"Maybe I'm a cat stuck in a human body."

"Oh, I don't think that's a thing. But I know how you feel. I never fit anywhere before I visited the café. Maybe you'll visit a place one day, and you'll feel like you belong there."

"I did, Clara. That was the café too and being a pet."

"Oh, hehe. I guess."

Oreo wasn't like the other petgirls. We could talk a lot without feeling the need to play all the time. Getting to know her a little better was fun. Nobody ever spoke to me the way she did, and the more she shared things about herself, the more I liked her. This kind of two-way conversation wouldn't fix any world problems tonight, but it felt good to know that we could, at least, understand each other's state of mind..

If Trixie had been around, she would ask why we were not having sex, but she wasn't. After dinner, the rabbit girl claimed that we needed to have a hot lesbian orgy to celebrate my somewhat official relationship with Oreo. But things didn't go her way.

Asha still felt guilty for having lied to me even though I wasn't upset anymore, so she decided that Oreo and I would sleep alone in the guest bedroom so we could have some private time to let things sink in. Of course, Trixie made a fuss about it because she always wanted to play with everybody. But then Asha told her that she would wear the rabbit costume for her tonight, which suddenly made everything better. Asha was always sweet as a snow leopard, but nobody would say no to her if she were to wear Trixie's suit for a night. Even the unexcitable Vix was thrilled about spending the night with her best friend and the Asha-rabbit. With this amount of special nursing, Trixie's arm would heal very fast and would be back at the café very soon.

So yes, it felt a bit strange to be alone with Oreo in the guest bedroom of the pethouse, but it was the best thing that could have happened to us. Still sitting on my hips, she leaned forward, pinned my wrists above my head, and kissed me.

"Mmm!"

"Hmm!"

It was magical. Sure, kissing the other girls was pleasant, but my body definitely liked Oreo even better. It was as fun as incomprehensible; how could I react so strongly to a specific girl? Was it because her pheromones matched mine or something weird like that?

No matter what it was, I guess we were done talking for now.

This thin latex suit she made me wear was so different from the pet costumes. In one way, I still felt as safe and protected as I was wearing the latter, but I still had all my freedom to see, talk, and touch. As for the harness, cuffs, and collar, they made me feel pretty. That new self-confidence fueled by my erotic physical appearance was a strange but good feeling. I knew it would probably be temporary, though. I feared that as soon as I would peel this thin black skin off my body, I would return to my old wavery self. But it felt great to know at least a way to get back this "normal" sensation. Was it how I should feel all the time, sexy and confident? Would wearing this costume be the key to enjoying life?

Surely not.

Lucy's words resonated in my head. As much as we loved the café, she continuously pushed all of us to integrate real life. Sure, Oreo was an extreme case, but it was not just her who was struggling outside the cake shop. I could only remember when Lucy forced Accalia to return to school with me; that didn't go down well at first. But it was certainly the right decision. Since the cute Asian wolf girl decided that she wanted to be a nurse, we could all see how excited she was about it. Part of it was because she would get to wear sexy nurse uniforms all day, at least that's what she thought, but deep down, she discovered something that she really wanted to do. It wasn't out of the realm of possibility that the same thing would eventually happen to all of us. That was why Lucy wanted us to be prepared.

"Hmmm. Clara. Why do you taste so good?"

"Because I stole your toothpaste to brush my teeth earlier? Hehe."

"No, it's because I like you a lot."

"That too!"

Oreo pressed her lips back on mine. We both loved kissing so much, and knowing that we could do it as much as we wanted with someone we loved just felt liberating. Even though we didn't discuss it, we gave each other permission to do whatever we wanted to each other.

Or was it just me? Perhaps it was.

Thinking about it, it seemed to be the case. I didn't want to take charge here. I just wanted to lay down and let Oreo do whatever she wanted to me. Was this another perk of wearing this little BDSM outfit? Did it make me feel safe to the point where it was easier just to let the others touch me? Did it make me trust people more? While wearing this kinky armor, nobody could hurt

me. They liked my rubbery version so much that they would never do anything bad to me, unlike what they would do with the normal Clara.

The normal Clara was not very strong. I was always crying, always worrying, always confused, and everybody knew that about me. Therefore, more than once, my friends adopted a more cautious attitude around me to avoid hurting me. Sure, they were trying to act normal, but I could still tell that they handled me more delicately than the others. The intensity Trixie put into her kinky plays with Misti was far from the energy level she put on me when doing the same. To me, that is what I meant by doing bad things. It was nothing mean or intentional, but it still hurt a bit.

It made me question if it was Oreos suit that was sending this new message of openness or if it was actually coming from myself because I felt more confident. Since I felt this good and accessible, it was probably a combination of both.

And it made me wonder... How did Oreos feel right now without her beloved latex catsuit? She was all naked on top of me, probably a bit cold as she didn't want to make me overheat with an extra blanket. It was very generous of her to let me try this experience, but I knew her well enough to know that she would prefer to wear her suit right now.

"Oreo, do you want your outfit back?"

"It's okay. You can keep wearing it tonight."

"I know you'd like to wear it too."

"Yes, but it's not possible. The keys to your locks are in the other bedroom, but I want you to stay with me here."

"Oh, hehe. I forgot about that."

"You can wear it until I go back to work."

"No, I can't. Don't forget that I'm pet sitting tomorrow at the café. It's Lucy's day off."

"You can wear it over there too, then."

"Haha. Lucy would be very mad if I did that."

"She won't know. She won't be there. There is only a CCTV camera for the front desk. Lucy doesn't want to see what we are doing when the café is closed."

"Mmm... I don't think that's a good idea."

"Hehe, Clara. I think that is a great idea."

"Silly!"

Her little hands tugged on my harness, and she pulled me back into a kiss. She liked doing this, or maybe she knew it made me feel good. When someone pulled on my arm randomly, I didn't like it. I didn't like being forced that way. But when Oreos pulled on my harness, she wasn't pulling on me directly; she wanted me closer but didn't want to scare me. It was a comfortable way to communicate what she wanted.

It felt so good... maybe a little too much... I kind of wanted more now.

"Oreo?"

"Yes?"

"Can you... lick me?"

"Hehe. Yes."

Did I really ask for this? Did I really express a sexual desire in such a bold way? The non-BDSM Clara would have never been able to do this. What was this outfit doing to me?

That said, this kinky request led to something rather unexpected. A smiling Oreo who dragged her wet tongue slowly from my chin all the way to my forehead while making sure to go over my eye.

"Aaah! Oreo!"

"What? You wanted me to lick you. Hehe."

"That's not what I meant!"

"Sure it was! I'll do it again!"

"AAAH! No! Hahaha! Oreo! Oreo! Stooooop! Stop licking my face! Aaaah!"

"It's driving me nuts!"

"Stop it, Trixie. Just be happy for them."

"But, Vix! They are laughing! Clara and Oreo never laugh!"

"I know. Hehe. And that's a very good thing."

"I want to go watch them have sex!"

"Trixie, would you stop!? You have Asha-rabbit to play with."

"No. She is dead. I think she passed out during her last orgasm."

"Yeah, she is kind of not moving anymore. You broke her. Well, I suppose you can do me while she recovers, then."

"FOXY! Rawr!"

"Aaaah!"

Oh, that felt so good. After covering my rubber face with saliva, Oreo had teased me enough and finally decided to give me what I had originally asked. She slowly went down my body and reached my crotch. After unzipping it, she began treating herself with a Clara-snack.

From what I heard a while ago, it was the other pets who had helped her finance and pick her suit and bondage gears. Since they were a bunch of perverts, they did a very nice job selecting those that didn't impede Oreo's ability to have sex. So instead of a single leather strap running

between my legs, there were two loops around my thigh and hips; not only was it very comfortable, but it also ensured accessibility.

"Aaah! O... Oreo!"

"Mmm..."

My mind got all fuzzy. This felt so good. Having sex was always fun. That was something the petgirls had taught me in-depth, obviously, but doing it with a special one was even better. Receiving and giving both meant the same thing in this instance; we wanted to make each other happy and strengthen our bonds.

I could tell that she had practiced quite a bit with her friends because I seemed to recognize some techniques Trixie used a while ago when we did this famous licking contest where the winner would spend the night cuddling with me as a rubber bunny.

My rubber fingers lightly gripped Oreo's short black hair. I loved her hair so much, but again, I didn't think I could find something I didn't like about my new girlfriend. She was just too perfect, and it was totally because I was in love and willingly ignored everything negative about her. Perhaps later, when my mind would no longer be submerged in endorphins, some of her quirks would emerge.

"Oreo... I'm close..."

"Hmmm!"

"AaAh!"

How dedicated. Her tongue had good stamina, which was very good news indeed. My brain went blank and...

"AAAAAH! AAAH! I'M CUMMING! AAAaah!"

Why were human bodies so awesome? I didn't know where I was anymore as my back arched, and I lost control over my limbs. Would I get to experience this every single time Oreo would have a day off? Would it feel this good for the rest of my life? I surely hoped so.

I didn't remember much. Oreo and I made each other cum so many times that we fell asleep from exhaustion. Since we had not closed the curtains due to our inability to let each other go, the bright sun was what woke me up this morning. Still encased in my black latex suit and hugged by my lovely harness, I found Oreo, deeply asleep with her head resting on my belly. She might not have had the strength to climb all the way back to me after the last time she licked me.

My girlfriend.

I still couldn't wrap my head around that concept. How did this happen? She was still here, sleep-hugging me and not showing any sign of wanting to let me go. I couldn't help but wonder how long things would stay like this. Would she get tired of me and move on at some point, or were things about to get better and better? On my side, I knew I would do everything I could to steer things in the right direction, and it was only fair to assume that it would be her intention as well. Why would she not love a sexy girl willing to wear a cute BDSM outfit?

As I was considering waking her up so I could prepare to go to the café, our bedroom door opened slowly. Then two long springy white rabbit ears and two big black eyes popped in sideways. Who was wearing Trixie's suit already? Last night it was Asha, but they could have swapped it overnight. As far as I was concerned, all the petgirls would have loved to wear that suit.

"Hehe. You can come in."

Ah, it was still Asha. I remembered very well the way she walked. She trotted to the bed and climbed on it. It looked like she needed some cuddling because she used her cushy paws to flip the sleeping Oreo to her back and let herself fall on top of her.

"Mmm! Trixie! I was trying to sleep more."

That wasn't Trixie, but correcting her wouldn't have served any purpose. Oreo wrapped her arms and legs around the rubber rabbit and held her tightly. Obviously, none of us could remotely NOT want to cuddle with one of the café animals, and the white rabbit was particularly impossible to resist, no matter who was wearing it. Seeing Oreo crushed in the mattress like this just made her look even smaller and adorable.

Then it was Vix's turn to show up. All naked, so half-asleep that she didn't seem to feel bad about the scars on her face this morning. She crawled on the bed too, and this time, I was the target. The fox girl just let herself fall on top of me. What was going on with them today? Did they get any sleep at all? They didn't seem to be capable of holding themselves up. Good thing Vix was a lightweight.

"Mmm... Clara! I missed you so much?"

"Missed me? But, we talked to each other last night."

"Yes, but I still miss you."

"Hehe."

"Are you pet sitting today?"

"Yes. I have to go soon."

"So, what pets will be there today?"

Was this a challenge, or did she really lose track of how many pets worked there? Since Trixie, Oreo, Vix, and Asha were here, her question was easy to answer, so I gave her a headcount anyway.

"Accalia, Meeka, Savannah, and Misti."

"... and me?"

"You? No, Vix. You are only starting tomorrow morning. The café is closed today."

"Not if you don't tell Lucy."

"..."

"Come on. You spent so much time with Oreo. I want to spend some time with you today."

"I... I only spent one night with Oreo."

"That's a lot. Come on. Say yes. Lucy won't find out."

Then it was Oreo's turn to voice her opinion from under the white rabbit.

"If Vix can go, I want to go too."

"..."

"And Clara is going to wear my outfit all day too."

"Yay! Then Asha-bunny can stay here to take care of Trixie."

Asha raised her head after Vix's last comment, just to stare at her for a moment, before falling back down on top of Oreo. Something told me that Trixie had a bit too much fun last night playing with the girl wearing the rabbit costume. There was probably a good reason why Asha sought refuge in our bedroom this morning.

And talking about Trixie, she, too, entered the bedroom, looking as tired as everybody else. The same way the others did, she climbed on the bed to lay down next to me while trying to dislodge Vix from her premium spot.

"Move, Vix. Clara is MY girlfriend."

"I don't think so. When she wears that outfit, she is like Oreo and belongs to all of us."

"That would be about right."

I knew it was a joke, but Oreo extracted herself from under the white rabbit and then proceeded with pushing Vix and Trixie off me.

"Heeey, stupid cat! What are you doing?"

"Clara doesn't belong to anybody! That's not why she likes wearing my outfit."

"Oooh! Look at Oreo, Vix. She is all jealous now. That's new."

"I'm NOT jealous! I just don't want you to make Clara feel bad again."

"Hey! I never make Clara feel bad. That was Asha! She is super evil!"

And that was all it took to put some life back into the group. As Oreo pulled on my harness to get me out of the petgirl pile, Asha jumped on Trixie to smack her with her rabbit paws, making Vix tumble down the bed in the process.

As funny as it was, it helped me make a decision. The café was important to me, Lucy was also very important to me, and since she entrusted me with her beloved café and pets, I had no intention of disappointing her. I didn't want to take any chance of losing her trust. So I took a deep breath in and announced that I would stand my ground this time.

"I'll go to the café by myself today. You guys, you will stay here and relax. Lucy wants you to rest."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"... What did I say? Why are you all looking at me like that?"

They all stared at me in silence while I reviewed my last affirmation in my head to find what kind of shocking words I might have used to trigger such a paralysis. Of course, Trixie didn't waste time explaining her puzzled state.

"Clara! Where does that self-confidence come from?"

"Oh... Hehe. I just feel good today."

"That must be because of your kinky outfit. It must be."

"Hmm... Maybe. I like it a lot."

"So, you don't want us to go to the café with you?"

"No, no. It's not that. I don't mind. But not without Lucy's permission. We caused a lot of trouble recently."

Oreo immediately crawled to the bed's edge and grabbed her crumbled pants from the floor. From one of the pockets, she pulled out her phone and began texting. Was she really going to ask Lucy for permission? Would there be a full party at the café today?

Trixie bounced to the other side of the bed and sat next to Oreo to get the answer before everyone else. Soon enough, Oreo's phone buzzed, and Trixie immediately whined.

"Awww! She said nooo!"

"..."

"That's not fair! I've not been to the café since I broke my arm! That's just cruel! I'm her superstar pet too."

"Wait, Trix. She is still typing."

"Hmm? Probably to say that we are too much trouble and that Clara can't handle all of us."

"No... Look. She says that she is closing the café today and sending all the pets back home."

"What!? Really!? That never happened before."

"I don't know, Trix. But Clara has a day off. That means she can keep wearing her new outfit."
"Oh, then things are not as bad suddenly."

Of course, things weren't for them. I did love wearing Oreo's outfit, but what now? Will I have to wear it for an additional day because it was what my friends wanted?

As my three friends slowly converged on me to take advantage of the good news, we heard the pethouse's front door opening, followed by many little excited voices. It smelled like trouble now. If on top of Vix, Trixie, Asha, and Oreo, I would have to deal with Accalia, Meeka, Misti, and that new girl, Savannah, all of them out of costume at the same time, it would be a rough day.

After they trampled up the stairs, they all went to the master bedroom first, just to find an empty room. It only took a few more seconds before they noticed us in the guest bedroom. Misti was the first to ask questions, and of course, Trixie was the one answering.

"Haaa! Here you are! Why are you in this room? The bed is too small."

"That's where Clara and Oreo slept."

"Uh? You didn't sleep together? And where is Clara, anyway? Is she wearing the rabbit again? Lucy asked me to tell her that the café was closed today and that she didn't have to pet sit. She hired a crew to refresh the paint. And... wait... Why are there two Oreos?"

For once, Trixie didn't open her mouth to say something funny. Instead, she just pointed at me nonchalantly. Now everybody would know that I had a little deviant side. Surprisingly enough, and I blamed my new outfit for that, I didn't feel as embarrassed as I should have been. I still felt somewhat sexy and well-protected. I could only hope that my friends wouldn't give me a hard time because of this, though.

"Uh? What? Oreo's kinky copy is Clara?"

"Yup. And that's not all! We have BIG news for you guys."

"Like what? You are leaving the café?"

"Insanity! Never! No, the big news is that Clara and Oreo are officially together!"

"... Like... together?"

"Yes. Like together."

"... AWWWWW! Sweet!"

Of course, such news was bound to cause a certain commotion. But with the big smile that grew on Misti's face, she seemed to take it very well.

Accalia, Meeka, and Misti immediately joined us on the overcrowded queen mattress. It didn't appear that Savannah was around. Maybe she went home instead. Oreo rushed to me, Vix hurried to reserve the cuddly Asha-rabbit, Accalia sat on Meeka's lap, and Misti wrapped her arms around Trixie's neck.

"Awww, Trix! If Clara and Oreo are together, we can do the same. We will get married, and you'll be my sex slave."

"In your dreams, Misti. We talked about it already. BUT, I will have to tell you what Asha-demon did yesterday. She needs to get punished."

"Oh? That sounds fun. I love punishing Asha even though I've never done it. Usually, when she does something wrong, I'm just asking her to cook me some delicious food."

"Well, this time, she really messed up, so food won't cut it."

"Woah! Coming from you, Trixie, the always hungry rabbit, she must have done something terrible."

At that point, Asha, prisoner of the white rabbit costume, attempted to reach Trixie, more than likely to slap her behind the ears, but Vix kept her in place with her magical hugs. Nobody would ever dare to rough up Vix, even in an attempt to get away from her. Vix's hugs could defeat anybody. But still, I could almost hear Asha's grumbles from behind her mask.

"Anyway, Clara and Oreo, I'm happy for you. Buuut, now that we all know about it, you have to show us that it's true. Right?"

"Why? Clara and I have nothing to prove."

"How do I know that you didn't blackmail her or something?"

"Blackmail her!? Why would I do something like that? You are making stuff up, Misti."

"Yes, but I still want proof. Or else it's not fair."

"Not fair? Pfff! Don't listen to her, Clara. We don't have to do anyMMMph!"

Again, wearing this kinky outfit was doing something to my brain. I loved Oreo, and I didn't mind showing it to the whole planet. Maybe I was irrationally self-confident today, but whatever. I interrupted the arguing and just planted my lips on Oreo's. Right away, I forgot about the entire universe because kissing Oreo was my new favorite thing in the world.

My girlfriend melted in my arms while everybody else approved my bold move.

"Ah! That will teach you to be grumpy, Oreo!"

"Is it just me, or it's getting hot in here?"

"Woot! Go, Clara, go!"

I didn't care about anything anymore. Oreo couldn't hold herself up anyway and just fell flat on her back. It was my turn to be on top and make her feel good. Maybe the only thing that bothered me was that because I wore her suit, Oreo was all exposed, so she must have felt a bit vulnerable. But considering her lack of will to fight back, I was pretty sure she was okay. Being a couple was a good thing. We could support each other during difficult times and also during the good ones.

And since she was already naked, I wanted to support her even more by taking her mind off things, so I crawled down her body, making sure to lick her spasming belly along the way. I

headed straight to her smooth crotch. I had also learned some tricks from the other petgirls over the past few months and would definitely share them with her.

I could hear the other girls chatting and giggling around me, and some of them were even rubbing my butt and back, but I didn't care. My focus was on Oreo and Oreo only. I wanted her to have fun, and that was about it. And while I was feasting, Asha-rabbit crawled on top of Oreo to give her some rubber on skin sensations, which also made me happy. I knew that the pet costumes were something Oreo loved more than anything.

I have been waiting for so long to have some quiet time with Oreo, which I finally got last night, but this morning, with all our friends surrounding us, I thought it would have been inappropriate to ask them to leave. Since they were all here, why not just enjoy the moment. I had no means to determine if what I thought was true, but I didn't believe any of them would try to steal Oreo from me. They didn't like her the way I did, and Oreo was pretty clear about her intentions to be with me. This solid foundation allowed us to have fun with the other petgirls without overthinking this.

Anyway, I was too busy right now trying to make my girlfriend cum.

But just as I thought she was getting close, someone pulled on my harness and dragged me away from my delicious snack.

"Mistiii... Whyyy?"

"It's Trixie's turn. Which means you are mine now!"

"What!? Mmmph!"

So, that was how it was going to be. What had started with me giving Oreo a good time had drastically turned into a petgirl orgy, and on the smaller bed of the pethouse, that is. Lots of sexy bodies everywhere. Misti pulled me close and kissed me. Her cheeks were all red, so I had to take some responsibility for that. When I started playing with Oreo, I didn't exactly consider the side effects of doing it in front of everybody. Misti wasn't a robot, so her hormones took over when she saw me licking Oreo, and now she wanted her piece of the cake, and I was the cake.

I was not too sure if it was inappropriate or not, but when Oreo screamed her first orgasm while I was kissing Misti, I found that very hot. Trixie's tongue was a skilled one, so I knew Oreo had a good time. And on my side, I always loved playing with Misti. Her short blonde hair was just incredible. A while ago, we had talked about dying mine so I could get the same haircut as her, but we never got around to it. I would have to ask Oreo if she would like me to look like Misti and Trixie. Back then, I found that idea very hot.

The rest of the morning was a bit nuts. The room smelled like sex, I came so many times, and I had to lick so many different crotches. Everything was a blur. I didn't even know who had

pleasured who or how. After some effort, I managed to return to Oreo, who I found buried under a pile of cute exhausted girls. I wrapped rubber arms around her.

The room was silent. Only Trixie still licked Asha-rabbit, but her victim couldn't make any noise because of her gag, so they were not a disturbance to this post orgy devastation.

I pressed my forehead against Oreo's. Her eyes were closed as she was trying to recover from the tsunami of orgasm she had just experienced.

"Oreo... That was fun, right?"

"Mmm... yes... But, tonight... It will only be the two of us."

"Yes. I want that too."

"Clara?"

"Yes?"

"I love you."

"I love you too."

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