

Doctoral Studies, part 14: Early Morning  
Recorded on: December 7, 2010  
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**Brreet! Brreet! Brree-click!**

Dan groaned as he pulled his paw back from the alarm clock, his body still protesting that slight movement.

His brain began to start processing data.

*Okay...6:30 AM...time to get up. Gotta shower, eat breakfast, double-check the paper...*

Then, he felt an arm wrap across his middle...and looked up, his eyes opening slightly.

A red fox with black paws was nestled next to him, one arm draped over the snow leopard's belly.

"Mmrrhmm...too early..." the fox mumbled, rubbing its cheek against Dan's belly.

The snow leopard smiled and gently stroked the fox's head.

"Yes, but it's time to get up," he said softly, a paw gently skritchng one of the fox's ears.

It whined, folding its ear back and snuggling closer.

"Nuh...dun have to be ub ri nah. No cluss tudah..." it mumbled into the snow leopard's bellyfur.

He chuckled softly, petting the fox's head. "No, but I do have class today, Rob."

The fox tightened its grip on the snow leopard's midsection.

"Nuh...dun wan you to go to cluss tudah..." the fox mumbled, clinging tightly to the snow leopard's midriff. "Wan you...stay her..."

He smiled...and petted the fox's head...

...then eased himself into a sitting position.

The fox limply followed his movements, its head and upper body being forced into a somewhat uncomfortable position...

...until Dan stood up and stepped away from the bed...

...whereupon the fox, who continued to cling to his midriff, landed muzzle-first on the floor with a loud thud.

Dan walked to the bathroom, a smile on his face, knowing that the fox wasn't hurt.

He brushed his teeth, then glanced up in the mirror.

Rob was slowly picking himself up off the floor, his very feminine lilac-colored sleepshirt sliding about his slender frame. One shoulder was completely exposed as the fox stretched.

Dan smiled at the brief glimpse of matching lace on the fox's rump before the fox ended its yawn and started rubbing its eyes.

"Hurrmmmm..." Rob muttered, still very groggy.

"Morning, sleepyhead," Dan said cheerfully, then finished rinsing his mouth out.

"Hrm? Oh, yeah...morning," Rob replied, distantly...then began wandering over to the bed. "What time is it?"

"Clock's right next to you," Dan said, slipping into the shower.

He turned the water on...then waited for it to heat up.

"6:36?" the fox yelped. "Jeez...it's way too early to be up."

Dan let out a soft giggle as he heard the fox flop back into bed, then began to wash his fur out.

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Dan slowly emerged from the bedroom, having gotten dressed in a pair of jeans and a red and grey t-shirt.

He walked into the kitchen...and smiled.

Rob was standing in front of the stove, cooking...still in his lilac sleepshirt.

He slipped behind the fox, a paw darting below the hem of the fox's sleepshirt...and grinned, feeling soft lace panties under his paw.

"Whatch'a cooking, love?" he asked in the fox's ear, giving its rump a gentle squeeze.

The fox emitted a surprised squeak, then leaned back, ruffling the snow leopard's headfur.

"Just scrambled eggs, hon," Rob replied, planting a light kiss on the side of Dan's muzzle.

"Ah...good choice," Dan replied, letting his paw roam the fox's rump for a bit, drawing soft giggles from the fox.

"So, what do you have going on today?" he asked, giving the fox's rump a gentle pat before pulling away and walking to the fridge.

"Not much," Rob replied. "Just practice with the girls, but that's not till 5."

"Gee...what are you going to do with all that free time?" Dan asked, pulling out the carton of orange juice.

"Sleep, since **SOME**one woke me up at 6:30 in the morning," Rob chided, smiling as he stirred the eggs.

"I wasn't the one trying to use me as a stuffed animal," Dan replied, smiling as well.

"Oh, please...you know you loved it," Rob countered, scooping the eggs onto a plate.

Dan chuckled calmly as he sat at the breakfast nook, taking a sip from his glass of juice.

Delicately, Rob set down the plate of eggs in front of him, then turned back to the cooking area for a bit...and returned with two pieces of wheat toast, setting them on a smaller plate.

Dan smiled. "Enjoying being the housewife?"

Rob leaned on the breakfast bar, smiling at Dan. "Better than you cooking. Had to throw out that good skillet."

"Hey, I told you I sprayed it down BEFORE I put those steaks in," he quipped, taking a small bite of the eggs...

...and moaning happily, the golden eggs tasting heavenly.

"Yeah...but you sprayed it down with corn starch, not cooking spray," Rob chided, starting to make his own breakfast.

Dan let out a soft chuckle and continued to eat, taking very small bites...

...and watching Rob cook, the fox's tail swishing slowly, rumpling the bottom of the sleepshirt, exposing just a tiny hint of feminine lace underneath.

He smiled, feeling very lucky to have such a wonderful person in his life.

...

Dan shrugged his backpack on over his coat, then turned to the door.

Rob was standing in the way, blocking the exit.

"Toll time," the fox said, smiling.

"Mmm..." Dan murred, easing closer...

...and gently embracing the love of his life, planting a very tender kiss on the fox's muzzle.

After a while, they parted...and the fox stepped aside.

"Have a good day at class, love," Rob said, holding the door open.

Dan chuckled. "Okay Mom," he replied, jokingly.

Rob giggled, the soft sound making the snow leopard's tail swish happily.

Dan walked out of the apartment, the door sliding shut behind him...

...and sighed wistfully.

*Whatever I did to end up with him...I'm damned glad I did it,* he thought...then ambled down the hallway to the stairwell.