

The Misadventures of Swift Fox

Episode 2

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!

The days went by quickly as I went from being changed, to being fed, to sleeping, then start the whole cycle again. Each day I existed under Mama's watchful eye and care. Early on I still endured a spanking now and then, but with each passing hour I found myself slipping further and further from whom and what I had once been. The simplest activities now brought back memories and wonderful feelings of comfort, love and innocence that I had thought were gone forever.

By week's end, my bladder and bowel control was nearly gone. The change in diet caused my digestive system to revert back to infancy. Of course Mama was there to clean me up and change me into another soft white pair of kit pants, cooing and singing to me softly. I had no idea what day it was, nor did I care. I was warm and safe and with my Mama. What more could a kit ask for from life?

Now, don't read into this too deeply. Just because it sounds like I was calm and docile, that couldn't be further from the truth. I was still very playful and more than a little hyper active. You see though my mind was regressing into a little fox kit, I still had the body and needs of a juvenile fox. As such I was still able to find ample amounts of trouble within the confines of the den. But the mischief I got into was innocent in nature. The kind that makes Mama smile and giggle a little, before pouncing you and giving you a good, sound tickling.

This episode begins late one warm summer afternoon a little better than a week after my punishment started. I woke up as usual cuddled next to my mama, hungry, wet and messy. So I did what any young fox kit would do given the situation. I pounced her!

She gave out a little yelp. When she opened her eyes, she saw her little kit smiling happily at her with his tail wagging up a strong breeze. "Good morning Stinker!" She said groggily as she slowly rolled to one side, stood up and stretched.

"G'mornin' Mama!" I said happily as I proceeded to slide off her chest and land on my diapered tail, on the floor, with a muffled, "Splut."

She turned back to me and gave me a playful nip to the ear, pushing me backward enough that the momentum rolled me onto my back. I playfully pawed at her nose as I fell backward. When I hit the floor, Mama immediately began to change me. My body relaxed and my paw involuntarily went into my mouth to be sucked on. The tabs released and the diaper came off revealing the processed remains of last night's dinner mush.

“PU Mom!” Complained Ashley as the stench quickly circulated around the den. “When is his punishment going to end?”

“Oh yuck!” Timmy chimed in, quickly echoed again by TJ. “Not again!” They both said in unison.

Mama answered them quickly, not wanting their coarse remarks to hurt her darling new kit, “This will be over when Father and I decide it will be over. Until then, you had better get used to it. Soon Father and I will expect you to care for your brother while we see to taking down larger prey to feed our growing family.” Seeking to dismiss them quickly and without further argument she sent them all to the surface to clean themselves.

My brothers and sisters gladly made a quick retreat up into the fresh morning air.

“Don’t let your big brothers and sisters bother you.” She said to me as she nuzzled my tummy with her nose. “Mama still loves you.” With that my tail was lifted off the floor and the dirty diaper rolled up and disposed of. Next came the moist, sweet smelling wipes to take the foul mess off my furry rear end and leave behind a clean, fragrant puppy. Mama moved with practiced precision. She had my bottom oiled and powdered in no time flat and when my tail finally touched ground again, it was cushioned by another fluffy diaper. Her paws resumed oiling and powdering my front end, chest and tummy. Then the diaper front came up, was taped snugly in place. The soft, warm garment embraced me in it’s bulk.

“I have a surprise for you today Swift.” Mama said, stirring me out of the trance I was in.

I rolled over onto my feet and jumped around to face her. “What! What is it Mama?” I called out excitedly.

“That’s for me to know and you to find out after your breakfast.” She answered teasingly as she rolled over onto her side exposing rows of teats ripe with milk.

I walked over and greedily grabbed one of the warm nipples in my mouth and started suckling. The warm liquid washed over my tongue and quickly ran down my gullet. I still to this day cannot put my paw on why the simple action of suckling from Mama’s teat should stir such warmth and ecstasy within my body. Stirrings which wrack my body in spasms of pleasure. Feelings which end on such a high that often as not, Mama and I would both cry out together. Afterwards, in the gentle peace that followed, I usually drift off to sleep.

But not today.

“Ok my good boy. No time for sleeping today.” Mama said as she nuzzled my sleeping form awake again.

“Awww Mama.” I whimpered groggily.

“Well,” she began smiling cunningly, “if you want to sleep all day, you’ll miss out on the surprise.”

I was awake and on my feet like a shot. “Surprise!” I nearly forgot about it, “Rark! Swift does no wanna miss his surprises!” I looked around the den, searching for something different. Something out of place. But there was no clue as to what Mama’s surprise could be. So I asked, looking up at her with a questioning expression, “What is the surprise Mama?”

“Today my kit, your Father and I feel that you are old enough to go outside for the first time.” She said proudly.

CHAPTER 2

“Firs’ time?” Was all I got out before I caught myself and remained silent. I was excited to be old enough to finally go outside, but also confused. “Hadn’t I been old enough to go outside before?” I thought. I wasn’t sure anymore. Was my previous life only a dream, or is this one the dream. Mama understood my dilemma and could almost read my thoughts. Her comforting tongue drifting up my chest and chin sent waves of comfort and security through my body. The present won out and the past remained just a dream.

I jumped for joy! “Oh goodie!” I cried out, elated, “Swift gets to go outside!”

Mama chuckled to herself and she moved silently passed me. “Come on you little rascal.”

I followed her to the base of the tunnel. There the cool breeze blew down strange scents from outside. I breathed them in and was overwhelmed by the number of smells and messages my regressed mind was processing. I froze. I was terrified by the immensity of what my regressed mind was telling me must lie outside. My whole body started to shake and I wet myself right there.

Already halfway up the tunnel, Mama stopped and turned her head back when she smelled my fear. “It’s alright dear.” She said soothingly “There is nothing to be afraid of. Just a whole world of new experiences waiting for one Swift kit to come out and explore it.”

“I don’t think I wanna goies.” I whimpered, slowly retreating back into the safety of the den.

Mama backed herself down into the den. She sat down in front of me and licked my forehead, “Honey, nothing will happen to you.” She comforted, “I will be with you the whole time.”

“I don’t wanna.” I said grumpily. I flinched when I heard my tone of voice and waited for the spanking I knew was sure to come.

But it didn’t. Instead Mama asked, “How ‘bout I make you a deal?”

“Deal?” I asked back, thankful that I had escaped punishment.

“Would Swift be Mama’s big dog fox and escort her outside and make sure it’s safe for her?” She answered slyly. “If you don’t like it, then we’ll, quick, come back into the den.”

“Be a big dog fox?” My mind raced “Yeah!” My imagination sparked I fell for mom’s trick hook, line and sinker. I cautiously proceeded up the tunnel with Mama close after.

I sniffed, then sniffed again. Testing the air for signs of trouble or danger. I had a vague idea what smells constituted trouble or danger, and I quickly discerned that none was about. I heard something scurry past the mouth of the passage and caught a whiff of one of my brothers.

It was TJ. I proceeded a little further and the dim light of dusk caused my eyes to squint and water momentarily as my head poked out of the passage.

When my blurred vision cleared, I was amazed at the vastness of the outside world. Places to go and explore were everywhere and the possibilities were endless. My fear and caution were instantly forgotten. I charged out into the world with wild abandon.

There were so many things to see and sniff. “What’s this?” and “What is that smell?” were at the center of my thoughts. The sunset and my eyes grew even more sensitive in the twilight. I leapt from twigs to sprouts of grass and from stone to bush pawing and sniffing at everything I came across. It was wonderful!

Then suddenly someone pounced on me from behind.

“Ooof!” I grunted as my paws flew out from beneath me and my chest collided with the dirt. Needless to say I was startled and the impact had knocked the wind out of me. I did what any proper kit would. I cried as best I could and, when I caught my breath again, I cried even louder.

Mama was there in an instant. “Timmy! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!” she scolded sharply.

“Aww, come on Mom.” Timmy whined, “He’s as big as the rest of us and he’s acting like such a kit.”

The others were snickering amongst themselves as well. I think they put Tim up to pouncing me. But Mama wasted no time. Her juvenile foxes had just lost their outside privileges tonight.

“Timmy, you go straight into the den. NOW!” She barked. “And the rest of you giggling foxes can join him.”

A chorus of, “Aw Mom!” erupted from their muzzles and Mama charged them. They scurried for the mouth of the den in an effort not to be the last. Ashley lost the race and Mama’s fore-paw swatted her across the haunches.

Ouch!” Ashley yipped as she ducked out of sight.

Mama trotted back over to where I was still laying. She sniffed me looking for any cuts or injuries. Finding none she nuzzled me and licked my forehead. “It’s ok my pup.” She soothed comfortingly. “Come on and get up.”

I got up slowly and cautiously, looking all around for another threat. Seeing and smelling none, I shook the sand and dirt out of my fur. My kit pants rocked back and forth heavily and I realized that I had wet them again.

Mama took no notice but smiled at me and asked, “Would Swift like to come for a walk with Mama?”

My spirits rebounded and I leapt up in the air and cried out, “Yes!”

She giggled at me and started off. “Come on my kit.”

I followed a little behind her, jumping from rock to tree stump to ground. Having a grand time jumping over sticks and walking along the trunks of fallen trees. Suddenly I realized that we were quite a distance from the den.

“Mama?” I asked concerned, “Where are we going?”

“You’ll see.” Was her short reply.

I jumped over another stick and pounced a rock. Then I asked, “Is it very far Mama?”

She laughed, “Not far my kit. We’ll be there soon. Come along now.”

CHAPTER 3

Soon the rush of water could be heard and it’s humid smell filled my nose. As we got closer, other smells emerged: The ruddy smell of mud at the banks of the stream; the smell of newly grown fern and pine; and the smell of other animals. I grew nervous. I had a bad dream just a couple weeks ago in which I had seen other animals. In the dream I had been hanging upside down from my tail whimpering and crying and all the animals laughed at me.

I worried silently, “Would they laugh at me again?” Unconsciously I began to slow down my pace and by exuberance waned.

Mama sensed my uneasiness. She turned her head and saw that I had fallen behind. She stopped and waited until I caught up and asked, “What’s wrong Swift?”

“I had a dream Mama. A very bad dream.” I began.

“She looked at me inquisitively, “Oh, a bad dream? Would you like to tell Mama about it?”

I nodded and began to retell what I could remember of the dream. How I was hung upside down from my tail. When other animals came by and I called out for help, they only laughed at me. “I’m afraid that they are going to laugh at me again.” I whimpered when I finished my tale.

Mama looked at me, smiled a toothy grin and replied gently, “That was no dream my pup. What haunts your nights, really happened to you.”

“They’ll laugh at me again.” I cried.

“Some may.” She confirmed, “Some may laugh and some may jeer, but you must remember that you are my kit. You are a kit as punishment for the past transgression that haunts your night’s sleep.”

“Oh.” I said dejectedly, reminded again of my situation and status.

Mama nuzzled me, licked my muzzle and whispered softly in my ear, “But I think that you secretly enjoy every moment of it.” She giggled a little and added, “I think I enjoy having a little kit again too.”

That raised my spirits some, but I was still apprehensive about going further. “Mama, can we go back now?” I asked.

“Go back?” She said incredulously, “Nonsense! I’m going to the stream for a nice cool drink and I’m taking my kit with me.” She looked hard at me and threw in the ultimatum, “Now it’s your choice whether you come along with or without a sore bottom.”

Needless to say, I complied without the need for a spanking. I followed her meekly. The gentle grade soon gave way to a steep embankment. It was tough navigating it in my diaper as it spread my hind legs just far enough that I couldn't get a sound purchase. I clambered across a patch of loose soil and stones, which slid out from under my paws. I found myself careening out of control down the steep grade.

"Whoa!" I cried out, scrambling for a solid foothold and finding none. By the time I had reached the bottom and firm soil, momentum was firmly in control. My front paws found purchase on a slimy stone. My rear end, however, was thrown up in the air. As my body arched past vertical, my fore paws, attempting to compensate, slipped on the rock. My front paws left the ground and the back flip was completed with a loud, SPLASH!

Soon, both banks were roaring with laughter. I laid there in the cold stream catching my breath, the water soon working its way passed the protective layers of fur. I rolled over onto my paws and tried to walk out of the water, but something was weighing my back end down.

"Uh Oh! I think the little foxie has really wet his diaper!" Jeered a yearling buck causing another round of laughter.

"You better run home to your Mama before you get a rash!" Mocked a nearby groundhog.

I looked behind me and noticed that my diaper was soaked near to bursting and water was flowing freely from around the leg gathers. Tears began to well up in my eyes and I struggled to get out of the river faster. As I neared the shallow stones, my paws slipped and I fell into the river again. SPLUSH!

The animals began laughing anew. And I was balling like a newborn, "Mama!"

"Whatsa matter?" Laughed a group of squirrels in a high-pitched chorus, "First day on your new pawsies?"

Mama was there instantly and she barked a sharp warning to any and all who would poke fun at her son. "This is getting out of hand." She thought. She put her mouth around my neck and carried me as best she could over to a patch of dry pine duff.

The animals knew she was busy with me and that her threats were idle ones. Another animal called out, "Hey I know that runt." He said. "I saw him hanging from a tree in the field by his tail several moons ago." The crowd hushed down and took a closer look.

"I guess Ma-ma came to your rescue then too, eh fox!?" The stray voice continued to jeer, "Too bad really. I'm sure you would have looked better with your tail hanging around the farmer's wife's neck!" A chorus of laughter accompanied the remark.

Mama quickly untapped my sodden diaper and buried it nearby for later retrieval. She then picked me up again and charged up the embankment. At the top she put me down and began to sooth my crying.

I was so embarrassed and humiliated. How could they be so cruel? I never wanted to leave the den again! Never! I was so worked up; I peed again without realizing it.

"I'm so sorry Swift." Mama repeated over and over to me. "I never meant it to be like that."

I was in shock. I heard the words as she said them over and over. I lost count at how many times but they didn't register until they stopped. Slowly I could sense that something was wrong. Mama had tensed. She was poised to spring.

I slowly looked up at her head and saw it was pointed around to our left. I began to shake uncontrollably for fear of another round of cruel laughter and jokes at my expense, or worse. My head slowly rotated to the left, eyes searching for the object of my Mama's undivided attention.

There it was. A large female raccoon sat no more than a few yards away, watching us.

CHAPTER 4

"Your kit there looks as though he could use a new diaper." The lady raccoon answered casually. Reaching behind her back she produced a diaper. Offering it to my Mama she said, "It's a long way back to your den, and your kit is shivering. Here's a change for the lad." Then the raccoon invited, "Why don't you come back to my tree and warm yourselves before you head back?"

Mama relaxed some, but was still cautious as she approached the raccoon and accepted the proffered diaper. As she hastily began to diaper me she calmed down enough to thank the lady raccoon.

"Thank you." Mama said, almost meekly.

But the good-natured ol' raccoon just kept on smiling and introduced herself, "Not a problem. By the way, the name's Ivy."

"Holly" Mama returned the gesture as she finished taping the last tab.

Seeing Mama was finished Ivy invited, "Pleasure to make your acquaintance Holly. Now won't you and your kit come along and warm yourselves in my den? I have some lovely fresh picked berries and a surprise for your young'un. One I think he'll enjoy."

Mama nodded, shivering a little herself, and we both followed Ivy into the woods to an old hollowed out tree stump.

"Well here we are." Ivy announced, "Home, sweet home!" She sniffed the air and looked around the tree stump to either side then shouted, "All right you rascal! Where'd you get...Ooof!" She never got to finish as a dark blur pounced Ivy from the right. The two forms tumbled and rolled a few feet before coming to an unsteady stop.

Startled, I tried to crawl under mama and let out a startled, "Yip!" I half expected to hear growls and fighting, but instead the woods were filled with a quiet laughter and giggling.

Mama was also tensed and ready to race away.

From the ball of fur a few feet away I could hear Ivy chortle, "Ok. Ok. You pounced me you little rodent. Now get on off o'me you furry oaf. In case you hadn't noticed, we have company."

A high-pitched, "Huh?" followed her last comment then the shadowy ball of fur separated into two. One shadow smaller than the other; but not by much.

As they began to walk into the moonlight, I recognized Ivy again as the larger one. The smaller form was another raccoon, just slightly smaller than myself. My mouth dropped open when his whole body finally came into view. He was diapered too!

Ivy snickered as she saw my reaction. "I thought you'd be surprised." She looked at her cub and saw that he also had his mouth open in shock and disbelief. "Holly and..." She paused and looked at me, "What was your name little fella?"

I was still dumbfounded until Mama gave me a kick which snapped me out of it, "Oh, er, um, S'ift Miss Ivy."

"Oh then." She smiled, "Holly, Swift, may I introduce you to my cub, Rascal."

Rascal tried to shy away behind Ivy, but she moved a step away and pushed him forward with her tail.

Mama coxed me forward by pushing my diapered rear toward Rascal.

"Holly, if you'll come with me, I think we'll leave these two to get to know each other." Ivy suggested.

Mama laughed, "By all means Ivy. I'm sure they'll have as much to talk about as we will." With that, both lady animals entered the old stump and I stood face to face with another diapered animal.

We stood there, Rascal and I, for several minutes. I looked at him and he looked at me. We circled around the other to get a better look and confirm what our eyes were telling us. Each of us doing so from a safe distance. Then I sat down. He sat down. So I stood up. He stood up. I took a step to the side. He took a step to the side. I stepped back and he mirrored the move. A part of my mind realized, "Hey this is kinda fun."

I quickly jumped backward and turned around to see him just finish his jump backward and turn to look back at me as well. I gave a playful, "Yerf!" and ran to the right. He chittered back and ran to his right. We ran around and around in circles until we were both dizzy. When we fell down we were only inches away from each other. Panting to catch our breath, we allowed the world around us to slowly cease its self induced revolutions.

As I became more relaxed I involuntarily wet my diaper.

"You jus' wet didn' ya?" It was the first thing either of us had said to the other.

"Yeah." I said sullenly, embarrassed that I had.

Sensing my distress, Rascal quickly countered, "Oh dat's alright. I do it too. Wook!"

I rolled over and saw that he was sitting up on his hind legs. The diaper between his legs grew darker as I watched. He giggled as he filled his diaper with warm pee, "I can no help it. Mutter say dat Rasc'l was born funny 'n neber learn'd."

"Oh?" I asked.

"Yep!" He said cheerfully, "Bu' I don' mind." He looked hard at me and asked, "Why is S'ift in diapers?"

I began to blush. I lowered my head and said, "I don' wanna."

"Aw, com'on!" Rascal pleaded, "Pweese!"

“Oh aw wight. I got in twouble.” I answered, taking on some of Rascal’s baby talk.

“Twouble!?” He shouted, really interested now, “What you do fox?”

“I’sa wong storwy.” I answered.

“Tell me pweese!” He begged.

I looked into his pleading eyes with their black mask-like patches around them and gave in. I relayed my whole story to Rascal. He listened intently. About half way through the telling, I was interrupted by laughter emanating from within the raccoon den. When it had quieted down some I continued where I had left off.

“...and Mama rescued me and took me back to the den.” I told Rascal, finishing up the tale, “Since then, I’ve been in kit pants.” I expected him to laugh and make fun of me.

He laughed a little good natured chuckle then he asked as he pointed to his diaper, “I’ dat wha you call dees? Kit pan’s?”

I was relieved. It wasn’t what I thought he would say, and without realizing it I smiled and pointed at my own wet diaper answering with pride, “Yep! Deez are my kit pants!”

Then he laughed and said, “Den deez is my ‘cub pants!’”

We both rolled on the ground in laughter. From that moment on, I knew Rascal and I would be good friends.

“Hey S’ift!” Rascal called out between fits of giggling.

“Yeah Rasc’l!” I answered between snickers.

“You wike to pway games?” He asked.

“Oh boy! Do I!” I answered excited. Then Rascal suddenly hit me.

“TAG!” He shouted as he ran off into the woods, “YER IT!!”

The End.

Swift Fox
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