

Spreadsheets and Soles

By: RaddaRaem

"You're working from home again, aren't you?" A dull monotone, tinted with radio static, inquired through Kaili's laptop speakers.

Tongue bled out, Kaili ran a padded thumb along its damp pink surface. The cheetah then proceeded to drag her digit along the crease of the Post-It note pasted along the plastic surrounding the top of her smudged display. She tap tap tapped at it to make sure that the adhesive grip stuck tight to the circular glass indentation housing her laptop's webcam. "You can't prove that," she replied.

A groan registered from the tiny holes that punctuated the dust lined gap of grey just above the feline's keyboard. She heaved as she repeatedly pressed a clawed finger against the volume button and all but silenced the welling sigh wafting out of her speakers. "I can't tell what's worse. That your manager doesn't give a shit or that HR doesn't," her muted coworker whispered.

"Klaus, it's not like you couldn't get away with it either," Kaili purred as she slipped her hands, black spots coating her bright tan digits, beneath the laptop. With an mmphh she lifted it off her kitchen table and sauntered on over towards her couch. Gentle shifts and scuffs sounded out as those denim clad thighs of hers rubbed against one another during her approach.

"That's not the point."

With a flop, Kaili sat herself down upon the faded brown cushions. She wriggled her petite toosh back and forth as the cheetah settled into the hills of wrinkled leather that marked the imprint of her ass cheeks. "Jealousy is such an ugly emotion," she smirked to her unseen audience. Kaili propped her feet upon the coffee table before her, padded heels bumping aside some candles and coffee mugs, before setting her laptop upon her lap.

The feline stifled her snickering best she could at the audible augh that filtered through her speakers. "In hindsight, this might actually be for the best," her computer flatly replied. "Fine. What's the estimate on those user stories?"

Rolling her shoulders, Kaili hummed aloud while she took to unbuttoning the cuffs of her shirt and shoving its bleached white sleeves up to her elbows. Her tail flopped beside her as she slowly sank into the cushions and cracked wrinkles in the leather spread out like veins behind her. "Hmmm..." Kaili grunted while she ran a hand through her dirty blonde hair.

"Hm is not a measurement of time. I need an answer before the end of today, cat."

Lips scrunched, the spotted feline's fingers clacked noisily against her keyboard. Intermittent clicks of the mousepad broke up the tedium here and there. "Still waiting to hear back from Rick on the mockups. Put me down tentatively for tomorrow." Rolls of warm black padded flesh scrunched together along Kaili's heels as her weight settled down upon them. The cool glass beneath her feet smudged slightly when she shifted her legs back and forth.

"Alright. I take it you'll be oh so conveniently calling into our afternoon standup?"

Kaili curled her thick fat toes against her soft padded soles. "You know me so well," she demurred with eyebrows arched.

Static interlaced with what sounded like a roaring wind, nothing more than a magnified exhale, radiated out from the speakers. "Dare I ask why you felt compelled to work from home? For the third time this week."

The cheetah bit down upon her lip and rolled her sandy eyes. "Sooooooo I'm over under for the week. What of it?"

"It's Wednesday."

Shifting back and forth against the leather couch cushions, rolling her shoulders as she did so, muffled cracks and pops sounded out from within the feline's spine. "I'm a whole hell of a lot more productive at home than at the office sans interruptions. That's my excuse and I'm sticking to it," she grumbled. Kaili sighed irritably as her clawed finger clacked at the leftmost rectangular button positioned just beneath her laptop's touchpad. Nothing happened in response. Much more forcefully, she slammed a padded digit down upon it. Her mouse click finally registered.

"You never did get around to answering the question." Repeated mouse clicks were the only responses offered to Klaus' query. "Be that way. Do us a favor and make sure to mute yourself this time around. Last time your purrs all but--"

"Okay thank you Klaus!" The cheetah hurriedly strung together as she dropped the call. A faint red blush forced its way through the spotted tan fur that creased cheeks. Toes splayed apart, Kaili huffed and turned her attention away from the dull glow of her backlit monitor. "It is that obvious isn't it?" she pitifully mewled.

Soft clicks and clacks sounded out against the pane of glass that served as the coffee table's smudged surface. "Ummm... is now not a good time?"

Groaning, she tossed her head back against and let her neck rest against the wrinkled leather curves of the cushions. "Probably not," she rumbled out in embarrassment as she brought her hands over her face. Dirtied blonde locks of hair brushed against Kaili's fuzzy fingers. Eyes scrunched, folds forming in the trails of black fur streaking down from them and along the sides of her muzzle, the cheetah splayed her fingers apart and settled her gaze on the passable paint job streaked across her ceiling. One by one she tallied the dried white bubbles that pocked the ceiling. "Lord. Remember when I had the restraint to wait until after work to indulge in this?"

"I doooooo recall saying that you were treading down a slippery slope here!" A feeble voice called out from atop the table. Peeking out from behind a wax orange scented column a diminutive sheep revealed himself.

Kaili rolled her lips back into her mouth as she hmpphed. There they remained between her teeth; pointed bits of bone painfully pressed upon them from above and below. A loud wet raspberry sent them back out where they belonged. "It's your damn fault for being as good at this as you are," the cheetah replied. She splayed her toes apart and tapped a padded digit against the citrus scented candle standing tall atop the table.

“Why hello there blaming the victim! Didn’t take you long to show up.” The ovine’s hooves clicked and clacked loudly against the glass as he dismissively distanced himself from his gargantuan gal pal. Arms crossed about his woolly chest, the sheep turned up his snoot and bleated in the face of Kaili’s mewling protests. High above him the feline’s thick feet, radiating warmth and a gentle yet pervasive scent, sadly curled those tubby toes.

The cheetah’s spotted tail flit anxiously at her side. “Oh don’t give me that. You crave this just as much as I do.” Kaili slunk further and further down along the cushions until she was practically horizontal. Her legs, and the fuzzy feet attached to them, slid across the table. Chin tucked against her petite chest and neck strained, the feline grunted when her snuggly sheep continued to prance just out of reach. She sighed and rolled her eyes around their sockets. “Fine, Sen. Be that way.” A heavy exhale whistled out from between her lips. “Take your pick. You want a forced apology or an insincere one?”

Sen brought his weight down to bear on his right leg and curled his arms back behind his head. He hummed as he playfully bobbed his horned head side to side. “Ham it up for me why doncha? Insincere it is!”

Kaili nestled the back of her head into the folds of leather behind her. “Forgive me, Sen! The shame of it all is just too great!” She tossed an arm back and let her fuzzy forearm rest atop her ruffled head of hair. “Oh to think! Forcing my feet upon you day after day, often at your own urging, and not once did I ever stop to think how you felt!” Eyes closed, Kaili rolled her head side to side and mewed pitifully.

The black woolled bahher rolled his hand about his wrist and motioned for her to keep at it with the half-assed apologies. “Less shade and more sucking up, please.”

“Not only that but how can I ever hope to show my face at work again? Those judgmental stares, the gossip tossed back and forth between our cubicles and instant messengers, the shame of it all is suffocating! Why... I may just have to work at home indefinitely from here on out! How... how... yeah I don’t know where I’m going with this. Get over here you snuggly little shit.” Her purrs having taken on a demanding tone, the cheetah arched her soles. Kaili’s heels thumped against the glass lined table as she scooched her feet ever forward.

A bleat accompanied Sen’s shrug. “Bahhh, I’ll take it. You poor pampered thing you.” A faint blush filtered through his grey cheeks as he pressed himself into the faint damp warmth of her supple pads. Snoot shifting side to side, guided along the wrinkles in Kaili’s padded flesh, Sen brushed his keratin tipped fingers back and forth along the sheep smothering sole towering before him.

Lips curled up into a goofy smile the cheetah lazily dragged her finger back and forth along her mousepad for the sake of maintaining an ‘Active’ status on her messengers. Once her wrist grew tired the responsibility of feigning activity fell to her other hand.

“No click clack of the keyboard?” Sen mumbled into her sole. He all but buried his face into her foot when he heard, and felt, the bass of her rumbling giggle roll through him. “You’re straight up full-assing this aren’t you.”

With a tunk, Kaili allowed her foot to fall onto its side. Sen sheepishly bleated as it dragged itself along the table and corralled him between two plump soles. “My next meeting is in all of... four minutes.

Fuck all if there's anything I can get done between now and then." A sharp bahh sounded out when she brought the bottoms of her feet together.

"Besides play footsie with me?" the sheep bashfully inquired as he was spun back and forth between sliding walls of kitty soles.

"Besides play footsie with you," Kaili matter of factly replied. "Do me a favor though? Ease up when the meeting starts. Lord knows they have fodder enough on me as it is if friggin' Klaus of all people is giving me crap." Cradling Sen between her toes she shuddered in delight as his dainty fingers scritch across them. She nudged her laptop further on down towards her knees as her thighs began to burn beneath the heated plastic and, conveniently enough, blocked Sen from view. "Fifteen minutes. That's all I'm asking."

Sen mmhmed and pecked at a plump padded toe as it curled around him. "We both know good and goddamned well you're going to crack seconds into the call."

Kaili mrowed and huffed. "Okay fine maybe I will," she acknowledged in defeat. "Whatever. It'll... it'll be good getting a handle on the muting myself when need be." The cheetah growled and clenched her toes tight to stifle the sheepy snickering. "Yeah yeah I'm pitiful as all get out. Just shut up and let me get this outta the way..." Kaili huffed as her clawed fingers took to clacking at the keyboard once more and she dialed into the conference call.