

Footsies and Fengshui

By: RaddaRaem

"You need to borrow my husband again, why?" Arms crossed about her petite chest, the Corgi dismissively regarded her business partner with eyes half lidded. Bianca's generous hips, squeezed together by a wrinkled leather belt looped through the cloth rungs dotting her waistline, bumped side to side against the oaken door frame she wedged herself within.

Mana's fuzzy fingers gripped at the coarse stone surface of their shared alchemy table. "Now how do I bullshit my way outta this one..." the buxom bunny mused. Those jade eyes of hers gently rolled about the bottoms of their sockets while she took in what she had to work with. Mana blinked at the sandy colored scratches in the floor left behind from when she dragged the furniture across it. ...She could make it work.

"Well?"

Buck teeth pressed into her bottom lip, the rascally lagomorph silently scrunched her toes along the scarred wooden floor. "Now think. She's gonna be looking for the obvious tells," Mana thought to herself as she noiselessly exhaled.

No pacing. Mana all but anchored herself to the coarse basalt furniture. No white knuckling it either. Whiskered nose twitching imperceptibly, she relaxed her grip and spread her caramel colored pad-less palms upon the uneven stone tabletop. "Because I'm lazy. Surprise fuggin' surprise," she replied with a half-assed attempt at jazz hands for emphasis. "I mean look. Ever since we set up shop in here you've been on my ass about how I fucked up the floor. That and you've been dropping oh so subtle hints about how we could afford to shuffle around our setup. So I figured I... well, Ro for all intents and purposes if we're-"

"Stoppit stoppit stoppit," the canine growled as she pinched at her fuzzy brow.

The ruminating rabbit pulled her lips flat to dampen the dimples forming on her cheeks. No smiling. None. "Lemme finish! Now what I was thinking, at least until I remembered you'd bitch and bark yourself hoarse if I ever went through with it, was that I could drag the alchemy table on into the corner by the vents. With that outta the way we could just cover up the scratches, old and new, with one of those crappy decorative rugs you've been wanting to flair the place up with-"

Bianca's padded digits kneaded and massaged at the folds of wrinkled fuzz that creased her forehead. "Gods above." She clenched her eyes shut and hrrmmphed at the sight of those scrapes along the otherwise pristine planks of wood. "You have ulterior motives. I know you do." The Corgi's wet black nostrils flared as she sighed.

Mana bobbed her head to and fro while she considered whether or not to feign her shock and dismay at such accurate accusations. Hmm. Nahhhhhhhhhhhh. "Sooooooo..." She twirled a hand about her wrist. "This happening today or tomorrow?"

"At least do me the courtesy of trying to deny it," Bianca barked with a roll of her amber eyes. Her stumpy tail thrummed in agitatedly at the thought of looking at, much less treading on, those wounds in the wood while she worked. Dammit Mana. "Augh fine. Today, I guess. But!" She pointed a

clawed fingertip at her bunny business buddy. "We're tackling this together! It's not a matter of if you'll flirt with my husband, just when. And how," she grumbled to herself as she tried twirling about in place. A soft bark indicated her embarrassment at having her bountiful behind catch inside the doorframe.

Side to side the bunny sashayed her booty while Bianca struggled to pull herself free. "Seeya soon!" Mana called out as the Corgi's heavy paws rhythmically thumped against the floor upon her departure. Lips curled, the lagomorph allowed a smug grin to form as her tuft of a tail flit about excitedly. Drawing in deeply of the musty air, her stained cotton shirt clinging tightly to her breasts as her chest swelled, she sighed contentedly before trailing off into a cough. "Shit. Honestly didn't think I'd make it this far," Mana quietly acknowledged aloud through clenched teeth. That Bianca was even compromising was a victory in and of itself! The bunny hacked out another cough while she rapped a fist against her sternum.

Lips pursed, Mana took to rolling her shoulders. She mmphed as muffled pops sounded out while her arms rotated about their respective sockets. Her mind wandered as a tyranny of choices presented themselves to her. "I can bat my eyes at Roark friggin whenever," Mana mumbled as her fuzzy fingers squeezed at a sore shoulder. The bunny pinched and massaged at the heavy rawhide jacket draped atop it. "Whispering sweet whatevers in those hunky husky ears of his is no fun with Bianca around." Folds formed along the rolled up sleeves that protectively clung to her limbs.

She took to stamping a broad bunny foot against floor. "Come on, me. I can do bigger, I can do better than this! Now's my chance and fuck all if I'm gonna squander it." And then it hit her. Mana's ears flopped forward and came to rest atop the blonde mop of hair situated between them. "Bigger, huh?" the lagomorph asked herself. Brows arched, her eyes traced the path of the thin strap of leather slung over her shoulder. Mana's jaw slackened and a mischievous grin creased her lips as her fingers took to twiddling against the satchel it connected to. And its contents.

"I expect you to behave yourself, Mana!" Bianca barked out from hallway.

"Hun, is this really necessary?" A syrupy voice, twinged with uncertainty, dared to ask. Footsteps, divergent in their gait, thumped louder and louder against the floor as their respective owners approached.

Mana's fluff lined digits carefully flipped the leather flap flopped atop her satchel back. A long necked beaker could be seen bouncing back and forth within its soft interior. She gingerly cupped her palm beneath it and cradled it to her chest. "No promises!" Mana shot back in a sing-song tone. Yellowed paper, bearing the simple marking of an arrow pointing upward, peeled back off the curved glass. The dried smudges of glue left behind obscured the smoky lavender concoction sloshing inside.

When imbibed by the proper dosage, a sip or two at most, Mana typically found herself inching up just enough to reach the ingredients that lined the top shelves of the myriad cupboards that lined their alchemy lab. As opposed to flailing on her tippytoes or kicking a step stool around, a simple swig was all that was needed!

"I mean it!"

The bunny pressed a thumb against the stained cork wedged into the beaker's narrow neck. It noisily squeaked against the glass before bursting free with a pronounced pop. "So do I," Mana mouthed

out before wrapping her lips around the rim. Hand cupped beneath it, the soon to be looming lagomorph sauntered forward to intercept her guests. Stifled coughs and wheezes forced their way through her nostrils as her throat bulged with every glurking swallow. She winced as rich and heady aromas filled her lungs while she continued to force down every last drop.

Clicks and clacks of clawed canine toes scratching against the wooden planks that lined the floor served to announce Bianca and Roark's imminent approach. "Surefire shenanigans aside, I expect you to pull your weight," the Corgi lectured aloud as she swiveled about the doorframe leading into their shared shop's alchemy lab. "We may as wellllllllllp." Bianca trailed off. Rrrrrriiiiiips, snaps, groans, and tears echoed throughout the room as Mana's clothing struggled to contain the billowing bunny and interrupted the diminutive dog's line of thought. Cheeks puffed out, Bianca glared at her bothersome business partner. "I'm not surprised so much as I am... augh. This is honestly expected at this point." She hurfed when her Husky husband bumped into her from behind.

"Hi Bianca," Mana awkwardly replied with her lips still pinched around the neck of the beaker and a twiddle of her thick fingers. Floppy ears pressing against the ceiling, the lagomorph flopped back onto her ass with a ruinous thoom. Various vials and beakers, precariously situated atop the tables dotted about the room, clanked and rattled violently. The seams running along the interior of her cotton clad thighs tore themselves apart upon impact and revealed the cream colored fur running along the interior of the caramel bunny's lengthening legs.

The canine couple barked in a mixture of shock and disdain as the ever biggening bunny leaned forward. Leather cracked and snapped as Mana's rawhide coat split down the spine and left her shrinking sleeves draping along her shoulders. With one hand she gently curled her puffy fluffy fingers around a Corgi while the other possessively manhandled a hunky Husky.

"Bye Bianca," Mana tersely teased as she relaxed her grip and sent the Corgi skittering back out into the hallway with a pulse of her palm. Grunting, her wrist straining as she did so, Mana clutched at the solid stone alchemy table with her freed hand. Sporting a smug smirk she daintily set it down before doorframe. Blocking off Bianca's sole entrance and Ro's only exit in short order.

"MANA!"

Eyes half lidded, the bunny snorted dismissively. "Relax. You can have him back when I'm done," she mumbled. Shifting in place, her bountiful buttcheeks leaving craterous depressions in the paneling as she did so, Mana brought her broad feet together and released her grip on Ro. The panicked husky scrambled back along the floor as the bunny continued to billow up and out towards him.

"Hey there good lookin'," the now massive Mana cooed. Hunched over, the back of her head pressing up against the ceiling, she hummed in delight as her form fitting shirt tugged up along her torso and exposed ample amounts of underboob. House shaking tunks rattled the very air as the bunny behemoth's knees knocked against the walls. Cracks in the drywall splintered out from her large limbs and conjoined with the damage already done to the ceiling. "Been a while," she demurred as she curled the plumpening quartet of toes lining her feet. Wrinkles of furred flesh formed along her fuzzy soles.

"H-h-huh-hi. Mana," Ro choked out as warm walls of feetsy flesh encroached on him. Whining softly, he barked when he found himself pancaked between them. The hulking husky tucked his shoulders together shamefully as a beet red blush overcame his white furred cheeks. Her suffocating

scent overwhelmed his flared nostrils while she took rolling him back and forth between her swollen soles.

A disgusted groan wafted in from the hallway as the sounds of glass shattering and wooden tables crunching apart drowned out the forced flirting.

“Whatever,” Mana mouthed off as she curled her toes around Ro’s head and coerced shy scritchies and foot rubs from him. “I did say I’d help you rearrange the place! Your fault for not asking how I’d do so, heh.”