

## Lessons in Lace

### Part One

#### Chapter 1

The cross fox padded this way and that, his paws held behind his back. He was getting a tad bit nervous. It was 4 o'clock, and the wolf should have been making his way home by now. Confounded, he leaned against a tree trunk, picking up small rocks and throwing them..

“How can I go home without my daily red wolf teasing? I’ve had my coyote teasing, my silver wolf teasing, my black, my white, and all the other wolves around here, but no red wolf? This is unheard of! What to do, what to do...”

Wanting to kill time, in hopes that the red wolf was running late, the cross fox recounted his days exploits. He had quite the day, many a prank and many a dangerous joke was laid down. And each time, in the end, was a dumb wolf looking around, paws ready to fight, tail near the ground, and that face, oh that face never lost its touch. Barely a minute went by of this thinking, and soon the fox began laughing. In fact, it became so bad, he fell to the floor in laughter, rolling around the shrubs,

“Hehe, soooo dumb! So dumb, these wolves will believe anything. Hahaha, hoooohooo,” he batted at some tall grass, gripping his sides as he expulsed some more laughter, “WooohohohoHOOho!! I can’t believe he fell for it five days in a row. Tabasco sauce in the underwear, fiiiivvee days in a row! Oh, oh, oh, I can’t take it. I can’t believe god made such stupid animals,” rolling forward, his paws covered his stomach, his eyes watering. “Oh, this is getting addictive.” His tan and burned color fur wiped away some crystal blue tears, his toothy smile never leaving. “Let’s go for eight days. By the end of this, the poor boy will never sit down again! Or have children, but hey, what’s a few less wolves in the world?...More intelligence! BWahahahahAHAHAH!”

Rolling on and on for minutes at a time, had the wolf ever walked by, the cross fox would have never noticed. In fact, the cross fox wasn’t noticing a thing. For had he, he would have heard the twigs snapping, the branches breaking, but no, this fox had performed his own hubris. His fate, from then on, was sealed.

The fox had almost covered the whole entire forest floor in laughter. Except for one large patch of scattered twigs, but the fox didn’t seem to noticed the oddity in twigs gathered in an area of pure grass. Sitting up, he caught his breath, trying to calm himself. Looking himself over, dark red fur mixing with black along his body, he saw how dirty his shirt had become, a loose one over his small, sly body. His tail, however, swished frantically behind him, his blue shorts torn, and his white undies showing. But soon, as his tail began brushing back and forth, back and forth, the laughter went back up his spine, and through the body. The laughter was fleeting into sorts and loud hacks, the cross fox’s paws covering his muzzle, his ears tearing. God could not have created a more dumb, a more witless, a more tactless animal, than the wolf!

Aching with laughter, he gave one final heave, and fell backwards into the grass. Unaware to him, though, was that, in an area with dirt and twigs, there was this one spot of grass. Unaware to him, was the sound of branches breaking ever so closely. But, aware to him, was the trap that was sprung. Displacing a rock as he laid back, the weighted item rolled, and let go of a string that zipped into the air. Looking at this zip-line from the air,

the fox gave a second long marf before he yelped in horror. Four loops sprung up, big enough to leave room for error, so that soon his fore and hind paws were caught in a lasso. And by the displacement of the weights used in this obviously intricate trap, his body was given such a shock that he flipped all the way forward, body face down in the dirt, ankles and wrists lifted firmly in the air..

The cross fox stared openly into the ground, absolutely unsure of what just happened. The thought that he was caught didn't even pass his mind. Foxes don't get caught.

"What the..." he began, but with his attention now acute, he heard what he should have heard a while ago. A slow, slivery sound echoed through out the forest; it was close. A twig snapped and broke the silence like ice. But then it was deathly quiet again. Not a sound, except for his quick breathing. For, the truth made its way through. His paws would not move, nor would his legs. Something was coming, for him, yet he could not move! The cross fox was caught. Cross foxes are not use to being caught. In fact, it had only happened once before in his life, a short vignette involving rabbits, and eventually diapers. But that's another story.

Listening intently, the cross fox heard breathing, heavy, deep breathing. He heard heavy footsteps, and the creak of muscle upon bone. It got louder, and louder, rumbling the earth's floor as whatever it was stalked closer. The cross fox's mouth went dry; what...was going to happen? His mind went astir with crazy thoughts. All of them involving...gulp...an untimely end to years of tricks and masterful pranks. He would, gasp, never win the Annual Sly Fox Award if he's dead! Oh shit, he thought, I'm going to die!

Each footstep shook him to the core. It came closer and closer, until...it drooled right behind him. The cross fox shook involuntarily; he never had to deal with this before! What do foxes do when they're caught? None of his parents ever told him! None of his brothers or sisters knew either. Foxes aren't the ones who get caught; stupid, dumb wolves are the ones who fall for traps involving twine, pulleys, and weight. Not clever, sly, cunning foxes! But for some reason, today was a day for change.

The animal, whatever it was, took his sweet time, drawing out every second. Swift, the cross fox's name, could smell his own fear; he was sure the animal could too. Whimpering involuntarily, the animal came closer. Hot, humid hair breathed across his neck. Steamy...air...all a product of a muzzle, a muzzle that housed those powerful, sharp...the fox gulped, teeth! Thought filled his shaken mind, and he involuntarily tried to curl up, his tail going between his legs, though...that didn't work because his legs were suspend behind him! Another long, breath of air, and then...a sickly, wet...tongue! The fox, unable to hold back, let out a terrified cry. He was being tasted!

"Looks like I have a crier on my hands," the voice was dark and mocking. Another lick, this time on the opposite ear. The fox cried out again; why couldn't he sotp himself?

"Oh, ohhh my, it tastes so good," the animal made a loud slurping nose. "Maybe I should...test it, before I give it to my brothers. They would enjoy such a treat...they would...indeed..." his voice trailed off as it got closer. The breath, the smell of a viscious, deadly carnivore, wrapped him. It was coming, tears starting to roll down his face, it as over! Those deadly, white, ivories...gnashing, clawing, biting, tearing...

A growl like no other came from behind him, and he felt a body press down on top of him! His eyes widening, his blood quickening, he felt a prick, a prick that must be the beginning to his doom! And as the pressure so quickly surrounded that area, the fox clenched his teeth, cried out in horror, terror, pain, and did the one bodily function he had left. The cross fox began wetting himself. He didn't know what he was doing, but it was the only thing he had control of in that moment. Pissing himself, he felt the hot, steamy urine soak right through his underwear, right through his shorts, the blue darkening quickly as the dirt beneath him became muddy from piss. The fox, of all things to do, then growled, as if to be intimidating. He felt the weight lift, and the pricking stop! He...he had defended himself! By...peeing on himself? And oddly, the fox didn't remember starting to pee, only pushing it when it did occur.

Panting, and whimpering, the fox hoped this would end it. But no, in fact, little did he know what he began. Instead of hearing, what he had hoped, the stomps of retreat, he heard the beginning of deep, gruff laughter. In fact, soon this animal, which could kill him easily, was on the floor laughing. Just the way this fox was seconds before. His cheeks burning red, making its way through the dark chocolate fur, the fox began to tear again. He was defeated and humiliated. What was to happen?

"Oh...oh this is precious, dearie, precious. Look at yourself, did you just pee your own little undies? Please tell me you are wearing undies," feeling a claw hook his shorts, they were soon torn asunder, revealing of course his white cotton underwear. Another spasm of laughter came from his captor. "Holy...sweetie, did anyone ever teach you how to wipe yourself?" The culprits paws suddenly grapping the fox's underwear, he rubbed a small section of it near the butt crack. Hearing a loud sniff after the grip was released; the animal laughed deeply and mercilessly again, "Positive, that is the grade a smell of skid marks, baby. And judging by, what appear to be..." once again, the animal leaned in close, except this time, the fox gave a loud yarf. A paw was feeling his crotch! It fondled and smoothed, pressing here and there, and...even stroking! The fox let out a cry, but secretly embedded within it was a murr. Of course the dangerous fur heard it, and remembered. "...yes, pee, little baby foxie pee, soaking right through his underwear. Boy, or should I say cry baby, do you know anything about personal hygiene? Do you know how to take care of yourself? I had this trap for some dumb pig, a hog, and now I find a fox? Aren't you supposed to be clever, apparently not."

The cross fox's face was pale and then a hot red. First he's being demeaned, and now he's being insulted in one of the most devious ways to a fox! But, he was right, and the cross fox named Swift could do nothing about it. He still had no idea what to do, and simply, game up. Crying, he stopped struggling and put his face to the ground.

"Aww, you poor poor baby, look at you crying, in your own filth. Someone should take you home and teach you how to take care of yourself. Wouldn't you like that, Swift?"

The fox's ears perked up, his sniffing stopping. He tried his best to look behind him, but the trap twisted his body well, "Wh...who are you? How do you know my name?"

"I don't think you're the one to be asking things, now are you?"

The fox growled, feeling a bit patronized by this point. He would have continued to talk, but he heard a sound he knew all too familiar. The snap of a latex glove echoed in the forest, "What...do you intend on doing with that?"

“Did I not just say you are not the one to be asking things? My, you are a pest, do be quiet,” a footpaw pushing his face into the ground, albeit room to breath, the fox’s senses peaked. He soon felt a smooth, latex surface run into his underwear. Realizing he was having his behind rubbed, the fox’s eyes widened and then slit closed, his mouth opening and shuddering. What was his captor doing? What vile plot could this be? But...the fox found this to be...sensual, a murr uncontrollably leaving his muzzle. Fearing, he quickly shut it, but soon the animal’s paw was groping harder, claws cupping his two tushies. What the...murrroohhhh...ohhhhhh...the fox groaned and closed his eyes, pushing his head against the ground. He had never been touched like this; he was lost for ideas. But the animal knew what he was doing.

Stroking the fox, an apparent virgin, he inspected his catch. Finally having his prey up close, he wanted to examine it first hand. Brushing aside tail and fur, he was making his way to what he truly desired. Closer and closer, he paws pushed aside the dark amber fur until he reached his destination. His paw, covered in that rough yet smooth latex, probed the fox’s tail hole.

“Ahhhh...ahhhhhahah...whaaaaahhhh...” the fox closed his eyes tightly, feeling this invasive pressure. What the hell?! “Ohhhhhhhhhhhh...” his chest rumbling into his throat.

Not wanting to reveal anything, the animal was quick to finish, easily noting that the fox was indeed, as he had suspected, a virgin. Such a virgin, that apparently the fox was confounded – he wasn’t aware that his tail hole had been fingered. Hmm, for a naughty gay fox, this was a grin-worthy surprise. Horny, yet completely a lout when it came to sex. Hoo hoo, this will be much fun.

Next, repositioning himself, the sneaky animal kept a foot on the fox’s head, but crept his paw around the fox’s waist. Going along the tighty-whitie’s waistband, his paw fell just below the cross fox’s belly button. Plummeting his paw into the owner’s underwear-front, he soon began feeling and rubbing, scrutinizing what he would have to work with. The fox, once again, was not expecting this.

A cry parted his lips, and he tried his best to squirm, to do something! But his previous wetting was the last thing he had control over; he didn’t even have any pee left! The fox was confused beyond all standards. Being a captor for many a year, he had never done this before, or seen any of his brothers, sisters, or friends do this. Why was he, oohhhhhhhhhhhh...ohhahhh..ohhhh.....wha? oh...why was he touuucchhhhoohhhhhh...

But the fox never got to finish his thoughts. His captor had done, much to his surprise, what appeared to take so little. Feeling the latex get coated with something heavy, warm, and sticky, he realized the fox had just cummed on him. Blinking, the animal gave a laugh and smacked his paw against his side.

“Aww, that is so adorable. The cute little fox came, all over his captor’s big paw. Looks like this foxie really enjoys being played with, or maybe he likes being all bound up, or maybe...he likes peeing on himself. I think the last one may work. And if not, I’m sure within a few hours I’ll get you loving it anyways.” But the fox wasn’t listening. Moaning into the dirt, he was spent. Truly a virgin, he had done little with anyone, being a bit skeptical with the whole mating procedure. Sure, he was actually very successful in courting females, he had many that fawned after him...but frankly he didn’t swing that way. What he did desire, he could never have. So he stuck to himself, just pawing off here and there, though he enjoyed teasing himself, just as he enjoyed teasing others. That

being said, it was no surprise that after five minutes of having his bottom stroked, petted, and probed, and then his warm sheath being fondled along with his balls, that he came.

Humming to himself, and lifting his footpaw, the animal decided this was just the way he envisioned it would be. Given, even if it wasn't he would still have taken the fox home with him. But any excuse to play and fondle is an excuse worth using. Oh, would he be having his paws full for the next few days.

Taking the spent fox out of the trap, he did take some vines and bound the fox's legs and arms behind his back. For a blindfold, the wolf had a very mischievous idea. Being a bit horny himself, and a nudist, he shook off his shorts and underwear, leaving just his blue tank top on. Putting the underwear over the fox's head, his ears poked out, and his muzzle and nose were covered in cotton drenched in the animal's scent. Lifting the fox over his shoulder, he began walking through the woods, though it was only a short distance to his cozy, underground cottage. I.e., this fox's new home, forever. The wolf snickered and gave the fox a few pats on the bottoms as he walked closer and closer, the fox just moaning.

The fox, starting to go in and out of sleepiness, noticed one thing. The scent...the scent that wrapped him up like this, it was...it was...a wolf's!!

The cross fox felt a pang of humiliation and embarrassment like none other. He had been duped by a wolf, the shock alone, combined with his exhaustion, caused him to weep and fall asleep. His last thoughts were, what would become of him?

## Chapter 2

Chuckling to himself, the wolf laid the incapacitated fox on the bed. It wouldn't be long before he was up, however. Sighing, he put his paws on his sides, dark beige fur embedding into lighter toned hip fur. Looking over the fox, just his shirt and underwear on, he admired his catch. What a catch indeed! An exemplary example of a cross fox, he was probably just reaching his 20s. Peaking sexual maturity, this fox should have been out on the town every night, at bars, strip joints. But no, this fox was different, much like how the wolf was different. They both enjoyed the other scents. However, unlike the fox, the wolf was more than experienced, he was considered a master by some in the sexual arts. But he never truly had someone to be with...until now.

His forest green eyes shone brightly, reflecting the wired lighting of the room. Warm, plush tones radiated about, keeping the room radiated, allowing no shadows to befall the two half nude furs. The fox lay sprawled on the bed, looking much more like 14 year old than a 20 year old. A dirt-ridden shirt and a pair of wet, yellow undies, especially with that erection, just made him look naive and young. In contrast, the definition of the wolf, along with the lighting, just made him look even more strong and older than he truly was. Just reaching the age of 28, the wolf had been on his own for 11 years. Being very independent, the wolf had eagerly begun his life of freedom. But, since he moved here 8 years ago, he noticed something astir; every day, a fox had followed him. For years it was just a few minutes, while the fox crept home from school, or when he hung with a group of his fur friends. But for years, the fox had spied on the wolf. Why, the wolf never knew. Or at least, the wolf never knew until the beginning of this year.

Showering in a hidden fall, he was lathering up and washing down. That's when he heard it. A crack of a twig that shattered the beautiful silence he had listened to for years. Picking out the culprit easily, his eyes split through the tall grass to see a sight for sore eyes. The fox was back! But, he was older now, and much more curious. On his back, legs in the air, the fox was rubbing his sheath with his paws. The wolf was flabbergasted, and immediately heart struck. How...adorable! Wanting to give the fox a show, he began dipping himself this way and that. Raising his tail in just the right position, he listened eagerly for the sound that was bound to happen. A loud foxhowl coming from beyond, the wolf's grin spread across his lips furtively.

Of course, those were the good parts. For a few weeks, when the wolf did shower outside of his home, he'd find the fox lurking about. And the wolf would always dance under the crisp, pristine water. But then other events started to happening. Pranks were more like it. He sound found eggs covered his door, jam inside his mailbox, shattered glass bottles on his trail to work. He even once found a dead skunk buried in a plant of his! Assuming this was just a stage of some sort, the wolf left it alone. But the fox did not leave the wolf alone. Not only did this teasing and tricking continue, but he soon heard from his fellow wolves that similar occurrences were popping up. However, this wolf was the only one to ever see and be aware of the fox. The other wolves had families and jobs, they didn't care to search and hunt down the criminal. But they definitely liked the idea of the red wolf catching him. Having been told some details, all the wolves were told, and all they knew, was that the tricks 'were going to end, and in their place will be...something cute. Don't you worry guys, I've got this one in the cup of my paw.'

Reliving all the events that lead up to here, the wolf gave a loud and thoughtful sigh, flicking back his headfur and grinning. But the time for reminiscing was over, as the wolf noted, the fox would be up soon. The red wolf began his preparations. Taking out a changing pad, a cute white one with pastel nursery prints, he unrolled it next to the fox. Long and wide, it was thick and crinkled quite audibly; it was also specially tailored so it released nursery scents whenever someone lay upon on it. Opening up drawers, he took out three thick cloth diapers, a special pair of plastic panties, pink safety pins, baby wipes, and baby powder. Stashing all this next to the fox, he was content with his plan.

Double-checking everything, all he had to do now was wait. One of the flaws of the wolf, vanity, soon exposed itself. Looking in a mirror that showed the whole room, and allowed the wolf to see the fox, while seeing himself, the red wolf began flexing. He was a large wolf, easily in shape – strong legs, bulging arms and chest, though everything was firm, but not rock. He worked as a carpenter and as a forensics scientist. Both of his jobs suited his desires and gave him necessities. He made all the furnishings of his underground house. And the ease of how he now tricked the fox was due to years of learning the mind of the 'enemy', so to say. Knowing this classic case from a mandatory child psych class, he knew, step by step, how the fox would react. But, there are always those surprises you find, such as the audacious virginity of this fox; those surprises make these things fun.

Ahh, the fox stirs.

Groaning, the fox attempted to rub his head, but to no avail. Bound and blind, he sniffed the air, quickly noticing the strong scent of his captor.

“W-wha do you want, Red Wolf?”

“Don’t you remember me saying, fox, that you are in no position to ask questions? What do you remember, cross fox?”

The fox said nothing, hoping what he did remember was just a false memory. Maybe had fallen over and bonked his head, maybe he just happened to be spending the night at a friend’s house, and the friend was very...odd. Maybe, just anything other than what he thought had happened.

“You know...you’re so cute, so adorable, fox. Lying there all bound, with my underwear embedded in your nose. Do you like that smell, little one?”

The fox subconsciously gave a deep inhale, truly the musky, wood, hormone scent filled his loins with pleasure. But of course he did not say any of this.

Swift felt the area next to him sink, “Do you like that smell?” and a paw soon stroked his cheek. “Because, I have to admit, I do enjoy...” the weight shifted around him, feeling the bed sink on both sides, “...your smell.” A deep inhalation echoed around the room, as the fox felt a tingly sensation between his sheath and balls.

“Do you know why I love your smell, foxie?” The fox said nothing.

“For one, you’re a sweet little boy. And I love the smell of boys,” another loud sniff, the fox letting out a subdued whine. Where was this going?

“And two, you’re a wet little boy, and I especially love the smell of wet little boys.” The fox cringed, n-no! He did NOT wet himself!

The wolf licked his lips, watching the muzzle contort beneath the underwear. Leaning down over the fox, putting his muzzle right to his large, perked ears, he whispered, “Oh yes, you did foxie boy. You did wet yourself, you wet all over your crotch: steamy, hot, slick, salty, foxie pee.”

The fox whimpered, closing his eyes and shaking his head, “N-no!”

“Yes, yes you did, just like a little foxie boy.”

Tears began to well in the cross fox’s eyes, humiliation burning his cheeks. No, foxes do not wet themselves...but foxes also don’t get captured...

As the poor, confused fox, shook his head, the wolf had just the cure. “Foxie, how can you expect yourself not to pee? You’re not wearing protection, no pull ups, no diapers, no nothing. Of course you’re going to be an icky mess, you’re a baby foxie, aren’t you?”

A confused merf came from beneath the underwear, confused for two reasons. One, the words the wolf spoke were beyond ludicrous. Two, he felt...an erection, right in the middle of all this! Stretching the cold, tight cotton, it pushed against his swelling foxhood. What the hell? Please, please don’t notice, please don’t notice...

Furrowing his brow, the fox attempted to will his pee pee down. But of course, if the fox couldn’t even will his bladder to stop, how could he do such a complex command as don’t get hard? And as if transmitting his thoughts, the wolf noticed the erection. Not saying anything, the wolf continued taunting the fox.

Words released from the strong, dominant red wolf, sexual, perverted words never spoken to the young, inexperienced fox. Whimpering, but now, uncontrollably moaning, the fox rotated his hips. N-no...stopit! He yelled at himself, shrinking back into the covers. The wolf never stopped grinning, loving the inward struggle of the fox and the pleasantly perky erection in the fox’s underwear. Feeling now was a suitable time, he began to question the fox.

“Foxie, do you like peeing yourself?”

The fox growled an adamant, “No.”

“You...don’t like it? You don’t enjoy feeling the hot wisps of tantalizing liquid splash all over your insides, soaking your fur, your two sweet warmed balls, dripping from that playfully *naughty*, enjoyable deluge you let loose, the ground beneath your legs darkening and soaking too, because you can’t help but just pee all over yourself?”

The fox’s breath began getting short, a gulp causing him to hesitate. Shaking his large, dark orange furred head, he yelled at another no. But this one was half-heartedly.

“Well...I think you do, foxie. I think you love it, and you’ve never told anyone. I think you’re just a naughty little boy he deserves a spanking for being so bad. How does that sound?”

“That sounds sick...I-I am nothing of the sort!”

“Hmm...maybe you’re right. Maybe you’re not a little boy...nooo,” the wolf mused, rubbing his chin, laying so close to the fox, nude, sprawled, never a moment his tone leaving the confident highway he sped upon, “No, you are not a little boy. Do you know what you are fox? You’re a little girl, a baby, pee soaked, crying, little vixen kit. Yes, I believe that suits you fine.”

The fox’s heart skipped a beat and his muzzle gripped tightly, burning a deep crimson from such insults, such trite remarks! How, how dare he subject me to such infuriating remarks! How dare hee-he...heeee....

Anger quickly dissipated into shock, the fox’s muzzle opening and sucking in deep breaths of wolf-scented air. His eyes were wide, and his body began to arc. The wolf’s paw, during all the fox’s trivial denial, had expertly clawed the cotton away from the erection. Parting the slit in the underwear, he let the wet material fall on top of the fox’s balls, revealing the glistening fox dick. And with one fatal sweep, the wolf’s paw easily curled and capped the manifestation. Just like that, the fox felt pleasure like never before.

This time, the wolf had full intent to pleasure the fox, stop him dead in his tracks. One stroke later, the fox’s train of thought crashed, smashing head long into the sea of erotica.

“See, little girls like you do love peeing themselves, as you can now see. You’re so excited, so happy to be covered in your own urine. Don’t you love it?” Another strong, wolf grasp, right from the base of the sheath to the hot, tight tip, the grope caused the fox to shudder and groan in agony, “I knew it, you do. Also, little girls like you need someone to protect them. See how easily you got *caught* today? What if I hadn’t been there to save you from that nasty trap, someone else could have...gasp, hurt you! Good thing I was there, right foxie?” Once more, the wolf’s sandy beige paw slipped along the fox’s dick, paying time and respect to the monument of manhood, or at least for most males. Soon, this would only be a testament of the fox’s love of his diapers, of his panties, and of his big wolfie daddie. The fox did not know this, but the wolf did.

The fox let out another moan, appeasing the wolf and answering the question, “Yes, you do need a big strong daddie. You’re so weak, so feeble, and need to learn what it means to be a hunter! I can teach you, and I can protect you. I never want to see you be as scared as you were before, foxie. Don’t you remember how you sweated fear, unable to do anything? You were petrified, paralyzed, at least everything aside from your bladder. And what did you do in a situation, a life-threatening situation were you could

have died? You peed yourself little fox!” The wolf exclaimed in mock horror, whimpering in pity of the fox, the fox moaning from the third stroke he was given.

“But now I’m here, and from this moment on, I’ll make sure my little girl is given everything she needs. Isn’t that right? Wouldn’t you love that, little one, no worries, no more scary thoughts, no more getting caught by big wolfies like me? All you would have to worry about was when was your nappie, or when your baffle was, and if your big daddie will change your messy diapers, so you don’t get a rash! But you know your daddie will be there for you, holding you close and petting those cute, frilly diapers of yours.”

The wolf’s paw grasped the foxhood from the tip down, his fingers pushing down and smoothing out at the base, a few even entering the underwear to pluck and fondle the small orbs. Shivering and panting heavily, the fox let out a cry, not just a moan. His mind a whirl with all these implanted images, he somehow was getting hot and horny off of them like he’d never been. This wasn’t like before, where he was just being touched. He felt the hard, strong body of a wolf next to him, his voice was filled with love, passion, and his paw gave every ounce of attention possible to the fox. He had never known such things. And despite the insults, the humiliation and utter embarrassment the fox was suffering, being called nothing but a scared, girlie, pants wetting, diaper loving, baby kit, he could do nothing but get steamy and horny. And at that moment, he wanted nothing more than to come, go right over the edge into oblivion. That was the fourth stroke.

“I thought you liked this foxie. I thought you were a little girl deep inside, a lover of pants wetting, just wanting to come bursting out. And now your wolfie’s here, and I’ll make you into that little diaper princess in no time.” A fifth stroke racked the fox beyond belief, propelling his mind through multiple universes. What was this sweet ecstasy? Could one paw really be the source of such emotions, of such lust? The fox’s blood boiled and churned, and his nerves burned with pleasure.

And he waited for that next stroke; all he needed was one more. One more to send him to the edge, allowing him the pleasure he...he deserved! For putting up with such language, such words, the only balance would be to orgasm! But the wolf, with a large grin, stopped immediately.

“My my, what a virgin foxie too. She truly is nothing but a weak, fragile little thing. Barely a touch and she’s almost gone. Come back my sweet, come back,” the wolf took his finger and led it along the cross’s cheek fur. The wolf looked over the fox and smiled; how small, how needy of a big, strong wolf like himself. The loins of the red wolf stirred as the eyes captured sight, once more, of the hard, red, pulsating fox dick. The wolf was a sucker for cute young ones. But, licking his lips, he knew better, and would take his sweet time.

The fox whimpered, whined, and attempted to growl. But all he could do was make sounds, and soon his mind slipped away. Sucked into the vortex of sexual stasis, he panted and whipped, but to no avail, and soon he just lay, the waves of placating erotica that was never completed.

Noticing that the fox was quite gone, the wolf got up. Dusting his paws, he began what would soon be a daily ritual in this fox’s life – a diaper change. Lifting the fox easily (so tiny, look at him just curling up in self defense. But my paws uncurl his body, making him so vulnerable, so easily), he deposited the fox on the changing pad next to him. How soft, how cute, how naïve and soon, how regressed, but for now the wolf

focused on getting the fox prepped for the long hours ahead of him, all for the sole purpose of making this fox into a cute, sissy, diaper loving, baby girl. Ahh, the wolf smiled, he's barely aware, barely moving; this is too easy.

And move the fox couldn't; his mind was too far-gone to even realize what was happening. His mind was locked with the clustered thoughts from the past half an hour. He...he was a captive, he remembered. He had been caught, but not by just anyone, by a wolf! If it wasn't shock enough to get caught, a cross fox, a FOX, getting caught, but he had also humiliated himself beyond reconciliation; he peed himself like a little kit, and was then fondled until he came. Not only that, he was then removed, relocated, and then taunted. Whispered words stung his mind, remembering images of frills, little girl clothing, daddies, and warm wolf bodies, confused what this menagerie meant. He never took the wolf seriously for one moment, but during all that, he was fondled again and again. But no...fondling wasn't the right word, for those few moments, he was truly being loved by a paw. By a wolf's strong, massive, controlling paw! In the last half hour, he'd been fondled more than ever before in his life, even when his mother gave him lick baths (which never counted). Needless to say, this young fox was out of it, his tongue lolling out of his muzzle, his big, bushy tail swishing dazedly, and utterly unaware of the transformation that was occurring.

The wolf, however, was aware, and was in complete control of this transformation. Happy with how it was turning out, he now had the fox's tush carefully pinned into three cloth diapers, using pink safety pins of course. Previous to that, he had used succulent baby wipes to clear up the yellow stained fur, the coloring luckily being lighter around his crotch. Following the wipes, which easily made the fox's tush glisten and smell like a baby, the wolf took out a bottle of powder. Particularly enjoying this part, he sprinkled it liberally around the fox's diaper area. Massaging it deep within the fur of the fox, he smiled at how the fox unintentionally murred. Yes, he does love his diapers, doesn't he? The cross fox had no idea what was going on, and the three diapers were pinned easily, each time the fox's tail being threaded through the adjacent loophole. Taking the plastic panties, the domineering red wolf placed each of the fox's footpaws in the proper leg holes. Slipping the panties upwards, he stretched them over the thick cloth diapers, those lovely diapers causing the foxie's leg to spread from the thickness.

Laying on top of the changing pad, the dazed fox was the picture of cute in the wolf's mind; helpless and horny, the fox had a huge diaper bulge in the front, and the plastic panties made him adorable. Light pink, these were special plastic panties: they had a locking mechanism, which the wolf immediately sealed (placing the key and key loop around his tail base). They were adorably cute, having thick pink vinyl all around. On the front of the plastic panties was a panel of soft felt, smooth white with pink, dotted flower prints. Running along the leg cuffs, tail cuff, and waistband was white lace, the cross's bushy tail causing the plastic panties to rustle. The bottom and sides of the panties had row after row of white frills. Bunched up and fluttering with every movement, they covered the plastic panties and stopped at the front, felt panel. Donning this front panel were three pink bows, and in pink thread, 'Baby Girl' was spelled in the middle of the bows. Needless to say, this was one of the wolf's favorite panties, but then again, all the ones he owned were his favorite.

Grinning with pleasure, his sheath grew with excitement. After shrouding the foxing in his own underwear, the wolf had yet to put anything on. And why? Soon

enough he'd be having quite a lot of fun with his newfound daughter. But for now, he would leave himself alone. He would allow the quaint image of a bound foxie, dressed in diapers and plastic panties stroke his loins, but not paws. That's what foxies are for, after all.

### Chapter 3

His paws searching through various dresses, his ears perked at the sound of a foxie stirring. Moaning, the cross fox shook his head and perked his ears, coming back to attention. And what he found gave him quite a start,

“What the?”

“Ahh, I see you noticed something different.”

“What the hell is this?” his bound paws felt what he was wearing, his nose sniffed the air, his waist wiggled. The wolf grinned and licked his lips, leaning over the bed, right over the fox. The cross fox's muzzle twitched, and he gave a gulp, “D...d-d-diapers?”

“Why, of course. I can't trust a little thing like you without your diapers. You know you need your diapers, yes, so you can wet them and fill them with all that childish pride. And I know how much you enjoy them, Isn't that right?” the wolf's paw patted the large bulge in the front of the plastic panties

The fox gulped, his muzzle quivering, “I-I have no idea what you're talking about. I d-don't need diapers, I hate them!!”

“Oh, you hate them? Is that why you're more horny then ever before, and the room is filled with the aromatic scent of foxie hormones? I mean, it's not like you're yearning to hump your diapers, rub that lovely little thing of yours inside the plush, thick, welcoming interior, of course not. You would have to be hard and pulsating to want to do that. But...” The wolf leaned closer, placing his muzzle right next to the fox's exposed ear. His warm, steamy breath entering Swift's ears, tickling the fox, “If I do believe I'm correct, you are, you are hot, hard and throbbing.” The wolf's paw pressed inward on the diaper bulge, giving the fox something to gasp about. “Don't you feel that, the passion you have for your diapers? That is the warm glow you feel of a baby girl who loves her diapers. But, why don't I show you what else you're wearing, just to make your girlie yiffer be even more excited. Here, I'll give you a hint,” the wolf paw ran across the surface, causing a commotion of crinkles and rustles, “Hear that? And there are frills on it too...and bows...and it's pink...and it makes sure your adorable little pee doesn't soak the floor. Can you guess what it is, foxie?”

The fox didn't say anything, but his heart went cold. And his crotch went even warmer. Why was this turning him on?!

Licking his dry lips, the fox stuttered, “P-panties?” his heart and mind flustered.

Grinning from ear to ear and gasping with pride, the wolf clapped his paws, “Such a GOOD girl, yes! Yes, you are wearing cute little plastic panties, just for special little baby girls like you. Why don't we let you see how pretty you are?” Eagerly, the wolf removed the underwear, watching the fox's face with excitement.

His eyes shut tight, the cross fox opened them slowly, much to the anticipation of the wolf. As the fox stared down in silent horror, whimpering at the bulging diapers, his inescapable fate, covered by frilly, girly looking plastic panties, the wolf furtively unbound the fox. Without noticing, the fox's paws began feeling the frills. He moved slowly and experimentally, feeling the weight of the diapers. Shifting forward to all fours,

his bushy tail swished unintentionally, the fox staring at what appeared around his bottom. Appearing over his shoulder, the wolf began whispering into the fox's ears,

"So cute, so adorable. Everyone would be so jealous of my cute little daughter, you'd be the talk of the town! Dressed warmly and snuggly, padding, romping, and playing, just imagine how happy you'd be, so proud, so secure, wearing your panties out in broad day light. You could settle right down on your haunches and mess them, in front of a crowd even, and then bound over to your daddie, who would just swing you around, put you down, and change your diapers right there. And everyone would just aww, touching and petting this cute, adorable little girl," the wolf's paws stroked the fox's cheek and soon her chest, smoothing out the fur. Keeping the cross fox on all fours, the wolf sat on his knees, arms wrapping around her.

The fox pawed at the bedding, feeling a bit loss, unsure what to do. But soon the strong paws guided him, bringing his chest out, in a proud puff. And then he was leaning back, his bottom stuck in the air, warm paws rubbing and scritchng his chest and back. Those same large paws gathered him and turned him over, quickly covering his stomach. Surprised and suddenly smiling, the fox laughed and kicked about,

"St-stopppit! T-t-t-that tichehehehkles!" as the fox curled up, the wolf smiled gleefully. Again the wolf unclenched the foxess, tickling her stomach fur and sensitive regions. Soon, the two were even playing! The fox batted and pawed, nibbling and biting, just like he use to do as a kit. The wolf, on his knees, smiled warmly at the transforming cross fox, growling and egging him on,

"Gunna get ya, gunna get ya!" Until the wolf finally caught the fox, putting his muzzle right against the fox's, eyes barely an inch apart. So close, so warm, chests touching and smoothing one another, firm and strong versus sweet and gentle, warm bodies meshing as trembling breath exited. Smiling and gazing into his wonderful prize, the wolf put his muzzle over the fox's. For a brief moment, the fox closed her eyes too, but right as it was getting so peaceful, so calm, so enjoyable, it all came rushing back!

N...no, this wasn't right! What was HE doing?! Playing with a wolf that was trying to turn him into a baby, a baby girl of all things? He shouldn't be wearing diapers or plastic panties, and he should DEFINITELY NOT BE GETTING TURNED ON.

Noticing the fox's change in composure, the enjoyable laughter and smile, soon turned into growling and a furrowing of the brow. Whipping his face and attempting to get up, the wolf quickly made his moves. Putting an arm across the fox's chest, he kept the should be baby girl down. Couldn't let things get out of hand, now could he? As the fox began to shout obscenities, the wolf's free paw quickly moved about. Surreptitiously spreading between the upturned fox's legs, he found the treasure he was looking for. Paws immediately began rubbing, smoothing out the large bulge. But it wasn't just the bulge the wolf wanted to massage, but the paw roamed all over the diapers. And much to his pleasure, it wasn't just the erection that got the fox, but all of the diaper play was placating the fox. Rubbing his chest and stomach once again, forcing the fox on his back, both of his paws worked their magic. Loving fingertips curled and invested time and attention into their duties, pushing and prodding, caressing and thrusting, all to calm down the fussy foxie.

Escaping writhes turned into humping hips and thrusting shakes. With attention returning to his loins, the fox began slipping into the love he had been denied all day. The cross fox was moved by the wolf's warm paws, the red wolf settling the still resisting fox

on his lap. Curling the fox into his chest, the sense of the recalcitrant cross fox were embedded into the soothing scents of the older wolf. Mixed between dire straights of resistance, and the returning of yearning waves of mystical pleasure, placating paw rubs and large, thick diapers, the fox began losing what he quickly regained. Musky aromas of a strong wolfie...the sweet air of freedom, in that world...all alone again...

“Just like that little one,” the red wolf whispered into the triangle ear, coo’ing. His words pushed the transformation, something the cross fox’s mind tried to resist. Words of love and passion made the fox’s stick throb even more, the mental shield starting to shatter.

“But...I’m...no...” he shook his head, confused, dazed, losing himself in the vortex of erotica. Secret desires to be with the wolves he teased, secret desires to lose the responsibility thrust upon him, this poor cross fox, having to live his life. Go to a job and make it on his own, the secluded youngster thrown from his days of playing, romping, and pouncing. All gone, and every day he desired them, so he teased and teased, but never did he think he’d be teased back. And now, this wolf did things the cross fox’s mind never dreamed. His open paw, palm pressing inwards, smoothed out Swift’s large bulge, rubbing it and moving it within the diapers. His other paw slipped behind the foxie, invading privacy, entering what should have been a sacred area. Violation was mixed with warm pleasure as this paw began rubbing the fox’s bottom from the inside, his cheeks welcoming the intruder as the fingers began tickling the crevice. Slipping between the two tushes, his fingers soon brushed up against one of the most sensitive regions to a fox.

“How does that feel, little one? Does the little girlie like that?”

The fox murred. The fox murred and murred, soon yearning for more, pressing himself hard and firm against the paw, his body aching with fatigue, his balls suddenly swelling and drawing in close. His sheath and dick throbbed once again, hard, red, pulsating within the protection of his thick diapers, yet the wolf’s paw still managed to feel him up, touch and manipulate him regardless of the distance between the wolf’s paw and his cock. Finger tips pricked at a tailhole that no one else had ventured into. Repeating a common pattern, his resistance dropped dead as live reverberated through his body, his muzzle moaning and his body dancing and thrusting, following the wolf’s guidance. Yerfing and murring, his tail raised, his crotch thrust, and he pushed himself back and forth, so new to these wonderful appetizing feats. Ministrations over his diapers, plunging clawtips and stroking in a region he never even knew was used for sex, these were the thoughts that enveloped the young fem fox. Listening to the fox’s words, the coos, the insults, the demeaning tone, the loving diction, the everything passionate about it, the fox focused on one things. Cumming, hard and fast, over and over and over, multiple orgasms just spraying the hot, sticky seed he so desperately desired to. Hot juices burning in his body, his loins prime for dislodging and explosion, so near the blade’s edge, ready to give one final hump, proving the wolf right in ever aspect as his mind filled with thoughts of babyhood, diapers, panties, the wolf, everything the red wolf ever mentioned, making him hot and sexy and horny, all for the sole purpose of filling those three thick pink diapers with sticky fox seed, cumming globs of hot fragrant cream and spreading it all over his crotch, body, mouth, tail hole, everywhere!!

And then it stopped.

The fox cried out, suddenly being restrained. He couldn't even hump anymore, the wolf would not let him. The paws abruptly ended, both slipping away, holding the fox very still and close. Surprising and humiliating himself, the fox began to whimper and cry. Not caring that he visibly showed weakness, showed his desire for the diapers, for the playing, for the strong, wolf 'daddie', he just whined and dropped tears of passion for release.

"The baby girl loves it when daddie does that, doesn't she?"

She, he, whatever, nodded fervently, much to her embarrassment, unable to control herself...unable to control herself...

"How much do you love your diapers, your panties, your daddie?"

The fox didn't respond, her, his, eyes shut in pain, in agony. His balls throbbed with a passion beyond his comprehension, all she wanted was to come, to come!

"How horny do your panties make you? How much do the cute frills make you long for daddie's paw to touch you? Does the way the adorable lace along the leg cuffs, making your legs look supple, soft, make your tail hole beg for daddie to play with it? What about the way your panties say exactly what you are, a little girl? Does that make sweat with love? Do the three bows that exemplify your prissiness make you yearn to pee and mess your diapers? Do the three thick, pink diapers, pinned tightly, snuggly, loving around your waist, with pink pins, covering your throbbing, hot cock, make you want daddie to just paw you off until you can't cum anymore? Until every inch of your diapers are covered in thick, hot foxy seed that screams baby girl, a baby girl who loves her diapers and daddie more than anything else? How much do all these baby, prissy, sissy, girlie things make you hot and sexy for daddie's cock?"

The fox moaned as loud as possible, he couldn't take any more! The embarrassment, the shame, the loss of his manhood, his age; the passion, the lust, the secret emotions, the desire, the throbbing, all of it wrapped into one magnificent feeling he wanted to last forever, and to end all at the same time, in one cataclysmic bang of spasmodic pleasure! But...it would not occur.

"You do, little one. More than anything do you want to love your daddie you're your diapers, your plastic panties, your baby girl things and your babyhood. And from this moment on, I'll give that to you. From this moment on, you're my official baby girl. I'll let you live the way you want to, make love to your diapers, pee and poop in them, because the way your cock throbs, the way you moan. All this tells me, kit, how much you love them. If you ever managed to stand up and tell me, like a big girl, that you don't like these things, than I will be forced to let you go. But looking at you in my lap, panting, moaning, legs spread, one on hip, one off my lap, welcoming my paws and yearning for me to rub your diaper front, to play with your bottom and enter you, you are nothing more than a little baby girlie girl, prissy and sissy, wanting nothing more than her strong, handsome, loving daddie to take care of him," two strong paws found there way to the fox's side, holding him and lifting him up. "My baby girl," the red wolf smiled, hugging the fox close, stroking his back, allowing his body to return, though with that much more desire and yearning.

The fox managed to coordinate himself to wrap his arms around the wolf's neck. Pulling tightly, he snuggled and curled in, murring into the warm fur, hearing the heart pounding. His mind swamped, and his balls, sheath, and body aching, he enjoyed what the wolf allowed him to have for the moment, the warm hands, warm body, the sight of

the wolf's large cock, growing and strong. His tail swished, and occasionally, teasing the wolf, brushed against the large, powerful cock. Whether the wolf realized it or not, the foxie continued, unable to be mischievous, even after he was caught, diapered, sissified, and then violated. But then again, in the end he enjoyed all of that too.

## Chapter 4

It wasn't long before things got moving again. The wolf, glad with the progress he's made thus far, allowed the fox to stay in just his panties and diapers for now. Clothing would come later. But now, there was something else to do, something else to introduce to the foxie.

"Now, little one, you do remember why this all happened, yes?"

The cross fox nodded his head, though not peaking up at the wolf. The red wolf peered intently at his new charge, a diapered, young, beautiful cross fox who rested in the crook of his neck, curled up against his chest and body just like a little kit; then again, this cross fox is a little kit. Hugging him close and securely, the wolf continued,

"You were being very naughty, a very bad girl. And do you know what happens to bad girls?"

The foxie shook his head, half paying attention, half worrying again. Her tail twitched and curled up close.

"They get punished, discipline. And since you were being so very very naughty for so long, your punishments will be lasting quite a while. But you must understand," pulling her away, glad to find the cross fox grasping for the wolf's fur and neck. Holding him at arms length, the fox avoided eye contact, not enjoying being held up like this, so open, so vulnerable. Seeing the fox squirm made the wolf grin with glee; the cross fox was turning into such a good little girl. "I'm doing this because I love you. It would hurt me so to see such a beautiful, young girl turn into a spoiled brat. So when I punish, little one, it's only because I love you so much that I can't help but turn you into the young lady you'll one day become. Do you understand?" Holding Swift close again, he felt the fox nod. "Good girl, now, for your first punishment for being so bad, teasing and distracting not only me for months and months, but all the other wolves, not to mention countless other animals, will be..." but he let his voice trail off. Wanting to see how the fox girl reacts, he kept his hands close, feeling her warm, skinny body. She shook and shuddered, and reached for the wolf's fur, snuggling in close, murring every now and then as he stroked her body.

Swift was nervous, he was nervous indeed. These random interludes did nothing to help him organize his thoughts. And soon, he feared, he'd be stuck like this. What was worse, his cock grew at that thought. Stuck with this wolf...this red wolf, this handsome, strong wolf, the one he'd watch for months now. Not only teasing him, but following him when he showered at the lake. In fact Swift had watched many of the wolves shower, his own paw fondling himself as he watched. But there were a few wolves he especially watch, his favorite always being Kyne – That was this beauty's name, the red wolf Kyne. The fox had a fantasy when he watched the wolves. He loved thinking that it was he who washed with them, his paws teasing the wolves, coaxing their sheaths to play, and then playing with their bottoms. The wolf or wolves chuckling, allowing the cross fox its enjoyment. And now...was this to occur? His dick, long, hard, and in all its glory, was all

ready rubbing against my plastic panties, err, I mean these plastic panties. Like I haven't noticed, he's been humping me ever so softly, ever so sweetly, this whole time. He must love these diapers, these plastic panties in the way he says I do...or in the way I will...

The fox stared into the hormone smelling fur, realizing something; he did enjoy the plastic panties, the diapers that enveloped his bottom, between his legs, and his crotch. As he thought, his cock grew again and again, enlarging and shrinking, growing and falling, each time he thought about the large, thick diapers that were so expertly pinned to him. The rows of lace and the baby girl lace, connoting everything a sissy crybaby is, all of them inspired love to the fox. As he was cradled, just like a little girl is, he found himself yearning to try things, to be this little girl the wolf spoke of. Was this the truth, though? Or was it the thoughts the wolf implanted? And...did it matter? If the fox enjoyed it, and the wolf supplied it, was it wrong? He hadn't been hurt, so what's the big deal?

As the fox mulled over these, able to spend some thinking time, the wolf just continued peering. He smiled to himself, knowing all the while what was going on through his little girl's head. The fox thought she was so clever, but the wolf always knew what was going on. He admired the fox, watched him. He would always give the cross fox a show when he washed. Rubbing himself, bending himself over in just the right position, fingering his tail hole, and cumming over and over each time he heard the yips of glee coming from the bushes. The foxie was good, but so was the wolf.

Letting the two enjoy a few more moments, the wolf spoke once again, "Foxie...foxie?"

Swift's ears perked up, looking up at the wolf this time. He almost forgot that this was the intimidating wolf from before, the one who captured him. With all the caring and sexuality going on, the changing the dressing, and the speaking, he had forgotten the fear, it was replaced by child like curiosity, a child's trust and interest. "Yeah?"

"Do you remember what I just said?"

"Umm...no."

"Punishment, little one, punishment," he whispered the last word, and began moving about. Taking out the panty's key, expertly removing it, he bent the foxie over, her chest and stomach resting against his knees. Unlocking the plastic panties, he slinked down the plastic panties every so slightly, whispering things here and there, all intimidating, reminding the little girl of what she had done and why she deserves this. The foxie now squirmed, whimpering slightly at the impending 'punishment'. Naturally he would have been afraid anyways, but now it was the fear created by the word punishment. No little girl likes to be punished; no baby kit enjoys being disciplined. So like the good little kit the wolf was making him into, the cross fox whimpered and worried, his tail tucked neatly between his legs.

Slipping each of the diapers down, beneath the girls bottom, the older wolf smiled at the exposed behind. Looking just like a baby kit, her tail was tucked to the side, curling around her legs, her plastic panties at her ankles, her diaper around her crotch, but by her thighs. Her body shuddered at the exposing cool air, and at it trembled from nervousness. The red wolf paw came out slowly, with it a small pill. Unbeknownst to the foxie, the wolf began preparing her tail hole for the suppository. But all the foxie felt was a gentle massaging, something she'd experience for the first time today. Soon, the fingers administered the swirls in a probing fashion, pushing in, and then out, one finger

smoothing and rubbing the pink, tender pucker hole. It probed as far as the tight, tight virgin hole would let him, until soon he realized the star wouldn't go any further. With a hmm, the wolf realized it would take some coaxing later on. But for now, the amount given was enough for the purposes he needed. Fingering the unsuspecting little pill, he quietly pushed it into the cross fox's base. Taking another one, and another one, he soon had three of the little fun makers stuffed into the fox's tail hole. Squirming and murring, the fox girl thought she felt something, thinking it was another finger.

“One last thing, little one, then it's all over...for now...”

The foxie tilted an ear, over? But...that was nothing, what had happened?

Waiting a few moments to allow the suppositories to melt, the wolf began lubing up the item he had in his hand. A perfect size for this virgin foxie, the ringed, blue butt plug was plenty slick by the time the strong powering wolf positioned it. Letting it run along the tight, convulsing hole, he pushed it ever so softly. Feeling the fox startle, he kept on pushing it deeper and deeper, until he got to a point where it began getting tougher. Slipping it out, he did the routine again, taking the blue rubber butt plug and beginning to hump the girlie fox with it. In and out, in and out, ever so softly but firmly, his pace increasingly only after he heard what he waiting for; soon, the foxie girl began murrning out loud, squirming on her daddie's lap, kicking and pawing, feeling something large and big entering her.

“You like that, baby girl?”

She moaned as it slipped in deeper and deeper, unsure of what was going on. Swift was a complete virgin by all means, and so to be bent over this monstrous wolf's legs, in such a vulnerable position, plastic panties strangling his feet and diapers dipped down, he was all ready shuddering from the possibilities, and the fact that his cock was caught between the layers of diapers didn't help, if anything it caused him to be more enthralled. But now, his tail hole was beginning to be played with! But not just played with, something was happening, and he had no idea what. He had never been touched there, never ever. His thoughts rarely ventured down to his bottom, for fear of...well just plain uncertainty. He once hurt himself while trying to play with a stick, so things never went too far. But now, feelings stirred that he never fantasized of. He had a perplexed moan and smile on, his tail swishing rapidly to the side, as he felt his soft, pink, tight walls cause friction with the wolf's strong, probing fingers. Deeper and deeper they went, and for some reason, they suddenly felt huge! In and out, in and out, he never knew such erotica could be attained. He never wanted it to end, this wondrous pattern of intrusion. His legs spread, and he eagerly pushed out, raising his bottom as his mind was once again sucked into the whirlpool of pleasure, curiosity, love, and passion. Supporting all of this was not only the wolf's two naked legs and poignant cock, but the wolf in general, exposing all these things to the virgin, teasing, young fox. The cross fox thought about all these things during his maelstrom of exploration, and as he humped, pushed, and soon began to feel the orgasm he so desperately needed. However, the wolf an expert, hearing the breath tightening, the thrust growing in speed, made his final move.

Grinning deviously, he always knew what the fox was thinking, and in one final push, he plummeted the butt plug deep into her little body, the rings locking into the sphincter and being sucked into her depths. She gave a loud 'Ohh!' and murrnn, eagerly awaiting more. But none was to be found. Again she had been lead to the edge, on a wave of new feelings, only to be crashed right before she leapt over the glistening, cummy

beyond! Whining, she thrust out her bottom, letting it fall flat on her daddie's lap in hopes of getting some more pleasure. She yearned and yearned, but none would come. She became so frustrated with this sexual denial, that without warning, she began crying and screaming, pounding on her daddie's legs. Hitting and kicking, and oddly finding that her bottom still felt like something was in it, she became so involved that she didn't realize she was throwing a temper tantrum!

But the wolf knew, and he grinned exquisitely. Just like a little girl! She cried, growled, and screamed, demanding what was to be interpreted as sexual pleasure, wiggling her bottom, thrusting herself in and out of her diapers, fumbling with her plastic panties. She was such a mess, that had she only calmed down, had she only realized she could paw herself off, she would have been released. But after long hours of being stroked, mastered, and brought to the edge by her daddie wolf, she couldn't comprehend any other way to gain sexual satisfaction. Knowing this, training her for this, the wolf just crossed his arms, letting the sexy, helpless, bratty little girl cry, yell, and hit until she was exhausted. The wolf's own malehood grew tight and proud at the sight of her little girl's body racking with sobs, all over the sole fact that her daddie stopped pleasuring her with a butt plug. Truly, just like a spoiled little baby girl. It was cute beyond belief.

As she kicked and writhed, she actually was doing the wolf a favor. All this squirming on her part made her warm, fuzzy fox fur rub against his throbbing dick. From years and years of sexual experience and eventual mastery, he would not cum a drop, but he kept that yearning desire perfectly. And this is, of course, the knowledge he applied to the absolute virgin, the naked fox girl that was crying over his lap, bottom exposed, little prick caught between her diapers. Only he could keep her wanting more and more, never letting that beautifully smooth, luscious fox cock go over the edge that she desired more than anything else.

After a few more minutes, the kicking, the screaming, and the pounding ceased, leaving the fox girl inexorably tired. Panting, laying limb on her daddie's legs, she whined and simply wondered...why? But her daddie would not answer, simply beginning to stroke her fur. His paws began replacing the diapers along her bottom, all three of them, pressing them against her fur in a reminder of the pleasure they give. She whimpered as the wolf teased her, his other paw beginning to stroke her tail, evening it along her diapers. Finally, picking up the panties off her ankles, he pulled the plastic interior, felt front, frilly, laced, bowed beauty over her diapers, and locked her perfectly back in her place. She, of course, never noticed the locking mechanism, or the click, and back the key went to his tail hole, tucked safely between his two nearby cheeks.

The fox pined, tears whisking down her cheek. Why did it stop, oh why did it ever half to end? The cross fox groaned, moaned, cried, whimpered, anything she could do to somehow show that she wanted this, wanted this so that she may /finally/ release her foxy seed, flowing it all over his lap, through his thick, sandy beige crotch fur, over his muscles of strength. She made all those sounds so that she may never utter the words that she wanted this. But the red wolf, of course knowing this, inquired what the fox dreaded,

“Sweetie, what's the matter? You...didn't want your punishment to end?”

Blushing, the girlie, diapered, pantied fox stopped squirming, “T-that was my punishment?” Her, err, his mind quickly tried to think of some way out of this corner. He couldn't admit it; he would not! It's not like he had enjoyed the probing, the pushing...not at all! It was a lie, and the fox had to stop this soon.

“Of course sweetie,” the wolf said, smiling inwardly, “at least part of it,” the rest being said under his breath. Sitting the cute little foxie girl up, he stared at her lovingly, petting her tail and smoothing it out. But for some reason, the little one was looking else where, a bit preoccupied. “What’s the matter, princess?”

The fox, nervous now, his mind searching frantically, looked at the wolf. The strong wolf that had been nice and sweet, but...had robbed him, robbed him of his manhood. He was not a girl; he did not need diapers! What was this rubbish? All stupid lies, all attempts of the wolf to outwit him. But he couldn’t let himself be seduced, not even...even if for some foreign reason he enjoyed it all. Which, of course, was not even a possibility, in retrospect. He was simply looking at the wolf’s cock, something the fox would admit he enjoyed. But diapers, stupid diapers, and panties, of course not, how could there ever be this misconception? The fox, sitting forward on the wolf’s lap, crinkling, became adamant in what he had to do.

“Look, kyne, this has to end. You know very well I’m not a girl, and you know very well I don’t need diapers. So stop this, right now!” He said, trying to look as serious as possible. The wolf, however, just smirked, prepared for this question.

“Swift, don’t be silly, of course this will end. This act of yours as being a mature, boy fox, will eventually be dispelled, I agree!” the wolf giving a grin, as if that answer solved the problem in a suffice manner. Giving the fox a squeeze with his paws, the wolf didn’t truly believe that it was over, but put on that appearance. The fox, frowning, tried to get up, but the wolf’s paws did not let him.

“Kyne, stop it! Stop it NOW!” furrowing his brow in frustration, but it was coming to no avail. The wolf was just smiling, those big eyes reflecting the image of the fox, but an image the fox was now becoming afraid of. He saw a fox dressed in girly clothing, girlie panties, desperately needing her daddie, and that image gave the fox quite a jump (and also in his diapers, which he chose to ignore). “Kyne!!” he cried again, starting to become frantic, “I don’t want to be a little girl, and I don’t want to be diapered. I told you, I don’t need any of this, and you know that very well! You have no proof of anything, and this is all against my will!!”

“Are you insinuating I’m holding you against your own desire, Swift?”

The fox’s hope lifted for a moment, “Yes!!!!” thanking that there was some intelligence in the wolf. It was quite easy for the fox to forget the events of previous. The warm, luscious fingers around his diapers, the feelings that stirred and his desire to be with the strong wolf, and the sole fact that he was on the wolf’s lap due to his own capturing. But, the fox easily forgot all this, and started anew.

“Swift, I would never do that. For one, I’ll prove right now that you want to be here.”

The fox put on a look of disgust, “Oh, and how do you propose you’ll be doing that?”

“Easy,” the wolf said, gaining a look of annoyance now. His paw quickly placed between the fox’s legs, he gave a squeeze. The fox’s eyes widened and it took all his power not to murr. “What’s this?”

Frowning, or at least trying to, he glowered, “You...you did that!”

“I did what?”

“You made me like that.”

“How?”

The fox knew what the wolf was doing. He was trying to get him to admit he liked that...thing, whatever he had been doing. But, no! He wouldn't be caught, not by some dumb wolf. "I...don't know, but you've been touching me ever since I've been here."

"That's not true at all. From the first moment you were here you were hard, like a naughty little fox. When you wet your pants, you became hard like that," his fingers snapping, "I felt your poker right in my chest as I slung you over my shoulder. So don't tell me I did anything. And if these events truly disgusted you, would you not get hard? Of course not, and you very well know that. You can't tell me that if I killed your family, and then touched you, you would be hard. Not one bit! If I do say so, I feel your defense is quite decimated, fox." The wolf put a fist on the bed and leaned into the fox's face, a gloating demeanor growing.

The fox snarled. He hated being proved wrong. Luckily, that gave his 'poker' quite the motivation to soften up. Crossing his arms, he looked away from the wolf, "But don't tell me you actually believe you can prove I need diapers? And especially this...fallacy that I somehow am a little girl!" using his paws and muzzle to make very smug and ostentatious expressions.

The wolf, of course, did not like this, "It's beyond proof at this point, Swift, it's fact." Turning for a moment, he ruffled his paw through a pile of the fox's old clothing. With a devious grin, he took out a pair of smelly, dried, acidic undies. "Were these not your undies from a while moments ago?"

The fox could smell the urine from here. He didn't say anything, "You...scared me. It's understandable!"

"Well fox, what about this?" Inverting the underwear, he pulled them right in front of the cross fox. Staring at him were large, brown, skid marks. "Poop. Not only do you need diapers, since you can't hold in your pee, but you need someone who can clean you up properly! My my, and with this horrible attitude you're giving me, it's quite easy to see you're just a spoiled brat."

His eyes glaring, the fox hit the underwear out from the wolf's paws. But that one violent act sealed the fox's fate. Growling and grinning, the wolf whipped his own paws around the fox, and soon threw him on the bed. Pinning the fox easily, the wolf hovered above the cross fox, who knew bit his lip and snarled.

"Do not get violent with me, little girl. Even if you so believe that you don't need your thick, soft, smooth, diapers around your crotch, between your legs, over your cute little bottom, so that your tail can swish with padding safely under it, and that you don't desire to have ribbons tied around your ears, ankles, wrist and tail, pink, purple and blue colors cascading down your body in frills, lace, bows, so that you look just like a little princess, then...I would simply make you into that, Swift," The wolf, his sandy beige chest puffed out, his arms tense and pulsating with each heart beat, enjoying the struggle the fox was giving. And with each of his words, the wolf loved the sweat appearing over the fox's brow, the fear that perspired, and the realization that the fox could not defend himself. With a growl of satisfaction, he pressed on, his muzzle going down over the fox's ear, "You hear that? I'm going to make you into my sexy little diapered fox. You're going to pee and mess yourself without a care in the world, grinning and murring, curled up playing with your dolls, your toy house, not even noticing the bulges in your cute little rump, with those frill and lace all around it. And you'll love it to end, when you warm

your diapers with that sweet, salty smelling pee of yours, you'll just roll onto your back and swish your tail nonstop, kicking your legs like a good little baby girl and moaning, because wet diapers are so loved by their little girl owners. And when you mess your panties or your diapers, whichever you may be wearing, you'll feel naughty and embarrassed, but your hind will begin mushing around, savoring the sticky, gooey, feeling of the hot excrement cupping your bottom, molding to your fur and hugging you closely. And you'll enjoy it, and you'll especially love knowing your wolfie, your daddie, will be there to hug you, snug you, play with your diapers, give you new ones, feed you, bathe you, everything a little girl needs. But..."

Up until this point, the wolf whispered softly but firmly in the fox's ears. The red wolf grinned as his words traveled along the fox's ears, embedding into his mind these lovely images. Each one caused the fox's cock to grow once more, pulsating firmly in the dry, smooth diapers which were just recently put back in place. The fox groaned and whimpered, the groans from the pleasure, the whimpers from the fear. His ears perked however at the 'but'. His eyes darted to the wolf, who now sat up, letting go of the fox's wrists.

"If you prove to me that you've somehow managed to learn to control your bowels and bladder, I may consider you not the prissy, diaper loving, little girl I believe you to be. Next time you feel the need to go, tell me, and your loving daddie will open the door to the latrine, and you may do as you need be. However, though, if you at all let a drip of sweet, yellow colored pee," his paws running down Swift's panties, smoothing them out, a finger tip pressing into the thickness, "Or a drop of gooey, icky poop into those baby powdered diapers of yours, then I will make you mine. I will," his palm pressing into the diapers, "reveal to you the baby fox inside of you, and show you the love you have for your diapers, your panties, your love for being a baby, and your love for your daddie. I will make you as I so choose."

Sitting up, the wolf smiled quite contently. Staring at the utterly confused fox on the bed, bulge in diaper, fear in heart, the red wolf felt such a rush of pleasure. If only he could skip all the trivialities, and go right to the sexy loving he knew was only inevitable, but foreplay can be quite fun. Letting the fox soak everything in, he sat beside him, his paw now running over the large tuft of chest fur. Stroking him ever so gently, he allowed the cross fox to think, to mull, to ponder, any form the fox could attempt to formulate a plan out of this mess. But, had the dark furred fox, with his dark cinnamon and burnt chocolate fur, only stopped being the naughty teaser a year ago, none of this would have happened. Had he only not stalked the red wolf and orgasm to his showers, had he not yipped with glee at every ploy and trap, and had he only not tormented his unsuspecting friends, none of this would happen.

Well...that may not be true, but at least the wolf could perform all these mind games, these menstruations, these alterations, without a fleck of guilt. Simply seeing the fox being horny through out all of this was proof enough for the wolf, but seeing this as discipline for a naughty, truly girly fox, made it all the more fun.

That same fox, however, did not consider any of those reasons. Why would he? He just kept on saying over and over in his head how dumb the wolf was. Blaming him and his comrades for all this, this horrible mess, this situation he did not deserve at all. He tried to deny that he was going to be made into a little girl. He tried to forget the feel of those paws, the pleasure that kept on entering the young fox's mind. He tried his very

best to keep those demeaning words to the wolf firm and still. But it was so futile, his tail hole desired more playing, his crotch desired more pawing. This virgin fox, having been so close to a fantasy of playing with the grown wolf, was finding it more and more hard to resist. The front he had just put up quickly came down, realizing that he may indeed be lost to this world. But...no, no, he would not fall victim! He would never allow himself to be sunk by a wolf, not a stupid stupid stupid wolf like this one.

Regaining his composure, and waiting for his erection to once again go down, the fox growled at the wolf, "I accept this deal of yours. I'd call it a challenge, but as you will soon see, I am quite capable of keeping my bowels in tack, that you very much."

"Do you now? Then how about I take you out of these diapers? If you are that confident, but I must warn you, if something should happen, you'll be in diapers faster than you were caught, and will receive a much greater punishment than I originally had planned for the rest of the day."

The fox grinned, sitting up. Or at least he pushed out a grin, for the concept of leaving these...items behind, were not as liberating as he thought it'd be. But nonetheless, this dumb wolf was making his fatal flaw, "Yes, yes I would. For I do not need them, as you will see."

Nodding, the wolf uncurled the changing pad, and picked up the fox.

"Excuse me!"

"Just because you claim to be, doesn't mean you aren't. As far as I'm considered, you're still a whiny brat in my eyes, so I'll be treating you as how I please, until you prove otherwise."

The fox hmpfed and whipped his tail angrily. Soon he was placed on the changing mat. The wolf's strong, smoothing paws, key whipped out, unlocked the fox's plastic panties, a bit to the surprise of the cross fox. But Swift didn't say anything, using this as proof that the wolf was indeed an idiot. Why would he be letting go his capti- err... letting him go so easily? This was a piece of cake.

Smiling to himself, the fox put his paws behind his head and looked up at the ceiling. Taking this time to note his surroundings, he quickly realized the wolf had a subterranean home. Dirt walls were everywhere, yet there were all very well kept. No roots, no crumbs, nothing, the dirt had been smoothed and probably treated. For, as he noted, his footpaws felt clean, and everything in this room was clean. Dirt spots could be found nowhere – quite an impressive job. Oak and various form of wood furniture littered the room, all very well crafted. In the back of his mind, he vaguely remembered the wolf being a craftsman of some sort. Probably he made it all on his own – murrriiiiiiiiiiii.

The fox's attention suddenly smashed away, his body was racked with shudders. The wolf, grinning at his genius, had indeed un-diapered the fox at first. Taking off the locking plastic panties, which must have given the fox quite a shock, the wolf began unpinning each diaper. He unfolded each side, one by one, being slow, allowing the fox to get wrapped up in his thoughts. He had each diaper under the fox, revealing to him the minor hardness and the blue butt plug so well stuck in the fox's bottom. It gave the wolf such a jolt of delight to see such an ominous item in the fox, while the fox, very poor in the sex department, was so oblivious, 100 percent unaware that a rubber butt plug lay embedded in his tail hole! Probably trying to deny his enjoyment of the wolf's fingers, the fox ended up denying the odd feeling of the pressure in his bottom. The wolf, as he had been with everything, was sure of this. But now, he had seen something new to do.

Putting the three diaper fronts in his paws, he replaced them on top of the fox, and began massaging. The reaction he received was just the one he searched for.

The fox was enraptured, the wolf being very physical. No longer teasing, the wolf gave the fox hard, long strokes, using the diapers, all three, as a buffer. The cloth, smooth, sweet smelling, not only wrapped around the fox's hot rod, but also ran against his furry balls, causing a duality of pleasure. The fox's thoughts dispersed more quickly than his resistance to the act being committed. His legs kicked and fell, his breath quickening. Moaning, the wolf's grasp was pure and strong, smoothing out the textured diapers over his steamy dick. The fox's mind was gone once again, his mouth giving long bursts of air as his back curved. That aching came back, the pain that was had been denied for so long, it was going to come this time! The fox began to grin, began to pump his hips in time with the expert wolf. The fox panted heavily, so close, he was just there, grinning from ear to ear in ecstasy, the diapers providing a surface like none other. Oh...oh ggoddddd, so close, here here it...it comes!!

Out of nowhere, the wolf whipped out a pink ribbon. Removing the diapers in a flash, the ribbon replaced it, quickly being tied around the base of the fox's cock. Right as he was about to come, the wolf finished the knot, tying it hard and tight around the fox's base. The fox grinned and grinned, whipping his head, but...it hadn't happened! No...nothing happened, instead, this growing pain throbbed in his privates. His muzzle went from pleasure to pain, from ecstasy to confusion. What...what happened?

The cross fox moaned and whimpered, for some reason refusing to open his eyes. The fox squirmed and clawed the bedding, grabbing large paw-fulls, pushing his hips out and grunting. But nothing, nothing came with each attempt at an orgasm. He began to cry at the pain that ached his two orbs, so soaked with readied sperm and seed. But it was not to be.

As the fox realized this painful truth, the wolf gave Swift's stopped cock a stroke or two with the diapers, now having taken the pink cuties out from under him. Chuckling to himself, he took away the diapers, placing them on the fox's chest and body. Finishing the ribbon, he made it into a cute little bow, and patted the cross fox's balls. This, of course, warranted a pained yelp, and the fox quickly grabbed at the pink cloth diapers, having still refused to open his eyes. Curling up around whatever this softness may be, he buried his nose into it, secretly begging to release.

Picking up the plastic panties, the ones Swift was just wearing, the wolf slipped them right back on and click them in place. There, perfect. Sitting down next to the fox's mourning head, he smiled down at him,

"Something the matter? Why are you cuddling, hugging your diapers? And why are you humping your plastic panties, foxie? I thought you said you didn't like any of these things?"

The fox groaned and then growled, tears rolling as he pushed himself away from the diapers. Sitting up, he attempted to get a favorable position with the obvious issue at hand, "You know what you did..."

"I took off your diapers, sweetie, I didn't give you that cute little hard on there," his paw reaching out to tap it. The fox yelped and jumped back, sitting on his knees. Merfing, his paws picked at the plastic panties, not saying anything until the erection wore down. His face was flushed, the red even showing through his dark fur. The cross fox knew things didn't look good. Just before he was crying over not being pawed off by

this wolf. In the wolf's hands were diapers, and those same diapers almost caused the fox to cum like never before. Grabbing his tail, one of the few things still able to comfort him, he hugged it and curled his head into it. So confusing...

## Chapter 5

The wolf left for the time being, closing the door behind him. He knew that barely five minutes would go by before the fox was begging to go potty. The wolf walked to his special room, going through the warm, cozy cottage, which also happened to be buried under ground. The wolf was one of the first to own a subterranean house. It quickly became the forest dwellers fashion. Making a few final adjustments to what would be the fox's new home, the wolf made sure to have the blanket ready, with Swift's name embroidered it. Frames ready to have pictures, and plushies for Swift's awaiting paws. Kyne, staring in a near by mirror, smiled at himself. Such a clever wolf, he had to admit. At times he surprised even himself, though there was quite a bit of luck he'll admit. But fate was kind enough to place this wonderful, beautiful baby girl into his paws. And he promised he'd care for her, protect her, and make her love the day she was turned into the sweet innocent baby girl she was meant to be. Closing the door behind him, he checked the time.

Back in the bedroom, the fox fumed over his predicament. He grimaced over his foolish ability to be lost to sexual pleasure. Cursing himself, he did things he hoped would convince him of his maturity. He cursed, belched, kicked things, did what he felt he needed to in order to regain the stature he deserved – a strong, male, fox. That's what he was. As he passed by the cabinet, he glowered and swung the door shut. It hit with a resounding smack and wobbled back. Furrowing his brow in disgust, he saw dress after dress. Frills, lace, bows, sun dresses, party dresses, sleepers, onesies, romper suits, skirts, petticoats, tutus, skating dresses, night gowns, it was all there! It was all there...beneath which were draws. He half angrily kicked each one, causing each one to pop up a tiny. With a few more kicks, he was able to peer into each one.

The first drawer was full of fluffy white diapers. Cloth, cloth, and more cloth, the loins of the fox painfully stirring. And they all looked like...they were for him, for soon he found ones under them with girlie prints, pink tints, purple tints, yellow tints, blue tints (at least something was remotely boyish) and words that said 'Swift' 'Baby Swift' 'Baby Girl'. He gulped, were all these diapers really meant to go on his behind? Rubbing his bottom absent mindedly, he got a shiver from the feel of the plastic against his fur. Blushing, he removed his hand to the front of his plastic panties, murring at the soft felt panel. When a finger got caught in a bow, he quickly cursed himself for even considering enjoyment from his jail keep, the panties!

The second drawer held plastic panties, ironic enough. He stuck out his tongue, though his heart gave a bit of a jump. There were many, many different styles and colors. Pastel pink, blue, purple, yellow, tints and shades of blue, purples and pinks, and lots of patterns cluttered the oak drawer. The fox suddenly flushed and closed it quickly, pushing down the front of his plastic panties as he opened up the last drawer. Now, this he had not been expecting. L...Lingerie! Loads of it, white, black, red, pink, purple, lilac, see through, all these intricate designs, neatly stacks. They were all so...so...

The fox sat on his haunches, suddenly enticed by these odd garments. He had only seen a few Victoria Secret catalogues, and being so sexually unaware, never understood why his fellow males talked about them. Of course this was linked to his being attracted to males, but he soon realized that he was interested in those catalogues. For a different reason though, and that reason now rested beneath his hovering paws. Reaching out, he touched the soft fabric. But with a yelp, he quickly pushed it shut and jumped up.

Now, this was for two reasons. One, the fox was now being constantly torn between these feelings. His interests, interests he never realized, were burning up everywhere. He was having so much trouble focusing his mind with all these sexual feelings and aromatic scents. His senses were aflutter and his veins pumped blood to his swelling manhood. Naturally, one moment he'd be curious, and the next angered. The second reason, was that he suddenly felt a large pressure gathering in his bowels. Wondering if this had literally just appeared, being that it was so prominent, the fox quickly ran out of the room, shouting out the wolf's name,

"Kyne? Kyne!...Kyne!!"

The wolf, catching the fox off guard, hooked his arm, causing the fox to turn right into the wolf's naked body, "Yes?"

"I have to shit like no other!" The fox exclaimed, particularly proud to show the wolf that he knew of this. The wolf, much to the fox's displeasure, smiled.

"Ahh, all right then little one, let's get you ready." Taking his paw, he led the fox back to the room, the fox raising an eyebrow.

"Kyne, I said I had to take a shit!" The fox's nerves began to bunch, his bottom quickly aching. His forehead sweat; what was this? He had to go so bad, all in a second! "Hurry up with that!" The fox growled, looking behind him at the wolf.

Kneeling down behind the fox, the red wolf had taken the key and unlocked Swift's plastic panties. "You'll be ready in just a second snookems, now bend over and hold it in like a good girl. If you can hold it in for just a few more seconds, you'll be right on the potty and proving to me you are indeed a big girl."

The cross fox was indeed cross, not enjoying being called a girl still, and having to keep his butt cheeks clenched. This was no joke; he had to go! But the wolf was right, what's a few more seconds?

Given, as the fox bent over, he wasn't aware how much a few more seconds meant. With a grin larger than anything, the wolf placed his paw right at the loop of the butt plug. Readying his other paw by the fox's plastic panties, he took a second to breath. This was it!

In one swift movement, the wolf plunged out the butt plug, causing the fox's cheek to unclench immediately, and with his other paw, the wolf raised the plastic panties over the fox. Running forward while trying to desperately close his now open bottom, the fox ran with all his speed, seeing an open door at the end of the hallway. So close, almost there, and I can get out of this mess!

But right as the fox entered the tiled bathroom, the mess now entered him. With an explosive fart, the fox trembled and fell forward. Moaning and clutching his stomach, his bowels rumbled and cramped up.

"No, nono..." he whimpered, clenching as hard as he could. But that was it, he had lost the bet and he knew it. Letting out a cry, he bent his head to the ground, and let go. Warm, hot, gooey poop expelled rapidly from his bottom, an almost diarrhea like quality

to the mess as it filled up his plastic panties. Having no diapers, much to the fox's sudden displeasure, the poop quickly gathered in the seat of his plastic panties. The weight of it pulled the front panel tight against his bound fox cock; wincing at the pain, the shame and painful realizations came crashing down, and the cross fox began crying. The stench of his mess filled the air, not the welcoming smell of the warm pee from before, or the baby powder, but this sickly smell of fox mess. Embarrassment racked his body as he shook from the power of his mess, his tail high in the air as the plastic panties just continued to fill, the level of poop plumping out his seat and almost fully inflating his plastic panties. Much to his relief, he did eventually stop. His tail lowering, it curled around the huge, pushed out plastic panties that wrapped his bottom. Sitting there in his own hot, gooey waste, there was silence.

Kyne stood there, but said nothing. The fox knew this, and soon began to whimper. Crying, he just let himself fall back on his behind. A loud squish emanated, and he felt the liquid poop ooze from his laced cuffs, spilling onto the floor. This is when the wolf moved, quietly reaching down and picking up the weeping cross fox. Without caring about the mess extricating from the fox's panties, his arms wrapped him tightly, even lovingly. Stroking the fox's backfur, he held him close, the icky poop dripping onto the wolf's chest and stomach. But he didn't mind, this wasn't what was important. Making sure of his new, lovely daughter's health was what was important.

Walking to his living room, carrying the quivering, crying, sobbing fox in his arms, an amber and chocolate kaleidoscope of fur, with a large, pink plastic pantied bottom stuffed with dark brown poop, curled into the arms of a red wolf, long head fur, strong, defined muscles, with a mix and match of sandy beige fur. The fox was lost in the wolf's fur, unsure, confused, and embarrassed beyond all belief and scared.

His face was beat red, his cheeks burned like never before. He had...he had crapped himself. He couldn't even hold in a stupid little poop. Instead, he filled the seat of a pair of plastic panties, pink, frilly, bowed, and laced, in which on it were the words 'baby girl'. The cross fox was sure that's exactly what he looked like.

Not wanting to hear a thing, he just curled up as tightly as he could. But silence would not be granted. Soon, the wolf's muzzle began licking the fox's face. Pushing Swift's face into the open, the red wolf cleaned up his tear-streaked face. Lick by lick, he pushed his soft, red tongue over the fox's fur, over his eyes, his nose, his ears. Soon, the fox stopped tearing, just giving spasmodic sniffs, his eyes closed.

"Sweetie...don't cry. You know it was bound to happen – you had to expect it. You're my little baby deep in there, and I'll make you into what you truly are. Isn't that exciting?" his voice was soft, comforting to the ego bruised, torn, confused fox, shuddering in the wolf's arms. The wolf's tone now gained a bit of excitement, adding in little coos and mrrrs here and there, manipulating the poor fox's mind, "Now you'll get to wear diapers all day long. And maybe some days daddy'll be nice, and dress his lovely daughter in pull ups, or maybe even panties! Or if she's especially good, undies, but you know your soft, supple behind will always enjoy the cushioning of your thick diapers, the cloth diapers, the disposable diapers, you love so much. Don't you just look forward to falling back into the warm interior, your cute little bulge rubbing up and down the cottony, tight, insides, making you feel are warm and pretty. Don't you want that, baby girl? Can't you see it? The cute dresses, the warm, sunny afternoons, the...time you get to have with daddy? Don't tell me you've forgotten," expertly, he shifted the fox around,

so that soon he supported her, but now a paw was on the crotch, the crotch pulled tightly against the plastic panties. The paw, with fingers centered on one spot, suddenly pressed into the plastic covered cock, spreading outwards until his palm was placed neatly against the warm foxhood. Radiating his fingers back to the center point, he repeated this particular pattern as he now spoke, "Don't tell me you've forgotten special time, have you? You know special time, unless...oh my!" his paw suddenly grasping his cock, defining it against the two dimensional stretch of felt, "Unless, unless I haven't told you! How silly of me, and I've been doing it this whole time you've been with me, darling." His paw returned to the warm pattern of sliding in and out against the fox's enshrouded dick, vinyl pressed firmly against the heated, pulsating foxgirlhood, "Special time is when daddie gets to make his little girl feel all warm and mushy inside. Where she gets to murr, moan, groan, shudder, yelp, and cry, all as loud as she wants, because her daddie is making her feel so good. Don't you feel good now, sweetie? You should, you've been...such a good, good little girl. Pooping your panties like that, of course you would, do you know why?"

The fox moaned.

"Because you're a sweet little girl, who always listens to her daddie. And want to know something else?"

The fox shuddered and let out a loud groan.

"That was your punishment; it's over, for now. You did such a good job, not trying to resist daddie's discipline. And that's just the beginning little one. You use to be so very bad, so very naughty, but look at you now, smiling, murring in her daddie's arms, having filled her cute little seat. Such a very good girl, you should be proud of yourself, are you not?"

The fox looked at the wolf with blurry eyes.

"Be happy, be proud! Very few girls are this good, very few girls get such special time with there daddie," his paw was firm and careful in its ministrations. Luckily for the fox, the end was soon near. Giving the fox a powerful, hard stroke, he used the few seconds of the fox's ecstasy to unlock the plastic panties, now slipping his paw furtively into the front of Swift's plastic panties. Still holding her firmly with his other arm, she suddenly let out a loud cry of pain and pleasure, her head rolling back. The red wolf's paw now firmly grasped her lovely, reddened girlhood.

Moving to a nearby couch, the wolf lay the sweet little girl down, no longer having to support her. He'd deal with the poop stains later. Her movements were spontaneous, her thrusting and lashing increasing. Keeping her as still as possible however, the wolf put a knee onto her side. Following that up, he intertwined eyes with the little girl, and with passion swirling in his muzzle, locked lips with the virgin fox. Her eyes widened at first, having never truly been kissed before, and the shock rocked her. Her eyelids fluttering to a half open state, she gazed as the wolf's tongue overpowered her own, and began lapping the insides of her muzzle. She now kept still, all her energy divided between her first real kiss and her first real pawing off.

The fox's mind exploded beyond belief. The poor virgin was not ready for anything like this. After a day's worth of what should have been explosions, his jewels, muddied with poop, were beyond their breaking point, and now with the wolf's paw not holding back, the young fox reverted to whatever the wolf whispered. Interweaving coos, kisses, and remarks about diapers, panties, and how cute she was, the fox's mind was

soaked with manipulative drops of vivid, wolf inspired imagery. The tongue of this beautiful wolf wrapped the fox girl's own, less experience muzzle. She cried out, she let loose tears, but nothing was good enough to express her passion, her desire. Only one thing would suffice. But it wouldn't come just yet.

The wolf enjoyed seeing his little daughter like this. Mad with lust, her blood boiling for one of the first times ever, he wanted her first experience with another male to be one she'll always remember. Kissing her, embedding his muzzle into that luscious, narrow fox muzzle, his paw wrapped and pumped up and down her sexy, smooth, taught erection. She cried under him, squirming and thrusting, but each time he groped her, that pink ribbon reminded him of what was the only thing left. But still, he kept her going, her muzzle enraptured as she kissed, mouthing her and engulfing her lips with strong kisses. This was just too much fun. And then the unthinkable happened; the little girl even caught her strong daddie off guard!

Fervor flowing through her veins, she saw nothing but lust and love, and seeing what every little girl loves, her own paw reached out for stabilization, planting firmly around the hot, seething wolf cock right in front of her. Having been leaning over her, the red wolf did leave himself open for such a thing to occur. But if it were to, he knew nothing would come of it other than some immediate pleasure. It was perfectly placed however, whispering to the girlie cross fox about how good his wolf cock must feel in her hands. How she must enjoy to no end the feel of that strong, pulsating member in her paws. He implanted visions of doing things with that cock one day, telling her how much she loved such things. This turned out to be quite an advantage. For during such momentous times, her mind was nothing but plastic. Molding and shaping, she became even more infatuated with the wolf sheath, balls, and cock in her hand, yearning to play and learn about them. But that was for a later time.

Taking the time he had left, the wolf finished his whispers, ending with how much she loves her baby items, how much she loves being a baby, and how much she needs her daddie. Repeating these words into her ears, and even while he kissed her, he made the final move. Their bodies rocking, grinding, each paw on one another's cocks, muzzle to muzzle, the weaker, fragile fox was not ready for what was about to occur. Taking a claw, in one swift finger flick, Kyne cut Swift's ribbon-bind. And in one lucid moment, he gave such a strong stroke, such a powerful grasp of her balls and cock, kissing her deeply and passionately, that it happened.

Arcing her back, her eyes opened for one brief moment, and she screamed in orgasm. Releasing any sound that would suffice, she cried, moan, groaned, howled, all in one, as she pushed as hard as she damn well could, cumming in an explosion of flooding fox seed spilling over and over into the wolf's paw, overflowing the plastic panties, cumming all over the sofa, onto her waist, into the seat of her messy behind, which was now spreading everywhere. Her body went limp, her paw leaving the wolf's cock, as her muzzle was left open, her balls expelling with all their might, and soon drizzling to a stop. With one last breath of air, she stole an image of that wonderful father of hers. Staring straight ahead, she saw his love, his care, and as she blacked out, his paws all ready were cuddling her close, shushing her, telling her how proud he was, and making her as secure as possible as she drifted into the powerful sleep infused from an orgasm like none other. The love, erotica, and care slept with her now, and for a few moments,

the wolf stood there. Smiling, wiping his muzzle, licking his paw clean, he looked forward to his new mate's training and the acquiring of a new daughter.

Later that night, little did the fox girl know what was in store for her. But as the red wolf held her in the rocking chair, tipping a glass bottle of warm milk to her lips, her body wrapped in girly nighttime clothes, she didn't care. For once, she felt right, she didn't feel like teasing; she felt like loving. Curling into the fur so close, her father held her close and smiled, starting to hum. Singing to her softly, the bottle was finished, the diapers were warmed, and the hearts intertwined.

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