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Animal Café

Sweet Pets 4

"Do you invest your money in the stock market?"

Meeka shook her head no.

"See, you should consider it. Because the earlier you start, the wealthier you'll get. You are lucky to be able to start at a young age. If I had known what I know now when I was younger, I'd have been much richer? How old are you?"

Meeka shrugged.

"You don't know?"

Meeka shook her head no.

"You don't want to tell me?"

Meeka shook her head no.

"Ah, I see... Café policy, I suppose."

Meeka nodded.

For the past two hours, Meeka had been stuck with this new client, a man wearing a suit and a tie, seemingly in his forties. He had a few extra pounds, which made him very comfortable to lean on, but she was still trying to figure out what he was doing at the café.

Considering the amount of cake he ate so far, it was good for Lucy's business, but there was more in life than profit.

When the man walked in earlier, he looked out of place compared to the average clients. That said, everybody was welcome at the café and deserved to have a chance to cuddle with the small rubber petgirls. Lucy had undoubtedly briefed him about the strict rules so he wouldn't attempt anything shady.

As soon as he set foot in the lounge, all the available pets cutely lined up for him to choose from, and he went straight for the raccoon girl, which was incredible considering Vix was available. It must have been the first time Meeka had been selected first, so, all proud of herself and thrilled to meet a new client, she rushed to him and threw herself in his generous belly.

And then, everything went south after that.

For the past two hours, Meeka has been sitting there, unable to get him to reasonably pet her, and just kept listening to finance and business crap, which gave her a mighty headache.

And then...

"Can you sing?"

Meeka cocked her head, puzzled by the sudden irrelevant question... She was a rubber pet wearing a rubber mask, so it was pretty evident that she couldn't make a sound.

She shook her head no.

"Are you sure?"

Meeka nodded.

"I'm sure you can!"

Meeka shook her head no.

"Sure, you can!"

Where was he going with this? He made no sense whatsoever. Her headache just grew a little bit more.

"Do you want to know why I know you can sing?"

Meeka nodded.

"Because you are Meeka..."

...

"Do you get it? Meeka... your name is Meeka..."

...

"You know... like Mika... the singer?"

Meeka pressed her paw on her forehead and groaned internally. Her headache went up three levels after this man had compared her to a pop singer just because of her name.

She had enough.

Without any warning, she crawled over the man to get out of the booth and walked away, leaving him behind and alone.

A few seconds later, she returned with a small red fox in her arms, Vix, who had no clue what was going on and therefore not resisting. Meeka sat Vix not so carefully next to the man and pulled his arm around her neck before waving at him and leaving.

Rubber pets could run out of patience too.

"Where did Meeka go?"

Vix shrugged.

"Aaah, it's okay. You are cute too."

Vix nodded.

"So, little foxgirl, do you invest your money in the stock market?"

Then Vix understood what Meeka had done, which would ensure an intense pillow fight once Lucy would close shop for the night.

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