

Alphabet Challenge: A is for Adoring.

By Kouta Slatefang.

"No, George!" The bear whimpered as the grey squirrel nuzzled him affectionately.

"But why, Ellis?"

"B-Because..." Ellis broke out in a heavy blush, not unlike the blush he developed the last time he was at George's house, and the time before that. George smiled and removed his glasses, looking into the bear's eyes, but Ellis avoided all eye contact.

"You know I love you. I just hope one day we can be...well...more than friends?" George smiled. It was one of those nerve-racking smiles, the one salesmen often gave to ensure a sale. The one that says 'Deprive me of what I want, and I'll cut you'. At least, that's what Ellis thought. He thought he knew what the squirrel wanted; sex. Every time he went over to George's house, one or both of them ended up naked. He couldn't deny it; the squirrel was attractive, just not what he was looking for.

"Maybe." Ellis waved away George's advances with a fake smile. "I just need to get my act together first, you know? I mean, you're asking for a LOT. I mean, just six months ago I found out you were gay and we're already up to this..." He gestured at his bare torso, the thick chocolate brown fur offered by his grizzly bear heritage was glistening with sweat, both nervous and aroused. He lay back on the bed, sighing heavily. He wanted to skirt around the issue. He just wanted a 'get out of jail' card. There was someone he so clearly had his eye on, but he couldn't tell the squirrel. It was easy to observe how George longingly gazed at the bear, from across the dinner table, on the bed, or even at the bus stop. It sent a shiver down the bear's spine every time.

He swallowed a lump in his throat as he found George at the foot of the bed, unlacing his shoes. Black Converse. What you'd expect a teen to be wearing 24/7. The squirrel pried off the musky sneakers with a grin. He had a paw fetish, much like the bear did. Ellis curled his socked toes and gritted his teeth, as the squirrel rubbed his soles.

"Do you like this?" George nodded,

"Yeah, it's nice!"

"Great..."

"Something wrong?" George asked as he peeled off the socks, and the bear wiggled his plump toes, blushing deeply.

"I-I'm sorry, my paws are awful...I haven't trimmed the claws in a while-"

"Don't be sorry, I like them! 'Sides, you should see mine, mine are bad!"

"W-well, if you insist..." George continued the massage with Ellis moaning quietly. The squirrel chuckled at this and continued diligently. Suddenly, the bear looked at George.

"We both know you've wanted quite a bit more than this for a while..." George giggled.

"It's that obvious? Ellis, I've found you really attractive for...for a long time now. I'm just so glad you feel the same way..."

"That's just it, I-"

"Yeah, I just hope we can finish college so that we can do something more than just 'be friends'."

'Bloody hell, you can't be serious...?' Ellis thought as George continued the sensual massage.

"Want to roll onto your stomach?"

"Why?" The bear looked suspiciously at the squirrel.

"You'll see." Ellis complied and soon found his shoulders and back being rubbed gently.

"Oooooohhhh, woowooow..." He melted under the squirrel's skilful handpaws.

"Wow's about right. You haven't had a massage before, have you?"

"How can you tell?"

"You're so tense..."

"Like-" Ellis started. He wanted to clear the air. He needed to let George know he was spoken for.

"Like a finely-strung piano wire?"

Ellis was obviously impressed by the simile, so he let the issue rest for now and sunk deeper into the pillow, moaning softly while George worked his magic.

Some minutes passed, and Ellis grew worried, he was slipping into that helpless situation again, where he'd *have* to do something about his bulge in his jeans. He rolled onto his side to ease the pressure and George immediately noticed, undoing the bear's black belt, much to his protest.

"N-No, that's not necessary!"

"Why not?" George looked innocently at Ellis, blue eyes meeting brown. Some tense moments passed. One could cut the tension with a knife.

"I can do it myself..." Ellis cringed as he undid his belt and slid his jeans down to his knees. He was wearing light blue boxer-briefs, and his bulge was very noticeable. George made a move to rub it when Ellis shouted, "No!" George looked understandably surprised as Ellis pulled his jeans up.

"What's wrong now? Come on, tell me...you've been funny all evening..."

"It's not you...it's me..."

"I haven't heard that one before...come on, don't be shy..." That killer line, the total guilt trip. *'Don't be shy'*. The words rang in the bear's ears again and again. George always said that when Ellis protested to his advances.

"I can't help being shy...because...there's someone I want to save myself for..." He remembered the advice of his boyfriend, and exactly what to say. "I can't go fooling around with someone I'm not prepared to commit to. You know how close we got to having sex?"

"It was just going to be a handjob..."

"But what comes next? Oral? Anal? I'm sorry George, but if you adored me as much as you say you do, you'd respect my decision to maintain my virginity..." He let loose a whimper...He was tearing up. George immediately threw a shoulder around the bear and cuddled him tight.

"I'm so sorry...If I'd have known, I wouldn't have done the things I did...Why didn't you say so before?"

"Because...He lives in America..."

"Oh?"

"If I'd have said that, you'd think I was lying, but I met the sweetest boy, and I can't offer myself to him if I've been...well...taken..."

"Alright, Ellis. I respect your decision. I just hope you can forgive me." Ellis thought about it long and hard, before answering.

The End