

Interminable Routine

The loud and reverberating pat-pat of rubber soles echoed throughout the abandoned old lab facility as a tiger in a lab coat made his way through the faded white hallways. The place was certainly in a state of disrepair, considering that many of the fluorescent lights flickered constantly, most of the doors were gone, and a bitter old scent that pervaded through the old lab.

"It's not that bad.." Alexis thought to himself. *"At least it's an actual lab, and not somebody's basement."*

That thought made him chuckle softly. Imagine that! He would have had to bring all of those beakers and materials to his house, and -that- would certainly attract much attention. *"Don't mind me! Just, y'know, setting up a lab in my basement. I swear it's not what it looks like."*

All joking aside, he couldn't have done his "experiments", if not for the isolated old lab. It was far away from any other houses and nobody would really have a reason to venture out just to explore a partially dilapidated warehouse-turned-lab. *Even* if someone would have approached, the tiger would have been able to see them through the shoddy camera surveillance system.

Now isn't that peculiar? Half of the lights are busted, yet the cameras remain intact.

"Funny." Mumbled Alexis, scratching his head and then taking a look at the brown clipboard that was clutched in one paw. There were various sheets of paper held in place by that clipboard, each with extensive information hastily scribbled down on them. Scaled drawings of convoluted contraptions were also scribbled in the middle of each page, making the stack of notes seem much like a journal.

A faint smile spread on the feline's lips as he reread the notes.

Session #5683

Heat and Boiling

Subject placed inside of Erlenmeyer flask, with 600 ml of distilled water. Flask placed on hot plate, and heated to 99 C, over ten minutes. Temperature taken and subject observed every five minutes.

Heat on: 10:05 AM

Five minutes in: Subject shows discomfort and mild pain. Flesh turns light red under fur. Heat estimation- 25-35 C.

Ten minutes in: Subject is screaming and attempting to break flask. Flesh now bright scarlet.

Heat estimation- 90-100 C.

Heat off- 10:15 AM

Fifteen minutes: Subject still, little movement beyond muscle spasm. Patches of fur gone, flesh swollen and extremely red. Heat estimation- 100 C.

Subject expired.

Ah. That time had been rather interesting. Add one curious and sadistic tiger, a flask, water, a hot plate, and one (un)willing volunteer. Ladies and gentlemen, you've just created a torture-addicted sadist! Watch your children and wives!

Alexis flicked his tail around, fondly remembering that experiment. Perhaps he'd have to try something like that again. Perhaps he should record it this time, and upload it. Many of the people he chatted with, were often quite eager to hear about his experiments. Some expressed how they'd love to perform one with him, others, how they'd love to -be- performed on. Lots of weird people out there!

His lab assistant was *not* one of these furs. He didn't particularly enjoy being subjected to such torture, simply to sate the tiger's curiosity. The thought of that trembling little arctic fox brought another grin to Alexis' muzzle. Those wide eyes, that ruffled and scruffy white fur, the silver collar, and most of all, his own scent on the fox. To know that another being was completely under his control, subjected to whatever he desired, simply for the facade that he dubbed "science". How exciting!

Speeding up his pace, he turned left at the end of the hallway, and then right. Then another right, and a left, and a right. The lab was a bit like a maze, but it only served to keep the fox from escaping. There were many dead ends, and sealed off passages that served to make escape a very daunting task. *"As if he could even find his way out."* The predatory cat giggled, flicking his tail again as he padded into the large open space of the main room. There were terminals, tables, flasks, and all sorts of beakers containing chemicals, and a fox.

A fox. His slave, his pet, his toy, his plaything.

The sight of that poor fox, nervously rearranging the flasks and hastily dusting the lab made Alexis exhale longingly. He could hardly keep his hands off that fox. However, it wasn't love he felt. He could hardly restrain himself from causing the vulpine harm. The sight of that nervous and wide eyed fox, sent a shiver along his spine. He *had* to harm him. It was a need. It was why he came back to the lab every day.

"Pip."

The fox jumped at that, nearly knocking over some of the glass containers. He quickly turned to face Alexis, already beginning to quiver. He exhaled and took a deep breath, shakily padding over to where the grinning tiger stood, stopping a few feet before him. *"H-how... H-how.... Was your day..?"* He squeaked out, the line sounding rather rehearsed.

"My day was just perfect. I've been on my feet most of today, however, so I'm a little tired." Alexis purred out, his gaze focused on Pip. The fox nervously brushed his hair out of his eyes, and nodded jerkily. *"T-that's good. I-I'm glad you.. You had a good day."* Pip responded, lowering his gaze and staring down at his bare feet. The tops of those white paws looked so fluffy, and soft. They hardly stood out from the stark white of the floor. Perhaps if he was allowed to groom himself, then they could blend in. Maybe he could pretend he was invisible, and that Alexis wouldn't find him. Those thoughts were ridiculous, but at least they distracted him from the tiger that towered a good four inches over him.

The tension in the air was palpable, as the pair remained in silence. Pip never said any more than what he was expected to. He had once been talkative and extroverted, but the events of the past two years, turned him into a quiet and bitter little fox. Then again, what would have been expected of a fur who was locked away, and exploited for his ability to come back to life? There wasn't much to look forward to.

Alexis reached out and took a firm hold of the shorter fox's chin, lifting it up so he could gaze into the terror filled eyes of his victim. *"Do you know what I want to do today?"* Now the tiger

paused, and stooped down slightly. The six foot sadist was now eye to eye with his five foot six captive. *"I'm in the mood for some massage. I've had a long and hard day, and I'd love a nice foot rub. No science today, just a nice foot rub, pet."*

Pip choked out a whimper, his big fox ears flattening against his skull reflexively, now that he was staring directly into his killer's eyes. He was struggling to maintain a sense of control in this truly hopeless situation. He had a faint idea of where this was going, and he did -not- look forward to it. Alexis had that familiar look in his eyes, that look of cruelty and excitement. *'Things are always so messy when he looks at me like that... Hardly a smear left.'* The fox thought, grimly.

"Well, you know how much I hate wasting time." Alexis chuckled out, lightly pushing the fox backwards, causing him to stumble. The little fox fell on his rump, yelping out of surprise more than pain. *"Go on then. Shrink."* Alexis demanded, his playful demeanor quickly changing to one of impatience. He tapped his shoe against the polished tile floor, impatiently watching.

Pip knew better than to keep him waiting. The last time he had protested, he had received such an intense beating, that he was sore for weeks. The fox rubbed his arm and took a shaky breath. One blinding flash later, he was gone. In his place, was a miniscule little fox, about three inches in height. The tiny creature closed his eyes and shuddered, waiting for that deep, and silky smooth voice to resume. He reckoned he'd be mockingly praised for being such a 'good boy', just like every other time.

"That never ceases to amaze me, Pip." Alexis chuckles out, crouching down to get a better look at his soon to be victim. His lips parted in a toothy grin, and his tail lashed around under his lab coat. *"You're so very small.. There are so many things I could do to you! Fortunately for you, there is only one thing I want to do at the moment."* The grayish tiger stood back up to his full size, and then raised one of his booted feet up, unlacing it as he held it up.

Five minutes later, and two heavy boots thumped to the ground, a strong and oppressive musk wafting out of each boot. Alexis turned and tugged a stool from under the lab desk, sitting down on it and flexing his bare toes.

Pip fought back a choked sob, wrinkling his nose and covering his muzzle with both of his trembling hands. The scent itself wasn't truly bad or unappealing. Heck, under other circumstances, Pip would have gladly given the tiger a foot rub, or perhaps even a lick or two. However, He hated it under this current situation. It brought memories of pain, torture, and all sorts of horrible scenarios.

"Fox." Alexis huffed out, now beginning to lose some of his temper. *"If you can't perform one simple task.."* The predator growled quietly, glaring down at the three inch vulpine. The growl was all it took to jerk Pip out of the recesses of his mind, and back to the present. Wordlessly, he stumbled up to his feet, and nervously inched closer to Alexis' enormous feet.

The tiger's feet and ankles were colored darker than the fur on his calves and waist, giving the impression that he was wearing socks. Upon closer observation, though, it was clear that it was simply Alexis' fur pattern. It was hard -not- to look at those feet of his, either. Each foot was large, fluffy, and soft looking. Down under the dark blue fur there were soft pads, each colored a pale shade of pink. When all of this was taken into account, they really were quite nice paws. The scent wasn't even that bad, it was the right balance between acrid and sweet. Not too big, not blocky, not stubby.. Just the perfect shape. A work of art, a dream come true, if not for the

extreme cruelty that their owner exhibited.

Pip's skillful hands glided along the fur lining Alexis' toe, sliding over the neat and dark claw that protruded from the tip of the digit. He kneaded his tiny fingers, making sure to rub at the flesh beneath the dark fur. Foot rubbing was one of the few things that seemed to take the poor fox's mind off of his predicament. It was a monotonous task, yet despite everything, it was somewhat enjoyable. The smooth and warm fur felt very nice, and helped to warm him up, since he wasn't allowed to wear anything except his plain silver collar.

"Mmh.. That's nice, slave.." Alexis purred out, sighing softly. He gently nudged his captive back, then splayed his toes. *"Now, lick."* He commanded, closing his eyes. Surely enough, Pip began to reluctantly drag his purple tongue across the matted and damp fur between the tiger's toes. The salty taste of sweat mixed with the faint taste of old leather invaded his taste buds, and sent a shiver up his spine. Gradually, his licks became longer and less hesitant, as he concentrated on cleaning the space between Alexis' toes.

Lick, suckle, nuzzle, lick, suckle, nuzzle.

....

Pip exclaimed out of surprise, falling forward and hitting his muzzle on the hard floor of the lab. Everything was hazy and his mind was sluggish. Musk always did that to him. *"M-mmh..? W-why did you..?"* Pip began, slowly sitting up and rubbing at his sweat slicked muzzle.

"You're finished, that's why." Alexis responded, flatly. *"Why am I going to just sit here, when you've already done all that you can? It's been an hour."* He continued, yawning quietly and shifting in his seat. *"I'm sleepy, either way. There's no way I'm sleeping in this lab, it's freezing! There isn't even a couch to rest on. I'm not used to sleeping under desks, like you. I actually have standards"* He chuckled out.

"A-ah, of.. Of course, sir." Pip replied, clearly hurt by Alexis' not so subtle implication. *"W-well.. G-goodnight."* The fox sighed out, still in close proximity to the tiger's feet. *'Today wasn't so bad.. Maybe he's changing! He didn't beat, burn, shock, or drown me.. Didn't even insult me that much. I'm sure he's changing!'* Pip thought to himself, smiling faintly, for what was the first time in at least a month. He could feel that familiar flutter of hope in his chest. *'Maybe he'll let me go, and I can go back.. Oh god, that would be fantastic! All I have to do is be good. I'll be good, and he'll be nice, and I'll get out of here.. I'll see the sun again, and the moon, and the stars..'* The fox's tail began to wag as well, and he sighed softly, imagining all of the sights he would see, and the things he would do.

Alexis shifted in his seat, glancing down at his little slave. He grinned and licked his lips, scooting back in the stool.. And then jumping right off, and landing on Pip.

A loud pop, followed by sickening cracks.

Alexis twisted his foot as hard as he could, growling out of satisfaction, as he felt warmth and stickiness spreading across the sole of his foot. He twisted his foot again, and then dragged it as he walked a couple of feet, leaving a gory and pulpy stain across the lab floor.

Pleased with his work, Alexis scooped up his boots and slipped them on, tying them and humming to himself. On his way out, he flicked the lights off, and turned to face the dark room. *"Goodnight, my sweet little plaything."* He remarked, slowly padding out of the old lab, and out

into the cool air of night. Stars shined up above. A pulpy smear began to quiver in the dark.