

TOETALLY: FOX'S FAÇADE

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Bolivar sat in his cubicle, trying his best not to melt into his seat. The building's air conditioning unit had long since departed from the land of the living, making summers a hellish ordeal.

"Maybe if I keep working, I won't notice the heat..." Bolivar thought to himself.

He sat up straight in his seat, and extended his arms towards the keyboard directly ahead. For 45 straight minutes, the only sound within the cubicle was the sharp clicking of finger against key. Bolivar was approaching his limit though. The heat was simply too unbearable, even sitting as still as he was.

"A little break can't hurt..." He muttered.

"That's the spirit, Foxy."

His ears twitched at the sound of that nickname. He turned to find his coworker Adele standing at the entrance of his cubicle. She'd taken to calling him "Fox," and "Foxy," after learning of his last name, "Zorro."

"I guess the heat got the best of you too, huh?" He asked, noticing a few beads of sweat on her brow.

"Mhmm, that and the crushing loneliness of my cubicle." She feigned a dejected tone. "I figured I'd pop in and rescue you from the same fate."

Fox sighed and turned to look back at his computer monitor. He eyed the time. Not nearly close enough to freedom.

"I do appreciate it, Adele, but I really should finish this page at least. There's still a lot of the day ahead."

"Oh, that's no worry, I can wait 'til you're ready."

Fox glanced at her from the side.

"Thanks. Just give me a minute and we can head out."

A cacophony of key clicks filled the air once again, as Fox resumed his work.

After a few moments, another sound joined in. It was a spirited slapping sound; one Fox was all too familiar with.

As the sound reappeared every few minutes, Fox could feel an internal heat, unrelated to the actual temperature of the room, begin to brew within him.

Careful as to not arouse suspicion, Fox slyly glanced over at his coworker. She stood leaning against one of the cubicle walls, eyes closed and arms folded. Emboldened by the fact that her eyes were shut, Fox's gaze traced down along her slender figure to her legs.

Adele's weight was focused on her left leg, and the other was crossed over it. Fox's eyes locked onto her right foot, as it bobbed in and out of its confine; a nude ballet flat. This confirmed his assumption that the sound from earlier had been Adele slapping the back of her shoe against her exposed heel.

Fox returned his focus forward to his computer screen, and rapidly clicked out a string of nonsense. It didn't matter what he typed, so long as he maintained the illusion that he was still actively working. The last thing he wanted was for Adele to catch him eyeing her legs or feet.

Thankfully, a follow-up glance confirmed that her eyes were still closed. Fox breathed a sigh of relief, and returned to work.



Fox's eyes locked onto her right foot, as it bobbed in and out of its confine; a nude ballet flat.

His imagination spiraled, rendering thoughts of himself down in Adele's flat, standing beneath her delicate, slender foot. From that perspective, it would seem godlike; a colossal appendage, that with a single movement could render him non-existent.

He wasn't sure when these sorts of scenarios had become so appealing to him. The idea of being utterly dominated was always a turn on, but the size dynamic on top of that was still fairly recent for him.

Fox shook these thoughts from his head, fearing they'd affect how he generally viewed and acted around his co-worker.

"I'd rather not make her uncomfortable or something with all this weird shit..."

Ka-Crack~

A shiver ran up his spine, and Fox's eyes almost bulged out of his skull. Even without looking, he could tell that Adele had just cracked her slender toes.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me-"

He turned his head, and almost instantly his eyes met with Adele's. She quickly shuffled her bare foot back into her flat.

"Ah, sorry, that was kind of loud, wasn't it?" Adele laughed.

Fox's inner constitution was in shambles, but his external demeanor betrayed any indication of it.

"No, no, you're fine! That just goes to show you could use a break." He reciprocated her laugh, and gave a warm smile.

Internally, Fox felt like he could melt into a puddle. If only he could be right under her sweaty foot as it flexed about. It'd be an absolute dream come true.

Such a thing was far from impossible, especially given that they lived in a nation known for its size shifting. However, Fox had been born in another country, and thus lacked the natural ability to reduce in size.

Maybe that was for the best. Otherwise, Fox wasn't sure if he could've maintained his facade for so long.

"Want to head out now? I think I'm more or less in a good spot." Fox said, standing up from his desk.

"Oh, sure! Don't let me pull you away though, I can wait longer if you need."

"No, no, you've already been standing for a while, anyway. Plus, this heat is starting to get to me."

Adele pushed off the wall and stood up straight as Fox walked up to her. He gestured for her to go ahead first, and then followed her out of the cubicle.

"Here's your order, sir, have a nice day!"

"Thanks, same to you."

Fox turned away from the counter and scanned the dining area for Adele. She waved him down from a seat by the window.

Fox gave her a small heads up, then started in her direction.

As he approached the table, Fox could see Adele's smooth legs underneath. They were crossed at the knee, left over right, giving Fox a clear view of her foot as it bobbed about idly.

Resisting the temptation to stare, Fox placed his tray down on the table, and took his seat in front of Adele.

This wasn't the first time they'd eaten together. Their shared lunches had become an almost routine occurrence since they began working together 6 months ago.

Fox began unwrapping his burger, trying his best to repress any unwarranted daydreaming. In his peripheral vision, he could see Adele's delicate fingers take hold of a French fry. Despite his best efforts, Fox felt his eyes lock onto the fry and follow it up to Adele's mouth. Enthralled, he watched as it passed through her lips, and disappeared from sight. His eyes lingered on her mouth and cheeks as he could see the subtle indications of her chewing.

More than anything in the world, at that moment, Fox wished he could've been that French fry. The thought of being pressed between supple fingertips, raised up to glossy lips, and deposited into a moist mouth, whereupon he would be ground beyond recognition, excited Fox to no end.

Adele's hand moved back down, and took hold of another fry. This time however, instead of back towards her awaiting maw, her arm extended forward in Fox's direction. Before he could realize how long he'd been staring, Adele's voice broke him from his reverie.

"Want one?"

"They do look really good..." He responded without missing a beat.

"They taste even better~"



Despite his best efforts, Fox felt his eyes lock onto the fry and follow it up to Adele's mouth.

Fox reached out for the fry, but before he could take it, Adele swiftly withdrew her hand, and raised it up to her open mouth.

Composure threatening to crack, Fox watched in awe as she released her grip, and allowed the fry to fall into her cavernous maw, before snapping it shut.

Fox was frozen in place; his hand still extended, and his mouth slightly ajar.

Adele, catching a glimpse of his demeanor, covered her mouth and laughed. The sound of her laughter brought Fox back to his senses, and he joined in.

"I'm sorry, I just had to," Adele started. "Seriously though, take some, I don't think I can finish them all."

"Now I'm not sure if I should help you, after that display." Fox replied with a smile.

"It's not my fault you're fun to tease!"

"And what's that supposed to mean?"

Adele leaned forward in her seat.

"Exactly what it sounds like; it's fun to push your buttons."

Fox gulped, doing his best not to waver at his co-worker's words as she continued.

"I think you're actually kind of like these fries." Adele picked up one of the biggest fries from her plate and held it between both hands; her thumb and pointer fingers gently pinching it on each end. "You've got a nice crispy exterior, and-"

Snap

The fry snapped right down the middle at the slightest push from her thumbs.

"-a soft mushy inside."

Fox's heart practically threatened to jump right out of his chest. Still maintaining his calm exterior, he just smugly smiled and leaned in closer.

"Oh, is that so?"

"Mhmm." Adele smiled, locking her eyes with his.

She then brought the broken French fry up to her mouth, and parted her lips in preparation to receive it.

Fox momentarily broke their staring contest to watch the fry's last moments outside of Adele, but as his eyes met her lips--

She smiled.

Fox's eyes darted back up to hers.

"D-did she nail me?" He thought.

"Anyways, eat up, Foxy. Our lunch break is almost over." Adele said, before finally tossing the broken fry into her mouth.

Carefully maintaining eye contact as she chewed, Fox nodded his head.

"Oh, yeah, that's right." He replied, trying his best to move on from what had just happened.

Fox returned his attention to his burger, and made short work of it across a few minutes. He also made sure to take a fair share of the French fries that had been offered to him. All the while, Adele quietly watched him as he ate, occasionally making eye contact whenever he'd sneak a glance her way.

Just as he was finishing, Fox heard a familiar sound from under the table. It was a spirited smacking noise that seemed to go off rapid fire.

He looked up at Adele who was still watching him with a serene smile on her face.

"Ready to go?"

FIN

