

Alphabet Challenge: B is for Bored.

By Kouta Slatefang.

Vortex sighed as he scrolled through his Skype once more.

"Oh my gooooooooood..." He drawled. No one was online. Not one person. Well, the people who *were* online were obviously ignoring him. He shut his blue laptop with a frustrated sigh and stood up, looking around his room. "Done that, done that, did her..." He chuckled to himself. "As if." He panicked a little bit. He was already talking to himself! He paced around the room, his DCs thudding along the short blue carpet, then with a shrill chime, his phone rang. He snatched it up and maintained some composure as he answered. "Hello?"

"Little brooooooo..." A singsong voice of a familiar wolf rang over the phone.

"Hi Jake! I am so glad to hear from you! I've been going mad here!" Jake chuckled.

"So I hear, lil' beox. Listen, I need you over here in three, two, one, now. I got some stuff that needs moving and you're just the hybrid to help me." Vortex groaned. "Hey, you can do it without the attitude or face the consequences..." The bear-fox fingered the black and green collar around his neck, signifying his ownership to Jake. It was a pleasant Master-Pet relationship, not unlike what one would see in fanfiction and the like.

"Yes, sir..." He drawled.

"Hmph. Good pet. I'll see you soon."

"Bye." He put down the phone. "Well, something is better than nothing when it comes to things to do." Vortex reasoned as he pulled on his green hoodie and left his house, locking up after him.

It was a short walk to Jake's house, and when the bear-fox got there, he saw Jake's Toyota pickup truck, and a lot of boxes, some large, some small. However, Jake was nowhere to be found. Vortex knocked on the front door. "Hey, Jake! You got a lot of boxes out here! Shouldn't you be making sure they don't get nicked?" He then cringed slightly as he realised Jake had next-to-no knowledge of British slang. After some painful moments waiting, Vortex tried the handle, which gave way easily, nearly causing the hybrid to tumble in over the threshold, where he was grabbed by an unknown figure, who simply growled,

"Surprise!" as he wrapped a chloroform-soaked rag around the bear-fox's muzzle. Vortex slipped into unconsciousness without a struggle.

He soon awoke, dressed only in his boxer shorts. He tried to move, only to realise he was tied to an X-Frame, like one out of a spy movie, where the lead character was being interrogated with a laser and an elderly Austrian gent with bad oral hygiene. He tried to struggle, but the thick leather binds held tight. Vortex looked around in a panic. "JAKE! THIS ISN'T FUNNY!" He howled, but it soon turned into a whine. He seemed to be in the attic of Jake's house, as evidenced by the large windows and rafters lining the room. Jake soon made his appearance, dressed in his typical attire of all black

clothing. Vortex didn't bat an eyelid at his appearance. This wasn't the first time he kidnapped and stripped the bear-fox. And something told him it wasn't to be the last either.

"Well, well, well, I caught a little beox again!"

"Well done, Sherlock. Mind letting me go?" He only got a firm scratch along his bare chest for a response, making the bear-fox hiss in mixed pleasure and pain.

"You've been a naughty beox. Again. Talking back to me on the phone, and just now." He grinned.

"So let me guess, you're gonna tickle me? Jake, I'm tired of the same old routine. Couldn't we watch a movie together for a change?"

"Not today!" Jake beamed as he produced a sturdy-looking feather from his pocket. Vortex rolled his golden eyes at the prospect, but couldn't help but wiggle his plump, bear-ish toes out of reaction. Jake brought the feather to Vortex's left sole, making the bear-fox squirm like the prey in a spider's web.

"C-Come on! This is dumb!"

"You'll be singing a different tune when I'm through with you..." Jake wasted no time in tickling the bear-fox mercilessly with the feather, gliding up and down his soles. It was miserable torture, but enjoyable all the same. Vortex never really demonstrated any endurance during a tickle session, but he desperately wanted to change that, and wanted to strengthen his resolve, refusing to break. Of course, that wasn't really an option here, as Jake sawed the feather between his clawed toes, eliciting a squeak and yell from the bear-fox, who erupted into laughter as Jake tickled the sweet-spot, right between the toe-pads and main pawpad.

Jake soon moved on to the bear-fox's armpits and sides, which caused Vortex to really squirm and beg for mercy, especially as Jake teased and tweaked the hybrid's pierced nipples, forcing a howl and another eruption of laughter. "Coochie-coochie cool!" Jake teased as he tickled Vortex mercilessly.

This went on for quite some time, as the sun set, bathing the attic in a beautiful orange glow. By now, Vortex had completely passed out, and Jake released him, taking him to the wolf's room, where his stolen clothes were also stored.

When he came to, Jake was sitting on the edge of the bed. "Enjoyed the tickles, lil' beox?" Vortex nodded weakly, before starting to get dressed. Once he was fully clothed, he hugged Jake and thanked him for a nice evening. Jake reciprocated the compliment, and they parted ways. As the bear-fox walked home, he couldn't help but wonder when he would be tickled again, especially around his more 'sensitive spots'....

The End