

Alphabet Challenge: D is for Date.

By Kouta Slatefang.

"C'moooooon Vex, we're gonna be laaaate!" Streaker mewed loudly as he slipped on his new navy blue dress shirt, before applying cologne and adjusting his designer watch. The bear-fox in question sighed as he buttoned up his white formal shirt, whilst adjusting his pants.

"Streaker, the reservation isn't until 6. Your late birthday dinner won't get any later, I promise." Streaker turned 16 on the 22nd. Today was the 25th. However, the two lover's nocturnal habits prevented any formal arrangements from being made. Vortex had made a reservation at the finest restaurant in town, and tried to keep it a secret from the cat. However, Streaker found that curiosity benefitted him very much, and soon discovered Vortex's surprise.

"I know, but if they give away our table, who knows how much money you'll lose? And what if-?" Vortex hushed the cat and caressed his furry cheek softly, looking into his deep blue eyes with affection.

"We won't be late...I promise." He soothed, before kissing Streaker gently on the lips, with the cat returning the favour. Vortex smiled and chided, "Save it for after dinner, my lovely Honey Kitten." Streaker blushed and giggled at the bear-fox's preferred pet name for him and resumed getting ready.

Soon after, they departed from the house and got into Vortex's car, a rented, wine red Honda Accord. "I'm sorry babe," he blushed, "But money's tight. A rental's going to have to tide me over until I get one of my very own..." Streaker chuckled and held the hybrid fur's hand before holding the door open for him. "Oh, now you know I was supposed to open the door for *you*!" Vortex giggled as he climbed into the car, with Streaker running around to the other side to get in. Once they were buckled up, Vortex drove to the restaurant on the other side of town, where one could get a beautiful view of the beach nearby.

Once there, Vortex parked the car and opened the door for Streaker, helping the cat out. He jokingly bowed and held Streaker's hand as they walked in. The bear-fox informed the maître'd of their arrival and the couple were led to their table, by the window, offering an exquisite view of the moonlit ocean. After they gave their orders, Streaker gazed out of the large, clean window, happily counting the stars, while Vortex was busy admiring a sight that he much preferred to the night sky. He was thrown out of his fantasy when the waiter arrived with the starter, a mushroom soup. Vortex blushed and thanked the waiter, as did Streaker.

After they had finished the soup, Streaker placed the dishes in the centre of the table, where Vortex's hand had reached out to meet his. He softly caressed both hands and gazed into the cat's eyes, deep pools of blue, that the bear-fox could get lost in without delay. Streaker stared into the bear-fox's golden eyes in much the same manner. "I love you, Streaker Slatefang, and I don't care who knows it..." Vortex cooed softly.

"I love you too, Vortex Slatefang, with all my heart."

"I love you more..."

"I love *you* more!"

"Oh my gosh, you and I both know you won't win this, sweetheart,"

Just then, the main dish arrived. A large plate of spaghetti carbonara for the cat, while the bear-fox received a plate of sweet and sour chicken. They both ate their meals slowly, too distracted with thoughts of each other to really concentrate on the dinner before them. Soon after, the main course was completed, and both furs pushed their dishes to the centre. Vortex felt a little bit frisky, but he knew a passionate make-out session would surely get them thrown out, especially the way he made out. He kicked off his stuffy formal shoes, letting his wide paws breathe. Thankfully, he had showered literally minutes before getting dressed, so he didn't have to worry about musk. Of course, he had more important things to attend to. He rubbed a socked paw on Streaker's covered paw, the sheer socks sliding against the leather effortlessly. Streaker immediately blushed.

"H-here, babe?" Vortex nodded and wiggled his plump, ursine, clawed toes. Streaker slipped his shoes off too and played footsies with the bear-fox. The waiter arrived to deliver dessert, but hadn't noticed the couple's loving footsies due to the elegant white table cloth. He placed the dishes down on the table, and Streaker's eyes widened happily. Two large plates of chocolate fudge cake, warmed to perfection with a cold mound of ice cream accompanying it.

"You like my surprise?" Vortex grinned childishly, as Streaker's jaw hung agape.

"I love it!" He whispered, not wanting to interrupt the fine dining atmosphere. They both took a spoonful of cake and ice cream, but slowly moved the delicious treat closer to each other as their socked toes entwined. They placed their spoons in each other's mouth, and both blushed a shade of red that matched the new carpeting the restaurant had fitted weeks before. This continued until both slices of cake and ice cream were gone, and Vortex leaned back, unbuttoning the top two buttons of his shirt, with Streaker duplicating the action.

"Did you like your birthday dinner, sweetheart?" Vortex smiled as he patted his full belly. Streaker nodded and rubbed his own. After putting their shoes on again (much to Vortex's dismay: formal shoes were never comfortable for his wide paws), Vortex footed the bill ("Nonsense, Honey Kitten, it's your birthday dinner, don't pay a penny, my love!"), and they made their way to the car. Once there, Streaker pulled Vortex close for a passionate kiss in front of the moonlit beach in the parking lot. Vortex more than reciprocated the advance, slipping his tongue into his lover's mouth gently.

After what seemed an eternity, they both got in the car and drove home. Once back home, Vortex didn't even wait to get inside before removing his shoes, groaning softly.

"Babe, what's wrong?" Streaker asked.

"N-Now you know why I always go for s-sneakers instead!" Vortex winced as he rubbed his sore, sheer-socked paws. Streaker chuckled and kissed the bear-fox again, causing the bear-fox to drop his shoes in the driveway and return the passionate embrace.

"Thank you for dinner, it was wonderful..."

“You’re welcome. Happy Birthday.” Vortex cuddled Streaker close before picking up his shoes and walking inside, glad his paws are finally free of those shoes. The cat chuckled to himself.

“He knows what he’s doing. Such a pawslut...” He swooned happily. “But he’s my pawslut...”

The End.