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Animal Café

Chapter 23 - Disguising pets

"Why are you the one holding her leash? Give it to me, Trixie!"

"Misti! Stop it! It's my costume, not yours!"

"It doesn't count when you are not wearing it. I want to walk Clara too!"

"I'm gravely injured. I need her assistance."

"You are not gravely injured! You just have a cast on your arm."

"Well, I could trip and fall, then I would die, and everybody would be sad. If Clara is near me, she would catch me and save me!"

"Cut it out, you two! People are staring at us!"

Indeed, Accalia was right. Not only was I a giant latex bunny suspiciously walking along one of the outdoor pedestrian streets loaded with small shops, but on top of that, Trixie and Misti's pointless fighting to hold my leash was doing nothing good to our furtivity. We shouldn't have come here. There were way too many people that had stopped us for a picture so far.

Misti kept telling them that we were promoting the café, but the truth was that they just wanted to play with me today.

They managed to smuggle out of the pethouse, knowing that we would all get in big trouble if Lucy were to hear about that. Walking as a pet in the insurance building was apparently prohibited. Before leaving the luxury apartment, they disguised me with a long raincoat and a hat, but I was pretty sure they shouldn't have cut two holes in it for my long bunny ears. It seemed like a terrible plan. After using the staircase to avoid the elevator, we exited the big insurance building by the back door, and only then they removed my cheap disguise. For good measure, they wrapped a collar around my neck, leashed me, and now we were here in this public area, looking for I don't know what; cute outfits they said?

I felt so naked. Only a thin layer of white latex separated the world from my nakedness. The only thing I could cover my well-molded butt with was this little ball of fuzz that we called a tail. That said, in some odd way, it felt good. Mentally, knowing that I was looking good enough to wear such an outfit was an interesting sensation. I have never been very confident about my body. I knew I wasn't ugly, but I had a hard time believing I was as cute as my friends were. So this skin-tight costume was an excellent medicine for self-appreciation. It felt great to hear so many people telling me how cute and adorable I was.

My spotters told me the same thing, but the only difference was that they were grabbing my butt at the same time, and if nobody else looked, it was my boobs and crotch.

"Ha! There it is! The costume shop! Let's go in!"

"Wait, Trixie. Misi and I wanted to go get a slush first."

"Just go, then. I'll start shopping with Clara-bunny until you come back. I haven't decided how I want to dress her up yet."

"Alright. Do you want a slush too, Trix?"

"Yes, please."

"And you, Clara?"

I shook my head, no. It was unclear to me how I would be able to drink that, plus what if I got a brain freeze. What would I do then?

Misti and Accalia zipped away, hand in hand, and Trixie pulled me into the costume shop. I wasn't sure why we were here other than she wanted to "find me cute outfits." Since Trixie-bunny would stay around the pethouse for a while to keep Trixie-human company, I supposed she wanted to make it a bit more entertaining.

Unsurprisingly, the lady behind the counter walked to us immediately, intrigued by my animality.

"Aaaah! What do we have here! What a beautiful rabbit costume."

Not wanting to distort the reality regarding who the costume character was, Trixie didn't use my real name to introduce me.

"This is Trixie. She works at the Cakes & Pets café. She has a day off, so we wanted to find her cute clothes."

"Oh, I heard about that place. I always wondered what the costumes looked like. This is incredible quality. Can I ask who crafted her?"

The lady gently pulled on my ears and admired my big black eyes. She also ran her hands all over me, figuring out where the seams could be and how the suit was put together.

"I can't tell you that. It's a secret. The owner of the café doesn't want her artist to get overwhelmed with requests from fans."

"Fair enough, but it's going to bug me. So, what are you guys looking for?"

"I'm not sure yet. Can we just look around?"

"Of course. Let me know if you need any help."

"Come, Trixie. Let's go take a look."

Following the real Trixie in the first alley of costumes made me understand right away that this store was incredible. There were racks and racks full of outfits and even more hung to the

wall, and it even looked like they had an upper floor too. From cheap Halloween costumes to very fancy victorian dresses, this was THE place. I had no problem believing that normal people and established theatres visited this place for any kind of need.

Trixie browsed randomly, hoping to find something she would like her giant bunny to wear, but she didn't seem too happy with what she had dug out so far.

"Not a pirate. Clara! You can't be a pirate!"

I shrugged.

"You would look sexy in a cop uniform, but I can't picture you in my head taking charge."

I shrugged.

"What about this? You could be a cute fairy! Nah! Too childish."

I shrugged.

"My God, Clara. Don't you want to communicate with something other than a shrug? I have no idea about what you think when you do that."

I shrugged.

"We definitely need to teach you how to be a better pet. OH! What's over there? Awww... Look! They have an animal costumes section!"

Uh oh! That voice tone meant she was really excited, but I wasn't... Already wearing an animal costume, I didn't have much interest in wearing another one on top of it. Trix wanted me to communicate better, so that was what I did. I wrapped my arms around her waist and pulled her away from the animal rack.

"Claraaa! Let me go! I want you to try some! What about the cute turtle!?"

I shook my head and kept pulling.

"Fiiine! But I will have to come back with Vix one day. Alright, let's go take a look upstairs then."

Trying not to trip in the old steep staircase, we reached the top floor, which was filled with even more costumes and rolls of fabrics. Trixie and I didn't know where to look anymore. But then, because of my rabbit charm, another employee interrupted our amazement.

"Awww! TRIXIE! What are you doing here!?"

Oh no... That person was familiar with Trixie's costume, but I didn't know her. The real Trixie grabbed me by the neck with a sense of urgency and whispered in my ear.

"Clara! This is one of Trixie's huge fans... She is super intense. I really don't want her to find out who I am out of costume. Just pretend you are me, okay?"

I nodded but also got nervous. This was something I hadn't thought about before. The pets at the café had a lot of fans, many were madly in love with them, but virtually nobody outside Lucy, Elizabeth, and the pets themselves knew what they looked like out of costume. It wasn't hard to understand why they worked so hard at preserving their anonymity. As Trixie said, some fans could be a bit too intense.

The overly friendly employee walked to me and opened her arms. I did the same not to look too suspicious and received a spine-dislocating hug. As my feet couldn't touch the floor anymore and my eyes were about to pop out due to the heavy pressure, I looked at Trixie, begging for help.

"Hey! Be careful! You are going to crush her."

"Aaww! Sorry! I am just so excited to see her. And who are you? OH! Are you one of the pets too? OH! OH! Let me guess! You are ASHA!"

"Nonono! I'm not a pet... I'm just Trixie's spotter... that all."

"Awww! But you are all small and cute! You must be one of the pets! Are you Vix?"

"Nonono! I said I'm not a pet. My name is... is ..."

"You don't remember your name?"

"Yes! I'm Clara!"

"I don't know any pets named Clara. Cute name, though."

"As I said, I'm not a pet!"

Poor Trixie, her identity was at risk, and that woman just wouldn't let it go. In a desperate attempt to save my friend, I walked up to the fangirl to take a bullet for a good cause. I wrapped my arms around her, and once more, she attempted to fracture my ribs. But at least, her focus was no longer on Trixie.

"Cla... Trixie... I'll go get you a costume while you play with your admirer. I'll be right back."

I nodded as much as I could despite my nervous system being overwhelmed. As Trixie quickly disappeared between the rows of clothes, I knew I was in trouble. Alone with the stranger, I knew I had to keep her busy for an unknown amount of time until Trixie found a good exit plan.

"So, Trixie. You are looking for a costume?"

I did the only thing I was good at while wearing this costume. I shrugged.

"What are you looking for?"

I shrugged.

"You don't know?"

I shrugged.

How was I supposed to answer complex questions like that while wearing a restrictive rabbit suit? That wasn't fair. I wanted Accalia and Misti to show up now to save me because I wouldn't be able to handle this person by myself for long.

"Do you need help? I can help you, you know."

I shrugged.

"Are you okay? Usually, you are much more expressive than this."

I knew that already! And the reason was that I wasn't a real pet. I did my best, but all I had learned so far was to shrug and nod. Moving my hands to get my message across was not something I had ever done successfully. I had no body language skills whatsoever, both in real life and in costume.

I shrugged again.

But then, it was Trixie's turn to save me. That was quick.

"Trixie, come with me to the fitting room! I found something for you to wear."

I nodded, but then the lady almost made our escape plan fail.

"Haha, Clara. Why are you taking Trixie to the fitting room? It's not like she will get out of her costume."

"Well... hum... I might try the outfit I found too... so... Trixie, come. Hurry!"

I didn't even have time to make one step before the lady grabbed me from behind for another sternum-cracking hug.

"Awww! Don't gooo!"

This time I flapped my arms like a distressed bird to make her understand that I wanted to go. The hug ceased, and I ran to Trixie. I was more and more comforted in my choice of not becoming a full-time pet at the café. I would never be able to endure this on a daily basis.

Trixie grabbed my leash and led me to the back of the store where the fitting room was. We entered one of the small rooms, and she locked the door behind us before whining.

"Aaaah! What a pain! Why did she have to work here?"

I shrugged.

"So, I just texted Accalia and Misti. They are coming soon and will cause a distraction to save us. They know that client too. She got more than one warning from Lucy because she handled the pets too roughly at the café. She doesn't mean bad, but she has no self-control. We aren't toys."

Now that she said that, I remembered seeing Lucy scolding a client once, and it was scary. Was it that girl? I couldn't remember because when that happened, I had hidden my face in Vix's chest until Lucy finished.

"Anyway, when I ran away, I bumped into this cute outfit. It will be perfect for you if it fits."

Trixie placed a little pile of clothes on the chair and unfolded the first piece so I could see it. Despite my smokey lens, the big red cross over the bright white fabric was impossible to miss. She had managed to dig out a nurse uniform from the rows of costumes.

"So, what do you think, Clara? Want to try it for me? With my broken arm, I need a nurse to take care of me. And since Accalia said she wants to become a nurse, I will make her wear it all the time too. That would be sexy."

That could be fun indeed. I nodded.

First, she made me step into the white mini-skirt with red trims. The fabric slid nicely along my rubber legs, and once it passed my hips, it sat snugly around my waist. From what I could tell, it was just long enough to hide my crotch and bunny tail. I shook my butt a little.

"Haha! Clara! It's just the right size. Let's try the small blouse now."

One after the other, she made me slide my arms into the short sleeves. That matching top wasn't long enough to connect with the skirt, so it would expose the wearer's belly button; since I was a rubbery rabbit, I had none, but I had no difficulty picturing Accalia wearing this with pride. Trixie buttoned the three red dots in front and adjusted my pointy collar.

"Awww! And the hat! You need your hat!"

Giggling, Trixie placed the classic nurse cap on top of my head, all white with a red cross. It complemented my long springy ears nicely.

"Okay! We must buy it! Clara! I'm in love with this uniform! Rawr!"

Why wasn't I surprised? Trixie wrapped her arms around me, pinned me to the wall, and began nibbling my neck, which tickled. It was a bit odd to see her interact with me while she couldn't properly kiss me. Well protected in my suit, all I could do was to return her hug.

But of course, Trixie being Trixie, it didn't take long before her hands grabbed my body's most inappropriate places. We were in a store, not at the pethouse, so I tried to move her hands away from my boobs and crotch, but those pet paws were not very efficient against her sexual determination.

"Haha! Are you shyyy? Maybe we will get caught, Clara... It's kind of hot, no? We have to stay here until Misti and Acca show up anyway, so why not have a bit of fun?"

Oh no! That little devil sneakily unzipped my crotch. I pressed my legs together, but she pinched my butt to distract me. Was she really going to play with me that way inside a fitting room? That sounded way too cliché to be true. But when her middle finger entered me, I knew I

was in trouble. She had no difficulty finding my clit as she had done that a million times before, which turned my legs into useless noodles. My will to fight this was gone. It was so wrong.

"Mmm... not complaining anymore? Sit down on the chair. I'm hungry. I want to eat some rabbit stew."

Unable to resist her words, I ended up with my butt on the edge of the chair and Trixie kneeling in front of me, keeping my legs apart. Without delays, she plunged her face under my skirt and began feasting on my naked crotch to compensate for the sweet slush she didn't yet have.

Chewing on my mouthpiece, closing my eyes, and breathing hard through my ears were the only things I could do to cope with the pleasure. That small woman was just too good at it, betraying her extensive sexual experience. My cushy paws held her head, half-covered by my new mini-skirt that we had not yet paid for. It was foolish on my part because she really didn't need my assistance to stay where she was.

The little voice of reason inside my head worried about what would happen if I were to leak some pussy juice on that costume and ended up not buying it. It was so dirty... so wrong... so pleasurable.

A loud knock on the door sent me to a cardiac arrest.

"Trixie? Clara? Do you need help with the costume?"

"No... We are good! Thanks."

Barely taking the time to respond to my impatient fangirl, Trixie kept working. I tried to push her away to make her stop, but my weakened arm didn't have enough will to convince her. Was I such a pervert that I wanted this orgasm even though there was a stranger right behind that flimsy door?

Trixie... Please... Don't stop!

I was so close. I had ridden my edge for a while now. I just needed this little extra nudge to tip over. My brain started to go blank.

"Scuze me, lady. Can you tell us how much this costume is?"

"Oh? Yes. Sure. Which one?"

"The princess one, in the corner over there... I will show you."

That was Misti. She was finally here to save us, and, as planned, she created a distraction to take the store lady away from our fitting room. To my great despair, Trixie, who understood that we needed to react quickly, pulled away from my almost orgasming pussy and forced me to stand up.

NO! NO! Don't stop, stupid bunny!

"Quick, Clara! That's our window! Let's sneak out while we can!"

Panting uncontrollably, still very much on the edge, Trixie opened the door and pulled me out. This was a terrible idea. My crotch zipper was wide open, and the cold air brushed against my freshly shaved and wet pussy. I pressed a paw on my crotch to hold my mini-skirt down, embarrassed like never before. Did she just forget to zip me back up?

We silently zigzagged between the rows of costumes and quickly arrived at the staircase. Tiptoeing down to prevent the old steps from crackling didn't work that well, but we were quickly welcomed by the other store lady, the good one.

My face must have been beet red behind my mask. I was loaded with endorphins and was one millimeter away from having my naked crotch exposed.

"Awww! That's such a cute nurse costume for your bunny! She looks so adorable! Spin around for me!"

WHAT? NO! I couldn't possibly do that. If my skirt were to lift only a tiny bit, my life would end. And why was this thought so exciting? I wanted to die. And Trixie didn't help at all. She grabbed my arm and spun me around.

"Come on, Trixie. Show your costume to the lady so we can get an amazing discount."

Keeping my legs together as much as possible while being forced to show off was the best I could do to prevent a disaster.

"Haha. She looks a bit shy. Maybe that costume is too sexy for her."

"Nah, she is always shy like that. That's why we are taking her out. She has to get used to people."

"So nice. Okay, I give you twenty percent off. So, it's 60\$ plus tax, so 67.80\$."

"Woah! That much? I don't think I have enough money for that."

Why was I not surprised? Trixie was always broke because she spent all her money on food and useless things. I had to admit, though, that price tag was pretty steep for a sexy nurse uniform.

"Well, this is not a cheap costume from your favorite online store, you know. It is unique and handcrafted. It's actually not that expensive."

"But, I only have 35\$... Would that be enough?"

"I'm sorry. I would love to, but no. She will have to take it off. I can't go that low."

"Aawww!"

Trixie was disappointed, but I was terrified. My kinky friend resigned herself. She slid her fingers inside my waistband and was about to push my skirt down in front of the lady. With my cushy paws, I tried to prevent her from doing so as much as I could.

"Hey, stop, Cla... Trixie! I can't afford it. I know you really like the costume too, but it's too expensive."

No, no, no! That was the absolute worst. Not only would my dignity be obliterated, but I was willing to bet we would get in big trouble too if the store lady found my pussy juice on the skirt. I was panicking!

"Hey, wait. I'll pay the balance."

ACCALIA! She came out of nowhere and saw me fighting with Trixie, probably thinking I really wanted this costume. She poked Trixie on the forehead and scolded her.

"Stupid bunny! Don't you know you have to look at the price tag before trying clothes?"

"Awww! But I really wanted to see Clara wearing it! Plus, I'm wounded, so my judgment is impaired."

"Are you gonna blame all your dumb ideas on your broken arm?"

"Seems like the smart thing to do, no?"

"Pfff... Alright, let's pay and get out of here before someone steals our slushes. I was waiting outside because we couldn't bring them inside the store."

A quick transaction later, my honor was saved.

Trixie grabbed my arm and led me outside, which was a good and a bad thing. I was happy not to be in that store anymore, but at the same time, there was a light wind and a lot of people

around who stared at me because I was a sexy nurse bunny, which was certainly not a common sight. It only took a second for people to take out their cellphones and snap pictures of me.

I turned to Trixie and tried to communicate my distress. For the first time, I would have to find a way to make her understand what I wanted. Shrugging wouldn't be enough.

Pointing at my crotch discreetly while making an up and down movement with my other hand was all I could think of doing.

"Uh? What is it, Clara? I don't understand."

Accalia, who had just retrieved her slushes, came back to us and tried to assist.

"What are you doing, Clara? You forgot something in the store?"

I shook my head, no, and kept gesticulating.

"You want a slush too? But you said no..."

"What? What are you saying? You don't want the costume?"

They just wouldn't understand. Was I that bad at expressing myself non-verbally? Misti walked out of the store as well and grabbed her slush from Acca's hand.

"What is going on?"

"Clara is trying to say something, but we can't understand."

"Show me, Clara. What are you trying to say?"

Conveniently, my three friends standing in front of me while sipping on their slush were like a wall blocking everybody else's view. So I quickly took this opportunity to lift my skirt with my paws, and that was all it took for their faces to distort.

"What the hell! Clara! Don't do that in public!"

That was Accalia.

"Aaaah! Clara! Think about the café's reputation. If someone takes a picture of your snatch and Lucy finds out, we are all dead!"

That was Misti.

"Oops! Hehe."

That was Trixie. But as soon as she giggled, the Misti and Accalia understood right away who was really at fault here.

"Trixie! You dumbass! Can't you spend a single minute without thinking about sex? Was that what you were doing in the fitting room?"

While Accalia discreetly zipped my crotch up, Misti reprimanded Trixie and pressed her icy-cold slush on her neck.

"Aaaah! Too cold! I'm sorryyy! Clara started it!"

"As if! I'll write dirty words on your cast when you sleep, so everybody knows how much a little perv you are!"

"Nooo!"

Accalia turned to Trixie and wiped her fingers on her shirt.

"Clara was so wet. You must have made her cum really hard."

"Aaah! Don't rub her pussy juice on me!"

"That will teach you!"

Actually, no... I didn't cum hard, but I really wanted to. Despite all the excitement due to my precarious situation, my little motor was still purring. It was like I hadn't come down from my edge and still needed affection.

I walked to Trixie and slapped her on top of the head.

"Awww... Sorry, Clara! I just wanted to have fun."

Communicating like a pet was still impossible for me. Trixie thought I was scolding her, but in fact, that little slap was because she didn't take the extra thirty seconds to make me cum in the fitting room. That was so mean, and once we would get back to the pethouse, I would make sure to let her know.

Bad Trixie!

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