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Feliformia

Chapter 14 - The animal café

"Drive faster!"

"I will not!"

"But, we must get there faster!"

"I don't even think they are open this early. We may have to wait outside anyway. Would you calm down?"

"NO! I must see the animals now!"

Syr rolled her eyes at Kitty, whose behavior had been beyond childish since she had learned about her impromptu trip to the animal café. Sitting on the passenger seat, the small Asian girl pointlessly tried to look farther down the road as if that would take her closer to the cake shop faster. She was known to be excitable, but this time it was a severe case.

This surprise had flicked a switch inside her brain. Staying home and being lazy was something she has been mainly doing because nothing was appealing outside her little cat girl world; it was either too uninteresting, like going out shopping, or too complicated, like finding a job and making money. But the opportunity of going out to play with real animals while having breakfast was exactly the kind of unexpected activity that had the potential to motivate her. Her current nervousity showed how veridic that was.

"Hey, Kitty. Why are you so pumped about going there? I knew you liked animals, but... That much?"

"I'm not sure... When I was little, my father and mother used to take me to a petting zoo. That was my favorite thing in the world. I could play with the rabbits, feed them, play with the baby sheep... Have you never done that, Syr?"

"Yes, I did. Aunt Michelle took me to a petting zoo once for Easter."

"And?"

"They were just small animals... I don't know. They were cute, I guess."

"Cute? They are all so ADORABLE. You must be broken for not being thrilled about going to the animal café with me."

"Oh... I am, Kitty, I am. But not for the reasons you might think."

"What does that even mean? What are you hiding from me?"

Since they have left the house, Syr repeatedly sent blurry messages to her friend, more than likely on purpose. The apparent goal was to confuse Kitty and, perhaps, prepare her for something bigger than she envisioned. The small cat girl was smart, but she still couldn't figure out the suspicious attitude her roleplaying expert friend imposed upon her.

Nothing had worked so far. Kitty had stared at Syr from very close, trying to make her crack and tell the truth. She had even tried to hug her and lick her neck, which had only resulted in a

hand in the face pushing her back to her seat. It was useless; Syr just wouldn't give away her secrets.

As the car rolled down the road, Kitty asked the same questions all over again.

"So, are you sure there is a raccoon there? Clara said there was a raccoon."

"Yes, they do. But it's not there all the time. I told you, you have to manage your expectations."

"But, I MUST pet the raccoon! Or else I'll be super sad!"

"If she is not there, we can come back another time."

"SHE?"

"..."

"What do you mean by SHE?"

"The raccoon is a female. I know that much."

"You seem to know an awful lot about the animals they have?"

"Remember, Kitty. The owner is my client. We talk on a regular basis. I've been there too once."

"Is it a big place?"

"No. It's fairly small. It's a small lounge. So you can interact with the animals easily."

"Are the waitresses cute? Clara and Misti were, so, are they waitresses?"

"I'm not sure. You'll see once we get there, I suppose."

Unsurprisingly, Kitty had now shifted her attention to the two cute girls she knew worked there. They had visited her home a while ago to do business with Syr, but she had not managed to pull a lot of details out of them, not for the lack of trying; that Clara girl had a serious problem expressing herself. Did she behave like that because she was shy or because she was trying to hide something? Since Syr clearly hid something, the latter seemed more plausible.

A nasty, nasty thought ran through Kitty's head for an instant, though. What if Syr, Clara, and Misti had not told her much about the café because they feared she would cause trouble? She was aware of her own personality. Playful, childish, and sometimes a bit too intense. For the first time in a long time, Kitty wondered if she had gone too far with this kind of behavior. Perhaps it would be worth considering rebalancing her energy level and relaxing her most annoying behavior.

She sank a bit in her seat when she revisited in her head what she had done to her friends during the past month when refusing to take off her latex suit. It was mainly to be playful, but was it possible that she had hurt her friends a little by going too far? Erika was delighted to

spank her every time she broke a rule, but Mark and Syr were more "normal" in general and wouldn't do the same. All of a sudden, Kitty felt a bit selfish.

"Hey... Syr..."

"Yes? What is it?"

"... I'm sorry."

"Sorry? For what? You did nothing wrong."

"Well, I've been a bit annoying recently."

"Annoying? Why would you say that?"

"You know... My... behavior. Sometimes I do extreme things... but I don't mean bad. I'm just... having fun."

"Aaah. We all know that, Kitty. But, yes, you made Master Mark anxious recently. He cares about your well-being a lot, you know. He just doesn't want you to harm yourself with your games."

"Oh, I know that. But he always lets me do all I want. And sometimes, I go too far because he will never say no."

"I don't think it's your fault, Kitty. Master Mark has to learn how to handle you better."

"Uh? Handle me better?"

"Yes. At times, he can be... spineless."

"OH MY GOD! Did you just say that, Syr?"

"... Please, don't tell him I told you that."

"NEVER! But I want to hear more!"

"Well, you know... Sometimes I wish Master Mark would be more... masterly. But he doesn't seem to like that too much."

"Oh, and this is why you blackmailed him this morning? Because you wanted to go on a trip with him during which he would treat you like a slave?"

"You make my idea sound terrible... but yes. That was part of it."

"Niiice!"

That last bit of conversation cheered Kitty right back up. Not only did she not feel nearly as guilty for having caused Mark some healthy distress, but her friend had validated that she wasn't the sole responsible person for the recent chaos at the house. It was great to have a friend like Syr, who could bring in a different perspective on things.

The car slowly made its way downtown, where the café was apparently located. Looking left and right for a parking spot, they finally decided to get inside an underground lot. It was simpler than trying to decipher the numerous parking signs out on the street, and with a long-term parking spot, they wouldn't feel pressured to leave if they had a good time and wanted to extend their stay.

After exiting the car and slamming the door behind herself, Kitty discovered something remarkable about underground garages. She began yelling like a mad girl...

"SYR IS A PERVERT!"

"KITTY! What are you doing?"

"It's echoing. It's fun! I can hear my own voice back."

"Cease this at once!"

"SYR IS OUR SEXY MAID!"

"That's it. We are going back home! No animal café for you. Get back in the car."

"NO! NO! I'm stopping! I'm stopping!"

"I thought you would."

"So serious... But you are still our sexy maid."

Syr slid a few fingers under Kitty's pink collar and yanked her toward the exit.

"Ack! You are going to snap my delicate neck!"

"There it is, Kitty... Just across the street! Look."

"The cakes and pets? That's a cute name for a café."

"I hope you like... Hey! Come back, Kitty! You have to look at both sides before crossing!"

"I did! Hurry!"

At that moment, Syr had regrets for not having brought a leash to control the uncontrollable. Being a stickler for the rules more than her friend, Syr nervously crossed the street, feeling delinquent even though there were no moving cars around. It was too early in the morning, plus it was the weekend.

Kitty, of course, arrived at the glass door first, just to hit her nose to an undesired closed sign dangling at eyes level.

"NO! NO! That's not faiiiiir!"

"Oh, it's not open yet. I told you. We are too early. We had no reason to rush."

Trying to look through the window, using her hands to create some shade, Kitty hoped to see some little critters.

"I don't see anybody, but there is some light."

"It doesn't matter, Kitty. Come. There is a park not far from here where we can go and wait. We can come back in half an hour."

"No! Look! The door is open!"

"Kitty! Close that door immediately! They are not open. It doesn't matter if it's unlocked or not."

It was another broken rule that made Syr cringe, but since Kitty wouldn't listen and walked into the café, she had no other choice but to follow her.

Once inside, there was nobody around. The lounge door was closed, and there was a vacant reception desk. Syr suspected that Lucy was probably upstairs, preparing her pets for the day, but that was not something Kitty nearly suspected.

To prevent further misbehavior from her friend, Syr took charge and called the owner over.

"HELLO? Lucy?"

"Where is everybody?"

"She runs the café by herself. Give her a minute. Don't be so impatient, cathead."

"Only Mark can call me cathead. You must not! Come on, Syr. I want to see the animals. That shy girl said there was a raccoon... I never petted a raccoon before. I must pet the raccoon!"

"Kitty. Stop bouncing like that and relax a bit, would you, or else we are leaving. HELLO?"

Nothing. Not a sound. But after a few more seconds, something unexpected happened. A small woman with brown hair creepily emerged from behind the reception desk, with a terrified look on her face. It was Clara, the same girl who had visited their home with Misti not long ago.

"Oh? Clara? What were you doing behind that desk? Is Lucy around?"

"... N... No."

Something wasn't right. The poor thing was shaking, and her wet eyes betrayed obvious distress. What was happening here? Why was Clara in such a disturbed state... and why was she hiding behind the reception desk? It was just bizarre.

"Wait... Clara? Are you crying? Are you alright?"

"... No. I... I messed up... everything."

"Where is Lucy?"

"At... at the hospital..."

"WHAT? Is she okay?"

"Yes... yes... A pet got hurt... and... I messed up. I don't know how to take care of the café..."

"Aaah. Okay. Well, it seems we've picked the right day to visit then."

"Meow! Yes. Syr is our slave! She does everything around our house."

"Kitty, I'm not your slave! Why would you say such a thing?"

"..."

But Kitty wasn't entirely wrong, and she had understood what Syr had suggested a second ago. For her friend, being a self-made maid, the words "taking care of a café" had resonated loudly within her core. The prospect of assisting in running a small coffee shop like this one was extremely attractive, and she was beyond confident that she had already acquired the qualifications to perform well. For years, she had role-played maid at home, secretly at first, then openly with Erika, and then even more around Mark and Kitty. She was ready for any household challenge that she would have to face.

"Kitty and I will help you. Kitty, do you want to go take care of the pets while I'm talking to Clara and figure out what needs to be done?"

"WHAT? SERIOUSLY? CAN I?"

"Yes... But I tell you... It might not exactly be what you expect."

"Stop being mysterious, Syr! I've taken care of cats and dogs before. I'm super good with small furry critters."

"Right... You are in for a shock. Clara, could you let Kitty into the lounge? While she is meeting with your friends, we will see what we can do for you. I suppose the amount of cake icing on the floor has something to do with your bad day."

"Y...yes... O... okay."

Clara wobbled around the desk, access card in hand, and approached the lounge door. Kitty amusingly crouched, more than likely expecting that a small cat would try to escape the room as soon as the door would crack open, which confirmed Syr's apprehension; her friend still had NO clue what was waiting for her behind that door.

As soon as the door unlocked and Clara opened it, Syr grabbed Kitty by her collar and firmly shoved her into the lounge.

"Close the door, Clara! Quick! Quick!"

"Ow! Syr! What was that for? I could have landed on one of the pets and...!"

Lying flat on her belly, annoyed by the sudden and unnecessary treatment, Kitty pushed herself back to her knees while whining. But her words ceased when she noticed something staring at her in the eyes, about a foot from her face. Two big black eyes were piercing her soul. In shock, she fell on her ass, and her back hit the door.

In front of her was a creature. Something she didn't know existed before. Her playfulness was gone. Her expectations turned to ashes. Her rational mind kicked in, but it couldn't comprehend what her eyes were seeing. And then, something that hadn't happened in a very long time happened, she trembled. The smile that had accompanied her since the first second she was told she would get to play with small animals was utterly gone.

Making two steps closer and sitting right in front of her was a giant raccoon. Kitty's brain attempted to rewire as if she had been injected with an experimental drug. It didn't feel real at all. It didn't feel possible. It didn't feel normal. Her head started spinning...

"Oooh... I... I don't feel... so good..."

Her teeth and cheeks began tingling, and her breathing accelerated. As her heart pounded relentlessly inside her little chest, her body turned limp and slid down the door like a ragdoll, and her eyes rolled up.

Everything went dark.

A few minutes after listening to Clara's story, Syr was already in control of the situation. She had sent Clara upstairs to fix things with her friend Oreo and immediately began cleaning the place. It was nothing worse than the trail of disorder that Kitty occasionally created at home. That said, she could understand how such a small event could have scared Clara if she had never faced similar situations before, so she didn't judge her for being unable to handle a minor kitchen incident. Perhaps she only had a stressful day.

It took a mere few minutes to clean the cabinets and food bottles. The chocolate cake that had exploded on the floor was a bit more work, and it was very tragic, but overall, this was just regular maid work, so Syr was happy to do it as efficiently as possible. Being helpful was her favorite feeling.

The main thing left for her to do was fixing the cakes that had fallen from the fridge to the floor and mopping the place. Somehow, there was cake icing everywhere, all the way to the

reception desk. It seemed that Clara had panicked and dragged her feet here and there, trying to figure out a solution to her misery. That young girl seemed quite the anxious type.

Before tackling these tasks, though, Syr decided to go see how Kitty was fairing, surrounded by her new friends. Clara had left her access card on the countertop, so she grabbed it and headed to the lounge.

When she opened the door, a panicked black latex cat girl immediately gesticulated in front of her. Syr knew who she was because she had created her.

"Hi, Misti! So, how is my friend doing?"

Misti wrapped her arm around Syr's and pointed in the direction of a pile of pets that were quite agitated around a girl who was lying flat on her back.

"What in the world? What's going on here?"

As Syr approached, Kitty began moving slowly while groaning.

"Kitty?"

"Mmmm... aaah."

"Kitty? Are you okay?"

"S... Syr...?"

"Everyone, give her some breathing room."

All the rubber pet girls stepped away from the poor Asian girl who was slowly emerging from her unexpected nap.

"What happened, Kitty?"

"I... I don't know... I had this weird dream... About a giant raccoon..."

"..."

"Oww... That was weird. Maybe I was a bit too excited to come here."

"I would say... Did you faint when you saw the pet girls? That is kind of funny, actually."

"The... pet girls? Are... Are you saying that... I didn't dream this?"

"Oooh. Poor Kitty. Look behind you."

Rapidly coming back to her senses, Kitty had trouble making heads and tails of her weird dream and what had happened to her. And now that Syr talked about pet girls and asked her to

turn around, she didn't want to believe that what she had not yet seen was real, so she feared looking anywhere else than in her friend's eyes.

"Come on, Kitty. Look."

"..."

With a great effort, Kitty managed to turn her head, apprehending the giant raccoon again. But no... her eyes first landed on the cutest thing she had ever seen, an adorable red fox. Syr walked to the animal girl and placed her hands on her shoulder.

"So, this is Vix... The red fox. She is the first pet I ever created for Lucy."

Misti rushed to Vix and wrapped her arms around her friend.

"And that one is Misti, the black cat. Yes, the same girl you saw at our house. Isn't she cute wearing this costume?"

Kitty's mouth was stuck open, and her throat was paralyzed. It couldn't be. Looking at Syr walking around those creatures so comfortably just didn't make any sense.

"And this is Meeka, the raccoon. Be careful, Meeka, Kitty wanted to meet you so badly. Oh! And the one over there, one of my most recent work, is Asha, the snow leopard. She might be my favorite one."

Embarrassed, Asha wrapped her arms around Syr and buried her muzzle in her chest.

"..."

"Don't you want to at least say hello to them, Kitty?"

"H... Hi..."

That was too much. Kitty didn't know where to look at anymore or what to think. For so long, she had dreamed of visiting the animal café so she could pet small furry critters, but now... She faced a bunch of surreal latex pet girls who came out straight from a fetish magazine. How was this even possible? The maths were hard to make but finally, the wires connected, and she managed to build her first intelligible sentence since she had entered the lounge.

"S... Syr!"

"Yes?"

"You... YOU LIAR!"

"Who me? Never... I'd never lie. Master Mark would never allow me to... EEP!"

Out of the blue, Kitty sprang to her feet and rushed to Syr. She threw herself in her chest and wrapped her arms tightly around her waist to give the strongest hug she could give despite her lack of muscle. Asha barely had time to dodge before the incoming bullet-girl hit.

"SYR! THAT'S AMAZING!"

"I suspected you would like them."

"WHY? WHY?"

"Why didn't I tell you before? We can talk about that later... I have to go back to the kitchen to help Clara. Will it be okay if I leave you alone with them? No more fainting?"

"YES! YES! TRIPLE YES!"

"Okay, but be gentle. They are worth more than gold to Lucy. So don't do crazy things to them, okay? Or else we are leaving."

"I won't! I won't!"

After peeling Kitty-velcro off her torso, Syr walked out of the lounge, confident that her friend would figure out what to do from there. Finding her out cold on the carpet was a bit unexpected, but she had quickly regained her vitality once she put her bearings back together. That little incident was a testimony of success. The surprise had worked flawlessly.

Kneeling on the floor, Kitty observed the pets who weren't too sure how to behave. The Asian girl had passed out once, and they didn't want that to happen again. Talk about a weird introduction.

The first one to move was Vix. She walked to the nearest table and grabbed a bottle of water that Lucy kept at all times on the tables. A choking client was never a good thing, so free of charge water bottles were a small price to pay to prevent them from ending up at the hospital because they ate their cake too quickly.

With the bottle between her two cushy paws, she approached Kitty, who was still mesmerized by what she was seeing.

"Aww... Water for me? Thank you. I have to admit I'm a bit lightheaded. You are Vix, right?"

Vix nodded and sat next to Kitty before wrapping her arms around her waist. She and Kitty were pretty much the same size, so they could easily look at each other in the eyes.

"You are so cute! It's unbelievable. Okay, so you guys are Misti, Asha, and Meeka?"

That was quite impressive. For some reason, Kitty had managed to memorize all their names effortlessly, which earned her a round of applause from the pets. She took a big gulp of water, which rehydrated her throat.

"Can you guys talk?"

All the pets shook their heads asynchronously.

"Cool! That's hot. So, Vix? Syr said you were the first costume she made. When was that?"

The small red fox tilted her head to the side and brought a paw to her chin as if trying to remember. Was it two years ago already? Maybe a bit more? She pawed the carpet twice.

"Two months?"

Vix shook her head and pointed upward with her paw.

"TWO YEARS!?"

Vix nodded.

"I didn't even know her two years ago. Why didn't she tell me she was making those costumes?"

Poor Vix had absolutely nothing to do with this. Until now, she had never met Syr and didn't even know her under that name anyway. Elizabeth was the creator of the costumes. Was Syr her nickname or something? She didn't know and had no means to ask. So she shrugged.

"Have you met her before?"

Vix shook her head.

"Oh, I see. She really kept this a secret then. So, Misti and Clara were the first ones to meet her?"

Misti nodded. She was indeed the first one who had uncovered the mystery behind the costumes after she had ripped her tail off, and Lucy forced her to visit the creator of the pets in person to apologize. That little adventure had been very embarrassing but also very useful because she took much better care of her costume after that.

The black cat had also met Kitty, which didn't go super well. Kitty had pushed very hard to squeeze information out of her about their business and had even terrified Clara. But today, Kitty seemed a bit more vulnerable. She was just sitting there, on her knees, and had not even returned Vix's hug yet. Usually, nobody could resist Vix's charm, so that was a bit odd.

"So, Clara is a pet too?"

The pets shook their heads.

"Oh, she is not a pet? Odd. I thought she would be. She is all small and cute."

The pets nodded on that one. It was an accurate description of what Clara was.

"Sooo... Nobody told me anything about you guys. I don't know what I'm allowed to do or not. And since I'm a little bit out of control when I'm around people wearing rubber... I'm a bit scared to mess up. Can... Can I... touch you?"

The pets nodded.

For one rare time in her life, Kitty was uncomfortable. It somehow reminded her of when she first visited Mark at his townhouse. She was so shy to interact with her instant crush that she had messed up big time. Not only had she got drunk within fifteen minutes, but on top of that, she had decided that it was a good idea to put her latex catsuit on at the same time without even telling him. Things had turned out fantastically well, but it could have gone very wrong very quickly.

And now, with these incredible pet girls, she didn't want to remotely take the risk to mess up because she already knew in her heart that she wouldn't be able to survive away from them. So she disconnected her sexual brain for a moment and adopted her best behavior. Losing the most incredible thing she had ever seen was not an option.

Since the pets had granted her permission, she carefully rubbed Vix's back. Rubber was very familiar to Kitty, of course, but this felt different. It was not like cuddling with Erika to obtain sex. She had no idea who was in the fox suit and couldn't even have a chance to understand what

the wearer was thinking because of the black lenses covering her eyes. It was like cuddling... a real animal. A latex red fox. Not a human.

The very familiar scene of Vix getting the first cuddles of the day had annoyed the other pets, though, so they all converged to Kitty to get some affection too.

"Hey! What... What are you doing? Haha! Wait! Wait! Syr will scold me if I cause problems."

It was useless to resist the pets. Like a small cuddly rogue wave, they all crawled over Kitty until she ended up on her back with a bunch of cushy paws rubbing her all over. Was this even permitted?

There was nothing Kitty could have done against this, so she abandoned herself to the pets.

A bit later, still buried under the cuddly pets, Kitty heard the lounge door opening, but nobody came to tell her to leave the pets alone, which was a relief. The only worrying time was when a new pet she hadn't seen before, a black and white cat, pulled Misti away from her by force.

From afar, Kitty saw Clara sitting at a table and placing a bunch of plastic bottles in front of her. Then Misti climbed on the seat and laid down on her lap. Clara selected a bottle and did something with the black cat.

A bit curious about this strange activity, Kitty sat up to observe the scene better and asked Meeka about it.

"What are they doing, Meeka?"

Meeka briefly looked behind her and turned back to Kitty. With her cushy black paw, she poked her new friend in the stomach.

"Haha! That tickles. What do you mean? Is she feeding her?"

Meeka nodded.

"So, you guys don't take lunch breaks?"

Meeka shook her head, no.

"Are you saying that you are wearing this restrictive costume all day?"

Meeka shook her head, no, and rolled her paw, trying to say something else. It was interesting to see Kitty paying attention and grasping most of the non-verbal dialogue the pets threw at her. That made her look even cooler.

"No? You mean, you wear it for more than a day?"

Meeka nodded and clapped.

"... I'm doing the SAME! At home, I wear my latex catsuit all the time. I don't want to take it off, but everybody is asking me to. It's so annoying!"

Meeka nodded. Indeed, taking off her costume wasn't fun. But aside from that, when Kitty said she wore a latex catsuit at home, it made this little client even more intriguing.

"And do you sleep at the café too?"

Meeka nodded.

"So cool! And why can't you talk? Are you gagged or something?"

Meeka cocked her head to the side for a second, then made a "kind of" gesture. That was not really an angle she had looked at, so she had to think about it. Her mouthpiece was mainly there for comfort to allow her to stay in costume for longer, but Kitty had a point; it was an efficient gag as well. She had never discussed the "why" with Lucy because there was no need to. A silent pet was somewhat cuter than a talkative pet. If they would have been allowed to talk, Meeka could only imagine Trixie and Misti arguing all day long about random things. All the clients in the café would have left with bleeding ears. It was definitely better to prevent the pets from talking. Additionally, it brought a different dynamic. It forced everyone to take the time to listen to each other, the pets and the client alike. Today's society was an overload of pointless discussions, opinions, and arguing, so taking the time to listen and observe was almost a necessity these days.

"So, is this a job, or are you slaves?"

The three pets sitting next to Kitty all fell to the floor and started rolling around.

"Heeey! Don't laugh! I don't know. Syr didn't tell me anything about this place."

For the next little while, Kitty kept bombarding the pets with questions about the café. It was rare that a client had such a strong interest in what was going on here. Usually, they came to the café to pet the girls and eat some cake, but it was because THEY wanted to feel good. Those clients wanted to cuddle, feel the warm rubber with their hands, experience what it was like to be so close to cute kinky girls, a bit as if they wanted to convince themselves that they were capable of entertaining a relationship with a loved one without being rejected.

But with Kitty, it was different. The small Asian girl had a genuine desire to get to know them and understand how the café was working, and even why it was there in the first place. Obviously, she liked the latex costumes, but it didn't seem the most important part. She was much more interested in the "why." Why was Meeka a pet? Why was Vix so adorable? Why was Misti so playful?

One at a time, the pets went to eat in Clara's arms, which was fascinating to watch. But then, a few more clients entered the café to get sweet cakes and warm drinks. It was funny to see the pets happily climbing on these strangers to get and offer some cuddles. It was also entertaining to see a very anxious Clara running around trying to get their orders and keep things relatively under control. Soon enough, Kitty was alone with Meeka and Asha. It was a bizarre feeling to sit on the floor with them while the others got to work. It made her feel like a pet too. If more clients were to walk in, perhaps she would have to play with them too. It was not the reality, but it felt like it.

Syr pulled her out of her daydreaming when she entered the lounge with two plates.

"Kitty, I prepared you a little breakfast with what I found in the kitchen. Come eat."

As Kitty stood up, another client entered the lounge right after Syr. Since there were only two pets left, Meeka pulled on Kitty's arm.

"What is it, Meeka?"

Meeka pointed to Asha and then to herself.

"You want me to choose?"

The two pets nodded.

"Oh, that's easy! I want the raccoon!"

Asha, almost offended, glared at Meeka, but that earned her a raccoon paw in the face. She decided it was better to just trot to the new client. It was part of the life at the café.

"Come, Meeka. I'm starving."

Arm in arm, the two friends headed to the table where Syr had placed the plates. Meeka climbed on the seat first, followed by Kitty, who sat right next to her. The next few minutes would certainly be interesting. After having kept this place a secret for so long, Syr certainly had some explaining to do.

"So, Kitty... How do you like the animal café?"

"..."

Instead of answering, she poked a potato with her little fork and put it in her mouth. Not only did she not know how to answer that question, but on top of that, Syr already knew the answer.

"Are you mad at me for not telling you about it?"

"No."

"So, why the long face then?"

"I'm... not sure."

"You like latex and animals, no?"

"Of course I do. You know that! But... this is different."

"It is, Kitty. It is."

Between two bites, Kitty watched Meeka, who just sat there, looking adorable. Since she had set foot in the lounge and discovered the rubber pet girls, she still hadn't managed to wrap her head around this whole experience.

"Kitty, why don't you tell Meeka about what you are doing at home."

"What... am I doing at home?"

"Yes, your little habits."

"Oh, I already told her some stuff. I don't think I can tell her everything."

"Of course you can. Isn't that right, Meeka?"

Meeka nodded, suspecting what it might be, but she was surely interested to hear it from the horse's mouth. Kitty turned to her, a bit embarrassed to spill the beans in front of someone who was seemingly taking things even farther than she had been.

"Mmm... So, Meeka... I like wearing latex too... You understand that, right?"

Meeka nodded. Of course, she did.

"... And... I like to wear a restrictive suit, but now that I saw yours, mine doesn't feel that extreme anymore. Then... I like when my partners play with me... like... "play" with me..."

Meeka giggled inside her mask. What she heard just now wasn't very surprising. Sex and latex were a perfect match, and it was fantastic to know that Kitty was already comfortable with this combo. But the raccoon girl had a question burning her muzzle. She pointed at both Syr and Kitty at the same time and then brought her paws together.

"... You want to know if Syr and I are together?"

Meeka nodded.

"No. She is my friend. But I do have a boyfriend and a girlfriend. I know it's weird, but they are super nice. They tie me up and then... oops... I didn't mean to say that."

Déjà vu. Meeka had a friend, Oreo, who was into bondage big time. Nothing shocking slipped out of Kitty's mouth. Honestly, it was very common for people into latex to also like bondage. But what caught Meeka's attention the most was that Kitty seemed to be bi-sexual, which potentially opened the door wide to some extra fun.

Syr smirked as well since Kitty's behavior had drastically changed since they arrived at the café. The catgirl, who was generally inappropriately sexual, self-confident, borderline abusive, and clever, had turned into something much more toned down, which was incredibly surprising. One would have thought that being surrounded by her favorite things in the world, restrictive latex suits and cuddly cute girls, would have put her mind into overdrive. But no. Instead, she barely touched the pets, didn't address them with her usual dirty language, and even seemed to feel bad for having brought up her sexual habits. Something strange was going on.

"Kitty, what's wrong?"

"What do you mean? What did I do now?"

"Nothing. I just can't help but notice that you are not yourself since we got here. I thought you'd be happier than that."

"I AM happy, Syr. But I'm scared!"

"Scared!? Why? Scared of what?"

"Well, I know you... If I do something you don't like, you'll scold me, and we will have to leave."

"I wouldn't do that."

"Yes, you would. You are all protective of your work and hide it from me all the time. All those costumes are your work, so if I do something slightly inappropriate, you'll kick me out."

Instead of denying it, Syr lowered her head, reflecting on what Kitty had just said. Meeka moved a bit closer and rubbed Kitty's back, sensing a hint of frustration in her voice. The café wasn't a place where people should feel anxious. It was a place to have fun, get sweet cuddles, and enjoy the overall experience.

It was true that Syr had been very secretive, always using the pretense of preserving her client's privacy to deny Kitty's access to her workshop. But it was also true that she did this a lot for herself. She had hidden the animal costumes for a long time because she feared Kitty would incessantly bug her to get one too, something she couldn't do because of her contract with Lucy.

Only now, she realized that it was a bit mean and realized that it had affected Kitty more than she thought. Sure, Kitty was playful and expert at annoying people just for fun, but she didn't mean bad. Being prevented to see what was going on in her workshop over and over had perhaps caused some unnecessary distrust. And now that Syr had finally decided to share the incredible work she had done for the Cakes and Pets with her friend, that was enough to cause a conflict. She had stretched the rubber band too much, and it had just snapped in her face. Asking Kitty to share with Meeka her private life had been the opposite of what Syr had done about her workshop.

She felt selfish.

Her eyes returned to Kitty, who was stuffing her mouth with eggs and potatoes while playing with her new raccoon friend, not too sure how much she had hurt her.

"I'm... sorry, Kitty."

"What for?"

"For not telling you earlier about this place."

"I would say, yes! You knew I would have loved it."

"Yes. And... this is why I didn't tell you."

"... and what is that supposed to mean exactly?"

"I thought... you would bug me... to get a costume... But you know, I can't... because of the contract with Lucy... It's not that I don't want to make one for you... it's just..."

"Woah woah! Stop! Are you saying you thought I wouldn't be smart enough to understand that?"

"... No... It's just..."

"Syr... I'm almost thirty years old! Come on!"

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

"Shhh! Not another word. I have decided what your punishment would be for underestimating me..."

"... punishment? What are you talking about."

"Shhh! Brace yourself!"

Kitty turned to the rubber raccoon and whispered something in her animal ear. Did she even realize that her raccoon ears were not her real ones? Nevertheless, Meeka understood everything Kitty had told her and stood up on the bench. She then expertly stepped on the table and crossed over to the other side of the booth, right next to Syr, who stared at her from below, a bit intimidated; she had created those costumes, but it felt quite different when they were animated by skilled girls.

Meeka then raised her paws high in the air as if she was going to smack Syr in the face, but instead, she let it fall softly on top of her head, which had been enough for her target to lower her head and raise her shoulder. A gentle head rub ensued, ruffling her short blonde hair. Meeka was petting her, to Kitty's great satisfaction.

"Ha! Syr! You are such a cute pet!"

"..."

"I'll totally tell Mark to force you to wear a cute animal costume at home. You wanted him to be more masterly, no?"

"... No! Don't tell him that. I'm not a pet!"

"Well, what are you going to give me in exchange for my silence, then?"

"... Are you blackmailing me? ... Meeka, please, stop petting my head."

"No, Meeka! Keep going... She likes it!"

Of course, Kitty knew Syr wouldn't push the cute raccoon away, which was hilarious.

"Fiiine! I won't keep secrets from you anymore."

"So... I can go sit in your workshop whenever I want to?"

"... Yes... I guess it would be okay."

"And, I can touch the pets a bit more without you scolding me?"

From afar, unaware of what the little trio was discussing, Clara noticed Meeka standing on the couch and reprimanded her.

"Meeka! Lucy told you not to stand on the couch. You might fall, and then she is going to be really mad."

Meeka crouched down, just enough to reach the legal limit of height. Syr sighed and rubbed her neck while reaching for her coffee cup.

"Kitty, I don't have a word to say here. It's Lucy's café, and Clara is the one enforcing the rules today. She will tell you if you go too far."

Meeka nodded.

"Meeka, you'll tell Kitty too, right?"

Meeka nodded again.

"Alright then. Finish your food and go play. We won't stay here all day."

"I'm done eating already! Come Meeka! That pile of fluffy pillows at the back looks super comfy."

Meeka crawled under the table to get out, and Kitty ran after her.

"Kitty! You didn't even finish your plate... aaaah! Whatever!"

Trying to reason with Kitty was pointless when she was in that mood. Plus, the animal café was her surprise, her gift. It wouldn't be the right thing to do to prevent her from having fun, not after understanding that she could be trusted. Syr had understood her mistake, and how it had hurt her friend, it would be a long road to breaking that habit of being too secretive. The whole point of having friends was to share life together after all.

Kitty quickly reached the pile of pillows in the corner and let herself fall flat on her back.

"Oof! That's like a giant pile of marshmallows. Haha!"

The raccoon girl didn't wait one second before climbing on top of her. There was something about Kitty that was so familiar. That girl was very much like a playful pet, a natural, as they said. And now that she had been freed from her invisible leash, it was even better. Kitty finally let her true personality out, and her hands traveled on Meeka's rubber body, including butt and boobs, discreetly, so Clara wouldn't notice.

For the small cat girl, this was a perfect day.

Two days later.

"Mark! I'm going out on a date!"

"A date? Shouldn't you let Erika and I know before adding extra lovers to our already messed up relationship?"

"I'm telling you now!"

"Okay, cathead, what's the deal?"

Kitty has always been like that. She climbed on me out of nowhere and spat some non-sense, trying to provoke me for entertainment purposes. But it didn't work as well as before. I had developed a certain immunity over time. That said, this time around, it was a bit strange. Kitty never left the house on her own, and she had dressed up much better than usual.

"Okay, I'm not really going on a date. But I'm going out with a friend."

"..."

"Whaaaat!?"

"Kitty, you don't have friends outside Syr. What's going on? What friend?"

"You don't know her. But she is a cute girl. You'd like to fuck her."

"No, thanks! With Erika, Syr, and you, that's pretty much all I can handle if I want to keep my sanity."

"Mark, your sanity was obliterated a long time ago."

"Right. So, who is she?"

"Just a girl I met when I went downtown with Syr the other day."

Since Kitty went to that animal café with Syr last weekend, her mood had been a hundred percent better than recently. She had respected her word not to wear her latex suit all the time, and her relationship with Syr had greatly improved too. It was like they were closer to each other all of a sudden, not that there was anything wrong with it.

I pinched her cheeks and pulled them out to give her a funny face.

"Kitty, you text me if you need me, okay? Don't do anything stupid."

"I woon't. I'm not a child."

"Do you need a ride?"

"No, Syr is giving me a ride already."

"Syr? Alright? Why not Erika or me?"

"Because Syr is prettier."

"You know you are going to pay for that comment later, cathead."

"Yes! Please! Be rough and dominant! You can choke me and slap me and..."

"... Seriously. Get out of here. Go have fun with your new friend."

Kitty leaned forward and kissed me. Definitely, someone was in a good mood.

As my small cat girl walked away to find Syr, who waited for her outside, I couldn't help but notice that she looked awfully normal for once. Something had happened to her. I didn't know what it was, but it was good.

I decided to escort her to the car. She brought her little backpack along, the same one she had the first day we've met, and it felt like I was walking a kid to the bus stop for her first day of school. Kitty had never gone out with friends once. It was a very strange feeling to let her go on her own. Half of it was worry, and the other half was pride.

After Syr got in the driver's seat, I rested my hands on the top of the door, leaning forward to squeeze some info out of her.

"Do you know who her friend is?"

"Yes, Master Mark."

"You aren't going to tell me?"

"No."

"Even if I order you to?"

"No. Kitty is your girlfriend. Not mine."

"Yes... I guess you are right. Alright, see you later, you two."

The car backed out the driveway, and as they drove away. Kitty waved goodbye at me through the open window and shot me with one last bullet.

"Byyye, Mark! See you tomorrow!"

"... wait... WHAT? KITTY! What do you mean, tomorrow? Hey! Come back, cathead!"

If there were one thing I would never learn, it was that I could trust my girlfriends to continuously play with my head, even when I least expected it.

"Haaa! That's what you look like!"

"Haha. Yes. How are you, Kitty?"

"OH! You can talk too?"

"Indeed."

Shortly after Syr had dropped Kitty off downtown and drove away, Meeka had shown up, out of costume, at the pre-arranged meeting spot. The two short girls hugged each other. It was early in the morning and surprisingly warm for this time of the year; wearing a jacket was almost unnecessary.

"Aww! You hug me the same way as the raccoon!"

"It's because I'm the same person. Haha. Let's go grab a hot drink and chat. Do you like coffee?"

"Yes. But I always drink whatever Syr serves me."

"Haha, Kitty. You keep calling her Syr. I know her name is Elizabeth. Where does that nickname come from?"

"It's a long story, Meeka. I'll tell you all about it later. It involves sex and slavery!"

"You are so weird! But, yes, please. We all admire her, yet, we barely know anything about who she is. All we know is that she is sooo pretty! When she showed up with you at the café the other day, we all fell in love."

"Haha. You should see her wearing a swimsuit. But, she is into males and males only, so don't dream too much. I tried to coerce her to no avail."

"That's fine. Dreaming doesn't cost anything. Alright, let's go."

The two girls trotted to the nearest coffee shop and ordered a little something before sitting at a quiet table in the corner of the room. Kitty, unused to ordering anything by herself, opted for hot chocolate and a carrot muffin while Meeka simply went for a black coffee.

"Drinks must have sugar in them, Meeka!"

"You sound like Trixie. She is such a glutton."

"Trixie? Mmm, I don't think I remember who that was."

"You don't know her. She wasn't there when you visited. She is a white rabbit."

"Oooh... Right. The one who broke her arm. I heard Clara talk about her at some point. Is she okay?"

"Yes. She is going to be on sick leave for a while, though."

"That's sad."

Meeka watched the steam rise from her coffee. This topic, a priori common, had made her uneasy a bit faster than she had expected. Something weighed on her soul, and she knew keeping it bottled up was probably not the right course of action. She just needed to find a good way to bring it up.

"Soooo, Kitty... I invited you to spend time with me because I thought you were awesome."

"Uh? I know that! Haha! I'm amazing! I tell Mark and Erika all the time!"

"Haha. Your partners, right? It looks like you are open-minded."

"Yush! I love them! I'm fortunate to have them. But they keep telling me that I need to make new friends. So here I am."

"New friends are good. Buuut... Hum..."

"Uh?"

"Well... I didn't tell you the whole truth when I invited you over yesterday."

"Are you going to rape me, Meeka? Because if you do, I'm totally in! You can do it as often as you want! Until I can't move anymore..."

"What!? No! Haha! You are nuts! No... okay... Let me give it to you straight. I'm one of the three original pets. Vix was the first, then Trixie, then me. So I've known Lucy for over two years now, and she trusts me a lot."

"Okay?"

"So, since we lost Trixie, who is a crowd favorite, we are going to be short-staffed. So, I told Lucy that I knew a friend who was willing to try to be a pet for a day, mostly to give Lucy time to get her bearings together and rearrange our schedule."

"..."

At that point, Kitty's jaw fell to the floor and pretty much stayed there. Mouth wide open, she stared at Meeka with a blank face as if what she had just heard broke something inside her brain.

"Uh? Kitty? You okay?"

"..."

"You... you don't have to say yes... I mean, you told me you liked to wear latex so... I just thought that..."

Kitty sprang to her leg and carelessly slammed her two hands on the table, making their drinks wobble dangerously. Good thing Meeka was quick and grabbed the two cups.

"YES!"

"Aaah! You scared me!"

"YES! YES! YES!"

"Oh... So, you want to try?"

"YES!"

"Good... This is also why I asked if you wanted to sleep over. If you don't piss Lucy off today, she agreed to let you sleep with us at the café. But you don't have to wear your costume at night, of course."

"Bahaha. This is awesome, Meeka! You have so much to learn about me! I could wear a latex suit for months in a row!"

Little did Meeka know that Kitty was actually serious. Spending a night in latex was not only very easy for her, but on top of that, she needed it. This day was quickly turning into something better than Christmas for the small Asian girl. Coming here at first just to spend time with Meeka and get to know her, that plan went out the window real quick and was replaced with something a thousand times better. She would get to spend time with Meeka AND wearing one of those incredible animal rubber suits.

"So, it is a yes?"

"YES!"

"Alright then. I think Lucy has a new trainee she found as well, so you won't be the only newbie."

"The more pets, the merrier!"

"I can't disagree with that. Finish your muffin, and then we can go to the café."

As a kid would do out of innate generosity, Kitty used her little fingers for ripping her muffin in two halves and giving one of them to Meeka.

"There... if you help me, it will go faster."

After a ten minutes walk, the new friends arrived in front of the café. Meeka was rather calm, but Kitty was getting anxious. She just couldn't wait before trying one of those petsuits. Despite her excitement, a spontaneous question popped inside her head. Her hand grabbed Meeka's shirt before she could open the door.

"Hey... Meeka, wait. Does... Does Lucy know who I am?"

"What do you mean? I told her you were a friend. Nothing more."

"But... Does she know I'm Syr's friend?"

"Oh, no. She doesn't know that."

"Should I tell her?"

"No. Let's not go there. It's not important. Lucy is super nice and won't dig into your private life unless you want her to. All the pets know who you are now, but they won't say a word. Mind you, if they don't see you before you put your costume on, they won't have any idea who you are either."

"Okay then, I won't say anything for now. Come on! Let's go in! Haha! I can't wait!"

Meeka opened the door and let Kitty in first. Since the place wasn't yet open, nobody was around. Trying to find Lucy, Meeka went to the kitchen, but she wasn't there.

"Let's go upstairs. She is probably in the costume room. Follow me."

The two small women climbed the narrow staircase and quickly arrived at the top floor of the café. Kitty noticed those strange pods in one of the rooms, but before she could wrap her head around what they were used for, she ended up face to face with a taller woman.

Meeka bounced forward and stood up next to her.

"Lucy, this is Kitty. Kitty, Lucy, the owner of the café."

"Kitty, uh? Is that your real name?"

"No, my name is Theresa, but I don't like it. So people call me Kitty instead."

"And you want to get a job as a pet?"

As Lucy said the word "job," Kitty's neck twitched violently. Working was not something she had ever considered doing because it was much easier to let Mark and Erika pay for everything, but in this current scenario, her answer to that unexpected question mattered.

"Y... yes... I mean... having a job... is good. Right? Hehe..."

"Yes, it is. So, working here as a pet is not a game. It's not just about wearing a latex suit and looking cute. Meeka told you all about that already, I'm sure."

"Y... yes... Of course. I'll... work hard."

"Good. I'm glad we have an understanding. There is no tolerance for slackers around here. Let's go to the costume room and dress you up then. Meeka told me that you are familiar with wearing latex suits, so it's going to make my life easier."

"Yes... a little..."

Lie after lie, Kitty made her way to the costume room, trying not to say something wrong that would either expose her strong slacker personality or display her high perversion level. But soon, her worries vanished. She entered the small room, and on the shelves, there were several beautiful pet suits. Immediately, she wondered which one she would get to wear.

There was a white rabbit, probably Trixie's, a raccoon for Meeka, a dog suit, a little wolf, and a fabulous cheetah. At that point, there was no doubt in Kitty's mind as to which one she wanted the wear. She HAD to wear the cheetah costume. Cats were the best.

But there was a little problem... Competition.

"Kitty, Meeka, this is Stella. She is applying for a job too. You'll get along because she is also familiar with wearing latex."

"N... nice to meet you."

"Alright, please undress. The café is going to open soon, so you have to suit up. Stella, you are going to be Savannah, the cheetah."

Kitty's neck twitched again as her hope to wear the cheetah costume had crumbled to dust because of that other newbie. Would it be inappropriate to ask Lucy to change her mind? Maybe Stella didn't care too much about what she would wear. Unfortunately, her joyful scream busted that last theory.

"YAY! I get to wear the cheetah! It's my favorite!"

"But... I... I would have liked... to wear it too..."

"No, Kitty. You are going to be Apricot, the dog."

"..."

Meeka sensed the problem here and rubbed Kitty's back to comfort her. She knew very well that once covered head to toe in the suit, no matter which one it was, they pretty much all felt the same. But for sure, a girl nicknamed Kitty probably had a soft spot for cats.

"Come Kitty. I'll help you dress up while Lucy takes care of Stella."

"But... I really wanted the cheetah."

"I know. But Apricot is super cute too. You'll see. The clients love her."

Kitty wasn't shy at all about her body. She stripped naked without any second thought while Stella seemed a bit more self-conscious, trying to hide her boobs and crotch. At least it was sweet revenge over the girl who had stolen her favorite costume. Kitty was also faster at putting

her latex suit on, which was another win. Lucy even noticed her unusual skill and gave her a satisfying thumbs up.

Meeka held the doggy paws while Kitty pushed her hands into them.

"Oh... Those are very comfy. I won't be able to grab anything. That so h..."

"Shhh... Kitty. Quiet. Don't say things like that in front of Lucy."

"Sorry... I said nothing."

"Alright. Are you ready for the mask?"

"Meooof!"

"Bhaha... Weirdest sound ever coming from a kitty becoming a doggy. So, the mouthpiece goes in first, then the nose tubes. It feels strange at first, but it will get very comfortable after a short time."

"Don't even worry about it! I love it already! What about you, Stella the cheetah?"

"Urrrh... That's going to be odd... but... I'll do my best."

"Don't worry! It's going to go deep inside your skull and... Ow!"

Seeing where Kitty was going with this, Meeka had to put a stop to her vindictive behavior by pinching one of her nipples through the latex. Lucy didn't say a word, but she certainly heard everything, and the trainee's attitude was an element she would definitely consider before hiring anybody. If Kitty weren't careful, she could shoot herself in the foot.

"Kitty, stop taunting her. She is not your enemy."

"Bah... She stole my... mmmph!"

"There you go... open wider so I can push the mouthpiece all the way in, and then put your teeth in the trenches. It's silicone, so it's super comfy."

Of course, Kitty got turned on a bit because she loved being gagged. It was a good thing she couldn't talk anymore because she would certainly have said something inappropriate. When the nose tubes slid deep inside her nostrils, that too gave her a little rush of pleasure that she barely managed to conceal. Those suits were even better than what she had expected.

But really, the best part was when Meeka pulled the hood over her head. It was the first time Kitty wore a mask with black lenses allowing her to see the world while nobody could see her eyes. There was a sense of functionality mixed with anonymity. After making sure her long black hair wasn't in the way, Meeka zipped her up, molding her torso, shoulders, neck, and head inside the smooth latex. The material was arguably better quality than her regular suits. The rubber was thicker.

Kitty turned around and hugged Meeka while bouncing.

"Heeey! Chill! I know you love it, but we are not done yet! We need to ensure the clients can't unzip your suit. They always try."

While Meeka stepped aside to fetch whatever she had in mind, Kitty felt quite happy when she noticed Lucy struggling to put Stella's mask on. So far, she was winning the race big time. Her chances of being hired were way up...

Then she paused... Did she really think about... getting hired? Meeka had not told her anything about getting a job. It was simply an assumption Lucy had made earlier, not knowing that Meeka had simply invited her to experience a day as a pet. But now, the small catgirl wearing the dog suit would have something to think about until she could speak again.

Something clicked at the back of her neck.

"There. All locked up until we decide it's over. Haha!"

"..."

"Naaah. Don't worry, Kitty. If you want out, just let Lucy know. Usually, newbies don't last very long. It's normal."

Kitty shook her head. She was confident in her ability to wear latex. Actually, not wearing a rubber suit was harder for her.

"Do you want to see what Apricot looks like?"

Kitty nodded.

"There is a big mirror in the corner. Look at yourself. You are sooo cute. It's great to have Apricot back finally."

Looking at herself in the mirror was indeed very different than looking at an inert costume sitting on a shelf. Kitty was obviously a cat person, but she liked all animals, including herself at the moment. She was one sexy doggy.

Putting her finger on a single breed was not possible as this was more an artistic creation than a specific dog replica. Still, she could sense some Labrador and Golden retriever inspiration. Her pale caramel skin with white belly going all the way up to her muzzle was pleasing to look at, and the clients would certainly play a lot with her squarish floppy ears. The black eyes definitely

fitted her canine look. Her rubbery dog tail was squishy and kind of funny to wag around, even though it was bulkier than her usual cat tail.

After a little while, and not without some difficulties, Savannah was also ready, looking felinely magnificent. Kitty thought Stella looked better that way than when she was a human, but it was just to be mean.

"Alright, Meeka. Walk them to the lounge and tell Misti to come to see me."

"Misti? Why?"

"I'm giving her the day off. She was very worried about Trixie, so I'm pretty sure she won't say no to going back home to take care of her. We have two extra pets today, so we will be fine."

"Alright. Come, Apricot and Savannah. I'll show you the lounge.

Of course, Kitty had seen the lounge from up close already, but she just played along, skipping her way happily toward the door. This was a good day.

The girl and her pets returned to the first floor, and Meeka let them in the famous lounge. Unsurprisingly, Vix, Misti, Asha, and Oreo stared at the newcomers. They were familiar with the costumes but not the wearers. Still, a warm welcome couldn't hurt, so they fast-walked to them to offer some free welcoming hugs.

"Misti. Come with me. Lucy is giving you the day off so you can go take care of Trixie."

Misti pointed at herself.

"Yes. We have enough pets today, and Trixie would be happy to see you. Come on. Hurry. I have to dress up too, and Lucy has to open the café."

Misti nodded and followed her friend out of the lounge. She was sad not to be able to learn more about the newbies, but it was more important to go take care of her suffering friend, who was pretty much her lover too.

The workday hadn't even begun that Kitty was all over her new friends. Vix was so adorable, Asha climbed back on a table and tried to get some more sleep, and Oreo seemed awfully intrigued by Savannah, who didn't seem too much into it. She kept rubbing her muzzle with her cushy paws, attempting to make her inserts a bit more comfortable. Why would it bug her that much? Kitty's philosophy was that every orifice had a role to play in life, and penetrating them was supposed to be enjoyable. Actually, she found she could breathe better with those nose tubes in, so all was good.

A bit later, Meeka, all dressed up as a raccoon, entered the lounge, followed by Lucy. The latter pulled Apricot and Savannah aside and made them sit side by side on a couch while she sat in front of them.

"Okay, the café is open now, and the clients will show up soon. I think it's going to be a busy day, so get ready to work hard."

The pets nodded.

"So, just a few tips and rules. See the room in the corner over there. If you have any problem whatsoever with a client or anything else and I'm not around, you go in there, and you press the big red button with your paw. I'll come to rescue you right away. If you need water or food, just let me know, but your lunch is at noon, so you'll get fed. You just have to be patient because I can only feed one of you at a time. Clara is not here to help me today."

The pets nodded again.

"So, now, your job is just to take good care of the clients. I don't mind them touching you here and there as long as it's nothing sexual. It's up to you to tell them what is good or too much. But crotch rubbing is a big no, and if it happens, you tell me immediately. And that is valid for you as well, no touching the clients in inappropriate places, that's not what the café is about."

Savannah nodded, but Kitty was a bit disappointed. Wearing latex without getting fucked hard was a relatively distressing prospect.

"You have a problem with that, Apricot?"

Apricot shook her head, no. She would have to focus if she wanted to do better than her competition.

"Good, we are all set then. Take great care of the clients, make them stay and buy more cakes, and if you do well, perhaps you'll be able to do it again in the future."

The pets nodded.

As soon as Lucy left her seat, Kitty stared at Stella through her black eyes. It was not evident to know what she was thinking, but she was pretty sure the rivalry was on. This girl wouldn't sell more cakes than her. She would not allow it.

But there was one problem. Even though Kitty had been a valuable asset at keeping the clients entertained at the Cats of the Caribbean, her most efficient skill, her voice spitting insanities like an eternal river, would be unusable. How would she manage to entertain the guests if she couldn't make them believe that they had a shot at fucking her? It was a bit problematic.

She got off her seat and went straight to Meeka, who offered some reassuring cuddles.

It only took about 10 minutes before Lucy let the first clients into the lounge; a young couple, a male a female. Not wanting to lose her chance to experience this, Apricot rushed to them and literally tackled them as if to say, "mine!"

"Oof! Doggy! Yes, yes. You are very cute. A bit intense, though."

Meeka grabbed her doggy friends by the waist and pulled her away from them. The clients then turned to another pet they were familiar with.

"Viiiix! Yay! You are working today. Come. We have so much to tell you."

Vix trotted to them and pushed her back against the woman's chest, wanting to be hugged. Those seemed to be regulars, and Vix was their favorite pet ever.

As the little group walked to the nearest table, Meeka signaled Apricot to calm down a bit. There was no reason to rush this. Chances were high that soon enough, a dog lover client would show up and select her. It wasn't something she could force upon people. To Kitty, this felt a bit unfair, she thought, because a lot more clients would lean toward the cheetah rather than the dog. Cats were the best, after all.

Shortly after, a few more clients showed up. This time, Apricot kept her distance, letting them choose whatever pets they wanted to spend time with. To her greatest despair, Savannah was the second one to go... then Asha... then Oreo... then Meeka... That couldn't be good. She lowered her head and went to the pillow pile in the corner and belly-flopped on it. Being a pet without being petted was not that fun, and now that she was alone in her corner, it was even worse on her morale.

For many long minutes, she relaxed, eyes closed behind her mask, and let her mind wander around. It could only remind her of home when Mark and Erika were at work, and Syr isolated herself in her workshop. At first, it wasn't a problem. She liked staying inside her crate, waiting patiently for someone to come get her. But since she moved into Erika's home with Mark, she got used to being surrounded by the people she loved.

Mark always took good care of Kitty, Erika was so into her for sex and other twisted games, and Syr always addressed her other non-kinky needs, like talking and eating. But everybody got busy with work recently, and waiting was not as fun. She was even a bit lonely at times.

The animal café had changed something, though. After having spent a few hours playing with Meeka and the other pets a couple of days ago, she got a sense that, maybe, it would be a good idea to make more friends. Not necessarily to do perverted activities, but just to expose herself to something different... something that was more... like her.

There was no question about it; she was still madly in love with Mark. Erika was a lot of fun too, and there was no one else like Syr, particularly when she wore her bikini. However, they all lived under the same roof, had the same routine, and didn't do much outside trying not to go insane because of their jobs. Now that Kitty had a steady life and felt safe around those people, perhaps it was time to look into doing something new with her life. Would getting a job be the answer to this growing sense of emptiness?

"Apricot? APRICOT! What are you doing? Are you asleep?"

Apricot turned to her back and looked at the person who had startled her, Lucy. And she didn't look too too happy.

"What are you doing, lazy butt? There are two new clients over there. They wanted to spend time with you, but they weren't sure if they could because you looked dead on those pillows. Come on! I gave you a great opportunity here, at least try to do your job."

That couldn't be good. She had not noticed these new clients getting in the lounge, and now Lucy caught her napping in the corner instead of taking care of them. Very bad timing.

"Don't look at me with those puppy eyes. Go say hi to them! They almost left. Don't forget that people come here mainly to spend time with the pets. If they can't do that, they might not stick around."

Apricot got up on her feet and rushed to the other end of the lounge, trying to find the clients, but Lucy recalled her and rolled her eyes.

"Nooo! Silly dog. They are here. Come on, Apricot. Use your eyes!"

She trotted back toward the booth that Lucy was pointing at. Because of the tall backrest, she couldn't see who they were right away, which was kind of exciting. Who would be her first clients? Two girls? Two guys? A male and a female? Young? Old? Cute? Ugly? Fat? Skinny? Black? White? Brown? Nice? Angry? Nerdy? Boring? Fun? The possibilities were endless.

Back to her previous thought, could this be a job she liked? Could it be what she needed for a change of pace? A place to express herself that wasn't home? Clearly, she loved people, and she loved latex, and she loved animals, and her new friend Meeka was incredible. If she stopped angering Lucy for a minute, perhaps she could get a job here.

"Alright. Apricot was asleep, so that's why she is a bit lost. She joined the café a couple of years ago, so I'm sure she will take good care of you two."

Apricot looked at Lucy in shock. That was such a lie... or was it? The Apricot costume was not new. Earlier today, she had heard Meeka talking about how she had missed that costume. Perhaps another girl wore this character in the past and had moved on.

Lucy rubbed her head and walked away.

"Do a good job, Apricot. I'm counting on you."

Apricot nodded before making the last few steps separating her from the clients and discovering them for the first time.

When her eyes landed on them, she stopped breathing.

"AAAWWW! Mark! Look! She is soooo cuuuute!"

"Deja vu..."

"Ah! Come on! That's not the same as what you are used to. If you don't cheer up a little, I'll gut you like a fish!"

"Fiiine, Erika. But let's not stay here all day, okay."

"Awww... Don't listen to the mean man over there. Come sit next to me, doggy!"

Apricot looked left and right but couldn't believe what she was seeing. Mark and Erika, her romantic partners, were here at the café for no apparent reason. Syr must have told them about this place... but at the same time, Syr had no idea that Kitty would be here today. All Syr knew was that she was going to spend time with Meeka. There were no talks about going to the café again. So... HOW!? WHY!?

Not having any answers to those questions, Apricot thought it would be better just to play the game and gather more information. She didn't even know if they knew if she was a pet or which one. Walking away from them wasn't an option since Lucy would undoubtedly kick her out, so she climbed on the seat and sat next to Erika. Being very close to the girl she savagely fucked every night was definitely not a challenging experience.

"Haha! Look at her, Mark! So cute. Well, if the dog has been around for a couple of years, we can scratch her off our list. It's hard to tell which one Kitty could be. They are all small and adorable."

"Syr didn't say Kitty was working here. She just said that it was the place they visited the other day."

"I know, but... I could totally see her working here. It would be perfect for her."

"Well, why don't you ask your new dog then. Maybe she knows something we don't."

"Good point... Apricot, is it? Do you know a girl named Kitty? Or Theresa?"

Apricot shook her head, no. Lying was absolutely appropriate.

"Do you know a woman named Syr? Or Elizabeth? She is the one who crafted your costume."

Apricot faked thinking about it for a moment but then offered a generic lie. She shook her head, no. This was super fun.

"What? You don't know who made your costume?"

Same hypocritical answer.

"So, you've never met a small Asian lady who always talks about sex?"

"ERIKA! Don't get us kicked out, at least. This is a café, not a nightclub. The owner was pretty clear about that."

Trying to defuse the situation and stop the ongoing interview, Apricot stood on the bench and, with the cushy paw, dragged the plastified food menu toward Erika. Not only she had to sell

cakes if she wanted to be hired, but it would have the benefit of shutting Erika up. It would have been easier if it had been a whiskey lounge, though.

"Aaah! You want me to try a cake?"

Apricot nodded.

"You've been here for a long time. So, which one should I get?"

Apricot had never seen that menu before, so she had no idea about what she was doing. For the sake of trying to be entertaining, she comfortably sat between Erika's legs and looked at the menu through her smoked lenses while her red-haired companion held her by the waist.

Having an ace up her sleeve, basically knowing Erika like the back of her hand, she spotted the Triple chocolate cake and tried to isolate it on the menu with her big paws.

"Oh... Nice. You are well trained, doggy. I love chocolate. It looks delicious."

Apricot then pointed at Mark and selected the most sugary-looking cake from the menu, knowing very well that he wasn't a fan of sugar at all. That would teach him to invade her privacy like this without warning.

"Haha... Alright. He can try that one."

"Can't I choose my own cake?"

"No, our café dog is a superior species. She gets to decide in your stead."

"Very funny. At least let me choose my drink."

Erika was unsurprisingly not shy to pet her new rubber companion. Apricot returned the affection but giggled internally because her girlfriend had no clue who she was. Lucy's lie had thrown her off track big time, to the point where both Mark and Erika were now scrutinizing the other pets from afar to determine if Kitty could be one of them.

"She can't be the fox. Kitty doesn't move like that at all."

"I agree... And the raccoon... It's hard to tell. But I don't think that's her either."

"Yeah, no. Kitty would never wear anything else than a cat costume. She would make a fuss about it until she gets what she wants."

"Yes. She would be like, I must wear the cat costume! I must!"

"Haha. So true."

That last snippet of discussion was almost offensive to Apricot. She was nothing like that... Well, maybe a little. But they made it sound way worse than the reality, in her opinion.

"So, I think she might be the black and white cat."

"I don't know, Mark. I think the cheetah is more her body shape."

"No, definitely not. Kitty got fat recently because of all those brie and fig jam grilled cheese she eats."

That time, Apricot sank in her seat, crossing her arms. She wasn't fat... she was just a bit healthier... And Mark would totally pay for that comment later. She would bite his dick off. But now wasn't the right time to act on this as she would get discovered.

"How are we going to find out? I'm pretty sure the owner lady won't tell us. And Kitty won't tell us either. She probably saw us walking in already anyway and just ignored us. She might be mad because we came to her café without her permission."

"Erika, we don't need permission to come here. Anyway, we wouldn't have found out about that place if you had not exchanged the information for a new light novel. You knew Syr wouldn't say no to that."

"Whatever! I just wanted to see why Kitty wanted to come here so badly. Now, I know."

It was not easy for Apricot to keep a straight face even with a mask on. Now she would have to take revenge on Mark, Erika, but also Syr, who had spilled the beans just to get a new nerdy book. That said, learning the truth from unsuspecting people was also amusing. That was one more thing to love about being a pet at the animal café.

For the next little while, Apricot innocently listened to the conversation. It was no longer enjoyable because they talked about work and other boring things, but at least she got to cuddle with Erika during all that time. Lucy had dropped by to take their order and, a few minutes later, bring the cakes to the table. Erika loved hers, but Mark thought his was too sweet, which was well-deserved.

Mark and Erika agreed that Oreo, the black and white cat, was the most probable candidate to be Kitty, but they had no way to confirm it. Only a bit later, when Oreo's clients left, the small black and white cat, exhausted, dragged her feet toward the pillow pile for a short nap before lunch.

"Oh, Erika. Look... The cat is coming."

"She won't tell you, Mark. It's pointless. They can't even talk."

"I know... But I have an idea. Just watch... Hey! KITTY!"

Oreo stopped in her tracks and turned to Mark, who was seemingly talking to her. The small cat pointed at herself, wanting to confirm she was his target.

"AH! I knew it! She IS Kitty!"

"..."

"Come here, Kitty. We suspected it was you."

Oreo scratched her head, having no idea what this guy was talking about. Nonetheless, it was her job to entertain the guests, so she walked to the table and sat next to him. That done, Erika had an urge to make him understand how dumb his strategy had been.

"Mark... If you call a cat "Kitty," how is she supposed to react?"

"... Hmm... I didn't think about that..."

"Hey, small cat, are you OUR kitty?"

Oreo scratched her head some more. Did they mean Kitty, as in her being a cat, or as in the girl who had visited a couple of days ago? How was she supposed to know who they were talking about? She shook her head and laid down on Mark for her nap. Trying to understand those strange people was irrelevant.

"Yeah, I don't think that's her, Mark, but she likes you."

"Urgh... I have enough latex catgirls at home. I don't need another one snoozing on my lap."

"Hey, be nice. That cat did nothing to you. Alright. Finish your cake so we can go to the giant liquor store. That's why we came downtown in the first place. There are a few bottles of whiskey I wanted to add to my collection."

"You spend way too much on those."

"To each his own. I play with my whiskey, and you play with your nerdy maid."

The day went by, and Apricot got to experience many fun things at the café. First, obviously, was that her real-life partners, Mark and Erika, had come and gone, not suspecting for one second that she was wearing the cute dog costume. Then, at lunchtime, Lucy showed her softer side when teaching her how to eat and drink while in costume. She thought it was kind of hot, but Stella, wearing Savannah, didn't appreciate the experience nearly as much, which was satisfying to watch. And from the afternoon to the evening, Apricot got to spend a lot of time with many different clients. Lucy had asked her if she wanted a break, but she was not remotely finding this job difficult to do, so she declined.

She also got to spend time with all the other pets, who, outside Meeka, had no clue that she was the same girl who had visited with Syr two days ago. They were still as friendly but would certainly make a funny face when Meeka would tell them later about who wore the dog costume.

It was only fun and entertainment until the sun had completely disappeared behind the city buildings. Lucy was closing the café, but before she could leave, she had something else to take care of. As usual, the lounge was tranquil after a busy day. The pets rested here and there on the comfy sofas or pillow pile and even on top of a table, Asha's favorite spot to chill.

"Savannah, Apricot! Come here, please."

The two small pets extracted themselves from their comfy position, Savannah from the pillow pile and Kitty from Meeka's arms, and they walked up to Lucy.

"Good job, you two. Not bad for your first day. Did you like it?"

Apricot nodded energetically and even bounced a little, but Savannah's reaction was much timider. She did what she was asked to do and did it well, but did she enjoy it? That was hard to tell.

"Okay, let's take you out of your costume now, so you can go home."

Savannah went straight to the lounge's door as if she couldn't wait to get out of here, but Apricot froze in place. That wasn't the deal. Meeka had told her she could sleep at the café tonight, whatever that meant.

"What's wrong, Apricot? Come on. I know you liked it, but that's it. The café is closed."

From the back of the lounge, Meeka rushed to Lucy and began flapping her arms, trying to tell her something. She pointed at Apricot and herself and pointed at the ceiling.

"Oooh! That's right. I almost forgot. You asked me if Kitty could sleep here tonight. Hum... Let's see... I'm not comfortable letting a newbie I don't know sleep here with you guys. But if you both take your costume off, then that would be fine, I suppose. You can play with the pets and sleep upstairs. I trust you, Meeka."

That sounded like an amazing deal to Apricot, or at least it was better than being evicted from the café late at night. But it didn't seem to be what Meeka wanted. So she gesticulated something incomprehensible that only Lucy appeared to have the skills to understand.

"Alright... That would work too. But I'm warning you, if she damages her costume in any way, shape, or form, it's not going to go well for you tomorrow morning. You are responsible, Meeka. Are you okay with that, Kitty?"

Apricot didn't follow the conversation at all and scratched the back of her head.

"Ah, you didn't understand. Meeka said that she would take her costume off, but you'll stay in yours overnight. That way, if you want out, she can help you. Are you fine with wearing your costume overnight?"

Once more, Apricot bounced in place and clapped her hand before throwing her arms around the raccoon girl.

"Good to see you are a happy pet. Alright, Meeka, Savannah, let's go. I'm tired. I just want to go home and take a hot bath.

After Stella and Lucy left, Meeka returned to the lounge as a human. She would be in charge of the pets for the night.

Asha and Oreo were spooning on the pillows, not looking too motivated to do any additional activities tonight. It was amusing to see how well those two black and white suits merged together. If Meeka didn't know them well, they could have passed for lovers.

Vix and Apricot had cracked open the blind and observed the outside world through the window. Meeka couldn't help but love what she was seeing. The previous girl who wore Apricot was her good friend, but she left the café a while ago and now lived in a remote city with no intention of returning. They still texted each other, but it wasn't the same anymore. Seeing Kitty wearing that same costume and doing an excellent job at it was good for her soul.

She walked to her two friends, placed her hands on the small of their back, and peeked outside with them.

"What are you two looking at?"

Of course, they couldn't reply, but Meeka saw right away what had captivated their attention. Right across the street, there was a traffic stop, and the cop was performing a sobriety test on the driver, a young woman.

"Aaaah! Stupid people. Driving drunk is ridiculous. Why can't they just call a cab instead of risking killing someone? Come, let's not watch this. It's depressing."

Meeka sat on the sofa, letting Vix and Apricot join her on each side, close.

"So, Kitty aka Apricot, I think you did an amazing job today. Isn't that right, Vix?"

Vix nodded.

"I'm glad you liked being a pet and wanted to sleep here tonight. Maybe we can sleep upstairs in the capsule room?"

Apricot had no idea what that was, but it sounded good, so she approved. Plus, Meeka was cute, so hopefully, she meant "sleeping together" as in having hot sex. She didn't know her a lot, so it was hard to tell how far she would be willing to go in bed, but she had a feeling that a night with her could be a lot of fun.

"Do you want to sleep with us too, Vix?"

Vix nodded.

Things were looking better and better. Not only Meeka had kind of confirmed that they would sleep together, but on top of that, she invited Vix to join. A threesome with a cute girl and an adorable pet was more than she had hoped for. It couldn't do anything else but remind her of the amazing time she had with Mae and Erika in the Caribbeans. It had been the first time she had a chance to sleep with two women, and she would never forget how much fun it had been.

But Meeka had a little unrelated concern.

"Hey, Vix. Why are you rubbing your cheek like that? You've done that all afternoon. Is there something wrong?"

Vix shook her head, no.

"Come on, foxy... I know something is wrong. What happened?"

Vix sighed through her ear tubes and lowered her head. She had tried to conceal her discomfort all day, but her friends were just too good at noticing any slight change in her behavior. They just knew her too well.

She began moving her arms in a way that only an experimented pet reader could comprehend. When she mimicked someone elbowing her in the face, nobody had trouble understanding that part, though.

"What? You got hit in the face? By a client?"

Vix nodded.

"Was it an accident?"

Vix nodded.

"Okay, let's go upstairs and look at it. You should have told Lucy about it, silly. Come. You too, Apricot. Lucy said I shouldn't leave you alone in case you were a criminal! Haha."

Hand in paw, Meeka and Vix exited the lounge, followed by the obedient puppy. They went up the stairs, directly to the costume room where Apricot sat on a chair and watched Meeka unlock the Vix's costume.

As Meeka unzipped Vix, the fox girl became a bit agitated. But again, those two friends knew each other very well.

"Don't worry, Vix. It's Kitty wearing the Apricot costume. Remember how nice she was? She won't judge you for what you look like. And we told you a hundred times too. You are super duper cute. Just trust me on that, okay."

Vix sighed and let her arms fall to her sides. It was not like she had any other choice but to expose herself this time. At least, she wouldn't have to face Kitty's direct gaze. On her side, Kitty had no idea what Meeka was talking about and became apprehensive. What she had explained to Vix also sounded like a warning to her. Perhaps to prepare her for something maybe a bit unusual.

When the fox mask fell, there was not much to see because Meeka immediately wiped Vix's face with a wet towel, but this short brown hair was just adorable. It seemed to fit Vix's personality so well, a pretty young girl unable to take care of her hair.

"Ow ow ow! Meeka! Careful... My cheek!"

"Geez, Vix! Seriously! Why didn't you tell Lucy? It looks like you are going to get a black eye. Who did this to you?"

"A client. I didn't want him to get in trouble. It was not his fault. I sat next to him, but he didn't see me because I'm too small. When he turned around, he elbowed me in the face. Lucy would have banned him."

"Nooo, she wouldn't have banned him. She would have taken care of you and asked what happened first, silly fox. That's it. We take off your costume for the night, we give you some pain killers, and you sleep with us in the capsule."

"Fiiine..."

Apricot just observed the scene, which gave her some insight into how life was at the café. Until now, she had not realized that the job came with some risks. Being a pet also meant being vulnerable and unable to always handle situations on their own. Having friends around was tantamount to safety.

Her second thought was about what Vix looked like out of costume. Right away, she understood the purpose of Meeka's little speech prior to removing the mask. Vix had some noticeable scars on the side of her head and on her cheek. It was not ugly or anything, but a feeling of compassion invaded Apricot's heart. What could have happened to Vix, and was this why she liked wearing the costume? To hide? And then she felt guilty, real and solid guilt. Why did she notice the scars before Vix's cuteness? It was so unfair because the fox girl was truly lovable with her ruffled brown hair and matching big brown eyes.

Vix briefly looked at Apricot but quickly turned her head to hide her scars, which was a reaction Meeka had expected from her friend.

"Stop it, foxie. I tell you. Apricot is super nice."

Inside Apricot's costume was Kitty. The same perverted catgirl who would love to have sex with everything that had a pulse, particularly a cute girl like Vix. Her sexual instinct was strong, and it exactly knew what would make the complexed girl feel better—an inappropriate move.

Apricot walked to Vix and placed her two paws right on her naked boobs.

"Bahaha! Vix! See... That's what Apricot is after! Your delicious boobs, not your scars. Not too far off from what the previous Apricot would have done."

"Aaah! She... she is massaging them too."

"Well, foxie, that just means you aren't going to get a lot of sleep tonight. Anyway, when is the last time we got to do dirty things together?"

"Aaah! I don't do dirty things like that. I'm not like Trixie."

"Oh! That is such a lie! You won't be able to keep your innocent image forever, Miss Vix. Alright, let me take you out of this costume, and then I'll give you your pain killers. After that, I'm going to tell Asha and Oreo that we are going to sleep upstairs and see if they want to join. I feel that this is going to be a fun night."

Things couldn't have taken a better turn. Kitty was going to wear this fantastic costume all night, and she was about to spend the said night with two hot girls, maybe four. What more could a catgirl desire?

"Alright, Apricot. In you go! You'll see, those capsule rooms are so comfy!"

Apricot crouched down and crawled in the bottom capsule. It was indeed comfy. The micro-room was relatively spacious, and all the lights were blue, making the ambiance very futuristic. The soft mattress was about as big as a queen-size, which was good; the closer to the other girls would be, the better.

As she sat down in the far corner, she heard her two friends chatting outside.

"Are you sure they don't want to sleep with us?"

"No, Asha and Oreo said they were too exhausted. I mean, did you see the clients they got today? They were so excited, and drained them of all their energy. I think they never sold that many drinks and cakes in a day. Lucy is probably going to give them a bonus too."

"Okay... it would just have been nice for all of us to sleep together."

"Yes, but just give them a break. They deserve it. Come on. We have a special doggy to take care of."

Vix and Meeka entered the capsule room and slid the door close behind themselves. Apricot had not expected them to be completely naked already. While they were chatting, they had undressed as if it was a normal thing to do.

The first one to join her was Vix, and it was, as usual, to get a skin-on-latex hug.

"Awww. Apricot. Meeka is right. You did an amazing job today. It's like you have done this before."

"Haha. Vix. I told you. It's Kitty in the suit. She wears a latex cat costume all the time at home."

"Oh, I didn't know that. So you like being a pet that much?"

Apricot nodded. What a silly question. Of course, she loved it more than anything else in the world. Being a rubber pet girl was her entire life.

"So, tell me then. Is this costume better than what you wear at home?"

That was a tough question. Today, whenever she had some downtime between two clients, she wondered what would happen next. Would she be able to go back home and be satisfied with her usual pink catsuit with attached mitts, or would she want a full pet costume like the one she currently wore? On the one hand, she loved being able to talk a lot and use her mouth on Mark and Erika, but on the other, she loved the extra restriction that came with this café pet suit. Vix's question couldn't be fully answered on such short notice. It would be necessary to think about it some more and see how the next couple of days would unfold once back at home.

Apricot shrugged, unsure what to do.

"Ah, it's okay. Many of us don't know what we really want either. We love being pets, but we also love spending time with our friends too outside the café."

Those words were reassuring, and it also felt like her friends understood the pros and cons of being a pet girl fully. How could a pet have a normal life?

"Hey, foxie. Let's show Apricot how close we are outside the café. Hehe."

"Hehe. I'm okay with that."

"Come here! Rawr!"

Inside her Apricot suit, Kitty had a mini orgasm when Vix knee-walked to Meeka and pressed her naked body on hers. The heat had barely been turned on that she already wanted to participate. Unfortunately, she was confined to the suffering role of being an observer at the moment.

The two girls wrapped their arms around each other, crushing their soft boobs in the process, and began kissing... slowly... erotically. Vix was shy but clearly liked Meeka enough to let herself go. Those little moans were unbearable.

"Hmmm"

"Aah mmm!"

Apricot's paw went right down to her burning crotch, and then the worse thing happened. She realized that Meeka had locked her in the suit to prevent the clients from accessing her sensitive area. This safety feature was a huge downside in a situation like this. Would Vix and Meeka have sex in front of her, and she wouldn't get to experience pleasure and release? If that were to happen, it would mean only one thing...

Death.

There was a hundred percent chance that she wouldn't be able to endure watching her sexy naked friends having a great time right next to her while she would be unable to get anything out of it. Too scared of this scenario, she crawled to her friends, demanding attention, but Meeka pushed her back in her corner.

"Bad doggy! No! Vix is MY foxie. Haha. And all locked up as you are, there is not much you can do for us, right?"

Confusion.

Was Meeka serious, or was she just playing with her mind? That wasn't fair. In normal circumstances, it was Kitty who was playing with people's minds. The opposite was illegal. Meeka wasn't allowed to behave like that in her presence.

The two naked girls kissed for a long moment, sensually, and making sure Apricot had a perfect view of their erotic activity and their drooly tongues rubbing chin, lips, and nose. As it wasn't enough, they cranked up the heat and started fingering each other.

"Aaah! Mee... Meeka!"

"Haha. You like that Foxie? I'm sure you... Aaaah! Oooh... that's a good spot... mmm"

Obviously, it was not the first time that these two played with each other. They knew which button to press to provoke a positive reaction and get the juice flowing.

Apricot uselessly rubbed her crotch, trying to feel something, but it was not very efficient. In dire need of assistance, she crawled again to her two friends with renewed resolve. Were they just teasing her? It sounded like it, but they were pretty good at pretending.

"Aaah! Our dog is insisting. Do you want to have fun too, Apricot?"

Apricot nodded furiously, and this time, she pushed Meeka to her back and poked her in the belly, leaving her no other choice but admitting that she was just teasing her.

"Hahaha! Stop! Apricot! Stop! Okay okay! We will play with you too. Vix, give me her key."
"Yes. I hid it in the corner here."

Vix dug out the key from the corner of the capsule, a little rubber dog keychain looking just like Apricot with a tiny silver key dangling from it, and gave it to Meeka, who was still trying to fend off her cuddly attacker.

"Alright, Apricot. Calm down for a sec. Stop moving."

The tip of the key entered a little hole on the metal block covering Apricot's crotch zipper tabs, and then it popped off. All there was left to do was to unzip it to reveal her most sensitive spot.

"Aaaand, there you go... Oooh... it's a bit warm in there. Hehe."

Instead of discussing any further, Apricot moved up Meeka's body, blocked her arms under her legs, and pressed her now liberated pussy on her mouth, surprising the raccoon girl with such boldness.

"Aaaah! Aprimmmph!"

"Haha! Meeka! You shouldn't have teased her. Now our doggy needs something from you. It's funny. The old Apricot would have done the same thing."

"Mmph! I... I know... mmmph"

"Woah... She really wants you. Hehe. Okay, then I'll do this while you are busy making her feel good."

A bit bolder than usual, inspired by Apricot's sexual behavior, Vix crawled between Meeka's legs and forced them open to access her smooth crotch. It started with some licking on her inner thighs, which totally drove her nuts, and gradually, the fox girl moved to the most interesting part.

Her little tongue began teasing Meeka's swollen clit. Up and down, side to side, sucking and licking, it quickly sent Meeka to a very happy place. Having her crotch licked like that by her adorable friend and responding to Apricot's forceful demand for pleasure, Meeka was almost in a trance. Inviting Kitty to spend the night over was somewhat of a shot in the dark but a very rewarding one. It was rare that she could have sex with both a pet and a friend simultaneously, and no matter what would happen next, she would have no regrets.

Apricot's breathing accelerated, but she had no good way to moan. On the edge, she was about to explode in Meeka's mouth because this was so hot. Why were the café pets so amazing? It was only her second visit to this place, but she already couldn't imagine living without them. She wanted to be friends with everybody. They were so much like her, so much like what she wanted to become. If Lucy were to offer her a job now, there was no way she could turn it down, even if it meant that she would have to do the most unthinkable thing... Working.

Her little body thrashed as a powerful tongue-driven orgasm assaulted her. Meeka seemed to have a lot of experience doing this and was pretty much as good as Erika. She stayed in position and pressed her pussy on Meeka's mouth again, sending a clear message that she needed more.

"Haha. Meeka... I think you are in trouble now."

"Mmmph! Aaah!"

The raccoon girl was pretty much gone. Between the delicious juice flowing from Apricot's crotch and Vix's soft little tongue teasing her clit, her soul floated between earth and sky in a realm of happiness. And when her oppressor squeezed her head using her rubbery legs, making this licking even more forceful, she lost it and came very hard.

"MMph! Mmmphaah! Mpph!"

For way too long, the three girls kept this same position and randomly came. Vix didn't get the same pleasure, but she knew very well that escaping the capsule wouldn't happen anytime soon. Nobody would forget about her. That said, neither Vix nor Meeka knew how sexually enduring Kitty could be, it would be a long and gradual discovery.

One of the hottest positions Apricot experienced during this frolicking, and that was when having a female-only threesome came in handy, was when Vix decided to do some nice scissoring with her while Meeka deep-kissed Vix. This made the small fox girl, who looked so innocent so far, definitely look more whorish, in Kitty's terms. Vix's cute body reacted so well to sexual pleasure, and she didn't seem to have the same shyness in bed as she had when her facial

scars were exposed earlier. This proved that when you had good and reliable friends, a person's problems became not as bad as they seemed. With many hot sessions like this, it was possible that, one day, Vix would be a full-on self-confident woman who would not let her fears get in the way of her life. Every time the fox girl came, it was a new step toward mental freedom.

"Hehe. Vix. Do you think Apricot likes the same thing as the old Apricot?"

"Oh, you mean her toes?"

"Yes."

"We should try. Haha."

What was that? Toes? Apricot lifted her head just enough to see her two naked friends grab her ankles.

"Little rubbery toes."

Vix took the first bite. Her mouth was barely large enough to get the tip of Apricot's rubber sock in her mouth, but it was just perfect for nibbling on her toes.

Surprisingly unfamiliar with this feeling, Apricot jerked on the mattress, unable to control her limbs. It was such a strange sensation, something between pleasure and... whatever else that was. It was too new to understand. But when Meeka did the same with her other foot, there were no longer any hopes of figuring it out. Since she had no muscles, she couldn't even fight back and escape this torture.

"Ah! That will teach you for having forced me to lick you for so long."

"Meeka, I think we have a winner. She loves it."

"Yes! It's awesome! She is really a good doggy! Haha. I missed playing with Apricot a lot."

"Me too. I hope Lucy will hire her."

Tonight's goal was simply to have fun. There was a lot of teasing like this funny toe nibbling, intense sex, and some long breaks to chit-chat and cuddle with the latex doggy. Vix even went to get Apricot some water at some point so she wouldn't get dehydrated.

After hours of this, exhausted, the three of them finally fell asleep in the cutest position ever. Apricot was on her back, on her left was Vix, and on her right was Meeka, both curled like small critters. Even though they were all sinking in Morpheus's comfy arms, the chemistry was still flowing.

Early in the morning, the capsule room's door slid open silently, and Lucy peeked inside. Nothing could shock that woman anymore, so seeing the two naked girls clinging to the latex dog was nothing to write her mother about. She never minded when her girls had some good adult fun as long as they didn't damage the costumes. But today was a business day, and she heartlessly put an end to this little romance.

"Hey, all of you. Wake up. Vix, Meeka! You are working today. Go get a shower and get in costume, and... VIX! Why do you have a black eye!?"

"I... I do?"

"YES! You do! Who did that to you!? Why didn't you tell me!?"

"Lucyyy! It was an accident!"

"Accident, my ass! I'm going to ban whoever hurt my pets!"

"Nooo! It was my fault! Don't ban anybody!"

"Come on out! I need to look at it! Meeka! You come too. Did you know about it? Why didn't you tell me that someone hit her?"

"Nobody hit her... As she told you, it was an accident. She is fine. I gave her some pain killer last night. She is just going to look funny for a few days."

As soon as Vix was in range, Lucy, feeling particularly motherly, pulled her out of the capsule by the arm, and Meeka followed, trying to explain what happened to save her friend from zealous care.

All that to say, Apricot was now alone in the capsule, not too sure what to do with herself outside remembering the terrific night she had with her new friends. Still trapped in her dog costume, she didn't even know if she was going to work again today. That had not been discussed yet.

After a minute or two, when the loud voices ceased, she got on her fours and crawled out of the capsule. A good stretching session was in order to take care of those sore muscles. Vix and Meeka definitely gave her a good run for her money.

The first logical place to go was the costume room which was just across the hallway. Still filled with endorphins, Apricot danced her way over there and found Lucy preparing the fox and raccoon suits.

"Ah! You... yes. You look happy. Slept well?"

Apricot nodded and danced a bit more.

"Glad to see you enjoyed yourself. Come here now. I'll take off your costume while the girls are showering."

That was not what Apricot wanted to hear, but this Lucy lady didn't seem like a person she should be arguing with. Plus, it would be a good idea not to push her luck. Since yesterday, she had a unique experience, and requesting more of it would just be greedy at this point.

"Mmm... Where is your key? It's not in the key box... Is it in the capsule room?"

Apricot nodded.

"Ah, it's fine. I have a spare over here. Come."

Lucy went to the nearby dresser, opened the first drawer, and grabbed a full keyset, the keys for all her animals. It was not the first time the girls lost their keys, so she had learned to have a backup plan.

"Turn around, Kitty."

Click!

The metal cap holding the zipper tabs popped off, and a second later, the cold ambient air chilled Kitty's neck skin, a sensation announcing that the fun was truly over. The suit opened all the way down to the small of her back and then to the top of her head.

"Okay, let me do the work here. I'll remove your mask and clean up your face. You know, your hair is very pretty, Kitty. It reminds me of Accalia's hair, but hers is shorter. She is Asian too, you know. You guys are so lucky to have straight black hair like that. Alright, take a deep breath and open your mouth. I'm going to pull off your mask. You can close your eyes too if it helps."

"Bleerh!"

"Haha... I know. It feels funny when the nose tubes come out. Here, let me wipe your face with a wet towel."

It obviously was not Lucy's first rodeo. That wet towel felt great and smelled equally pleasant. It was so refreshing, making the end of a fun adventure more bearable. The store owner seemed a bit overprotective and motherly, but God, she knew how to take good care of her pets.

After popping Kitty's arms out of the latex sleeve and pushing the suit down past her hips, Lucy wrapped her in a big soft towel to keep her warm, a feeling that Kitty had not really experienced since she was a child. Did the pets get this nice treatment every time they got out of their suit? Was this some sort of comfy reward for having done a good job? No matter what it was, Kitty buried her nose in the large towel and appreciated the attention.

Once Lucy pulled Kitty's feet out of the socks, she hung the suit to have it cleaned later.

"So, Kitty. How did you like working as a pet."

"Oh... I loved it."

"Good. Outside some little mistakes, you did okay. Stella did well too. Are you still interested in working for us?"

The first thing that Kitty wanted to say was yes, but she paused for a moment instead of answering. The truth was that she had not done this for a job. Meeka kind of put her into this situation just to make her happy. Kitty was many things, from being childish to being an absolute pervert, but there was one thing that she wouldn't do, and it was to lie. Even though it could cost her something important, she preferred to be honest.

"Well... about that... I... I wasn't here for a job. Meeka just wanted me to have a chance to wear a pet suit because she knew I would like it."

"Is that so?"

"Yes... I'm sorry. But... I mean... Stella wanted this job, and me, I just happened to be at the right place and the right time. So it wouldn't be fair to steal her job, right?"

"Mmm... Yes. You are right. Thanks for telling me the truth. I appreciate that a lot. I'll close my eyes on this and still consider you as a potential candidate. But let me be honest as well. I'm very picky when the time comes to choose a new pet, and I'm not convinced that you nor Stella would be good pets yet."

"N...no?"

"No. Stella did a great job around the clients, plus I think being a pet would be beneficial to her. It would change her world. But she wasn't very comfortable wearing the suit. When I let her out, I could tell she didn't enjoy it nearly as much as she thought she would."

"And... me? What did I do wrong?"

"You? Haha. Nothing. You did nothing wrong at all. You are a natural. I don't know what you do at home, but you were born to wear a pet suit. You are the best!"

"But... Why do you say you are not sure if I could be a good pet, then. What does it mean?"

"Kitty, to be a pet here, you need a good reason. Just wearing a suit is very fun, but why would you do it at a café when you can do it at home. Meeka said that you have a boyfriend... Surely you can express your love of latex with him, right?"

"Well, yes... I do that already... but... I don't know..."

"And that's exactly it. You don't know. Look, if you ever figure out why you'd like to work here, I would be happy to hear it. Until then, I don't think I can hire you. I'm sorry."

"No... It's... it's fine. You are right, Lucy. Thanks for letting me try it, though. It was a lot of fun."

"You bet. Your clothes are in the little locker right there. Number 4."

"Thanks."

Lucy exited the costume room, leaving Kitty alone, cocooned in her warm towel. She fixated the floor for a moment, thinking about this conversation. It was not often that somebody reached her core so easily. But the message had been pretty clear, for now, she couldn't be a pet at the café.

After retrieving her clothes from the locker, she dressed back up in her civilian clothes. The fabric rubbing on her hairless skin felt a bit boring. As she finished tying her shoes, Two supercharged naked girls wearing nothing but towels around their torso rushed at her.

"KITTYYYY! You are no longer a bitch!"

"Haha! Hi! No, I'm no longer Apricot the bitch. That's funny."

"Sooo? Did Lucy hire you? Please say yes!"

"Nooo... She said I did well, but I don't think she is interested."

"AWWW! WHY?"

"It's okay, Meeka. It's fine. I had a lot of fun, but having a job is not for me, I suppose. It would require effort. and effort is too difficult anyway."

"Awww. Okay, but I'm still disappointed. I think you did super great. Lucy is a good judge of character, though. She knows what she is looking for, and sometimes, her thinking is pretty mysterious."

"We can still be friends, right?"

"OF COURSE! Silly Kitty! We work a lot, but I'll text you when I'm off so we can do more fun things."

"Great. And you too, Vix. You are the most adorable girl I've ever met."

"Awww... Don't say things like that. It's embarrassing."

The new friends hugged each other, wet eyes included, and then Kitty said goodbye and headed out of the room. The staircase leading downstairs seemed a bit longer than it was yesterday, or perhaps she was a bit slower. With Kitty, air density was enough to slow her down. When she reached the main floor, Lucy was doing some paperwork at the reception desk.

"Goodbye, Lucy. Thanks again for the opportunity."

"Don't mention it. See you later. I'll tell Meeka to text you when your salary is ready."

"Right!"

Dragging her feet as if she carried a heavy weight on her shoulders, she was still ready to go; her body just didn't seem to want to. When she finally reached the glass door separating her from the outside world, she pushed it open, but a voice interrupted her.

"Oh, Kitty..."

"Yes, Lucy?"

"Say hi to Elizabeth for me, would you?"

"... How... how do you know that?"

Lucy pointed at the security camera in the corner of the lobby.

"You... you knew all along who I was?"

"Of course."

"And... You didn't mind?"

"Nope!"

"A.. alright. I'll pass the message."

"Thanks!"

The wind pushed the glass door close as if an invisible force wanted to prevent Kitty from leaving. Having no muscles, she struggled to push it back open, but as she put a foot outside, the same voice stopped her a second time.

"Hey, Kitty..."

"Y... yes?"

"Aren't you forgetting something?"

What? Kitty thought about it for a second and had no clue what she could have forgotten. But Lucy helped her a little by placing her backpack on top of the desk.

"Oh! Darn! My backpack! Thank you!"

"Your mind is definitely elsewhere this morning."

"Yes... I'm sorry."

She trotted back to the desk and hugged her bag before returning to the door that had slammed shut again. With her tiny shoulder, she pushed it open again, and once more, Lucy called her name again. It was almost getting irritating.

"Kitty..."

"Uh? What did I forget this time?"

"Nothing... I was just wondering how badly you wanted to leave. Have a good one."

"... O... okay..."

Kitty finally stepped outside, still hugging her backpack and being puzzled by Lucy's strange comment. How badly did she want to leave? What did Lucy mean by that?

She shook her head and headed toward the nearest bus stop to sit on the plastic bench. Her next move would be to call Syr so she could come to pick her up.

As she walked on the busy walkway, she realized something. For the first time in a very long time, she was all alone in the big City. Meeka wasn't there to accompany her, and Mark, Erika, and Syr were not around either. It reminded her of her previous life when she had a hard time making ends meet and simply survive a society she didn't fit in.

There was still a bit of guilt coursing through her veins regarding this previous life before Mark saved her. Her bad situation back then was due to her extreme laziness. She hadn't been capable of holding a job, had trashed all the opportunities offered to her because she got distracted by more fun things, or simply had been so uninterested that she gave up on everything.

If she had been smarter, she would have kicked her own butt hard and did something about it. But no, she had failed over and over, never learning her lessons. To this day, even though she now lived a much happier life, she had a hard time forgiving herself for having been this lazy and stupid. Simply put, everything she possessed today, love, money, home, friends... She only got that because of luck. She had not worked for any of those things she had. They had been handed over to her by people much more valuable than herself. She knew that... it was burning her insides just to think about it.

After sitting on the bench, she retrieved her phone from her bag and dialed Syr's number. It rang two times, and a melodic voice answered.

"Hi Syr... Yes. I'm done. Can one of you come to pick me up?... Cool. I'm at the bus stop near the café... Yes, same street... Okay... I'll see you in a bit then... Thanks... Bye."

Soon, she will be back home with the people she loved the most. At night, she would have tons of fun, and during the day, she would just chill and do nothing, as usual, watching Syr do her crafting and being fed by her too. She would wear her latex suit, get tied up for Erika's

pleasure, play mind games with Mark, and get punished accordingly. She would also spend a lot of time locked in her crate or tied up in the leather sleepsack with a bit of luck.

For what? For herself? For them?

Was she supposed to be a toy? An entertainment? Did the fact that she loved all those things meant that her entire life had to revolve around this little BDSM planet? Was this her limitation? Or could she do better?

"No... Kitty... You are an absolute idiot! Aren't those people worth more to you than that? Can't you be better? Can't you offer them something better? Mark, Erika, and Syr bust their ass to earn money so we can do all kinds of cool things... and me? I just take everything for granted. Erika pushed me hard so I could get my secondary school diploma, and what do I do with it? Nothing! She wasted her time on me, and I gave her nothing extra in return. Just my usual warm body. This is sick."

Eyes watering, Kitty mumbled things to herself... harsh things. Her mind spiraled out of control, ejecting questions and considerations, memories of all sorts. A tornado of bad choices that had led her to undeserved happiness.

"Hey? You okay?"

"... uh?"

"Are you okay?"

"... Oh... yes... sorry... I was just talking to myself."

"You don't look too good."

Kitty wiped her eyes with her sleeve so she could see who was talking to her. It was a short Asian girl, like her, wearing a worried look on her face.

"Sorry... I was just thinking about things. I'm fine, really."

"Do you want a hug?"

"..."

"You can say yes, you know. It's free."

"I... I would love a hug, actually."

That was very special. An unknown young woman sat next to Kitty and pulled her in a warm hug. It felt so good. For about a minute, Kitty's mind calmed down, and her thought became somewhat coherent again. Why was this girl so generous? Why was she doing this?

"There... Do you feel better?"

"Yes... Much better. Thank you."

"I'm Lian, by the way. And I have to go. I'm already late, and my boss is kind of a dictator. Haha! Maybe I'll see you around."

"Haha. I'm Theresa. Have a great day. Thanks again!"

Lian walked away, but after a few steps, she turned around while jogging backward.

"Hey! Theresa! If you need more hugs at some point! You should visit the Cakes and Pets Café! It might just be what you need. Byyye!"

Kitty froze and whispered back the words she had heard.

"The... Cakes & Pets... might just be... what I need?"

As if a lightning bolt had traversed her brain, Kitty stuffed her phone in her bag and zipped it close. She sprung off her bench and ran after the girl who had disappeared into the crowd.

"HEY! WAIT UP!"

Lian was already out of sight, but Kitty exactly knew where she had gone. Despite the tears that had restarted running down her cheeks, it didn't take her long to travel the hundred meters separating her from the animal café. As soon as she arrived at the glass door, she took a deep breath in and opened it with one hand. That was so much easier than when she had left.

She stepped inside and found Lucy, still working at the reception desk, and Lian, the mysterious girl she had just encountered, was about to climb the stairs.

"LUCY!"

"Kitty? Back so soon?"

"YOU MUST HIRE ME! YOU MUST!"

"I must?"

"YES! YOU MUST!"

Lucy smiled and placed her two elbows on the desk and rested her chin in her hands.

"And, why would I do that?"

"BECAUSE! BECAUSE I WANT TO!"

"Sorry, Kitty. Not good enough. Try again."

"BECAUSE I LOVE IT! BECAUSE I WANT TO BE A PET AT THE CAFÉ!"

"Why?"

"BECAUSE I'M LAZY, AND I'M SICK OF IT!"

Tears were flowing down Kitty's cheek as she was clumsily pleading her case to a very calm and composed owner who didn't seem to mind being yelled at by a hysteric girl.

"So? What would working here do for you, exactly?"

"I'LL BE WORTH MORE! I'LL LEARN THINGS! I WANT TO GIVE MORE TO THE PEOPLE WHO LOVE ME! I WANT TO DO SOMETHING THAT WILL MAKE ME BETTER PERSON. I KNOW I CAN DO THIS! I WANT MY OWN LIFE AND STOP BEING A FOLLOWER. I WANT TO IMPROVE WHO I AM, SO I HAVE MORE TO OFFER!"

"Okay, you are hired."

"NO! PLEASE! YOU MUST HIRE ME! I MUST WORK HERE! I KNOW I CAN DO IT!"

Lian walked to Kitty and smacked her forehead with the palm of her hand, which petrified the crying girl.

"Hey! Snap out of it, nutcase... She just said that you are hired."

"..."

"Hello? Did I break you?"

"She... she did?"

"Yes. She did. Welcome to the Cakes and Pets' family... whoever you may be."

Kitty fell to her knees. Crushing her backpack in her arms was the only thing that prevented her from fully collapsing to the ground. Her tears wetted the floor, and her whole body was shaking. She couldn't comprehend what had just happened. As much as she would have loved to make sense of this moment, her brain had turned into useless scrambled eggs.

Meanwhile, Lucy wrote a little message on a piece of paper and placed it on the floor in front of Kitty before turning away.

"Alright, Accalia. Come put your costume on. You are late."

"I knooow! I'm sorry!"

"Next time, I'll revoke your fridge privilege."

"Nooo! I'm sorry. It was Trixie's fault. She wanted me to wear this cute nurse uniform and... then she started touching me and..."

"Have mercy! I don't want to hear about that. I'm paying you to be a pet, not to be a nurse."

"Awww... But it was such a cute outfit..."

As Lucy and the girl climbed the stairs, Kitty stayed on the floor for a bit longer, trying to recover from her flash meltdown.

Did she... get a job? By herself? Without anybody's help?

Her shaky fingers picked up Lucy's note, and then her reddened eyes began to read it. It was only a few words, but they opened a whole new world to her.

"Monday 8am to Thursday 8am. Don't be late, Savannah."

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