

The Doll
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I sit at my desk, sighing deeply.

“Dammit...why do I keep getting all this crap dumped on me?” I muttered to myself, checking through all the paperwork I'd been handed by my boss, my bungee-boss, and by several other people who THOUGHT they were my boss.

I sighed again, rubbing my eyes with a paw...

...when I heard a faint buzz coming from my purse.

Sighing again, I reached into my black purse with an ebon-furred paw and pull out the buzzing thing, my cell phone...

...then I smile for the first time today.

My girlfriend was calling me.

I pushed the “Accept Call” button, and held the phone up to my ear.

“Hey hon,” I said softly.

“Hey Tara,” the voice on the other end said. “I need you to do something for me tonight.”

I shut my eyes. *Oh gods...*

“What is it? Did you need me to pick up something on the way home?” I asked, hoping that was actually what she wanted...but getting a bit of a queasy feeling in my vulpine belly.

“No, nothing like that,” the voice said...and I swore I could hear the coy little smile on the other end. “You know what I need.”

I sighed, projecting all of my exhaustion into that sigh.

“Hon...Vicks...it's been a really rough day today...” I began.

“And this gives you a perfect chance to forget all of that stuff, at least for a little while,” Vicky's voice countered. “Plus, I know it means a lot to you to have that quality time, being with

me...that way...”

I felt my ears heat up, knowing that she was actually right.

Then, my eyes went wide...

...as I saw my boss, Mr Horowitz...a bulky brown ursine...storming toward my office door.

“We'll talk about it when I get home. Gotta go,” I speed-stammered, shutting the phone off right before the bear entered my office.

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(6:59 pm)

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I leaned my head on the door of our apartment, not even feeling like I could step inside.

So...freaking....tired...I need rest...

I forced my paw up, very slowly easing the key into the lock...

...when the door was pulled open, spilling me forward into nothing.

“Tara? Ohmigod are you okay?” I heard a voice ask, hands holding me semi-upright.

“Vicks?” I asked softly, not even opening my eyes. “Izzat you?”

“Hang on...let me get you on the couch.”

I felt myself being dragged over to our couch and flopped down onto it, rump in the air...

...and just laid there, too tired to even move.

I heard the door slam and locks being engaged...then felt someone sit down on the couch near my head.

“Are...are you okay?” I heard Vicky ask.

“So tired...so much crap...” I mumbled into the couch.

“Aww...poor foxy baby” I heard Vicky say...then felt a gentle touch on my back.

Slowly, I began to seep back down into the couch, my body relaxing as Vicky's paws rub along my back.

I could just become one with the couch, I thought, feeling my body settle into place and seep outward.

I heard a soft giggle as the rubbing started to slow a bit.

“Think I'll just let you rest tonight,” I heard Vicky say. “We can have fun tomorrow.”

I made a soft gurling sound into the couch...and drifted off.

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(the following morning...Saturday...)

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I slowly felt myself start to wake up, consciousness creeping in on teeny-tiny fox paws...

...then I slowly opened my eyes.

Peering down at me was a familiar, if blurry, white-furred face.

“Morning, Tara,” Vicky cheerfully stated.

I let out a soft groan and shut my eyes again.

“Nu'morning...” I grumbled, trying to wriggle into the shadows of whatever I was sleeping on.

“Yes, morning. You slept for sixteen hours,” the arctic vixen cooed, lightly petting my head.

My eyes slid back open. “Sixteen...hours?”

Vicky nodded. “Yeah. You fell asleep right here on the couch after you came home from work.” Her face took on a worried expression, the fur above her eyes crinkling a bit. “Work's really beating you up, isn't it?”

I slowly sat up, hearing Vicky wiggle into position next to me...then rubbed my eyes.

“Gods, yes,” I muttered. “Everybody is dumping work on me...even people from other staffs are dumping stuff on me.”

“Oh...you poor overworked sexy vixen,” Vicky said, pulling me close against her and petting my head gently...an act that caused me to start chirring and my tail to begin swishing a bit.

She kept that up for a little while, causing me to slip closer toward falling asleep again...then she whispered in my ear...

“I think you need some doll time.”

My eyes shot open...and I sat up fully, looking at her.

“You what?” I asked, surprised.

“You need some doll time,” Vicky stated. “You're working yourself to the point of exhaustion...you're stressed to the max...you need some time when you can just say, “Fuck the world!” and get your head clear.”

I sighed...and rubbed my eyes.

“I'd love to...but that's just escapism,” I mused.

“What do you mean?” Vicky asked...and I felt her slide next to me.

I took a deep breath.

“It's like...it does help, it really does...” I began, sinking back into the couch, “but over time, it becomes like a drug. You want the escape more and more...and the rest of your life begins to suffer for it.”

I shut my eyes...and felt Vicky rub my right thigh, very tenderly.

“Hon...you NEED this,” she stated. “Badly. In the five years we've been married, I've never seen you as drained as you were last night.”

I forced my eyes open and looked at her.

“You NEED this, Tara,” she reiterated. “If nothing else...you get some serious snuggle time with your foxy.”

I looked at her, smiling at me impishly...

...and sighed.

“All right,” I acquiesced.

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I sighed, shrugging out of my work outfit from yesterday...
...and heard a wolf-whistle from behind me.

“Woo-Hoo! Take it off Bay-bee!” Vicky called from behind me.

I felt my ears heat up with embarrassment, and slipped out of the slip I was wearing under my grey suit-dress.

“Yeah! Show off that sex-ay body!” Vicky declared.

I turned around, fixing a very intense glare of disapproval at her...

...and she chuckled.

“Sorry. I just like seeing my sexy vixeny wife,” Vicky admitted.

I nodded. “And I like seeing you too,” I admitted. “But we haven't had a lot of seeing time lately.”

“Kinda helps when a certain workaholic vixen doesn't faceplant into the couch from exhaustion,” Vicky pointed out.

I sighed...nodded...then undid the clasps on my pale white bra, letting it slide off of my body.

“I think that'll be changing,” I stated calmly, bending over and sliding my matching panties down my lean legs...drawing another whistle from Vicky.

“You keep teasing me like that, you're gonna stay a doll for the whole weekend,” Vicky commented.

I chuckled softly, my worn panties dangling from a single finger. “Well, you ARE the one who said I needed this, remember?” I prodded.

She giggled. “I know...but I only think you need the one day.”

I dropped the panty on top of the pile of my work clothes...then gathered up what Vicky and I called my doll-suit: a full-body, black latex catsuit.

I unfolded the catsuit, seeing that it was already unzipped...and looked at Vicky.

“Was gonna have you start last night, but you slipped into a coma instead,” Vicky said, smiling.

I nodded. “Good thing I got my rest then,” I mused, sitting down on the bed and easing my feet into the legs of the suit...

...and shutting my eyes, feeling the latex slide against my legs as I slid them deeper into the slender legs of the suit...

...then easing myself up off of the bed, letting the latex slither its way up over my hips...

...then I slowly stood up, my eyes still closed.

“Okay...” I breathed softly.

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Vicky smiled as she slipped onto the bed behind the red vixen, gently easing the latex around the red vixen's torso, guiding her arms into the slick black sleeves...

...and smiling at the shudder that shot through the red vixen's body as the fingers on the gloves began to move.

“Are you ready?” Vicky whispered into the red vixen's ear.

She waited, patiently...letting the vixen prepare herself...letting her make sure she wanted this...

...then smiled...as the red vixen nodded.

“Yes,” the red vixen breathed softly.

Vicky smiled...then slipped the jet-black hood over the red vixen's face, covering it completely in jet-black latex...

...then she delicately slid the back zipper closed, taking her time and making sure that no fur would get caught in the teeth.

After several seconds, the arctic vixen smiled.

“All done,” she said softly, patting the latex vixen's rump with a paw.

The black vixen swayed a little bit...then shuddered again.

God, I love it when she's like this, Vicky thought. *So*

damned sexy...so much fun...

She slid off of the bed and stood in front of the latex vixen.

“Time for Dolly to spend some time on her stand,” Vicky stated, taking the vixen's paw in hers.

The arctic vixen smiled as she led the latex vixen toward a large display case in the corner of their bedroom...one that had been a gift from another friend who was “in the scene” and who loved the idea that the two vixens had come up with...and slowly opened the door to the clear display case, revealing a simple metal rod with a small saddle-shaped, twin-knobbed stand on it, about waist-high.

“Time to display you properly, Dolly,” the arctic vixen stated, deftly guiding the latex vixen into its proper position, the two knobs settling into place in the two groin openings on the vixen's suit.

She watched as the vixen shuddered again...and smiled.

God...you must really want this, Vicky mused internally as she made sure the vixen was ensconced properly.

She checked the vixen's stability again...then smiled, stepping back out of the display case, closing the door after she left.

Vicky stood there, admiring the sheen of the latex in the bedroom's light...

...then crouched down...and turned on the display case's lights, the black latex glistening in the new lights.

Vicky's grin warmed a bit...as she flipped a small switch next to the light control, then closed the operating panel...

...and stood up, watching as the platform the latex vixen was on began to slowly rotate, knowing that it would show off all sides of the vixen over the course of its circuit.

“See you in an hour, Dolly,” Vicky said, smiling...

...then letting out a soft sigh.

“Better get some breakfast...then get her outfit ready,” the arctic vixen stated, heading toward the bedroom door...then shutting

off the room lights...

...and looked back at the display case.

The vixen looked like a shiny obsidian statue in the display case, slowly turning to its right in the display case...

...and Vicky felt herself become aroused by that sight.

God damn...that is so fucking sexy, she thought. I'd kill to feel that someday.

Then she sighed.

But Tara needs it more...besides, it's not like I can't have fun with my Dolly today.

The impish vixen giggled as she padded down the hall.

...

I felt my body slowly turning...and let out a soft breath.

Oh gods...Vicky was right...I really DID need this...

I felt myself begin to fade into a euphoric haze...

...then I saw all of the people who had been dumping work on me float by, each one in a little soap bubble...

...and I watched...as each little bubble began to pop...

...and feeling the tension that they caused fade away as their bubble popped...

...and feeling more of that euphoria wash over me...

...and feeling more and more empty as the bubbles popped.

...

(One hour later)

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Vicky smiled as she shut down the lights on the display case.

Tara should be all set now, Vicky mused internally. I still can't believe she figured out exactly how long it would take for her to hit subspace.

The arctic vixen chuckled softly as she waited for the vixen's stand to turn her facing forward...then shut it off, stopping

the pedestal so that the latex vixen was facing the doorway.

The arctic vixen stood up, smiling and stretching.

Time to play with my Dolly, she thought, opening the display case's door.

“Dolly, come out of your case,” Vicky stated.

Slowly, fluidly, the vixen slithered off of the stand...and stepped out of the display case, standing before the arctic vixen at attention.

“Time to dress my little Dolly,” Vicky cooed...then walked toward the bed. “Come along, Dolly.”

Vicky gathered up a few items, knowing that the vixen was already behind her...and smiled.

I am going to enjoy this as much as you will, Vicky thought.

She turned around, a bright pink bundle in her paws...and smiled at the black vixen, standing motionless a few steps from the bed.

“Left arm,” Vicky stated.

Obediently and silently, the latex vixen raised its left arm out in front of it...

...and Vicky smiled, slipping a long pink latex glove up its arm, making sure that it fit snugly and perfectly.

“Right arm.”

She watched as the black vixen raised its right arm, allowing her to slide the glove down its right arm, again making sure it was nice and snug.

“Sit on the bed.”

Silently, the black vixen sat down on the bed, placing its now-pink paws in its lap, folded demurely.

Vicky smiled. *Such a nice touch*, she mused, tapping the latex vixen's left leg.

Obediently, the vixen straightened its leg...

...and Vicky slowly slid the bright pink latex stocking up the black vixen's leg, making sure there were no air bubbles and that the stocking was secure.

She smiled...then eased the left leg back down, tapping the right leg.

Vicky smiled as the black vixen raised its right leg...and she slipped the bright pink stocking up its leg, her own tail starting to swish excitedly.

“Almost done. Stand up.”

Vicky stood up, backing up a couple of steps as the latex vixen stood up and took a step away from the bed.

The arctic vixen began to chirr softly...as she reached out and caressed the black vixen's cheek.

“Damn...you look so fucking hot like this,” Vicky purred.

She looked up at the black vixen.

The black vixen did not move. Did not give any acknowledgment of the white vixen's comment.

“Okay....turn around.”

Obediently, the black vixen spun around, presenting its back to the white vixen.

Vicky smiled...unfolding a matching pink latex dress...

...then began the process of slipping it onto her doll, adjusting the fit and snugness of the dress until it was aligned properly...then stepped back.

“Turn around.”

She watched as the black vixen turned around...and smiled.

The pink latex sleeveless dress fit perfectly, the little triangular cut-out revealing black latex under the bright pink dress...and the hem of the dress was snugly in place a quarter of the way down the latex vixen's thighs.

“Now for the last part.”

Vicky smiled...opening up a matching pink hood that had

painted-on doll markings on it...

...then gently slid the hood over the latex vixen's head, making sure it fit very snugly, smoothing it out...

...then stepping back and looking at the doll.

The painted green eyes looked at her, red circles at the ends of a permanent smile on her doll's face...but the doll did not move an inch.

Vicky smiled, knowing that this last touch was all that was needed.

“Dolly...onto the bed, rump in the air.”

Silently and fluidly, the doll slid onto the bed, resting on all fours...its rump up in the air, presented to her.

Vicky smiled, lightly patting the latex rump and fingering the hem of the dress.

“Time to play with my dolly,” Vicky cooed, gathering up one last item.

The arctic fox shut her eyes...as she slipped the large end of the double-sided sex toy into her vagina, coaxing a soft moan out of her.

No...no, need to play with Dolly...

She eased her eyes open to slits...then climbed onto the bed behind the doll...

...and eased the smaller end of the toy into her dolly's slit, wriggling it a tiny bit.

Vicky moaned as she her groin hit the latex on the vixen...and rocked forward a little bit.

The doll matched her motion, sliding forward with soft squeaks of its latex...

...then Vicky wrapped her arms around its hips...and pulled it toward her, letting out a loud moan as the toy was driven into her...and the latex caressed and teased her fur.

Vicky began to pant as she continued the motion a few

more times...then felt her juices seep out of her, a loud moan drawn from her body as she climaxed.

She rested against the doll's rump, panting a bit...

...then slipped out of the doll, moaning softly as the toy wriggled inside her.

“Mmm....now, was Dolly good too?” she murmured, a paw darting to the doll's slit.

She felt and probed around the opening...and smiled.

“Nice and dry. Just like Dolly should be,” Vicky stated, a little amazed.

Wow...she gets so into being a doll that she doesn't even orgasm? Vicky thought, letting her paw caress the vixen's rump. *How in the hell does she do that?*

Vicky slithered off of the bed, still feeling euphoric from her orgasm...and smiled.

“Back to the display, Dolly,” she said.

She watched as the latex vixen got up off of the bed, silently...then it padded toward the display case, opening the door and easing itself onto the display stand...all in silent, fluid motions.

Vicky walked over to the display case, amazed.

Wow...it's like this is all nothing to her. She really IS a doll, Vicky thought, closing the display case's door.

The arctic vixen smiled as she crouched down, again turning on the lights and the pedestal rotation...

...then stood up, watching as her doll began to rotate on the pedestal.

“Damn...I really need to ask her how she does that,” Vicky mused, walking over to the bed...

...and getting microjolts of pleasure as the toy wiggled inside her.

“Ooohhh...” Vicky cooed, easing herself down onto the bed...then looking back at the display.

The black and pink vixen was turned away from her, slowly rotating in the display case...

...and Vicky smiled.

“God damn...I am so glad Ellie loved us enough to make this for us,” the arctic fox stated...then reached down...

...and wiggled the toy inside her, wondering how it must feel to be a doll.

...

Dolly slowly rotated on its stand, oblivious to everything.

Dolly was completely empty inside, the two knobs on the saddle holding it upright as it stood perfectly still in its outfit.

Dolly was not pleased. Nor was it sad.

Dolly was simply Dolly.

Nothing more. Nothing less.

...

(Sunday morning)

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Vicky yawned as she woke up, her body stretching out massively.

“Hrm....morning...no likey...”

Then she eased her eyes open...and smiled.

Dolly was still in its case, silently rotating on the pedestal.

Vicky eased herself into a sitting position...and smiled.

Damn...she really IS sexy in there...maybe I should leave her there today...

An impish grin crossed the arctic vixen's muzzle.

...OR...I could join her...but there's no one to let us back out of the case...

She sighed longingly, looking at the case.

Oh well...time to take Dolly off the shelf.

She forced herself up off the bed, her light blue sleepshirt caressing her fur as she padded over to the display case.

Vicky crouched down...and shut off the lights for the case...then watched...

...and shut off the pedestal once the vixen was aimed at the door.

“Time to end doll time,” Vicky said softly, reaching for the case...

...then paused.

Wait...Tara's been REALLY stressed lately...maybe she could use the extra day of dollhood?

Vicky felt an ear twitch...then remembered what the red vixen had said.

It becomes like a drug...but not just for her. It's like a drug for me too, Vicky thought. *I want her as a doll too.*

She sighed...then opened the door of the display case.

“Come out of your case, Dolly,” she ordered.

She watched as her dolly eased itself off its stand silently...then padded out of the case to stand before her, at attention.

“To the bed, Dolly,” Vicky ordered.

She watched as the doll padded over to the bed...then stopped, rigid, in front of the bed.

“Arms to the sides.”

Obediently, the doll raised its arms to shoulder-height...and Vicky slowly eased the pink gloves off of the doll's arms, placing them on the bed in front of the latex vixen...then delicately removed the doll's hood, adding that to the gloves.

“Sit.”

Silently, smoothly, the doll sat down, resting its paws in its lap again, just like before.

Vicky smiled as she eased each stocking off of the doll's legs, peeking up at the doll's groin.

Peeking out from underneath the bubblegum pink...was a small pale pink slit surrounded by black latex.

Mmm...I could... Vicky mused...then shook her head. *No, not when she's like this. She wouldn't enjoy it...and I'd probably get frustrated.*

Vicky stood up, tossing the latex stockings onto the bed next to the latex vixen.

“Up.”

Fluidly, the latex vixen stood up...and Vicky eased the dress off of her doll, folding it up and tossing it onto the bed.

“Turn around.”

Obediently, the doll rotated around, presenting its back to her...and Vicky leaned in close, resting her muzzle on the doll's right shoulder.

“Time to end doll-time, dear,” she whispered into the doll's ear...

...then slowly began to unzip the latex suit, slipping the hood off of the red vixen's face.

Vicky jumped as the red vixen took in a loud gasp of air, shaking...and caught the red vixen as she slumped forward, paws resting on the edge of the bed, panting heavily.

“Are you okay, love?” Vicky asked, holding the red vixen gently and tenderly, helping her stay upright.

Slowly, the vixen nodded, still panting.

“The...the change...” Tara rasped.

“Hang on...let me finish undressing you,” Vicky offered, sliding the torso portion of the latex suit off of the panting vixen.

Tara nodded, taking in large gulps of air, her eyes closed...

...and letting Vicky ease her onto the bed, the arctic vixen slowly easing the remaining portion of the suit off of her wife.

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I laid there, panting heavily, body shivering at the slight chill of the air in the bedroom.

Then, I felt someone slide next to me on the bed...and saw

the light above my eyes dim a bit.

Slowly, I eased my eyes back open...and smiled a bit as Vicky's face came into focus.

“Are you okay, Tara?” she asked, her voice sounding as if it was coming from a vast distance.

Slowly, I nodded...feeling reality slowly creep back into place.

“Just...too jarring...needed...to adjust,” I rasped, feeling my body shudder uncontrollably.

I heard Vicky sigh. “Damn...I'm sorry hon. I just...”

I looked up...as Vicky looked away from me, her ears glowing pink under the white fur.

“...I just wanted to get you out...to avoid temptation...” the arctic vixen stated softly, obviously embarrassed.

Slowly, I nodded.

“Like I said...it's like a drug...” I breathed, my voice very soft due to disuse.

Vicky nodded...then got off of the bed, helping me into a standing position.

“I'll put some tea on for us,” Vicky offered, easing me toward the bedroom door. “I think...we have some stuff to talk about.”

I blinked...a little puzzled...but nodded.

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“So...what is it like?” Vicky asked.

I took a sip of my tea, letting the warmth from the mug seep into my paws.

“What is what like?” I responded, unsure of what she was asking.

“You know what I mean,” Vicky probed. “How in the hell do you do it?”

I took another sip of the tea, feeling its warmth suffuse

through my body...and shrugged.

“I really don't know,” I admitted.

“Bullshit.”

I looked at Vicky, confused.

“You know exactly what I mean...and it just amazes the hell out of me how you do it,” Vicky retorted. “So...tell me how you do it.”

I sighed, easing the mug back down onto the counter.

“I really can't put it into words, Vicks,” I admitted. “It's like...like you see everything you care about just...float away. All the stresses...all the worries...like little soap bubbles that just float up.”

I leaned back against the counter of the kitchen.

“And, as each one of those bubbles pop...the stress fades away,” I went on, “but with it, a part of you fades away as well. Like you lose a little bit of yourself with each pop.”

I took a breath...and forced myself to let it out slowly, feeling my body shudder a bit.

“When they're all gone...nothing of you is left,” I went on. “Nothing but what you should be at that time. In my case, I became a doll. Mentally, emotionally...blank. Like a doll.”

“Physically, too,” Vicky commented.

I looked at her, as she edged next to me.

“I played with you...and you didn't climax,” she said. “Bone dry.”

I exhaled, stunned by that.

“Damn...” I mused.

“No shit,” Vicky stated. “THAT'S why I wanted to know how you do it...cause shutting off all arousal? That is FAR from normal, Tara.”

I reached back for my tea mug...and picked it up, taking a small sip.

“Honestly...I had zero knowledge of anything you did,” I

went on. "Then, when you took the hood off of me...everything just came crashing back at once..."

"You got overloaded," Vicky added, then sighed. "Fuck..."

I nodded.

"So maybe...we should do a cool-down on doll time," I theorized. "Much like the hour warm-up...maybe another hour to cool down?"

Vicky's right ear twitched as she considered my suggestion...then she slowly nodded.

"Maybe. But how would we get it to work?" the arctic vixen mused.

I shrugged. "I don't know. To me, the stand is a doorway into subspace...so we'd need to establish something a a doorway back..."

Vicky sighed. "Maybe we can talk to Ellie about it."

I looked at her, feeling the fur above my eyes twitch and rumple.

"Maybe. Hopefully, she won't demand to see it in action," I mused, taking another sip of tea.

"Although..."

I looked back at Vicky, who had an impish grin on her muzzle.

"...I think it'd be kinda cool...to be a doll with you," the arctic fox finished.

I chuckled.

"Vicky...if you go as far into subspace as I apparently go...fun stops being a factor," I commented. "Besides, you wouldn't even know it was me with you. I'd just be another doll, like you."

I saw Vicky blink. "Wait...you mean...you didn't know it was me?"

I shook my head...then paused.

"Well...not you personally," I stated. "I knew that I had an

owner...someone to play with me...so, when I heard your voice, I followed your instructions.” I paused taking and swallowing another sip of tea. “Other than that, you weren't you to me. You were simply Owner.”

Vicky exhaled, stunned. “Wow...”

I nodded. “Yeah. All of what made me me was gone. What was left...was just a doll. Obedient, hollow...empty.”

“God damn, Tara,” Vicky commented. “How in the FUCK do you do that?”

I shrugged. “Like I said, I really don't know, Vicky. It just happens.”

I heard her exhale deeply...then a soft sip from another mug.

I sipped my mug again, in silence.

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(Monday morning...9:41am)

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I felt my fur bristle as I looked over the various manilla folders on my desk.

“Damn...all of this...” I mused, then heard my door open.

I glanced up...

...as Troy Whittaker, another supervisor stepped into my office, carrying a small bundle of folders.

“Tara, I need these done by the end of the week,” the beige marten ordered, dumping the bundle on my desk...then turned to leave.

“HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!” I snapped, getting up from behind my desk.

I watched Troy freeze and spin around, his eyes wide.

“Now you listen here,” I snapped. “First off, I am NOT on your staff, so you do NOT bring YOUR work to me and simply EXPECT me to take care of it for you, understand?”

Troy nodded, very slowly, very cautiously.

“Secondly, if you DO want me to tackle something for you, you need to go through my boss, like POLICY says you should do,” I resumed, feeling my blood radiate heat. “Otherwise, find someone on your staff to do it. Understand?”

The marten nodded, his head almost bouncing off his shoulders due to how vigorously he was nodding.

“Yes-yes-yes'm,” he stammered.

“Good. Now get. Out.”

I watched as he skittered out of my office, slamming the door behind him...

...then I glared out the window of my office and saw everyone staring at me from the other side of the glass.

I let out a soft growl of frustration...then sat back down behind my desk with an audible thump.

“Damned little troglodyte...” I muttered under my breath, rubbing my eyes.

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(an hour later)

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I glanced up from my computer screen...and frowned.

Heading toward my office was my boss, Mr Horowitz...and he was smiling.

“Aw, fuck...” I said...then sighed. “Well, let's get my ass-ripping over with.”

The large brown ursine eased the door to my office open...then stepped inside, reaching over to close the window-shades.

“So...I heard you had a little...disagreement...with Mr Whittaker,” Horowitz began.

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The bear glanced at the red vixen, who was the best

worker on his staff...and paused.

The vixen was glaring at him, her muzzle resting on top of her folded paws...a very predatory and hostile look in her eyes.

“You know...we can't have...” he began.

“No...I think we can,” he heard the vixen say coldly.

Edward Horowitz paused, as the vixen looked at him.

“As you are well aware, I am currently covering three vacant caseloads, for three different supervisors,” Tara stated calmly. “In addition to that, I have my own caseload that I am trying to deal with as I deal with all of that work...and, on top of all of THAT, every single supervisor beings me work that THEY should be doing themselves...or at the very least, going to you for approval and having YOU bring it to me to be done.”

He watched as the vixen unfolded her paws, her green eyes boring into him.

“So...you want to rip me for following policy and informing Mr Whittaker that he needs to get your approval before pawning some of his work onto me, go right ahead,” the vixen stated. “Just be advised: if you do, I will be talking to my union rep before you get back to your desk...and you can expect SEVERAL grievances being filed before the end of the day.”

Horowitz swallowed, feeling his fur ripple.

Ah hell...I don't need any more grievances filed against me, he thought...then looked at the vixen. And, since it'd be Tara filing...

“Fine,” the large ursine grumbled. “I will make sure that any boss who wants you to tackle anything else comes through me first.” He sighed. “Just don't tear anyone apart okay? Troy is still in the bathroom shitting his pants.”

The ursine let out a soft chuckle...then looked up.

The vixen was not smiling. At all.

“I make no promises, Mr Horowitz,” Tara calmly

stated...then turned back to her computer screen.

The ursine eased himself out of the vixen's office...and exhaled after closing the door behind him.

Damn...what the fuck set her off? He mused, ambling back to his office.

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