

The Misadventures of Swift Fox

Episode 1

CHAPTER 1

Hi! My name is Swift and I'm a fox kit! I'm having a lot of fun in my new life and learning neat things with my bothers and sisters. Hunting, tracking, fighting, stalking, all kinds of lessons Mother and Father are teaching us. But some things just come naturally to foxes, especially to kits. Trouble and mischief are just two of these that feature prominently in my existence. Maybe prominent is a little light of a term. When it comes to these two traits, I think I've received the 'Lion's share.' That aside, I would like to offer you an invitation to join me in one of my misadventures. Why not!? It just takes a flick of your tail and a shake of your head and you're a fox too! Come on friend! Follow me!

It was the end of another day of fun and new lessons. The hot July sun was just beginning to set when Mom began to corral us into the den for the night. As usual we stalled and played for as long as we could, but eventually Mom always won out.

I descended down the sloping tunnel towards the warm, cozy den, prodded along by an occasional nudge from Mom's nose. I'm last as usual. From ahead I can hear the excited yips of my brothers and sisters. Father hadn't woken up for tonight's hunt yet, and unfortunately for him, we were still playful. Excited as well, I charge in to join the fun.

A sharp bark from Father silenced our chatter and sent us scurrying for a place to hide.

"Quiet children. Quiet.", admonished Mother, "You know your Father needs his rest. Now everyone come here to Mama for your bathies."

"Oh no.", I thought to myself, "I hate bathies. Bathies are for kits, and I'm a big dog fox." I quickly began plotting a way out of getting a bath. I backed myself into a shallow nook in the wall and tried to stay still and quiet, hoping that I'll be forgotten about.

Mom continued with the ritual pre-bedtime activities.

"Good girl Auburn."

"Gosh. How'd you get so dirty Ashley?"

"Be still Timmy. Stop all that giggling."

"Rolling in mud puddles is bad TJ. You should know that."

She quietly admonished and praised them each in turn as she efficiently cleaned her kits. Then to my horror she uttered my name, "Swift."

I should have known better than to think she'd forget me, and something inside urged me to jump up and go to her. But I wouldn't give in! I'm not getting a bath! So I hunkered down and dug in to await the inevitable.

"Swift pup.", Mom said, a little louder this time. A few seconds pass, then I heard the dirt shift beneath her paws as she stood up. She began to sniff around.

Her tone turned hard as she addressed the darkness, "Swift. Don't make me have to come and get you. Come and get your bath like a good fox."

Just a quick sideline, if you look up 'Swift' or 'Fox' in any dictionary, the word 'Good' is never mentioned or listed for just this reason.

I didn't move. But Mom does and I heard faintly, under her movement, "He's in trouble now.", followed by giggling. "Thanks for the news flash Sis.", I thought to myself. Mom is just about on top of me now (the den isn't that big) and I knew the gig would be up soon. As she reached my hiding spot I panicked and bolted out in an attempt to get away, but to no avail. I gave a pathetic yelp as she clamped her mouth around the scruff of my neck and picked me up off the ground. I felt an uncomfortable pinch and realized that she's holding me a bit harder than normal.

She trotted back to the other side of the den, doing a good job of shaking me up, and proceeded to lie back down. Then she dropped me, and before I could get my feet back, she deftly placed her forepaw on my tail, holding me fast. Next thing I knew her thick wet tongue was brushing over my fur. She took her time and the ordeal seemed to take forever. This was embarrassing. The giggles from my siblings weren't helping either, and Mom knew it.

"Now Swift.", She began to scold me, "A dirty, smelly foxie can't hunt well if his scent gives him away to his prey. And Swift wants to grow up to be a cunning hunter like his Daddy, right?"

I gave a weak bark yes, knowing where this will lead.

"Well then you must learn to be clean.", Mom continued her sermon, "Otherwise you'll never be good hunters and may get weak, starve and maybe die."

The word 'die' came out as a violent bark, and with it she nipped my nose to reinforce her lesson and mark the end of my bath. She then gathered us all together to sleep.

We all crowd together. Our combined warmth washed over us like a thick blanket, our breathing slowed, and soon sleep claimed us.

CHAPTER 2

Now, I was a kit of 4 months and I knew that big foxes didn't go potties in the den. I was proud to say, "that I was a 'big' fox," since I didn't have to wear kit pants anymore. So when I woke in the middle of the night to 'the urge', I just wiggled out of the sleeping huddle of fur and trotted outside to take care of business.

The night air was cool, damp and invigorating. I soon forgot about sleep as my mind wandered to other things.

"Hmm.", I pondered, "Dad goes hunting at night. In the morning he always comes home with a nice chicken, mouse or rabbit. I can catch a rabbit! Sure I can! I'll catch a rabbit and bring it home. Everyone will be so proud of me and I'll be a dog fox just like Dad! Yeah!"

With that I was off on my mission. To catch a rabbit and bring it home. I trotted off into the night, across the countryside on my quest. Nose to the ground, familiar scents wafted passed my sensitive muzzle. Suddenly, I found the scent I had been searching for.

"Rabbit!", I said under my breath, ecstatic.

Using everything I had learned, I followed the scent to its source. Some time passed before I came upon my prey. They were not more than a few yards away. There were at least a dozen big, plump, juicy rabbits. I chose the biggest one as my target and began to plan my attack.

"I'll just run in and grab him.", I thought to myself, "It'll be easy. Nothing that big and fat could possibly move faster than me."

(My plan was flawed from the start...)

I burst out of the brush, running as fast as I could, mouth hanging open, tongue hanging out and teeth showing.

The rabbits scattered screaming, "Fox!!"

To my amazement that big, fat rabbit took off like a shot. By the time I reached where he was sitting there wasn't a rabbit in sight. I stopped there and sniffed around. "What were these guys eating?", I asked myself, "All that's here is grass."

Fear washed over me when I heard something running towards me. My panicked mind raced, "Oh no! It's Mom and Dad. They've found me."

I had just gotten my head up to look at what was charging at me when a clawed paw smacked the side of my face, drawing blood. Pain and shock overwhelmed me, and

I immediately curled into a ball, bringing my long brush around to cover my head. Terrified and bleeding I started crying like a newborn kit.

The attacker had stopped but I knew he was still nearby. I could still hear him over the drumming in my ears. The salty taste of blood was starting to trickle into my mouth and I could feel it starting to cake on my fur.

"It's only a little one.", said a deep voice, "It's all right everyone. It's terrified and harmless."

"Vile, little creature.", spat a feminine voice, "What are we going to do with it?"

"I think we'll teach it a lesson.", commented the deeper voice, "You ladies go get some thin vines. You two help me move him over there. If he moves, I'll give him another mark on his hindquarters."

After hearing that I dared not move. I didn't know what had attacked me, but I wasn't going to take the chance either. Moments later I was moved in the direction of the bushes and tangle weeds. It was the strange hopping motion that tipped me off. My captors were my former, would be prey. Enraged and embarrassed I tried to free myself. But the blood had caked my tail fur and facial fur together and I couldn't separate them.

The rabbits laughed at my attempts. They finally dropped me on the ground and proceeded to tie the vine around the root of my tail. I was hoisted into the air, tail still stuck to my face. "Ouch!", I cried out when the pain coursed through me as my weight stretched my poor tail.

"So you thought to catch me, did you fox?", jibed the big rabbit, "Now look who caught who, huh? Even your stupid Father couldn't catch me."

"My Dad's not stupid!", I defended.

"All foxes are stupid!", continued the large rabbit, "I do hope for your sake, that your parents find you before the farmer does. But before we leave, we want to make sure this little lesson sinks in young fox."

On cue, each rabbit in turn took a swat at my hindquarters, not to draw blood, only to send a painful message. Each hopped away when finished, leaving me sore and crying. All except the big rabbit, who had waited to be last. He proceeded to leave his scent on the ground beneath me, so all would know who did this. Before he left he looked at me then struck my face, right where it was connected to my tail, and tore my tail away from my head. Searing pain shot through me as my furry body dropped down, held aloft by my tail. The wound on my head began bleeding anew, blood dripping to the ground. So there I hung, in pain and humiliation, spinning back and forth, until sunrise.

Many animals came and went, stopping to gawk and laugh at my predicament. I begged them to let me down, but none would trust a fox. Then Mom came. She stopped momentarily and looked at me. I think I saw her giggle before she put on the hard, stern composure I'm used to seeing.

"Well, well, well, kit.", she said calmly, "What have we gotten ourselves into now?"

Tears flowing freely again I stammered, "Mama! Please let Swift down."

She walked over and snapped the vine with her sharp teeth, sending me crashing to the ground with a thud. My relief at having all four paws on the ground was quickly washed away when I realized Mom was watching me contemplatively. The worst was still to come. Mom also looked a little worried. Since we were so close to the farmers house, and it was late in the morning (well late as far as foxes are concerned.) It wasn't safe to be here too long. So she snatched me up in her mouth, roughly, turned and ran to the den. Each of Mom's bounds brought a pinch of pain, because of her extra tight hold on me. The trip didn't take long and soon Mom was carrying me down into the den. There the punishment would be doled out.

I had the whole trip back to contemplate my fate and my imagination wasn't being very generous. However, nothing could have prepared me for the sentence that was to be laid down on that day.

Mom carried me passed my assembled, snickering siblings, and dropped me in a corner of the den. Father was there. I knew I was really in for it, for Father rarely takes a part in the discipline of us kits. If I was scared before, now I'm so fearful I start whimpering. Hoping to bring about some lenience.

"Kit.", Father's flat tone hit hard. He didn't even use my name. As he continued to address me my heart sank lower and lower, "You have shown me that you are not grown up enough to have the privileges that your age and our trust allow you. Therefore it is your Mother's and my decision that you be grounded to the den, only to leave if Mother carries you out. You will be treated like a newborn kit in every fashion until you learn your lessons and we feel you are responsible enough to act like a fox. You will take your meals from Mother's breast and regurgitations, and wear kit pants at all times."

This is awful! Terrible! Outrageous! I'm almost a full dog fox! They can't possibly be serious. But his words had paralyzed me with shock and disbelief. All I can do is sit there, mute.

Father turned to my siblings and re-introduced me, "Children. This is your newborn brother Swift. Take his example to heart and see the wisdom in not following his path."

As father turned to leave he set the topper on my punishment, "Every time you get into mischief or misbehave, this lesson will go on longer. It would be advisable for you to get out of those diapers before mating season." He let out a little laugh, then leapt up the passage towards the surface.

Mom laughed a little also. (Must be some sort of private joke between them) She picked me up again, this time a bit more gently, and took me to another corner of the den. The reality of my punishment was finally sinking in. Shock gave way to fear and humiliation. I was whimpering like a puppy when she placed me on the floor. The smells of talc, oil and kit pants assailed my senses. I began to whimper louder.

"Hush my darling. Mama's here.", Mom said comfortingly, "Lemme rub some nice oilies on."

She started rubbing the cool oil onto my hindquarters. I made an effort to struggle away. I had to stop this. But a well-placed smack on my already sore and now oily butt brought my struggling to a stop in a hurry. She continued through the steps quickly and efficiently, all the while cooing and fussing over me. She sprinkled on some kit powder before pushing my hind legs back over my head, to raise my back end off the floor. I began to wonder if my luck would allow me to get through this whole punishment thing in as short a period of time as possible. My rear came back down to rest on the soft, thick padding of the pair of kit pants Mom had just slid under there. She brought the soft thickness up between my legs and up to my tummy where she tightly secured me into the soft, white bundle. At that moment deep memories came flooding back, and fear gave way to a feeling of comfort and security.

Deep down, I had missed all this attention from Mom. It may be a little humiliating, but it's a good trade off for some innocent, intimate time with Mom. This may not turn out to be as bad as it seemed originally. A chill ran through me as Mom's tongue gently caressed my chest and tummy. The sensation was so peaceful that I soon drifted off to sleep.

CHAPTER 4

I awoke a few hours later, curled up against mom's side. I shuddered and thought, "Ugh. What a nasty dream." When I turned to clean myself I was floored by what I saw. I was wearing kit pants! It wasn't a dream. Mom began to stir soon thereafter and looked over at me, smiling pleasantly.

"Good morning little one.", She said, "Did you have a good nappies?"

I nodded and realized I had to 'go.' I started to walk, more like waddle, towards the tunnel to go outside.

Mom's voice stopped me in my tracks, "Swift puppy? Where ya going?"

"I have to go potties, Mama.", I told her. Her answer sent chills up my spine.

"Then go in your diaper. You can't go out. It's too dangerous for little kits to go outside without their Mama. You'll have to use your kit pants."

"But Mom!", I pleaded, but with no success.

"I don't want to have to repeat myself Swift.", She scolded, "Now do you or don't you have to go potties?"

I really had to go, and she knew it also, but I shook my head 'no' anyway. Maybe she would take me out later to play.

"All right my kit.", she smiled and changed the subject, "Are you hungry?" She rolled over on her side to display her rows of hard teats near bursting with warm milk. "You look hungry.", Mom beckoned me over, "Be a good boy and come have some warm milkies."

"Oh great.", I thought to myself, "Just what I need. More liquids." Unfortunately I had paused too long for her liking. She grabbed me in her teeth, pulled me over and dropped me in front of her fertile chest. She proceeded to give me a spanking, until I cried out, because she felt I was being disobedient.

"Swift, you will learn to do what Mama tells you or you will be punished.", She counseled, "Now have some dinner. Or do you need to go potties?"

I'm not that dumb. I knew where the latter question would lead. So I lay down and grabbed a stiff nipple in my teeth, not bothering to be gentle, and started suckling. Mom let out a quick gasp. Then the warm liquid filled my mouth and some even dripped from my lips, before I could control the flow. It tasted wonderful and thick. I found I couldn't stop. More memories came flooding back and I lost myself in the joy of feeding off my Mother's teat. Both Mom's and my own breathing grew faster as each of us

pressed toward our own personal ecstasy. I filled myself full of her potent milk and without realizing it I also filled my kit pants with warm pee. The release was wonderful. Mother was whimpering joyfully. I think she was experiencing a similar feeling as I was. I had lost track of time so when she suddenly pulled away I was stunned. I lunged at the retreating teat, but she leapt away.

"Mama!", I cried.

"That's enough for now Swift puppy.", she said, panting.

My senses slowly came back and I realized I had wet myself, "Mama. I'm wet."

"Well so you are pup.", she answered, looking closer, "Well that'll have to wait. Your Father has returned with dinner. When I come back, I'll change you and bring you back some food."

"Oh Goodie!! Food!!", I screech and make a break for the passage to the surface.

"Oh no you don't!", yelled Mom, "You're not going anywhere but right here."

"But the foodies.", I plead.

"That's big fox food.", she said impatiently, "It's not for baby foxes. Now are you going to do as you're told, or do I have to give you another spanking?"

"I'll stay here.", I conceded, dejectedly.

"That's my good foxie!", she praised. She gave me a lick on the head and ran off up the tunnel.

All that milk had made me very sleepy. Not long after she left, I fell back to sleep. I awoke again when Mom came back down with Auburn, Ashley, Timmy and TJ.

"Look mama. Swift has wet himself!", Ashley giggled. The others joined her.

Embarrassed I looked at myself and found that I was lying in a small puddle of pee. I must have let loose again while I was sleeping. I cried, "Mama!"

Mom wasn't oblivious. "Children.", she scolded, "That's not polite, especially from you Ashley. It wouldn't take much effort to put any of you in the same condition."

That sobered them up. Mom came over to begin to tend to me while the others gave themselves a bath.

"What a mess Swift puppy.", she observed, smiling motherly, "Come on and we'll get you all cleaned up."

She carried me to a dry spot and removed my wet kit pants. She proceeded to give me a thorough cleaning from head to paw. Some oil and a powdering followed. Then she put me in a dry set of kit pants, topped off with rubber pants to take care of any leaks. Finished with that task, Mom moved a little way away and proceeded to regurgitate a little of dinner onto the den floor.

"Come here Swift and have your dinner.", she invited, "Its strained rabbit. Father brought it for us."

I know I had eaten this way before, but it still grossed me out, and I told her so, "Mama. I can't eat that."

I'll learn sooner or later just to do as I am told, but not this time. I was forced to eat strained rabbit while Mom set to work at tanning my behind. She didn't stop until I had devoured every last bite. I was one very sore pup. I couldn't have been happier when she told me to come to bed. As I drifted off to sleep, my dreams were filled with images and memories of when I was a newborn kit. I cannot remember a night when I was so happy.

There were to be many more such nights to come.

The End.

Swift Fox
(Glen Rockhill)
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