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Animal Café

Chapter 8 - An Ocean Of Pets

It was the middle of the night, and I couldn't sleep. She was so warm.

Her silky skin pressing against mine was something I had never experienced before. She was so peaceful that I was even wondering if she was still breathing. Her mouth was so close to my neck, and she even drooled on me a little.

Never in a thousand years, I could have expected this... Going back home with a pet girl who was not hiding her true self within the confine of a cute animal costume. Trixie, the white rabbit, was my friend. But... Who was she to me as a human girl?

It was striking that Trixie didn't seem to care whether I was wearing a pet suit; she expressed her love without hesitation. I didn't think it was love in the "couple" sense, but more in a friendly way.

When we walked home last night, she didn't let go of my arm, the same manner she always did as a rabbit. Then we went to bed right away, and she clung to me like velcro. Trixie wiggled around to find the most comfortable sleeping position as if I was her body pillow. She didn't attempt chatting... She didn't try anything sexual... She just wanted to sleep by my side and find some comfort in my warmth.

Her face was so close to mine... The human Trixie was so pretty with her short blonde hair and tiny nose that, oddly enough, made her look like a rabbit... Perhaps I was simply overlaying the mental image I had of her wearing her mask over her real visage.

What was this feeling? I wanted to touch her face... I wanted to play in her hair. Trixie was asleep, so she didn't manipulate me to feel this way. No, it was all coming from me. It was a real attraction.

I carefully pushed her hair around her ear using the tip of my finger.

"Mmm... I can feel that, you know."

"..."

Trixie was supposed to be asleep, but that wasn't the case. There was no way I could deny what I had just done to her. My heart started beating a bit faster while a little smile appeared on the sleepy girl.

"You did nothing wrong, Clara. I liked it. Keep going..."

"..."

Keep going? Did Trixie really want me to keep touching her like this? Well... I wanted to.

I brought my finger back to her hair, barely brushing it. It was fascinating to see how soft it was and how it bounced back into place, particularly the very thin fuzz near her temple. The back of my finger went down to her flushed cheek... and on the ridge of her nose.

Trixie was not moving, and her smile melted as if my simplistic attention relaxed her fully. It wasn't that much different than what I was doing to her when she was a rabbit. Instead of bouncy whiskers, it was her miniature body hair.

Next, I decided to explore her thin lips. Using the tip of my index finger, I approached the sensitive pink skin... but then she let out a long sigh of well-being. I didn't want to do anything that would take her out of this bliss, so I pulled my hand away and closed my eyes; It was time to sleep anyway.

"Good morning, Clara!"

"Mmm!"

Some quiet words put an end to our little nocturnal moment of tenderness. My eyes slowly cracked open, and Trixie's face was only an inch away from mine. She was on top of me with her legs and arms on each side of my body.

As soon as she saw me returning to the world of the living, she lowered her lips onto mine for an unexpected kiss. My nervous system was not awake enough to react or understand what was happening, but when Trixie pulled back, her cheeks were visibly red. She then lowered her little body on top of mine and hid her face in my pillow.

"Hug me!"

Her muffled words asked for something I was about to do anyway. I wrapped my arms around her and held her tightly against my torso.

"Eep! Clara... You are so nice!"

"... You are too."

"Do... Do you think... we should... date?"

"..."

"Sorry... Forget that I asked, Clara. I'm getting ahead of my horses. You only know me as a white rabbit."

"... I don't... know. Are you not... playing with the other pets?"

"Well... yeah! But it's not the same. The pet girls know what I like, and they are my friends, so they always try to give me what I want. But we are not going out. It's not the same. When I'm with you, bunny costume or not, I get the feeling you like me differently."

"Trixie... I... I don't know. It's... It's very hard... for me."

"I am going too fast for you, am I not?"

"A little bit... yes. I'm scared."

Trixie pushed herself up, sat on my hips, crossed her arms over her chest, and put on her usual happy smile and chuckled.

"Haha! I'm a rabbit, after all, I'm super fast! Don't worry about it! Let's be good friends for now! But I still got to kiss you!"

She let herself fall next to me, bouncing on the springy mattress and placed her finger on my nose.

"So... Was it fun being a pet yesterday?"

"Yes, very much... But the prank scared me."

"Aww... I know! Sorry. I think you did really well. It was your first time. You were even more relaxed as a pet than you are now. I know the feeling. Wearing a mask changes things a lot. People don't look at you the same way."

"Yes... I liked that. I... didn't have to... talk."

"Haha... Yes. I can imagine that in your special case, it gave you a well-needed break."

Trixie pulled me closer to her and started to rub my belly.

"So... about that... How come it is so hard for you to talk? Is it a physical thing?"

"... They... don't know."

"I mean, since we met you, you got so much better... Sometimes you even spoke as we all do, but only when we were alone with you as pets. I think you may just be scared of people."

"... You are helping me... a lot."

"I bet we do... You know what? All kinds of people come to the animal café. Everybody is different, but they often open up to the pets more than they do to other people. I can't tell you how often clients told me they were too fat, too dumb, too ugly, or too shy. You would be surprised how common it is. They go to the café to get a break from life, and it is our job to ensure they leave in better shape than they arrived in."

"How... How do you do that? Why do I feel so good... around the pets?"

"Nothing, Clara. We do nothing. The clients do all the work themselves... We are just a non-judgemental comforting presence, and it makes them naturally open up. They think, change, and get better all on their own. Of course, Lucy always has her special way to cheer them up as well... Like she did with you."

Was this possible? Were all the improvements I noticed in my condition lately driven by myself? Just because the lovely pet girls surrounding me made it easier for me to open up? What she said made sense, but surely she could take a bit of credit. If they had annoyed the crap out of me, I would not have been so happy.

"So, Clara? Are you working today?"

"... Yes."

"Awww... I thought we could have spent the day together. I have nothing else to do and Lucy won't let me wear my suit until my next shift tomorrow. Ah well! It's okay. Another time maybe."

"I will be back... around 8 pm. Can... you come back?"

"That would be awesome! Do you want to watch a movie at the theatre? I'll pay!"

"... Yes. It would be fun."

"Great! Let's meet at the theatre around 8:30 pm. But now... Do you have time to cuddle a bit more before leaving?"

"... Yes... About an hour..."

"YAY! More Clara for me alone!"

Trixie jumped on me for additional human on human affection.

Work was not any more fun than usual. The highlight on my day was when I had to pack a set of baby hands shaped candles... It was very creepy. If I had money, I would not spend it on things like that.

I got off the bus a few stops earlier than usual and walked to the theatre. I haven't been there since they refreshed the interior. They replaced all the seats for those big leather recliner chairs. It would be a fun thing to experience.

When I got there, I sat on a bench outside and texted Trixie to the phone number she gave me this morning. She had asked me to let her know when I arrived.

She replied right away, stating that she was only five minutes away. People were converging to the theatre; some looked in my direction, which made it hard for me to look elsewhere than at my feet. I didn't go out often, and it was a lot more crowded than I was used to.

Then a small pair of arms wrapped around my neck, startling me!

"WAH!"

"... Eep!"

"Look, Clara! I brought friends!"

"... Friends?"

I turned around, and my jaw dropped when I saw what I saw... Coming our way was Lucy and her six leashed rubber pets, pulling in every direction at once, which was clearly infuriating her.

"Guys! Stop pulling! I told you... If you want to go watch the movie, you have to behave!"

Not only was she struggling with all her pet girls, but random people taking pictures caused the pets to pose cutely. In front of this incredible scene, they kept asking who they were and complimenting them for their costumes.

At first, I thought she was absolutely crazy for having done such a thing, but when I heard her reply to those picture-taking people, I understood her real motives.

"Sure, you can take pictures of them. You can also come to meet them at Pets & Cakes café! We have all kinds of delicious cakes for you to try, and you'll get to pet my animals too! You'll love it!"

This whole thing just turned into a big promotional event for the animal café. It was as insane as smart. Lucy brought Vix, Oreo, Asha, Misti, Meeka, and the gray wolf whose name I didn't know. They were all here having a blast showing off their cuteness, ears, and tails.

As soon as they got close enough from Trixie and me, they all climbed on my bench to hug me. Lucy, smiling widely, greeted me as well.

"Hi, Clara! We closed early and decided to have a bit of fun instead. I hope you don't mind if I brought them all to your date with Trixie?"

"..."

"Stop it, Lucy, don't embarrass Clara further. It was not a date... I mean... not really!"

"Haha, Trixie, it was a date! I know you well enough! So, what are we watching today?"

Was Lucy seriously going to bring them all inside the theatre? It would be chaos and she won't have any opportunity to watch the movie. Trixie didn't seem worried about that at all, and I quickly understood why when she replied to Lucy.

"Miami Pets! It's a family movie, but whatever... It came out last week, and I want to see it! I'm so excited. So, because there are nine of us, I reserved a private room. It's going to be much better that way and even a bit cheaper, which is good since none of us have much money."

As she explained the plan, I noticed that people around us kept taking pictures of us, and I was in the middle of the pack, buried under a pile of latex animals. I turned beet red and struggled to breathe again. This was way too much attention directed at the little me. Good thing Lucy decided to move.

"Alright... Clara, you take care of Asha and Vix, and you, Trixie, you take care of Oreo and Meeka... Don't let the leash go. They are totally going nuts since we decided to come here."

The pets forcefully dragged us inside the theatre. Then the cuteness took over... The manager woman even came to check why there was a commotion. As Lucy explained that we all worked at the same café, the pets worked their magic and started cuddling with the manager.

Fortunately, she fell in love right away, and after a few pictures with them all, she decided to give us a free movie night along with some popcorn. Those friendly little rubber animals came with some nice perks.

With Asha and Vix around my arms, we entered our private movie room. It only took five seconds for the pet girls to start running around, over-excited, and fighting for the best seats. They were all excellent seats, so what they were doing was pointless; it was just to cause trouble.

Having the use of my hands allowed me to move them aside and sat right in the middle; Trixie sat right next to me. This caused another problem. The pets started to fight to decide who was going to sit on top of us.

Meeka and the wolf ended up together next to Lucy, Oreo and Misti paired up, as usual, Trixie ended up with Vix, and finally, Asha was the one who sat on my lap.

"Asha! You are too warm... I'm going to get all sweaty!"

The walk and the intense socialization turned the pets into little furnaces. Trixie complained about the same thing.

"Vix! Just sit on the floor for now, or else it's going to be a very long movie... AAAH!"

Of course, Vix knew Trixie too well, so instead of complying, she started massaging Trixie's chest with her cushy paws. As if her rabbit moan was the cue to start the movie, the light dimmed, and the trailers began.

To avoid expulsion from my recliner, the warm Asha found the most comfortable position to stay on me, and I wrapped my arms around her latex waist. I loved her encased body so much. It was hard to describe...

Last night, I cuddled with Trixie out of her suit, and it was good. But compared to the other times when I did the same thing with the latex pets, including Trixie herself, I don't think it was as good. Latex just felt so clean... It separated me from the wearer as if this thin layer of protection, gave me a peace of mind that I loved to have. It just made me more comfortable.

When Trixie gave me a little kiss, it was great, and I didn't regret it... But was it something I enjoyed more than just cuddling with a rubber pet? And more importantly, was kissing something Trixie liked to do better than being a pet?

I never really asked her the question. There was no doubt that the white rabbit loved being a pet, but was it just a job, or was it something she decided to do despite the money? Obviously, Lucy wasn't filthy rich, and I was even wondering how she could pay all her pets just by selling cakes. They probably didn't make much. So I had a gut feeling that the paycheck was probably not Trixie's main motivation to be a cute pet.

I squeezed Asha tightly in my arms; she smelled so good. Their latex suit had a pleasant rubber smell, but nothing nearly as violent as a bag of rubber bands. Lucy must have worked very hard to keep them as good-smelling as possible; no wonder she was disappointed when I brought back lavender Asha the other day.

"Aaanh! Vix! Stop... I wanted to watch that moviiiiie!"

I looked at Trixie, and she was in trouble. Vix had lifted her shirt, exposing her breast to provide a better massage experience. That was when I discovered Trixie had no willpower at all. She could have pushed the teasing fox away easily, but instead, she was losing the battle due to her love of being fondled.

Not even halfway through the movie, Trixie was helplessly dragged down to the floor, half-naked, and several pets joined Vix to assault her pleasantly. They quickly lost interest in the film and turned to their favorite activity instead. Good thing we had this private room, or else it wouldn't have gone that well for them.

Lucy, her, had not intervened at any point. It was a bit surprising because she usually liked to keep a certain discipline, but she was probably very happy to see them having that much fun; they were perhaps not going out often, so this extra leniency was undoubtedly a little reward.

The shop owner even came to steal Trixie's uneaten popcorn and pat Asha on the head, but that was about all she did for two hours.

When the movie ended, the light turned back on, and we witnessed the extent of the damage Trixie took from the pets. She didn't have clothes anymore outside of her panties, so Lucy thought it was a perfect opportunity to scold her.

"Alright, Trixie! That's enough! Dress up before the cleaning staff comes in."

"That's enough? But they did this to me! They started it!"

"I don't care. This is your own doing. Come on, girls! Leash time. Don't make me repeat!"

"Where are my clothes! Vix? Where did you put my bra?"

I helped Trixie find her clothes while Lucy prepared the pet girls for the walk. I found the bra under one of the chairs, and Trixie found her shirt, but we couldn't find her skirt. Trixie whined some more when the staff opened the door and asked us to leave so they could clean before the next group entered.

"Wait! I can't leave without my skirt!"

"Well, Trixie, it's too late now... Come... Just stay in the middle of the pets so they can hide you."

"But... my skirt... I just bought it!"

"You had to think about it before playing sexy with your friends. Come now! We are leaving."

Trixie grumbled and lowered her head, slightly humiliated to exit the room butt naked. Just to make it worse, as soon as we got out, people started taking pictures of the pets again, not realizing that Trixie had no pants. Who knew where those pictures would end up.

It was night when we exited the theatre, so the outside was not nearly as bad for the embarrassed rabbit. Only then Lucy handed Trixie something.

"Here is your skirt... bunny!"

"HEY! YOU HAD IT ALL THIS TIME?"

"Of course... I needed to teach you a lesson. Doing sexy things outside the café or a bedroom is inappropriate, you know.

"Hahahaha!"

Oops... I didn't mean to laugh out loud... Now everybody was looking at me in silence, humans, and pets alike.

"Clara? You laughed?"

"... S— Sorry?"

"What? NO! That's great ... It's the first time we hear you laughing like this. Haha! This is great! You had fun tonight?"

"Yes... very much."

"So, then? Who are you taking home tonight? If you take two, it will help me."

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

Trixie, who was pulling up her skirt, rushed to me, but Lucy recalled her right away.

"Nope, Trixie, come back here. You go back to your rabbit suit tonight instead of tomorrow."

"Really? You'll let me wear it early?"

"Yes... I guess hiding your skirt was not that nice. So why not."

"Yay! Sorry, Clara, I'm going to go with Lucy! I miss my suit too much already!"

I guess that answered my earlier question. Trixie probably loved being a rabbit more than being a human. But now that Trixie was no longer available, I chose Asha and Vix, my comfort pets.

"Good. See you tomorrow Clara. It was fun going out altogether. Come on, girls. Say goodbye to Clara, and then we go back to the café."

All the little pets came to me for a cute group hug before going back to Lucy. The simplest things in life are definitely the best.

I grabbed the two leashes and started walking. It was the first time I brought home two latex friends at the same time.

It's going to be another interesting night.

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