

Lessons in Lace, Day 2

Chapter 1

Swift awoke with a yelp and looked around. It was dark but the room did not smell like his small, cramped, unkempt apartment. He tested the air again taking in the scents as his eyes adjusted from their state of slumber.

“Wolf?” he murmured quietly, “And...baby powder?”

The fox looked to either side and found that he appeared to be trapped in a barred cage. “Wait, that’s not entirely true.” he observed silently to himself, “There’s nothing above me, only to either side.” He reached out to the bars and found them warm to the touch and made of wood.

“Wood?” He thought curiously. He rolled over onto his belly causing the blanket to slide off of him. Swift pushed himself up into a kneeling position. A light rustle and audible crinkle caused his ears to swivel back; and for the moment, he put his investigation of his surroundings on hold.

His paws moved up to his neck where he found it ringed by a ruffled, lace collar. Drifting down his chest, he felt the material was soft, silky and hung very loosely around his body. As he reached his waist, the cross fox felt an obvious bulk there and he followed the curvature of it around his hips before encountering the frilly hem of the nightclothes he was wearing. Beyond the hem the material became smooth, cool and...plastic. Swift's paws ran along one...two...three bands of frills lining the back of the plastic pants before they tapered back to a lacey band where they met his thigh. He let his paws trace around towards his fox-hood and the plastic changed to a soft, terry cloth material adorned with small bows and a bit of embroidery.

Swift let out a whimper, remembering now what had transpired yesterday. “This wasn’t a cage. It was a crib sized for an adult. A kit’s crib all for him.” He thought. “No.” He corrected himself as his mind was waking up, “For her.” Yesterday he had finally been caught and taken under the care of Russt, the young red wolf he so loved to torment. “Dog he was so hot.” Swift allowed the stray thought, remembering all the times he’d watched this particular wolf shower under the clear falls near-by. But now, he’d been stripped of everything that made him an adult in society, humiliated, punished and transformed into a little, sissy, vixen kit complete with diapers, plastic pants and soft frilly clothes.

He pressed his paw against the front panel of his plastic pants and found he was hard as a rock beneath what felt like three layers of diapers. Worse, it wasn’t because he was yiffy either. It was because he needed to make with his morning pee and he had to go badly at that. “Oh no.” He mused, remembering the mess he’d made yesterday afternoon as he soiled himself uncontrollably in front of the red wolf, “I can’t use a diaper for this. I just can’t.”

Swift reached up to the top of the crib rail and pulled himself up onto his hind legs. He had some difficulty and the chains that jingled when he moved telegraphed why. The fox looked down to see a short two foot long black rod cuffed to each of his ankles, effectively hobbling the young fox. “The wolf had the forethought to ensure that his charge could not easily escape.” Swift observed to himself, “Well if I can’t sleep, he won’t either.” With that the fox let out a series of loud whimpers.

A large form rolled over in the bed across the room. A dim light clicked on next to the bed and the red wolf rubbed his eyes as he sat up. He looked over at the fox and smiled at the sight of his lil vixen kit standing hobbled against the crib rail. Her form was clothed in a pink, frilly baby-doll which made no attempt to cover her thickly padded, plastic pant clad bottom.

“What’s wrong baby-doll?” Russt asked the cutely dressed fox.

“I have to go pee.” Swift stated flatly, which caused the wolf to raise an eyebrow questioningly and peer closely at the fox’s diaper from across the room.

“Is your diaper wet dear?” He asked, knowing the answer just by looking.

“No.” Came the answer he was expecting.

“Well just use your diaper then sweetie.” He said with a smile, “That’s what they’re there for.”

“I can’t do that!” Swift barked, raising his voice, and realizing too late his mistake.

“Well you’ll just have to learn...or should I say unlearn then won’t you?” Russt growled with a frown and before the fox could say anything else, “Not another word out of you now kit. If I have to get out of bed and come over there, you’ll be very sorry indeed. Now settle down, do your business and go back to sleep.”

Swift stifled his next retort not wanting to risk the ire of the red wolf whose arm reached out to the table lamp. The light clicked out and the room plunged into darkness. Swift could hear Russt moving under his blankets, getting comfortable again in his bed. Secretly, the fox wished he could snuggle up against that broad back, or better yet be cuddled by those strong paws, feeling the wolf’s sheath pressed against his haunches. The thought brought him back to the problem at hand involving his own firm cock. “How do I unlearn all my den training and learn to use diapers again?” He thought as he moved around the crib, rustling and crinkling as he went.

Russt was only feigning sleep. His ears were intent now on every move, every noise the little fox was making. This would be another test; an opportunity to reinforce the training he had started the day before and the wolf didn’t want to miss it. He knew that eventually, the need would override the will to avoid the inevitable and the fox would have to relieve himself in the diaper. But overcoming the stigma and the potty training

was always slow and difficult.

So the two canines lay awake in the early morning darkness; though the fox remained unaware of the wolf's similar state of consciousness.

Swift rolled over and found some relief by lying on his stomach; but that only delayed the inevitable. The pressure and the urgency in his bladder were building to crisis levels. After managing to hold it for over an hour, Swift's efforts had finally failed him. He suddenly bolted to his knees and could not hold it any longer. The warm fluid flowed freely from his shaft and spilled into his diapers which soaked it all up greedily.

From where he lay, the noise and clamor of the fox moving urgently and the audible sigh were the signs Russt was waiting patiently for. He rolled quickly, switched on the lights in the room and caught the fox as the yellow tinge was just beginning to show through against the inside of the plastic pants.

"Is my little girl using her diapers?" Russt said in a mock tone, smiling, "What a good girl you are. I knew you could do it."

Swift's eyes grew very wide and his muzzle hung open in surprise. He had been caught kneeling in his crib, wetting his diaper like the vixen kit he was dressed as. He immediately covered his eyes and face with his paws in humiliation. His ears lay to the sides and reddened as he blushed in embarrassment. Swift began to cry like the baby he was becoming.

Russt slipped out of bed and walked over to the side of the crib; he reached down and ruffled the fox's head fur comfortingly. "There, there, little one. It's okay. Daddy's here for his baby girl." The wolf soothed, "Finish what you're doing and we'll get you all cleaned up and ready for the day." He picked the fox up and cradled her in his arms, the warmth from the recently wet bottom radiating into the wolf's forearm.

Swift's crying ebbed; soothed by the wolf's embrace and his soft voice. He was carried across the room and soon something soft was being pressed against his lips. Swift opened his muzzle instinctively and was rewarded as the bulb of a pacifier pressed against his tongue. The fox suckled the paci with little effort which calmed him further and brought a bright smile to the face of his guardian.

"So cute." Russt whispered, brushing back the tuft of hair on Swift's head and watching as the little fox drifted back to sleep after his long morning ordeal. "Perhaps we can wait a little while longer before we get you cleaned up." The wolf smiled, "For now, I think I'll enjoy holding you while you sleep in my arms."

Leaving the bedroom, Russt walked down the hallway, passed the kitchen and into the family room. Carefully sitting down on the couch, Russt reclined back, turned on the television and set the volume just high enough to where he could understand the show. He'd found an interesting documentary on Discovery Wings on the Sopwith Camel;

however, before the show was over, the wolf had also fallen fast asleep with the little foxette nestled in his arms.

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The roar of a super-sonic jet fighter caused both the sissy fox and the wolf to wake with a start a couple hours later.

“Yipe!” Cried Swift who grabbed at the furry arm he was snuggled against and hugging it like it was a plushie.

Russt, in a similar state, had regained his composure and chuckled at the little fox who was still cowering in his arms. He stroked her head fur and said, “Looks like we both needed a little more sleep, huh dear?”

Swift looked up at the wolf and almost lost herself in his happy, loving green eyes. The fox nodded his head and then realized she was a little uncomfortable in the cold, wet diaper. Worse she felt like she had to pee again. “I gotta go potties again Wuffy.” The fox yerfed in an infantile way and began wiggling around on the wolf’s lap. Swift remembered that she had been instructed to talk that way to the wolf and hoped that her infraction from earlier this morning had been forgotten.

“It’ll be easier for you to go if you stand up dear.” Russt said, helping the vixen kit to her feet so she could stand, “At least until you get used to it. Go whenever you want to dear, I’ll hold you to make sure you don’t fall down and hurt yourself.”

“But Wuffy...” Swift began to protest, not wanting to urinate while the red wolf was watching her. But she realized it was no use fighting and with a bit of will power and some straining, she was able to relieve herself for the second time today in the diaper.

“Good girl” Russt praised the young fox cub as she took yet another step in becoming his little girl. He stood up, took her by the paw and led her back to the bedroom. “Okay, let’s get you out of those wet diapers, give you a bath and clean you up. We’ve got a busy day today my lil kit.” The wolf told her.

Toddling along beside the red wolf, the spreader bar still in place, Swift looked up at Russt and listened intently. She was very happy to hear that she’d be taken out of these wet diapers and given the chance to get cleaned up. But his heart skipped a beat and he was jolted out of the headspace when Russt mentioned a busy day ahead for them. “W, w, we’re no gonna go out yet. Are we Wuffy?” The fox stammered nervously, “I, I don’t fink S’ift is ready fer dat yet.”

Russt looked at the fox as he scooped her up in his arms, carried her over to the changing table, and laid the vixen kit down onto the pad. “Perhaps you are right.” He conceded, much to Swift’s relief, “A few more days of training and maybe you’ll be ready.”

The changing pad gave off a sweet smelling perfume of baby scents and flowers when the weight of the fox compressed it. Russt sat Swift up and pulled the baby-doll nightie up, over her head and laid it aside. He bade the fox to stay as he left the room to get the bath ready for his little one.

The sound of water running initiated the need for Swift to pee again. The young fox wiggled and strained but with less effort than before he managed to let a short stream of pee flow into the diaper. Noticing a red fox plush lying on a nearby shelf, he reached over, pulled it to his chest and snuggled it while he waited.

Russt returned to the room after filling the tub and shutting off the water. He was very pleased to find his foxie hadn't run off and was snuggling the very plushie he had purchased after becoming smitten with Swift all those months ago. It was a very cute sight to behold, but there were still things to do and a fox to be washed.

The wolf started by removing the hobble bar locked around Swift's ankles. Setting that aside, he lifted the sissy fox's legs up, unlocked the plastic pants, slid them down his legs and placed them in a near-by diaper pail. Next to be removed were the three pair of saturated cloth diapers. Each of them were gingerly removed, folded and dropped into the same diaper pail. Completely naked now, Russt lifted the fox up and carried her into the bathroom where a sudsy, pink bubble bath awaited the little kit.

Swift, to his own astonishment, actually brightened at the sight. He loved bubble baths as a real kit and hadn't had one in ages. He willingly complied as Russt lowered him down into the shallow bath and even took the opportunity to splash the wolf playfully. The red wolf smiled and lathered up a washcloth before starting the task of washing the fox. He cleaned the fox from top to bottom, paying special attention to his diaper area; his sheath, sack and sweet little pucker. Swifty squirmed away anxiously at the extra attention to his privates, but a sharp slap to the fox's wet bottom stilled him.

Satisfied his kit was all clean, Russt lifted the little fox out of the tub and onto the floor where he towel dried the vixen kit as best he could. Then he helped his charge into the 360 degree fur dryer. Shutting the glass door behind her, he switched it to low and turned it on. The bath room appliance was brand new on the market; it blew warm air from all directions to help improve the speed and efficiency of drying furs. It didn't take much longer than 5 minutes for Swift to become a little ball of fluff. Russt had to stifle a snicker after he shut the unit down and escorted the puffy furred, fox back into the bedroom.

Swift was lifted back up and set on the changing pad again. The wolf took a soft bristled, convex brush and began to run it through Swift's fur. The brushing loosened any burrs, removed any dead fur and flattened the fox's coat again. Finishing up with Swift's long, bushy tail, Russt set the brush down, helped the fox to lie down on her back, and secured the safety strap across her chest.

The wolf moved around the room gathering up what was needed: lotion, powder, two pair of thick cloth diapers and a pair of pale-yellow, rhumba panties. He set these down on the bed nearby, then turned back to lift the fox's legs up and over her head. Russt squirted a goodly amount of lotion in his paw and then began to rub it in, making sure to get it into all of Swift's nooks and crannies. Next he sprinkled some fragrant powder on the fox's butt, before arranging the two thick diapers under and around her tail. The wolf then lowered the fox's legs and haunches back down onto the thick padding.

Russt spread and stroked the baby sweet lotion across Swift's tummy and up and down the fox's milky white furred sheath; It didn't take long before he had coaxed the vulpine's pink shaft out from hiding. He paid special care to stroke Swift's member slowly and deliberately. Like yesterday, the sensations were more than the little fox could take and Swift began to rock and buck in Russt's paw. The red wolf just looked on and smiled, waiting for just the right time to stop and continue his girl's frustration.

The wolf's large paw covered much of Swift's fox hood and as such, he could position a claw to slide across the sensitive head of the fox's penis. As Swift continued towards the edge and orgasm, Russt used his other paw to stroke his hard balls and trace the rim of his little girl's "vixen hole."

Swift was lost in the ecstasy of Russt's ministrations, hoping beyond hope that this time the wolf would allow him the release he had not been given yesterday. With each thrust his body quivered and shook. The sensations were coming from all over his sexual hot zones and all he could think of was how much he loved this wolf and wanted to be mounted by him. Thoughts drifted to those days near the waterfall where he'd pawed himself off at the red wolf's buff form.

Russt remained vigilant. When he saw Swift's knot begin to form around the top of her sheath; the wolf knew the fox was on the cusp of climaxing. With practiced speed and agility Russt stopped pleasuring the fox; sprinkled a fine dusting of kit powder across the fox's diaper area; pulled the first layer of cloth up, and pinned it in place; followed by a second layer of thick padding. Once again, the red wolf had effectively wrapped Swift's lust up before it could find release.

Swift yowled in dismay and wiggled around in protest; thrusting for all he was worth against the soft cotton cloth now entombing his sensitive shaft, to no avail. Release and relief were not to come this time either and as Swift calmed down he sank into despair.

If it weren't for Russt's skill at diapering, he would have nicked the fox several times with the diaper pins. Russt slid the pale yellow rhumba panties into place and rolled the fox over onto his side to secure the diaper and panties over the root of Swift's tail. Rolled back onto his back, Swift covered his face with his hand paws and quietly cried in shame and frustration.

Russt watched for a moment; pity for Swift creeping into his consciousness. For all the fox had teased and played tricks on him over the past months, Russt loved the fox dearly.

He wasn't sure how long he'd honestly be able to keep up dominating and teasing the fox. The sight and scent of his aroused charge and the erotic desperation Swift showed was making the young wolf very horny. Perhaps if Swift was a good fox today, and showed improvement, he'd allow both of them the sweet release they craved.

The wolf stroked the fox's head fur lovingly and left her, strapped to the changing table, to calm down a little more. He opened the fox's new wardrobe and pulled out the matching yellow sundress that complimented the panties he'd placed on his little girl. He placed it on the edge of the bed then got a few things together for himself. He quietly slipped out of the bedroom to get himself cleaned, showered, dried and dressed again.

He returned twenty minutes later to find Swift still sniffing; her muzzle buried in the fox plush's chest which was held tightly in her paws. Russt extricated the plush from Swift's hold, released the safety strap and helped her to sit up. In his paws was an adorable, little, yellow sundress with white lacy trim around the neck, at the cuffs of the short sleeves and around the hem. The wolf pulled the hem over Swift's head and helped thread her arms through the sleeves. He adjusted the elastic band which fell just below Swift's chest from which the dress flared out a little before falling to just below the bottom of the matching plastic panties.

He paused and smiled at the sight of his pretty little girl in her bright, sunny dress; then Russt lifted her up in his arms and carried her out to the kitchen where the little fox would find another surprise.

Chapter 2

Russt nuzzled his little girl's nose gently as he walked and asked, "Hey. Swifty. Are you hungry?"

Swift looked up at him and silently nodded his head.

The wolf smiled and carried her towards a scaled up version of a high chair. Its color and design matched the changing table and the crib she had spent the night in.

Swift's eyes went wide again and he looked up at Russt and yerfed, "Wuffie? Where you get all dis stuff from?"

"Never you mind dear." Russt smiled, "All you need to know it that it's all yours now. Your crib, your high chair, your changing table..." The wolf trailed off then added, "Along with some other things you haven't seen yet. Now. How about some oatmeal?"

Swift nodded with a smile and arfed, "Wif honey an' raisins?"

The wolf laughed as he set her into the seat of the high chair and buckled her in, "If that's the way my girl likes it. That's the way I'll make it for her." He lifted up the wooden tray, attached it to the rails set along the arms of the chair and slid it into place. Two metallic clicks let him know it was securely in place.

Swift traced his claws exploratorily around the routed edges of the tray. Russt turned and walked towards the stove to turn the heat on under the water. From there he went to the refrigerator, opened it and took out a prepared baby bottle of milk. He walked back over to Swift, sat in a chair near-by and positioned the nipple in front of the vixen kit's muzzle.

The fox looked at the nipple for a moment, surveying it, the bottle, the liquid that sloshed within it; he understood what it meant for him to take this willingly. It would be yet another step in his regression. It would be yet another opportunity to discover that he indeed enjoyed, or worse, savored the opportunity to cast off the responsibilities of adult life and let himself be returned to the confines and comforts of living life as a kit again.

Russt watched as Swift hesitated, contemplating the nipple. The wolf watched the game play out. Hoping to provide the nudge that was needed, the wolf pressed the soft nipple against the cross fox's lips and was rewarded when those same lips parted and accepted the nipple. Russt could feel the cautious pull on the nipple through the bottle followed by another and then the little fox swallowed.

"Is it good my lil girl?" Russt asked his charge, "Does'm's like her milkies?"

Swift looked over the bottle at the wolf and gave a small nod and took up a rhythmic pace on the nipple, taking in the cool liquid at a steady pace now. The sensation of the soft,

smooth nipple along with the short splash of milk on his tongue did feel remarkably good. Strangely enough, it started to bring more feelings, long since repressed, back to the surface. Feelings the fox attributed to lost memories of his own kit hood when his mother would take care of him. The memories also brought with them a pang of sorrow. “Why had the creator taken her away from him so soon?” Swift thought.

The kettle of water on the stove began to whistle and Russt turned his head and looked over his shoulder at it. “Can Swift be a big vixen and hold her bottle on her own?” The wolf asked and held the bottle just long enough for the fox to place her paws around the bottle. He smiled, gave an approving nod, then stood up and walked to the stove to turn the flame off under the kettle.

Russt left the water to cool a little as he opened the cupboard and took out a small, pink, plastic bowl and spoon and placed it on the counter. Stepping over to the pantry, he took out a brown, wax paper pouch, tore it open, and poured the dry contents into the plastic bowl. Reaching for the kettle, he brought it over to the bowl and began to pour a generous amount of water in while mixing it together with the spoon held in his other paw. Replacing the kettle, the red wolf went back to the pantry and brought out a bag of raisins. He opened the package and dropped a paw full of raisins in the bowl and mixed them in. Closing the package of raisins he set it aside, reached for the container of honey out on the counter, added a table spoon of that to the bowl and stirred it together. Giving it a taste, Russt smiled and wuffed, “Perfect.”

Swift watched as Russt went about the business of making breakfast as her muzzle was on auto-pilot nursing from the bottle and swallowing the milk as necessary. Her mind was completely devoid of thought except for the sensations taking place in her muzzle.

The wolf picked up the bowl and spoon and walked back over to his chair. “Whoa!” He smiled, putting the pink plastic bowl and spoon down on the high chair tray and reaching over to take the bottle from the fox’s paws, “You’ve really put a dent in that bottle already haven’t ya dear?”

Swift instinctively resisted allowing Russt to take the bottle away, but invariably the Daddy wolf won out with a chuckle. Russt set the bottle aside and picked up the bowl and spoon. He soothed as he showed the foxette the pretty spoon, “Look my vixen kit. See the pretty spoon? It has ponies on it.” Then the wolf showed Swift the bowl of grayish brown mush mixed with raisins, “Oatmeal and raisins, just like you asked for Swift. Eat it all up and there’s a surprise at the bottom of the bowl. Ready? Here we...Whoops! Almost forgot.”

Russt reached down under the high chair and pulled out a pink bib with an appliqué of a pair of frolicking My Little Ponies Babies on it to match those on the spoon. He leaned forward, tied it around Swift’s neck and then took a moment to straighten it out in front. “There! I can’t feed my little vixen in her new dress without a bib on.” Russt remarked.

Swift looked down at the ponies on her bib and blushed. She looked up when she smelled a spoonful of oatmeal poised under her nose.

“Open up for Daddy.” Russt encouraged and the little fox complied. “Good girl.” The red wolf praised, taking another scoop of the mush and then swirling it around on its way to the fox’s muzzle, “Here comes the train into the tunnel. Whoo, whoo!” Swift couldn’t suppress a smile and she opened her muzzle wide for Russt who plopped the second spoonful onto the vulpine’s tongue.

Russt smiled too. He took another spoonful and decided to try another way to play. He moved the spoon of oatmeal back and forth before Swift’s muzzle keeping it just out of reach. “Here’s the mousie. Get the mousie girl. Go on. Get it.” The wolf encouraged.

“Rrrawr!” Swift growled playfully, lunging at the spoon and catching it with a soft clack of teeth on metal. But she hadn’t caught it completely. The spoon turned in Russt’s grip and a glob of oatmeal fell off the spoon, slid down Swift’s chin and plopped onto the bib. Swift broke into a fit of giggles and Russt joined him.

The exchange continued through the course of the spoon feeding until, with the last scoop, they reached the bottom of the bowl where a pair of galloping My Little Pony Babies was printed. Swift reached out her paws for the bowl and Russt allowed his girl the pleasure of licking the bowl clean. He laughed when he saw she had bits of oatmeal all over her face and muzzle after she had finished.

Russt reached for a box of baby wipes that were on the table and proceeded to clean his pretty vix’s face and muzzle off. Then he handed Swift back her bottle and she dutifully slid the nipple back into her muzzle to finish it off.

Standing back up, Russt went back over to the kitchen counter, put the dirty dishes in the sink and pulled a large mixing bowl out from beneath the counter. He stepped back over to the pantry, took down a tub of Quaker Oatmeal from the shelf and poured about two cups into the bowl. He put the lid back on the tub, set it aside and walked to the stove to get the kettle. The wolf poured the remainder of its lukewarm contents into the mixing bowl and began to stir it together.

The wolf turned and looked over his shoulder to see how his charge was coming along with her milk. “Nearly done.” He commented to himself so only he could hear. Turning his attention back to his progress with the oatmeal, he repeated, “Nearly done.” Russt opened another cabinet above the counter and took down a bottle of vegetable oil. He poured a quarter cup of it into the oatmeal mixture and stirred that in to add just the right amount of consistency and a little bit of viscosity.

The squeek, squeek, squeek of protest from the bottle signaled that the vixen kit was indeed finished with her milk and ready for the remainder of her morning treat. Russt chuckled to himself as he remembered a picture he saw posted online titled, “All foxes

love oatmeal.” He knew that wolves love oatmeal, but it was time to find out if the artist knew what he was talking about.

Russt set the bowl down, walked over to his sissy kit, took the empty bottle from her paws and set it aside on the table. Then he released the tray, laying it next to the legs of the high chair, and then released the straps holding the fox in place. The red wolf picked Swift up, propped the fox’s head over his shoulder and began to lightly pat between the fox's shoulder blades.

Swift hugged her daddy, pleased to be held by him again, when suddenly she had a funny feeling in her chest. It was odd and uncomfortable. The feeling quickly rose up her chest and into her throat until it erupted from her muzzle as a very loud, “Errrp!”

“Good girl.” Russt cooed, still patting his fox’s back and asking, “Anymore where that one came from?”

The fox, in her pale yellow dress, smiled and shook her head, "No," at the red wolf.

“Okay, then it’s time we get you ready for something else I know you’ll like.” Russt said, placing the fox back on her feet paws and leading her by the paw back towards the bedroom. Swift waddled along beside him, her tail swishing back and forth as she walked; the hem of the dress swaying back and forth. An obvious and audible crinkle raucously announced their passing.

Once into the nursery, Russt led the fox over to the changing table. Swift raised her fore paws up in preparation for being lifted up onto the table top. But Russt took a tight hold of the offered paws and draped them up and over the vinyl pad and through two padded cuffs, tightening them down securely. Shaken out of the headspace once again and now standing, his muzzle resting on the changing table with his wrists tightly secured, Swift was unsure what was going on.

“Daddy?” He yerfed, a mix of curiosity and fright in his voice.

“It’s okay Swifty dear.” The wolf tried to soothe, “Do you trust me?”

“For some things, yes.” Swift answered honestly, “Bu’ I get concerned when you have to tie me up.”

“Well I think you’ll like what I’m going to do to you, but at the same time, I don’t want you to struggle and get hurt in the process.” Russt began to explain, securing a wide black collar around Swift's neck, “Besides, I think you’ll like this better if you’re restrained.”

Russt leaned down and attached a three foot spreader bar around the cross fox’s ankles, forcing the fox’s legs far apart and causing Swift to have to stand with his buttocks pushed out. Another cuff was fit around the middle of the fox’s tail and tied back to a ring on the back of the collar; the tail, and the back hem of the dress, held up and away

from his diaper. Russt pulled the pale yellow plastic panties down around Swift's knees, causing them to pull in. Then the wolf left for a moment and returned carrying the stainless steel mixing bowl full of properly cooled, oily oatmeal.

The wolf leaned in and kissed the fox on the cheek before bringing his muzzle back a few inches and whispering in his ear, "Messy foxes are happy foxes." With that said, he pulled back the waist band of both diapers and poured the two cups of warm, slippery oatmeal down into the seat of his vixen kit's diaper.

Swift sucked in a startled breath as the warm, viscous glop slid along his haunches, began to fill the crotch of his diaper and ooze up around his balls. Instinctively he tried to pull his tail down to brush away this intrusion, but the tail cuff held fast. To Swift's surprise, after the initial shock, he realized that this actually felt...very nice.

Russt set the waist bands of the diapers back into place and reached for a baby wipe to clean the excess off of Swift's back and the tops of the diapers. It was not easy to do while the fox was moving his hips back and forth, experiencing how the glop moved against his buttocks and privates.

"Hold still you little worm." Russt giggled adding, "So do I get to tell my weasel friend that foxes do love oatmeal?"

Swift turned his head with a smile, nodded to Russt and murred.

The wolf disposed of the towelettes and looked at his little girl moving her thickly diapered bottom back and forth, enjoying this new experience. Swift looked over his shoulder at the red wolf. His unsaid words conveyed through wondering eyes if Daddy would untie him now. Russt approached her lithe form, put a heavy paw on her shoulder and with his other, he pressed it firmly against the seat of her diaper.

Swift squeaked out, "Oh!" as his Daddy's paw squished the oatmeal to spread against his loins, forcing it up around his scrotum and bury his sheath. Russt let off on the pressure, letting gravity help the oatmeal to slowly retreat back to the lowest point in the diaper. Bits and clumps of oatmeal fell free from his little one's bottom.

The little cross fox let out a contented sigh which signaled Russt to repeat the process again. Seeing that the fox was no longer resisting, the wolf moved his other paw to glide down the soft front of the dress, down and over the lacy hem to investigate the apparent bulge in Swift's diaper front.

"Oh yes." Russt teased, "My little vixen most certainly loves oatmeal."

Feeling the pressure against the padding containing his throbbing cock, Swiftly instinctively thrust forward, releasing pressure from Russt's paw on his tush and increasing pressure onto the paw against his front. The oatmeal ran back to the seat of his diaper and as the fox pulled back into the paw resting against the seat of his diaper, he

forced the mush back up around his balls. Then he thrust forward again, repeating the process much to Russt's delight for as the wolf watched, he was getting excited as well.

Russt smiled as his little vixen humped his paw doing all the work for him now. As he watched her, his thoughts wandered to how things may be in a few more days. Those thoughts reminded him of how uncomfortable he was getting with his own cock pressing hard against his pants. As Swift began to pant and her movements became more urgent the wolf knew, once again, that it was time.

In one fluid movement, Russt withdrew his paws, slid the plastic panties back up into place, stood up and stepped away from the fox, taking the mixing bowl in his hands.

Swift let out a mournful howl of despair as the wolf removed his source of pleasure seconds before he would have climaxed. The fox's legs were still humping, but there was no longer anything to rub against. "Daddy!" Swift cried out and whimpered.

Sliding a pacifier in the fox's muzzle Russt smiled and said as he walked out of the bedroom, out of view from his little vulpine, "I'm sorry honey, but I have to take care of a few things and clean up this bowl before the oatmeal gets hard. You stay there for a while and enjoy the messies in your diaper until I come back."

"Nuuuuuuu!!!" Swift cried out in despair, spitting the pacifier across the room in the process. His desperate cry echoed through the halls and rooms of the wolf's domicile. There was nothing to enjoy. He had been denied release yet again. The oatmeal was now cold and hung like a gooey weight in the seat of his saggy diaper. Tears ran down his cheeks as he sagged against his bonds, a broken husk of who he used to be. Swift cried for the second time today like the little kit he was becoming.

Russt smiled as he ran some hot water across the dirty bowls and utensils. His mind faltered for just a moment, wondering if he really was doing the right thing with Swift. But the remorse was short lived. His pack-mates would have done far worse. They had shared their plans with him, and he had petitioned on behalf of the fox. They relented and gave him the opportunity to prove that he could make this work. If he couldn't present Swift to them, broken, tamed, and humiliated by the end of the week, they would come and follow through with their own plans.

Russt wouldn't have put his own neck on the line for the obnoxious fox if he hadn't secretly liked the attention. Whether he liked it or not, the red wolf had to do this to Swift. It simply was for his...for her own good.

In the meantime, the dishes and Swift could wait. All this teasing and interacting so closely with the lithe vulpine had left him with a few pent up...needs that must be seen to.

Chapter 3

Stepping out the back door the red wolf blinked away the temporary blindness that comes from walking from a darkened home and into the bright afternoon sun. A small, square patch of lush, well manicured, green grass, enclosed by a 5' high privacy fence was laid out before him. The earthy scents of the world greeted his nose as he took in a deep breath of air, held it and then let it out.

Turning his head to the side and casting an ear to the door, Russt listened for any discernable noise coming from inside his den, namely the sullen whimpering of his little foxling. Hearing none, he slowly and silently closed the door behind him.

As much as his loins called out for relief, the young red wolf wanted to save himself for his little vixen. But thoughts of the last day and a half of interaction with Swift would not leave his mind and so the pressure continued to mount. Russt's white paws rose up and met at the top most button of his shirt and with a gentle twist; dislodged it. With deliberate care, each button was slowly released, one after another. His hands brushed upon the buckle of his belt and soon that was uncoupled, the tongue of leather sliding out and revealing a metal snap behind.

Working the snap, the outside edge of his palm brushed the bulge yearning to be freed of its bonds. Peeling back the wings of the pants and hooking a claw around the metal tab a long stroke down unclasped the zipper. The pants, now loosened, dropped in a heap around his paws revealing a pair of translucent vinyl pants around a thick, white cloth diaper.

These he pulled down around his ankles and stepped out of both his pants and his vinyl panties. His diaper was tinged yellow from a few wettings and would go right into the hamper once he had used it to clean up after he was done. Russt released the Velcro tabs over his tail and at his hips, the diaper dropped away from his abdomen and his engorged penis slipped into the sunlight; a drop of pre glinting at the tip.

Slipping out of the shirt and draping it over the back of a nearby chair, Russt bent down to retrieve his pants and place them similarly. The warmth of the sun tickled his furred form, and the wolf shook from his head to his toes to get his fur to stand back up again after being laid flat under the clothes.

He stepped out into the grass, the soft blades supple beneath his weight. "Won't my little girl just love playing out here on warm sunny days just like this one." Russt entertained the vision playing out in his mind, "And how proud I will be sitting in that chair, with the paper and a glass of lemonade, watching her re-explore the world."

The wolf's right paw swung across and took hold of his penis. His thumb sweeping across the tip and finding a cool glob of slick pre-cum there to smooth around his glands and shaft. Sliding his pads down the length of his cock to his sheath, he allowed his hand

to trace down the fuzzy sock of skin to his balls, dangling between his legs. Giving them a firm squeeze to test their capacity, the young wolf was quite pleased with his virility.

“Definitely enough there to relieve a bit of tension and still have plenty for my little fox.” He said appraisingly in a hush, dropping to a knee and lowering himself into a seated position on the soft bed of grass. His rich, ruddy fur complimented the lush green color of the lawn around him.

“Ahhh...” Russt sighed, blades of grass tickling his sensitive pucker as he slowly brought his paw up to work his light red shaft, “So...good.” He closed his eyes and his thoughts drifted. He saw Swift, the coy little fox, watching him shower out of the corner of his eye, while pulling his peter and thinking he was hidden from view.

He saw the same fox his face wrapped in terror as he found himself tied up and trapped in Russt’s snare. Oh the power he had held in that moment. It had taken him a lot to muster enough presence to convincingly frighten the fox he had grown amorous for. He had never expected Swift to urinate involuntarily, and that musky scent filled his mind with lust. He moved, though he had never meant to, and began to grope the bound cross fox. His large paw moved over the fox’s loins and slowly spread his cheeks apart so he could gently probe across Swift’s sensitive tail hole and feel the fox shudder under his foot.

The rush being too much at the time, Russt reached around and under Swift’s undies to find a small, slick fox cock eager to be played with. He remembered how hot it was in his grasp and how he had stroked Swift’s penis until the young fox spread his sizzling, load into his palm. What Swift hadn’t seen, when Russt had removed his paw from his loins, was that the red wolf brought his cum filled paw up to his face. The lupine took a long whiff of the fox’s sensual scent while Swift melted into the ground, spent. Extending his tongue, he took a lick at a glob of fox seed and marveled at the mix of sweet and salty flavors with a slick texture before it slid down his throat. He would definitely have to have more of that in time.

Russt’s mind flipped ahead to this morning as his paw continued to work its own magic on his fully erect cock. His other paw had firm hold on his furry little sack and was massaging his balls, coaxing his own seed into his long member, and providing just the right twinge of pain to propel his pleasuring.

His little vixen had fought a long and hard battle this morning that she had no hope of winning. Swift had no choice but to wet her diaper and it had only been a matter of time before her body could no longer resist the need. When the time had come it took every ounce of will power he had not to stroke off right there while he watched the yellow tinge slowly spread across the front panel of Swift’s diaper. The mixture of shock, revulsion, relief and finally defeat on his vulpine charge’s face was still etched on his mind.

“Hey Russ! Hope y’don’t mind...” Called a familiar gruff voice from inside his house and growing louder by the second. The red wolf was jolted out of his blissful fantasies and he looked wide eyed towards the back door of his den. He was completely in the fur,

laying in the middle of his lawn, his pink member standing at attention and all his clothes where he couldn't get to them.

"...I knocked and tried the door and it was open so I came in!" The voice called through the den and finally the figure of a young, limber, timber wolf got to the back door. He was still gregariously distracted in calling out to Russt as he opened the door. "I was wondering if I could borrow a..." The new wolf cut himself off when he finally realized that Russt was lounging in the grass a few feet away, naked and blushing with a full erection in his paw.

"Umm..." The timber wolf began, regaining his composure and looking to either side, "Where's the fox?"

"Inside taking a nap, though I doubt she is anymore." Russt lied, more annoyed that his friend had barged through his den howling at the top of his lungs and quite likely startling Swift in the process than having his pleasurable trip down memory lane interrupted. "What do you want Sheade?" A touch of annoyance was now audible in his voice.

"I take it things are going well then?" Sheade remarked, his eyes on Russt's still hard member. "I mean, I haven't seen you this randy since the last time I came back from vacation." He added hastily, stepping out of the doorway and closing the door behind him.

Russt and Sheade went way back. They'd been friends since they were cubs. When the time came to leave for college, they made sure they both went to the same university. While they weren't able to be roommates in the dorms; the first chance they got, they shacked up together in an old apartment off campus. That's where they really began to learn about themselves, and each other.

Sheade knew Russt had a den wetting problem well into his seasons as a cub and he swore not to reveal it or use it against the other. What he didn't know was that Russt still harbored a liking for diapers and regularly pretended he was a cub. The red wolf was never very good with the girls and his secret interest caused him to push folks away who got too close. That is everyone except Sheade. Though he did dream about Sheade changing his diaper and treating him like a little brother, Russt did his best to keep the secret from his best friend.

Sheade was the omega wolf of their age pack. Not as strong as his peers he was picked on and made to feel inferior. The girls wanted nothing to do with him, but the boys would exert their dominance over him by mounting him and making him their bitch. Russt tried to protect the timber wolf as often as he could from their pack mates and from those acts of kindness and loyalty a friendship bloomed. What Russt didn't know at the time was that Sheade had grown to like it when the boys would mount him. The only male of their age pack who hadn't mounted him was Russt and Sheade secretly fantasized about being taken by the red wolf and finally finding love.

When the two friends ended up living together, it became impossible to keep secrets from the other for very long. But they tried and their secrets created tensions between them that nearly destroyed all the long seasons of friendship they had shared. Finally, in a huge fight, with emotions high, each one blurted out the other's secret, which resulted in an odd few seconds of silence. The realization that the other already knew, or had guessed at their secret; in the midst of that wave of emotion, washed away all the pent up anger and resentment that had grown between them. Their fight turned into a revelation and then a discussion that went well into the early morning hours. When it was over, each agreed to help the other fill out their fantasies and to never keep secrets from the other again.

So it was that Sheade knew of and participated in Russt's lifestyle and knew of his plan for the taunting fox. So it was that Sheade was used to just walking into Russt's den almost as if it were his own home; which incidentally was only next door. So it was that Sheade was comfortable enough with Russt to smile and ask, "So, does MY cub need a little help from HIS Daddy? Your little pee-pee is so hard that it has to hurt."

Russt's look of annoyance melted away to one of affection. He didn't speak. He only gave a little nod and watched as Sheade removed his shirt, revealing his muscular chest which only made him yearn more for release. Placing his shirt over top of Russt's the timber wolf left the rest of his clothes on as he moved across the lawn to sit down next to his red furred cub.

"Co'mere you rascal." Sheade laughed, motioning for Russt to come over to him and lay in his lap, "Have you been having so much fun with the foxie that you've been forgetting about yourself?"

Russt crawled the few feet over to Sheade and lay on his back on the timber wolf's lap. The difference in their species sizes made that possible. The red wolf looked up into Sheades eyes, nodded coyly and brought his pre soaked paw up to his muzzle and suckled on it.

He so loved this other wolf, but it must only be as a brother. The rules of the Pack forbade males from taking another male as a mate and so they must live apart, keep their desires and activities from the eyes of others, and present a balanced life the way the Pack expected. Others in the pack knew, or suspected, what was going on between these two unmated males. There were other similar cases in the Pack, and the other males were content to look the other way. After all, it meant more females for them to choose from.

Cradling his cub's head and back with one strong arm, Sheade allowed his other paw to glide down Russt's white furred chest, across his abs to his still erect cock. He took a commanding hold of it and cooed, "Is my cub gunna show his Daddy that he can be a big boy and make a sticky number three mess so he can continue to take care of his little sister? Or am I gonna have two little baby girls to take care of tonight?"

Russt nodded emphatically but Sheade continued to tease, “Is that a nod for being a little baby girl cub or a nod that you’re gonna show me a sticky big boy wolf mess?”

“ig ‘oy wuffy ‘ess ‘addy.” Rust said around his paw, still in his muzzle.

“Okay then.” Sheade said, “I want to see a sticky wolf mess in twenty strokes or you’re going to get a spanking for each stroke I have to make beyond that. Is that clear Mister Potty Pants?”

“Yeth ‘addy.” The red wolf said and smiled lovingly and the timber wolf brought his paw down and up slowly for the first stroke. “un.” Russt began, but Sheade was quick to shush him.

“No counting little one. Not this time.” He told his cub, “I want you to think about all the wonderful times you brought your little vixen within an inch of orgasm. I want you to remember how hot she was. How she moved against you. The smells. The sounds of her breathing along with the crinkle of her plastic panties.”

Sheade kept a steady beat on Russt’s penis, encouraging him on with words to entice images in his cub’s head that he was sure would be just what the red wolf needed. Russt let his eyes close, safe and content in his best friend and Daddy’s arms, did what he was told and let his mind envision all his encounters with Swift over the last two days.

“Oh, that’s good isn’t it little guy?” Sheade continued, “You like it like that too don’t you? You remember all the times that I did that to you during your sissy training? In fact, doing the same thing to your little vixen kit brings all those memories back don’t they?” Shades paw continued its ministrations, but now his wolf cub was also bucking in his lap. It wouldn’t be long now. He’d pawed off Russt enough times to know the signs.

“There’s my little boy. Or should I say my little sissy boy?” Sheade chose his words for the most effect, “Yes, perhaps Daddy should make some time to let your little vixen meet her big sister? You could play house together and play with your dolls and teddy wolves.”

Russt was desperate now. With all the visions in his head of his play with Swift mixed with images of his own similar treatments at the paws of his Daddy, he had lost track of how many strokes it had been. He was sure it had to be close and while he enjoyed being spanked on occasion before and during sex, getting spanked after the glory of sexual release was far less fun. Never the less, regardless of how well Sheade inspired his lustful visions, he was sure the timber wolf had not lost count.

“Oh how grand.” Sheade chuckled, “Dressing both of you up in soft satiny party dresses with lace trim at the hem and sleeves and neck line. A beautiful big matching bow around your waist and tied at your back, and matching panties with frilly ruffles in the back. We could set the table out for tea, and your sister and you can...”

He got no further and Russt required no more encouragement. Arching his back and thrusting forward, the red wolf let out a glorious howl that echoed across the neighborhood.

* * * * *

Smiling and rising up from the ground with Russt still panting and whining in his arms, Sheade carried his charge over to the outdoor picnic table and laid the red wolf down upon it. Reaching for the wet diaper, he used it to clean up the bulk of his cub's seed.

"I'm going to need some wipes and stuff to change you." Sheade said, "You stay."

Russt needed no such order as he was still catching his breath after such an intense orgasm at the paws of his Daddy and his imagination. By the time Sheade returned with wipes, a clean diaper and vinyl panties, powder and lotion; Russt was able to compose himself and his thoughts again.

"Thank you Daddy." He breathed, and then asked the question he was dreading the answer to, "How'd I do?"

Sheade smiled and answered, "Twenty-five."

Russt's ears wilted and Sheade laughed, "But I think I may have miscounted a few so you're off the hook this time. You're very distracting to watch when we do that."

The red wolf chuckled together with his Daddy as the cool wipe began to clean up his chest and tummy fur, as well as his penis and haunches. Sheade lifted the red wolf's legs up high, squirted a daub of lotion into his paw and began to rub the sweet smelling salve deep into Russt's fur, right down to the skin. Russt cooed and whimpered happily at his Daddy's ministrations. The timber wolf laid out the pre-folded cloth diaper out on the table under his cub's bottom, added a sprinkle of baby powder and then lowered Russt down onto the soft Birdseye padding.

"Do you think Swift is ready to meet me yet?" Sheade asked with a hint of curiosity and enthusiasm in his voice.

Another daub of lotion in his paw and Sheade rubbed it into and around Russt's sheath and ball sack right down to the skin to protect those sensitive parts from multiple wettings and the heat of being secured in vinyl panties. A sprinkle of powder across his cub's loins and the timber wolf brought the front of the diaper up and into place. Both Velcro tabs secured, he helped Russt up so he could line up the tail tab and the job was almost complete. Kneeling down with the vinyl pants, he threaded them up around the red wolf's paws and bade his charge off the table into a standing position so Daddy can hike his baby's panties up and around his diaper and make sure it's all tucked in.

Standing there, after a few minutes of contemplation, Russt answered, "No. It's only been two days. She's not ready for that yet. But I'll let you know...Daddy."

“You better little one.” Sheade smiled, handing Russt his pants and shirt and then putting his own shirt back on.

Clothed again, Russt gave Sheade a warm hug, then broke away, looked his friend straight in the eye, adult to adult and asked, “By the way. What did you come over here for in the first place?”

“Oh!” Sheade laughed, remembering again why he had come over, “I needed to borrow a cup of milk.”

Chapter 4

Swift was sobbing quietly now, hanging limply by his wrists which were still bound across the vinyl changing pad. He laid his chin on the soft, white pad, the sweet smells mixed with a faint background hint of urine and scat was oddly reassuring. Russt had long since left the room, the water had stopped running in the kitchen and the house was quiet.

The doubled diaper hung heavily between his thighs, the goopy oatmeal still caked to his fur in places where it hadn't slipped off. It was warmer now with the plastic panties back in place and retaining his body heat. His hard shaft had grown smaller again and had retreated back into the confines of its sheath.

Swift wasn't sure why he was still fighting this...change. He'd always wanted to get closer to the red wolf and now he was right there. But the diapers, the dresses, the bending of his gender, these things were all not part of the picture he had painted in his mind. What was worse, he was enjoying it. It turned him on sure; but it also presented a closeness and intimacy that transcended the adult relationship he'd fantasized about for so long. It also awakened needs that had gone unmet as a kit and had been repressed by years of neglect.

His ears swiveled. The front door had opened and a gruff, new voice called out, "Hey Russ! Hope y'don't mind..." Swift's eyes widened and he all but stopped breathing for fear of being found with no idea where his new daddy was.

"...I knocked and tried the door and it was open so I came in!" The voice called as it passed by the door behind which Swift was trussed up. From deeper in the den, it continued, "I was wondering if I could borrow a..." Then the den went silent again.

Swift hazarded a breath, ears reaching through the doors and walls for a sign of where this stranger was or had gone. He pulled at the bounds around his wrists but they held tight. Even if he could free himself, the spreader bar would have made it nearly impossible to escape capture. As he shifted the chains at his ankles jingled and the fox stilled again.

The den was once again cast into silence and so Swift sank into a troubled, exhausted, frustrated state of light sleep. Like Russt, Swift's mind played through the events of the last day and a half. Each memory battling against revulsion and pleasure just like they had done before; only now pleasure was winning out more and more over revulsion. The positive reinforcement was beginning to take hold. When Swift's bladder sent the signal that it needed to void, the fox complied with minimal resistance and fed his hungry diaper bottom.

In his dreamy condition, Swift lost track of the time. He was roused when the silence in the den was broken by Russt's voice, "By the way. What did you come over here for in the first place?"

"Oh!" The other voice laughed, "I needed to borrow a cup of milk."

"A cup of milk indeed." Russt chided, "You're always running out of something. More often than not I think you do it on purpose as an excuse to come over and check up on me."

"Are you complaining?" the voice teased back.

"No." Russt conceded. There was a short pause then the red wolf was heard to say, "Here. There's probably enough left in here to suit your needs."

"Thanks." The voice said, growing louder now as they moved through the den, "I'm making a batch of brownies. Would you like me to bring over a plate when they're done? For you and your little girl?"

"He knows!?" The shock of the statement burst into Swift's mind. His ears were perked and swiveled back but the fox remained as quiet as possible, trying not to move a muscle. Russt and the stranger walked past the bedroom door and down the hall to the den's entrance.

"That would be nice of you." Russt accepted, "I'm sure she'll be grateful for a brownie from her Uncle Sheade."

"Great! Well thank you for the milk. I'll knock on the door a little later after they're baked and had time to cool." The gruff voice of Sheade assured. There was a pause, then, "Good luck. I love you."

"Love you too Sheade." Russt said, with feeling. Then the door closed and latched shut.

The words seeped into the cross fox's chest, tightened his stomach and numbed his mind. "He's in love with someone else?" the realization crashed over him like a wave, "Is this all for nothing? Did I never have a chance?" Emotions welled up, fueled by all the frustrations, the fear, the aches in his arms, legs, back and loins, the discomfort of the wet and goey diaper, and exhaustion.

The door to the room opened and Russt walked in. He saw Swift's black ears swivel back to the sides and downward, but the fox's head did not turn to look at him. Russt tried to sooth, "Dear Swift, I'm sorry about that. I had no idea he..."

Swift cut him off. Revealing his hurt and jumbled feelings, he growled, "Who's Sheade?"

Russt was quiet. He sensed the foul and dangerous mood the vulpine before him was in; it was something he hadn't expected. After considering what he might say, he answered from the heart, "He's my brother...of sorts. Sheade and I have been friends since we were cubs and I trust him more than I trust anyone else."

"And he knows about me?" Swift said, still agitated, though trying to temper it. He was confused. His feelings were all mixed up now that Russt was here. He was also on the verge of crying again.

"Yes. I confided in him because I trust him." Russt replied, "He's my best and closest friend Swifty." There was a pause the Russt added, hoping it would convey his continued concern for his charge, "He wanted to see you, but I told him you weren't ready yet. Honestly, I didn't want him to see you all trussed up like this; and I didn't want you to find out about him this way either."

Swift remained silent, he was angry, hurt, scared, and uncomfortable; but what he wanted most of all was to be held and comforted. Sure he felt a little betrayed by Russt for not telling him about his prior relationship and letting others know what he was doing to him. On the other paw, there really hadn't been the time to share those things and it would be naive to honestly think the wolf hadn't shared his plan with someone. The cross fox focused on the dream, the fantasy of them being together. What he wanted, more than anything else at the moment, was to be reassured that Russt loved him also.

For Russt the silence was unbearable. Looking down at his paws he said in almost a whisper, with sadness clearly in his voice, "I'm so sorry Swifty."

The honesty and feelings conveyed in those four words were enough for Swift. He croaked through his steady tears, "Daddy? S'ifty needs t' be held."

Russt was at her side in an instant, releasing Swift's ankles from the spreader bar, her tail from being leashed to the collar, the collar itself, and then freed her wrists. The cross fox all but fell into Russt's paws and the red wolf scooped his little charge up and hugged her to his chest. Swift, for his part, wrapped his paws around Russt and hugged back, crying in full now and letting all the emotions pent up inside of him flow out.

A few tears rolled down Russt's cheek also as the little fox shook in his arms as she cried. His relationship with Sheade was a complication he hadn't expected but Swift's reaction reaffirmed that for all she was putting up with; the little fox loved him just as deeply. After a time, Russt sat down on the edge of his bed, reached over for a pacifier and nuzzled it against Swift's muzzle.

Swift parted his muzzle without thought and sucked on the soothing pacifier. It felt good to suckle on it just as it felt good to be held in his Daddy's paws. Daddy loved him, he could feel that, sense that, know that once again. All was right in his little world. His fears, doubts and worries were all chased away.

Russt leaned down and kissed the top of Swift's head, then got up and laid his little vixen down on the changing table. He removed her plastic panties and set them aside. He unpinned the double diapers and used them to clean up the bulk of the oatmeal from his kit's bottom and from around her sack and sheath. He wasn't at all surprised to see that

Swift had wet her diaper while he had been away. The red wolf set the dirty diapers to the side and took out a few wipes to finish the job.

Reaching down to pull out a clean, cloth diaper and laying it out now between Swift's legs, Russt lifted up the fox's bottom from the pad and slid it underneath. With Swift's bottom up in the air still, the wolf applied some lotion and sprinkled the padding with powder before lowering the fox back down. He repeated the process with the lotion and powder around Swift's scrotum and sheath, then he pinned the diaper in place with little yellow ducky diaper pins.

Sliding the pale yellow plastic pants back onto his little vixen's legs and up into place Russt sat his kit up right and secured the diaper over the root of her tail and did the same with the plastic panty. He crouched down so he was face to face now with the fox. Looking her in the eye he said, "I do love you very much Swifty and I would like for you to stay with me, be my little kit and let me take care of you."

Swift sniffled, wiped his nose with the back of his paw, nodded and replied, "I love 'oo too Daddy. More den I thought I t'ink. I' sorry I getted mad at you. It jus'... Just..."

"There's still a big fox in there that wants something from me too." Russt helped Swift say what she couldn't and the fox nodded; her eyes brightened knowing Russt understood. "I want that too Swifty. Maybe tonight we can take care of that."

Swift nodded at first, then looked a little confused and concerned. He asked, "Is... Is it wight t' do dat? Isn't you twying tuh regress me? Make me your...daughter?"

"You may come to terms with being my little vixen in time, but that can't change the fact that under all the frills you are also an adult, male fox with needs which will also need to be addressed." Russt explained, "We will do our best not to overlap the two very much."

Swift nodded then his tummy rumbled and he brought his paws up and pressed them against the elastic waistband of his plastic pants.

Russt looked at the digital clock on the night stand. It was four o'clock in the afternoon. "Where has the day gone?" He said absently. "Yeah, I guess it is almost time for dinner." He said looking at Swift, "How's meatloaf, mashed potatoes and carrots sound."

Swift stuck his tongue out at the mention of carrots and Russt had to laugh. "Well, as my kit you don't have much choice in the matter. You can eat them sliced or in a puree, you're choice."

Scooping Swift up in his arms, forearm underneath the fox's ruffled bottom, Russt made for the family room where a plastic fenced in play yard had been set up. The fox had been too groggy to notice it this morning. "I'll cook them in a little butter and salt. I think you'll like them like that." The wolf told Swift, "At least give them a try."

"Okay Daddy." Swift said as he was lowered into the enclosure. There were a few toys here to play with, two plush wolves, a plush rabbit and a teddy bear to snuggle.

Russt left her alone to begin cooking dinner, so Swift explored a little. There were wooden alphabet blocks just begging to be stacked to the left; the stuffed animals were arranged on a small light blue blanket to the right; and in the opposite corner from where he sat, a red rubber ball was ripe for pouncing. But what caught his eye most of all was a red, plastic fire engine with a working ladder that extended and retracted by turning a little wheel. It had a couple figures with it too; one a firefighter and the other a spotted fire dog.

Swift reached out a paw, gave it a little push, and found that it made a little ringing sound as it rolled forward. He rolled it back toward him, the bell jingled again and he smiled and giggled. He picked up the figures and found that they fit in a slot in the front seat of the truck. He got onto his paws and knees, placed a paw on the top of the ladder and pushed it across the floor. Swift laughed out loud when the figures wiggled and bounced out of the truck. He reset the figures and pushed the fire truck forward; again and again the figures would fall out and the fox would fall back on his padded tush in another round of laughter.

He crawled along beside the truck, rolled it up onto the blanket and into the pile of plushies seated there. His panties crinkled as he moved this way and that. Russt took a moment to check on his little one. Swift's thickly padded and ruffled bottom was in plain view below her happily swishing tail. With a smile on his muzzle, the wolf quietly returned to preparing dinner, and left Swift to play.

The fox parked the fire truck and moved to investigate the plush critters on the blanket. The blanket was soft under his knees and smelled like a field of flowers on a warm summer day. There was a big brown bear, nearly half again as tall as Swift was; a soft, short furred rabbit plush with long floppy ears sat leaning against the bear's leg and was holding a plush carrot; and there were two wolf plush, a bluish-grey one and a brownish-red one, both stretched out and laying down on their bellies.

Without thinking about it, Swift's paw reached out to the red wolf plush and dragged it forward by its fore paw. He brought it to his chest and snuggled it, tentatively. He poked his nose against the faux fur and breathed in. It smelled new and clean with a hint of his Daddy's scent on it as well. That brought a smile to his muzzle. He closed his eyes and hugged the plush against his chest again; this time a little tighter and with more feeling.

Looking at the other plushies again his eyes fell upon the rabbit. Swift placed the red wolf back on the floor, facing the rabbit and said, in a deep, growling voice, "Mmmm. You wook tasty." Then he said in a high voice, "Oh no mister red wuffy. You do no wanna eat me. I is full uh fluff. Here. Have my carrot." Back in the growling voice Swift shook the wolf's head back and forth and replied, "Bah! Carrots is yucky, but bunnies is yummys." "If you comes any closer, I'll tell da bear an' he gunna chase you outa da fowest." He made the bunny say and he hopped the rabbit next to the big brown

bear. "Well, you may has gotten away dis time, but one day you will no has da bear tuh run to an' when dat happen I gunna get ya'." The red wolf conceded. Swift turned the plush wolf to look at him and the wolf growled gruffly, "Come on foxie. Let's go snuggle." Swift laughed, "Okay," rolled onto his back and hugged the wolf plush to his chest again, his eyes closed, a smile on his muzzle and murring happily.

Swift opened his eyes to see Russt looking down at him with a warm smile. "Oh!" The sissy fox yerfed in surprise; smiling back he said "Hewwo Daddy."

"I see you've found a friend." Russt observed, "Would the two of you like to join me for dinner?"

Swift looked at the red wolf plush, made it nod its head and then looked at Russt and said, "Yes. Yes we would pweaze."

"Then up you go." The real red wolf laughed, picking Swift up along with the wolf plush and carrying them back into the kitchen where the high chair was moved up to the small dinette table and steaming plates were already set out. Russt took the plush and set it on the table to Swift's right, then set Swift into the high chair, buckled her in and set the tray in place. He tied the My Little Pony bib around the fox's neck, then he sat down to Swift's left and set a small plate of already cut up meatloaf, a mound of mashed potatoes and small slices of carrots in front of the fox. Beside the plate he placed a baby bottle of milk.

"Eat up!" Russt encouraged, reaching for his knife and fork to begin to cut into his meal.

"Does I get a fork too?" Swift inquired.

"Nope. Yours should be cool enough." Russt replied, "Just use your paws. Trust me, it is way more fun that way."

"If it more fun tuh eat wif you paws, den why are no you doin' it?" Swift pressed.

"Because I'm not the cub here. You are." Russt explained, a little edge evident in his voice, "Not another word about it. Eat up."

Swift caught the cue, and swallowed back any further argument. The fox took a piece of meatloaf in his left paw and popped it in his muzzle. He dug his right paw into the mound of mashed potatoes, brought it to his mouth and licked it clean. He had to admit Russt was right; it was fun being messy and eating with your paws.

Swift was having so much fun eating that he didn't have the time to wonder how Russt could possibly know how much fun this was. It also slipped her mind that she didn't like carrots. Soon the giggles were over, the plate was licked clean and her sticky little black paws were wrapped around the baby bottle, washing the meal down with cool, rich milk.

"What a good girl I have here." Russt cooed as he used wipes to clean up Swift's muzzle and paws, "See? I told you you'd like the way I make carrots." It was only then Swift realized that she had eaten them. "Such a good girl for eating up all her dinner, she deserves a nummy brownie when Uncle Sheade brings them over." Russt reminded her. That made Swift smile and feel all warm and good about herself. She was feeling so good that with a little push, she wet the diaper with very little effort or hesitation.

Russt removed the bib and the tray, unbuckled his little vixen from the high chair. He gave Swift the red wolf plush which she once again hugged to her chest, and walked her back to the play enclosure to wait while he cleaned up from dinner. When he returned several minutes later he heard Swift playing once more with the wolf and the rabbit.

"I like carrots now bunny." Swift had the wolf growl, "So if you keep me happy wif carrots, den I will no eat you." "Hooray!" The bunny plush hopped for joy, held in the little vixen's paw.

"How very uncharacteristic of a wolf little fox." Russt chuckled.

"Yeah, well." Swift yerfed, "Dere's only one bunny, so if he eats'im den the wuffy will starve."

Russt smiled, lifted Swift out of the play area, carried her over to the couch and sat down with the fox on his lap. His expression softened but his eyes showed worry. He had things to say to Swift, but he wasn't sure how best to say it.

Swift sensed this and yerfed, "What is it Wuffy?"

"Swiftly. Sheade is very important to me." Russt began, setting the tone of the conversation, "He's more than a close friend. I love him as much as I love you. He loves me as much as you do. He wants to meet you, get to know you and earn your trust."

"Y...Yes Wuffy." Swift yerfed tentatively; the tone of the conversation had moved him out of his previous head space. The fox asked, "Are you two mated?"

The question took Russt a little by surprise. When he had recovered, he shook his head, looked down and replied sadly, "No. Wolves are not allowed to be mated to the same sex. The Law of the Pack forbids it."

"But you are lovers." Swift stated as a matter of fact, "I can see it in your eyes when you talk about him. I can hear it in your voice." Swift paused now, his emotions dislodging a thought hanging in the back of his mind. He asked curiously, "Do you want to love me in the same way?"

"Yes." Russt responded a little quicker than he would have liked. He stopped to collect his own racing emotions before clarifying, "Yes. In fact, we both do. We want to

include you in our circle as our friend, our cub, and in time, if the feelings are right, our lover."

Swift let that sink in a bit. He hadn't had the opportunity to see this other wolf. He wasn't sure he'd even like him the same way he liked Russt; and he really didn't want to share the red wolf either. But he could see that this was important to his "Wuffy." He wanted the wolf too much to carelessly dismiss the idea. After all, it would seem that Sheade and Russt had more history between themselves than the brief span of hours that he had shared with the red wolf. In a way, Swift was the newcomer into this trio and if he wanted Russt, he'd at least have to be open enough to give Sheade a chance.

Russt stayed silent, giving Swift time to comprehend and catalog all he had heard today. He was dealing with Swift the dog fox, not his little vixen right now, despite the yellow dress and damp diaper.

Finally Swift spoke, "I...I don't think...I'm not ready Russt. To meet him tonight at least. I over heard that he'll be coming back over later."

"No. You've had a difficult two days." Russt conceded, "I wasn't going to ask you to see him tonight. But I would like to ask him to come over tomorrow and meet you."

Swift thought about that for several minutes, and the wolf watched him. His own thoughts and plans keying on Swift's decision here. If the cross fox agreed and things worked out with Sheade tomorrow, it would be a huge step forward in the fox's progress.

Swift looked at Russt, smiled and said, "If you trust him that much Daddy, then I'll try to also."

Russt smiled brightly, the worry eased from his eyes and he whispered in her ear as he hugged her to his chest, "I love you very much my Swifty."

"I love you too Daddy." Swift yerfed, and they lost track of how long they stayed cuddled like that, content in the moment and each other's paws.

A knock, knock, knock on the front door, shook them out of their blissful embrace. Sighing in tandem, Swift rolled off of Russt's lap, the red wolf got to his feet and left for the front door. As quietly as he could, Swift wasn't far behind.

Knock, knock, knock!

"I'm coming Sheade!" Russt barked, "Try to leave the door on the hinges!"

He reached the door, turned the latch and opened it as the white frills on the hem of a yellow dress slipped out of sight behind him and into the bedroom a several feet down the hall.

"Thank you Sheade." Russt said to his friend, "Oh, these smell wonderful. They're still warm too. She's going to love them."

"I'm sure she will." Sheade replied, "How is she coming along?"

"We had a talk after dinner." Russt answered, "She'd like to meet you tomorrow afternoon, say around 2?"

From the shadows and just above the floor, a narrow muzzle peeked out around the door jamb; a set of glittering eyes looked up at the young, limber, blackish-grey timber wolf standing on the other side of the door way.

Chapter 5

"So," Russt began, back on the couch with his little girl beside him, brownie in her paws and chocolate already marring the white fur on her jaw, "What do you think?"

"Da bwownie is yummy." Swift yerfed with a smile as she took another bite of the warm, dense, chocolaty cake.

"No, no! Of Sheade you silly fluff." Russt laughed and continued, "Don't tell me you just hid in the bedroom and didn't take a peek?"

"He looks wike da pwushie." Swift yerfed simply, pointing with a chocolate covered paw toward the blue-grey wolf plush still lying on the blue blankie. Russt broke out in another round of warm laughter.

Swift smiled, giggled a little and took another bite. He was making quick work of the sweet treat.

When Russt had settled down again he leaned over, ruffled Swift's head fur and said, "They were his idea and I have to say I'm glad you've taken to the red one there."

Swift looked at the red wolf plush lying on the couch, smiled and said cutely, "He looked wike you so he was easy tuh pick ta pway wif an' snuggle Daddy."

Russt smiled, nodded and mentioned, "I saw you playing make-believe with the bunny and bear plush too. It was cute listening to the exchange between the wolf and the rabbit."

Swift blushed and looked down in embarrassment, "You...you saw dat? I wasn't weally sure what ta do, an' well after snuggling wif da red wolf pwush, it seemed like da'most natural t'ing ta do."

"Well what was even cuter was your brief interaction after dinner." Russt added.

"Awww. You saw dat too?" Swift gushed.

"Yes I did." The wolf answered with a smile, "It looked like fun."

"It was." The cross fox said. Taking the last bite of her brownie she put her paws into her muzzle and licked the chocolate off of them.

Watching for a moment, Russt's smile vanished as he realized that more cleaning would be required and the wipes were out on the dinette table. He was up, gone and back in a flash, a wipe in his paw, reaching forward to clean the chocolate icing of his vixen's muzzle.

Even with his fox kit all clean, looking cute sitting there on the couch, clutching the red wolf plush to her chest; the red wolf still could not manage a smile. For all its ups and downs, Swift was progressing very well and adapting readily to this new treatment. Sure, the tricky little cross fox could be playing a ruse; but by all accounts so far, Russt sincerely doubted the fox had any such plans. Regardless, Swift had been a very, very naughty and mischievous fox for a long time and one night of punishment would not do.

"Wha' is it...Daddy?" Swift asked, seeing now the saddened look in his companion's eyes.

The red wolf paused, repressed a sigh and said flatly, "It's time for your punishment Swifty."

"Bu' I been good all day!" Swift looked shocked and simpered instinctively, hugging the red wolf plush a little tighter for comfort. Granted, he had supposedly been punished yesterday and the result was a large, for him, lupine dildo inserted into his rectum. Sure it hurt a little going in, and was uncomfortable for a while; but it also felt very good. The worst part of last night was losing control of his bowels and soiling his plastic pants. No. That wasn't entirely true. The worst part was the humiliation and embarrassment of soiling his panties. Yet, even then, Russt had been there to comfort and hold him.

"That you have, but you have months of mischief to account for." Russt answered, "Do you deny that?"

Swift couldn't deny it and after last night and the times together today, he was genuinely remorseful of his actions. He had no idea what to expect, but if punishment would make it right with his Daddy, then he would endure it. So he shook his head no, set the plush down on the cushion, and reached out a paw to the wolf so he could lead him where he wanted.

Pride welled up in the wolf's heart at Swift's progress over so short a time; and his courage. Russt took the paw, got up and led his charge back to the bedroom where he sat on the bed and bade his little vixen to stand in front of him. He removed her dress then instructed Swift to lie on his stomach across his knees. The fox complied meekly and positioned himself as instructed. Down came the pretty yellow, ruffled panties to hang around his ankles. The yellow ducky diaper pins were unclasped and the seat of the thick cloth diaper was flapped over Russt's thigh exposing Swift's soft, supple haunches to the cool air.

As he had done yesterday, Russt began by massaging the fox's cheeks with a bit of baby lotion. Its strong, comforting smell reached the fox's nose and allayed a little of the dread and uncertainty. "You've been a very bad foxie over the last year and more." The wolf began, "All those nasty little pranks, played on myself and so many of my kind, while you watched, laughed and patted yourself on the back for your cleverness. You were a menace, disrupted life for my kind, and eluded capture, while neither side gave the other

quarter. Now you will answer for your actions at my paw, or I will be forced to turn you over to the Pack."

Swift's ears wilted, but he let out a sigh that was a mix of sadness and pleasure as he felt Russt spread his cheeks out wide and begin to probe his little pucker with his claw. It was infuriatingly confusing in his mind and heart the contradiction between being scolded and pleased at the same time.

"Your punishment is meant to further reinforce the change in role and stature you're undergoing." Russt continued, lubing up his kit's tail hole in preparation for another round of suppositories, "Soon you will accept this daily absolution of your misdeeds and in time you will rejoice in the knowledge that you have indeed repaid your debt and can move on in your new life as my little kit." As he said that, he loaded three glycerin suppositories deftly into the fox's rectum. It was necessary to do this. Learning the act of involuntary urination is a relatively easy process of mind over body. Learning the act of involuntary defecation takes more drastic measures.

"You teased us for fourteen months and over those fourteen months your pranks affected two dozen of my kind." Russt continued the well rehearsed speech. He opened the drawer of the nightstand to his right, reached in and pulled out a wide, leather paddle. He showed it to Swift and continued, "So you will get paddled, one swat for each wolf, and one swat for each month, every night, until we deem your debt paid."

"Furthermore, you will ask me to dole out this punishment upon you, politely and sincerely by saying, "Russt, please punish me to help me understand the errors of my ways and repay my debt to the Pack." Russt conveyed, "Afterward, you will offer your thanks to the paddle and to me which I will explain once it is done." The wolf took a breath, then asked, "Swift, is there anything you want to say to me?"

"I love you." The fox yerfed, looking at the floor, and Russt almost lost his resolve right there. But the wolf's paws, along with his reputation, were tied. If he did not present Swift to the pack in a week's time, showing considerable progress, the fox would be taken and the Pack would deal out its own form of 'justice.'

Swift, however, said what the wolf needed to hear to bring his mind back on track when he yerfed, "Russt, please punish me and help me understand the errors of my ways so I may repay my debt to the Pack."

With the last word, Swift tensed and whined. His ears heard the whoosh of air shortly before he felt the smack of the leather against his buttock. He was more shocked than hurt and then the next blow landed on the opposite cheek. Russt maintained a rhythmic pace, pausing just long enough for the feeling to subside a little before landing the next blow on the alternate cheek.

The first six were easy. Swift's bottom was just becoming warm. The next six invoked a stinging pain that grew and grew each time the paddle found its mark. When Russt made

it to twenty four, his young charge was kicking and grasping onto the wolf's calf. Swift cried out with the twenty fifth blow and by thirty tears were freely flowing and he was begging for Russt to stop. When the wolf landed the thirty-eighth Swift was a shaking, sobbing heap across his lap.

The wolf put the paddle down, reached through Swift's legs and brought the back panel of the cloth diaper up to cover the fox's hot buttocks with the cool, soft padding. Russt pinned them into place as best he could. He had the fox slide off his lap and back to his feet so he could slide the plastic panties up and over the diaper again. The whole ordeal had taken a little more than twenty minutes from start to finish. In another ten minutes or so the rest of Swift's punishment would play out.

Russt took the paddle back in his paw and instructed, "Each week, I will remove one month from the total, a sign that you have paid for your transgressions, of that month, in full. After each spanking, you will ask to kiss the paddle and you will thank it for correcting you. Then you will ask the same of me, give me a kiss and thank me for meting out your punishment."

"Daddy. May I kiss and thank the paddle?" Swift whimpered.

"Yes you may." Russt said and held the paddle out in front of the sniffing fox.

Swift, tears still staining his cheek ruff, leaned forward, kissed the paddle and croaked, "Thank you for correcting me." Russt moved the paddle away and set it on the bed then opened his arms wide. Swift forgot to ask permission. He was already climbing up into the wolf's lap and planting a kiss on Russt's muzzle. The little diapered fox threw his arms around the wolf's neck and began crying again as he whispered, "Thank you Daddy for punishing me."

Russt for his part held his little fox close as he cried on his shoulder. He ruffled Swift's head fur and did his best to comfort him. Swift's hugs did a lot to make the red wolf feel better about the task he had chosen to undertake. He hadn't considered that all of this would be so hard on him also. But this closeness, this simple affection was just the after care they both needed after the ordeal.

They remained in their embrace for an immeasurable span of time. The red wolf was so lost in the fox's hugs and his own thoughts that he didn't immediately realize that Swift was trying to pull away. "Daddy?" Swift yipped anxiously, shaking Russt out of his day dream to see his little cub pushing on his shoulders and looking at him with desperation in his eyes. "I has to go poopy." Swift said, adding with urgency, "Now!"

Russt let go and Swift hopped to the floor. He knew it was useless to ask to be taken out of his diaper and the pressure in his gut telegraphed that there wasn't enough time to carry it out anyway. The cross fox hopped from one foot to the other, his eyes wild, then he instinctively squatted down, closed his eyes tight and let the inevitable happen. The warm poop exploded from his bottom with a loud, wet fart, and then flowed easily from

there to fill the seat of his diaper. As the next wave of soft stool moved past his sphincter, urine began to flow freely into the diaper. Its warmth combined with the loose stool and heat from his still throbbing bottom. The mess oozed higher and higher to envelope his ensnared scrotum and it began to slowly crawl up his sheath.

There wasn't nearly the volume as was produced yesterday, but the humiliation and embarrassment were just as poignant. Oddly enough, so were the pleasurable feelings that he hadn't noticed when he had evacuated his bowels last night. All the same, the feelings of defeat and failure were present again tonight and his seeming lack of control made it clear that he truly needed to wear diapers again.

Russt looked on, ready to offer a paw if his kit looked as if he were going to fall over, but generally waiting for the deed to run its course. As necessary as it was to Swift's reconditioning into a baby vixen kit, it would also open up some opportunities for some adult play. Swift had earned it. Heck, they both had earned it. It was just a matter of finding out if the fox was willing to begin a more pleasurable set of conditioning.

Swift flopped onto his bottom and let out a sigh of relief, still panting a little. Russt got up, picked Swift up under his arms and carried him over to the changing table. He laid the fox down on the vinyl pad and Swift didn't struggle. Off came the plastic panties, the diaper was unclasped and the red wolf used it to clean up as much of the mess as possible. Russt left Swift alone as he took the soiled diaper to the latrine and deposited its contents there-in, dropping the diaper into a covered pail on the way out. He returned to find that his charge hadn't moved. The wolf took several wipes and some waterless soap and cleaned the fox up as best as he could short of a bath.

Russt leaned down over Swift's head, brushed the fox's head fur back, smiled and asked, "Are you too pooped to play Swifty?"

The pun wasn't lost on the fox, who stuck his tongue out at the wolf playfully. "Ha, ha. Very funny. What have you been spiking my food with, huh?"

The red wolf laughed, "I haven't put anything in your food...or drink for that matter. It's just a matter of eating right and not taking all your meals at McMystery Meat." Changing the subject he quickly went on, "At any rate, you've been a good little girl all day, you took your punishment well and you're all cleaned out. Would you like to finally get your chance to play with me?" It wasn't Shakespeare Russt knew as he fumbled for the right words, but he hoped it would get the message across.

Swift caught on, sat himself up on the changing pad and smiled, "You mean it? You're not going to bring me to the brink and then leave me hanging?"

"Yes I mean it. We need to start working on conditioning you to be able to take me." Russt said with a smile and added, "That is, if you're still interested in me in that way?"

"Hell yes! I've been fantasizing about this since...since I first saw you under the waterfall." Swift blurted out, "By the way. Speaking of teases, it takes one to know one."

Russt laughed, moved to the door, opened it and turned to Swift, "You stay here, I'm going to go get cleaned up and I'll be right back." Swift nodded and the red wolf left him to imagine what they might do together. That led to wondering about the wolf's shaft. How long was it? How wide was it and could Swift's little pucker take it. The fox let his curiosity wander away from being penetrated to consider simpler things he might do. "I wonder what he might taste like?" Swift entertained the stray thought, "Or how that wolf cock would feel in his muzzle, suckled on like a pacifier." These thoughts excited him as well as frightened him. They all led to the next question to scroll across his mind, "Would I enjoy the flavor of Russt's seed?"

Swift was so inexperienced and there were so many questions. He'd have to trust Russt to know what he was doing; after all, the wolf was actually experienced with sex between males. Never the less, as anxious as he was to have some intimate time with the apple of his eye, he was equally anxious that he'd be unable to please the wolf. If that happened, and Russt was displeased with his abilities, then what?

Swift did his best to shake out his fur and groom his brush with his claws while he waited, alone with his thoughts, his doubts, and his anxieties.

Chapter 6

The fox and the wolf sat across from one another on a soft, gray blanket, laid out on the floor. At a loss for words Russt looked across at Swift who was looking down touching his paw pads together nervously.

It was an odd stretch of silence until Swift spoke and voiced another question which surprised the wolf, "Russt. I don't want to sound rude, but I have to ask before we go any further. Are you clean?"

Russt smiled. For all the fox's inexperience, he was worldly enough to know to play safe. The wolf answered confidently, "Yes. Both Sheade and I are clean and tested. We've had no other, outside sexual partners in all the time we've been together."

Swift nodded, gave a small, comforted smile and went back to nervously playing with his paws.

"Swift." Russt said and the fox looked up at him, "I need you to relax and trust me. This is your first time, so nothing you do, or don't do, will make me love you any less. I promise." To this he received another nod, but the smile that returned wasn't forced and he could see a little of the worry leave Swift's eyes.

Russt picked up a blue and white tube that looked like it could have been toothpaste, which had been lying nearby and continued, "We'll be using lube, and plenty of it while we play, but if something hurts, or makes you uncomfortable, I want you to let me know and we'll stop what we're doing and work it out. Okay?"

"Yes Wuffy." Swift managed to affirm trying to give back a confident smile.

Russt smiled back, adjusted himself on the blanket, and laid on his back. Looking back at Swift, who had a surprised look on his face, he instructed, "Get on all fours and straddle my tummy with your head looking toward my feet. Keep your tail in the air or I'll have to collar you and strap your tail back to one of the 'D' rings like I did this afternoon."

The fox complied and his little legs were spread wide to straddle the wolf's girth. His head hovered over the red wolf's sack and his fore paws fell between Russt's legs, on either side of his tail. Swift's bits and pucker were presented and vulnerable to anything the wolf wished to do. "Like this?" Swift asked when he thought he was in position.

"Scoot back just a little." Russt adjusted, guiding the fox backward a few inches, his paws on the fox's thighs. "Perfect! Right there." The wolf praised then explained, "Before we even try to see if you can take me, I'm going to see if we can loosen you up enough to accept my shaft. To do that, I'm going to lube up my claw and work it in and out of your tail hole. If that goes easy enough, I'll add another and work that for a little while. If you can take that, then we'll go from there. What you need to do is relax and just do what

ever your heart and instincts compel you to do." He paused, then reiterated, "Oh yes. Once again, if something hurts or makes you uncomfortable, let me know."

There was a pause while Russt spread some lube on his claw. When he was ready he said, "Ready Swifty?"

"Ready as I'm gunna be Wuffy." Swift answered and then sucked in his breath as Russt's claw painted cool lube around the wrinkled edges of his sensitive pink pucker. After tracing a few circles, the claw slowly tested the resistance of the fox's anus as it had done earlier in the day and the day before. Then it plunged in past the sphincter eliciting a surprised, "Yip!" Russt withdrew his claw nearly all the way and then slipped it in deeper. He withdrew it again and again, each time a little deeper than the last until he could go no further. The wolf drew his claw back out completely, added some more lube and then slipped it back into Swift's sweet bud again as deep as it would go.

"We okay up there Swifty?" Russt asked for confirmation.

"Yes Wuffy." Swift answered, murring a little, "It feels nice...and full." Looking back between his forepaws he noted that his little pink shaft was sliding out of its sheath. The fox added playfully, "Mister Pee Pee approves too."

Focused primarily on the fox's vixen hole, the wolf had to move his head to the side to take note of the fox's growing erection. It brought a smile to Russt's muzzle as he continued to finger Swift's tail hole. Swift for his part continued to murr and eventually his hips began to rock back and forth in time with Russt's claw. In no time at all, Swift was doing all the work, yiffing himself on the wolf's slick claw.

The pheromones emanating from the fox's arousal began to arouse Russt as well and before long, both canine cocks were out, about and looking around for some attention. For the first time Swift had an up close view of Russt's light red penis. As he studied it, he tried to guess at its girth and started to hope beyond hope that he'd be able to take it. That he'd be able to feel its warmth and width, tickle and fill his insides.

Meanwhile, Russt added some lube to the next digit and lined it up with the other claw, pulling it out enough for the second digit to part Swift's anus and then slide past the tight muscle there. At this point, Swift's body couldn't help but to rock back and forth to perpetuate the wonderful feelings down below. He let out a breathy, "Gasp," as he forced himself onto the pair of thick digits.

"Still doing alright Swifty?" Russt asked again.

"Uh...Yes." Swift answered, somewhat strained as he rocked back and sent the wolf's thick claws back into his bum. "How'm I...Doin'?" He inquired of his mentor.

"You're doing fine kiddo." Russt replied, "Is the amount of lube okay?"

Swift rocked back and forth twice more before answering, "Ummm...Maybe...uh little...more."

Russt complied and then asked, as his claws sank back into the fox, "Better?"

"Oh...yes!" Swift said breathlessly. Then, balanced on his left fore paw, the fox reached back with his right to take hold of Russt's shaft which had been tantalizing him for the last five, or so, minutes. He pulled it upright, and with eyes closed Swift lowered his muzzle and extended his tongue to explore the tip of Russt's cock.

The red wolf's eyes widened when he felt his shaft pulled forward and let out a "Yelp," of surprise as Swift's warm tongue touched down upon his sensitive foreskin.

Swift lowered his muzzle and let his tongue lap and wrap around the tip and upper most portions of the wolf's cock. He tried to bring his muzzle down on it, desperate to suck on it, but each time he nicked Russt's tip with his closely spaced incisors.

"Whoa! Whoa there foxie." Russt yelped, "That ain't gonna work. Stick with your tongue before you stick me."

Swift lifted his head and yeped an apologetic, "Sorry."

The wolf panted, "It's alright. What you're doing with your tongue feels mighty fine." Russt let himself enjoy Swift's enthusiastic ministrations on his member until he got nicked again. He stifled back a yelp and instead gasped, "You know what? I think you're ready to ride your Wuffy now."

Russt let his claws slip out of Swift's rear and the fox lifted his head, looked back and asked, "Ride the Wuffy? I thought you were riding the foxie? You know...like a vixen?"

The wolf laughed, "Sure I could mount you like my bitch, but that's so impersonal. What I meant was for you to lower yourself down onto my shaft while I'm lying like this. Then we can look at each other, you have more control, and, honestly, it's much nicer that way."

Swift smiled and nodded in understanding, then asked excitedly, "Do I get to lube your shaft Wuffy?"

Handing the tube over to the cross fox, he said, "Go right ahead Swiftly." He moved his forearm under his head and watched as Swift added a large dab of lube into his paw. He let out a long moan as the fox coated his hot, hard cock so it was all slick, shiny and glistening. "That's goooooood" He growled happily, "Very goooooood."

Swift smiled, stood up and straddled Russt's waist. Russt reached forward, took hold of his sheath and held his pride straight up and down watching as the fox slowly lowered himself down onto it. The first few times Swift groaned in disappointment as the cold tip

slipped against his pucker and out of the way. Again and again, the fox rose up a little, moved to re-align and lowered his hips down onto Russt's cock.

Russt watched patiently, happy to be a party to Swift's schooling. After several repositionings Swift finally felt something lock in and he ever so gently pressed himself down over the wolf's foreskin. It slowly spread his rose, wider and wider...wider and wider...wider and wider until...

"Yipe!" Swift cried out, face contorted in pain and the fox stood up quickly.

"Are you alright?" Russt asked concerned.

Swift frowned and answered exasperated but determined, "Yes. I'm okay. Let me try again."

Once again, Swift lowered himself down to the head of Russt's penis. Again Russt helped steady his member, the tongue entered the fox, slipping in deeper, shaft widening more and more...more and more...more and more until...

"Yipe!" Swift belted out in pain again, "It hurts a lot more than your claws did Wuffy. I'm afraid if I go any further I'll hurt myself." The fox's ears fell, "I'm sorry Daddy."

"Don't be." Russt soothed, "Truth be told I would have been very surprised if you could have taken me on your first try. If it'll make you feel better you did have the entire head of my penis inside you and that's quite an accomplishment."

Swift's ears perked up but he said nothing and continued to brood.

Trying to salvage the moment, Russt said enthusiastically, "Well, I'm still all lubed up with no place to go. Let's see who can paw off first?" He paused, watching the fox for a reaction. Not getting one he added, "Unless of course you want me to diaper you back up and leave you hanging again?" That elicited the reaction he was looking for. As the fox looked at him in shock, the wolf pointed at a spot on the blanket across from him.

Swift flopped down on the blanket opposite Russt as instructed, grabbed his cock in his slick paws and pointed it toward the wolf. Russt took charge of his own lubed member and did the same.

"Go!" Russt barked.

* * * * *

"Well I guess I lost." Russt chuckled, feigning disappointment as three stripes of ivory fox seed crisscrossed his chest and slowly oozed southward.

"Yeah, well that's debatable." Swift snickered, licking the warm, wolf cum off his muzzle and smacking his lips, "Mmmm...Not bad." Swift was literally covered in Russt's seed. It hung heavy on the fur across his chest, tummy, neck, muzzle, even on the fronts and insides of his upper and lower fore arms.

"Sheade and I have dubbed that game 'Broadsides'. We've found it to be a fun way of relieving the lust, allowing for a bit more staying power for the romantic love making that follows." Russt explained, "The loser, of course, has to clean up the mess. So get over here you!" The wolf scrambled forward, scooped the sticky fox up, and licked his own cum off the fox's muzzle and chest playfully. "Tongue bath!" Russt laughed, his muzzle sticky with his seed.

For his part, Swift laughed and giggled once the initial shock wore off from suddenly being pounced and scooped up. He even playfully licked the wolf back.

"But really, I think a nice warm shower will do, followed by thick night time diapers, and a warm, ruffled onesie." Russt told Swift carrying him into the bathroom, "And, of course, a story before bedtime. How's that sound my little foxie?"

"Whee!" Swift cheered, "Dat sounds wonderful Daddy!"

Russt stepped into the tub and put the fox back on his feet paws behind him. He turned the water on, closed the curtain and activated the showers. Two shower heads, front and back, rained warm water down on the two furs, rinsing away sweat, spoo and lube.

Russt stood before the fox completely naked, his chest fur more ivory than white, framed by his rich ruddy hued fur and black guard hairs all soaked down flat. Swift's eyes went to Russt's groin appraisingly. There was just a hint of red at the crease of his sheath still, and his balls were packaged up neatly between his legs; together easily the size of the fox's fist. The cross fox let his eyes drift up across the wolf's tight abdomen and full chest, following it up to the broad shoulders he'd cried so much on today. There was a smile on Russt's muzzle and his eyes seemed to sparkle as he looked back at Swift. The fox returned it with a warm smile of his own.

Russt helped wash Swift down, making sure to get him clean from head to toe and pointing out all the unique places his seed had found to hide on the fox. Swift returned the favor paying extra attention to the wolf's sheath and tail hole and discovering, in the process, that the wolf had a couple ticklish spots that he filed in the back of his mind for future reference.

Through it all both of them laughed and talked about their brief interlude. A little guilt welled up in Swift's mind and he voiced his concern to the wolf, "I still feel bad about not being able to take you."

"Don't worry Swifty." Russt reassured, as he turned the water off then handed Swift a towel, "We'll work on that. It won't take too long. You're nearly there now."

Swift nodded working the towel across his back when another thought came to him. "How much bigger is Sheade?" He asked.

The wolf thought a moment and then answered, "He's a little bit bigger than I am."

The conversation ceased at that point as Russt entered the fur drier and the noise of the fans and blowers filled the room. Swift took his turn and when he stepped out, Russt offered the fox his paw, which Swift took, and led them back into the bedroom.

Hefting the fox onto the changing pad for the fourth time today, Russt reached for a long bristled brush with a convex head. With it he brushed down Swift's floofed up fur and removed bits of dead undercoat and guard furs. The wolf worked around the fox's form with practiced efficiency finishing up with the cross fox's white tipped brush.

Ruffling Swift's head fur, Russt helped the fox to lie down on the changing pad. He secured his little kit gently across the chest and then went about gathering the supplies he'd need to get his vixen ready for bed. The wolf laid the thick, cloth nighttime diaper out on the changing pad and tilted Swift's legs up and over his chest, lifting his bottom off the pad. Russt slipped the diaper under his charge, took an ample dab of baby lotion in his paw, and rubbed it deep into his foxie's haunches, making sure to get it down into his crack and teasing his little pucker.

Swift giggled and wiggled a little and called out playfully, "Da-dee! Dat tickles."

Russt chuckled as he sprinkled some baby scented talcum powder onto the diaper before lowering the fox's bottom down onto its soft, thick padding. Swifty let out a long, happy murr and brought his paw to his muzzle and sucked on it. Russt replaced it with a pacifier and the little vixen kit received it willingly.

Another glob of lotion was worked into the fox's front, around his sheath and fuzzy white sack, followed by a generous dusting of baby powder. With the preparations complete, Russt brought the front panel of the diaper up and between Swift's legs, and pinned them in place with pink, teddy bear diaper pins. A pair of pale green plastic panties was threaded up the fox's legs and snapped into place, excess cloth tucked in around the leg gathers.

Releasing the safety strap from across Swift's chest, Russt helped him into a seated position, and snapped the diaper and the panties up over the root of Swift's tail. The wolf reached over to pick up a matching green onesie with a ruffle of fabric sewn around the waist like a short little skirt. He slid it down over Swift's head, helping the fox thread his arms through the sleeves, then snapped up the crotch.

All ready for bed now, Russt lifted his cub up off the changing table, set her in the crib, and said, reading the look on Swift's face, "I haven't forgotten about your bedtime story Swifty, but I need to use the bathroom, get a storybook to read and retrieve your red wolf plush from the couch. I'll be right back."

Swift was content with that and he sat down on his little mattress with a crinkle and waited sucking his pacifier and playing with the accent of fabric around his waistline. While he waited, he felt the urge to pee. He suckled hard on the pacifier and strained a little bit until he coaxed a trickle from the tip of his penis. Then he relaxed some and the trickle became a stream, warming his fur down to his balls. The sensation sent a chill up his body. The fox closed his eyes and enjoyed it; the dry diaper greedily absorbed what it was fed leaving no risk of leaks.

When Russt returned, his little fox was leaning on an angle, his head resting against the foot board of his crib, and murring quietly. It caused the wolf to wonder what had transpired in his absence. Handing the plush to his vixen kit, she reached out for it, took it and hugged it to her chest without a sign of emerging from her tranquil state.

Russt smiled and shook his head, not wanting to shake his girl out of whatever bit of happy head space she was in. He moved to the other side of the bed, opened his drawer and pulled out a diaper and a pair of plastic pants for himself. These he donned with practiced skill and speed, along with a little lotion and powder to keep his own skin dry and protected.

The shuffling across the room slowly drew Swifty out of her pleasant stupor and she saw her daddy tying up the strings on the front of his flannel pajama bottoms. She smiled, got to her knees and pulled herself up to stand at the crib rail, her plush wolf hanging at her side, held in her paw. "I go'ed potties Daddy." She said proudly.

"You did?" Russt said, playfully surprised, as he looked over at his kit and smiled, "What a good girl you are."

Swift beamed as Russt walked around the bed and over to her side. The red wolf lifted her out of the crib and carried her to the bed, where he sat down and set the fox in his lap. He could feel the warmth of her recently wet diaper seep through the fur and flannel as she sat on his leg. He smiled down at her, beeped her little black nose and said, "I have a very special story for a very special little girl."

Reaching over, Russt picked up a story book with the picture of a smiling, white, My Little Pony, with red, turquoise and blue bows on her haunches, on the cover. He read the title to his little vixen kit, "A Rainy Day Re-awakening." Turning the page, he began to read, "The days passed by after the beauty contest and Bowtie went about her days building new kites or repairing old ones for her pony friends..."

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