

Bottoms Up

The biggest regret that Livvy had was allowing her debt to be paid off in service in the Wonderland Casino. It truly was such a catastrophe, seeing most of her friends gathered together scattered amongst multiple tables. And the worst part was: she had to serve them all.

The week started horribly, and it started with Hops suggesting for Levi to go play some new slot machines that the casino had recently installed. She had claimed that the machines had rewarded multiple buns with two to three times their spent carats and of course Levi was very much intrigued. After all, he had just gotten the highest ratings in the site last month, so how bad would it be to treat himself a little bit? And so, a huge amount of carats later, Levi wound up horribly broke, with a debt to the casino which turned to an "I owe you one" to Hops to alleviate the debt. And now, the time had finally come for him to pay off that debt. In an attempt to soften the blow and hope it would be less conspicuous (a laughable attempt, really), Levi had decided to shift into his femme form, in which he liked to call himself (or rather, herself) as "Livvy". And so Livvy had the night shift at one of the busiest nights of the casino and to her horror, many of her friends had come to indulge in some drink and vice.

"Don't be scared, Levi! The guests are usually very courteous but... expect a bit of a ruckus once their drinks start kicking in-" Hops says with a big cheeky smile. "It's Livvy..." the other mumbles, giving herself a quick turn around in the mirror. The uniform was... quite tight. It also took awhile to get used to the heels, and Livvy prayed she wouldn't stumble and embarrass herself in front of the world.

"Hops-" Livvy says slowly, "Couldn't I serve drinks wearing something else... It's seems a bit..." Livvy turns around and lifts her tail. Oh god, her butt. Admittedly, it was a good look. But she didn't know how comfortable this would be if she had to wear it serving drinks. "It seems a bit much."

Hops giggles, shaking her head. "Sadly, Miss Angora prefers it sooo. You'll just have to make do. It's for a few hours anyway!" Livvy lets out a sigh and rolls her eyes slightly. How hard could it be, taking people's orders and clearing away tables...?

At the sight of the first table's occupants, Livvy had already paused in sheer horror. The occupants were Blue and Mercury, Levi's very close friends. Oh god... a date night?! What amazing timing. Livvy was about to retreat back into the kitchen but Hops had ushered her forward to serve the table. "Hi!" Hops starts with a cheerful smile. "This is our new server for today, her name's Livvy! So please be kind to her because she's new." Livvy stands there, stiff as a board, holding her tray awkwardly. Mercury and Blue turn to study the new server and for a split second, Livvy thought they would burst out laughing. But no. Instead Blue gives a sweet smile and waves in a friendly manner. "Hi!" he greets. "We're still thinking of what to get." Blue turns his attention back to the menu to think. Meanwhile, Mercury studies Livvy curiously, resting

his chin on his hands. “Say-” Mer starts, squinting a bit at his server. Livvy braces herself. Oh. Here it comes...

“Would you mind modeling for me...?” he says, eyes full of delight. Livvy blinks. Eh. “S-sorry?” she asks, mildly confused at the request. “Modeling! I’m a designer, you see-” he says cheekily, straightening his posture and giving a nod. “And I was looking for someone with your exact physique! It’s all falling into place really! Look, Blue! Isn’t she perfect???” Blue looks up and scans Livvy up and down before smiling and nodding happily. “I think she’d suit that look very much! The green dress you made...right?” Mer turns to Blue with a confused look. “W-what? What green dress! I didn’t make a green dress.” Blue blinks. Mer blinks. So does Livvy. “Why would I put her in a green dress, obviously I was talking about the black one-!” Mer says with a huff, holding his arms. Mer’s lecture was about to commence, and Livvy was not about to stand and listen to it. “I’ll come back for your orders.” she says courteously, bowing slightly and leaving the scene.

She was about to retreat to the kitchen once more when Hops catches her eye and gestures to serve the next table. Livvy wanted to curse. Because the next table wasn’t any better.

“Hello.” Livvy says with a deadpan expression, walking over to the next table. “How may I help you.” Sorrento and Lark turn their heads, another of Levi’s two close friends as the occupants. Lark smiles, his usual sleazy and large grin. “Why hello there-” he coos, leaning back into his chair. “Pretty thing~” Livvy rolls her eyes slightly. Typical Lark. Sorrento slaps Lark’s hand playfully. “Stop playing with the waitress. She’s at work right now.” he reprimands. Sorrento folds his arms and looks her up and down. “I’ll have my usual then.” he says with a huff. Livvy raises an eyebrow. The fuck is she supposed to know what that means. “I’ll... have that served right away.” she says, feigning knowledge. Sorrento gives a small nod. “And I expect all the ingredients to have the perfect measurements, understand? Last time, there was a little bit TOO much honey, and a little too LESS of the lime, it was really all just very... off.” he says, tapping a perfectly manicured finger on the table. The side of Livvy’s mouth twitches upwards. “Understood... sir.” she says flatly. Lark laughs, shakes his head a bit. “Sorry about him, he’s a bit... uptight. Speaking about tight-” he continues, leaning in to Livvy slightly, when Sorrento suddenly kicks him under the table. “Ow.” Lark says with a little laugh, shooing Sorrento away. It seems they are about to bicker again.

“Your order... sir?” Livvy asks, wanting to be away from the table as soon as possible. Lark looks Livvy up and down once more before grinning. “I’ll just have what he’s having.” he says, pointing to Sorrento. Both Livvy and Sorrento roll their eyes. Of course. “I’ll be right back-” Livvy says, turning around and making her escape. She catches Hops’ eye as the other one gives her two thumbs up as encouragement.

This... is going to be a long night.

BUNNERY BUSTLE

There was much to do at the Bunnery but with Mercy in charge, everything was going smoothly as usual. There was a quiet mobilization of both manpower and resources when it came to the Bunnery, to ensure that the baby buns had a restful and calm environment. The Bunnery was a comfortable place with many cribs, play pens, feeding rooms, and play rooms which made it truly a perfect nursery for them. It was well stocked thanks to funding from the Church, and it never ran out of beddings, food, milk, clothes and other necessities for the tiny buns. It was such a comfortable and quiet place, that Shibani would occasionally even get caught napping there! This month, there was a sudden influx of baby buns, so Mercy really required all the help that they could get in order to care well for all of them. That is why they put up advertisements and posters asking for volunteers who wanted to assist in the daily activities of the bunnery. Although there was no monetary compensation offered, perhaps the volunteers would be able to gain experience or perhaps they would want to sign up merely for the joy and happiness they would acquire, taking care of those cute little faces. Luckily, the turn out for the sign ups was better than expected, and many took the initiative to even volunteer for specific roles that were of interest to them! After a brief introduction and meeting regarding people's roles, she dispatched the volunteers and wished them luck. After all, it was not always an easy feat to take care of baby buns, especially the naughty ones! If they had any questions, Mercy informed everyone that they were free to inquire with any of the nuns on shift, or with themselves as well. This was the first time the Bunnery was open to accepting volunteers after all, so many people did not have any experience whatsoever when it came to caring for the young.

The first important job to do at the Bunnery was to feed the baby buns. Catalina was especially interested in this job, as she loved to see the baby buns' cute sleeping faces lazily sip at the milk bottle. Their noses would twitch ever so slightly as they drank, and she couldn't help but make her heart melt at the sweet sight. Sometimes, their little devil tails would even wrap around her forearm, and Catalina would squeal in delight and quickly nudge the volunteer beside her to take her picture with them. Rocking slowly in the rocking chair, she'd make sure the milk bottle was placed upright so they wouldn't aspirate, cooing and patting them to sleep at the same time. She was known for being blunt and on the short tempered side, but alas she did have a sweet and loving side to her as well. Especially when it came to taking care of such sweet baby buns!

The second job to do at the Bunnery was to put the baby bunnies to nap on the soft, comfortable pillow piles. This was a job that Shibani truly specialized and took pride in. There was always something just so soft and calming about napping with Shibani which always put even the rowdiest and most hyperactive baby bunnies to sleep so quickly. Shibani made sure to first set up the area, choosing the coziest, coolest spot in the nap room away from the sunlight pilfering through the windows. He gingerly placed the pillows and blankets unto the floor, making

sure to fluff them up and make them all extra comfy. Strewn about the beds were also stuffed animals of different shapes and sizes, to make the baby buns have something to cuddle with as they nap. Many baby buns would complain about nap time, wanting to rather play and stay awake much to their caretakers disapproval. Yet when Shibani opened the doors to the nap room and the nuns would carry all the buns in, they all seemed to slowly calm and settle down. Many crawled up to snuggle with a stuff toy, or settle under the fuzzy cozy sheets. Some made their way to Shibani himself, wanting him to put them to bed himself. Many of the nun buns themselves actually even fell asleep as well, cozied up snuggling with a baby bun under the colorful blankets, or passed out on some of the vacant rocking chairs. The nest pile was tucked away in a quiet corner of the Bunnery, and it was the most peaceful 2 hours anyone would ever have while working there.

The third job to do at the Bunnery, would be for play. Most of the volunteers signed up for this job, excited to be able to interact with the playful baby buns. Today, playtime would be with the imps, and Hutch brought many of them from the Imporium over to play. One baby bun cuddled Phloof close to their chest, cooing and nibbling at its tail happily. Phloof would playfully tickle the bun's nose, causing the little thing to give out a short cute sneeze. Sciel slithered up to a curious bun, and just as it was about to cry, it rattled its tail playfully in front of the bun, causing them to squeal and coo with excitement. Chirop even left its perch on Hutch's shoulder in order to be part of the party, flying over the buns to let them reach up and try to catch him. Even shy Hutch himself participated playing with the baby buns, letting some onto his lap so they could pet the other imps he had brought.

Burrow Sweet Burrow

BURROW SWEET BURROW

Category: General Prompts

Does your succubun have a favorite place?

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DETAILS

Burrowgatory may be a sprawling city, but its twisting cave system is full of nooks and crannies for a succubun to make their own.

For this prompt, display your succubun, an NPC, or another bun (with the owner's permission) in their favorite place. This could be their own house or apartment, their place of work, an entertainment venue, a peaceful spot out in nature—anywhere you can imagine in the world of Burrowgatory is fair game.

Be as creative as you want with this, as long as it shows off a location special to your succubun.

Art Requirements: Minimum 1 full body bun OR 1 half body doll, complex background that clearly depicts the subject location

Writing Requirements: Minimum 600 words with a focus on scenery/location

Please submit your entry to the [Prompt Gallery](#). (If you prefer to keep your art private, you may upload it to an external host and link it in [Submit Prompt](#).)

You will receive carats equal to the amount of your drawing/writing per the [Carat Guide](#), plus the prompt reward of 20 carats.

Angora and Hops

Despite being a seemingly "anti-social" person, Levi actually enjoyed being in public spaces where he could freely watch people interact with others and do their business. One of his favorite public spaces of all time though, was definitely the Wonderland Casino where he found the most entertainment, especially when people were playing against such high stakes. He loved the exciting atmosphere, the cheerful chatter and the busy waiters and waitresses bustling about with the trays and drinks. The red plush carpeted floors, the bright lights, and the songs of the casino slot machines were truly enticing to so many buns, not only to the solitary blue bunny who walked around mostly observing others.

Levi took his seat at the corner booth, which was his usual place whenever he frequented the casino. It was a nice vantage point away from the primary bustle of the place, but still a good view of the layout of the area. A perfect spot for someone like Levi. Hops comes over with a cheerful smile, placing her hands on her waist playfully. "Sitting again? Why don't you play a hand or two Levi! Who knows you might get lucky this time around! We've got so many grand prizes into the pool too, you might just win-" Levi puts a hand up and shakes his head. "I'll play a round. If it gets you to stop talking so much." he says teasingly, resting his chin on his hand with a playful smirk. Hops smiles wide, happy that she managed to convince him this time around. She reaches out a hand to shake and he shakes it back firmly. "I'll have my usual too, Hops." Levi calls out, as another table summons the waitress. Hops gives a short nod and waves, scuttering away.

Levi gets himself to one of the BlackJack tables and sits down with some of the other patrons. He runs his hand over the felt of the table and drums a tune on his fingertips.

