



Harmless Hooligans

Story by Brandon Kosinski

Illustrated by Angel Blanco

The room came gradually into focus. Sasha was still groggy from whatever she'd been drugged with. She could hear the pitter-patter of rain on the steel roof, far above, and the musty smell of mildew hung in the air.

The helpless wolf found herself seated with her legs out stretched before her. Her arms were tied over the chair's back and her ankles were bound to a stool. The foxes stood either side their victim, waiting for her to come around.

"Oh God, not you two!" Sasha shrieked. "Don't you remember who I am? Do you have any idea how much trouble you're in?"

"Oh, no, Detective," Wilber corrected her. "It's you who are in trouble!"

"We're both free," Walter explained, "and *you* are at *our* mercy!"

Sasha hadn't enjoyed her first run in with the Fox Brothers and she didn't think she was going to like this one any better. She had set out in her galoshes and long coat for a quick dash to the corner store. Instead, she was being held captive in a dreary old warehouse.

"I really must say," Walter began. "I'm a tad disappointed in you, Mrs. Wolf. The last time we met, as I recall, you had on a nice dress shirt and vest with tailored pants and, oh yes, those lovely leather boots..."

"Well, if I had known you were planning on kidnapping me, I would have worn something less stylish!"

“Ever the wit, aren’t you?” Wilber muttered. “Maybe we should give you something to really laugh about!”

“What’re you going to do? Tickle me?”

“Why yes, detective,” the twins snickered. “It is, as you would say, part of our M.O.”

“Gees! Keep your hands to yourself!”

“Come now, it’s not like you’re in a position to argue...”

“Come on! This is stupid! You two are such children!”

Sasha’s words fell on deaf ears. The brothers took hold of her ankles to relieve her of her footwear. The latches came open, one by one, and off they came, leaving the wolf’s stockinged paws tied to the foot stool. Their snouts disappeared inside the boots and they could be heard inhaling deeply.

“Oh, such a lovely scent!”

“Yes, yes, truly heavenly!”

Sasha sat watching as they exchanged her boots and sniffed, again, as if each paw smelt different. Maybe they did; she’d never checked...

“Oh, yours was much nicer, Willy!”

“Oh, think so, Wally?”

“Sure I do! What say you, Miss?” he asked, holding the boot inches from her snout.

Sasha turned her head away, trying not to cringe.

“Get out of my face!”

“Well, that’s not very nice...”

“You know, you’re only bringing this on yourself!”

“What sense does that make?” Sasha cried. “I didn’t ask to be brought here! I didn’t ask you to tie me up! I didn’t as...”

Her words dribbled off as their cold noses rubbed up and down her lupine soles. She scrunched up her toes and bit her tongue to keep from laughing.

“They do smell pretty nice, Wally.”

“Look, she’s enjoying it, Willy!”

Sasha blushed around the ears. She hated to admit it, but she was almost having fun. Aside from the fact that they had taken her against her will, the two weren’t really giving her much to worry about.

“Just tell me what you want and let me go already! Maybe I won’t even press charges! Wait, no! Stop!”

Sasha curled her toes as they lifted her heels, not quite ready to surrender her socks. The pair took each by the cuff and drew them slowly off, savoring every moment as the soft cotton slipped over her furry paws.

Stretching one between his hands, Willy rubbed his nose back and forth over the soft material. Wally scrunched his up and buried his face in it. The pair inhaled deeply, enjoying her scent.

“Heavenly!” cried Willy.

“Divine!” added Wally.

Sasha’s blush only deepened. These weren’t the type of compliments she was accustomed to receiving. As the foxes ran their noses up and down her now bare feet, she found it impossible to hold back. The chair shook beneath her as the room echoed with the sound of her rolling laughter.

“Please, stop! I can’t take it!” she begged. “You’re whiskers are so prickly! Please, please stop!”

They pulled their faces back and cradled her paws in their hands.

“She said please, Wilber!”

“I know, Walter, I’m as surprised as you.”

Wilber got up and walked over to the guard rail overlooking the warehouse floor.

“We have information pertaining to Clara’s case. As I said before, you can’t get something for nothing. We really do want you to catch the one you hurt our friend.”

“We’re not bad guys,” Walter chimed in. “We only brought you here so we could have a little fun and pass on what we know.”

“Wally’s going to keep on playing with your paws while I tell you what you need to know. If you can hear over your own racket, maybe you’ll pick up a valuable bit of information; otherwise, I guess we’ll just enjoy your company a little longer!”

“No wait! Please,” Sasha begged. “No more! Please...”

But it was too late...

Development of a Story:

This is the very last tickle themed story inspired by Angel’s work. Interestingly enough, it was the first one he drew.

This story takes place halfway through *THORN: Flashpoint* and was originally posted as an intermission in the weekly serial.

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