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"I can't believe I let you talk me into this..."

Fox McCloud trudges down the sidewalk, accompanied by his long-time rival Wolf O'Donnell. They both decided to dress up in their old aviator uniforms just for old time's sake, each with their stylish jackets, which prominently display emblems representing defunct space-faring teams. Fox still hasn't truly recovered from the utter shock of *Wolf* of all people inviting him to grab a quick meal and reminisce. Sure, they have many, many memories of one another, but most are of endless battles, bickering and captivity. Does he really believe they can make up, somehow?

"Still afraid I'm leading you into an ambush or something? C'mon pup, that's old news! You know I've moved past that sort of thing." He flashes one of those twisted smirks that always made Fox's fur stand on end; at least now the only reaction it gets out of him is a furrowed brow.

"Could you please not call me that? That's kind of demeaning..."

"What, pup? But you're so cute! I think it suits ya~"

Fox mutters under his breath, then points out the restaurant they agreed on; nothing fancy, but nothing sloppy either. "That's the place, right?"

"Yup! I think you'll like it. Don't you get cold feet on me now, hehe."

"No no, I get it," Fox grumbles as he leads the way in, and finds them a 2-seated table reasonably far away from the rabble. Out of force of habit, he

immediately claims the seat positioned closer to the exit. Wolf eyes him, then guffaws with considerable volume.

"You never did stop being a twitchy little pup, huh?"

Fox exhales, giving Wolf the stink eye as he settles himself down. Wolf continues to chuckle, obligingly taking the other seat. A waiter comes by a few seconds later to pass out menus and take drink orders.

Fox already knows exactly what he's getting, but that doesn't stop him from picking the menu up and intently studying each option available. He purses his lips, silently wondering if he really is being too clammed up. It HAS been an awfully long time since Wolf has given him any trouble(or least, has had enough reason to). What if his rival really is trying to bridge the age old gap between them? If he's giving him the cold shoulder despite those efforts, should they be genuine, then is Wolf really the asshole among them?

Finally, Fox peers up from the surface of the menu, and finds Wolf looking right at him, haughty as ever, not having bought the ruse for an instant. Nope, he's definitely still the asshole.

With an exasperated sigh, Fox puts the menu down. "So uh... how's the team been holding up?"

"Quite well, quite well." Thankfully, Wolf lowers his smugness level to its usual setting. "Can't help checking in on em every once in a while, force of habit and all... but everyone's finding work and getting settled into the normal life. At least, as well long time space farers can, anyway. What about your squad, eh?"

"About the same, really. Though as you can imagine, Falco's had a particularly tough time getting adjusted to the grounded life."

"Hahaha, he was quite a rowdy one, wasn't he? Sure woulda liked to have someone like him around on the Starwolf crew. Actually, come to think of it... I bet you could've been a lovely addition~"

"Wh- seriously?" Fox struggles to process what he'd just said. "Me... in Starwolf? What makes you think I would've remotely gotten along with you and your miscreants?"

"Hmm, I dunno about them... but perhaps just you and me?" Wolf tilts his head slightly, that insufferable grin returning. "I feel like we coulda had some sorta... energy together, ya know?"

Fox stares at him incredulously. What the hell did his rival just imply? Against his wishes, he feels just the tiniest hint of a blush... then shakes his head and glares at Wolf.

"This is ridiculous. You hate me, you always have. What changed? Why the sudden interest in me?"

Wolf leans back, maintaining his gaze with those cold, calculating red eyes. "Oh, hardly much, really... you're still as stuck up as ever. But that's nothing that can't be fixed, pup~"

Fox can barely believe what he's hearing. Has Wolf been developing... feelings for him? He expected a multitude of unsavory outcomes, but never would he have imagined this. Or would he have? No... that's ridiculous...

"Stop that," Fox snaps, desperately fighting to restrain the pink spreading on his face.

"Stop what?" Wolf puts on an innocent face, still grinning with poorly hidden impishness.

"Stop... whatever this is!" He gestures vaguely, getting more shifty by the second. "I don't know what your game is here, but I'm not falling into it again!"

"Game? C'mon pup, what's there to play at? Can't I be interested in a bit of well-meaning reconciliation?"

"Well sure, but..." All of a sudden, Fox can't help glancing into Wolf's eyes, such a deep bright red... were they always so... lustrous?

"Then let me do my thing, why don't you?" Wolf's tone suddenly becomes quite smooth and relaxed, at least more than usual. Fox tries to muster the words to break away from this weird spot they'd landed in, but oddly has a hard time of it. The malice actually seems to melt off of Wolf's face as he presses on. "Just relax, pup. I'm not gonna do anything nasty to ya. Nothing you don't want, anyway. Mmm, looks like our meal's coming... why don't we discuss this further once we're well nourished, hmm?~"

"I..." Fox tries one more time to object, but gives in to Wolf's sudden display of serenity, as well as the tempting smell of his dish. Before he knows it he's already dug in, at Wolf's bidding. With every bite, he seems to get just a little bit more light headed...

Half an hour later they walk out together, Fox's whole body drooping under the combined force of his full belly and the odd spell Wolf seems to be putting on him. That's what's going on, isn't it? Surely Wolf's responsible for putting him in this state, and for nefarious purposes. So why can't he bring himself to speak up? Why is he having such a hard time... just trying to think...

"Say, pup... you got anything else to do tonight?" Wolf gives him yet another smug look, and Fox can't stop himself from meeting that soft, strangely captivating gaze.

"I... ah..."

Wolf throws an arm around Fox's shoulder, and gently begins to influence their movement. He continues with that same soothing, disarming voice that Fox somehow can't bring himself to disagree with. "Cool, why don't ya come on over? You wanted to talk some more, didn't ya? Why not get some privacy?~"

"Huh... pri..." Fox just continues to huff softly, a dazed expression on his face as he allows himself to be guided along. All of his wary and distrustful thoughts have simply... abandoned him. If he could see himself right now, he'd catch the very same soft red glint that Wolf's eyes bear.

"That's a good pup. Come along now." Wolf gives his chin a nice little rub, the sort he'd give a lowly pet. Fox groans and blushes like crazy, only vaguely aware of the folk around them taking casual notice of the unseemly display. Not that

propriety is anywhere near the first thing on his mind now. At this point, what is?

With every step, Fox feels himself growing drowsy. His eyelids droop, and his legs work autonomously at Wolf's mercy. With Wolf's enticing eyes ever in his field of view, he sinks deeper and deeper into the soothing monotony, enjoying Wolf's warm leathery embrace. Yet he still obediently shambles along, being led in a direction distinctly away from his own apartment.

"I really have done some thinking, ya know... about who I wanna be. Who I wanna hang out with." Wolf's soothing drawl washes over Fox's ears, flowing through his mind unchallenged. Somehow, despite his prior irritation and reservations... he finds himself deciding he simply has to hear his old rival out. How could he be lying when his tone is so utterly calm... and laced with such overwhelming conviction... such a warm, welcoming smile... "I really ain't got any schemes brewing. This is me being perfectly real with ya. Just go right on ahead and relax your guard, little pup~"

Wolf reaches up with his other hand to gently caress Fox's limp lower jaw, prompting him to shudder gently and blush something fierce. They're still in public after all... Fox feels just enough embarrassment to notice, but not enough to balk at the treatment. Besides, some part of him deep down, despite his better judgement, really likes this treatment.

"Gooooood pup~" Wolf continues to lead Fox along, giving him a few more shamelessly affectionate gestures as they walk in silent tandem for several more minutes, until they finally reach Wolf's apartment complex. They enter, climb an endless series of steps, then emerge into Wolf's room, which is in rather unruly shape, but still an improvement given what Fox had seen of his rival in the past.

He allows himself to be maneuvered along into the bedroom, where a large fluffy bed awaits, its thick silky sheets in a state of predictable unrest. An overpowering urge comes upon Fox as he looks on with a thoroughly glazed expression, a strand of saliva hanging from his maw. Wolf relaxes his grip on his prey's shoulder, and Fox immediately collapses onto the bed's surface, emitting a soft, whiny moan upon impact. In this hypnotized state his sense of touch seems to be amplified, and so he continually sounds off as he feebly runs his

hand across the clean silk. Down below, that naughty little frivolity between his legs that he'd never had time for in his glory days perks on up excitedly...

With a soft *flump!*, Wolf lands right next to him, the chain on his belt jingling gently. Fox feels those calloused fingers on his face once again, as they turn it around to face Wolf's own. A small wet spot appears on the sheets beneath Fox's vacant maw. Again, those soft, radiant red eyes fill his vision, commanding his full attention. He eagerly gives it up, continuing to sink ever farther into Wolf's mysterious spell.

Neither of them have bothered to take off any part of their outfits... on that note, Fox only just begins to register that something feels... different somehow. His garb feels so much more comfortable than usual... and as Wolf brushes his other hand across his green bodysuit, Fox shivers with the gentle yet undeniable sensation of touch. That definitely isn't normal... but his thoroughly enraptured mind has no capacity for such observations.

"Mmm... Enjoying yourself, pup?"

Fox only replies with a slurred moan, unable to help himself as he reaches out to feel at Wolf's suit. Wolf chuckles, sighing in clear contentment at the gesture. His soft voice drones on, a striking far cry from the gruffness and hostility Fox had grown accustomed to over the years. "See, what'd I tell ya? You make such a wonderful little pup. Putty in my hands. And you're enjoying every... last... little... second of it. Aren't you, pup?"

"Hahh..." Fox shows no sign of disagreement. He just continues to mindlessly embrace Wolf's form, staring dreamily into those captivating eyes, passion now unrestrained by fear of public perception. Wolf begins to adjust himself, bringing his body right up against Fox's, until their bellies press gently against each other. By this point the implication couldn't be any more obvious, but Fox can do nothing but fall deeper and deeper into Wolf's irresistible trance. A gentle little lump forms in his crotch, and soon Wolf musters his own to match it.

In silent tandem, both animals reach out to embrace other, forcing their bodies closer and closer together, until their snouts are close enough to touch. They begin to huff together as their bulges grind together, feeding on each others'

energy. Red light swamps Fox's vision, and manifests into soft, slowly rotating spirals occupying his entire field of view. He whimpers and moans even louder, getting dragged deeper and deeper into that wonderful trance. All his doubts, fears, annoyance and resentment are long gone, leaving only a bare, animalistic desire in their place; a desire for Wolf. Everything about him... his handsomely gruff features, his smooth voice, his powerful build, his wicked outfit... and most of all, those wonderful eyes. Fox feels like he could just stare forever... and doubts he'd ever pull himself away if he had that opportunity.

"What a good little pup... you belong to me now, don'tcha? You're all mine." Wolf squeezes Fox's body just a bit tighter as he speaks, prompting Fox to groan and nod shakily, his mind completely submitting to Wolf's command. Wolf brushes his snout against Fox's cheek, and Fox obligingly returns the favor with notably less coordination. Then, slowly, they begin to grind their whole bodies together. They pant and moan gently, rubbing against each other with a sort of serenity as their bulges grow nice and solid, eager to see action. Wolf doesn't seem interested in going all out for now, however... that can wait. For the time being, they simply take in one another's presence, feeling each other, growing horny for each other, even giving the occasional affectionate lick. Yes, there's no denying it now... there's something there between them. It may take a while for Fox to truly acknowledge it, but that's okay. Wolf's become a much more patient man over time. One way or another, he'll have Fox for himself.

The rubbing and huffing goes on for hours; just simple, eager repetitive motions. Not a single word is spoken, not that it's needed. Finally, Fox's eyelids begin to droop even harder than before, his motions becoming more and more lethargic. Eventually, they cease, and Fox begins to do that cute little snore that Wolf fell in love with even back when they were rivals. He smirks one last time, says "See ya tomorrow, pup~", then begins to drift off himself.

Morning comes at last. Fox slowly opens his eyes, groaning groggily and struggling to get his mind chugging. Finally, he comes to awareness, and finds himself face to face with Wolf. He yelps in shock, then takes a moment to realize that he's asleep. Which promptly leads to his discovery that they're *in bed* together. At Wolf's place. What the hell happened last night??

His stirrings cause Wolf's eyes to flutter open, and before Fox can jump out of bed or demand an explanation, his gaze falls onto those soft red eyes once

again... and he immediately goes limp once again. That's right... how could he forget?~

Wolf smiles with an odd mix of mischief, lust and genuine mirth. "Good morning, pup~"

"I... g-good morning..." Fox isn't quite as deep under the spell as last night, but his mind is gripped firmly enough to prevent him from realizing how incredibly brazen Wolf had been to bring him here like this.

Wolf rises to his knees, his outfit rustling gently as usual. "Ahhh, I haven't slept that well in ages, heheheh... how about you, pup?"

Fox rises up dutifully to accompany him. "Felt... good, yeah..."

"Good to hear! I assume ya got business to attend to, though... that's quite alright. You know I'm always gonna be here for ya, right? We can meet right back up and keep on getting to know each other a bit better. And maybe put all that nasty past behind us once and for all, hm?"

"Yeah... that sounds... good..." a dopey smile crosses Fox's face.

"Good lord pup, you really are a helpless little thing aren't you? Damn, imagine if I tried this back when I wanted ya dead... but no matter. Let's get ya back home, shall we?"

"Yeah... home. Alright."

Wolf once again lays his arm behind Fox's neck and begins to guide him out of the complex. Fox has a much surer step now, but he still proves quite willing to trust Wolf to guide him along. As they head back out onto the bustling street, Wolf leans in close.

"Now then, little pup... we can't be having things between us getting awkward, right?"

Fox moans ever so softly before mustering a reply. "Nnnno, I suppose not..."

"Good, good. Once ya wake up, I'm gonna need you to not remember what happened between us at my place, alright? Don't forget outright, just... don't allow those memories to surface. You can bring em back once you're safely under my control again, understand?"

Fox nods sluggishly.

"Excellent. Whenever you're awake, you can go on being all wary and fidgety like normal. You're so cute when you try to resist like that! But no need to ever take serious action or write me off completely. You ARE gonna be mine in due time, you understand?"

Fox nods again, with a touch more energy.

"Good pup~" Wolf scratches his chin once again, triggering a shudder and a blush. "Far as you're concerned for the time being, nothing happened out of the ordinary. We met, we talked, we made up our differences well enough then parted ways. Nothing more than that, right?"

"Yeah... nothing more than that."

"Attaboy. Time to part ways, I suppose. I'll be in touch with ya again soon enough though, count on it~ As soon as I let go of ya, keep on walking. Once 10 seconds pass, you're gonna wake up and do all that stuff we discussed. Got it?"

"Got it."

"Good pup. And one more thing..." Wolf stops them both, then turns to force Fox's gaze.

"Always remember deep down... this really is me caring for ya. I really am moving on from all that squabbling and warring in the past. Keep on giving me a chance, and I swear I'll make it worth your while. No tricks, no traps. Just the real me like I always shoulda been. Understand?"

After a few seconds, Fox nods determinedly in stark contrast to his otherwise dreamy and lethargic movements.

"Thanks, pup. See ya around~"

Wolf lets go, and slips into the crowd in the other direction. Fox walks dutifully along on his own, his mind empty and serene for a few more blessed seconds...

Fox blinks. Where the hell is he going? His job's in the other direction. And why is he still in his old uniform? He curses at his negligence, and begins to rush back home to get changed.

Despite his urgency, his mind can't help but wander toward that meeting he had with Wolf last night. It really was strange, putting their pasts behind them and really speaking to each other like they were old friends or something. Maybe he truly IS trying to repair their relationship out of good faith... but Fox isn't going to go blindly trusting in him just yet. He's gonna need to take a little more time to be sure... and he's certainly not gonna fall for any of Wolf O'Donnell's dirty tricks.