

## Lessons in Lace; Day 3

### Chapter 1

It was still dark in the room when the fox woke to nature's call. Still deep in the haze of sleep he rotated to the right and pushed himself upright in order to come to a seated position at the edge of the bed.

\*Ka-thunk!\*

The sharp, sudden pain in his foot paws as he rapped them against the crib rail elicited an equally sharp retort, "Ow! Mother..."

"Swift?" A low voice interrupted, roused from its own slumber by the noise. The voice asked, "Are you okay?"

"Sorry Daddy." Swift answered. There was a hint of anger in his tone, but he managed to quiet it as he worked to massage the pain out of his foot paws. "I forgot I was in my crib. I tried to get out of bed normally and I banged my feet against the crib rails pretty hard." The fox explained.

"Are they okay little one?" Russt asked through the darkened room and offered, "Need me to come over and kiss them better?"

Tempting as it was to say, "Yes," Swift instead replied, "No Daddy, dey is a 'weady feelin' better again."

"Okay then. Go back to sleep my little girl." Russt said finally and it wasn't long before his low snoring broke the silence in the room again.

Swift's tummy churned again with urgency and his bladder was telling him it needed to empty as well. He'd been through this yesterday and knew that Russt would be vexed if he woke the wolf up to ask to use the bathroom. Swift had no idea what time it was, but it felt early; too early to be awake. He knew what he had to do and there was little use in fighting it. The sooner he finished, the sooner he could lay back down and go to sleep again.

With what light was entering the room from the window, he searched the mattress for his pacifier and plushie. He found the latter first and passed it by to concentrate his efforts on the smaller soother. The fox's tummy gurgled again and the pressure flexed his pucker a few millimeters as his paw brushed against the smooth, soft silicone nipple. Swift grasped it and popped it into his muzzle. He retrieved the plush red wolf and held it against his chest; both items bringing what comfort they could provide as the cross fox waited for the inevitable.

Swift took in a deep breath, then let it out and willed himself to relax. When the pressure built again, he didn't fight it. He felt the warm, soft stool slip past his muscles and squash into the seat of his diaper. With the bowel movement already in process, Swift let out a sigh of relief, closed his eyes and pushed, helping to further clean out his colon and fill the back of his diaper. Urination began without further prompting and the fox wondered about how truly wonderful it made him feel to just let go knowing someone who loved him would take care of it.

Perhaps ten or fifteen minutes had passed in total, but time didn't matter. Swift had been drifting in and out of sleep through the entire ordeal. When the urgency and need had passed, he collapsed onto his stomach, clutching the plush to his side and sucking contentedly on the pacifier. The fox let his eyes close one last time and fell back to sleep with little trouble. The last thought to drift through his conscious mind was that his Daddy would be very happy; very happy indeed to find his little girl wet and messy when he woke up.

# # #

Russt awoke to the heavy patter of rain against the window. The grey light of an overcast sky sulked into the bedroom. The red wolf yawned and stretched while a chorus of bones snapped and cracked into place in his shoulders and back. He pushed himself up to sit at the edge of the bed and pressed a paw against the moist diaper around his waist. Russt appraised the remaining absorbency and silently concluded, "It'll handle another good wetting."

He rose out of bed, stretched again and that was when he noticed the stale smell of a wet and dirty diaper. He turned and looked across the room at the large crib set against the wall. He could see the form of the adult cross fox he had captured two days ago, laying in a mint green onesie with a ruffled skirt of fabric around her waist. The fox was clutching a red wolf plush to his chest and sleeping quite peacefully for the moment.

The red wolf smiled at the sight. He was very pleased to see that Swift had wet and soiled his diaper, on his own, sometime during the night. As he considered what that meant for his vixen's progress, Russt relaxed and let himself wet his own diaper. The warmth spread across his abdomen, down between his thighs and reached part way up his haunches.

When he had finished, Russt sloshed around the bedroom as quietly as he could so as not to disturb his sleeping charge. He gathered up a clean diaper and plastic panties, a polo shirt from out of the closet and a pair of blue jeans; then he left the bedroom and headed for the bathroom to get cleaned up and ready for the day.

# # #

At first Swift wasn't sure of where he was, but then he recognized this place as a park he remembered from his actual kit-hood. The day was warm and sunny; the grass was

bright green and soft under his paws. He was looking at a set of swings in the distance being used by a couple other children as their parent's watched or gave them a gentle push. Swift felt his arm rise up; a clawed digit extended outward and pointed toward the playground and the swings in particular. He knew he loved the swings; and the teeter totter; and the slide; and the merry go round.

A paw wrapped itself around his and began to lead him forward toward the fun. Swift skipped along side but part of his mind nagged at him to look up and see who was leading him. That felt scary for some reason so the fox let the thought go. But the nagging need to look came back again. Once more the fox dismissed it as silly; besides, the fun was just ahead; the swings; the slide; the teeter-totter.

They were nearly there now and Swift was out in front as far as his arm would allow; practically pulling the furson who was with him forward. The other children waved and he waved back and gave a laugh that bore no sound. There was Patrick, a red fox, and Daniel, a raccoon cub, with their mothers, swinging on the swings. Fiona, the cat, climbed up the ladder of the slide followed closely by F.B., a golden retriever puppy. Benjie, a red husky, and Cy, a border collie, ran passed, going the other way, kicking and chasing a red ball to each other. There were others he knew also; Felix, Dee, and Mattias, all wolves of one color or another; and Kameron, a tawney furred, spotted, offspring of a leopard and fox; all of them playing while their parents entertained themselves in idle conversation.

But Swift wasn't interested in them right now. They barely held his attention. His mind was on the swings and soon he was there, standing before them. His view of the playground and all his childhood friends was blocked as paws grabbed him under his arms. He felt himself lifted up, carried a couple feet, then lowered and his bottom settled into the molded plastic seat.

A lump of something soft and cold squished up against his bottom. He looked down and saw he was sitting there in nothing but a diaper and plastic pants. Not only that but he realized now that he was an adult cross fox, exposed as he was, sitting on a swing in the middle of a playground full of his childhood peers. They were pointing at him; and now the silence, which had muted this wonderful experience thus far, gave way to peals of laughter.

They were laughing at him as he sat there; a grown up fox, garbed in naught but a pair of obviously wet and messy diapers. The smell of his own feces assailed his sensitive nose now and it wrinkled up in response. Tears were beginning to form in the corners of his eyes. The fox lowered his head and closed his eyes tight against the nightmarish scene around him. Then he realized; no, he felt that someone else was nearby who cared for him; he sought out comfort in the one person he needed.

Swift raised his head up and toward what he knew was going to be the loving face of his "Mamma." He opened his eyes and in the blurry haze of wakefulness saw instead Russt smiling down at him. The sight was so unexpected that it startled him and he shook visibly. The tears which he thought were just part of the dream were now very real;

confusion, humiliation and grief combined in that one upsetting moment and the fox cried and whimpered right there as the wolf looked on.

Swift's reaction was more than just puzzling to the red wolf. As he stood there in shocked silence, midway through changing his kit's dirty diaper, and watched his little girl crying; his mind was filled with questions and doubts. But none of those would be answered while his little girl lay there weeping. Focusing his attentions back to the task before him, he made quick work of cleaning up his little vixen and getting her back into a warm, soft, clean diaper.

The wolf's efforts seemed to be working. By continuing to care for Swift's needs, the fox eventually calmed down, and his cries and whimpers were reduced to quiet sobs. He even accepted the pacifier Russt offered which stilled his troubled state even more.

"Shhhh." Swift heard in his ear as the wolf lifted him up and held him against his chest; hugging him gently and swaying slowly back and forth. "It's okay little girl. I'm here. I'm here." Russt soothed.

When Swift returned the hugs a few minutes later, Russt chanced the question, "Is everything all right sweetie?"

Swift didn't move his head from where it lay on Russt's shoulder, but he croaked, "I t'ink I was havin' a bad dweam Daddy."

"Oh?" Russt replied, a bit of relief washing over him.

Swift sniffed and nodded, "All my friends was there, like when I was a kit, bu' I was big...older, like I am now. All I was wearing was a wet and messy diapie as I sat on a swing and they was pointin' an' laughin' at me."

"Aww, well I can see why you're upset then." Russt comforted, "I'd be..."

But Swift cut him off and said, "No." He lifted his head up off the wolf's shoulder to look directly at Russt. Then he explained without the baby talk, "No, I'm upset because in the dream as I was sitting there feeling bad, I turned to look up to my Mamma for comfort, but she wasn't there." The fox paused and looked down now at Russt's ivory chest fur, poking out of the neckline of his shirt. Not able to look the wolf in his face Swift finished quietly, "You were."

Russt moved his paw under Swift's chin and lifted it up so the fox was looking at him again. The cross fox's ears were splayed sadly to the side as he looked into those warm and loving eyes. Russt smiled and said, "This is not the first time your Mamma has bubbled to the surface through your regression. While I am curious, I won't pry into your past until you're ready and comfortable to share it with me." The wolf allowed a moment to pass before adding, "But I will be here for you my lovely little fox."

Swift smiled up at the kindly face of the young red wolf and took comfort in his sincerity. "I know you will Daddy." Swift said. Then he continued thoughtfully, "All this...babying. It feels good to be loved and cared for, don't get me wrong. But it's bringing a lot of other feelings and memories to the surface that I thought I'd...repressed."

Russt sat on the bed and set Swift opposite him on the mattress. The fox looked at himself and noticed the stark difference in how he was dressed compared to his caretaker. He was wearing nothing but a diaper and a lavender pair of plastic pants. The wolf, on the other hand, was fully dressed in jeans and a polo shirt. The vision out of his dream, where he sat alone in nothing but what he was wearing now, popped into his mind. It caused Swift to hesitate.

Seeing the far away look in Swift's eyes, Russt gave his charge the time to collect his thoughts. But after a minute or so, he reached out his paw and grasped Swift's paw to comfort him, let him know he was there and that he cared.

It worked. Swift's eyes refocused and he looked at Russt and began, "I'm not sure what happened to my mother. I've never been sure really. I remember snippets of things from when I was very young. The honk of a horn, an urgency to get to the swings, the strong smell of leather and a police dog, and a pall of sadness I never did understand." As he spoke the words, the memories were surfacing. Russt sat silent, listened and never took his paw from Swift's.

"No, that's not entirely true." Swift said absently, "There's more. I saw the swings at the playground; they were across the road. I lunged forward, my paw slipped out of hers and I ran into the road. She cried out to me, then the horn blew and there was a funny sound. I turned and looked to see what made that odd sound..." Swift's voice trailed off for a few moments and he looked like he was concentrating very hard. "I can never seem to remember what I saw." He said finally, "The next thing I remember was sitting on the swing, waiting for Mamma to be there to push me. The police dog came and told me I had to come with him. But I told him I couldn't. I had to wait here for my Mamma to come. She would be here soon. We were on our way to the playground."

Russt listened and filled in the blanks in Swift's story for himself. The realization and the image it conjured in his mind was terribly sad. A tear ran down his cheek; followed by another.

"I kept telling everyone who asked me to go with them the same thing. I was waiting for my Mamma to come. She would be here soon." Swift recalled, "She never came. I got tired and fell asleep. When I woke up, I was in a crib, in a house full of children of all ages. I could hear them shouting and playing. The woman there, a badger, she was so sad. Everyone was so sad. I asked her where I was and if my Mamma knew where to find me. She told me, as she brushed back my head fur, that my Mamma would always know where I was."

"I don't know how long I was there." Swift continued, "But every day and every night I would wait by the window watching, waiting for her to come find me. As I grew older, the other children teased me and told me 'Your Mamma's dead.' But I knew better. If she couldn't find me, then I would have to find her." Swift sighed, then proceeded to say, "I ran away from the orphanage many times, sometimes for days until I got caught or hungry. I ran away from the foster parents too until none would take me. Finally I grew too old to live at the orphanage and since no one would foster me, I was sent to live at a youth detention center. By that time I had long since given up on the hope that my Mamma would find me, and I knew that it left a hole in my soul that I had no way to fill."

"When I became an adult, they released me from the center because there had been no reason for them to keep me." Swift shared, "I've wandered around since then; getting run out of village after village until I came here. You pretty much know the rest." The fox stopped and looked up at Russt and took notice of his wet cheeks.

"Daddy?" Swift asked tentatively.

But Russt leaned forward, pulled the fox to his chest again and held him close. Swift enjoyed being held. It was just what he needed after allowing himself to once again feel the pain and loss of abandonment and the turmoil of his first few seasons. They'd have stayed that way for the whole day if both canines' stomachs didn't rumble in tandem.

Russt pulled back, wiped his eyes and nose with the back of his paw and smiled at his little fox friend. "Swift. So long as you're willing to live by my rules, and be my little cub, you don't have to worry about living anywhere else." He told the vulpine.

"I still don't really understand why you're even bothering; and I can't really say I understand what it is you're doing." Swift answered, "But it feels good to be loved and cared for, especially by you. I can accept my punishments at your paws. I don't quite get the vixen thing but I do it because it makes me feel good inside and I really like how it makes you smile."

Russt laughed and replied, "Fair enough, now, let's get you into something cute and then figure out what to do for breakfast. It's nearly 9 o'clock in the morning and you've got a busy day ahead." He lifted Swift up and carried him back to the changing table. On the way he reminded his little vixen, "You get to meet Uncle Sheade this afternoon."

Russt retrieved a pair of purple, denim, short-alls and a lavender onesie with white lace sewn around the end of the short sleeves and a little lace accent at the front of the ribbed collar. He slipped the onesie over Swift's head and helped his little vix thread her arms through the sleeves. Laying the fox down he snapped up the crotch and along the seam to the little fox's tail.

Swift noticed that the crotch of the short alls also had snaps. The unsnapped legs and bib were slipped over his head until the straps lay across his shoulders. Russt helped him roll

over and his tail was threaded through a slot in the back seam. Then the snaps were secured; five across his crotch and four down the inseam of both legs.

The red wolf secured a plastic clip of an orange My Little Pony, to the front of the left strap. A foot long piece of ribbon, snapped at the other end in a loop, hung down from it.

"What's that?" Swift asked curiously.

"It's a pacifier minder." Russt explained and as he snapped the ribbon around the ring of a pacifier and let it dangle there, Swift understood its purpose. Reading the question in his kit's eyes, Russt answered, "That's Sew and Sew. I'm not sure who she is, but that's what was written on the packaging."

"Oh." Was all Swift could reply as he bent the clip up to study the prancing pony.

Russt lifted his little vixen up into his arms and began to walk out of the bedroom with her. As they passed the crib, Swift reached his paws out toward it and yeped, "Russ' plushie?"

The wolf smiled, and changed direction taking three steps and stood before the crib. He reached down into the crib, pulled the plush toy out and handed it to his little girl.

She wrapped an arm around the red wolf plush and an arm around the real thing and hugged them both as Russt carried her down the hall to the kitchen for breakfast.

## Chapter 2

"How about waffles and sausages for breakfast today Swifty?" Russt asked as he placed his little girl's bottom on the seat of the high chair and belted her in.

Swift smiled and yerfed, "Dat sounds weally yummy Daddy."

The wolf nodded and returned the smile as he lifted the high chair tray up and made to move it into place. "Paws up!" He instructed of his little vixen, who complied with enthusiasm. Russt slid the tray along the rails on the arms of the high chair until it clicked into place. "Very good." He said, giving Swift the "all clear" to put her paws back down. Russt gave her back the wolf plush and popped the pacifier in her muzzle.

Russt's first stop was the refrigerator where he pulled out some eggs, milk, and butter and placed them on the counter. Shutting the refrigerator door, he opened the pantry and retrieved the cooking oil, syrup and the pancake and waffle mix. He placed these on the counter with the wet ingredients then bent down to open the cabinets to get a mixing bowl and the waffle iron out. To see if his kit was watching, he wagged his tail and wiggled his bottom back and forth.

Swift had been watching and she laughed on cue when she saw that his Daddy was being silly for her. The fox turned the plush, tail toward Russt and mimicked the wolf's tail and bottom swishing. This in turn caused another round of laughter and giggles from both furs.

Plugging the waffle iron in so it would be warmed up when Russt was ready, he opened the wall cabinets and retrieved a clean baby bottle and a measuring cup. The wolf poured a fresh bottle of milk for his cub, walked it over and gave it to her to nurse on while she waited.

Swift needed no encouragement to comply. The pacifier dropped out of her muzzle and dangled at the end of its tether. The nipple replaced it and the milk did wonders to slake her hunger until the main course was served.

Back at the counter, Russt began to measure out the dry and wet components in order to make the waffle batter. As he worked he made idle conversation, "I don't think I told you this morning with all that went on when we got up; but I was very proud of my little vixen to find her not only wet but a messy little diaper butt this morning." Russt peeked over his shoulder to see Swifty smiling around the nipple, ears glowing pink. "Is it becoming any easier for you?" He asked and looked around again to see Swift shaking his head back and forth, "No." "Well, it will get easier in time, trust me." The red wolf assured his charge.

The batter hit the hot waffle iron with a loud sizzle of steam and continued to hiss and steam when the wolf closed the lid. As he waited for the single, round, Belgian waffle to rise and cook, Russt opened the freezer and took down some pre-cooked sausage links.



He arranged them on a dish with a table spoon of water and slipped them into the microwave for three minutes.

Swift had just finished her bottle of milk. Russt walked over and took it from his kit, walked it to the sink and rinsed it out. He opened the refrigerator again and filled the bottle with cool apple juice, then placed it on the counter to take over with the fox's breakfast.

Swift satisfied himself by snuggling his Russt plush and watching his Daddy prepare breakfast. When he felt the need to burp, he didn't hold it back and let go a pair of loud, deep belches. "Scuse me." He giggled after each.

The microwave beeped and the first waffle had finished steaming at the same time. Russt left the sausages where they were and dealt with taking the first waffle out of the iron and placing it on a kit-sized plastic plate. It was yellow with orange bones in a border around the rim and a print of Oddball from the movie "102 Dalmatians" in the center. Russt filled the iron again with batter, which sizzled and steamed like the first, and closed the lid.

The wolf slathered a fair amount of butter across the peaks and crevices of the hot waffle which melted right in. Then Russt took out a knife and fork and cut the waffle up into small pieces on the colorful plate. Next he went to the microwave, took out the plate of sausages and cut up three into half inch chunks. These were slid onto the dalmatian plate beside the cut up bits of waffle. The plate was finished with a pouring of maple syrup over the whole thing.

The second waffle was finished baking a half a minute later. Russt put this one on the plate along side the remaining sausage links. He placed a daub of butter on them, then proceeded to put the milk, eggs and butter back into the refrigerator, and the dry mix and cooking oil back in the cupboard. He poured himself a cup of coffee, which had brewed itself on a timer, and walked his breakfast over to the table along with the syrup.

"Wha'bout mine?" Swifty whined, which was just the reaction Russt was out to get.

"Relax, yours is coming." Russt chuckled. He walked over to Swift, took the My Little Pony bib from where it was hanging on the back of the high chair, and tied it around his vixen's neck. The cross fox was bouncing in the seat by the time Russt placed the plate of cooled, cut, waffle and sausage and the bottle of juice on the tray in front of him. Like at dinner the day before, the wolf provided him with no utensils. Swift dug in with his paws with little reservation, picking up each, sticky piece and popping it in his muzzle.

Russt sat down to his plate and began to cut up his waffle and sausage and dribble a coating of sweet, maple syrup over it all. He kept an amused eye on his little girl and watched as she enjoyed her sweet and sticky breakfast also. As he bent down to take his first bite, something cool and slimy smacked against his whiskers. The piece of waffle slowly slid down the side of his muzzle and dropped onto his plate.

Swift tried to stifle a giggle as he watched the piece of waffle score a direct hit on Russt's muzzle, slide slowly downward, and drop with a splut onto the wolf's plate. He failed and broke into a full round of laughter when the red wolf looked up at him in shock. So Swift, with his eyes squinting as he laughed, never saw the hunk of waffle Russt launched from the end of his fork like a catapult, which smacked the him square in the nose.

Still laughing, nose glinting with syrup now, Swift picked up another piece of waffle in his paw and cocked his arm back.

Russt's paw went up in an instant, palm facing at the fox, and the wolf called sternly, "Aaaa't. That will be quite enough. Once was funny, but I'll not have you waste your breakfast. Eat it or put it down."

The wolf's tone stayed Swift's paw, but the smile and glint in his eye was still clearly there. Swift was poised on the edge of a decision and if Russt showed any sign of wavering, an all out food fight would commence.

"Swift. If you throw that at me you will get two spankings today. I'm not kidding." Russt assured his kit with conviction.

The smile left Swift's face. He lowered his arm, brought the sticky treat to his muzzle and ate it.

Russt suppressed a sigh and praised, "Good boy. Are you done with your waffles then? Need me to take them away?"

"No." Swift replied simply.

"Then finish them up, drink your juice and let me enjoy my breakfast please." Russt stated.

The rest of breakfast transpired placidly. Swift was still nursing his bottle of juice in his sticky little paws when Russt got up to clear the dishes and pour himself another cup of coffee. He reached for the remote to tune in to the financial news to see what he's been missing the last two days. What he saw wasn't especially good. Russt looked over at his new responsibility when the bottle began to squeak. As he rose, reaching for the nearby box of baby wipes with which to clean off his vixen's paws and muzzle, he realized that he was going to have to spend a few hours today getting his assets back on track. "So much for taking a week off." He thought to himself grimly as he released the high chair tray and placed it in its holder along the chair legs.

Unbuckling his little kit he hefted her into his arms, reached down for little Russt and carried them both into the family room and the play enclosure. "Daddy has a few things to take care of Swifty so I'm going to leave you here to play." He told her as he carried her, "I'll be just in the kitchen if you need me." He changed his tone from the sweet, sing

song to something a bit more serious, "Swift it's important you give me a couple hours to take care of some things related to my business. I'll look in on you from time to time to see if you need something. But otherwise, play nicely by yourself."

Swift nodded and Russt ruffled her head fur, handed the plush wolf over, and smiled. The wolf mouthed a relieved, "Thank you" then disappeared around the dividing wall, into the kitchen and was out of sight; but not out of ear shot.

Swift stood there a moment and surveyed his domain. All of the toys and plush which were there yesterday were still there. The one meter high, plastic fencing enclosed a square area roughly two meters along each side to play in. He could easily climb over the fence if he wanted to and be or go anywhere he wished. But for right now, all he wished to do was comply with his Daddy's wishes.

There were a pair of French doors leading out of this room onto a deck and beyond that a small yet inviting, fenced in, yard. Well it might have been inviting if it wasn't raining out. Swift sat down and gazed out that door, watching the raindrops splash against the boards as he held the red wolf plush in his lap. Once in a while, a breeze would kick up and the drops would pelt the glass on the doors making unique splotches before running down the glazing in long streaks.

Swift had forgotten how oddly interesting this was; watching the rain. He remembered doing it now as a kit, at the orphanage, to pass the time. Come to think of it, he'd done it while sitting in the library of the detention center and looking out through the thick, Lexan windows that opened onto the court yard. It was unsettling how all these memories that he'd spent so much time running from had caught up with him in the brief span of three days. He used to do this to escape from the turmoil in his mind, when he had no one.

But it was different now. Now he had Russt who had promised to take care of him. Sure it was weird being treated like a kit; treated like a vixen kit. But it wasn't so bad in retrospect. Well okay, pooping myself was still nasty, but Russt was always there to clean it up, so I don't really have to deal with it save for the smell and sitting in it for a little while.

Also, it's not like it's "all" the time either. If last night was any indication, there would be times when my...how did Russt put it? When my adult needs would be taken care of. This wasn't really a complete regression the wolf was out for. Just a fair bit of dependency, a lot of role play and a steady partner. No. No that's not quite right. There's something more, something deeper than just a bedroom partner.

As the rain filled his field of view, Swift's mind worked at the right words to describe what he thought was the wolf's goal. Then it occurred to him as the rain calmed his mind as it had when he was a child. He rolled the problem over in his mind as he would have if he was still a child, and the answer came to him as if a switch was suddenly turned on in his head.

"Unconditional love." Swift yerfed quietly, not realizing he'd given voice to his thought.

"What was that Swifty?" Russt asked causing Swift to turn his attention away from his thoughts and the rain outside.

"Huh?" Swift asked.

"I thought you asked me something." Russt said. Leaning back and peeking around the wall he saw Swift was sitting with the red wolf plush and facing the French doors in the family room. Curious, Russt asked, "What are you doing?"

Swift turned his head back to the window in the door and yerfed, "Watching the rain...and thinkin'."

The wolf looked out into the backyard then commented wistfully, "Yeah, if it wasn't raining I'd have let you play outside. I was just thinking yesterday how much you'd enjoy playing in the warm grass."

He looked back at Swift who continued to stare out the door silently.

"Well, maybe you can tomorrow if things dry out enough." Russt added watching his kit for any response. After a couple minutes with no response he asked, "What were you thinking of Swift?"

Slowly Swift turned his head and looked at his Daddy again. "I was thinking about why I'm here." He said, "What you want from me."

Russt let all four feet of his chair rest back on the vinyl floor and slid the chair back away from his laptop and the table. He turned himself in the chair to look at the young fox. "And?" He inquired, "Did you come up with an answer?"

Swift was quiet for many minutes. Russt shrugged, turned in his chair and was about to scoot it forward, back up to his laptop, when Swift yerfed, "The unconditional love of a parent-child relationship."

Now it was Russt's turn to contemplate in silence. Until now he had been looking at this from the standpoint of breaking and transforming the fox into a harmless, adult, sissy, baby in order to save Swift's life. The wolf had even considered that once the Pack was satisfied, he'd likely have to keep the fox under toe as a sexual and household slave to him and his mate Sheade. But Russt had to admit that his original outlook on this whole process, and Swift, had been changing.

Swift had added a perspective that he hadn't considered as a possible outcome and his own inner turmoil was beginning to make more sense. Russt still felt the drive and urgency to present a submissive and humiliated fox to the Pack; but he was more inclined

now to adding another "partner" to his and Sheade's long standing relationship rather than a "submissive" or "slave."

However, the red wolf said nothing in response to Swift's words. He slid his chair forward, and stared blankly at the screen of his laptop. As he bought and sold shares of stocks and moved money into this mutual fund or that, his mind was also multi-tasking the new questions bombarding his mind. He'd had no idea of the fox's tumultuous past. The prospect that he might be just another player in the series of unfortunate events that have defined Swift's life nearly made him wretch and he fought to hold his breakfast down.

His knowledge and experience with diaper play and domination, as a submissive to Sheade, gave him the confidence to approach the Pack and propose the plan to break the fox. The Pack, in turn, gave Russt a week to show them results. In reality, it wasn't much time, but to be able to save the fox for himself and Sheade it was worth the risk. A solid week of forced diaper use, feminization, sexual frustration, bondage and discipline might just do the job. If it didn't, and he was sure the Pack was hoping for failure, Russt will have signed himself, and quite likely Sheade, to the same doom as awaited Swift.

If he had some stray reservations yesterday about what he was doing, after this morning his conscience was screaming at him. "Swift didn't need any more punishment and humiliation; he needed therapy." The thought pummeled his mind.

Suddenly, Russt looked up from the screen, his mind and vision cleared, and he was able to make the connection. For Swift this was therapy of sorts. He had lost his mother in a tragic accident and been left in the care of the state. He was tossed from foster home to foster home with little chance of success because he was mentally scarred. As a kit he had witnessed his mother's death first hand. It was very likely the little fox blamed himself for the accident even while his subconscious had blocked the graphic scene out of his mind.

These thoughts led to the mystery of what happened to Swift's biological father. Russt surmised that the father had never been a part of Swift's life; or had been there for such a short time that the fox would have little cognitive memories of him save for a couple unreferenced faces deep in his memories. Either way, Swift was given over to state care because he had no surviving family.

A picture grew in Russt's imagination. A mother, alone and struggling to keep a roof over their head; food on the plate; and to give her young son a chance for something better. A young fox kit with little idea of just how precarious his life was, living for the moment and his mother's smile.

Things were beginning to make sense now; the feelings that had been threatening to break down the process; Swift's delinquency and now the fox's rapid adaptations to Russt's ministrations were all because Swift was not acting as had been anticipated. It was only the third day and instead of being immobilized and on the cusp of another day

of punishment and conditioning, Russt had found him asleep this morning, compliant in a wet and messy diaper. He felt confident leaving Swift to play unattended, in an enclosure that would not have a prayer of containing an adult fox, without feeling the need to lock a spreader bar around Swift's ankles.

As he had thought yesterday, his mind cautioned that this could be a clever ruse. Swift had shown himself to be a very resourceful and imaginative quarry, and this could be yet another trick. But Russt just as easily dismissed it today as he had before. There was no trickery afoot with Swift. The wolf knew it in his soul. For Swift, this was what he had been seeking for all those long seasons; someone to fill the void left open by his mother's passing; someone to help him find resolution to his subconscious belief that he had been the reason she died.

Swift's quiet words bubbled back to the surface of Russt's mind... "The unconditional love of a parent-child relationship."

### Chapter 3

The clock in the kitchen tolled twelve. Russt pushed himself away from the dining room table, stretched and looked in on Swift. The fox had pulled down a copy of "Snakes and Foxes," had the board out and was taking turns playing his own turn, along with the Russt and Sheade plush's turns. The red wolf watched quietly as Swift spun the spinner, called out the number and moved the pieces forward, occasionally climbing up a fox or sliding down the snakes.

Russt was relieved to see Swift was playing and no longer staring out the French doors in thought. The wolf turned and walked to the kitchen counter. He took out a loaf of bread from the bread box, opened the pantry to get out the peanut butter, and took the grape jelly from the refrigerator. He laid out two slices of bread on two paper plates and smeared a thick layer of peanut butter on one slice, then spread grape jelly on the other. Pressing the two slices together to make a sandwich he took the knife and cut Swift's into four little triangles and cut his own into two rectangles.

He filled Swift's bottle with milk and poured himself a glass of water. Draping the fox's bib over his forearm, he took the bottle and the peanut butter and jelly triangles out into the family room. With a smile on his muzzle he announced, "Time for a picnic lunch for my little vixen and her friends."

Swift looked up, saw the smile on Russt's face and heard the wolf propose a picnic lunch with her friends. The little fox returned the smile and cheered, "Hooray!"

The red wolf made a big fuss over where would be a good spot for a picnic, wandering here and there around the family room. Swift watched on in amusement before finally pointing at the floor in front of him and offered "Wight here look gud Daddy."

"So it does." He confirmed with a smile, "My little vixen has a good eye for an excellent picnic spot." He set the plate, bib and bottle down and pulled the old throw blanket off the back of the couch. He laid this out in the enclosure while Swift helped straighten out the corners and edges. The fox arrayed the red and timber wolf plush next to each other on the opposite side of the blanket, then received the plate of sandwiches and her bottle and set them down in the middle. Swift waited patiently as Russt tied her bib on, then she sat down and got comfortable.

"Finish that up sweetie and then it'll be time for your nap." Russt let the fox know.

"Will you be joining us fer da piccy-nick Daddy?" Swift looked up at him and asked, "I maked room." Swift shuffled on his bottom to the left and leaned over to pat the empty space on the blanket to his right.

Russt paused, then chuckled and replied, "Perhaps I will. Let me get my drink and sandwich and I'll be right back."

A minute later, Russt was sitting on the blanket in the play enclosure and enjoying a little quality time, with his little girl, at an indoor picnic. It lightened up an otherwise dreary day of contemplation, work and weather. It was just what Russt and Swift needed to continue building on three days of bonding.

After finishing their lunch and playing a game of "Snakes and Foxes" together, Russt had to end the fun, and procrastination on the part of his cub, and announce, "Okay little one. We've finished the game and now it's time for your nap."

"Awww." Swift whined, suggesting quickly, "One more game?"

"Nope. It's nap time for my little girl." Russt reconfirmed and got to his knee, pulled Swift up into his paws, and reached over to hand her the red wolf plush. He rose to his feet, stepped carefully over the plastic fence and carried her down to the bedroom. The red wolf laid her down on the changing pad and removed the purple shortalls leaving his cub in nothing but her lavender onesie. Sneaking a claw in around Swift's leg, Russt checked to see how wet the diaper was. Satisfied that his vixen could stay a bit longer in the barely damp diaper, Russt picked her up and laid her down in the crib.

Cognizant of the thoughts that had been surfacing in his little girl's mind, Russt left Swift's side, for a moment, to load one of his CD's of lullabies into his small, desktop, stereo system. He set it to repeat and adjusted the volume when the music began to play. With luck the relaxing music would help stave off any nightmares or dark memories. When he returned to the side of the crib, Swift had already settled down on his stomach, clutching the wolf plush to his side. Russt smiled, covered the little foxling with a pink blanket and then quietly left the room, shutting the door behind him.

Swift waited until Russt had left before he slowly rose to his knees, the blanket falling in a heap around him. He hadn't wet his diaper since sometime after breakfast. He had been barely cognizant of what he was doing until the tingly warmth had broken him out of his trance. Afterwards, Swift had looked around for other things to do to pass the time until his Daddy interrupted him for lunch.

So it was natural that Swift really had to go once again. He sat there on his knees, closed his eyes and cleared his mind of everything but the pressure in his penis. He held his breath and applied gradual pressure to his bladder until he had managed a trickle. With a sigh of relief Swift, relaxed and released the warm flow of urine into his thick padding for the second time that day.

Pulling the blanket back over his shoulders, Swift laid back down on his stomach again. A thick, warm diaper, combined with the soothing lullabies and a soft plush, comforted the young fox and lulled him into a blissful, dreamless sleep.

# # #



Russt returned, about an hour later, to find his vixen curled up on her side, snuggling her brush and her Russt plush. The wolf was tempted to let Swift continue to sleep, but he needed to get his little girl up, into a fresh diaper and pretty dress so she could meet her Uncle Sheade in a half hour. Russt was able to give Swift a few more minutes of peace as he made himself busy taking out two clean, thick, cloth diapers and a white and lavender dress with matching rhumba panties. With everything ready he walked back to the crib.

"Swifty?" Russt said gently, reaching in to rock Swift's shoulder, "Swifty kit. Time to wake up." The red wolf reached in, as Swift rolled over onto his back, and picked the fox up. He carried his vixen over to the changing table and laid her down. Clipping the safety strap across Swift's chest, Russt unsnapped the crotch of the onesie and moved the fabric out of the way. The wolf rolled the fox onto her side to unfasten the snaps over Swift's tail, then rolled her back again. He shuffled the plastic pants down and over her paws and put them in the pail. Russt next unclipped the diaper pins and slipped the wet diaper out from under his little girl.

As Russt continued to carry out the diaper change, wiping Swift's bottom and diaper area with a few baby wipes, he prepped his girl for Sheade's visit. "When Uncle Sheade is here, you should not speak unless spoken to." The wolf began, "You can expect that he'll be much less patient with you than I am, especially since he fell prey to your tricks far more than anyone else in the pack."

Swift listened intently, taking all of what Russt had to say with seriousness; up until the wolf relayed that last bit of information. Honestly, Swift had little idea of who was being impacted by his mischief. To find out that the wolf directly responsible for his capture, as well as his mate, found themselves the brunt of many of them caused Swift to let out a giggle.

"Laugh now." Russt smiled, "Get it out of your system before he gets here." After a healthy dose of sweet smelling lotion was rubbed into the little fox's haunches and around his sheath and balls, the wolf lifted Swift's legs up and slipped both thick cloth diapers under his bottom. A sprinkling of powder and then four pins, with little purple bunnies on them, held the fabric fast around the little vixen kit's waist.

Rolled back onto his side, Swift felt Russt secure the diaper over his tail, and then roll him back. "Why two diapiers Daddy?" The fox inquired.

"Several reasons little one." Russt answered, "First, to remind you of your status and stature. Second, so you'll have to waddle when you walk. Third, to give you a little protection from Sheade's playful swats across your bottom. Fourth is because I like to see you with a poofy diaper bottom." The wolf gave him a broad smile as he set the lavender rhumba panties in place and stuffed the padding well inside the white lace trimmed, leg elastic.

Swift gave a cute little series of giggles and his ears blushed bright pink. "Aww Daddy." She said, embarrassed at the attention.

The red wolf unclasped the safety strap and helped his girl sit up on the vinyl pad. He snapped the back of the waterproof panties over Swift's tail then pulled off the onesie and set it with the shortalls. Russt reached over to take the matching party dress off the hanger and got it ready in his paws to slip down over his little vixen's head.

"Vvvvvoop!" was the sound that the wolf made when he pulled the dress over Swift's head. The fox worked his paws through the short, poofy, white sleeves and Russt zipped the zipper up in the back. A short piece of matching fabric was snapped over the zipper pull to make it more difficult for wearer to get out of the dress. It was unnecessary, but the dress would appear unkempt if it was left unlatched and hanging loose.

Russt checked the clock on the night stand; fifteen minutes. "Probably closer to thirty they way his mate was fashionably late." Russt thought to himself, "I've still got a little time to get my girl and everything else ready."

He grabbed the soft bristled brush and began to brush out Swift's head fur and cheek ruffs. The wolf put the brush down and retrieved an eight inch length of purple ribbon. This he tied into a bow around Swift's tuft of head fur, creating a short plume of dark brown fur sticking out the top of the fox's head. Russt stepped back to view his handiwork and just as quickly raised his paw up to his muzzle to suppress a laugh, but failed.

Swift just sat there and frowned at him. "It feels silly enough without you laughing at me Daddy." The fox pouted, crossing his paws over his chest.

Still chuckling Russt untied the bow and replied, "I'm sorry dear. That's not going to work. I'll have to think of something else." The wolf picked up the brush again and brushed Swift's hair back into place again.

The wolf stepped back and rubbed his chin thoughtfully, "It needs something, and if the bow won't do..." Russt stopped in mid sentence, his eyes lit up and he snapped his claws in revelation. He walked over to Swift's wardrobe, opened it up, reached inside and took out a small bit of white fabric. "I really hate to have to do this to you," Russt said producing a white bonnet with lace around the front edges, "but this is the best option I have for ya." He adjusted it on her head and tied it in a bow under Swift's jaw.

If the fox thought the fountain of hair tied in a bow made him look silly, Swift was pretty sure his head looked like a great big, lace trimmed radar dish now. He let out a long sigh.

"Hey, it's not so bad." Russt comforted, "Actually it makes you look really cute."

Swift wasn't convinced but he accepted it as best as he could. Russt was going out of his way to reinforce Swift's status; or was it to convince Sheade that he had the fox under his

thumb? The fox felt the brush running through the fur of his long tail and that sent pleasant chills across his body. Swift had always been an odd boy who liked to have his fur brushed out; it sure beat the yelps and whines of irregular brushings that revealed knots and burrs.

"Okay, one more thing." Russt said as he put the brush down and lifted the little vixen off the changing table and down onto her paws, "You wouldn't happen to know how to curtsy would you?"

Swift looked at the red wolf and slowly shook his head from side to side. "No Daddy." He yerfed, "Sowwy."

"That's okay my girl." Russt soothed, "It was a long shot to expect that you might know how to anyway."

The wolf backed up a few steps and looked around to be sure that the area around him was clear to demonstrate a proper curtsy so his little girl could see. Rust pantomimed taking hold of the hem of an imaginary dress with his right paw. Then he bent his knees outward, about half way, letting his left foot paw slide back behind the right, but still touching the floor with the claws. His left paw swept down and to the left with grace even while it helped him to maintain his balance. Lastly he lowered his head about a quarter so he was looking at Swift's black feet paws. Then he straightened his right knee, brought his left foot back beside the right, let go of the imaginary dress and clasped both paws across the small of his back. Raising his head, the red wolf smiled at his girl, but the smile faded quickly. Russt had to reach forward, put his paw under Swift's jaw and lift it closed.

"How you know how to do dat so well Daddy?" Swift asked, still surprised to have watched the wolf demonstrate a curtsy with practiced skill and grace.

"There are a lot of things I had to learn before I brought you here." Russt covered the question deftly enough to satisfy his kit. "Now, would you like to try it for me?" the wolf encouraged his little fox.

"Cou...Could you do it one more time for me Daddy?" Swift asked.

The red wolf nodded and smiled, going through the motions once again with the same poise and grandeur. When he came back to a standing position and looked up, Swift had already taken hold of the right side of the short dress and lowered himself down by bending his knee. His left foot jerked back and his torso bent somewhat forward. The fox's left arm shot out awkwardly to the side and his tail followed. Completely off balance now there was no stopping the cross fox from falling over to the right and onto the floor.

Russt was at her side just as she hit the floor and helped lift Swift back to her paws.

"It's trickier than it looks eh Swifty?" Russt smiled and readjusted the dress and bonnet on his little girl. "Try holding the dress with your right paw, bending your knees out without bringing your left paw back, and lowering your head. The whole movement should be straight down, pause a moment, then right back up." Russt suggested.

Swift brought his feet paws together, took hold of his dress with his right paw, lowered himself straight down by bending his knees outward, looked down and paused, then came back up and clasped both paws at the small of his back, over his tail.

"Excellent!" Russt beamed, clapping his paws together a few times, simply elegant, "That will work fine for now, but we'll continue to work on it. When you meet Uncle Sheade please curtsy for him just like you did for me just now."

"Okay Daddy." Swift smiled and was very glad that he had done well.

Russt reached his paw out, his little girl took it she waddled down the hallway to the kitchen beside him. Once there, he dropped her paw and asked, "Swifty, would you like to be Daddy's little hostess and help him get things ready for Uncle Sheade's visit?"

"Oh yes!" he said enthusiastically.

"That's my girl." Russt praised, "Open the fridge and you'll see on the middle shelf a plastic, rectangular tray with little hunks of cheese and sausage on it. Please take that into the family room and put it on the coffee table, then come right back and I'll give you something else to do."

"Okay Daddy." Swifty yeped and toddled over to the refrigerator, opened the door, and found the meat and cheese tray right where Russt had said it would be. He took it out in both paws, turned and waddled out of the kitchen and into the family room as the refrigerator door swung shut on it's own behind him. Russt just smiled and shook his head at the cuteness.

When Swift had returned she yipped, "Wha' next Daddy?"

"In the pantry, take a sleeve of Ritz crackers out of the box." The red wolf began, "Put the box back and take the sleeve into the family room and place it next to where you put the cheese tray."

Swift did as he was told while Russt selected a bottle of white wine from the rack and retrieved two crystal wine glasses from the cupboard. He set these on the counter and reached for Swifty's bottle to rinse it out from breakfast.

The cross fox returned to the kitchen and reported, "All dones wike you tol' me to Daddy."

Russt turned and smiled, "Good girl. Would you like to do one more..."

Knock, knock, knock echoed heavily down the hall and both furs ears swiveled as their heads turned. Swift gulped.

Russt shut the water off and reached for a paper towel to dry the bottle off with.

"Wuz dere sumthin' else you wanted me t'do Daddy?" Swifty asked nervously.

"Yes dear." Russt said, "I'd like you to go down and let Uncle Russt in."

Swift heard the words, but he couldn't will his mind to move from the spot. The fox began to play with the hem of his short dress.

"Now Swifty." Russt urged, "We don't want to appear rude and make your uncle knock twice. Now...Go!" Russt didn't mean the word "Go" to come out as strong as it did, but it seemed to do the trick as he watched the little fox's tail disappear from sight as she waddled down the hall toward the door.

The hallway was lit only by what light spilled in from the window in the door; not that it mattered, the fox shared his feral kin's ability to see easily in dim light. But that didn't help the feeling that the hallway seemed to grow perceptibly longer; or perhaps he was growing smaller.

Each little step, or shall I say waddle, sent tactile shivers up his body from the thickness around his loins; reminders of his new stature; a stature that he was coming to accept. It was then that he realized that this was yet another test crafted by his Daddy wolf; a cleverly planned set of circumstances that put him in place to answer the door for a complete stranger, dressed as he was in soft cotton and lace.

He had little doubt in his mind that he would open the door. The die had been cast two days ago when he had submitted to capture. It might be said that karma had finally caught up with him; but whether this was good karma or bad had yet to be seen. Further introspection would have to wait. He stood in stillness; the door in front of him.

As Swift reached out to grasp the door knob, his arm and paw shook from the nervousness he felt all the way down to his feet paws. Freedom was lying just beyond that construct of wood and the wolf standing on the other side would never have a chance to catch him if he bolted. He would find clothes, normal clothes, in short order and be rid of these prissy, feminine clothes.

The knob turned easily in his paw; the latch clicked open and the cross fox felt the door begin to swing towards him. He could smell the clean, damp air swirl in around the edge of the door, inviting, compelling him forward. He felt his feet paws shuffle to the left to clear the edge of the door and come face to face with a tall, charcoal-gray furred, timber wolf.

Swift's legs bent and his right paw reached down to take hold of the hem of his dress. He lowered his head and dropped down into a nearly perfect curtsy. Even the fox's bushy brush swept around to rest in the proper place on the floor to his side.

"Welcome, Unca Sheade." Swift yerfed.

## Chapter 4

The timber wolf was dressed in khaki slacks with a blue, tight fitting, cotton-lycra polo shirt that emphasized his well toned physique. His chest fur was only slightly lighter than his body and as Swift followed this line up Sheade's neck and lower jaw, he finally met the wolf's deep, jet eyes. Those eyes and the face which framed them were expressionless; but they seemed to bore through his vulpine form appraisingly.

Up close, Sheade seemed frighteningly dangerous. All the more so since Russt had mentioned that Sheade had fallen for Swift's tricks and mischief far more often than anyone else in the pack. It had been a funny revelation at the time, but now, it only added to the anxiety he felt. Instinctively and involuntarily, Swift wet the thick diapers secured around his waist.

In the daze of urination, Swift was unable to react when Sheade's paw shot forward and grabbed him roughly by the ear. With one quick step, the timber wolf was across the threshold, and had the door shut securely behind him. Without breaking stride, Sheade was padding down the dark hall with Swift held tightly by the ear; the young fox stumbling and waddling in his wake, whimpering at the pain in his ear.

Breezing through the kitchen the wolf and fox were met by a surprised Russt who had jumped to his feet the moment he heard his little girl's whines.

"What's all this?" Russt demanded, "What has she done?"

With a growl Sheade planted his free paw on Swift's back and pushed him forward with such force that he stumbled and fell to the floor. "You should be more careful with the whelp Russt. What if he had flown the coop?" the timber wolf admonished, "He's not even hobbled and yet you send him alone to answer the door?"

Swift rubbed his ear, fire and anger welling up in his chest at being treated so roughly; but a look from Russt quelled the words forming in his mind. So the cross fox quietly picked himself up and stood close by, watching the two wolves.

"She has no need of hobbles Sheade." Russt retorted, "She has submitted to me."

Sheade let out a long, brutal laugh, "Ha! Just more of his tricks I think. It's only been three days Russt. Three days!" "How long did he elude the Pack for?" The dark wolf continued with only a moment's pause, "Twelve months and more, but now you think you've succeeded in subjugating him in just...three...days?"

"There is more to this fox than I originally understood or expected Sheade." Russt attempted to explain, "Believe me when I tell you, I have stumbled on some uncanny luck here."

Sheade only half listened to his mate's words. He took three steps and was towering over Swift once more. Those piercing black eyes bore down upon him and he asked the fox flatly, "So. You've submitted to my mate have you?"

"Ye..." Swift tried to answer.

The back of a heavy black paw made contact against the side of his muzzle. The pain was intense and quick. Stars filled his eyes and Swift fell to his knees in a heap. His paws went up instinctively to protect himself against another unexpected blow.

"LIAR!" Sheade screamed at Swift, teeth showing and foam beginning to form at the corners of his muzzle.

"SHEADE! PLEASE!" Russt cried out over his mate's shouts, "Stop! This is madness my friend. What has gotten into you?" The red wolf tried to move to his girl's side to offer some protection, but the larger timber wolf pushed him back away easily.

"You are a weak minded fool Russt." Sheade turned on the red wolf and spat, "And I was an idiot to think that you had the will or the ability to truly break this miscreant. I don't think you ever took what the Pack will do to us seriously and now both our sacks are on the block over this piece of trash. And for what...a new fuck toy?" The timber wolf swept an accusing finger around and pointed it at Swift as he finished his statement.

There was silence as both wolves squared off. Then Sheade reached down and grabbed Swift's arm without taking his eyes from Russt's and said, "I never should have believed you had the ability to do this job right. I'm going to take over his remedial lessons and you better hope that I can finish the job in the time that's left. Come on whelp."

"No! I won't let you take him! I tell you he's submitted." Russt barked pleadingly.

The red wolf tensed and his muscles coiled when Sheade took his first step toward the door, dragging the fox forcibly along at his side. Russt was ready to launch himself forward to wrestle Swift away from his mate.

Sheade had already anticipated an act of desperation, and Russt had literally telegraphed his intention to fight it out. Swift watched on, in seemingly slow motion, as the timber wolf raised his right paw into the air, black claws brandished and poised to strike the red wolf down with all his might.

Both lupines were perched on the edge of a bloody fight over him and it was clear that Russt was at a severe disadvantage.

"Stop!" Swift barked suddenly, ears flat against his head and pulling with all his might against Sheade's hold. Those black, feral eyes looked down on him and Swift said in a defiant growl, "Don't...you...hit...my...Daddy!"



Stunned that the sissified and subjugated fox had uttered a sound let alone show such blatant disrespect and defiance, Sheade's grasp loosened as he shifted his body to teach the young fox yet another lesson. It was all Swift needed to be able to break away from the dark wolf and dodge the heavy blow intended for him. Russt remained ready but hadn't moved and Swift placed himself in front of the red wolf; his feet planted firmly; his arms spread out wide to his sides.

Sheade looked down at the fox. In the dress Swift looked even more frail and ineffective a shield to protect his mate. The fox looked up at Sheade and croaked "I will go with you, and you can do what you will with me; just please don't hit my Daddy." Tears began to stream down his cheeks as he realized that he may have just doomed himself to a fate worse than death.

Russt looked up at Sheade for a reaction, ready himself to throw Swift out of harms way if it came to that, while placing a comforting paw on his little girl's shoulder.

Sheade looked over them both and seemed to quietly consider the two red canines standing before him; the smaller feebly protecting the larger.

Softly, the timber wolf wuffed, "Well I'll be damned. That's amazing." His dark visage lightened and the oppressiveness of the last few minutes seemed to wisp out of the room.

Swift blinked and stood completely stunned. That wasn't what he expected to hear. A voice, Russt's, said softly in his ear, "Thank you." But things weren't registering properly in his mind. "What just went on here?" He thought.

Sheade wiped the froth from the corner of his muzzle with the back of his paw and dropped down to one knee before the fox. He reached out a paw to touch the side of Swift's muzzle that he had back handed and the cross fox flinched away.

It was everything Swift could do to remain quiet like Russt had instructed him to do and not sink his sharp teeth into the flesh of that dark furred paw. In the back of his mind he knew that would make everything worse and so he found the resolve to stay his muzzle. He had kept his Daddy from being hurt and he was proud to have stood up to Sheade.

Swift was still confused and coming to terms with the dramatic change in the atmosphere of the den. The tension in the room, which had rapidly built to what should have ended in the inevitable eruption of emotions, had suddenly and without warning, gone away. The anger within him towards Sheade was still fresh in his mind though, but now it had no outlet. Conflicting emotions continued to rage within his mind and his tail was twitching dangerously.

"I'm so very sorry I did that to you Swifty." Sheade said in his gravelly voice. The dark wolf tried to smile reassuringly, "Please accept my apology and my word that I won't hurt your or your Daddy."

Swift said nothing. He was looking at the timber wolf without seeing him. Instead he was seeing visions of his white claws ripping through Sheade's chest and abdomen. Then the look of horror and sadness on Russt's face made him realize that there was nothing he could do to adequately relieve these feeling that would not be hurting his Daddy in turn.

Sheade paused to see if Swift would respond at all. Not seeing any reaction he asked, "Does your muzzle still sting? Would you like me or Russt to kiss it better?"

Russt also noted the silence and realized anger still lingered in his little fox's heart and mind now that he could see the visible signs. So he leaned down and planted a kiss on his girl's cheek and said softly, "I'm so very proud of you my little vixen. You've made your Daddy very happy." Then the red wolf embraced the fox and hugged her close with her back against his chest.

His muzzle didn't hurt, but the kiss and the warm hugs were just what Swifty needed to dispel his anger and calm his frazzled nerves. Being in Daddy's arms was the cure for all the fox's worries and fears. With the anger clouding his mind blown away by the warm winds of Russt's love, Swift could think clearer now. He realized that once again his honesty had been tested and he understood what passing that test meant. It meant that there was no turning back even if he had wanted to.

"Can we make up Swifty? May I have a hug?" Sheade asked after a few moments of watching Russt hugging his little fox.

Swift and Russt looked up at the timber wolf. Swift looked to Russt who nodded and smiled. The red wolf let Swift go and nudged her forward, with the back of his paw, toward Sheade. Swifty toddled the last few steps on his own, spread his paws out wide and walked into the large wolf's warm embrace.

"Mmmmm." Sheade hummed happily, "I've been waiting a long time for one of these."

"One of what?" Swift lifted his head up and asked.

"Why a warm hug by a pretty little girl of course." Sheade laughed, got back to his feet, held Swift in his arms, and hugged the little vixen kit again.

Russt also stood up. He walked over and threw his arms around Swift and Sheade sandwiching the fox in the midst of the two lupines.

# # #

Russt spent the afternoon bringing Sheade up to speed on his girl's progress over the last three days. He began to gloss over the personal history Swift had revealed to him this morning, but Swift yipped that Russt should go ahead and share, and so the wolf did. Their conversation also touched on Russt's personal realizations of his own feelings after Swift had spoken of giving him her "unconditional love."

For the most part, Swift sat on the floor and listened as Daddy and Sheade talked about him, nursing from his bottle and snuggling both the Russt and Sheade plushies now. Occasionally Sheade would ask him a question or two, and the little sissy fox would answer when he could. When Swift wasn't engaged in the conversation, he was often pantomiming the plush wolves talking in time with the real Sheade and Russt much to their delight.

The three canines leisurely worked their way through the meat and cheese tray. Sheade took on the job of making crackers, pepperoni and cheese for Swift while Russt kept his little vixen well hydrated with copious amounts of water. As a result the little fox was fairly soggy; having had to relive himself at least once each hour as the discussions went on.

Soon it was time to fix up something for dinner and Russt excused himself to the kitchen leaving Sheade and Swift in the family room together.

"So Swifty, you like those plushies we had made for you of us?" Sheade asked.

"Yeah." Swift replied, "Dey is cute an' snuggly; dough, not wike da real t'ing."

Sheade chuckled, slipped off the couch and onto the floor, walking on his knees over to where Swift sat. "I really am sorry I hit you Swift." The wolf said with all seriousness, "We had to...you know...check to make sure you really were where Russt thought you were...if you know what I mean?"

Swift just looked at the grey timber wolf and nodded silently.

"You've really challenged us to be cleverer than you are and that means we have to do some pretty crazy stuff." Sheade continued to which Swift nodded quietly once again.

Sheade let out a sigh and finished with, "It really would help me to hear you say you're not still cross with me."

"So I fell for the "Good Wolf, Big Bad Wolf trick." Swift said sadly dropping out of kit speak.

"Yep!" Sheade answered proudly a smile on his muzzle.

Swift gave the timber wolf a sly look and inquired, rubbing his chin thoughtfully, "Hmmm...Now how many times did Daddy say you fell for my tricks?"

But Sheade was on top of that and answered with a sneer, "How about I show you on your bare bottom? You can count the number out loud and clear as I give you a spank for each occurrence."

Swift backed off and returned the conversation to Sheade's request. "I'm not mad at you Unca Sheade; at least not anymore." Swift replied, "Considering I only learned about you being Daddy's mate yesterday I have to say I have been curious to meet you. I was a bit anxious as well, so when you came in and acted like you did it surprised and frightened me and then made me angry. I'll also admit that I'm a little jealous as well and still not sure I want to share Daddy with you." Swift paused then finished with, "I've had a lot to absorb and adjust to over the last three days."

Now it was Sheade's turn to nod silently, but then the big wolf responded, "Swift, I promise you, like I promised Russt long ago; I will not strike you in anger or for my own pleasure. However, I reserve the right to be firm when you've shown me you need correction. Is that satisfactory?"

Swift thought about what Sheade said for a few moments. Then he got up onto his feet so he was now eye to eye with the timber wolf. He toddled forward and gave Sheade a big hug. While he did, he whispered in the big wolf's ear, "I ken a'cept dat Unca."

Sheade tightened his arms around Swift's lithe form a little and replied back, "You're one great little cub Swifty."

"Hey?" Russt barked indignantly having just peeked in to see how his "family" was doing, "What am I; chopped liver?"

Sheade reached for the red wolf plush and moved its head around as he did his best impersonation of his mate, "Hey, what am I? Chopped liver?"

Swift burst out in laughter and Sheade joined him. The little fox pulled the Sheade plush into his own lap and did a weak impersonation of Sheade, "Oh, I forgot! I came over for a cup of milk."

That had both wolves laughing and then Sheade broke in, "Ooo! Ooo! How about this one?" Switching to Russt's voice he pantomimed the plush to say, "I saw that fox watching me again from the bushes and I swear he blew his load twice while I was showering."

Russt swept in and took the timber wolf from Swift and made it say in Sheade's voice, "Ho, ho, ho. Well I guess that explains why he's named Swift."

"Hey!?" Swift whined, pouting and crossing his paws over his chest, "Dat's nawt funny."

Both Russt and Sheade literally howled in amusement at Swift's reaction. As the fox continued they flung the plush wolves at the pouty fox. The Sheade plush bounced off his head and landed behind him, but the fox caught the red wolf plush as it bounced off his chest. Their laughter was contagious. Swift couldn't maintain his faux pouting and soon he joined in their mirth.

## Chapter 5

Swift was strapped into his high chair, the My Little Pony bib protecting his pretty dress from the tomato sauce lightly coating the serving of spiral pasta placed in the bowl set before him. A half finished bottle of milk was just within reach to his right and a crust of Italian bread lay to the left of the bowl.

At the small dinette table Russt and Sheade sat across from each other enjoying their pasta dinner with traditional utensils. The two wolves were idly making small talk. Sheade was sharing what had been going on in the outside world since his mate was house bound with Swift. Their main interest was watching the cross fox eat with her paws. The pasta was slippery and very often slid out of Swift's grasp, bouncing off her bib and landing anywhere from back in the bowl to down in her lap.

"Speaking of getting out of the den." Russt said, "I need to run over to the bank and take care of a couple things. Do you have time tomorrow morning to come over and watch her?"

"Why not just take her with you?" Sheade asked matter of factly. Swift's ears perked and he looked up at Russt, eyes pleading. "You are confident that she's submitted to you right?" Sheade added, with emphasis on "are."

"Oh, I'm not worried about that." Russt replied, "I'm worried about the Pack's reaction to her before the Elders make their judgment. There are just too many who'd prefer a good lynching to what we're doing."

The revelation sent a chill up Swift's back.

"Good point." The timber wolf conceded, "What time would be good?"

Russt gave a short laugh and answered, "I was just about to ask you that same question. How about you come on over around eight tomorrow morning. You can get our girl ready for the day while I cook us a nice breakfast?"

"Sounds like a plan." Sheade said. The large wolf turned to Swift, reached up and tussled her head fur and asked, "How's that sound to you dear?"

"It sound gud Unca." Swift yerfed. His response wasn't completely enthusiastic, and his eyes showed worry, but neither his Daddy nor his uncle appeared to notice.

The fox managed to eat the last noodle after two tries and was gnawing on the crust of bread when Russt stood up to begin to clear the table. Sheade turned his attention to Swift and was teasing the little vixen by walking his claws along the edge of the wooden tray then lunging forward to tickle the fox's side.

"I'm gunna get ya." Sheade teased, "I'm gunna get ya. Gotchya! Giddy, giddy, giddy, giddy!"

Each time, Swift broke out in laughter and giggles and tried to wiggle away but the confines of the high chair seat and the locked tray table limited his ability to avoid the tickling claws.

Russt started to wash the few dishes, silverware and pots that they had used for dinner. He looked over his shoulder at the commotion and commented, "Sheade, could you clean the cub up from dinner? Then you can take her into the family room and play some more."

"Okay...Dear." Sheade placed additional emphasis on the word "dear" as if they were a married couple. He took the plastic container of baby wipes down off a nearby shelf, pulled a damp wipe out of the box and began to wipe down Swifty's muzzle, cheeks and paw pads. The tomato sauce was especially stubborn and the timber wolf went through a half dozen wipes before he was satisfied. All the while he faux growled at the persistent sauce to the delight and giggles of their little vixen.

Removing her My Little Pony bib, Sheade set it aside, removed the tray and unbuckled his pretty little niece from the high chair. Then he threw her over his shoulder and bounced into the family room.

Delightfully Swifty cried out, "Whoa...oh...oh...oh...oh..." in a wave of sound in time with each rise and fall of the dark wolf's bouncing steps.

Russt just smiled and shook his head. As he washed and rinsed the dishes, he heard the delightful sound of Swift's cries of surprise after each menacing growl uttered by Sheade followed by a chorus of giggles and laughter. It was very nice to hear that sound echoing through the chambers and passageways of his cozy little den. The red wolf had little doubt that Sheade and Swift would hit it off, it was just one more part of a plan that was coming together nicely.

Russt checked the clock as he dried off the last pot before putting it away. "Quarter after seven already?" He wuffed softly in surprise then thought, "Where has the day gone?" The red wolf turned, looked toward the family room, his ears filled again with joy and laughter, and suddenly he felt none of it. Russt swallowed, ran a paw through his head fur and then said flatly, "Sheade? Please take Swifty into the "play room. It's time."

On the other side of the wall Sheade's smiling face turned cold and expressionless. He looked down at the smiling fox, lying on her back on the couch, her dress unkempt from play. Swift took one last playful swipe toward Sheade's muzzle, missing by several inches and giggled again. "Come on Swifty." Sheade said seriously, all the play gone from his heart and his voice as he scooped her up into his arms and carried her through the kitchen and down the hall.

Russt led the way. He stopped at the door to the left, across the hall from the bedroom, put a key in the lock and opened it. Uncharacteristically, it swung silently on its hinges. The red wolf moved out of the way and walked into the bedroom across the hall. Sheade carried their vixen into the dark and mysterious "play room."

Sheade flipped a switch on the wall to the left of the door and six, dual lamped, sconces, dimly illuminated the room. The walls had a dark oak wainscot to about a meter off the eggshell white, sheet vinyl floor. Above the chair rail the walls were red velvet to the ceiling which was painted jet black. There were no windows or other doors visible, except for the one they walked through, leading in or out of this room.

To one side, against the wall was a tall wardrobe like those they used in the bedroom. On the other side of the room was a 32" television supplemented by an adequate home entertainment system. Standing against the far wall stood an institutional grey metal crib, with locking top and strategically placed restraining points. Beneath this was a set of open shelves containing a full range of diapers and supplies. Beside the crib was a small kitchenette with wall cabinets, an under counter refrigerator and a small bar sink. To either side of the doorway and at various places along the side walls were an eclectic array of wooden furniture and equipment, each specially modified for purposes Swift could only imagine.

The center piece of the room was a pier mounted table, two meters long and a half meter wide, standing about a meter tall and upholstered in black leather. Several levers and knobs sprouted from the pier and there were two, inch and a half diameter steel rings securely bolted into the long and short side at each corner.

Swift's heart skipped a beat as he realized what Russt and Sheade used this room for, and his mind wandered to how it might have been used on himself had he not been as inclined to cooperate. The cross fox was once again filled with the same dread and uncertainty that had nearly overtaken him after he had found the strength stand up to Sheade in order to save his Daddy this afternoon.

Sheade carried Swift over to the metal crib. The side was already down and the top secured open against the wall. The timber wolf sat Swift down and began to remove her dress. The black vinyl mattress was hard and had little give at all under his weight. Swift was fairly certain it would be very uncomfortable to try to sleep on.

Sheade slowly and deliberately unsnapped the fabric over the zipper and unzipped it down to her waist. Then he slipped the dress up over her head and laid it over the aluminum head board. He unsnapped the tail tabs on the rhumba panties and the double diapers then helped Swift into a lying position on the mattress. The wolf hiked the panties down over the fox's feet paws, unclasped the four diaper pins and removed both wet diapers. Sheade gave Swift's bottom and privates a quick cleaning with a pair of baby wipes and by that time, Russt had returned.

"Daddy!" Swift cried out. It was the first noise he had uttered since entering this room.

"Is he ready?" Russt asked his mate, ignoring his cub's outburst.

"Yes." Sheade answered curtly.

"Please gather what we need." Russt instructed, and Sheade nodded, walked to the wardrobe and opened it. The red wolf moved and blocked Swift's view drawing the fox's attention to himself and the paddle in his paws.

Looking at the fox the red wolf asked, "Swift? Do you have something to ask of me?"

"Daddy, please punish me to help me understand the errors of my ways," Swift began, then paused a moment to remember the rest before proceeding, "and repay my debt to the Pack."

"Very good." Russt said, offering his hand out to Swift, who was now completely naked. He took hold of his Daddy's paw, hopped off the mattress and let himself be led to the table in the middle of the room. The top of the table had a unique design. A circle in the middle with seams which ran from the edge of the circle down the center of the length of the table. An odd angled notch was inset from the center of the long sides, in toward the edge of the circle.

He only had the moment to take in the curious pattern on the table before Russt instructed, "Up on the table on your stomach, forearms and paws over your head. Look straight at the table. Do not move your head."

Swift complied silently, crawling up on the table and lying as instructed. He felt something soft being secured to his ankles and then each one was pulled tight. A few seconds later, he felt the same happening at each wrist, however when those were pulled tight, his body was stretched across the length of the table and the fox let out a grunt in protest. Instinctively he tested the restraints and found himself securely bound.

Sheade walked into view now, wearing a lab coat and a pair of elbow length, medical green, latex gloves. He could hear the squeak of what he imagined was a similar pair of gloves being donned by his Daddy. It was followed by the rustle of fabric as the red wolf put on a lab coat also. There was a click as a lever under the table was pressed and the table rose slowly into the air with a gentle hiss. Another click and Swift let out a yelp of surprise as the table suddenly split apart at his legs. It slowly spread to about 45 degrees before stopping.

Sheade attached the thick leather collar around Swift's neck and strapped the fox's bushy tail to a ring on the back of the collar to keep it up and out of the way. Russt applied a thin layer of cream across the fox's bottom which slowly began to warm. Then the red wolf's claw began to probe the fox's exposed pucker, lubricating it with the same warming lotion.



Swift hadn't really thought much about it, but he hadn't been pleased all day. So as Russt's claws worked their magic on his anus, Swift's member was showing his affirmation of the attention. Whatever Russt was using to warm his haunches was doubly sensitive when spread inside his warm, pink flower. It didn't burn, but it was enough to convey discomfort and soon the fox was wriggling as much as he could strapped to the table.

Russt inserted three suppositories into the unsuspecting and distressed young fox and then plugged Swift's ass tight with a medium sized dildo.

Swift sucked in a breath then let out a "Yip" as his butt was stretched, filled and throbbing now from the chemically induced heat.

"Swift." Russt began, "It is now time for your daily punishment. You will be paddled, one swat for each wolf, and one swat for each month, every night, until we deem your debt paid."

There was a click and the table pivoted upright to a near vertical position. Swift's weight was held up by his bound wrists and he was now thankful for the soft padding inserted around the insides of the cuffs. His ears splayed out to the side and all he could see was the black leather hide, covering the table. The sound he was waiting for was not long in coming.

"Whoosh...Smack!" The paddle landed with precision on his exposed haunch, then another fell upon the other. It wasn't all that hard, but the surprise of it caused the young fox to let out a sad, "Whimper." After a slight pause, two more blows landed; a pause then two more.

Swift heard the paddle exchange wielders, and then the familiar, "Whoosh...Smack!" Sheade reversed the order striking the left cheek first now and the right second. After a dozen swats, the cross fox's haunches were glowing pink and the sting was beginning to overpower the throbbing inside his bottom.

Swift gritted his teeth and closed his eyes tight as Russt took possession of the paddle again. Soon the flat surface found its mark once more against each of Swift's buttocks. At the end of 18, Swift's bottom was red beneath his fur and on fire. Tears were beginning to flow down his cheeks.

Regardless of the fact that Swift had no purchase with his foot paws, in which to move, instinctively he tried anyway. The next six falls of the paddle raised the intensity of pain to his threshold and his cheeks were beet red. Uselessly he struggled against the bonds holding his wrists and he cried and whimpered freely now; unable to hold the emotions back.

By the end of the next round of paddling, Swift had entered into what can only be described as a "submissive black out." He was in a haze where nightmares met reality.

The fox had no control of his faculties and was out of touch with everything his body tried to do to avoid each painful blow assaulting his haunches. Even after the last blow landed, the pain and throbbing persisted, and the young fox's mind continued to block it out. Shuddering, crying like a cub, and still in "sub-space" he only vaguely felt the plug slip out of his bottom as his body wracked with sobs. The warmth inside and outside of his bottom was all he really knew for a long, long while.

Slowly, as the minutes ticked by, Swift regained awareness of his surroundings. It was as if the receding pain led him back to his senses only to be replaced by a steadily building urgency to evacuate. Only then did Swift realize that he hadn't been re-diapered. He risked a look to either side. The wardrobe stood closed when he looked to the left. Looking to the right he saw himself, from the back, on the television monitor, trussed up and hanging on the vertically oriented table, legs wide apart. The fox looked back at the table, perked his ears, held his breath and listened. But no one else was heard in the room; the only sound was his heart, beating in his ears. He was alone with the building pressure in his bowels.

Swift looked back at the picture of himself on the television. He struggled against his bonds and watched himself move on the monitor. "Surely Russt and Sheade had to be watching him." Swift thought. Then he said, out loud, in a sing-song way, "You forgot to diaper me Daddy."

His words were absorbed into the soft velvet wall covering, but there remained no reaction or movement. Swift shifted again and instantly regretted it. The pressure behind his sphincter rushed forward, but Swift was able to catch it and hold it back. The demands subsided and Swift cried out more seriously, "Daddy! I need to mess and I'm not diapered!"

An angry rumble in Swift's abdomen was not the answer the fox wanted to hear. The pressure in his bowels rolled forward like a wave; steadily increasing in pressure. Cramps began to grow in potency within his abdomen. The intensity continued to rise exponentially and soon Swift writhed in a different sort of discomfort and pain. He cried out pitifully, "Please! Daddy! I need a diaper!"

There was no answer, no response. Swift clenched his anus with all his might, but what he needed was to close his legs or better yet, sit down. He was fighting a losing battle whose conclusion was quickly coming. Desperate, with tears in his eyes once again, Swift cried out, admitting to himself and anyone who'd listen, "I want to be diapered! Please! Oh please Daddy! Unca Sheade! Anyone! Please I want...to be diapered...before I...I...I...MESS!!!"

## Chapter 6

As soon as he had said it, he did it. Wave after wave of slick, brown, smelly mess issued from his sore and burning anus. The fight to hold it back was exhausting, but the relief from the pain and pressure was replaced by the horror and humiliation of "messaging the den." Swift's bladder was next to let go; the flaccid little foxie penis made a golden puddle on the floor, further adding to his embarrassment.

Hanging limply now from his bonds, spent and empty, Swift heard paws pad into the room. Behind him he heard a low grunt, something heavy was lifted and then they left the room. Over his own stench, which had filled the room, he could make out Russt's scent nearby and that knowledge comforted him. He was no longer alone; he would once again be cared for.

A small fan somewhere whirred to life, followed by a familiar clink and the table slowly rotated parallel to the floor. Another clink and Swift's legs were brought back together, a latex lined paw reaching under to lift his pee-pee and sack clear before the table was closed. The fox relaxed as the cuffs around his ankles and wrists were released, he was rolled over and carried limply out of the room in his Daddy's arms.

Soft words comforted him as Russt soothed, "I'm so proud of you my little one. You're such a good girl." It was just the kind of "after care" the young fox needed. "You've made your uncle and me very, very happy with your progress." Russt continued to coo to his little girl.

The red wolf walked her into the bedroom and laid her down on the vinyl pad of the changing table. Sheade walked in behind them, carrying the paddle. Swift hadn't noticed it before, but both his uncle and daddy had been completely naked under the lab coats. Russt wiped Swift's thighs and bottom down with a couple wipes to clean up what little residue remained. Swift murred at the attention, but he raised an eyebrow and looked at Russt when he saw Sheade hand the paddle over to his Daddy when he had finished.

Russt simply held the paddle up in front of Swift and the fox remembered what he had to do. Slowly he sat up, leaned forward, kissed the paddle and yerfed, "T'ank 'oo fer correctin' me." Russt moved the paddle away and stepped to the side. Sheade took his place before the little vixen and stooped down a foot so he was eye to eye with the fox. Swift leaned forward and gave Sheade a lick on the cheek. "T'ank 'oo for correctin' me Unca Sheade." Swift said, then gave the big timber wolf a hug.

"You're welcome dear." Sheade whispered in his ear. He released the fox and stepped back taking the lab coat off and draping it on the bed.

Swift got just a tiny glimpse of the timber wolf's sheath and shapely buttocks before Russt moved back in front of him and blocked his view. He almost leaned around his Daddy to continue to look at his uncle, but he managed to resist and instead looked at

Russt and yerfed, "T'ank 'oo Daddy fer correctin' your bad lil vixen." Swift planted a kiss on Russt's cheek and they both held each other for many moments.

"You're welcome my little girl." Russt wuffed, "Now for being such a good girl all day and taking your punishment so well, Uncle Sheade and I have a special treat for you. You may use grown up speak."

"Oh?" Swift yerfed curiously, and Sheade walked over to stand before Swift while Russt removed his lab coat and now all three canines were "in the fur."

"Did you enjoy your session in our "play room?" Sheade asked Swift.

"In retrospect, now that it's over, it was the most intense thing I've ever experienced." Swift admitted.

"That's great to hear Swifty." Sheade replied genuinely, "Your Daddy needs some play time and I was wondering if you'd like to help me?"

"Would I!" Swift blurted out in excitement and Russt flushed with joy and anticipation. "What do you need me to do Unca Sheade?"

Sheade chuckled, set his paws under Swift's arms and hefted him down from the changing table. As he did he told Swift, "I need you to do exactly what I tell you to do and to trust me." With the fox's paws on the floor, Sheade took Swift's paw in his and Russt's sheath in the other, eliciting a "Yipe" from the red wolf, and the naked furs were led back into the "play room."

"Stay." The tone at which it was spoken was enough for the two red canines to comply without question. They stood where they had been left and watched as Sheade gathered what he needed and arranged a few things for their little foray. Out of the wardrobe he retrieved a pair of thick, construction grade, knee-pads, a blind fold, a dildo gag, a riding crop and a small canine dildo with a short, white wire wrapped around the base just beneath the knot. He tossed the knee-pads to Russt with the instructions, "Put those on whelp." The rest of the items he laid out neatly on the table in the middle of the room.

Russt complied with no hesitation and practiced skill. Swift was about to turn and help his Daddy with one of the straps, but a look of shock and a quick shake of the head was all Swift needed to still himself.

Sheade seemed to ignore them both however as he pulled down a one-litre bottle of water based lube from the wall cabinets over the counter, then turned and selected one of the special chairs seated against the wall to the right of the door. With a gentle push, the door swung silently on its hinges and shut with a dull, click. The timber wolf placed the chair to the side of the table, near the head, swiped up the crop in his paw, and turned to inspect Russt's job.

He slid the flapper under the top edge of the right pad, pulled back and seemed satisfied with its application. He did the same with the left, then suddenly and with frightening swiftness, the crop was out, zipping through the air and contacting with a sharp snap against Russt left haunch. "Tighter whelp!" he shouted. Swift flinched and as Russt bent over to adjust the top buckle, Sheade landed three more snaps of the crop against the red wolf's tight ass.

Swift winced with each crack of the riding crop and Russt let out a surprised gasp.

The dark wolf walked over to the leather covered table and retrieved the dildo gag. He handed it to Russt, pointed at Swift and said, "Put it on him." Russt took it and moved to stand behind Swift's back. A long, black, rubber, dildo, mounted to a small rectangular piece of rubber, which kept the gag in place at the nose and chin, and which the leather straps are attached to, was slipped into the fox's muzzle. It had been designed to be used on larger canines; the dildo was exceptionally large such that it tickled the back of Swift's throat, and the straps were longer than needed to secure around the fox's head.

Swift watched as Sheade took the actual rubber dildo, slipped it through a specially placed hole in the seat of the chair and clamped it in place underneath. He adjusted the soft, supple toy so that it was perfectly oriented, while the white wire hung freely below, hanging just above the floor. Sheade looked up to see Russt struggling with the long leather straps.

With speed that belied his size, Sheade was at Swift and Russt's side and verbally berating the smaller, red wolf. "Of all the incompetent boobs, I am stuck with you whelp!" He began, and the crop snapped twice against Russt's haunches, "That's it! You'll be bitch for both of us. Perhaps then you'll learn to do what you're told, when your told, with alacrity!" The crop found its mark four more times before the gag was more than firmly tied into place and filling Swift's muzzle.

"Vixen." Sheade wuffed and Swift turned his head to look at him, eyes wide and fearful. Sheade pointed to the table and ordered, "To the table. Keep your hind paws on the floor and lay your chest down on it. Keep your tail high if you know what's good for you." Swift didn't need to be told twice and in three steps was at the table and his white chest fur was firmly against the contrasting black leather.

"Whelp, prepare the vixen to take her place." Sheade barked out firmly. Swift had no idea what that meant, but he knew he'd find out shortly. Russt was at his side, had picked up the bottle of lube, and had a good bit running down his fingers. "Do the job right bitch. If she so much as whimpers when she takes her seat, it'll come out of your ass." Swift heard Sheade threaten. The fox had to admit, the scene that was playing out filled him with a mixture of anxiety and pleasure that he was enjoying. It was beginning to show in obvious ways.

Suddenly, Swift sucked in a breath around the gag as the scene evolved and Russt slipped two claw digits past Swift's sphincter and stretched it wide. The red wolf pulled them out

slowly, then thrust them back in again, repeating the same process he had on the young fox the previous evening. In and out; in and out; in and out; steadily increasing in speed. Russt pulled his paw digits out, applied more lube and repeated the process again.

As Swift's hips began to buck, and his member smacked against the side of the table, Sheade finally barked, "Enough!" Russt's claws finished their circuit and then slipped out of the cross fox's rear. "Whelp. Put those paw digits in your muzzle and suck on them." Sheade ordered and Russt complied with only a moment's hesitation. Sheade reached over, took the bottle of lube and drizzled a fair amount over the tip of the dildo projecting from the seat of the chair.

Swift watched, fixated, as the clear liquid ran down over the 6 inches of length and then around the 2" of simulated canine knot. A soft voice, completely uncharacteristic of the scene thus far, brought him back to reality. "Swiftly" Sheade said softly, and the fox looked up at him. "Sit." Sheade said the word so quickly and sharply that the fox could not but comply. He skittered over to the chair and positioned his pucker over the tip, holding himself up by his paws.

Both wolves watched as the aroused cross fox lowered himself down onto the faux wolf cock. They observed Swift's eyes grew wide as the tip slipped in, widened at the shaft and then narrowed two inches above the seat of the chair. Russt gritted his teeth. The shaft was the easy part; it was the knot which worried him.

The knot worried Swift too. His arms were tiring. He might have the stamina yet to push himself up and off the dildo, but he had no idea what the consequences of that might be and he wasn't about to chance it. He'd have to bite the bullet and not whimper unless he wanted to see his Daddy...his friend...switched with the riding crop.

Russt and Sheade watched as Swift's arms gave out. The cross fox hovered for a few moments, held up by his tight little pucker; but slowly his own weight drove him deeper and deeper onto the knot. Wider and wider his anus was stretched and Swift squinted his eyes tightly and bit the dildo strapped into his muzzle. Swift was nearing his threshold of pain; when that happened, the fox wouldn't be able to suppress a whimper. As he balanced on the knife edge, without warning his bottom smacked against the hard wooden chair and the pain slowly ebbed, replaced by the warm glow of success and fullness.

In unison, Swift and Russt both let out a sigh. The fox opened his eyes again and saw both wolves standing three feet away, each with a raging hard member. While his imagination was now creating scenarios in his mind of what the timber wolf had in store for them, Sheade moved around to strap Swift's ankles against the front legs of the chair, and his wrists to a ring on the back of the seat. He was now impaled on a wolf cock and his penis was just as happy as theirs' were.

"Okay Bitch, your cheeks get a reprieve, but your ass will always belong to me." Sheade broke the silence, "Now, on your knees and take that juicy fopsicle into your muzzle."

Russt dropped to his knees and crawled over, practically putting his muzzle into Swift's lap. The fox watched the large teeth rush to close around his member and instinctively he tried to flinch away. When he did, pain and pleasure exploded together in his bottom. Russt's warm tongue slid against the fox's sensitive cock and the shiver that went down Swift's spine lit up beautiful feelings in his bum. The little cross fox closed his eyes and rocked his head back, murring around the gag.

A drawer shut in the wardrobe and Swift focused his eyes on something white Sheade held in his paw as he walked back over. Seeing the fox's curiosity he laughed, "Heh, it's wireless." Then ran a slide switch up to half with his thumb and the dildo in his bottom vibrated to life.

"Mmmff!" Swift uttered around the gag as the vibrations filled his bottom, shook his penis against the inside of Russt's muzzle and extended up into his upper abdomen and lower thighs.

"Feels good doesn't it vixen?" Sheade asked and the fox nodded emphatically. The timber wolf smiled, turned the intensity down and laughed as he watched the fox's ears wilt. "Aww, poor foxie woxie. Did the nice feelings go bye bye?" Sheade teased, "Well we can't have you getting to far ahead of me. The bitch doesn't get her foxie shake until I fill her with mine. If the bitch does, then she's going to get a spanking, and I'm pretty sure she'll remember that when it comes time to give you your's tomorrow Swifty vix."

Swift gave him just the reaction he was hoping for and now the fox was doing everything he could to stop himself from enjoying Russt's ministrations.

Sheade smiled, lubed up his stiff cock, dropped down to one knee and slowly guided his dark tip against Russt's pucker. He looked ahead and noticed that Russt had slowed his pleasuring of the fox. The timber wolf would have none of that. A swat of the crop against Russt's outer thigh had two effects: first, he became more enthusiastic with providing phallacio to the fox; second, the red wolf thrust his bottom onto Sheade's cock with relative ease.

Now all three canines sighed with pleasure, but of them all, Russt was the happiest. He was pleasing both of his mates at the same time.

# # #

Sheade lay panting against Russt's back as he waited for his knot to recede. Swift rocked and yipped in sensory overload as Russt continued to lick every drop of cum off of the fox's own engaged member. The red wolf just reveled in the glow and musky scent of of three canines who had just shown each other a most wonderful time.

"Ahhh." Sheade sighed, "Russt, you are wonderful."

Russt licked his lips and raised his head off of Swift's cock, "As are you dear. You're an excellent Dom. What a nice, simple scene to introduce Swift into our trio. What do you think my little vixen?"

"Arlink'zo'soo." Swift mumbled something imperceptible around the gag and that got Sheade and Russt laughing.

"Hey Swift. Don't you know it's rude to talk with your mouth full?" Sheade jeered.

"What?" Russt feigned disappointment, "I'm a failure as a Daddy. Dress her up but can't take 'er anywhere."

"Mmm, mmm. Mmm, mmm" Swift mumbled.

"Sounds like he likes the taste of wolf cock, hey Sheade?" Russt took his opportunity to poke fun at the fox.

"Mmm, mmmmm, good." Sheade imitated, "That's what I'm hearing out of our Swiftly fox."

Swift blushed, hung his head and shook it from side to side. He was just as stuck as they were; even more so because he was tied down to the chair. Suddenly the cock in his bottom came alive and the fox looked up in shock and surprise as Sheade played with the wireless controller for the vibrator.

"What's the matter foxie?" Sheade laughed, "Cock got your tongue?"

Swift bounced and wiggled to no avail while Sheade played with the settings on the vibrator. Both wolves found teasing the helpless, impaled fox to be great fun. All the feelings of fullness, helplessness, humiliation and stimulation were quite pleasurable for Swiftly as well.

"Hey! I think he's going to blow again." Russt commented as he watched the fox's knot began to grow again.

Sheade craned his head around and noticed the same thing after Russt had pointed it out. "Well go git it boy! Ruff! Ruff!" Sheade encouraged his partner.

Russt did just that and with a little bit of careful tongue work he earned himself a second helping.



## Chapter 7

Russt left the room to run a warm bath for their cub. Sheade walked over to the bedroom to clean his member off with a few of Swift's wipes. Swift was left alone, tied with his faux wolf with a dildo gag locked in his muzzle. The little fox was spent...twice...and drool matted his lower jaw. It had been a very hot scene, but the pleasure his position previously granted gave way to discomfort; he had no choice but to endure it until he was released.

The big timber wolf slowly got himself dressed before he wandered back over to the play room. He untied the dildo gag from around Swift's head and laid it on the black leather table. Sheade loosened the bonds which had held the fox's arms and legs tight to the chair next. Tipping the chair forward and holding its front feet on the floor, Sheade said to Swift, "Your turn to untie now sweetie. Take your time; I'll hold the chair for you."

Pulling himself off the dildo was more difficult, and no less painful. That was one of the downsides to playing with toys compared to the real thing. Swift gritted his teeth and with his knees bent and arms forward to catch himself, he leaned forward and tried let his weight draw himself off of the wolf cock.

"You may have to push, like you're having a bowel movement, to help it along Swiftly." Sheade suggested.

The advice helped. After four more tries, Swift let out a pained yelp followed by a pronounced pop. Next thing he knew he was on his paws and knees, panting to catch his breath, while the stinging in his anus gradually subsided.

"Good girl!" Sheade praised. He ruffled her head fur and gave the little fox some time to recover. Several minutes later, the big wolf heard the water stop running and knew it was time. He scooped Swift up in his paws, and carried her into the bathroom where Russt had a lovely bubble bath ready for their cub. Sheade gently lowered the spent fox into bed of bubbles and the warm water below.

"That was quick." Russt observed, looking at Sheade.

"Yeah, she didn't do too badly for her first time." Sheade answered, "I'm impressed."

The red wolf nodded in agreement while he began to lather up a thick sponge to begin cleaning down his little girl. Sheade backed away and watched his mate go about this intimate task, just he and his little girl.

"Sheade?" Russt began, "How about getting things ready for her change. While you're there, why don't you take out that sleeper you had made for her." He turned to look at the dark wolf with a smile on his muzzle.

Sheade returned the smile glad to have something to do. He replied, "Sure thing." With a bounce in his step, the timber wolf turned and left the bathroom.

Russt smiled and then looked back at Swift who had been watching quietly. The red wolf said, "It's important to make your Dominant feel needed and useful." That made Swift giggle and Russt joined her.

A thorough scrubbing and washing was followed by a fluffy towel drying and then a few minutes in the fur dryer. Russt picked his girl up and carried her into the bedroom where Sheade had been exceptionally busy. Laid out on the changing table were two thick, cloth diapers. Nearby was a pair of pale yellow vinyl pants and hanging over the crib rail was a yellow, flannel sleeper with a white zipper going from the ankle to what appeared to be the neck.

As they walked past, Sheade offered a pacifier to his niece and Swift took it willingly into his muzzle. Russt sat her down on the changing pad and reached for the long bristled brush. He brushed down Swift's floofed up fur and removed the bits of dead undercoat and guard furs left behind by the day's activities. The wolf worked around the fox's form with practiced efficiency finishing up with Swift's white tipped brush.

After her brushing, Swift was laid down on the changing pad and the safety strap was secured across her chest. Russt handed his little vixen her red wolf plush which she snuggled graciously. Sheade, however, quickly slipped the red plush out of her paws and replaced it with the timber wolf plush. When Russt looked at him in shock, he laughed and threw the red plush at his mate.

Russt reversed the plush with a smirk and a satisfied, "Ha" and threw the timber wolf plush at Sheade. This went on, and on, for about three rounds full of feigned indignance and pouting which had just the effect they were going for; the room was full of joyous laughter from their little girl. Eventually she latched onto both plush and this appeared to appease her lupine caretakers.

Swift turned his head to look over at Sheade, who had retreated to the bed and was paging through a story book he had selected for his bedtime story. Russt was busy slathering kit lotion across his haunches, sheath and tummy. Swift noticed a bottle of milk waiting for him on the night stand and felt all warm and happy inside that Sheade was really interested in becoming close outside of sex. The big timber wolf had been quite industrious in the fifteen minutes or so that it took for him to get bathed and dried off.

The scent of baby powder suddenly assailed his nose and Swift turned his head to see a faint cloud of white enveloping him. "Ah-Choo!" He sneezed the small particulates out of his nose.

"Bless you Swifty." Sheade said.

"Ooo! Sorry about that little one." Russt apologized, "It came out a little fast."

The pins which Russt used to hold the diapers in place had little pink bunnies on them. Next Russt hiked the vinyl panties into place. The strap was unclipped and the red wolf helped his vixen roll over so he could snap the diapers and plastic pants over top of her tail.

"Sheade," Russt turned his head and began, "She's ready for her jammies if you'd like to bring them over?"

The timber wolf put the book down, pushed himself off the bed with a broad smile and retrieved the flannel sleeper. He turned it around and held it up by the shoulders to show it to their cub.

Swift watched as the zipper disappeared around to the back of the sleeper and on the front was a screen of a little orange fox with a black stripe running from his nose, up his forehead and over his head; just like him. The fox had bows around its ears and one where the red and white on the tail met. Above the fox were the words, "Daddy's Lil Girl."

Swift smiled, blushed and yerfed, "Awww Unca Sheade. I luv it." The cross fox pointed a claw at the little vixen on the shirt and asked, "I's Swifty?"

Sheade smiled and nodded, "Yep, it's you little vixen."

Russt helped Sheade put the sleeper on Swift. The two wolves realized rather quickly why sleepers for cubs are normally designed with the zipper down the chest and front of the leg, rather than the opposite. With some effort, they got Swift rolled over, his thick tail threaded through, and the sleeper zipped up. There was a strip of matching flannel which, when snapped in place, laid across the zipper, at the collar, and made it difficult for the wearer to take it off without assistance.

Like the diapers enveloping his loins, the sleeper enveloped his whole body and added to his sense of security and well being. It was warm, soft and comfy, like getting a big, warm hug. Swift felt happy all over and now needed an outlet to show it. Sitting up now Swift reached out to give Sheade a kiss and a big hug.

With the fox's arms clasped around his neck, the timber wolf slid her off the changing pad, walked over to the bed and sat down with the fox on his lap. "I'm very glad you like your sleeper Swifty." He said, "Now I have a very special story here that I hope you'll like too. But first..." Sheade reached over for the bottle of warm milk and handed it to Swift who took it and immediately put the nipple into his muzzle.

Sheade and Russt smiled and the timber wolf reached over for the book. He read the title, "The Brave Little Cub and the Witch in the Red Hood." Turning the page, the charcoal gray wolf began to read, "Once upon a time there was a little she wolf cub who

loved to pick flowers for her grand-dame. One day, as she was skipping down the trail, she was set upon by an old crone wearing an old red hood and cloak. 'Hello dear.' She said in her raspy voice, 'Where is a nice little she-cub like you going on this fine day?' 'Why, I'm off to my grand-dame's with a paw full of freshly picked flowers to freshen up her den.' The little cub answered with a smile. 'Such a good little girl you are.' The crone praised, 'You run along. I shall not keep you any longer.' 'Bye!' the little cub replied. She waved as she set off, skipping down the path with her tail wagging happily after. But the crone was really an evil witch and she had other plans. Winter was coming and soon she'd have to endure the cold in her old red hood and cloak. She needed that little cub's fur pelt if she was to stay warm through the winter. So she took off on her magic broom and flew with all speed to beat the little cub to her grand-dame's den."

Russt leaned in and whispered, "I can't believe you picked this story. It's going to give her nightmares."

"Shush." Sheade admonished, turning another page.

Swift remembered listening as the witch arrived at grand-dame's den and found it was vacant. Finding a picture of the old she wolf on the dresser, she used her magic to change her appearance. Then, the witch feigned illness and lay in the bed for the little she-wolf cub to arrive. That was all Swift remembered before succumbing to the effects of the warm milk and drifting off to sleep.

Russt tapped Sheade on the knee and quietly motioned to the sleeping fox in the timber wolf's arm. Sheade closed the book and put it down, the story unfinished. He rose gently from the bed, cradling the fox kit in his arm and laid the vixen down in her crib. Pulling the blanket over her lithe body and up to her shoulders, Sheade made sure to put the timber wolf plush closer than the red wolf one. That won him another frown and a scolding shake of the head from Russt which only made the playful rib that much funnier.

"The witch was never seen from again and the little wolf cub lived happily ever after." Sheade whispered, "Sweet dreams Swifty. See you in the morning." The big wolf backed away and moved to the door of the bedroom.

Russt stepped over to the crib, reached down and gently brushed his paw through Swift's head fur. "Good night Swifty." He whispered, "I love you. Sleep well." He reached down to move the red wolf plush closer, but at that moment, Swift reached out in his sleep and snuggled the Sheade plush close to his chest. Russt looked over to the doorway and gave Sheade a dirty look.

Sheade covered his muzzle with his paw and fought to remain silent, but his mirth was clearly present in his eyes.

Shaking his head, Russt walked over to the CD player and turned it on to play soft lullabies. The red wolf left the light on the night table lit before roughly shoving Sheade out of the doorway and closing the door quietly behind him.

# # #

The rainy day gave way to a crisp, clear, moonless sky once the sun had set. Russt and Sheade sat in the backyard, enjoying a glass of wine and some casual conversation.

"The Alpha and Beta are beautiful tonight." Russt said, gazing up at a pair of familiar, circumpolar constellations, "They circle each other night after night in a never ending battle for reign over the pack."

"Yep." Sheade agreed looking up as well. He pointed to a faint smudge inside the larger constellation and added, "The skies are exceptionally dark and transparent tonight. You can see the Alpha's Heart nebula naked eye." "We should get your telescope out." The large wolf finished with enthusiasm.

"Yeah, I should, but I don't really have astronomy on my mind right now." Russt conveyed to his friend."

Sheade chuckled and teased, "You've got fox on the brain."

On the other side of Russt's den, the knob on the front door turned quietly, the latch making an imperceptible click, then it swung forward quietly on its hinges.

"When haven't I had fox on the brain bro?" Russt looked at his mate and smiled, "But now I'm just...I don't know how to describe it. Amazed isn't the right word I want to use."

"Overwhelmed?" Sheade suggested.

A grayish-black furred wolf slipped over the threshold and padded slowly down the hallway along the wall. He heard faint voices from ahead and paused.

"Yeah, that describes it better." Russt replied, enlightened, "The more I learn about Swift the more complicated this whole idea and my feelings for her get. It's getting very hard to continue like we had agreed on when we started. I mean, initially we expected this to be very difficult and we were set to give Swift absolutely no choice in everything we do to her. But I'm feeling more and more that I'd like her to consent to being treated as she is. It's a damnable time to hatch a conscience Sheade."

The dark wolf laughed and responded, "I think our fox has already consented Russt. Otherwise he'd have been gone when she opened the door this afternoon." Sheade paused to collect his thoughts before he admitted, "Trust me, I had to hide my surprise lest I ruin the whole masquerade we had set up. I doubt I'd have been able to catch her if she had picked that moment to bolt. But if you need to hear it from her muzzle, I think you'll be happy with her response."

Padding into the kitchen, the intruder spied the two wolves, red and charcoal gray, lounging in chairs, safe and comfy in their repugnant lifestyle, with their backs to the den and defenses down.

Russt was glad for his friend's company and Sheade's words echoed those that were playing over in his mind. Not getting a response from the red wolf, Sheade reached over and patted his partner on his shoulder in camaraderie.

"I'm also worried about our meeting with the Elders in two days." Russt said finally.

"What for?" Sheade asked incredulously, "Swift is ready for their review now. She's even further along than we had planned. Remember we were all set to have her trussed, hobbled and muzzled for this meeting? In two days I dare say that we may even be able to do without the hobbles; although, for show and to put the Elders at ease, we should at least hobble her and secure her with reigns."

The strange wolf turned back and padded halfway down the hallway. He stopped before the door on the left which led into the playroom, sure that his quarry would be caged there-in. Releasing the lever, the wolf swung the door silently open. Feral eyes, adjusted to the dark, in the dim light spied an empty metal crib on the far side of the room. There was a familiar, musky scent to the room and the wolf's mind reeled, "Disgusting."

"I know that." Russt confirmed to his friend, "I just wish that the meeting was tomorrow now. Two weeks ago we were afraid that five days was no where near enough time. Now...well lets say two days is a long time. Anything could happen."

"Nonsense." Sheade tried to comfort, "First off, we're less than two days away from meeting the Elders. Second, the time will fly by because you're enjoying your moments and experiences with Swift. Third, everything's gone better than right so far and I'm confident now that the Council of Elders will be more than impressed."

The trespasser closed the door and walked to the door across the hall which led into the bedroom. Turning the lever, the latch clicked louder than he had expected. He stayed his hand and paused; he stopped breathing and listened for a sign that he'd been discovered.

"I know. I just can't shake this feeling. That...that something bad is going to happen and ruin everything." Russt admitted.

"What? That Eclipse and his ilk will muster the courage to act against the Elder's decree?" Sheade growled, "You have always given him more credit than he's due."

Sliding into the room, his eyes lit up as he saw his prize now before him. The wolf stepped over to the crib and pulled out a scrap of cloth and a small glass bottle of ether. Opening the bottle and placing a few drops on the rag, he slowly reached down into the crib and then quickly held it over the fox's nose.

Swift tried to struggle, but the plush wolves got in the way. "Huh, wha?" The fox softly muttered in a sleepy daze before his eyes rolled back and he went unconscious.

"I hope your right." Russt said with concern in his voice.

"Of course I'm right." Sheade laughed confidently, "He's a mangy, moth-eaten excuse for a wolf and I wouldn't trust that omega further than I could throw him. Trust me. He's my little brother. If anyone knows him, I do."

From inside Russt's den, the charcoal grey wolf sneered as his ears heard those words. "You may eat those words sooner than you know...brother." He spat under his breath. With the sedated fox secure in the burlap sack flung over his back, Eclipse closed the door to the bedroom, padded out the front door and closed it quietly behind him.

Sheade raised his glass of wine and toasted, "To our little vixen and our success." With that he drained his glass and Russt, with far less enthusiasm, drained his as well.

The End of Day 3.

Story by Patrick Glen Rockhill (a.k.a. Swift Fox)  
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