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# Animal Café

## Chapter 30 - The bravery of pets

*WRRRZZZZZZ!*

"AAAAH! NOOO!"

Trixie jumped down the doctor's table and ran to the corner of the room to hide behind the large plant. Even though he had explained to her that this noisy saw would only cut her cast and not her actual arm, it scared the shit out of her anyway. Like we did all morning, Misti and I attempted to reassure her.

"Trixie. He told you ten times. It's not going to hurt you."

"NO! It's too scary!"

"If you let him take off your cast, Asha will make you some special food."

"I don't care about that!"

Now that was something. For Trixie to turn her nose away from Asha's delicious food, it had to be serious. At first, we thought she was just acting childish for fun, but we were more and more convinced that she was truly terrified of that cast saw. The doctor had explained the whole operation in detail and even showed her how safe the tool was by running it on his own arm, but now he was just waiting next to the table, arms crossed, and hoped that Misti and I could put some sense back into the rabbit girl.

Misti tried again from a different angle.

"Don't you want to wear your bunny costume again?"

"NO! I'm fine with you wearing it."

"I'm not going to do that. I like mine better. So, what would you like in exchange for letting the doctor remove your cast?"

"NOTHING!"

"I'm sure there is something."

"No, there isn't. Nothing is worth losing my arm forever."

"Aaaah! He told you. It's not even going to scratch you."

"I don't care. It looks too scary."

Misti rolled her eyes and tried a different approach.

"Okay. Clara will dye her hair blonde and get the same haircut as us if you go through this. How about that?"

"..."

"..."

What!? Shouldn't she have asked me before proposing this incentive? We had discussed it in the past, but I wasn't sure I had the guts to try it. Misti and Trixie always wore the same haircut, short and blonde, with one side almost hiding one of their eyes. I found that super cute, but I was a brunette wearing a less fashionable haircut. Such a change would be drastic.

That said, Misti's proposal made Trixie freeze as if she had finally got through her with a more appealing reward.

"Come on, Clara. Say yes, or else Trixie is never going to stop acting like an idiot."

"... but..."

"Just say yes."

"O... okay..."

"Good. So, Trixie. Is it worth it now?"

"Mmm... You are lying. Clara is not going to do it for real."

"No. Clara never lies. Right, Clara?"

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

Trixie cautiously crawled out from behind the plant and looked Misti in the eyes.

"Once we all look the same, can we have sex too?"

"Of course. Oreo is working, so Clara is sexually deprived. She wants to have sex so badly."

"HEY! Don't say things like that about me!"

"Shhh! Clara! I'm trying to convince Trixie!"

"Mmm... Okay then."

After hugging Misti, Trixie slowly walked back to the doctor's examination table and sat on it. I went behind her and placed my hands on her ears while Misti clung to her arm. The rabbit girl squeezed her eyes shut and raised her arm toward the doctor.

*WRRRZZZZZZ!*

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"AH! I told you it would be a piece of cake!"

"Trix! You were terrified and made a scene. You can't say that!"

"I haven't done such a thing, Misti. I'm brave! And I got a free lollipop out of it because of my good behavior. It's so good. Here. Lick it!"

"Eww! No! You've been keeping it in your cheek since we left the clinic fifteen minutes ago!"

"Lick it, Misti!"

"NO! Gross! Get away from me, stupid bunny!"

Of course, Trixie had a very selective memory and denied making a fuss in the doctor's office. Now that her cast was off, she simply needed to be careful and exercise her arm regularly to regain her lost strength. Since she was a cuddle machine, she would be back to normal in no time.

And since I had apparently committed to getting the same haircut as them, we were now on our way to the mall to have that done. How did this happen? Once more, I had my little universe turned upside down because of my playful friends.

Me, blonde? That seemed unthinkable.

Going back to what I've said in the past, I couldn't really be unhappy about this, though. All my life, I had no one to show me important things like fashion and style. I had to learn everything by myself and wasn't very good at it. Having friends like those two who knew what they were doing was a real blessing. Even though the change was a bit scary, I trusted them very much and was somewhat ready to attempt this new hairstyle.

Also, I couldn't help but remember the moment when I pretty much understood that girls attracted me. It seemed like such a long time ago, but... that moment. Lucy had asked me to go to the pethouse all by myself to deliver a box, back when I wasn't living there. When I entered the place, I found Misti and Trixie, naked, having sex on the crackly leather couch. They had not noticed my presence right away, so I was able to watch them for a little while before being discovered.

The way they were tenderly playing with each other, running their fingers through their hair, and caressing their naked white skin, I couldn't tell who was who at the time, but I liked it. The one thing I knew for certain was that what they did had felt so right and had turned me on like crazy. It hit me like a ton of bricks, and at that point in time, I had decided that I loved women more than just in a friendly manner. The rest is history.

"Clara?"

"..."

"Why did you stop walking? And why are you so red all of a sudden?"

"..."

"Hey. We were just playing earlier. If you don't want that haircut, we are not going to force you, you know."

"... No... no. I want it... I want it very much."

"Okay. Good. But you are still acting weird. Come on. The hair salon is just right around the corner. And I'm paying too."

"Yes... Yes... I'm coming! Haha."

I bounced forward and passed them. Now I wanted to get to the salon as soon as possible.

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"Uh? What's wrong with Clara? Why is she so happy all of a sudden?"

"I don't know, Misti. Clara is just like that. She lives inside her head most of the time."

"Yes. That's super cute."

"Hehe. Yes. Let's go. She is losing us."

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"Ooooooh! Claraaa!"

"..."

"It fits you SO well!"

"..."

"You are so blonde now! You look like us!"

"..."

Misti and Trixie had their cheeks pressed against mine while we were staring at ourselves in the big mirror of the hair salon.

Who was this creature in the middle? Me?

I couldn't recognize myself. It was not a quick process, but this dye and haircut were such an impactful change. It was blonde, shorter, and the hairdresser magically made it lighter, leaving behind golden fibers that were bouncy and fashionable. Like my two friends, one of my eyes was adorably hidden.

Trixie had blue eyes, Misti's were light brown, and mine were dark brown, but we really looked alike outside that. Our skins were pale, and our bone structure was not that different. If Trixie had not been chewing on another giant pretzel she had forced Misti to buy her, it would have been hard to identify who was who.

When I ran my fingers through my hair, it was as soft as when I ran them through Trixie's or Misti's...

"Hehe. Do you like it, Clara?"

"Yes. It's... nice."

"I think it's hot. Do you want to go to the café to see if Oreó likes it?"

"Oh no! I can't do that. Lucy doesn't want us to go there just to play."

"Bah! She will let us in anyway."

"No, no, no. I don't want her to say that I can't date Oreó anymore."

"Haha! Clara! Lucy would never do such a thing. She doesn't care who you are dating."

"... I'm still scared. Oreó gets punished all the time."

"Alright, silly. Why don't we go back to the pethouse then? We can cuddle and take selfies and send them to our friends to confuse them. And Trixie, close your mouth when you are eating. Why did you even get that pretzel? You just had lunch."

"It's physiotherapy for my arm. The doctor said I had to exercise regularly."

"Eating is not physio."

"Yes, it is! See? I can make bicep curls with the pretzel. Hmmph! Hmmph!"

As Trixie attempted to show off her non-existent bicep by curling her half-eaten pretzel, Misti shook her head and pinched the bridge of her nose. I agreed. We should go back to the pethouse and rest instead of spending all our energy trying to understand how Trixie's brain worked.

Despite my new style-induced shocked state, I was happy with the result and considered this change a success. My friends had helped me look better and less boring, so it was a great opportunity for me to try and act the part. I had never seen myself as a sexy person before, but it might have been because I wasn't one. Perhaps it was too harsh to think that way, but this new haircut kind of proved my point. Sure, it wouldn't make me any more interesting, but it showed me that if I were to take better care of myself physically, I could increase my chances of looking cool one day. It would be important for my own self-confidence, but also for the very intimidating return to school that was going to happen next week. Could girls studying finance afford to look bad? I didn't think so—all the finance people I've ever seen always dressed well and looked presentable.

I wrapped my fingers around Trixie's hand and squeezed it.

"Awww! Clara is holding my hand! She is my lover now!"

"Haha. Not a chance. She is way too much into Oreó. I think she just wants some of your pretzel."

"Hehe. Okay. Clara, say haaaa!"

"... Haaaa..."

Trixie presented her food to me, and I took a bite. Mmm... It was indeed a good pretzel.

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I loved being around Misti and Trixie. They were often excited, but when I spent a longer period of time with them, I got to see their sweeter side. One would have thought that they would have rushed to the pethouse to have sexy fun with me, like three immoral triplets, but no. Instead, we decided to go to the coffee shop annexed to the bookstore. We ordered a large iced coffee with three straws to save money, and then Trixie wanted to find a new series to read. Recently, she and Oreo found my pile of old books, which had the effect of motivating her to restart reading more.

Since she was so much into her new board game Star Pets Deep Space Adventure, we found her a neat little lesbian sci-fi series for adults. It couldn't have made her happier. The good thing about living in a free society was the possibility to find everything for all tastes. Space lesbians sounded like a classic. We got her the first volume so she could give it a go.

Now that Trixie had her new favorite possession, it was truly time to return home, so we happily trotted back to the pethouse with our light blonde hair bouncing around, following the wind's own desire.

As usual, we entered the big insurance building through the heavy front door. I tried to hide behind my friends because the security staff still scared me very much, and we engulfed ourselves in the golden elevator. It would have been nice to bump into Shane, I thought. Even though the way we met him was a bit odd, he genuinely seemed like a nice and caring person. After our encounter with him and the way Trixie had scolded him, we heard nothing else from him or Lucy. It has been weeks already. But Trixie said not to worry and that he and Lucy needed to take their time to discuss sensitive issues. Ah well, I didn't know what it was really about, so I preferred not to get too involved anyway.

Misti pressed her back on my chest as we were going up, pinning me to the wall. She wanted a hug from behind, so I wrapped my arms around her tiny waist, squeezing her.

"Eep!"

"Mmm... You are warm, Misti."

"Yes. Because I'm happy."

"Hehe."

Oddly enough, Trixie wasn't jealous because she had already started reading her new book, so her attention was elsewhere. That was only until the elevator door opened.

In front of the pethouse's doors was a cardboard box sitting on the floor. That caught the rabbit girl's attention.

"AH! I KNOW WHAT IT IS!"

She bolted out of the elevator, and after a few quick steps, she slid on her knees and grabbed the box before lifting it above her head like she had found the holy grail. Her new book seemed to have become secondary in importance.

"What is it, Trixie?"

"Come on, Misti. Don't you know?"

"I don't think so..."

"It's Clara's new bondage gears!"

"Oh, sweet!"

"..."

My intestines immediately turned into a knot. On the day Oreo made me wear her special catsuit, leather harness, cuffs, and collar, Asha and Trixie didn't waste any time ordering me my own kit with the obvious desire to be able to play with both Oreo and me simultaneously.

"Ah! Come, Clara! You have to try it now!"

"..."

"Don't be shy. We know you loved wearing Oreo's little harness!"

"... N... No... I didn't!"

It was obviously a lie, and they knew it; they had no trouble dragging me inside the pethouse. For some reason, I got the feeling we would eat our dinner a bit later tonight.

After kicking our shoes off, they pulled me upstairs while trying to undress me on the way. It felt a bit rushed, but it was funny at the same time. They probably started to understand me very well and knew that always waiting for my reaction could be somewhat counterproductive. My cheeks color was pretty much speaking for itself. The thought of wearing this special bondage outfit excited me a bit too much.

What did Oreo do to me?



I quickly ended up on the bed, only wearing my black panties and bra. At least they didn't push it as far to strip me naked, not before we actually opened the box to see what was inside. Who knew? Maybe Trixie was wrong, and it would be a fox figurine collection that Vix had secretly ordered. Mmm... That was unlikely. Vix never bought anything for herself. No, it had to be my new bondage outfit.

Using the corner of her pethouse access card, Trixie sliced the packing tape and opened the box's flaps.

"Oooh! YES! That's what it is!"

"Sweet!"

"..."

Oh, crap. Why did I get the feeling that I wouldn't sleep much tonight?

Trixie pulled out a bunch of transparent plastic bags containing some black leather straps that I couldn't identify just yet and placed them on the bed. Meanwhile, Misti, who saw that it was indeed what they had expected, worked on taking my underwear off.

"Take them off, Clara. You have to try your new gears now!"

"... But... But..."

"Please... It would make us happy!"

"... Okay... But don't tell Oreo, okay? I want to surprise her."

"We won't say a thing. Hey, Trixie. Give me Clara's new catsuit."

"Oh, I can't do that."

"Why?"

"It's not in the box. The catsuit will take a few more weeks to arrive. This is just her bondage gears. The harness, cuffs, and collar."

"Mmm... That's okay. It will look cute on a naked Clara anyway."

"Oh yes."

"..."

What? Now I will have to wear those things without a catsuit to protect my pride? It would be totally different. I was confident wearing Oreo's bondage suit because I was well hidden behind the black latex, but doing the same without it would be very embarrassing.

As I was making scenarios in my head, Trixie tried to make sense of the new harness. Oreo was pretty much the only one who knew how to handle this bundle of straps without getting

entangled in it. Even though I was very nervous, it was still funny to see that Trixie's wrist got caught in one of the smaller loops.

"Trixie! Stop playing with Clara's harness!"

"I'm not! This is too complicated. If I try to pull my wrist out of it, it just tightens around it!"

"Well, don't hold it like that!"

"Like what?"

"Like this!"

"Aaah! Don't pull. That's my broken arm."

"Your arm is not broken anymore. Let me do it. NO! Stop pulling!"

"I'm not doing anything!"

"GAH! Stop fighting me!"

"I'm not!"

I grabbed the nearest pillow and placed it on my naked chest to hug it. In this instance, I would have needed some popcorn as well because Misti and Trixie really had it in them to entertain me involuntarily.

What began as an honest battle to get Trixie unstuck slowly turned into a genuine endeavor to figure out how to operate the harness. Misti asked Trixie to undress too so she could figure it out better before trying it on me. How did Oreo make it look so simple?

As they were making some progress, I noticed that the one they bought for me was the exact same model as Oreo's.

"Misti? Is it the same as Oreo's?"

"Yes, Clara. I think so. Asha said it would be hot if you two looked identical."

"The cuffs and collars too?"

"Yes, that's what she said."

I squeezed my pillow a bit harder and smiled. Looking like Oreo would make me very happy. I found her so cute and loved her outfit so much. If I were to look exactly like her, I knew she would like it too. And since all the pets loved the BDSM version of Oreo, nobody would complain that I looked too boring for once.

As I was daydreaming and smiling like an idiot, things escalated rapidly with my two friends. Trixie finally slid her arms in what seemed the correct loops, and Misti started to fasten the buckles.

"Aaah! Gotcha!"

"Hey! Misti! That's not my harness! Don't attach it."

"I know! But Clara said she wanted you to wear it!"

"That's not true. She is right there. She said no such thing!"

"I heard her. You didn't."

"That's a lie! I don't want to wear a harness! I'm pure!"

"I'll never understand you, Trix. You are always all over people to have sex, yet, you are the most vanilla person I know."

"That's not true. I like when Clara and Oreo dress up kinky."

"I'm talking about you. Not them."

"What can I say? I like normal. Take the harness off me!"

"No!"

Woah! That was big news. Trixie, the most sexual pet of the bunch, the one who refused to date someone so she could play with as many girls as she wanted, the one who demanded from Accalia that she wear her nurse uniform at all times, the one who loved being encased in her restrictive latex rabbit costume more than anything... Was she uncomfortable wearing a little BDSM item?

Interesting...

I put my reassuring pillow aside and crawled toward the edge of the bed. On the way, I grabbed my new collar and unwrapped it from its bag. They were too busy arguing with each other to notice that I was on the move. I had learned from the best. I was a ninja!

I walked to Trixie and stood in front of her, very suspiciously.

"Uh? Clara? What are you..."

And, WRAP! I placed the collar around her little neck and quickly attached the silver buckle.

"AAAAH! NO! I'm not like Oreooo! I'm not a slave! I don't like collars when I'm not in costume!"

"Haha! Bravo, Clara! Perfect move!"

"You look cute, Trixie."

"Nooooo!"

I wanted to say, "poor Trixie," but it was the first time I had such a perfect opportunity to tease her. Usually, it was the opposite. Even if it was never to be mean, I was always the victim

of her passion for flesh and orgasm. Because of her, I even turned into a cute blonde girl today. So why would it be wrong to get some small revenge for all those months of teasing that I had to endure even though they have been beneficial?

And another bad news for Trixie was when Misti found the small bag containing all the padlocks. It only took a few clicks to seal her fate. Toward the end, she even stopped fighting us, defeated, and raised her arms so we could place the leather cuffs on her wrists.

"My life is over... I'll never be pure again."

"You've never been pure, Trixie, and you know it."

"I will end up selling my body in the street."

"Bunny! That has nothing to do with anything."

"I, a whore for the cold world."

"Would you stop and enjoy yourself a little?"

"Weeks, prisoner of my arm cast, yet shackled again for a lifetime."

"Clara! Do something to snap her out of it!"

"..."

Do what? I thought she was very funny with her over-dramatization of the situation. She seemed so serious, yet her exaggeration was not plausible at all.

But I had to do what I had to do. I wrapped my arms around Trixie's neck and kissed her.

"Mmm!"

"Hmmm..."

There. She was very quiet now. Instead of whining, she rubbed her soft tongue on mine, and we exchanged some delicious fluid. I then pushed her toward the bed, where she fell heavily on her back and me on top of her so we could continue kissing.

Misti took off her clothes and laid down next to us. I would have to consider sharing the bunny girl soon because Misti had such a hot look on her face. I think I had a very good idea of what she was thinking... what WE were thinking.

Sure, Trixie in bondage was a first, and her reluctance to the BDSM style was amusing, but the root of the pleasure was that after our little hairdresser adventure today, Misti looked like Trixie, Trixie looked like me, and Misti also looked like me. We didn't have to talk about it because we knew.

We knew it was hot.

As wrong as it sounded, and this was more than likely the reason it tickled our reptilian cortex and activated our basic instincts, we looked like three sisters featured in a bad porn movie. The good thing was that we weren't related at all, and our similarity was simply a game. But still, it was very hot.

My kisses traveled down Trixie's chest until I reached her soft warm boobs, and as soon as Misti had enough room to jump in, she took the french kiss relay. As I was nibbling Trixie's cute nipples, I could hear her little moans. She seemed to be very happy despite what we had done to her.

And they were right about the harness. It was fun to grip it to keep Trixie in place. It made me appreciate what my friends felt when I wore Oreo's BDSM suit around them. This little contraption that I had simply considered good-looking and comforting also created an imbalance in a relationship. The person wearing the harness sent a strong signal to the other that she was surrendering. Some sort of abandonment to whatever the other partner wanted. And just like that, it made me somewhat understand why Trixie was apprehensive when Misti made her wear it.

Trixie was strong. Despite her playful side, she was smart and willing to do a lot to get what she wanted from her friends, often sex. She was the initiator. So being put in a role where she was the one being controlled was probably not her preference, and maybe that was the reason why she had never been too attracted to wearing such garments or even being tied up.

That said, she was not complaining. Misti and I took good care of her, so her mind was probably a bit too fried to think straight. My belly lick made her react as she knew where I was going with this.

Why was her skin so soft and white? It was almost as good as when she wore her white latex rabbit suit.

I licked her belly button, making her spasm.

I did prefer her as a latex rabbit. Was it wrong to think that? I liked Trixie-human too, but the rabbit was just so cool. It was not that cool when I had to wear the costume myself, but very cool when she or someone else wore it. The white rabbit was the first pet I brought home, after all. She meant something special to me.

"AAAH! CLARA!"

Still, I enjoyed licking Trixie's smooth crotch, even if she wasn't a real bunny today. She was always so wet. This girl would never ever be able to hide her arousal from anybody, and if we were to go to the beach together one day, she would have to be wise about her choice of suitable bikini fabric, or else her bottom would become see-through rapidly.

I thought she smelled good too. Of all the girls I had licked before, Trixie was the only one that didn't smell like an ordinary girl. Usually, there was that little odor that was not unpleasant but that I had to get used to, but Trixie was slightly different. It was just like she was made of delicious cake. I would have to ask Misti if she had noticed the same thing one day.

Anyway, as Asha often said...

"Gnaaaw!"

"AAAAH! Misti! Clara is... is..."

Misti was too busy to talk. Since I was taking good care of the bottom, she had attacked Trixie's chest. But what Trixie had really tried to say was that she was close to the edge, which wasn't too surprising. That girl could come quickly.

Sinking on the big white bed were three small girls—five foot two, blonde hair, narrow visage, pale skin, smooth and delicious. We were what people would search on a porn website or what most people would never get to experience.

We were a fantasy. A beautifully erotic fantasy.

"AAaaah! Aaaah! I'm... I'm cumming! I'm... AAAAH!"

A noisy fantasy that I was so lucky to be part of. My only regret today was that Oreo was at work and couldn't be here. I knew she would be happy to hear that I had a lot of fun with my friends tonight, but deep down, I missed her already and wished that I could do this with her more often than with the others. She was my little girlfriend that I loved so much, and I wanted to be with her.

Even though they didn't know what I was thinking, Misti and Trixie, with this physical selfless affection, supported me while I was away from Oreo. But with a bit of perspective, I was the one being a bit jealous because I knew that right now, Oreo was probably cuddling with Vix. So from that point of view, she was winning. She also had Accalia, Meeka, Savannah, and Asha. And Lucy gave her free food too. Hey, the café pets didn't have it bad at all.

"Aaaaah! Clara! Stop! Stoop! I came! I caaame!"

I was too busy thinking about random things to listen to Trixie's request. Plus, Misti held her well in place, taking advantage of her harness, so I had no good reason to comply with her whining. Trixie had done this to me in the past, so it was okay to return the favor and push her a little bit.

After all, she was very brave today. She had her cast removed and would soon be back at the café. She deserved what she was getting.

\*\*\*

"Mmm..."

"Hehe. Morning, Clara."

"Mmm... Mistiii... You are so warm."

"You too."

Buried inside her arms, under the thick blanket, I hugged Misti very tightly. I wasn't fully awake yet, but I knew this felt very good. There was nothing like human warmth to feel at peace.

"Hehe. Guess what, Clara?"

"Mmm... I'm still tired."

"It looks like it. But hey. Trixie left the bed at night and took off her harness."

"Oh? Was she mad?"

"Hehe. No. But I think she really doesn't like it."

"Mmm... It's odd."

"Yes. Anyway, it's your harness. So she doesn't have to wear it anymore."

"I will. With Oreo."

"Haha. You like Oreo that much, don't you?"

"Yes... Mmm... A lot. She is special."

"You are right about that. I wish Trixie would be my special person too, but she is not ready, she said."

I tried to bury myself even more in Misti's arm because I wanted to sleep a bit more while she was telling me her secrets, but my wish to rest got annihilated in an instant.

The bedroom door slammed open, and Trixie burst in with two plates full of food.

"CROISSANTS! I FOUND CROISSANTS!"

"Oy! Yes. They delivered them yesterday. Lower your voice. Clara is trying to sleep."

"Well, she can sleep later. I warmed up a few for her too."

She climbed on the bed and knee-walked toward us. It seemed that I would have to take a nap a bit later. Knowing Trixie, after her breakfast, she would undoubtedly want a dessert.

Probably a Clara-muffin.

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