

Friday Night Plans

Lus is done with work for the week, and she's got plans. A slice-of-life by Lus Rangifer (aka Eaglehooves)

"Thank goddesses... it's *finally* the weekend" The inflatable caribou declared with a deflated sigh as she flopped onto the sofa, her normally taught and perky form clearly having lost some air due to the stresses of the week. "I cannot wait to get bucked up."

The sheepdrone sitting at the other end turned and stared at her, cocking her head in a surprisingly clear expression of confusion for someone who's mask-like face offered as little articulation as it did.

"Two things... one, you're an adult, Lus. You're allowed to swear. Two-

The doorbell rang, cutting her off. Mary took one look at her inflatable housemate, then rose with a squeak to answer the door. Lus had clearly had a rough day, and she was literally made to help. She continued her thoughts on the way.

"And two, since when were you a heavy drinker? Unless it's laced with transformation serum, you have a drink and a half, get sleepy and nauseous, then go to bed early."

"I-

Lus started to respond, but paused as the rubber sheep pushed down on the oversized, hoof-friendly door handle and pulled inwards. Standing outside was a tall white-tail buck, made even taller by the impressive 18-point rack of antlers that towered above him. As her gaze drifted back down she could tell that while he wasn't overly muscled, he was well toned and nicely fit... which wasn't difficult to see, considering that he was wearing a forest service badge on a chain, a loincloth, and nothing else.

"Is there a caribou doe who lives here? We've heard reports of some noise complaints in this neck of the woods. Lots of noisy squeaks and lonely caribou bleats. They sent me out to make sure the wildlife is having its *needs* properly tended to."

The sheepdrone looked out over the distinctly *suburban* landscape of their condo complex, turning around slowly to stare at the sofa with an expressionless, unamused stare before letting out a long huff of air from the exhaust port on her muzzle that almost resembled a sigh. As she did, Lus popped her head over the back of the sofa, her formally droopy antlers now fully-inflated and bouncy again, giving the two of them standing at the door a dumb, excited grin.

"I said 'Bucked' for a reason".