

Fondle

by

Vixxy Fox

“I don’t think I want to go to dinner tonight,” Wirewolf hissed to Duroc. He’d knelt down next to the hole the pig was digging and had his head close to that of the Pig’s. That one’s shovel came up to deposit its load of dirt and hit the pile with a dull thump, narrowly missing his friend.

“Why in tarnation are you digging another outhouse hole?” the gardener asked, his original intention temporarily side lined through curiosity. “She’s got indoor plumbing now and that porcine bowl called the crapper.”

“Porcelain,” the pig corrected, pausing in his digging to wipe the sweat from his eyes. “Porcine is like me... it means Pig.”

“Both start with a P and sound near alike,” the Wolf countered. “We never had such a thing aboard ship, we just kinda hung down from the chains. The ocean did the rest.”

Duroc took the cold stogie from his lips and looked at it. Placing it back between his lips he fished out a small box of matches. Selecting one he struck it to life with a thumbnail and then puffed away until he had a good coal going on the end of the cigar. Taking in a lungful of the smoke, he exhaled loudly and then told his friend, “She’s only got the one pot and an abundance of guests so sometimes things get a bit tied up... thus the outhouse still reins. Then again there are the dinner guests who also need a place to take care of things and they are not privy to the indoor privy.” He smiled, enjoying the word game and then added, “Both items begin with a P and both are hard. Hard material, hard head, and a hard something else every now and again.” This last was said with a finger pointing to his Bowler covered head. The hat, though ragged, he insisted on wearing near everywhere. “So why don’t you want to eat dinner tonight?”

“Vix tells me Miss Buns is going to try something new.”

“She’s a good cook. If she tries it I’m sure it’ll be edible.”

Wirewolf sat up and swung his legs over and into the hole in a more relaxed position. “I’m not so sure,” he explained, “The old girl told me it’s called a ‘Fondle’ and half the village is most likely to show up just to see what it is.”

The pig put his spade down into the earth and then leaned upon its handle, looking up at his friend. “A fondle?”

“Yes, sir, that’s what she called it. Apparently it’s all the rage across the ocean. To tell the truth, in all my time upon that ocean I never heard tell of an eating house offering up such a thing. Certainly I have seen many a bawdy house offer similar offerings but that was always kept in private... or at least it should’a been.” He thought about this for a moment and then added, “We

had a bosun once by the name of Moses and he'd had too much to drink when this gal who was do'n a bawdy show took him by the paw and dragged him up on the stage. She had his pants down around his ankles right enough and him with a big smile on his face when he just fell face forward to the deck. We had to jump to his assistance cuz the wench started kicking at him. I suppose she was distressed that he'd ruined her act."

Duroc snorted. "You don't really think Miss Buns has something like that in mind do ya?" He chuckled at the thought. "Wouldn't that be an eye opener! Imagine all the shrieks of the females that'd come for a fancy dinner..."

"I don't know," Wirewolf countered. "I think a lot of 'em are more than a bit frustrated. Maybe they'd like it." He looked at the Pig giving him the serious eye. "I only mention this to ya because I happen to know she rather likes giving such a thing to a certain hole digg'n fella I know."

"Oh no," Duroc told him, "Not her... not in front of the whole world like that. She might be a lot of things and a good cook is at the top of the list; but she's not a public sort of trollop."

"Ya mean 'strumpet'," the Wolf added with a smile and a wink, "And don't that just sound like something she might'a baked up for tea?"

"Tea and strumpets?" Duroc asked with a laugh. "I believe that should rightly be 'crumpets' old friend." He paused to puff on his cigar and then added, "I think what you meant it to mean was 'harlot'."

"Or 'tart'" Wirewolf said with a sigh, "Which reminds me that last week she did make some 'o' those little fruit pie things that were so very fine." He smacked his lips just thinking about them.

"Or 'coquette'," the Pig added, "Which reminds me of the little pastry things she made the week before that; and how she keeps them from burning in that big old oven is a true mystery."

"Or a 'cocotte' which is also a baking pan of which she has a few."

"Or flat out floozy," added the cook's voice, and the pair cringed, "Though I don't think that's anything to do with cooking food."

"We was just discussing your heavenly cooking abilities," the gardener said with a sidewise glance. The huge Hare was frowning to be sure; but she was also carrying a large steaming pot of something and a loaf of her best bread. "Speaking of which... whatcha got there?"

"It's what I intend to serve up for tonight's dinner," she replied, "But out of the kindness of my heart I thought I would bring a sample out for Duroc since he's been working so hard. Miss V is in the dining room waiting for you with yours, and best you wash up in the kitchen before joining her."

“That’s it,” the Wolf whispered to his mate, “She’s come for to practice on ya and it appears I got the same waiting for me in the dining room. I wish ya luck... at least out here it’s more private like.”

When he was gone, Miss Buns sat to the berm of the hole and then gently slid in while balancing what she’d brought to share with the ex-boxer.

“Break off a piece of the bread and then dip it in the warm cheese,” she instructed with a smile.

The Pig, after brushing off his paws, did so with a resulting eye roll of heavenly delight after chewing just a few times.

“It’s called a fondue,” she told him before he could even utter a word.

The pair then sat and devoured the entire pot, after which there might have been a bit of cuddling coupled with a fondle or three.

Miss Vixxy, on the other paw, impatient to begin her noon meal, pushed open the door to the kitchen looking for her Wirewolf... only to find him standing at the kitchen sink with his pants down to his ankles washing what was normally never exposed except in the most private of moments.

“What on earth are you doing?!” she demanded in a most incredulous manner.

The gardener, old sailor that he was, smiled at her and replied that he was just getting ready for their noon time fondle.

Needless to say... that didn’t happen.