

Hot snow, cold love (1/x)

By

Kiono Hiemalis

“So, you want me to teach you how to ski?” The soft voice of Xavier, an Alolan Ninetales, rang out with a warm singsong cadence. The light blue furred Pokemorph looked his next possible student over; taller than himself, dressed in a much bulkier ski-suit than his own which sported a thick fur-trimming around the hood as well. Clumsy mittens instead of sleek and protective gloves, stiff ski boots, this person seemed to be lost in past, judging by his attire. Yet there was an aura about this guy, confident, not caring what others thought about him, even a certain dominant air. This might be fun after all.

“Well, yes, I’ve heard you are new and came to this resort with the best recommendations. My attempts so far were rather fruitless.” Kiono replied, taken aback by the appraising, almost hungry look he was getting from his potential skiing instructor. The Leox had tried to ski several times before, with help from friends and professionals, but somehow he just couldn’t quite get the hang of it, ending more often than not eating snow. Not that he minded doing that, on the contrary, but it just didn’t sit well with him, struggling to even go down the easiest slopes without ending on his rear. Snowboarding was even

worse; it felt like he was trying to walk with a spreader bar, just even more restrictive.

Xavier nodded and slowly walked around Kiono, examining his gear and the body hidden underneath all the warming bulk, that ski suit even had a tailwarmer! Something rather pointless, if he was any judge and the fur of the Leox not dyed. Well, to each their own, this gave him more to explore, increasing the thrill of the hunt. Swatting that padded rear playfully; Xavier laughed and hooked his arm under Kiono's, guiding him towards the gondola.

"Your attempts so far? Maybe your teachers were no good," the Ninetales said with a dismissive laugh and leaned a bit closer against the taller male, looking up to him. He was a good looker, rough and scarred, but that gave him a somewhat feral charm. "Trust me, when I'm done with you, you'll ski like me, plowing through the powder, carving curves and riding as if you were on clouds." Xavier purred, his long tails half curling around the padded and thick tail of the other.

Poor Kiono was stunned by the straightforwardness of his instructor, they hadn't talked about payment yet, nor about the slope they should test or even introduced themselves! At least both were carrying their skis and ski poles, so there was a chance to do what he wanted to.

They were alone inside the gondola; the weather was overcast with a chance for heavy snow, thus keeping most people inside their hotels and cabins.

"I'm Kiono, by the way, pleasure meeting you," the Leox said with a smile as they sat down next to another.

"You can call me Xavier, the pleasure is all mine." The gondola jolted into motion, cutting off any line of retreat for the next few minutes.

Xavier then turned half around, wrapping one leg around Kiono's, half straddling him. "You seem to be awfully tense! Let me help you to relax and warm up," the Ninetales purred seductively and slipped a

hand between the unresisting Leox' legs, while the other pushed their hoods off.

"What are you doing?" Kiono gasped and tried to struggle free, but there was not all that much room in the gondola and a finger pressed against his lips forestalled any further complaints. The fingers between his legs were brushing teasingly over the thick fabric of his suit, the sound made his ears, the feeling his tail twitch.

"Consider this as deposit for the lessons." With that Xavier fully slipped onto Kiono's lap, both hands in the other male's thick mane, stroking through his hair and neck fur. He could feel Kiono tremble underneath him and grinned. Leaning in, the Ninetales first bumped noses with the still stunned Leox, before licking over the grey-furred muzzle. This was a crucial moment, many a student shied away from the natural chill of the Ice Pokemorph.

Kiono gasped at first, before staring in disbelief into the ice blue eyes of the guy sitting on his lap. This close to the other and inside the relatively warm cabin, he could see his breath misting as it came close to the Ninetales, his body seemed to radiate a deep chill.

Just as he wanted to say how strange this is, Xavier made the first big move. Grabbing the Leox by the ears, he pressed his snout firmly against Kiono's, the light purple tongue pressing into the yielding jaws of the other. Knowing there was not much time, the Ninetales kissed the Leox deeply, only to stop as he felt these thick mittens stroking over his rear.

"No touching the tails," Xavier huffed and gave Kiono a light slap on the cheek. A light flinch and stare were accompanied by a slight settling of the ears, subconscious submissive signs. Giggling in delight, he gave licked the Leox' nose and winked to him, before groping his groin firmly as he sat down on the bench again.

"I think I'm warmed up now, but far from relaxed," Kiono muttered as a gust of cold air and fresh snow heralded the opening of the gondola's door and their arrival at the station.

Up on the mountain, Kiono and Xavier got out of the gondola and started with an actual workout to loosen the muscles. Xavier helped the Leox with stretching, guiding his arms, legs and hips in a way no teaching manual would ever suggest.

Embarrassingly, they were doing this workout next to the bar near the gondola station. Despite the worsening weather there were still a few skiers around, watching with interest, amusement, or disdain. Occasional catcalls and demands to find a room or stop it altogether followed them towards the slopes.

“Don’t do that again,” Kiono grumbled, his patience wearing thin due to the embarrassment and the eager touching, both things he usually couldn’t stand. Yet, the Ninetales had a strange, seducing aura about him, something messing with his mind, making him forget his negative feelings. He had heard stories about the Psychic abilities of this particular type of Pokemon and Pokemorph closely related to kitsunes, but had thought himself immune or at least resistant to their powers. How wrong he was.

Away from the people and station, Kiono seemed to relax again, walking through the snow piles along the cleared path.

“You do like snow, don’t you?” Xavier purred; the Ninetales was walking across the hard snow of the path.

“Oh, snow is the best, I love it.” Kiono admitted with a nervous laugh. Even when he’d never admit it, he enjoyed his skiing failures, especially when the snow was soft enough to cushion his falls and let him sink into the powder.

As if reading his mind, Xavier suddenly picked up a large handful of snow and slapped it onto of Kiono’s head, rubbing the flakes into his hair and ears.

“That’s too adorable!” the Ninetales giggled delighted, laughing as he saw the expression of the Leox. “Don’t look at me like that, I like snow a lot, too, rare to find people enjoying it rather than as a medium to plow through or just growl at.”

Kiono could just nod in agreement before brushing the snow off his head and flicking some at Xavier. Tugging his thick hood back over his head, the Leox blinked and wondered where they were going. They had passed the easier slopes already and were heading towards the Black Diamond ones.

“Are you sure? I ain’t no good on the skis, really.”

“Don’t be such a kitty; I know a nice slope for you to train on. Do I look like someone wanting to harm you?” Xavier replied with a pout and a look that could only be described as puppy eyes.

Taken aback, Kiono swallowed nervously and nodded. “Okay, I trust you.”

Dropping his skis, Xavier tackled Kiono with a big hug, knocking the Leox over and into a deep snowdrift, half burying the Leox. “Oh, thank you Kiono! I promise you won’t regret this!” the Ninetales purred and leaned down to take another kiss from his newest conquest. Grinding his rear firmly against Kiono’s hips, Xavier moved his arms around to collapse the snowdrift around them, covering their heads in a layer of muffling, chilling snow.

A few minutes later he resurfaced with a gasp and giggle, licking snow off his lips and nose.

“Get up, you lazy fox, time to ski!” Xavier laughed and nudged Kiono’s groin before picking his skis up and walking down the path, certain his lover of the day would follow him.

The Leox got up some moments later, struggling out of the snow and onto the path where he remained on all fours for a short while, panting. Frost was clinging to his whiskers and a thin strand of ice,

frozen saliva, stained his chin. Only stopping to dig his gear out, he quickly followed his instructor, unable to resist the urge to stay in his company.

After catching up, they continued the short walk to the starting point of the *Powder Piste* arm in arm, Xavier leaning into the taller Kiono. It started with a shallow part through woods, then curved down the steeper mountain side and down into the valley and the city. It was a long run and most of the trail was deep powder, far off the main slopes, they were as alone as they could ever get.

“Ready to plow the pow?!” Xavier asked as he stepped into his ski and put hood and skiing goggles on. “Can’t wait to hit the slope with you!”

“As ready as I ever was.” Kiono returned with an eager nod, getting ready as well. His heart was racing, not only from the promise of the ride of joy, but also from a tiny hint of fear buried under the seducing voice and aura of the Ninetales.

“Let’s go!” The Pokemorph gave Kiono a light push to enter the trail and followed quickly, staying behind the Leox to ‘watch out for mistakes and talk about them later’; this was a skiing lesson after all.

The trail through the woods was a relatively easy one, Kiono showed no signs of crashing or falling over, he wasn’t fast enough for that. Xavier wasn’t annoyed; he rather enjoyed the swaying hips, imagining the body hidden underneath that bulky snow suit and licking his lips at the sighs filling his mind.

Kiono on the other hand was too focused on staying upright and keeping the speed up to worry much about the steeper slopes they were soon to hit. Despite him saying he was bad, the Leox could ski, especially *Langlauf*, but going downhill was something different for him, controlling speed was harder here, and it was over too fast for his liking. He skied to enjoy the landscape, not to plow through it at neck breaking speed. The passage through the woods was right up his valley,

a moderate incline, the trees keeping the worst of the snow and wind away and the ground was relatively even. He knew, of course, that the snow was very deep here, but it was also mostly hard packed, safe to ride on when he kept away from any tree wells.

After ten minutes, the trees got sparser and the snow softer, they were leaving the woods. Up ahead an untouched snow landscape was waiting for them to carve their trails into it. They picked up speed, Xavier riding next to the Kiono now.

“Enjoying it? This is much better than the kiddy slopes, isn’t it?” The Ninetales called out with a laugh.

“It’s terrifying!” Kiono cried out in return, doing his best to keep upright and his legs together. “And terrific!” Carving wider curves, he picked up more speed, becoming more confident with the skis and terrain.

Half the way down a small forest came into view on their right, separating the different tracks. Xavier pointed to them and Kiono nodded, angling his fast descend towards them. He had never felt such freedom and ease on the skis, it felt right and good up onto the moment were it all went wrong. He tried to slow down by spreading his legs and angling the skis into a pizza slice. Suddenly he felt an abrupt stop as the skis touched and overlapped. With a yelp he was propelled face first onwards, moment arrested and redirected. Hitting the snow an endless second later, he plowed on, until he stopped.

Groaning, he tried to push himself up, but his arms found no purchase in the deep powder. Pulling himself out of the powder by sitting up turned out to be just as impossible, his skis were still on his wide spread legs and angled towards his rear, leaving his backside exposed. During his headlong dive into the snow his head had also gotten below the surface, leaving him with almost no air and no room to call out thanks to a plug of powder in his maw. Whining helplessly,

he struggled on, only to sink deeper into the soft powder, just his madly waving tail a sign of where he was.

Xavier had watched the tumble, first with a surprised and concerned feeling, then with delight and naughty ideas. This was so much better than just making out in the woods. The Leox was exposed, helpless and yet he seemed to enjoy himself, the Ninetales could feel it. Riding closer, he stopped with much more elegance, and a huge wave of snow tumbling over the stuck Leox, burying him further. Stepping out of his skis, Xavier walked over the snow, barely sinking in thanks to his semi-magical nature, to Kiono, giving him a firm smack across the wiggling rear.

“And now to my full payment,” he purred as he knelt down between the spread and stuck legs. For the moment he was just stroking and rubbing the rear, grinding a palm against the exposed groin of the Leox. “I bet you love this, my little snow slut, being stuck, helpless and ready for me to play with,” Xavier growled lustfully, punctuating every word with a slap on the rear.

With no answer but a waving of the tail coming, the Ninetales leaned over, pressing his hips firmly into Kiono’s as he dug the head free. Giggling at the sight of the snow plugging the Leox’ maw, Xavier filled Kiono’s skiing goggles with snow and stuffed more powder into his ears, depriving him of all senses just by using the substance they both enjoyed so much.

The Ninetales quickly ruffled through the snow-caked hair of his prey before turning his attention back to the rear. First of all he tugged the zipper of the tailwarmer down to use the now freed appendage as a luxurious scarf. He nuzzled deep into the thick, long fur, burying his slender vulpine snout in the fluff before nipping at the tip to free his hands. Working blindly, he fumbled and groped his way all over the wriggling backside until he found the second zipper, the zipper for the

groin of the suit. His own suit had a similar zipper, without it it was very hard to get the tails through the hole.

This second fastener was opened much more slowly, teasingly, letting the mind wonder about the marvels and pleasures to come. As he reached the front, Xavier could feel a bulge confirming his earlier teasing, the Leox was indeed enjoying this situation a lot.

“You are naughty, naughty boy, aren’t you?” Xavier purred and got a good grip in the bulge, kneading and massaging it with a gloveful of snow, eliciting muffled groans of pleasure; the Leox was reacting rather well to the snow rubbed into his manhood, even when there were the boxer shorts still in the way. Well, the underwear also had its uses and so they got filled with snow, chilling Kiono’s groin and preparing it for the chill of Xavier’s body.

The Ninetales opened its suit all the way from neck to groin, exposing his front to the elements; a light purple vulpine shaft standing proud at full attention. Unable to resist any longer, Xavier pulled the snow-filled shorts down and leaned over, pressing his nose under Kiono’s tail, enjoying the scent and the cool moisture of the grey and white fur. Moments later his long tongue brushed over the buttcheeks, drawing another tremor from the Leox. Spreading the buttocks was not necessary, but he enjoyed the motion and control too much to stop himself, thus exposing the dark skinned anus of Kiono. A few tender licks and exhailes of cold air made it twitch and moist enough for a bare finger. It was a tight muscle, most likely not used to much attention from the outside, offering all the more pleasure for Xavier.

While one finger slowly pushed into the muscle, wiggling around to loosen it up, Xavier’s other hand worked on the shaft, stroking it with gentle pressure and doing his best to keep the tip in the snow.

Muffled moans complained on the other end, the constant shifting and squirming of the Leox only served to dig him deeper into the powder.

“You want me to stop?” Xavier wanted to know as he thrust his finger up to the palm into the eager rear. Pulling the finger out again, he dipped it into the snow, soaking the short fur with flakes before pushing back in again, slowly inserting a second one to widen the muscle enough.

“I could stop right here, help you out of the snow and finish the run, but would you really want me to?” he teased as he gently inserted both fingers deeper into the twitching anus.

“Or do you want me to give you the time of your life?” This finally got a proper answer. Kiono had managed to chew through and swallow the frosty gag. Gasping at first, he then moaned as the intruding fingers found a sweet spot, the gentle brushing of his prostate making his shaft twitch and drip thin precum into the snow underneath and around.

“Plow me!” he moaned after swallowing his nervousness and embarrassment.

Xavier laughed in his sing-song like way at this, sending shivers of pleasure down the stuck Leox’ spine, and fluffing his tail up further.

“Then I shall conquer Mount Kiono!”

Withdrawing his fingers, he leaned up again to guide his stiff shaft into the eagerly waiting rearhole, both gasping at the difference in temperature. Taking his hand off the pulsing cock of Kiono, Xavier grabbed the other male by the shoulders and started to thrust into him, hard and deep, driving his shaft into the Leox and the Leox deeper into the yielding powder.

Within minutes of relentless thrusting Kiono was ready to release his pent-up desires, but without outside help it was next to impossible for him to reach his climax. Xavier on the other hand had no such problems; he was working himself up until he howled, the sound knocking snow off nearby branches. Just like his body was cool, his cum was also chilly, much colder than Kiono’s seed. The ejaculation felt like a liquid avalanche gushing through his innards to Kiono, the intense

cold deep inside his core was a feeling unlike anything he had experienced before.

Almost upside down in the snow, his head deep in the powder, Kiono could just moan out his pleasure, shaft throbbing painfully hard from the cold and lack of attention.

Release was yet to come for Kiono, though. Xavier remained inside him, not from the knot, but the exhaustion, and didn't move for a few moments. As he started to move, the Ninetales first pulled the Leox' head out of the powder, then pulled himself out of the Leox.

"This was quite intense," Xavier giggled and licked his lips, watching the struggling Leox rolling over, the grey-furred face plastered with a thick coating of snow, only the green and blue eyes and the black nose were uncovered. "As for your reward," the Ninetales giggled, "I shall let you mark this slope as yours." With a wide gesture he encompassed the mountain side, before picking up two big handfuls of snow and bringing them together around the eager shaft.

Kiono moaned in pleasure and pain as the snow was ground into his eager shaft, knot and barbs fully extended, the muscle quivering under the rough texture of the flakes rubbed into his flesh. This was what he had been waiting for. Thrusting his hips into the chunk of snow on his lap, he howled in pleasure as his hot seed gushed into the powder, which soaked it up without spilling a single drop.

The Ninetales kept the stained ball of snow on the groin of the trembling Leox for a few minutes to make sure every last drop was inside the powder.

"Enjoyed yourself?" Xavier purred as he straddled the unresisting Leox' belly, gazing down to him. A weak nod was the only answer apart from heavy panting.

"I wonder how you taste..." Waiting for Kiono to realize what he said, Xavier winked to the Leox and took a good bite from the stained

snowball, munching and chewing the flakes with every sign of delight. Two more large bites finished the impromptu cum catcher and snack off before Xavier licked his fingers as if he just had a very good meal. "Very tasty indeed," he giggled before giving the term snowballing a new, yet more literal meaning!

This kiss of sharing cum-stained snow lasted longer than any kiss before, mostly due to both holding the head of the other in place to not end this moment of tender togetherness.

The Ninetales was the first to break free, gasping, saliva dripping off his hanging out tongue and over Kiono's cheeks where it froze. "You are indeed a special one," he purred as he rubbed noses with Kiono. "I might give you another lesson or two..."