

Deskjobs
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A note to readers

This work portrays a number of themes and concepts, some which may cause discomfort in one way or another. As such, this page contains warnings for content which include, but are not limited to:

Domination/Submission (D/s)

MtF/nb

Feet/Paws

Jamie wasn't particularly the most mindful of her roommate's idiosyncrasies: a pair of their underwear was lying on the carpet, and she was staring at it, dumbfounded. Chai had been called in early to work – which Jamie considered a reasonable cause for rush, but a pair of checkered boxers simply lying the hallway had the doe frozen in place. She knelt over and lifted it from the floor – it was still warm. Paralyzed again, she found herself, but now it was ambivalence. Her first instinct was to throw it in the bear's hamper and be done with it – silencing the budding scenarios in her head; the underwear had allure, though, igniting a lewd wanton making the auburn ears atop her head perk, and her member between her loins stir. And the longer Jamie held it, the further her senses continued to empty reality in favor of a consuming warmth, and seeing their pupils against the surrounding misty blue hue, flashed for an instant, in expectation. Jamie broke herself from this, and deposited the undergarments in the laundry closet, cheeks burning while tucking her drowsy member back into its home.

It was a bright Wednesday afternoon: the sun was at its peak, and a sweltering wave of July sun was only buffered by the apartment complex's air conditioning unit. Still, there was enough humidity to force Jamie into a light nightgown: polka dotted pink-and-white with a drawing from one of her favorite Saturday morning cartoons. In the midst of idly browsing the internet on her laptop, she looked to the patio door, and cursed herself remembering the heat.

“Oh shit!” she exclaimed, rushing out the patio door. Her flip-flops were sitting outside. Hers were purple with subtle indents from wear. Chai's were adjacent, and were smaller by comparison, but the indents from their paws a bit more defined. She took both inside, and thankfully, they hadn't started to melt. She caught herself stroking their pair with her thumb only when she set them down inside by the front door and some of the sole from their flip-flops rubbed off on her, and her erection was stirring again, which she tucked back into her panties.

Jamie spent about an hour playing video games in the living room when Chai had come bursting in, roaring loudly, “Guess who got off early?” followed by a hearty chortle. The doe was sitting crossed legged on the floor as she played an RPG, Chai approaching her and giving a playful kick asking, “C'mon, guess!” with insistence.

She paused her game, looking up over her full-moon spectacles. “I'm gonna take a shot in the dark,” she began cheekily, stroking her chin, “...the neighbors?”

“Har har, very funny. Well, you know where to find me if you need me, 'kay?” they said, leaving Jamie with a final kick to the thigh.

“Mmkay,” Jamie acknowledged, and the bear resigned to their bedroom. The doe drummed her fingers along her fully erect penis, and cheeks burning again from embarrassment, hoping the bear didn't notice.

The days was winding down with the sun at its apex. Chai was at their computer, frustrated and panting. They were having issues with an online game, and it seemed to have gone out altogether. Coupled with the summer heat, their irritation was mounting.

They called out from their room, “Jamieeeeeee,” with equal parts bravado and exaggeration.

The doe rushed into their room with an exasperated “What?”

“I think the ethernet's disconnected, can you plug it back in?”

“Why can't you?” Jamie's lips twisted asking.

“Well, um... you know what happened last time. 'Sensitive equipment' and shit,” making sure to make explicit air-quotes.

Jamie shrugged, bending over and crawling under their desk, Chai slapping her rear end on the way down. The doe tried to get a look at the ports, but it was far too dark to see the ethernet cable amidst the mess of other wires. She had to pick them up individually to see what it was.

Meanwhile, the bear was growing impatient, and began to prod at Jamie with their footpaws under their desk. The doe was blushing, but her face couldn't be seen.

Repeatedly, the bear poked and prodded at her, whining, “C'mon, 'c'mon, come on!” incessantly while Jamie labored to keep her erection under control. And then suddenly, Chai pressed against the doe's cheek asking, “Are you sleeping down there?” The warmth of their paw took Jamie by surprise as she inhaled sharply through her nose. Her brain hadn't processed fully the odor subtle vanilla body wash over pheromones as her lewd desires surfaced despite her inhibitions protesting all they could. Yet her lips had separated, and the doe's tongue fell out of her mouth, taste buds making contact as her perverse fantasy finally came to fruition and then indulged in their essence with the faintest tartness. Jamie's tongue sought more as it dragged itself lazily across the black pads of their toes before the bear jerked their foot back in shock. There was a moment of stillness as Jamie's elevated heartbeat sounded wildly behind her ears compounding her horror.

It was an eternity to the doe in this silence, but her mind was racing. Chai's paw – the one she had licked – was tucked under their chair. The other wasn't visible, but became known as it began surveying her crotch, and brushed the bell of her erection. And they pushed down on it, Jamie hearing herself screaming inside from a sense of exposure and humiliation.

“Jamie, is that...” Chai asked in an innocuous tone, the pad of their toe prodding her erection. Jamie could only manage to let out a coarse squeak as their foot kneaded her member, and was silenced by the bear's other footpaw coming in contact with her face, and a toe in her mouth. As Jamie licked at Chai's toepad, a little musty from the day, she felt a scraping sensation on her hip, and her cock was freed from their grasp. A single claw allowed Chai to trace the contours of Jamie's form down to her thigh and snagged itself on her panties, effortlessly tugging them down and stripping them off Jamie.

The doe was still trying to make sense of her situation with the footpaw to her face, but now being stroked by the other, Chai was kneading the doe's tummy and slip it back down to work at her erection. The grinding being too much to bear as her eyes began to glaze and let her body relax, the pleasure consuming her entirety. Her lips pulled into a smile as her tongue limped along their footpaw and erection pulsed to her heartbeat.

And then, there was an absence, and the foot on her face was tucked away under the bear's chair, and the other pulled away, snapping a thread of glistening precum and was left

aghast, already missing the comforting taste. The doe was now following her libido, and reached out from under the desk, crawling towards them, Chai reached out their hand and grasped, tugging her from out under. They pulled hard, but mindfully, seeing the doe crawling to them with helpless eyes and a raging, hungry erection.

With a guiding motion, Chai used the footpaw to flip the doe on her back, and once again kneaded her eager boner – Jamie gasping in horny delight as the texture from their toes had a slight give to her erection. The pleasure built up in waves, receding back to make out an image of their mischievous face, subtly bearing their teeth cradling their tongue. The waves washed back over her once more, pulling her under as she felt herself drown in a tide of ecstasy, her crotch pulsing against the bear's foot, erection positioned to as she came, it shot on her own fur – splashing the doe on her cheek – and dribbled on Chai's paw.

Her vision cleared somewhat as Chai's foot entered her view, descending on her face again as the familiar warmth mashed on her cheek – digging further in as they indulged at Jamie's place below them and how her face beamed from being there. Chai lifted their footpaw and hovered it over Jamie's face. She eagerly lapped away at the splotch of cum on their pawpad, licking it clean, the bear giggling as Jamie used the tip of her tongue to tickle them. The withdrew the digits and reached out a hand to the doe to help her up. She looked them in the eye and dipped her head meekly mid-blush with a silly, girlish smile.

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