

The Paths of Twilight

Part 1

By Ayn Blackfox

The Promise

The night before An-Yan's 9th Birthday.

Giggling was heard as An-Yan and his chakat friend WhiteTip were up late watching an animated movie. It was not a school night so they were not worried about getting caught staying up passed their normal bedtime. The two cubs sat side by side on the large bean filled sack, both only wearing their pajamas as the held hands. An-Yan sat with his legs crossed while WhiteTip simply rested hir lower torso on the bean sack and keeping her upper torso upright but leaning against An-Yan.

“An-Yan?” WhiteTip called softly to him. “Thanks for letting me sleepover with you.”

An-Yan looked at WhiteTip and smiled. “You are most welcome. You are my friend and I’m always happy to be able to spend time with you.” He moved a little closer to hir and nuzzled hir cheek softly.

White rubbed hir cheek against his and purred. “Thanks Anny, I’m so happy that I got to stay with you. I was supposed to stay at aunty Eudora’s but mom said I had a choice of staying with you while shi was away on business, whatever that means.”

They continue to watch the movie as WhiteTip moves hir tail closer to one of An-Yan’s tails and brushing against it softly. Both giggle as the main character of the movie burps in a way that sets another character’s hair on fire. An-Yan squeezes WhiteTip’s hand gently and presses against her some. Blushing, WhiteTip returned the hand squeeze with one of her own. Moving his tails, An-Yan rubbed one of his tails against WhiteTip’s tail, showing his affection.

The movie ends and WhiteTip looks at hir friend. Shying away, shi looked back at the TV to hide hir face. Hir young mind raced with the thought of what hir mother told hir, when shi walked in on sexual situation between hir mother and father. Shi was told that they were just showing how much they love each other and that “shi should find a life mate or even a den mate”.

“Anny?” Shi called to him against, moving closer to him with a mild blush.

“Yes WhiteTip?” An-Yan replied giving hir hand a light squeeze to show that he was attentive.

“Would you like to be my den mate when we grow up?” Shi asked sounding

slight nervous in tone.

Unfamiliar with the term, An-Yan looks at WhiteTip with a confused look. "You mean like, we live together?" He asked shifting a little in place. He thought it would have weird if was asking to him to her mate as in get married. WhiteTip was more like a sister to him that a future wife.

"Yes!" Shi said happily. "I want to be with you even as grownups. You're my best friend and I don't want to lose you." Shi leaned in and gave An-Yan a soft kiss on the cheek and a hug.

Blushing, An-Yan nodded slowly to hir. "Yes, I would like to be your den mate." He stopped and shook his head at hir. "No... I promise to be your den mate."

"Thank you Anny, the means a lot to me." WhiteTip said hugging him tightly. "I'm so glad to have you as friend."

"You are very welcome WhiteTip." An-Yan said cuddling with his chakat friend until they both drifted off to sleep.

While the cubs' affection seemed to be more than just friendship and how much they cared for each other, something much bigger had plans for those two...Fate.

The Loss

5 years later – An-Yan and Kylen return from summer camp

“Kylen, wake up brother. We are at the bus station.” An-Yan said gently shaking his brother Kylen who was slipping against the window of the motor coach with his legs pulled up on the seat and pillow under his head. The cool air gently blowing from the vent was enough to keep the cub sleeping the whole trip until An-Yan was cuddled up with him along the three person bench in the back where they were seated. The bus pulled into the diagonally positioned gate where a sign that read “14” was hanging down. The bus was quiet even as the passengers were quickly getting off the bus. The Big City station was crowded as others were to board coaches that already at the station or yet to arrive.

Snorting a little, Kylen yawned and looked at the big brother who was now starting to grow taller than him, though they had been the same height since age 10 from the strange growth spurt he had at age 9. “Oh OK.” Kylen said stretching in the seat a little.

They gathered their belongings and the trash bag they made for the 10 hour trip. Both of them exited the motor coach and were the last to do so but An-Yan looked around some wondering why his friend, WhiteTip, was not around for the last couple of days at camp. Even though they were in two different troops, they would see each other at one point during the day. He didn’t let it bother him too much as it was the time they would be able to go to camp as they reached the age limit. An-Yan and Kylen retrieved their suitcases from the under seating luggage compartment and walked inside the bus station.

Inside, the PA was on announcing the last call for departures that were soon to leave and new arrivals. Walking past the vending machines, they spot their parents standing in front of the in-station fast food restaurant. The boys walked over to them, smiling as wide as they can. Wearing a pair of short cut denim shorts and a short sleeve, front knot shirt, the white Ninetails female opened her arms and hugged her boys tightly.

“Mommy missed her boys so much!” She said waving her tails wildly behind

her. "I'm so glad to see you two again."

The father, Xander, the red ringed Umbreon simply crossed his arms. "Xenon, you say that all the time." He said flicking his single tail in an annoyed fashion.

"Well thankfully, this is the last year of camp." She said standing up as An-Yan and Kylen moved together to her and Xander. "Let's get going, I'm sure you have a lot to tell us on the way home."

"Oh boy." Xander said the family walked out of the bus station.

They pile into the silver Suburban and start the 20 minute drive back to Moon Lake. An-Yan and Kylen show off their rope tying ribbons and badges having been top in their class for their age group. They share the events of the normal activities and blunders of camp but also kept quiet about the incestuous acts the occurred during the night. This included the fact that they found out how fun it was trying each other up with the rope they had.

20 Minutes later, they arrived at the subdivision where they live and start the slow trek down the hilly streets. Everything seemed the same as they drove through the neighborhood until they turned on White Otter Road. An-Yan looked to his left at a brick house which had a for sale sign on it. He blinked and kept his eyes on it until the turned on Silver Fox Court where they lived.

"Mom, why is there a for sale sign in front of WhiteTip's house?" An-Yan asked sounding noticeably concerned by the tone of his voice.

"Oh..." Xenon paused and looked at Xander for a moment as the SUV turned into the driveway. "I almost forgot to tell you that shi moved out last week. I noticed the moving truck over there but it was only for that one day." She tries to stay calm knowing that An-Yan was going to be sad that his lifelong friend had moved and she didn't know where. "But your friend Mica has been calling asking about you."

An-Yan didn't respond immediately as the thought of WhiteTip moving stunned him. In his mind, he was devastated, his friend since birth was no longer in reach. "W...where'd shi move to?" He asked just trying his best to see if his mom knew if he could still see hir.

"I'm not sure as WhiteTail has not called me since shi moved." Xenon said as Xander parked and shut off the car. "But I do remember hir saying that WhiteTip was going to a private school and they would provide transportation to and from the school."

Looking down at the ground, An-Yan's sadness showed as this was something he was not used to. Kylen looked up at this brother and smiled wanting to cheer his big brother up. "Cheer up big brother, you still have me." He said with a light chuckle. "And I will always be with you." He placed a hand on An-Yan's leg and rubbed it softly.

"Yea...I do still have you." An-Yan said as the family got out of the car and walked to the side door of the house.

"Oh! I did invite Mica over to your birthday party coming up. Xenon said as Xander opened the door to the house. "And you never know WhiteTip may show up to it." Shi winked at her song just before the family entered the house.

"I really hope so." An-Yan said as they entered the house and started to take off sneakers in the foyer.

"Your mother forgot to mention, Kylen that your chakat friend called this morning. Shi was hoping that you were home as she said that shi had some cookies for you." Xander said with a light chuckle.

Xenon blinked and looked at Xander and crossed her arms. "No wonder you got excited after that call." She said just starting at him with disbelief. "You just want the cookies."

"Well SnowPaws does make some great cookies." Xander admitted with a rather cute blush.

"Anyway, Kylen, Snowchaser is going to bring you some cookies later. Also shi is coming to An-Yan's party." Xenon said pushing Xander in the living room. "You two go upstairs and get unpacked."

Without question, An-Yan and Kylen walked up stairs to their room. An-Yan followed Kylen with his head hung a little lower. The thought of not being able to see WhiteTip weighed heavy on his mind. Entering the bedroom, the boys placed their suitcases by their respective bed. They unpacked their clothing putting most of them in the wash hamper and others in the closet. The room was quiet as the boys worked until there was a knock at the door.

"Hey boys, because you said you did so well at camp with rope tying, I want to give both of this." The fatherly Umbreon showed the boys two brand new coils of rope both being neon orange in color, still with the manufacturer's tag on it. The rope was 75 feet long and ½ inch thick with a 345 pound load limit. "So if you two decided to go camping out back you have some good rope with work with."

"Thanks dad!" The both say giving their father the tightest hug they can muster before he walked out the room.

Once again, fate had other plans

Reunited: A Decade of Design

13 years later

5 days after the events of “Beyond Twilight’s Eyes”.

An-Yan turned off the lights inside the auto repair shop and set the alarm. He sighed softly as he had to work alone while Kylen was out sick and the shop was busier than normal. Locking the door, An-Yan quickly got into his white sport sedan and drove away from the shop. While driving, An-Yan couldn't help but think about his brother. He hoped that Kylen recovered and was at least able to get out the bed. Cleaning up another pan full of vomit was not something he wanted to deal with after the day he had.

In all of 18 minutes, the Ninebreon arrived home without an incident. Staring at the house as he pulled into the driveway, An-Yan wondered if Kylen was able to check the mail as he was expecting a package. Parking the car, An-Yan walked to the curbside mailbox and opened it. Inside there was a single envelope which came as a surprise as An-Yan was expecting a box and not an envelope. More importantly, who sent it? Taking the envelope out the mail box, An-Yan's eyes fell on the writing in red which said: “Photos. Do not bend” stamped all over it. He looked at the sender which confused him more.

“Ms. T. Sherrod?” He asked himself as he walked into the house. “Who could this be?” Closing and locking the front door with a tail, An-Yan walked over to the couch and opened the envelope. He slowly removed the photograph from the envelope and gasped. “Whoa!” The Ninebreon was taken by surprise and even came close to dropping the picture. Regaining his composure, An-Yan looked at the photo again and found white writing on it: “XOXO Love, WhiteTip” was written on the top right hand corner of the photo.



Blinking, An-Yan wondered if the photo was real and looked on the back of the photo to find a letter written on it. "Dearest An-Yan, it has been so long since we last seen each other! I thought it would be wonderful to be able to meet up with you and catch up the past 13 years. Also, I thought it would be best if I show my future den mate to know what I look like now. I love and miss you so much An-Yan! Come to Sherrell's on Clinton as soon as you get this photo. I can't wait to see you again. Love you lots, Tyrra "WhiteTip" Sherrod."

With a gulp, An-Yan quickly walked up the stairs to his room and stripped himself of his work attire. He washed himself up to rid the smell of the auto shop and brushed his teeth to freshen his breath. After rinsing his mouth out and wiping off his muzzle, the naked Ninebreon walked over Kylen's room and looked inside. Kylen was sound asleep and covered from the neck down in bed sheets. An-Yan moved away from the door seeing that Kylen was still in bed and gets dressed. Wearing casual clothing, a pair of neutral colored slack, a white shirt and a nice pair of walking shoes, An-Yan exited the house without making a sound. He started his car, pulled out the driveway and started towards downtown.

As An-Yan drove, he worried what would happen when he seen WhiteTip. Would it be just like it was when they were just cubs? Always happen to see other or would be more? Could it be friend hug and kiss or possibly more that he could ever dream about, even in his wildest dreams? An-Yan thought it was unfair since he was given a recent photo of WhiteTip but yet, shi didn't have anything of him. His mind wandered and started to bring thoughts that he didn't like. *Could possibly*

have been faked? Would someone be posing as WhiteTip to lure the Ninebreon into a trap? The thoughts came up as he drove into the downtown section of the highway where it opened from two to three lanes. It's been 13 years, how did shi know where I lived? Why would shi send a naked of photo of herself in manacles? Maybe I'm over thinking this.

Slowing down, An-Yan took the Clinton street exit and came to a stop at the end of the ramp. He turned right on Clinton and simply cruised at the speed limit along the busy street. With a soft sigh, the Ninebreon relaxed and got his nerves together, ridding his mind of the thoughts just a few minutes ago. He stopped in front of "Sherrell's" and peeked inside to from the car to see if he could spot WhiteTip inside. Not immediately seeing hir, An-Yan pulled up in front of a smaller red coupe and parked his car in front of it.

Swallowing nervously, An-Yan shut the car off and exited the vehicle. Press the lock button the keychain remote, he set the car alarm and walked the short distance to "Sherrell's". He entered the café slowly not knowing what to expect when he arrived and the thought of staying sharp seemed to be the optimal idea. The café was busy, most of the tables were filled as the waiters and waitresses moved quickly around the fair sized restaurant, making sure the service remained at its best. An-Yan looked around slowly to see if he could spot WhiteTip but a Lynxtaur waitress walked to him.

"Oh! Hi An-Yan!" She said with a soft giggle. An-Yan was a regular and she knew him well enough to treat the Ninebreon a little more personally. "Someone has been waiting for you. Don't worry it's only been a few minutes. As you see, it's really busy today and getting a nice table is quite a challenge."

Nodding and smiling, An-Yan followed the Lynxtaur to a booth in the corner of the café where it cornered with a window on the side and behind the seat that was flush with the wall behind it. The windows viewed the corner of Clinton and 3rd Avenue. Sitting in a special seat for those with a "taur-body" was a domestic chakat. Hir fur was mostly medium red with white tipped ears and tail, hence hir name, WhiteTip. The palms of hir hands, hand-paws and hind paws were also white. Hir hair was medium length, half curled down to hir shoulder and also white in color. WhiteTip wore a short sleeve, purple shirt.

Unable to speak, An-Yan knew it was hir, his best chakat friend whom he had not seen until the photo came. Sitting across from WhiteTip, An-Yan blushed as he pulled his tails under the table. "Um, WhiteTip?"

"Yes?" Shi asked looking up at the Ninebreon with a soft but alluring gaze.

"It's been so long... I don't know what to say." An-Yan said as his nervousness showed.

WhiteTip smiled and took a hold of An-Yan's hands, holding them in a caring fashion. "It's OK An-Yan, I understand. Besides, I really want to just sit down and have a talk with you." Shi squeezed his hands and leaned towards him a little. "Just tell me how you have been doing, recently."

"Well WhiteTip, I have been doing well. Working a lot because Kylen has been sick but I'm feeling well." An-Yan replied as his nervousness faded. "Work has been

slow but I can manage. So how have you been? What have you been up to lately?"

With a giggle, WhiteTip shook his head and gently tugged on An-Yan's hand gently. "An-Yan..." Shi called softly. "You are still rushing, calm down."

"But..." An-Yan pleaded to him. "OK." Taking a long, slow breath the Ninebreon relaxed and closed his eyes. After a few seconds of silence, he looked at WhiteTip again. "I think I got it now."

Smiling, WhiteTip releases An-Yan's hands but keeps his hands close to his. "I have been busy lately. Working at the office downtown is a pain at times but I like it." Shi said and curled his tail against her hind leg. "But I went...no need to ask you something very important to me. This has been weighing heavy on my mind since we were young."

"What would that be?" An-Yan asked as he was picking through this memory to find anything that close to what Shi was talking about.

"Do you remember An-Yan back when we were about nine? In your house, your room and during that silly movie?" WhiteTip asked resting his hands on top of An-Yan's hands.

With a gasp, An-Yan remembers what happened that night. The memory comes to him like a movie flashback. "You asked me to be your den mate." He said softly. "You even gave me that tail hug that you like to do with me."

Giggling, WhiteTip nods at An-Yan. "You remembered..." Shi pauses and blushes some. "I will admit that 17 years after we agreed to it, that you would have forgotten about it."

Shaking his head, An-Yan looked directly at WhiteTip. "I could never forget that." He said as his hands moved to touch his. "And I will say that it's been on my mind when I'm not...distracted."

WhiteTip giggles and nods at An-Yan. "I know, but it's so good to see you again. I can't express it enough."

"I feel that same way." An-Yan said but could blink at the chakat as the question he asked himself earlier surfaces. "But tell me this, how did you find me?"

"Well An-Yan, I decided to go see the old neighborhood and I seen your mom out front." Shi replied. "And I decided to ask where you staying. Of course it's the same old that I first met you at." WhiteTip winked at her friend.

"Then I have to ask this: why did you mail me a picture of yourself instead of just coming over one day?" He asked flicking his tails slightly.

"I thought it would have been sexier if I started with a picture." WhiteTip said squeezing An-Yan's hands. "Do you have any more questions?"

"No that's all WhiteTip." An-Yan said almost sound robotic.

"Oh..." WhiteTip sounded a little disappointed. "But I do have a question for you." An-Yan just looks at him. "Since you have been my friend, well, more like a brother to me, has Kylen keeping up with the friend I introduced him to, Tammi?"

Nodding, An-Yan stood up for a moment and moves his tails around some to

keep in a comfortable position. “Yes he has. Speaking of which, they are supposed to go on a dinner date later tonight.” He sat back down and looked at WhiteTip. “That’s if he’s feeling better.”

Also nodding, WhiteTip looks at the Lynxtaur waitress as she walks over. At the same time, An-Yan and WhiteTip order the chicken-vegetable stir-fry. They shared a brief glance and giggled lowly. An-Yan order a lemon flavored tea and WhiteTip ordered a plain sweetened tea. Confirming the order, the Lynxtaur walks away from the table and the two continue with more idle conversation about what has happened in the past decade they were separated. When their drinks arrive they sipped them slowly and continued to converse. An-Yan explains how he and Kylen changed over the years in terms of personality, how the once very playful An-Yan shi knew was much mellower and Kylen is now the hyper one. This makes WhiteTip giggle and An-Yan goes on to tell how it all happened on their 14th birthday. Now curious, WhiteTip asked what happened but An-Yan starts but stops, not wanting to tell her what happened. He was concerned that it would change his view on him and would not want to think of him the same way.

At the same moment, the entrees arrive and An-Yan let out a sigh of relief for not having to tell WhiteTip a closely guarded secret. Releasing their hands, the steaming plates were sat down in front of them but WhiteTip’s curiosity was far too high to back down. Shi decided to take a different approach to get the answers shi wanted out of him. WhiteTip questioned An-Yan about the plate, wondering if it reminded him of something they ate at camp. Nodding, An-Yan places his fork down and wipes his muzzle off with a napkin. He explains how they had some very similar for lunch after the last rope tying class. He chuckles, telling her that he remembers being so happy that him and Kylen were top in the class that they ate lunch as fast as they could so they could “spend tying different knots against each other and if the camp issue rope was able to hold them without breaking”. WhiteTip giggles and remembers trying the same thing with another chakat cub that was in her cabin. Nodding, An-Yan finished off his plate and drunk the rest of his tea. Staring at WhiteTip, he blushes some wondering if shi was going to question him more or just leave it alone. Thinking shi got the Ninebreon to come out about what happened, shi lean in a little toward him.

“Can you promise not to tell anyone this?” An-Yan asked and immediately received a nod from WhiteTip. “Me and Kylen snuck into the camp library late one night and found a rather, fun book on one of the back shelves. We were overly curious about tying and the book we had dealt with a Japanese style of rope tying called Shibari and Kinbaku.” Swallowing nervously, An-Yan lowered his ear as if he was ashamed of what he was about to say next. “We followed the guidelines in the book and tied each other up during sleeping hours.”

“You naughty boys you, but I’m sure it was good “bonding” between you two.” Shi laughed softly at the thought.

“Well if you want to say it like that, then yea, it was good bonding between us.” An-Yan said losing blush and starting to laugh as well.

“But An-Yan, seriously, I will admit that I was trying it too.” WhiteTip said with a wink. “We would take turns tying each other up to see who could escape from it. It

didn't help that our consoler was a magician who practiced rope escapes and such. So we had a lot of exposure to it."

"But you were on the female side of the camp." An-Yan said swirling the partially melted ice cubes around in the glass.

"Yes, me and the other chakats were on that side."

"That is cool then, a female escape artist." An-Yan said looking at the small portion of food left of the plate.

The two of them share a strange silence that last for several minutes before they asked for drink refills. The conversation seemed to have drained both of them of thought. The refilled drinks didn't last long and the couple decided to leave the restaurant, placing a \$20 bill on the table. Outside, WhiteTip stretches and asked An-Yan if she could stay the night and An-Yan gave her a "yes" without thinking for a second. He felt they could better catch up in private.

Like An-Yan, WhiteTip drove to the restaurant and followed An-Yan back to his house on the north side of the city. In all of 20 minutes, they pull into the driveway and park side by side. WhiteTip smiled seeing how the house was still the same. An-Yan unlocked the door and walked into the foyer to take his shoes off. WhiteTip followed him in and looked around some like it was first time in the house, curious about what has changed. Smiling, WhiteTip followed An-Yan in the main portion of the house.

A Night to Remember

WhiteTip gasped seeing how the house changed since the last time shi was inside. The walls were different, not having the popcorn paint style like before but much more smooth. The carpet was darker than not as thin as before which felt strange against hir hand-paws and hind paws. With smile, shi followed An-Yan up stairs, remembering it from her cub days and the countless times shi went up the stairs to the boy's room. Just as An-Yan opens the door to his room, Kylen, dressed very casually stops in front of them.

"Feeling better Kylen?" An-Yan asked facing his brother.

"Yes, the nausea is no longer there but my back hurts some. I guess from the sleeping in odd positions after puking my guts out." Kylen said with a smile as he looked at WhiteTip. "I see WhiteTip is with you." His facial express changed as he looked over the domestic chakat. His cheeks flushed as his eyes fell on hers.

"Is something wrong Kylen?" Shi asked with a low giggle.

"It's simply that I have not seen you in so long and you look so much different now. I'll see you two later." Kylen quickly moves down the stairs and out of the house.

"He always really liked me." WhiteTip said as An-Yan opened the door to his room.

"I agree but we got closer first." An-Yan said with a wink and turned the lights on inside the room.

"Well we did sleep over with each other a lot." WhiteTip said looking inside the room. Shi gasped and quickly walked over to the "Hi-can" bed. Looking over the bed some, WhiteTip looked back at An-Yan who closed the door to the room. "An-Yan, you actually have one of these?" Shi pointed to bed where the TV was down but not on. "They are like \$2000!"

An-Yan nods and places his hand on WhiteTip's shoulder. "Yes and Kylen has one as well." Turning around, WhiteTip looked at An-Yan like she was questioning him...and his sanity. An-Yan looks away for a second and looks back at hir. "I guess I need to tell you more about me that just my face value." WhiteTip nods to show hir agreement with him. "While I was in college, a girl friend of Kylen's gave us a large amount of money. I can't say how much but she gave enough to let us start our business."

"Oh...I see...Not quite what I excepting." WhiteTip said sounding rather upset.

"I'm sorry WhiteTip but if it helps, most of it was used to start our race team until we finished college." An-Yan said trying to keep things level with hir. "Me and Kyle are GT S-Class certified."

“You two can circuit race?” Shi asked sounding more interested than before.

“Team RoseWood.” An-Yan said with a chuckle. “Well actually it’s Rose Autech.”

“That is awesome. My dad worked for a race team and was the big rig driver for them.” WhiteTip said with a giggle and waving his tail rather excitedly. “I don’t remember the name of the team but they a very nice run in A-Class.”

“That’s interesting but that’s not what we are here for.” An-Yan said moving closer to WhiteTip.

Shi nods and wiggles his tail a little more. “Yea, I wanted to spend some quality time with you.” Patting the spot next to him on the bed as shi climbed on top of it.

Blushing slightly, An-Yan sits on the bed and his hand was taken by WhiteTip and shi pulls him closer. Looking into his eyes, WhiteTip blushes as shi places a hand on An-Yan’s cheek. “Your eyes have always captivated me ever since we were cubs. Until the day we made that promise, I could never imagine that we would get this close to each other.” Shi said almost like she was under a hypnotic spell.

“And I could never imagine looking into the eyes of such a wonderful chakat like you.” He replied as the gaze between them held.

“There is only one thing more that I want.” WhiteTip said moving closer to him.

“And that is?”

Without saying a word, WhiteTip leans into An-Yan and places a hand on the back of his head. Sitting up a little more to the taller An-Yan WhiteTip closed his eyes and slowly planted a kiss on An-Yan’s lips. Surprised at first, An-Yan freezes up but gives in and kisses WhiteTip back. It quickly deepens as they start to wrestle tongues and slowly rub each other from the head and down to their torsos. A few seconds later, WhiteTip starts to pull An-Yan’s shirt off, caught in the rapture of being with one shi called him den mate. To her the kiss was electric unlike anything shi ever felt before. The new feeling took her as shi slowly rubbed An-Yan’s bare chest, surprised feeling how well toned he was.

Breaking the kiss, WhiteTip looks at An-Yan under the rapture that took over him just a few minutes before. Staying silent, shi moves his hands in between her and An-Yan and presses into another kiss but much softer one. Blushing, An-Yan looks at WhiteTip as shi moves back and removes her shirt, showing the strapless bra shi was wearing.

“Does that answer the question?” WhiteTip asked softly as shi reached behind herself and unclipped the bra which promptly fell to the bed.

Nodding, An-Yan feels the rapture radiating from WhiteTip and was still blushing. “It does but...” He pauses and looked away for a second. “It just feels strange.”

“I know but I have dreamed of this day more than anything else.” WhiteTip said lowering his ears like it was shi was ashamed. “And I want it so bad right now.”

“WhiteTip?” An-Yan called to him. “I’m willing to do anything to make that dream a reality.”

Smiling widely, WhiteTip blushes and nods to An-Yan. "You will?" Shi asked but pauses and places a finger on his lips to show that he was thinking. "An-Yan I have something for you."

"You do?"

With another nod, WhiteTip put his shirt back on. "Yes but I left it out in the car. Um..." Shi pauses and looks away for a moment. "Stay put and close your eyes."

An-Yan closes his eyes and remains still on the bed as WhiteTip leaves the room. He starts to think of what WhiteTip could be planning. Swallowing nervously, An-Yan lays face down on the bed as his brain starts to produce all kinds of thoughts from normal, everyday things to more sexual in nature. Just as he moved a little to sit upright, WhiteTip walked into the room.

"Are you ready An-Yan?" Shi asked placing a medium sized suitcase on the bed. An-Yan nods and faces the direction his voice came from. Only able to hear the sound of the zipper opening, his mind wandered again, bringing the various thoughts back. WhiteTip looks through the suitcase and up a bundle of stainless steel O-Rings, 4 of them and drops them on the floor. The "clang" of the metal hitting the floor makes An-Yan jump a little not knowing what the source of the sound was. "Sorry An-Yan but you are going to have to take your pants off."

Gulping, An-Yan slid off the bed and removed his pants with his eyes still closed. At that moment, he thought WhiteTip was going stick up inside his vagina. He blushed heavily as he had never been naked in front of WhiteTip since they were cubs. Hearing the chakat giggle, An-Yan gulped again wondering what was going on. The room stayed quiet for a moment as WhiteTip moved closer to him.

"Keep eyes closed sweetie." Shi said rubbing his shoulder softly. "Other than your playful cub-self, the only thing that changed is your height." Shi paused and moved behind him. "I was not thinking that you would grow to be so tall."

"Is that bad?" An-Yan asked and gasped when WhiteTip reached down and touched his belly, a sensitive spot on him.

"No, An-Yan, it's actually more of a surprise than me sending you that picture." WhiteTip replied holding the Ninebreon closer to him despite the 13 inch height difference. "It will be fun, I promise." His hands move down and rub slowly against An-Yan's groin, making him gasp and curl his tails from the instant pleasure. "And remember..." Shi pauses again as he slides a finger in between his butt cheeks and pressed it against the vulva of his vagina. "I still know about this."

Freezing in place, An-Yan curls his tails tighter as he nods, acknowledging his find. He stepped forward but just a hair as his vagina was the most sensitive part of him and had not been used since the event that happened at the club just five days ago. The thought of that day makes the male-herm gasp and gives WhiteTip a chance to slip her finger inside the tight orifice. With a grin and chuckle, WhiteTip slowly removes his finger from An-Yan who seemed to now crave the attention. The big fox's penis peeked out of the sheath, showing his arousal. Moving in front of him, WhiteTip looks at the blushing Ninebreon and kisses his cheek softly.



“There has been enough teasing so I’ll start what I originally came here to do.”

WhiteTip said walking over to the open suitcase. Shi pulls out a coil of stoplight green rope which was 3/8 of an inch thick and several feet long of braided style rope. "Now An-Yan just lay down on your back on the bed."

Feeling behind him first, An-Yan made sure he was close enough to the bed before quickly laying down on it. His eyes were still closed as WhiteTip moved over to him and rubbed his chest slowly. He moved around with the rubs as WhiteTip climbed on top of the bed with the rope in hand and presses his hand-paws into An-Yan chest. Shi takes rope out of his hand with his tail and takes a hold of the Ninebreon's hands, pulling them towards him. With a grin, shi takes the rope from her tail and quickly coils the rope around An-Yan's wrist four times before cinching the rope around itself, making rope cuffs to hold his hands together. Knotting the rope to hold the cuffs tight, shi looks at the O-ring just behind An-Yan's head and slips the rope through. Shi pulls the rope tight enough to keep his arms stretched out and immobile as shi knots the last bit of rope to the ring.

"What are you doing?" An-Yan asked with a hint of nervousness in his voice.

"Oh, just something I know you'd like." WhiteTip said sounding more cryptic than shi did before.

Moving over to the suitcase again, WhiteTip grabs a second of rope and walks over to the bed. Uncoiling the rope, shi took a hold of An-Yan's left leg and coiled the rope around the ankle four times. Shi knotted to rope at the ankle to hold the coils tightly in place using both ends of the rope like laces. Pulling the rope tight, WhiteTip slipped the rope through the O-Ring on the closest bed post and knotted it off so the leg was immobilized. Grabbing a third rope, WhiteTip binds An-Yan's right leg the same way she did the left, leaving the Ninebreon's legs spread.

Poking the bound An-Yan gently, WhiteTip giggles. "Open your eyes sweetie." Shi said smiling widely and flicking her tail some.

Opening his eyes, An-Yan looks at this spread legs and gasps in surprise, pulling his legs just find that they were tightly bound to the best. As the large Ninebreon struggles his free himself, his arousal becomes more noticeable as his penis full erected. He stops struggling with the ropes as they don't give him any room for escape. "WhiteTip...How did you? Why did you?" He asked as he looks at her.

Moving closer to his head, WhiteTip placed a finger on An-Yan's lips to quiet him. "Shh, relax An-Yan and let me take care of you." Shi moves a hand-paw over to gently rub An-Yan's crotch with it. Leaning in, WhiteTip kisses the Ninebreon's lips softly as a hand rubs over his head and ears slowly.

Blushing, An-Yan gasped as the hand-paw starts to stroke his penis faster. He squirms in his binds as his body is overrun by unusual pleasure. A soft moan escapes his muzzle as WhiteTip's grip on his penis tightens and he can only watch as WhiteTip hand moves down towards his belly. The Ninebreon twitches and groans softly when shi touches his belly, a sensitive spot on him. He flicks his tails finding that they were still free and moves them around to try to get a hold of WhiteTip. Seeing An-Yan tails moving closer and around him, WhiteTip moves off the bed and curls her tail around all of his to hold them at bay.

“An-Yan, you naughty Ninebreon! I thought you know better than that!” Shi said looking at him like shi disappointed. Moving over to the suitcase, she holds on to the long tails with hers to make sure An-Yan does not try anything, again. “It seems like I’m going to have to do something about those tails of yours.”

WhiteTip takes out a fourth coil of rope from the suitcase and uses hir tail to pull An-Yan’s tails tight but yet not enough to invoke that proverbial curse. Keep the tails as straight as shi can, shi coils the rope at the base of the tails four times and knots it off. Pulling the rope tight, she makes 9 more coils around the tails until she’s used up the most of the rope and secures the ends to same O-Rings where An-Yan’s leg ropes were tied. Leaving the tails completely immobilized shi climbs back on top of the bound An-Yan and looks into his eyes.

“That’s much better.” Shi said pressing hir hand-paw against the erected penis which was beaded with pre cum at the tip. “Someone is rather aroused from being restrained to his own bed.”

An-Yan can only blush and watch WhiteTip smears the clear fluid over the tip. He twitches and bulls on his binds from the sharp pleasure the pulses through him and a harsh gasp when shi licks the shaft suddenly. This makes the domestic chakat giggle and repeat the action making the Ninebreon moan and squirm in his binds. Moving her hand-paw along the penis until shi reaches his testicles; WhiteTip gropes An-Yan getting a heavier moan out of him. Holding the shaft a bit tightly, shi grins and licks the tip the shaft before slipping it into hir muzzle, pressing hir tongue against it. An-Yan moans and pulls on is bind as his body is riddle with pleasure. WhiteTip takes as much of the shaft into her muzzle as shi could, about 6 inches and keeps hir tongue pressed against it. Shi pulls back up to the tip and suck on it for few seconds before going back down and repeating the process. Gritting his teeth, the bound Ninebreon squirms and whines at WhiteTip. His ears fall to the sides as the domestic chakat slowly bobs hir head on the throbbing erection with hir tongue pressed against it.

After a few minutes of slow, almost torturous fellatio, WhiteTip pulls off the shaft not letting An-Yan get too close orgasm. Panting, An-Yan looks down to see that WhiteTip has an erection of hir own. With a gulp, An-Yan pulls at his binds and tries to move away from WhiteTip but the tightly tied ropes stops him moving. He looks at WhiteTip who looks back at him with a blush.

“An-Yan, I want to feel...” Shi said as her hand moves down to his vagina. “You here.”

At first An-Yan seemed like he didn’t want hir probing there, pulling on is binds in protest but stops and nods to hir. And before he can even say or do anything, WhiteTip slips hir finger into An-Yan’s tight vagina making him gasp. “But are you already feeling me, well it.” He said watching as he is fingered, moaning lowly.

Shaking hir head, WhiteTip shifts a little to show hir full erection. “I want to mount you.” Shi said flicking her tail. “I have dreamed about it a so much An-Yan but I want to feel the real you.”

Blushing heavily, An-Yan nods to WhiteTip, “I’m in no position to argue.” He said as WhiteTip probing finger works its way deeper into him making the Ninebreon

moan and squirm in his binds.

Removing her finger, WhiteTip kisses An-Yan on the lips and sits up. Shi repositions himself so that his hindquarters rubbed against An-Yan's belly softly. WhiteTip pinned An-Yan as he adjusted himself to mount him. Shi placed his hind-paws in front of An-Yan's thighs and pressed the tip of his penis against the Ninebreon's vulva. Looking down at him, WhiteTip rubs An-Yan's belly with his hand-paws for a few seconds before slowly pushing his penis into him. Shi gasps and blushes moderately from the feeling of the hot, tight passes against his shaft. An-Yan pulls a little more on his binds but relaxes and lets out a low moan from the unusual pleasure riddling his body. His mind starts to race as WhiteTip's penis feels different than what he originally thought it would be like. His blush fades but he gasps sharply when WhiteTip pushes himself fully inside.

Moving around slowly, An-Yan grinds against the domestic chakat as much as he could, to coax him to continue. His moans remain softly as he feels WhiteTip thrusting slowly into him. He wiggles as his erecting rubs against WhiteTip's red fur bringing a slightly louder sound from him. WhiteTip moves around so that An-Yan's erection rests against the mid-section of his torso. Shi presses his hand-paws into An-Yan's belly as his thrusting speed becomes more moderate in pace similar to how his fellow chakat would mate. His moans surpass An-Yan's in volume as the tight hot feeling around his penis drove her thrust harder. The domestic chakat was completely overrun by pleasure having never felt or dreamed of having sex with a guy, yet one with a vagina.

"Ah! Yan!" Shi moans to the Ninebreon as she thrusts faster than he realized but his body couldn't help but do so. It was too good for him to slow down; it craved its dream of mounting the one person who she dreamed of night and day. "You're so good!" His words stuttered out as he reached down with his right hand and stroked An-Yan's pre-cum leaking penis.

Moaning just as much as WhiteTip, An-Yan knew that she was enjoying herself all too well and a plan came to mind. "This is all for you my lovely chakat." He stared into his eyes letting his eyes illuminate much like he did when he was with Kylen just a few weeks back.

WhiteTip's eyes dilate as he is captured by the mild hypnosis. Shi blushes and his thrusts become labored, staring deep into An-Yan's eyes. With a smile, An-Yan turns on his forehead ring and uses the hypnosis to make WhiteTip believe that he was in his "heat-state". He made it seem like his body warmer than it really was and more willing to be taken with extra vigor. Moaning loudly, WhiteTip presses his hand-paws into the bed and started to thrust much more quickly into An-Yan. His hypnotized mind wanting to mate the bound Ninebreon not just to take him out of heat but to plant him with his chakat seed. The two of them moan loudly as WhiteTip's thrusting rocks An-Yan in his ropes. He pants and wiggles his binds as the chakat tightly held his penis and stroked it quickly. His thoughts were fed by An-Yan's hypnotic spell, pushing him further than he did with Kylen. WhiteTip's clouded mind focused on mating and stroking An-Yan's throbbing erection pushing him faster to climax.

"Ah! An-Yan! Please!" Shi begged him. "Let me...finish...inside...you." Shi

panted and curled his tail around An-Yan's rope bound tails.

Nodding, An-Yan used his power WhiteTip a little deeper into the spell. "Yes... Of course." He moaned to him as his hold on her mind gives the thought that he was getting warmer and tighter for him to give him all the chakat seed she has.

This makes WhiteTip thrust as fast as his chakat body could go, shaking the bed and rocking An-Yan's body until he pulls on his rope binds. She moans and pants as she can feel herself getting closer to climax, her hand-paws gripping the bed sheets. "Ah! An-Yan! An-Yan! About to..." In just a few seconds of him stating that she was about peak, WhiteTip unloaded himself into An-Yan's vaginal passage. She groaned in the heavy pleasure that took over his body. His thrusting slowed down considerably but she does not stop, pumping as much of his chakat seed into him as she can. At the same time, An-Yan moaned out loudly as he reached his dual climax, both vaginal and from the penis. His own thick semen squirting up to his face on the first few shots and the rest lands on his stomach. He pulls on his binds more as his body is overrun with pleasure from the feeling of being filled and his own release. The Ninebreon pants as the orgasm "high" quickly fades.

An-Yan turns his forehead ring off to end the hypnotic spell on WhiteTip who lied limp against him but kept him penetrated by his spent phallus. His eyes returned to normal as she rubs An-Yan with his hand-paws slowly, enjoying the afterglow. After a few minutes, WhiteTip pulls out of An-Yan and kisses him on the cheek softly. "An-Yan..." She smiled at him and started to untie the ropes slowly. "That was amazing." She paused trying to find the words to describe it. "It was something much more different than I could ever have thought of."

"Well WhiteTip, I aim to please." He replied licking his lips. He used the same line against Kylen but this worked a little differently.

"If that's the case, you have quiet the shot then." WhiteTip joked back at him about the facial he gave himself. She frees his tails first and coils the rope back up, placing it by the suitcase.

"It came from your skilled handiwork." An-Yan said keeping the joke going as WhiteTip untied his legs and placed the rope with the others.

"Handy work or not, An-Yan, you're just a lovely fox." She pauses and gently tugs on An-Yan's legs to his still bound wrist making An-Yan grunt. "And that is why I love you so much."

An-Yan just looks at WhiteTip, not sure quite sure how he should respond to that and watches in silence as she unties his wrists. The larger fox stretches and sits up as WhiteTip places the rope by the suitcase. Moving to let his legs hang off the bed, An-Yan just stares at the chakat. His tails fan out like they are stretching themselves just to bunch back together again. WhiteTip walked into the bathroom and came back out with a wet washcloth.

"WhiteTip?" He called to him as he was still fully erected with his knot. The chakat moved over to him and looked at him. "At this point, I would ask if I could mount you but instead I wanted to know if you wanted to go for a milkshake."

Nodding, WhiteTip used the washcloth which was mildly soaped to clean An-

Yan's face and belly of semen. "Sure, I would love to ."