

Foxy ~ Shift

REDACTED, SharkRags, Watsup

I hit the midpoint on the first week of my new job, and already I feel fit to crack. The clock hits eight A.M. and my body's drained and brain overcranked. I slouch over my desk, huff stale cubicle air, and sip from the fox mug I bought from the new *Vixen Vivre Cafe* down the block, waiting for the focus and calming energy the tea swears it'll bring. I have a meeting in thirty minutes and I'm willing to try anything and everything to ensure it goes off without a hitch. So far, my desperate purchase hasn't brought an ounce of calm, peace, or serenity.

Maybe I'm asking too much from a single cup of tea, but considering the price, I don't think it's wrong to expect more than nothing at all.

Instead, my body burns and shivers with unnatural tension. Sweat trickles down my temples and my thumping heart rattles the beads on my necklace. I know when an anxiety attack is knocking on my front door, and that's a visitor I rarely want to let in. A trip to panic-town cost me my last job, and the job before that. It's all part of a medical condition, but explaining that gets me nowhere. I stifle the frustrated growls rumbling in my chest, hoping no one else hears. Jaw clenched, I mutter every calming mantra and confidence-boosting affirmation I've read online.

Even so, my tongue brushes over teeth turning pointed one by one. I grab a sheaf of papers and fan myself, wondering if I drank the tea too fast. I forgot to ask if this stuff has any caffeine.

I swear, that junk wreaks more havoc on my system than gin.



A sudden jerk clamps my thighs together with a gasp and blush. I don't notice the orange and white hairs prickling between my legs, but I feel the warmth and sensitivity circling my more excitable places. It sweeps up and down, brushing me like a lover's hands.

In my over-tuned state, I think of the cute coworker down the hall, one of the few good things about this office, and imagine his fingers touching me in incredibly unprofessional ways.

I clear my throat and cross my legs, trying and failing to muster the professional attitude that landed me this job in the first place. Instead I think of my coworker and his butt in a tight pair of American Eagles. I gasp quietly, and my ears perk outward. Sharp little teeth bite my lips and I brush my skirt, fiddling with the fabric that grows tighter by the moment. My thighs buzz at the touch and send my heart fluttering.

My hips squirm against the building pressure, only relieved by aimless thrusts driven by haphazard fantasy. My shoes bulge at the front and slip free of my rising, hair-covered heels. Black whiskers slide out above my trembling upper lips, while my lower lips tingle from the thick fur brushing against the red panties beneath my skirt.

Heat wells up inside as the bellows of my heart increases tempo. My insides and loins are smoke. My mouth opens, and a long, wet tongue unrolls over my lips, heaving with each heavy whine.

Something hikes up the back of my office skirt. My panties yank tight between my thighs, squeezing a yelp from me and matting the damp fur surrounding desperate skin.



I grip the edge of my desk- better for my nails to scrape the shiny veneer than down my skirt to stifle the flames beneath. I wasn't hired for that. The creamy fur around my belly creeps upwards, sliding between my breasts and under the straps of my strained bra. I bring a trembling hand to the collar of my shirt and fumble with the top button; it flies off, along with a few others, pop-pop-pop, severed by the painted claws on the tips of my throbbing fingers. Sharp gasps escape my slender snout, slit-pupiled eyes widening and long ears twitching.

I throw myself forward, rattling my desk, paperwork, and tea cup. A pair of full breasts shove past the last few strands of resistance my office shirt offers. Black nipples stiffen as they bounce in the open air. Fresh, white fur rushes over my chest and neck as I gasp, mouth wide and tongue flailing over bright rows of teeth.

If I wasn't clinging onto the desk for dear life, my swinging chest would knock me sideways. The blue glasses on my snout are about the only thing about myself holding steady.

The office noises blare- ringing phones, senseless chatter, clicking pens, and slurping from styrofoam coffee cups. Why did I take this dump of a job? Then I hear a voice from a few cubicles down- *that* voice, smooth and silky- and suddenly the office doesn't seem quite as loud

Shame I can't say the same for myself.



I throw myself to the floor. My nails dig trenches into the cheap plastic mat lining my cubicle as I snarl and arch my back. Orange fur bristles in waves across my shoulders.

Every strand of fur stands on edge, with each follicle teasing and tickling me. Sheer stockings snap and tear as I flex the claws on my toes. My feet lengthen, further shredding my pantyhose and raising my butt higher into the air, bright as sunrise.

I whine as my darkening nose catches the pungent, needy scent of a woman, or some animal. I blush deeply beneath the fur, knowing better than anyone that it's the whiff of my own need I find so overwhelming.

And overwhelm me it does.

It's all too much. I'm hot, I'm wet, and every part of my body is pushing outwards in all directions, but one part of myself desperately wishes someone would push back. I want to scream. I want to *rut*, all out in the open. I'm tired of handing out so many fucks, can't someone throw a good one my way for once?

A black-gloved hand slides down my belly, discovering sensitive nubs whose slightest graze makes me yip. I give one a pinch and I ring harder than every phone in this building. Electrifying as they feel, my paw travels past the tingling nipples, pushing aside my skirt to slip into the burning center of desire, of need, for unrelenting fulfillment of the most selfish kind.



Blue eyes squeeze shut as thick fingers go to work inside me. Wetness drips down my hands and onto the ground. My snout wrinkles as I yowl, the plain-stated neediness embarrassing to myself, yet adding to the avalanche inching me closer to pleasure's dizzying edge.

Long ears flatten against my head and my full tail rises high as hips roll against my padded palm and fingers, sorely wishing that hottie down the hall would give a girl a break and share some of the workload. But with only myself, I dig deep, like I'm going to find a promotion or raise inside.

Well, I find a rise, alright.

I bite the soft fur on my arm, only letting go when my head goes dizzy from the lack of air. My tongue spills across my forearm as hoarse moans build into high-pitched whines, begging for a finale. A sharp yelp cracks the air and I collapse to the floor with one violent buck.

And then I realize I'm no longer alone in my cubicle. A small crowd gathers and gawks.

My supervisor clears his throat. I'm here on the ground, a glowing pile of happily sighing fluff and shredded office wear. My scattered breathing breaks into half-delirious giggles. I'm pretty sure I'm fired, but so what?

I was fifteen minutes late today.

I haven't answered a single call.

I haven't made a single sale.

I haven't checked my email.

Instead, I'm on all fours, getting gobbled up by orange fuzz and showing off my glistening missus to any passerby who cares to peek into my cubicle.

But so what?



"I, erm." My eyes flutter, trying to focus on the crowd. "Medical condition," I sigh because it's easier than calling it a curse. I flop into my chair and gesture to tits lining my stomach. "Runs in the family..." While my flare-ups aren't great, I still think I got a better deal than my sister when it came to the family legacy. Poor girl falls to all fours every time she so much as looks at a shrimp plate. She doesn't even keep her thumbs.

I paw for the cup of tea on the desk, averting the gaze of onlookers ogling the half-stripped vixen sitting in her own self-indulgence. My legs splay wide open, and all I do is curl my bushy tail to hide my soaked bit of personal business. I don't bother covering my stomach. Let everyone look. I'm probably the best part of their working day.

I expected the prospect of another job hunt to bother me, but the warm feeling flooding my body cushions the blow. I lap the cooled tea and quietly remember it's a big ol' world out there. I'll manage. Hey, before they kick me out, maybe I can score the number of that cutie next door.

Maybe ask for a date.

I know this great little cafe.

