

Copyright © 2021 by Tigerstretch.
[Support me on Patreon](#)

Animal Café

Chapter 27 - Safety pets

"I wanted to say... I like you a lot and..."

"But, I know that already, Clara."

"No, no... Oreo. Listen..."

"But, I do."

Under the blankets, well hidden from the world, Oreo and I finally found time to talk quietly without being pressured by time or people. Now, it was just a matter for me to find a way to convey my message so that Oreo wouldn't think I was weird or threatening. I also wanted to hear what she had to say in return.

When I showed up at the pethouse earlier with Asha and Vix, Oreo and Trixie were rummaging through my things in the bedroom, but shortly after that, Trixie left the room like a hurricane, motivated by the opportunity to annoy her friends because I gave her a special gift. At that moment, against all odds, I ended up alone with Oreo.

I had no idea how it had happened, but we ended up kissing for a few minutes, and nobody ever came back to the room. My theory was that when Asha and Vix saw Trixie exiting the bedroom, they decided to give us some alone time. Or maybe they were only filling Trixie in with their dating master plan.

So my pretty friend and I decided to slide under the blanket and isolate ourselves further from this chaotic world that made our life so much more complicated. We weren't naked, but it felt just right anyway.

"You... you know... I find you very cute."

"Yes. You tell me all the time at the café."

"True. But... outside the café... you are cute too."

"Oh, you told me that as well before."

Why was it so hard? What was I trying to tell her exactly? I had never used the words I attempted to articulate before, and it was incredibly hard to put them together in an orderly manner. It was obvious that Oreo knew that I found her cute already. Every time I fed her and rubbed her warm rubber belly at the café, I told her how much I liked her. Unfortunately, I told all the other petgirls the same thing. So how was I supposed to make her understand that I liked her differently?

Transferring part of this burden to her shoulders seemed like a spineless move, but that was all I could think of doing before I hyperventilated.

"Oreo... How much... Do you like me?"

"Oh... a whole lot."

"..."

And what was that supposed to mean? That was an instant backfire. I only ended up killing the conversation and my quest didn't advance any further.

"Do... Do you like... other petgirls?"

"Of course. All of them. Except for Savannah because I don't know her at all. She spends all her time with Meeka like a leech."

"..."

Yes. Why was it so hard? Couldn't Oreo see what I was trying to tell her? And how was I supposed to know if she was missing my point or just tried to deflect the topic so as not to hurt me? How did ordinary people manage to communicate so easily while I couldn't? They didn't seem to bump into these kinds of issues.

"But... Oreo... When I saw you... out of costume..."

"I know. It was weird. I'm sure it scared you."

"When you were all tied up? Yes, but..."

"Awww... I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scare you. It was just easier for me to meet you that way. I'm weird like that."

"No, no. Oreo! You are not weird. It was okay. It's not what I'm trying to say..."

Poor Oreo. I didn't know she felt that bad about what she had done on that day when I met her for the first time, when she was all tied up on the bed. I thought things had gone very well. Sure, it had surprised me a little at first, but it was no big deal. After untying her, we had plenty of time for kissing, and I thought it was great. I had even found her bondage outfit intriguing. But the way she was talking, it was as if she had stayed with an impression that she had done something wrong.

"You... you didn't think I was weird, Clara?"

"No. I thought you were pretty. And I liked your little harness."

"You did?"

"Yes. Hehe."

"Awww... I love to wear it. It makes me feel safe."

"Safe?"

"Yes. It's like... when someone hugs you. I don't know... But when I wear it, I feel... stronger."

"Oh, then I will have to try it because I'm not very strong. Haha."

"..."

"..."

What did I just say? That I wanted to try... bondage? There was an awkward moment of silence. Knowing how important bondage was to Oreo, it was probably not a good idea to joke about this as I did. She just looked at me with her big black eyes as if I had perhaps demonstrated a willingness that she had not expected, and I didn't know if it was a good or a bad thing.

"Clara? Were you serious?"

"Oh... Mmm..."

Bondage? What did I get myself into this time? I finally had an opportunity to share my feelings with Oreo, but now, this clumsiness of mine made me turn red like a lobster in boiling water. I didn't want to say anything that would have offended her. I knew how important her bondage gears were to her, so I didn't want to say that I didn't like it not to make her feel like she was odd, and I didn't want to say that I liked it out of fear of what could happen next. Yet, telling her that I didn't know would show her my indifference, and she would take it as a no.

Why was I so talented at painting myself in a corner?

"I would be... willing to try... one day."

What had started as a poor attempt at being funny had turned into a commitment to try something that I had never considered before, and frankly, that was a bit uncomfortable.

Oreo's next words would be significant for my future. Her little mouth opened to expel a sound, but just as she was going to, the bedroom door slammed open.

"CLARA!"

Thank you, Trixie. You just saved my life without realizing it.

"Clara? Where are you?"

"Here."

Oreo and I crawled out from under the blanket and stared at Trixie.

"Uh? Were you guys having sex? How come you are not naked?"

"... We weren't. We were... talking."

"Talking? What a waste. If I were under the blanket with Oreo, I would totally have sex with her."

"..."

Oreo and I looked at each other, puzzled by how bold our blonde rabbit friend could be at times. But at the same time, we couldn't really say she was wrong.

"Anyway! Clara! We need to talk."

"Talk?"

"Yes. Actually, it's Asha who needs to talk to you."

"Asha?"

"Oh yes! Asha, come here!"

"Nooo! Trix, please! I don't want to!"

"I'm not giving you a choice."

"Awww! So mean!"

"It's your own doing, leopard-face! You get your butt in here right now!"

What was going on? It was the first time I saw Trixie so serious. Usually, she acted dumb and playful on purpose, but this time, she was frowning and authoritative. It was unlike her. And Asha must have realized that too because she dragged her feet inside the bedroom, looking at the floor as if she had done something reprehensible. Vix trailed behind but didn't seem overly concerned by what was happening. She actually walked into the room, her hands stuffed in her kangaroo pocket, and sat on the corner of the bed as if she wanted a first-row seat for the show.

"Tell Clara what you did, Asha!"

"But..."

"Tell her!"

"Awww! Okaaay!... Clara... I'm sorry!"

"..."

Sorry? Sorry for what? What did she do outside being very nice to me all day? Even scratching my head didn't help me remember what she could have done wrong. She had been nothing but supportive. She and Vix had even walked with me to the college today. They didn't have to do that.

Trixie poked her on the side of the head.

"Tell her why you are sorry!"

"Mmm... Well... I may... have lied... a little."

"Go on! Tell her the truth, Asha!"

"Well... I mean... It wasn't far from the truth... so it was not like a big lie... it was just a little lie."

"ASHA!"

"Okay! Okay! Don't get so angry, Trix. I'm telling her..."

What was going on? I've never seen those two act like that before. What could have she lied about that concerned me that much? There was really nothing I could think of?

"Well... When I said... Trixie and Misti... were a couple. It was... kind of... not true."

"..."

"I'm sorry, Clara. I didn't mean bad... I just wanted to help you. But it was Vix's fault too! She played along!"

"ASHA! Don't get Vix involved! She is cute and will never do anything bad even if she did."

"Aaaah! Stop pinching my neck, Trixie!"

That was unexpected. So, Trixie and Misti weren't in a relationship like Asha had told me? It also meant that there were no couples among the pets. And if I were to date Oreo, nobody knew what impact it could potentially have on the whole group? On Oreo? On me? All the reassurance I had acquired when Asha had told me that my two friends were an actual couple had suddenly vanished, and I felt like a fool.

"Are... are you angry at me, Clara? I didn't mean bad."

No... No... I wasn't angry at Asha. I was mad at myself. So mad. Why did I even need reassurance in the first place? Why was I not smart enough or good enough to find out when people were telling me things that were not true. A sense of extreme tiredness weighed on me. I knew Asha didn't mean bad. She was way too nice for wanting to hurt me on purpose. She had made a mistake, and it was not the end of the world. She was not the problem here.

My inability to act normally was what hurt me. It was unfair that I couldn't deal with people. It was unfair that I didn't know how to respond to unexpected events like this one.

As my vision blurred due to the wetness of my eyes, I crawled back under the sheet and hid. Talking was impossible.

"AWWW! I'M SORRY! I'm so sorry, Clara!"

"There you go, Asha. You hurt Clara. Happy now?"

"Bwaaah! I didn't mean to! I didn't think it would turn out like this. I just wanted to help."

Vix crawled on the bed and placed her hand on my leg.

"Clara. Asha didn't mean bad. She just made a mistake. Talk to us, please."

I knew that! I wanted to tell them that it was okay and that I wasn't angry at them. I understood what Asha had tried to achieve, even if it was a bit mean. But my throat didn't work anymore, and I couldn't speak to them. And now they all thought I didn't want to talk to them anymore, which just made things worse.

But then, out of nowhere, a voice that was usually very weak rose to an unprecedented level.

"ENOUGH! All of you! Leave!"

"O... oreo? But, Asha is just trying to apologize!"

"LEAVE! Leave us alone!"

"But..."

From my hiding spot, I felt some movement on the bed. Oreo got off it, followed by Vix.

"Out! Out! Leave us alone!"

"Oreo! Don't push me! What's got into you?"

"I said, out! You too, Vix!"

"But... Oreo!"

SLAM!

What just happened? Did Oreo kick them all out of the bedroom? It was super silent now, and I didn't know what was going on? I pulled the bedsheet down to my nose and looked around. The bedroom was empty, and Oreo had her forehead pressed against the closed door. I couldn't see her face so it was hard to know what she was thinking.

"O... Oreo?"

She let a long sigh out.

"They never understand anything! They are not like us, Clara."

"..."

"For them, it's easy. They just talk and talk as if we can follow them. They just don't get it."

"... that... we are struggling?"

"Yes. It's unfair. They shouldn't put all the pressure on you like that."

"..."

When I woke up this morning, I hadn't expected that I would have been on the same page as someone else for the first time in my life. With her few slow words, Oreo had perfectly summarized how I felt. It was not that I didn't like people; I simply didn't understand them. They could not understand, or at the very least remember, that I wasn't like them. It was hard... so hard... And they always expected me to get better. They wanted me to get better. They wanted me to learn and improve. Yes, that was noble, and I appreciated the help. I wanted it too. But sometimes, like a moment ago, they pushed too hard, sucking the air out of my lungs, and still expected me to provide them with a normal response.

For once...

Just for once...

Why weren't they doing a little worse instead of asking me to do better?

Why couldn't they suck like me occasionally? Why couldn't they run out of things to say? Why couldn't they suffer a bit more? Just enough to be at my level for a day. Just to understand how I felt.

Let's be mediocre together so I can feel normal for an hour or so.

Oreo.

Oreo had fully understood. Using all her little guts, she had decided to step up for me. With that door slam, she had separated my world from their world so that I could recompose myself. I was grateful.

"T... Thanks, Oreo."

"Clara? Can... Can I show you something?"

"Yes."

"Can we just... not talk? I just want to spend some time with you without talking."

"... Okay. I would like that."

"Okay. I'll be back."

"..."

For some reason, not talking seemed like the best idea ever. Talking was hard, and I could use a break. And after Oreo's little explosion, I'm sure she felt the same level of exhaustion as I did, and that was the reason why she requested this little break.

After I agreed with her, she trotted to the closet and disappeared into it for a moment. The pethouse was a funny place. Everything looked oversized because we were all very small. It really made us feel like a bunch of pets. Nothing was adapted to our size, including this closet door that made Oreo look tiny.

And just to make her look even smaller, she returned with a big duffle bag in her arms. A little shiver went down my spine when I understood what it more than likely contained. Oreo didn't own many things, but what she did possess, we all knew what it was.

She dropped the bag on the corner of the bed and opened it. Without any sign of potential discomfort, she pulled out her black catsuit from it and placed it neatly on the bed; it looked like a deflated pet. Did she want my help to put it on? I had no issues with it and wanted to help.

But then she walked up to me and began unbuttoning my shirt using her little fingers.

"..."

No words came out of my mouth, even though I understood right away what she had in mind; the catsuit wasn't for her this time. Her angry eyebrows aside, Oreo, similar to me, didn't have a very expressive face, making it really hard to interpret what kind of intentions she carried at any given time. She didn't seem angry or sad nor happy or excited; she was just a neutral Oreo.

My shirt dropped to the floor, and then she pinched the back of my bra, releasing all the tension holding my breasts in place. It wasn't the first time I was naked around her, but she had never been the one who had undressed me.

Before going any further, she wrapped her hands around my waist and pressed her cheek on my upper chest.

"... Warm... You are so warm, Clara."

"... Am I?"

"Yes."

Her hands returned to my belly to unbutton my pants. I sat on the edge of the bed while she pulled them off my legs. Today I was wearing black panties, and I think she loved that because

her eyes got a bit bigger when she noticed them. For a girl who had a passion for bondage, it was not that surprising. Plus, Oreo wasn't that much the girly-girl type either. I would have a hard time picturing her in my head wearing colorful clothes.

As she pulled them down, she couldn't help but comment...

"You should always wear those, Clara. I like them a lot."

"I... I only have one pair... but..."

Oreo retrieved a bottle of lubricant from the bag and squeezed a bit of the gel in her palm. Without making it seem like it was weird, she applied it to my naked leg. It was cold, but it didn't feel bad at all. And the girl on whom I had a big crush caressed me, so how could I have not liked this? No matter what was happening here, I enjoyed it and didn't want her to stop.

Was this my perfect opportunity to create something very special with Oreo? Sadly, I couldn't read her mind, but I just felt closer and closer to her. This kind of activity involving only the two of us was what being a couple meant to me. We could do this at our pace without having someone stealing her attention from me. This moment was only for the two of us.

Oreo opened the latex suit and helped me slide my feet in it. I had worn animal costumes at the café a few times before, so this was not that strange to me, but her catsuit felt a bit different. It felt thinner and stretchier. The black color reminded me of Misti's suit, but since there were no cushy paws or animal masks attached to it, it was a different experience.

With a bit more gel and sensual rubbing, my real skin slowly disappeared and was replaced by my new sexier one. My fingers squeezed their way inside the attached gloves, and the hood took shape around my face. When the zippers closed, it felt so good. All the stretchy latex followed my curves and features nicely and comfortably.

"You are exactly the same size as me, Clara."

"Yes. Hehe. I like this suit... More than the pet costumes, I think. I mean, just the wearing part because I still like the petgirls a lot."

"I like both my Oreo suit and this one. Is this one less scary to you?"

"I... I don't know. I just feel... freer?"

"Safer?"

"Yes."

Was that the reason why she was making me do this? To make me feel safer and well protected from my other friends who were a bit too good socially? It was something I had

noticed when I wore the pet costumes at the café; wearing a mask had really helped me face this terrifying world. Nobody knew who I was, and I was less afraid to make mistakes or say something stupid. Oreo's catsuit was like that too, but I felt like myself while feeling protected because I could still talk and use my fingers.

"Clara? Do you want to try my harness?"

"... Yes. I would like that."

When I first saw Oreo all tied up on the big bed, her harness was the first thing I had noticed, and I liked it a lot. It made her look very cute. For some reason, I thought it would be interesting to put it on. I had never tried one before and, somehow, looked forward to it. When did I become this adventurous?

This bundle of leather straps looked so complicated. While Oreo untangled it, I was afraid for a moment that she would end up stuck in it and that we would have to call for help. But no. It was all in my imagination. She expertly prepared the harness in a way that made sense. All I had to do was place my hand on top of her head and step into the loops she presented.

That was the point where I realized how turned on I was. Why? Oreo had not even been overly touchy or sensual. So why was I feeling this way? My body felt all hot, partly because of the latex clinging to my skin, and the harness made me feel... safe... Exactly like what Oreo said earlier. It was nuts. How could this cute contraption made out of leather made me feel so good? How did that make sense?

The more she adjusted the buckles, the better it felt. It wrapped nicely around my waist, contoured my small boobs, and rested comfortably on my shoulders. It felt like a portable and satisfying hug.

Tugs!

"Mmmm... Oreo... D... don't do that..."

"Do what? Hehe."

Tugs!

"Aww! You do it on purpose!"

"I think you like it, Clara."

"..."

My body language certainly didn't lie. This fantastic ability I had to look elsewhere while someone told me something embarrassing prevented me from denying it.

Oreo dove inside the bag again and pulled out a few more items. First, it was for my ankles and wrists; she wrapped those nice little leather cuffs around them. It was definitely nothing like being a pet at the café anymore. This outfit took nothing away from my humanity but instead turned me into something... sexier... more desirable. Something kinky. Sure, the pets had their own way of looking sensual, like when I spent a very hot night with Trixie-rabbit in the capsule room. Oh, that was so hot! But this? Wearing sturdy bondage items to compliment my already erotic catsuit... It was doing something particular to me.

I felt... powerful. Borderline badass... How could this be? A shy girl like me? How could I feel like a desirable hottie?

"Oh, and you need a small collar too, Clara."

"..."

She approached me with a typical collar ornate with flat silver studs and a big dangling ring in front. When she wrapped it around my neck, a voice in my head screamed, "I'm ready to play, now." But, as I thought it was finally over, once more, Oreo plunged her hands inside the bag and pulled a small container out of it.

"What... what is it?"

"Hehe. Padlocks. It's going to make you feel even safer."

"... padlocks?"

"Yes. I like them a lot. I'm sure you will too."

Lots of little brass padlocks. Did she even have the keys for all of them? One by one, she clicked them here and there on my harness, cuffs, and collar, but she also attached one to my catsuit zipper as if to make sure it wouldn't magically crawl off me.

After that, she stuffed everything back in her bag and returned it to the closet. While waiting for her to return, I slid my thumbs under my harness and pulled on it. I quickly realized that I had no means of taking it off anymore. Opening the shoulder straps wouldn't even work; they didn't feel very tight, but they were too short even to hope to slide an arm out of it. I was trapped.

When Oreo came back, she climbed on the bed and sat. She wasn't Trixie, or else she would have jumped on me and tried to have sex right away.

"Clara. Turn on yourself. I want to see what you look like."

"Hehe. Okay."

I lifted my arms above my head and slowly turned around. Why did I feel sexy? Under any other circumstances, I would have turned beet red and probably would have fainted too. But this time around, I didn't mind exposing myself like this to the girl I was attracted to.

"I love it, Clara. You are so pretty. Come here."

"... Yes."

It felt so weird when I crawled on the bed to join her. Was I even the same person I was a few minutes ago? The one who almost cried in front of everybody?

"Do... Do you like the suit?"

"Yes. A lot."

She reached my head to pinch my rubber cat ears.

"I wear it when I feel distressed, and it always makes me feel better. I thought it would help you feel better too."

"I understand, Oreo. It's special. As you said, I feel safer. It's like a mini-armor. Hehe."

"Yes! Exactly! And you know what else I like, Clara?"

"No?"

"When I wear that kit, I don't have to do anything. Everybody takes care of everything for me. They play with me, they don't ask me complicated stuff... They just like to have me around."

"And... you let them do whatever they want?"

"Yes. Like... when you first saw me tied up. You took care of everything, right?"

"Hehe. I think I will like that, Oreo."

"I think so too... but... right now, you are the one wearing the harness, so... I think I want to take care of you."

"... Take care... of me?"

"Yes... Like this."

Oreo gripped my harness and gently lowered me to my back. I felt so obedient, and she was so pretty. My heart raced in my chest. Was Oreo going to...

"Mmm!"

"Mmmm!"

... kiss me?

Just like that, she ignited a little volcano inside my belly. Out of control, my latex body stretched on her mattress. I opened my body as much as I could to give her access to my whole body. I had never behaved like this before. I wanted her hands to touch me everywhere and make me feel good. I wanted her... badly.

I wanted Oreo.

"Clara?"

"Mmm..."

"I... I know what you wanted to say... earlier..."

"..."

"I... I was a bit scared... but... Now that I'm looking at you, all covered in latex. It makes it a bit easier."

"... What... what do you mean?"

"You wanted to date me... right?"

"..."

"Do you want to tell me?"

"... Yes... I... I really like you... and.."

"I feel the same, Clara... You are not like the others. So, can we... try?"

What was happening? Was this even possible? Did Oreo just ask me out? Did she understand all along that I was attracted to her and wanted more than just to be friends?

A very odd surge of happiness grew inside my chest. I tried to control it, but a big smile appeared on my face. For someone not used to show emotions often, it felt like my face was about to split open.

"... Yes... YES! Hahaha! I really want to try, Oreo!"

"Clara... you are laughing. Hehe."

"Hahaha! Yes! I'm... I'm so happy all of a sudden! I'm so happy!"

"Nice. Then you are mine, right? And we can spend a lot of time together when I'm not working."

"Yes. And hold hands."

"I would like that too."

Our arms automatically wrapped around each other, and we resumed our kissing. It couldn't be real. The girl that I was the most attracted to in the whole universe was now my girlfriend? Was this really real?

She was there, tugging lightly on my harness and nibbling my rubber neck. It was not a dream. I was with her, and she seemed to want me genuinely. But there was still something missing. Something that burned my soul since the first day I met her...

"O... Oreo... Can... Can I say it?"

"... Hmm? You can say anything you want to me, Clara."

"I... I... love... you..."

"..."

Of course, to make it more romantic, like in my books, I confessed my deepest feelings while looking into her eyes. The problem was that I didn't exactly know what to expect. She kept her neutral face for a moment, and then, her first real smile appeared.

"Aww... say something, Oreo! It's embarrassing."

"Hehe. I love you too, Clara. And you are still very warm. I love that too."

"Mmm... Yes. It's a bit warm in here..."

An hour later, still floating on my new steamy love cloud, I walked downstairs while Oreo went to the washrooms, still wearing my latex suit and bondage kit, which I almost forgot I wore so much it was comfortable. I quickly found Asha, Trixie, and Vix sitting quietly in the living room, still looking traumatized by what happened earlier. For some reason, I thought they would react more strongly to my outfit, but instead, they just continued to play on their phone.

Only Asha, visibly worried about something, had something to ask.

"Oreo! Is Clara still angry at me? I'm so sorryyy! I didn't want to hurt her."

"No... no... It's okay, Asha. I'm not angry."

"..."

"..."

"..."

Oh, right. And now that there was something a bit more interesting in the room, everybody dropped their phone and got off their butts.

"WHAAAAAT!? CLARA?"

"... Yes?"

"But... but.... HOW? Why... Why are you wearing..."

"... I... I don't know. Oreo and I... we just played... and..."

As I was stuttering some random words, Oreo arrived next to me from upstairs and wrapped her arms around my waist.

"... And we are together, now!"

"..."

"..."

"..."

Trixie walked up to Oreo while everybody else was frozen in time with their mouths stuck open.

"Say that again, Oreo? I'm not sure I heard that right."

"Clara is my new girlfriend, Trix."

"..."

"What? We just decided."

Shocked, and as if wanting to convince Oreo that she had made a huge mistake, she placed her two hands on her small shoulders.

"Oh!... No,no,no! That won't work at all, Oreo! Clara is MY girlfriend! You can't have her!"

"Definitely not, Trix. But you can borrow her when I'm working. Right, Clara?"

"Hehe. Yes. I don't mind playing with Trixie."

Of course, it was Trixie and her strange sense of humor. Behind her shocked facade, I could tell that she was happy for us, and of course, she suspected that we would still be open to having some fun with her. You couldn't take the pet out of the petgirls, after all. In any case, this new relationship would take some time to define. Both Oreo and I didn't want things to change, but at the same time, we wanted to have this special something. We needed each other.

Then Vix and Asha came to us as well. Asha scratched her chin...

"Mmm... That's a problem, Clara."

"... A problem?"

"Yes. Because now we have to buy a brand new set of bondage gears for you. Who knew that you were as mentally twisted as Oreo."

"... I... I'm not..."

"Look at you. All covered in latex and leather... And you are saying that you are not like Oreo?"

"Well... I mean... I like it... a bit... but..."

"Oooh, guys! We have some online shopping to do tonight! We have to take care of this new version of Clara. Fetishist-Clara!"

Somehow, things felt better. What Oreo made me do and wear today had a bizarre effect. This image I projected and how I felt safe inside my harness had already changed me and the way people looked at me. Asha's plan to get me some fun gear wasn't something she would have done for me before, so it was like if all of a sudden I became cooler, and they wanted to play with me. I felt... special.

Oreo clung to my arm.

Was this a dream? After having struggled so much just to talk to her recently, she was now my girlfriend? I wasn't too sure how it had happened so fast, but If this was really a dream, then I didn't want to wake up.

Did you like what you read?

[Support me on Patreon](#)