

ZYPHTENDER

YOUR BOOK'S SUBTITLE

by
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A quick thank you for Zyphy for coming up with this fantastic idea.
An extended thank you for Eidalon for recommending the raid target.
Without this none of this could happen.

Treetender	https://www.twitch.tv/treetender
Zyphywolfy	https://www.twitch.tv/zyphwolfy

I hope you would enjoy reading it as much as I enjoy writing it.

This novel is entirely a work of fiction. The names, characters and incidents portrayed in it are the work of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events or localities is entirely coincidental.

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KNOCK

SNOW fell gently from the sky, dusting the floor with a thin layer of powdered whiteness. It was getting dark slowly, painting a bit of warmth to the dull grey sky. A cute bean is pacing back and forth by the door. Frustrated, Tree muttered, "What's taking them so long. When will they arrive?"

Tree's trackers were broken, enduring once of the worst scenarios one who trapped indoors on a holiday could. Impatient, tree lowered his stature. Dropping his bottom to the ground, knees bent, arms supporting from behind his back. Fully laid on the floor, Tree threw himself a tantrum. Like a small animal, Tree squeaked and whined, failing his limbs in the air. Like a small child trying to get some attention from his parents, Tree protested to the universe against his misfortune.

However the universe is impartial, they took no sides and does not care if one fluff is complaining about his circumstances. Little did he know he is about to cross paths with another amazing gem in his life.

Knock Knock

Tree paused. Still on his back on the floor, he turn his head towards the door. "I am here to provide tech support for...", said the distant voice behind the door, "...Treetender." Tree got up to his paws, patted down his fur as an attempt to dust off the evidence of the performance he just gave to an empty audience. "I'm in." replied Tree as he opened the door.

Their eyes did not meet.

"I'm send here to provide tech support for Treetender. I heard you are experiencing tracking issue?" the figure announced, coming from below Tree's sight line. Tree looked down and their eyes met. Yellow eyes glistened in the dusk. Their grey fur was sprinkled with fresh snow like icing sugar on a pastry. Tufts of white fur forming a fridge running between their pointy ears. Tree answered, "Yes. Come in."

THE TECH SUPPORT

The grey wolf entered. His chains rattled as like bells ringing, proclaiming their master's entrance. They are attached to a metal collar, loosely fitted around his neck. "You can call me Zyph," said the wolf, "and how can I help you today?" Their voice was low pitched but clear, ending with a sound like a pleasant kind of low pitch hum.

"Call me Tree. I'm experiencing some tracking issue and I can't seem to figure out what's wrong," said Tree, pulling himself out of the transfixing voice of the guest.

Following Tree's lead, Zyph was brought to the play space. Zyph was quick to work, examining the setup. His bright yellow eyes bolting around, scanning the situation he was facing. "I think I found the problem," explained Zyph as he gestured towards the space under the sofa, "I think there is something wrong with the cabling under the sofa." Zyph reached for a pen light from his pocket, switching it on and holding it between his muzzle. Zyph looked at Tree as if he was doing a blep with a metallic tongue glowing in the tip, he muttered, "Ar'll jus tak a lor a et". Tree could not help but let out a little chuckle. Eager to get to the problem, Zyph with another tool in his hand. In a pouncing motion landing his tummy on the floor, Zyph pushed himself under the sofa.

Tree and half a torso of Zyph in the room were engulfed by an awkward silent. In an attempt to break up the still air, Tree asked, "um... So what is your favourite food?"

"My favourite food is broccoli," Zyph answered, "I can go on for hours about why I like it but let's leave that conversation for another time."

Feeling deterred, Tree decided to to have another go at igniting conversation to drive away the cold silence in the room. Tree asked, "Do you have any hobbies? What do you do in your free time?"

"I sing and play the piano and ukulele" Zyphy answered. Despite not seeing Zyph's face, Tree knew he had done it. As evident by Zyphy's tail wagging proudly in the air, like freshly ignited flames from a campfire, dancing along the rhythmic fanning from the fire starter.

Satisfied by his effort, Tree pushed on, "So what songs do you sing?"

"I sing a lot of sad songs and I like sining in piano ballad style." Zyph answered, hardly containing his enthusiasm, "I even did a piano cover for the song x3 Nuzzles."

They both shared a laughter. The awkwardness had been driven away by the roaring flame they just started. They continued. Sharing their interests and their stories, fueling the fire in this cold winder afternoon. Yet unbeknown to both of them, the fire was burning far hotter than either of them could imagine.

HEATING UP

Zyph pushed himself out of the crevice and adjusted himself. "I found the problem," explained Zyph, "the cables have knotted up and was stuck. It is a bit deep but I think I can get it it."

Before Tree could express his gratitude, the nimble wolf flipped over with his back on the floor and gave Tree a smug grin to reassure his confidence. Then pushed himself back into his work place with his strengthen thighs in a two stoke motion. Reaching deeper in the unexplored area of Tree's furniture.

"I think I got it." said Zyph from under the sofa. Zyph attempted to wiggle his legs but they would not budge. "I my thighs have gotten thicker from my recent workout. I think I am stuck." said Zyph, with a mixture of embarrassment and a hint of playfulness.

Trying to offer his help, Tree got on all fours. "I'm going to pull you out, don't worry" said Tree. Tree positioned himself between Zyph's legs and wrapped his hands around Zyphs thighs. Squeezing Zyphs thighs against his knees to get a grip on the trapped wolf. Zyph thighs were hot like a glowing poker extracted from a fireplace. Underestimated the girth of Zyph's thighs, Tree re-adjusted his grip and gave it a light tug.

"I think you really got yourself stuck there," said Tree, still pulling and shuffling himself side to side, "I'll give you one big pull. Tell me if it hurts."

Like pulling a stubborn tap root from the ground, Tree pulled gently but with strength. Comically dislodging Zyph from the grasp of the gap,

losing his balance falling forward. Both reacted this their own ways as if they had rehearsed this situation in their head from seeing all plot required "accidents" in anime. Tree supported his fall with his arms in push up position and Zyph held his hand up to dampen the weight of the falling Tree.

Two fluffs locked into a predicament. Now Zyph was caged within Tree, between his tow arms back against the floor. Muzzles just a few inches apart. Sharing the same air that the air exhaled. Tree attempted to hold in his shock, but his panting motion, moving his chest ever so closer to Zphy's body, had betrayed him. Tree tried his beset to keep himself from crushing such precious bean.

Zyph's hand buried in Tree's chest fluff, feeling Tree's warmth on his bare beans.