

# ZYPHTENDER

A FANFIC CHALLENGE

*by*

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## *Zyphender*

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

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Treetender	<a href="https://www.twitch.tv/treetender">https://www.twitch.tv/treetender</a>
Zyphywolfy	<a href="https://www.twitch.tv/zyphwolfy">https://www.twitch.tv/zyphwolfy</a>

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I wish 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.

# THE TECH SUPPORT

SNOW fell gently from the sky, dusting the floor with a thin layer of powdered whiteness. It was getting dark slowly, painting an orange shade 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 one 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, flailing 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 do not take sides and do 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 turned his head towards the door. "I am here to provide tech support for...", said the muffled voice behind the door, "...Treetender." Tree got up to his paws, patted down his fur as an attempt to dust off any 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 now 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 grey wolf entered. His chains around his arms rattled like bells ringing, proclaiming their master's entrance. They were 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?" His voice was charming, 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.

Like being dragged by an imaginary leash by the host, Zyph was led into Tree's room. Zyph was quick to work, examining the setup. Zyph scanned the room and paused for a moment. "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 pulled out something from his trousers, a pen light from his pocket. Switching it on and holding it between his muzzle with another tool in his hand. Zyph looked at Tree as if he was doing a blep with a metallic tongue glowing in the tip. Zyph muttered, "A'll jus' tak a' lor a' et."

Tree could not help but let out a little chuckle. Eager to get to the problem, with another tool in his hand, Zyph in a pouncing motion landed his tummy on the floor and pushed himself under the sofa.

# HEATING UP

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 for another time."

Feeling deterred, Tree decided to have another go at igniting a 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" Zyph answered. Despite not seeing Zyph's face, Tree knew he had done it. As evident by Zyph's tail wagging proudly in the air, like flames of a freshly ignited campfire, dancing along the rhythmic fanning of 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 singing 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. Yet unbeknown to both of them, the fire was burning far hotter than either of them could imagine.

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

Before Tree could express his gratitude, the nimble wolf flipped over with his back against the floor and gave Tree a smug grin to reassure his confidence. Then pushed himself back into his work space with his strengthen thighs in a two stoke motion. Thrusting himself 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 think 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. Tree said, "I'm going to pull you out, don't worry." Tree positioned himself between Zyph's legs and wrapped his hands around Zyph's plump thighs. Squeezing them against his knees to get a grip on the smol wolf wedged in the gap. Zyph's 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. Let me know if it hurts."

Like pulling a stubborn tap root from the ground, Tree pulled with all his strength but also taking care not to hurt Zyph. Tree comically dislodged Zyph from the grasp of the the furniture. Tree lost his balance and fell forward. Both reacted in their own ways as if they had rehearsed this exact situation in their head from watching all the plot required "accidents" in animes. Tree supported his fall with his arms in a push up position and Zyph held his hand up to dampen the weight of the falling Tree.

## SET ABLAZE

THE two of them locked into a predicament. Zyph was caged within Tree between his two arms. His view of the ceiling was eclipsed by Tree's body. Muzzles just a few inches apart. Sharing the same air they exhaled. Tree attempted to hold in his shock, but his panting had betrayed him. Tree's chest moved periodically like the deck of a ship in a turning seas of emotion and anxiety. Trying to steady his breath, trying his beset not to crush his guest under his own weight.

Zyph's hands were buried in Tree's chest fluff, feeling Tree's warmth on his bare beans. Despite it was done out of necessity, Zyph could not help to feel some shred of embarrassment. This feeling raised within him, slowly spilling over onto his cheeks. Zyph's face slowly glowed like the filament of an incandescent bulb. His warming body slowly drove off the condensation on his collar from Tree's breath.

Time seemed to stood still, but Tree's whiskers moving along his breathe, like a clock's second hand ticking, signaling the passage of time. After what felt like an eternity, Tree decided to say something. Being so just inches away from Zyph, Tree asked under his breath, "Are you okay?"

Tree's deep voice was even deeper. Zyph could feel the words with his hands from Tree's chest vibrations. A warm, cosy feeling stirred within Zyph as if he was accepting his fate in this new enclosure. Perhaps it was Stockholm syndrome or it was flight or fight response, Zyph could not help but developed something special to his captor.

"I am fine," Zyph answered, "*uwn*."

Tree retracted slightly from the unexpected answer. Trekking a few inches backwards with his arms, raising himself away from Zyph. Tree did not expect this response from his captive friend. Zyph's words slowly melts into Tree's head as Tree played out all the possible reactions to that answer in his mind. An invitation or a careless slip up. Tree could not decipher it in the heat of the moment. His eyes narrowed and his whiskers tensed up vibrating like a tuning fork, struck by the shock he received from the ambiguous reply. Spreading like a fire, Tree began to blush. His neck fluff puffed up a little, shortening his neck like an illusion.

"I'm glad you are fine", Tree answered while standing up and offered a helping hand to Zphy to get him off the floor.

Zyph's arms were still hovering aimlessly in the air, regained their directly and accepted the offer. A strange sensation, passing through their hands, surged through them. Being carried along by the momentum, Zyph stood up but fell right into Tree's embrace.

Tree placed his arms around Zyph, his hands exploring Zyph's shoulder, along the chains around his arms. Zyph's arm around Tree's waist, resting right above his belt pouches. Zyph was buried in Tree's furry chest, listening to his racing heart slowing down to enjoy this special moment a bit longer. True to his name, Tree gave off a refreshing smell of pine needles. Tree tilted his head down and looked into Zyph's eye, his pupils widen pushing the greenness away from his iris.

Zyph looked back at Tree and tipped toe to increase his height to better compliment Tree's shape. Leaning his head and rubbing it against Tree's body slowly, moulding Tree's chest fluff to fit his contour. His tail swept slowly, savouring the moment. The two hugged so closely that you could not tell where Tree ended or where Zyph began. Two souls connected, huddled together in this cold winter night.



## UNTIL NEXT TIME

DESTINY sure had a cruel sense of humor, the moment was interrupted by a buzz from Zyph's pocket, dragging them back to reality from this euphoric experience. As a futile attempt, Tree crossed his arms further, trying to hold onto Zyph for a bit longer. Zyph slid his hands off Tree's back. Tree's fur passing through the gaps between Zyph's finger like the fleeting experience they just shared. Zyph had to leave.

"I...I have to go." Zyph reluctantly admitted.

"It's fine." Tree answered.

"There will be a next time, right?" asked Zyph.

"You are always welcome." Tree answered.

Tree led Zyph by his hand back to the doorway. It was dark outside. The streets were illuminated with the cold harsh street lights. Tree opened the door, revealing the dull washed out colours of the winter outdoors, juxtaposing the vibrant interior set where they just preformed their passionate act.

"So see you next time." Zyph said his goodbye. His eyes reflecting the warm lighting from Tree's room, glowing like ember in the dark.

"This weekend?" Tree suggested.

Zyph nodded and turned around. Setting off into the snowy night.