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# Animal Café

## Chapter 19 - The hidden face of pets

"Come, Accalia. Your shift is over. Let's take you out of that costume."

As Lucy spoke those words, Accalia ran away from her, but she had nowhere to go. This useless protest was a repetitive scene at the Cakes & Pets when one of the cute animals reached the end of its work shift. Lucy asked for cooperation, but the pets always acted as if they didn't expect what she would do. To me, I found this theatrical performance rather cute, but to Lucy, it was draining, and sometimes, to make things easier, she had to resort to a carrot and stick approach to obtain some sort of obedience.

"Accalia, get out from behind the couch. I can see your big ears anyway. Today, I wanted you to spend the day with Clara. Don't you want to spend the day with Clara?"

The rubber wolf girl knew it was probably a trick, but at the same time, she didn't really want to take the risk not to spend the day with me, so she slowly crawled out from behind her hiding place, which was just enough for Lucy to grab her wrist.

"Gotcha! Come now, it's a big day today, and I need to talk to Clara and you. Let's go take your suit off."

Accalia nodded and followed her owner out of the lounge without any additional resistance.

On my side, I had a pretty good idea why Lucy wanted to talk to me and why she had asked me to come to the café so early in the morning.

A certain black cat was deep asleep on my lap while I was sipping my coffee. Her soft latex skin was glossy as ever since she had just received a little polishing that made her look so sexy. Misti was the only one wearing an entirely black catsuit, so she looked the most fetishist pet of them all. Amusingly enough, out of costume, she had such pale skin and this light blonde hair; it was quite a contrast with her cat persona, and I loved this duality so much. It was like having two friends for the price of one.

She took a very deep breath and let out a long slow sigh, making me wonder what she could be dreaming about. Maybe it was something I should ask my friends more often. Their entire life revolved around being pets and working at the café, but didn't they have other goals and aspirations? The more I spent time around them, the more mysterious they became.

I slid my finger around her cute cat muzzle and made her small whiskers bounce. Mystery was great.

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A bit later, Lucy came back to the lounge, followed by Accalia, who was a human girl again. As usual, the pets weren't very happy when they finished working, so Accalia just heavily let her butt fall on the couch next to me, making me bounce up and waking up Misti at the same time.

"Aww... You woke up Misti!"

"Well, Misti can work today, and I can't. So it's only fair that she stops being lazy and goes take care of the clients."

"But... the café is not open yet."

"Pfff! Whatever!"

The small Asian girl didn't mean what she was saying. She was just frustrated that her shift had ended and decided to be a bit mean just for the sake of venting.

Misti knew that as well, but it was not a good enough reason not to take revenge on her friend who had obliterated her dream. The black cat crawled off me and exaggeratedly ensured to make it extra uncomfortable for Accalia by pressing a paw in her face.

"Heeey! Stupid cat! Stop it!"

As Misti headed to another empty booth to continue her nap, Accalia wrapped her arm around mine and leaned on me. Since I started visiting the café, I spent a lot of time with the rubber pets. I knew them well by now, but I didn't have many opportunities to spend time with all of them when they were out of their suit. Accalia was one of them with whom I didn't do many activities outside the café; it was a bit odd to cuddle with her as a human even though I was very comfortable playing with her as a small wolf.

"Bleh! I wanted to work more."

"You'll work again soon, Accalia. Your next shift is in three days."

"It's so far. But at least I'll be able to spend all my time with you and Meeka."

"No, Meeka is starting her new shift today. Asha too."

"Really? Who will be off with me, then?"

"Oreo."

"Aaah... Yay! Oreo! That's going to be fun. I forgot our schedule got all messed up because Vix got punished the other day for kicking Lucy's tray and wasting all our food."

In the far corner of the café, Oreo was cuddling with Vix and Trixie, which made me wonder... If Oreo's shift was over as it was supposed to be, why did Lucy not take off her suit at the same time as Accalia's? It was a bit strange.

I felt my question was about to be answered because Lucy, with a wider smile than usual, walked to us and sat on the couch facing ours.

"So, how do you like your new home, Clara?"

"The pethouse is good. We sleep very well there."

"Haha. I bet. Those are comfy beds full of petgirls."

"..."

"Do you know why I asked you to come here today?"

Oof! Straight to the point. I knew exactly what I was doing here but wasn't sure if I wanted to talk about it just yet. So I sank in my seat a little bit instead of answering.

"That's right, Clara. You are going back to school, and you need to decide what you want to study."

"Mmmh... School... is hard."

"Yes it is! And that's why I set an appointment for you to see a guidance counselor at the college today. You have to be there for 10 am. They will help you decide on what program you would like to follow and help you get started with everything."

"Mmmh!"

"Hey, cheer up. You are very lucky. Because you are unemployed, the government will pay for most of your sessions. But you can't quit before you obtain your diploma, or else there will be big penalties, so keep that in mind, okay?"

"Yes, Lucy."

As much as I didn't look forward to going back to school, as much as I knew Lucy was right. I couldn't spend the rest of my life doing nothing and had no intention to get a similar job to what I was doing before. Until I had my mental breakdown, I had not realized how much doing something I hated for a living hurt me.

The other very important thing that I was very aware of was my deal with Lucy, one that I made when I was recovering at her apartment. When I had asked her if I could still move to the pethouse, she was happy to let me to, but only if I had a plan. She didn't want me to sit on the couch all day. So I had to find a job or go back to school, and she really pushed me to choose the latter so I could build myself a better life.

"Accalia, you will go with her."

"Sure! Yay! I'll spend the day with Clara!"

"Hmmm... I think you didn't understand correctly what I said."

"Uh? You want me to go with Clara to her appointment? No?"

"Yes, but I also mean that you are going back to school too."

"WHAT!? But...but...but..."

"No buts. You knew this was coming. We talked about it often. It's about time you pick a career too."

"But... I CAN'T go back to school!"

"Why not?"

"I'm a PET! You need me here."

"I'm not firing you. You'll keep working part-time. I'm not that cruel. I have a new girl starting soon, too, so we won't run out of pets!"

"You... you are replacing me!?"

"No, Accalia! That's not what I said, and you know it."

"Awww... But why me? Why not Trixie or Vix? They don't have college degrees either!"

"Different pets, different problems, different rhythm. Do you remember why you started working here in the first place?"

"..."

A grunt was all she could respond to this last question. I had no idea what Lucy was referring to, but Accalia certainly did. There was a little tension in the air, but the last thing I wanted to do was to put my nose into a matter that didn't concern me. I knew the petgirls all had their little secrets, and even though I was curious, I didn't want to invade their privacy.

"Good. We have an understanding then. Alright, you two. Help me feed the pets, then you can head to the college for your appointment."

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Just before 10 am, Accalia and I arrived at the big college on the edge of the downtown area. If I were to study here, I could easily walk from the pethouse to there without having to climb aboard a crowded city bus, another thing I didn't miss since I had lost my job.

It was nice to be able to spend a bit of time with Accalia alone. She was very friendly and not as playful and intense as Trixie or Misti, not nearly as clingy; more normal, perhaps. There were awkward silences during our walk, but nothing bad. It just meant that we would slowly get to know each other.

"Ah, it's there. Let's go talk to the lady."

"Okay."

Going to new places with the pets when they were off work was always great because I didn't have to do the talking. I didn't know much about school stuff, so this was unknown territory, and I preferred avoiding looking like a fool.

Accalia let go of my arm and walked up to the receptionist desk.

"Hi, we have an appointment with the guidance counselor. This is Clara over there, hiding behind the plant, and I'm Lian."

"Ah, yes. Welcome. This is your questionnaire, and this one is hers. Please, take your time to fill it up. It will help Tim to evaluate you. Once they are completed, please bring them back to me. It's not a race. It should take you a good thirty minutes to fill it up."

"THAT LONG!?"

"Hum... Half an hour to help you make a lifetime decision? I think it's worth the effort. Keep in mind that this is not homework. It's something you do for yourself."

"Oops... I'm sorry..."

After spinning around to hide her blushing face from the receptionist, which was exactly why I preferred to let others do the talking, Accalia fast-walked toward me to give me my form and hug.

"Aaaah! I don't want to be here! I just want to be a pet!"

"Don't worry, Accalia. It's hard for me too. Let's go sit in the quiet corner over there."

"Nooo! I want to leave!"

"I... I don't think Lucy would be happy if you did."

"Aaaah! Okay, okay! But still... bleeeeh!"

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The lady had lied to us. This questionnaire took way more than thirty minutes to fill up. I couldn't think straight anymore, and Accalia was about to die; we've been at it for almost an hour, and it felt like five. She had eventually laid down on the floor in front of me, and after I kicked my shoes off, I massaged her belly with my feet, like if we were at the café. With the questionnaire above her face, she kept asking me for help.

"Clara... What is my most outstanding personality trait?"

"Mmm... I don't know... You are cuddly?"

"Oh, I don't think I can write that on the form. They are going to give me grief if I do."

"I'm not sure Acca... I don't know much about you."

"Well, it's probably better to keep it that way. Trust me."

As we scribbled our answers on the sheet of paper, a man's voice interrupted us.

"Well, that is a first... I've never seen friends using each other as a floor mat before."

"..."

My breathing stopped. I knew I shouldn't have done that. At the café, we could do this cute stuff to the pet, but putting my feet on Accalia's soft belly in a public place was bound to be frowned upon.

"Hehe. Are you Clara?"

"Y... yes."

"Good, I'm your counselor. Tim's the name. Are you ready?"

"I... I didn't finish... my form."

"Oh, it's okay. It's not that important. Follow me. We are going to discuss your future. Lian, you are going to be next. And please get off the floor. It's probably not very clean."

What? After spending an hour working on the form, he told us that it was not that important? If I had known, I would not have had to endure Accalia's whining for the past hour. Despite this frustration, I stood up and followed the man to his office.

He must have been a good six foot four and well above two hundred pounds, which was seriously clashing with my pet size body type. That said, I didn't get any bad vibes from this man. It was nothing like the security guards at the pethouse who were very scary. He looked friendly enough and didn't make me feel particularly intimidated. Perhaps it was because we were inside a school which I considered to be a safe place.

As I walked behind him, another thing made me feel strange. I had managed to talk to him even though he was a stranger. I would never have been able to do this before I started visiting the café. My anxiety was still very present, making my lungs struggle for air, but overall, I had managed to communicate some answers even if I was sure he had noticed that talking was not easy for me. This made me feel a bit hopeful since it was a giant leap in my belief that I could, one day, get better at talking to people.

When I entered his office, it immediately reminded me of my therapist's; it was too cozy to make me feel at ease. There was a leather sofa on which he invited me to sit and another one

across the coffee table where his laptop was. As he slowly lowered his butt in his seat, his eyes rapidly went through my long document, and then he put it aside before observing me for a few seconds, as if to gauge who I was. I was willing to bet that, in his head, he was discarding all the potential jobs I couldn't do because of my small size.

"So, Clara. Do you have an idea of what you want to do as a career?"

"N—no..."

"Have you ever thought about it?"

"I... I don't think so."

"Okay. First things first, I guess. What are you good at?"

"..."

This question... Why was it hurting? Why did it remind me of my mother? Probably because she had raised me in a way that didn't allow me to express myself, therefore not trying new things that I may have liked. I didn't know myself that much since I never had granted myself a chance to explore who I really was until recently.

"I... I'm not very good... at anything."

"I'm sure it's not true because I've seen thousands of students in this office, and every one of them was good at something. They just didn't know it. What do you like to do then?"

"I... I don't do... much..."

"Let me rephrase that... What is important to you?"

"..."

What was important to me? I didn't expect that question today. Right away, the only answer that came to my mind was Lucy and the pets, the Cakes & Pets, but I was pretty sure that was not what he wanted to hear.

"I... I don't know."

"Aaah, Clara. I know that's not true either. Listen. There are no good or bad answers to those questions, you know. I'm just trying to get to know you so I can help you choose your field of study."

"But... It's... It's hard."

"Very, yes. So, take a deep breath and relax. Think about it. I see on your form that you've worked for a big company before."

"Yes... I was packing random items. But I don't want to do that anymore."

"You didn't like it?"

"No... It was really not fun."

"Yet, you did it for quite a while. Why?"



"..."

"There must have been something that made you stay in a position that you disliked for this long, no?"

This interview had just begun, but it was HARD. It was like the therapist, but without consideration for my feelings. Part of me wanted to leave, but the other part had to admit that his questions seemed good related to the purpose of my visit.

"Clara... What was the one thing that kept you going to work?"

"Hum... M... Money?"

"Good... So you like money then?"

"Well... I don't need much of it... It was just to pay my rent."

"That was not my question. Everybody needs to pay rent, but usually, it's not enough to keep them in a job they hate. People generally move on. So why did you stay?"

I lowered my head because I didn't like the answers popping up in my mind. I stayed there because of my speech disorder and because I didn't think I could do anything else with my life. And more recently, I...

"I... I wanted to... No... It's stupid."

"What is stupid?"

"My... my friends... I wanted to be able to stay near my friends."

"Aaaah, see. Money allows you to stay around your friends. That is a very good answer."

"Is... Is it?"

"Yes... So you like your friends a lot?"

"Yes... they are... everything to me. When I help Lucy at the café, It's always fun."

As soon as I said that, I froze like an ice cube. Why did I even mention the café? My face turned blue, and I didn't know what to say anymore.

"A café? You got a new job?"

"N...No... I'm just helping her feed my fr... I mean... No. I mean..."

"Hey, hey! Relax, Clara. You don't need to tell me about it. But that place seems very important to you. Your friend works there?"

"Yes."

"And you like taking care of your friends that much."

"Yes."

"Let's imagine something, okay. If I were to give you a million dollars, would it help you take care of your friends better?"

"Oh, yes."

"Would you like to help other people too if they needed it?"

"I think so. Yes."

"Good, good. See, we are getting somewhere now. Let's use that as a starting point. You are a very empathic person."

This was definitely worse than the therapist. I wished Accalia was here with me so I could hug her while he was working on my case. Instead, my little arms over-squeezed one of the cushions that had unconsciously grabbed, even though it made me look like a distressed child.

Tim explained different possible career paths for the next thirty minutes. Some of them were unexpected. He kept drilling me with tough questions that forced me to understand better who I was. I now had a small pile of documents in front of me on the coffee table, each of them describing a different profession. It was still not easy to wrap my head around everything he had said so far.

"So, Clara. Those are ten jobs I want you to think about. You'll bring those documents home, read them, and think about what they would bring to you in the future. Would they allow you to help you do what you want? Do you understand?"

"Yes... I think so."

"Good. There are still a few weeks before you have to choose, so don't rush it. I'll see you again next week and we will discuss it some more. Sounds good?"

"Yes. Thank you, Tim."

"No problem, now let's take care of your carpet friend who loves lying on the floor. It was a bit odd."

"Hehe. She loves doing that."

It was a relief to know that I would have some more time to make up my mind about my future. I traded my pillow for the pile of documents and followed Tim outside of his office. Accalia was still sitting on the floor, and she had clearly given up working on her form.

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"Aaah! It's over! Tim was nice, though."

"Yes, he was."

Accalia held my arm tightly as we walked out of the college with our documents. It was still a bit strange to see her out of her pet costumes. It was as if my friends all had two versions of themselves, making it difficult to learn everything about them.

And thinking about that reminded me that I had another upcoming challenge.

"Acca... Do you think Oreo is waiting for us at the pethouse?"

"Yes, I'm sure she is. Why?"

"She... She is the only pet I have never seen out of costume."

"Oh, really?"

"Yes. I don't know what she is like... It makes me a bit nervous."

"Haha. Oreo is quite something. She is super awkward! But we love her that way."

"Awkward? How come?"

"Well, she doesn't talk much, a bit like you. And she always looks angry, but it's just because she has funny eyebrows."

Accalia jumped in front of me and started to walk backward while mimicking with her fingers what Oreo's eyebrows looked like. The way she was doing it was funny, but I knew she didn't do it to be mean.

"I don't think you'll see what she looks like, though. Haha. But she sure will want you to sleep with us."

"... That doesn't make sense!"

"I knooow! I said that on purpose to confuse you. I bet you'll love her very much. Hurry! Now that you mentioned it, I want to get to the pethouse faster! I hadn't had a day off with Oreo in a while! It's going to be a lot of fun."

"Acca! Wait for me! Why do the pets always walk so fast?"

What did she mean by, "I don't think you'll see what she looks like?" I knew for a fact that Lucy didn't allow the pets to bring their costumes to the pethouse because she wanted them to rest and live a little outside the café. So yes, I was confused. And was it possible that Oreo also had similar communication difficulties than I had? If that were to be true, I would really like to know why she was like that.

Accalia and I walked the three kilometers separating the college from the pethouse in record time. Good thing it was winter, the cold temperature prevented us from sweating too much. Along the way, we discussed our career choice and shared the same feeling that we were not ready to choose anything yet. At least Tim had given us useful pointers that would help us think about it. It was a bit silly to be in my twenties and not having a clue about what to do with my life yet. I would have to thank Lucy for getting me started with all of this. Somehow, despite my lack of confidence, I felt ready for this new chapter in my life.

When we reached the big insurance building, home of the pethouse, we got in the elevator and headed straight to the top floor. After the short ride, we were standing in front of the two big wooden doors, but Accalia asked me something using a more serious tone before we went in.

"Clara, if Oreo did what I think she did, you cannot tell Lucy because that will make her angry. All the pets know what Oreo is doing, but we just let her do what she likes. Okay?"

"O...okay?"

"Don't worry. You'll understand what we mean right away. It's nothing bad. Oreo is probably nervous about it too, but I will tell her that you won't say anything to Lucy."

Without giving me a chance to absorb this additional mystery, Accalia pushed the door open and announced our arrival.

"OREO! Clara and I are back!"

A silence greeted us. The girl giving life to the black and white rubber cat didn't seem to be around.

After kicking off our shoes and hanging our coats, Accalia climbed the big stairs.

"Come, Clara. I'm sure she is upstairs."

"Is she sleeping? Don't wake her up."

"I don't think she is sleeping, and even if she were, she would want you to wake her up."

I was getting a bit nervous now. Accalia acted very casually about this, but how could I not be anxious when she said that Oreo was not asleep, yet, not responding. What was going on? I wanted Accalia to explain to me what was going on.

"Acca! Wait! Tell me... I'm a bit scared now."

"Scared? Oh... sorry. I didn't mean to scare you. Don't worry. As I said, there is nothing bad going on."

"But, why are you so evasive?"

"Aaah, you are right. Lucy told me that I had to be nice to you. When things are going too fast, you worry a lot. I'm sorry. Mmm... Let me think about this for a second... It's kind of hard to explain."

Once more, the petgirls understood the difficulties I had in coping with stressful situations. I was glad I had voiced my feelings because Accalia was getting a bit too intense, and I needed to

take a step back. She liked to tease me, which was fine, but since I had never met Oreo out of costume, it was too much all at once.

"Okay, Clara. You know what. I'm sure she is in the bedroom. I will let you go see her by yourself, that way you'll be able to take all the time you need to meet her. I need to shower anyway. It will give you some quiet time together so you can get to know each other. I tell you, Oreo is super nice."

"But... What are you hiding from me?"

"Hehe. Oreo's secret. Go see her. You'll understand everything right away. Trust me, okay?"

"Mmm... okay."

Accalia pulled me in a hug and kissed my cheek before heading to the bathroom, leaving me alone with the closed bedroom door that I had to cross. It reminded me awfully of when I met Vix out of costume for the first time, when the poor thing was recovering from a cold. It had ended up being an awkward moment, but it had also turned into something magical shortly after.

I knocked lightly on the door before cracking it open. Like that first time with Vix, the lights were turned off, and the curtains closed.

"Oreo? Are...are you sleeping?"

I didn't get an answer, but I heard something moving on the big bed.

"I'm coming in, okay? I'll open the curtain a little bit... so we can see each other."

Carefully walking on my tiptoes, just in case she really was asleep, I headed to the window and parted the curtains just enough to brighten the room.

When I turned around, my lungs stopped functioning, as it was the case too often when dealing with these petgirls who always put me through a whole range of emotions.

A small latex-covered someone rested on the bed. If it had been just that, I wouldn't have been this shocked; latex was good, and I loved it. But this time, there was more. Lying flat on her belly, she had her arms and legs restrained behind her back by what seemed to be leather cuffs. A matching black rubber blindfold covered her eyes, and a black ballgag, secured with leather straps running around her head, robbed her from her voice. A leather harness zigzagged around her shiny black torso. But the small cat ears on top of her head left no doubt about her identity.

"O... Oreo?"

"Mmmph!"

She nodded.

"Are... are you okay?"

"HmmHm."

I didn't know what to do. All the vague information Accalia had provided me beforehand now made a lot more sense, but it didn't help me figure out where to go from there. I could barely comprehend what I was looking at. Part of me wanted to go to the bathroom to fetch Accalia, and the other part wanted to stay and absorb this new experience.

Oreo began to twist, push, and pull on her bonds and managed to roll to her side. Her gag moved oddly in her mouth as if she unsuccessfully tried to expel it.

"Do... Do you want... to talk?"

She nodded.

As I carefully approached the large bed, I noticed a funny sensation in my lower belly. Did I like what I was looking at that much? My love for shiny latex was something I had fully accepted, so it made sense that I liked what Oreo looked like. But all those little extras were not something I was familiar with, and I never had an opportunity to ask myself what I thought of it.

There was something about her cutely restrained body that just made me feel funny. I could sense it under my few layers of discomfort.

Since she had rolled away from me, I had to climb on the big mattress to meet her. The rubber harness she wore made her body look even thinner, but I found it quite cute. This costume was actually making it easier for me somehow. I was no longer intimidated by the latex pets, and this catsuit wasn't too far from what I was used to.

I knelt next to her.

"I... I'll... try to remove... your... gag?"

Oreo nodded again.

"O... okay... Don't move... okay?"

It was so strange. Trying not to touch her too much, fearing I don't know what, I reached behind her head to find the buckles. Carefully, I unfastened the straps, she had tightened them quite a bit, and then, I pulled the delicate harness off her face, making her rubber ears bounce adorably.

When I pulled the ballgag out of her mouth, Oreo let a little moan out while stretching her jaw.

"Aaaah..."

"O... Oreo?"

"... Y... yes..."

"... You... you are all... tied up."

"I... I know."

"O... okay."

It was so awkward. Oreo seemed as embarrassed as I was. It was the first time I heard her little voice, but somehow it matched what I had in mind for her. Despite that, I still wished Accalia was around to help me break the ice.

"Can... can I take your... blindfold... off?"

"... yes. If... if you want to."

The thin rubber blindfold perfectly following her face's shape certainly didn't allow any light in. For some obscure reason, not having had to meet her gaze so far made it easier for me, exactly like when I had to interact with the pets at the café for the first time. Their black eyes hiding their real eyes had been a lifesaver and had allowed me to get to know them without being oppressed by something intimidating.

This made me wonder if Oreo had done this on purpose to make it easier on me or just felt kinky. But since Oreo seemed very gentle and shy, non-threatening, I thought that revealing her eyes would be the right thing to do... or at least, something to do.

I slowly peeled the rubber sheet from Oreo's face and uncovered the most striking part of her human form, her eyes. They were closed at first, but she shyly blinked them open. She was very still. Her hood's eye holes were big enough for me to see her eyebrows and understand what Accalia had meant when she amusingly mimicked her friend in front of me earlier...

But her irises...

Oreo looked straight at me with her BEAUTIFUL dark-brown eyes. VERY dark. Other pets had dark eyes too, but nothing like this. It was as if I were looking at the most expensive black pearls in the world. Her white skin just made them stand out like crazy...

"O... Oreo..."

"... I... I know... My eyebrows... they are weird..."

"... No... That's... That's not it..."

"... no?"

"No... You are... so... so pretty!"

"..."

The tied-up catgirl gasped and then stopped breathing as if I had stabbed her in the guts. I didn't know what she was thinking exactly, but as my face turned beet-red after having admitted my real first impression, I wondered if I had said something too nice a bit too quickly.

Those words I just said... They had accidentally escaped my mouth for one particular reason. It was the absolute truth.

Every time I had met a pet outside its costume so far, I had always been impressed by how cute they all were. Trixie and Mistie with their blonde hair, Asha and Accalia with their dark skin and silky hair, Vix with her incredible adorability and friendliness, I was jealous of them all...

But, Oreo... her eyes... her voice... her tied up little body covered by a thin layer of black latex. She made my heart beat faster. There was this sensation in my chest that seemed to grow almost painfully the more I stared at her. It wasn't like anything else I had felt around any other pets before. Was this just because of this very unusual way that she had chosen to present herself to me? Was it just my body having trouble coping with all the concurrent emotions that rose inside of me?

"Do... do you... want to untie me?"

"... Oh... Yes. Sorry... I... I'll try."

Her little hesitant question snapped me out of my strange trance. I followed her smooth arms all the way to her delicate wrists and inspected her cuffs. Bondage was something I knew about from the internet, but I had never really thought much about it. Seeing it in real life was very different and intimidating.



Once I understood that an x-shaped strap attached to the D-rings of her cuffs was what kept her in this position, it was easy to free her up. Now that she was untied, Oreo knelt... and just stared at me some more with those amazing eyes.

"I... I like your... harness..."

"I love it too."

"Can... can I... touch it?"

"... yes."

I carefully extended my arms to visit her extremely sensual rubber harness. It fitted all her curves perfectly and significantly enhanced her breasts. As awkward as it was to think about this right now, there was something about her latex covered chest that was just so attractive. Her suit seemed way thinner than her usual animal suit, I could even see her nipples through it.

Unconsciously, and perhaps because I had done that regularly with Trixie, my hands covered her breasts and gave them a little squeeze. It was so warm and so comfortable. But I had forgotten about something...

"Aaaah... C... Claraaa..."

Oreo looked like a pet, but she had no masks on this time around to keep her muted. I wasn't used to hearing a pet voicing its state of mind. It even made me wonder if, during all this time, when I had grabbed pet boobs, perhaps they had reacted just like Oreo did, but behind a mask that had prevented me from hearing them.

I quickly withdrew my arms back to my chest.

"I'm... I'm sorry... I didn't... mean to..."

"It's... it's okay... The other girls... they do that too... but you do it better..."

"..."

"Can... can you... hug me, now?"

Yes... It was the best idea ever. That precisely was what I needed at the moment, a comforting, reassuring hug from a cute pet.

As soon as I opened my arm, Oreo tossed herself on me and made me fall on my back. Having her on top of me confirmed that she was as light as when we did this at the café. Now that she was straddling me and pushing her head against my chest while squeezing my rib cage, I felt so happy because I understood that it was what I had wanted to do since the first second I

discovered her tied-up body on the bed. I was very attracted to this new version of Oreo, even if I didn't know why.

After a long moment, she raised her body a bit, enough to look at me in the eyes... Again... That gaze... why was it so intense. There was something about her that I had never felt with anybody else. Even though shiny black latex covered most of her face, I could still see her eyes and mouth...

Her mouth... Those thin lips...

My hands that rested on her back gripped her harness and pulled her toward me.

Our lips locked...

"Mmmm..."

"Hmmm...:"

This was involuntary... this was a reflex... this was unexpected.

For a fraction of a second, I wondered why I had done this, or was it her that did it? Nevertheless, the sensation of our tongues slowly sliding on each other wiped my concerns. An insane amount of sexual hormones flooded my entire body, making me grip Oreo's harness even harder to make sure she wouldn't stop kissing me... I didn't want her to stop... in case she would hate me for having done this without asking first...

No... She was kissing me back so intentionally.

It was perfect.

\*\*\*

Accalia had watched the scene discreetly from the hallway to make sure everything would go well for Clara and Oreo. She had pretended to be in the shower, but instead, her motherly instinct made her decide to monitor her two friends who had never met in case she had to intervene.

As expected, Oreo had tied herself up; she tended to do that when she felt lonely. The good news was that Clara had managed the situation beautifully, and it surprisingly escalated into something scorching and romantic.

The thing was that Accalia didn't decide to keep an eye on them because of Clara. She mostly did it because of her friend Oreo.

Clara was much stronger than she appeared. Her latest struggle with her family issues and the incredible way she bounced back on her feet after her meltdown was proof that she was smart enough to understand this cruel world and, with some guidance, make the best decisions for herself... for her own happiness.

But Oreo was nothing like that. Oreo had a tough time fitting in this world. She could barely identify herself to this society, feeling like an outsider, and even struggled to feel human like her friends did outside the café. Oreo was fragile and needed support and protection, and this was why none of the pets would ever tell Lucy that she was wearing a latex catsuit at home and tied herself to feel safer.

This was why Accalia wanted to make sure Clara and Oreo got along. But what she saw just now, even if very unexpected, was probably the best thing that could have happened to Oreo.

There was no mistaking it... Accalia was certain of it... After thinking about it twice, it was not surprising because Clara and Oreo had so much in common.

What she saw was...

...Clara having her first real crush on a girl...

And Oreo seemed to feel the same way toward Clara.

One question remained... Would they both be smart enough to ever admit it to themselves?

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