

Despite everything, Jimmi was still breathing, even if the heady air left his head spinning nonstop. He awoke to his body jittering with each step, yet his feet were hovering off the ground. A stretch of darkness met him in every corner of the world with only a sliver of red that glistened when the light reached the surface. His chest lurched, breathing up a musky scent, masqueraded by coconut lotion and perfume. To many others, this would be their personal hell after a lifetime of sin. For Jimmi however, it was simply an excuse to snort a red bird's humble butt with his toes curling up to his little paws as the little smelly squeaks echoed on.

With his legs dangling behind Rho's stout legs, he clung to the thighs, fighting past the sense of lightheadedness that purveyed him towards the unknown. The unmistakable raw scent of pure filth fluttered through his nostrils as Rho paused momentarily. Metal clanked against itself and skirted along what must have been a key ring for when she resumed her stroll, a hushed creak accompanied Jimmi behind that crack of thunder.

*Pppppvvvvvrrrrt!! VRUMPPTT-Ppppt!!*

Rho waved her feathery hand behind her butt while gradually pinching her beak before leaning her foot against the door. It wouldn't be until she grew certain she fanned out *most* of her veggie meal that she dared to collapse on the center of her world - the lush velvet couch sitting two feet away from the flatscreen TV. The living room rested in perfectly polished condition, the carpet flooding vacuumed without a single red, pink, or cream-colored hair to be found; stairways bereft of any stains whatsoever. Of course, Rho's legs were aching at the thought of going up to her room so soon. The muscles in her lanky arms tensed as she reared herself onto her hip, then swung her feet outward, gasping out the moan caught in her throat.

Midway through her yawn, Rho gagged at the twitching plug pawing her skin. Farting never seemed to slow the dog down, hell, if anything, it only got extra aggressive. Which was why she brought her legs onto the cushion then sat atop them, burying Jimmi that much farther up her ass until his head disappeared behind a set of cheeks that were each bigger than his skull. The kicking continued on as Rho leaned her body to the side and flopped her hand on the nearby armrest. From there, she simply scoured her surroundings until she gripped the remote in her hand, then leaned against the sofa, brushing pink bangs out of her way with a groan.

“Only five minutes until I come home and stink up the place, Rhoxie”, Rho's voice came out gruff yet playful, her pessimism diminished once she switched channels at once. “Well, I better make sure I'm nice and cozy, Elly! You aren't taking this from me!”

Static washed across the screen at another flash of the remote. That same damn cicada preservation PSA that met her whenever she dared to turn on the TV flashed briefly before Rho's finger tapped the button three times in a row, desperate to escape the sappy violins playing.

Hopefully by the time Elaine returned, she could catch the next episode of Legs of a Feather, but until then, the world belonged to her alone.

“Eek!”

Well, her and the absolutely psychotic dog licking up her hole.

Rho pressed her ass against the cushion, grinding Jimmi between her fluffy cheeks and fine leather. The crater she left before when she last took her seat pulled her in, thankfully having been preserved besides the massive imprint Elaine created days ago. From there, she simply stretched her legs with one hand still on her flat belly while the other sped through every channel she could, not even letting them play for a second until they switched to the next spot.

Years of partying had it so that Rho never felt an ache swishing past whatever didn't have the brightest colors on screen. Her index finger hardly twitched while she carefully massaged the lump in her stomach gurgling loudly over the TV's chatter. A small salad might not have been the most nutritious way to start her morning, but she made her due as best she could in a house that held too much meat. And that was *before* she even entertained the thought of having her roommates chew up her food then spit it into her mouth. She certainly left home for a good reason.

The glow of the TV illuminated her golden eyes until they were sparkling at nothing, the images on screen morphing from cartoons to real people like Rho - naked and furry yet living their life naturally. As the dull grumbles subsided, she laid her other arm on the back of the couch; a yawn escaping her beak, her brow halfway slanted. Her persistent clicking slowed to a crawl until she slipped her finger off the remote then to her lap with her hand in tow. How much sleep did she get last night? The southern chatter on TV fizzled into a low hum as Rho gave herself to the darkness around her. Maybe she should get a little rest before the world went to he-

*FFRRRRRRRRRRRRMMMMMMMMMMMMPPPPPPPPPPPPPLLLLTTT!!!*

An earthquake shook the house and sent Rho off the couch, falling to her face with her ass hanging in the air. She gave a squeaky ripper herself that wafted up Jimmi's face before he pulled his head free from her cheeks and coughed. He swore he heard a car crash inside the house, but the pungent, beefy air kept him glued to his place. Rho's usual eggy scent vanished as drops of sweat gleamed past his brow. Without his massive hat, Jimmi simply nudged against Rho's rump before coming to a pause at the thudding footsteps heading down the stairs. Shorter blasts followed after each casual yet ominous step, sending shivers dancing along his back.

For a few seconds, the creaking continued although the room remained empty of all life besides Jimmi and Rho. Then his throat went dry as a long, plump leg emerged and wiggled its clawed toes in perfect unison. Jimmi stuffed his face between Rho's cheeks like an ostrich hiding underground, free to avoid the horrors that awaited him. Free to avoid the flowing head of silky raven hair, the sultry glance that inspected the still standing living room, the matching black lipstick that complemented her perfect smile, and *especially* those enormous supple thighs large enough to strangle the life out of anyone. Thankfully, Toni and Rho had years to ensure their condo accommodated everything their seven-foot-tall friend required, otherwise when Elaine strolled to her friend with a devilish smirk, she might have hit her head on the chandelier that grazed her pointy ears above.

Her shadow fell upon Rho and remained stagnant as Elaine's paws sunk within her hips, arching her back inward to a satisfying crack. She wetted her lips in quick rows before curling them tight at the giraffe lady laying flat on her stomach on TV. She spread her arms wide to the sides and kept her stocky legs close together while holding her position. Not a groan could be heard let alone a whimper unlike anyone Elaine met in person, yet she never winced in pain at the display. It was why she chose to exercise more regularly anyway and why she snickered as she leaned her cheeks to Rho then hissed softly.

*PPPPRRRRRRMMMMMMBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRBBBBBTTTTT!!!*

Blowing out a gasp as if she were puffing smoke, Elaine's arms slacked at her waist, dangling about like puppets whose strings had been cut. The booming blast sent Rho's hair flying back while bringing her to her knees, retching when she arose, squinting past the industrial smog that ran rampant. She waved away the gas to no avail with Elaine biting her lip and forcing another squeaky blast that raised the temperature that much higher.

"Ugh! I thought you weren't gonna be home until later!"

Rho puffed her cheeks in annoyance, but it failed to deter the adrenaline flowing through Elaine. She skipped to the other side of the couch where her 'seats' were only to remain standing before the giraffe on screen now arching her feet apart.

"What? You think I'm gonna do leg day without you?" Elaine copied the giraffe's position, first by spreading her legs then raising one foot high in the air, well above where her head sat.

"C'mon kiddo, we gotta air out unless you want to get real flabby again. Hnngh..."

*BRRRPPPLLT-PRRRRRMMMMBBBTTTMMBBBBLLLLRRRRPPPTTTT!!!*

Two extra farts sent reverberations across the carpet and knocked framed pictures off the walls. Rho didn't bother holding her breath when the bitter winds swept towards her, but nonetheless, she too extended her knee before slumping to her stomach. "And I thought it was breezy outside..." she mumbled softly.

For what it might be worth, the glint in Elaine's gaze helped snap her out of the stupor that arrived after she crashed on the couch, so maybe the juicy, sour taste lingering around her could have been what she needed. Whatever the case, Rho kept her shaking legs steady as she extended towards the screen, the bubbles in her gut brewing to her burning throat. Elaine's presence persisted even with the giraffe taking center stage. It didn't matter that the smell subsided when the threat of a third wind bubbled once again. Yet her heart beat fluttered wildly knowing that she was there by her side, thumping at the thought that collapsing might spare her from an embarrassing rip. At the very least, it might settle the gust of cool wind trailing past Rho's crack as she gripped the thin fibers below tight, her hole unplugged since she last said goodbye to Toni themselves.

Jimmi huffed the air until his lungs were coated by the sizzling gas Elaine left to those strong enough to survive. If Rho offered any other wafts for him, he couldn't smell them any longer, not when the even fatter ass nearby wobbled struggling to keep steady. Elaine's thighs alone obscured her legs despite the twisted angle where Jimmi laid. Her back vanished behind her flowing hair, with what little he could see shrinking the farther Elaine jutted her ass to the couch. All the better for Jimmi to push away from Rho before falling at her feet, loosening a few extra puffs she shook holding in.

*Prrrrpppvvtt-Prrrruuuupppbbbt...*

The final note was as depressed as he expected.