

Game: The Legend of Zelda -
Characters: Sora x Sheik (male)
Contains: yaoi, tickling, licking

*****SPOILERS for Ocarina of Time*****

I'm writing this fic with the interpretation that Sheik is male. Yes, Sheik's a dude. According to the narrative presented in Ocarina of Time, Sheik is actually Princess Zelda in disguise, but we all know that's pretty flimsy. ^^ Sheik is commonly treated as a male character in yaoi pairings, so I'm not alone on this one. The Legend of Zelda games and manga support this as well, to a certain extent; Princess Ruto refers to Sheik as "him" in OoT, and the OoT manga suggests that Zelda was not just in disguise but was transformed into a male as Sheik.

Plus, there's just the fact that the Legend of Zelda needs more guys to show off their feet, and to tickle and be tickled! Link seems pretty lonely in the Zelda universe...

*****END SPOILERS for Ocarina of Time*****

Music Lessons

Link brought his Ocarina to his lips and closed his eyes. He ran the notes one more time through his head and repeated them softly on the instrument. Every time, he was struck by how beautifully the sounds complemented the harp—it was like they held some kind of connection. Link opened his eyes to see Sheik gazing at him.

“Well done,” Sheik said. They had practiced several songs together, songs that Sheik explained would help Link, would give him aid in the most opportune and necessary moments. The only questions were when and how, information that Link had tried, unsuccessfully and many times, to pry from Sheik.

It was for this reason that Link was anxious and frustrated; he knew that Sheik wanted to do everything to help him, but he could not tolerate the ambiguity of it all. Why couldn't things just be laid out clearly? He was willing to put his very life in danger, if only he could make sense of what he had to do.

But Link couldn't hold it against the Sheikah, who had been nothing but kind to him. He had even offered his own refuge near Snowpeak as a home to Link. Link hadn't questioned why Sheik was hiding around Snowpeak or how he had found such a quaint-looking residence in the midst of all the rocky and snowy terrain. Link suspected that the small house had some magical qualities, ones that sealed it from the outside elements, and perhaps hid it from unwanted onlookers. Earlier, as Link was

trudging over the ice to find this place, he had sensed something unique about it, something that allowed it to exist where it should not have existed.

Glancing at Link, Sheik picked up his harp and ran his fingers across it idly. "There is one more song I need to teach you, Link."

"And what might that be?" Link asked, raising his eyebrows.

"The Song of Relaxation."

Link stared ahead for a moment, unsure if he had heard correctly. "The Song of Relaxation? Um, you do realize that our goal here is to defeat Ganondorf, right? I don't think propping him up in a lounge chair and playing him a lovely little tune is going to work."

Sheik's eyes flashed annoyance for a second, but Link thought he might be smiling underneath that mask. "I don't expect you to understand. Not right now, anyway. There are plenty of things at work in this world that go beyond your immediate attentions." He paused, half expecting a protest from Link, then continued. "Part of that is being prepared, mentally and physically, for the right moment. If your energies are exhausted, then we have very little hope."

Hope for what? Link didn't have to hear it—he knew that he, as the Hero of Time, represented everything. He was the protector of the Hylians, the Zora, the Kokiri, everyone. By now, he was well aware of his responsibilities, and even well aware of how he would meet his end should he fail. When did he have time to relax?

"Okay, Sheik. I'll go along with this, even though I have no idea how it ties into the grand mystical universe."

Sheik couldn't remember a time when Link was so sarcastic. What had gotten into him? He'd have to keep this in mind...

"Very well." Sheik positioned his harp and plucked a descending three-note sequence, then repeated it. It sounded quiet and peaceful. He looked up at Link.

Link brought the Ocarina up to his mouth again and closed his eyes. He played the same notes, more slowly than Sheik had but just as clearly. Bringing the Ocarina back down to his side, Link waited for the effects of the song to take shape. He wasn't sure what a song like this was supposed to do, but he was expecting something soon.

Just as he was about to interrogate Sheik, he felt a warm haze wash over him. He was drowsy, comfortable, and content. Sheik's place suddenly seemed as familiar as the treehouse he had called home in Kokiri Village. As Link paced around slowly, he felt some of the weariness leave his arms and legs. A tingling sensation was running through him, one that coursed through his muscles and diffused the tension throughout his whole body.

"Now, Link," Sheik said, and Link jolted a little, as if brought out of a dream. "This song has given us a chance to forget our troubles and rest." He guided Link over to the large bed along the wall, and they both sat on the edge.

"Sheik, this is actually better than I thought. Even though the song title is pretty stupid. We'll have to work on that."

In one move, Sheik pushed Link down onto the bed and was somehow instantly on top of him, a knee on either side of his torso. A pair of fiery red eyes stared into him. Link wondered how he could have been caught so off guard.

"It seems you're not much in the mood to relax," Sheik said quietly. "If that's the case, I'm sure we can find other activities to amuse ourselves." Sheik grabbed Link's arms and pulled him all the way onto the bed, positioned his head against a pillow, and resumed his stance atop the Hylian. "What do you say, Link?"

Link looked dumbfounded. "That... that sounds... good. I mean, I'm sure that will be relaxing too."

Replying with one of his mysterious glances, Sheik said nothing. Link wished he could see behind that infuriating mask. Sheik stayed atop Link for a couple minutes as though to prove his point. Then, he slowly shifted himself over to the side of the bed and got off. He circled around to the foot of the bed.

"Hey, where are you going?" Link said, lying in the same spot for fear of getting pounced on again.

"Well, I think we can start... here," Sheik replied. He traced one of his slender fingers down Link's calf, reaching the top of his boot. "We obviously can't have the Hero of Time's boots in the way if we're going to relax." He started to pull off Link's boot. Link laughed and tried to shift his foot away, tilting his head to see what Sheik was up to.

But Sheik was prepared. He grabbed Link's ankle with both hands and brought his foot back down to the end of the bed. "Let's try this again," Sheik teased. Sheik grasped the heel of the boot with one hand and placed his other hand at the top. He slowly pulled off the boot, revealing... what was NOT the Hylian's bare foot, as expected, but instead another layer of defense: a bright magenta sock!

Forgetting he was even holding onto the boot, Sheik burst into laughter. He laughed so hard that he doubled over in hysterics on the bed, pinning Link's magenta-socked foot underneath his chest. "AHAHAHAHA... ohohoooohh, this is too much. I'm not even going to ask... AHAHAHAHA." Sheik continued laughing for what seemed to Link a very long time, until he finally was able to stand back up. He still held Link's boot in his hands, which he apparently hadn't figured out what to do with.

Link had spent the last few minutes blushing furiously. He offered up his feeble excuse: "It was cold out, and I'm trying to keep my feet warm. Is that a crime or something?" Even though Link was experiencing enough embarrassment to last several years, he had to admit it was nice to hear Sheik's melodic laughter, something that was all too rare.

Sheik looked at Link, and this time Link knew he was smiling under that mask. "Cold, is that it? I don't think we'll have to worry about that problem here," Sheik said. He dropped Link's boot to the floor and dove for Link's other foot. The remaining boot fell off with a few gentle tugs. "Now, funny you should mention crime. The question is, how much should you be punished for these hideous socks? Are you trying to tell me you're going to save the world wearing these?"

Link tried to recover some of his dignity. "It's not about fashion, Sheik. Clearly, I'm not the one wearing a blue spandex suit."

"Oh, that DOES IT!" Sheik exclaimed. Sheik once again grabbed a hold of Link's ankle, moving so fast that Link had no time to react. He ran a fingertip up and down the sole of Link's socked foot.

“Hahahahahaha Sheeeeeiiiiik!!!” Link cried, squirming about on the bed with nowhere to escape. He laughed and tried free his foot from Sheik’s grasp. He knew he was ticklish, but that warm, tingling sensation he felt from the song must have made him especially vulnerable.

Sheik continued to run his fingers across Link’s sole, pausing occasionally to tease the underside of his toes. Link thrashed all over the place, working with all his strength to break free, but Sheik would have none of it. “Ohhh Sheiiiiik, pleeeaaahheheheeeese!”

Sheik stopped momentarily, and Link thought it was all over. But Sheik was only changing strategies. He pulled Link’s magenta sock over his heel and teased the bare ankle with his fingertips. Sheik then pulled the curious item of clothing completely off, revealing, at last, a smooth and twitching sole.

“Not my bare feet, PLEASE—I’m supposed to be relaxing right now!” Link pleaded. Sheik did not make a move, but took a moment to look over Link’s bare foot. “You don’t have to worry—at least not yet, anyway,” Sheik replied. He took hold of the other foot and slowly worked off the second magenta sock, making sure to guide his fingers over Link’s sensitive sole and toes; Link laughed and tried to squirm away once again.

Releasing Link’s foot, Sheik tossed the two magenta socks on the floor to join their companion boots. Link decided that this was his opportune moment. Summoning all the quickness he had, he scrambled toward Sheik and grabbed him around the waist, wrestling Sheik onto the bed. Sheik tried to jump back off, but Link had already taken the advantage. Link fought through his nagging sensations of weakness and fatigue, determined to pin down the Sheikah. Finally, he pushed Sheik flat onto the bed and quickly straddled him across the stomach with his knees. Sheik knew it; he was trapped in the same position Link had been victim to before. Pretty cunning for a Hylian.

“You didn’t think it was going to be this easy, right Sheik?” Link taunted. Link considered the feeling of his bare feet against the smooth bed sheets and flexed his toes happily. Sheik said nothing, and didn’t seem to be celebrating his loss of control. “Now the first order of business is to get rid of this mask.” Link said. He pulled off Sheik’s mask to reveal a smooth, beautiful face. “I never got why you wear this thing—must be some kind of ninja fantasy.” Link said, trying to see how far he could push Sheik. He tossed it over the edge of the bed.

“You’re just making things worse for yourself,” Sheik replied. Link responded by shifting himself down the bed toward Sheik’s feet. “Well, it’s only fair, Sheik.” Link pulled off the first of Sheik’s blue boots as Sheik tried to move his legs out of Link’s reach. Before Sheik could escape from his predicament, Link removed Sheik’s other boot and sent the pair of them to join Link’s discarded footwear on the floor.

“See, at least I’m not wearing pink socks like a crazy person,” Sheik said. Link smirked; not that he needed any more motivation to take revenge on Sheik’s bare feet, but he just got it.

Link wrapped one of his arms around Sheik’s ankles, effectively binding Sheik’s feet together. With his other hand, he danced his fingertips across Sheik’s bare soles.

“AHHHAAAAHAAAAA HAHahaha” Sheik cried, laughing hard and flailing his lithe form around the bed. Link continued this torture for a while, exploring every part of Sheik’s soles to determine the most ticklish areas. Sheik’s bare feet twitched in exasperation, and his toes flexed in every direction as he did everything he could to resist. Only now did Sheik realize that he was also under the effects of the Song of Relaxation, having taught it earlier to Link. His bare feet, along with his entire body, would be sensitive to the most subtle touch.

Link shifted his attention to Sheik's toes, using one of his fingers to tickle in between them. "NOOOOHOHOOOOO NOT THEREEEERRREE AHHHHHHH" Sheik screamed. His breathing was getting heavier and Link wondered how much resistance he had left. Link ran his fingers underneath and in between Sheik's toes. He was so entertained with watching Sheik's toes fan out and curl in response that he could have carried on the exercise all night. Sheik giggled uncontrollably and his eyes started to tear up. "Ahahahahaha Link stooohoopppp," Sheik begged, gasping for air as his struggles weakened in strength.

And suddenly, Link did stop. Caught up in the aftermath of the intense tickling, Sheik's bare feet twitched even without the prompting of Link's fingers.

"We'll come back to that," Link said, moving his hands up to Sheik's waist. "I've got plans for other things, too. It would certainly be a shame if your feet were your only ticklish spot." Link reached under Sheik's shirt and poked at Sheik's sides. Sheik giggled and tried to roll over onto his stomach, an effort thwarted by Link.

Link continued to run his fingers up and down Sheik's sides, inching his shirt up in the process. Sheik was quickly running a plan through his mind. Yes, this would have to be it if Link was going to receive proper treatment for his rebellion. Not to mention his terrible socks. Sheik just needed the right moment to strike...

Link pulled Sheik's shirt up near his neck and over his head. The time was almost there. As Link guided the shirt over Sheik's outstretched arms and off his body, Sheik grabbed Link's arms and turned with the momentum to wrestle Link off him. Now shirtless and barefoot, Sheik willed his tired limbs to hold down the Hero of Time. With no small amount of effort, Sheik climbed atop Link's prone body and brought his knees up on either side of Link.

"How familiar. It seems like we've been in this position before," Sheik panted. He caught his breath before continuing. "You shouldn't telegraph yourself like that, Link. It's going to get you in trouble." Link pushed at Sheik with his arms. Sheik didn't budge.

"Since you've outdone me already, I have no choice but to employ all the means I have," Sheik continued.

Link scoffed. "And what does that mean?"

"You'll see!"

Sheik started by reaching down to pull off a pair of gauntlets, sliding them over Link's wrists and off his hands. Next in line was Link's tunic. "Link, did you say something earlier about fairness? I think you'll find this experience to be quite fair." Sheik smirked to himself. Sheik pulled Link's tunic halfway up his chest and greedily ran his fingers over Link's bare stomach and sides. Link laughed and thrashed about madly. Sheik slid the garment over Link's head and arms, taking note of the Hylian's well-toned and slender torso.

As Sheik pulled off the tunic, he pinned both of Link's wrists next to the bedframe. Link sensed that something diabolical was about to happen and tried to pull his wrists away, but Sheik was prepared. Sheik looped the tunic around Link's right wrist and tied it to the bedframe, pulling a knot that tightly bound the two together. Sheik then picked up his own shirt, lying next to Link's head, and repeated

the process with Link's left wrist. After checking the knots one last time, Sheik took a moment to admire his handiwork.

Link struggled against the bonds. Yes, they were knotty and quite effective. He wasn't going to get out of this one without some help.

"Okay, you got me, Sheik. Good one," Link remarked.

Sheik laughed quietly. "This is what I've been saying about using your surroundings to your advantage."

"Now's probably not the best time for a lecture."

"I guarantee you'd rather have a lecture right now than suffer through an intense foot tickling." At this, Sheik reached down to scratch at Link's bare sole with a fingernail, eliciting a helpless twitch. "But, as you wish."

Sheik climbed off the foot of the bed and started rummaging underneath it, which made Link even more nervous. Sheik returned with a strip of black cloth. "This should help you concentrate on the tickling sensations, which is really what we're going for here," Sheik explained, as though narrating a guided tour. Sheik placed the cloth over Link's eyes and tied it behind his head.

"Is there a part of me you're not going to tie up?" Link protested. Thinking back to the songs he had learned and why he was here, Link had not expected a blindfold to be at all related to the night's activities.

"That wouldn't be any fun. But I like to stay in the moment, so I'll keep you guessing," Sheik replied.

Sheik almost started laughing just thinking about the possibilities of a tied-up Link. Sheik brought his own toes up to Link's outstretched arm, brushing them across Link's sensitive underarm and down his side. Link resumed his struggling against the bonds and giggled at the unexpected attack. Oh yes, Sheik thought. This was going to be fun.

Sheik abandoned the top half of Link and moved down to his feet, pinning Link's lower legs down with his body. Sheik tickled the tops of Link's feet, taking pleasure in watching his slightly tanned toes attempt to escape the stimulation. "Ahahaha haha not my feeeeheheheet Sheeiiik," Link cried. Beyond the usual ticklishness of his feet, Link was still feeling the effects of the song, which sent warm, tingling pulses through his body, and unfortunately through his feet.

"Not your feet? Let's be realistic," Sheik said. In fact, Sheik knew of a better way to get at Link's feet. He left the bed again, this time picking up the discarded magenta socks that he had claimed from Link earlier. He tied the ends of the socks together, forming a makeshift rope. He pulled Link's ankles together and looped the socks around them, fastening a tight knot.

"What's going on, Sheik?" Link's voice sounded a bit apprehensive.

"Well, I don't have to do things this way, but it's only appropriate. Your garish-looking socks will contribute to your downfall." Sheik was already having way too much fun.

Sheik stepped off the bed once again, placing his bare feet down on the hardwood floor. He stretched his weary arms over his head, a luxury that Link could not afford. A truly wonderful sight

lay in front of him. He looked over the Hylian, taking in the cute ears sticking out next to his blindfold, his bare chest rising and falling with each breath, and best of all, a pair of adorable feet tied together and waiting to be tickled. Now Sheik could concentrate on tickling without worrying about Link's attempts to turn him into the uke. Meanwhile, all Link could do was guess what might happen next.

Sheik placed a finger on Link's bare sole and traced the sole lightly, all the way down to the heel. Link giggled and curled his toes instinctively. "Ahahaha what.... Sheik!" Sheik paused for a moment, then decided to intensify his assault. He raked his fingers up and down both of Link's soles simultaneously, causing Link to flex his toes wildly in response. "AHAHAHAHAA OH GOOODDD SHEEEEEIIIIK!!!"

Sheik explored every inch of Link's soles with his fingers, testing the resolve of Link and finding his most vulnerable areas. Link didn't have much room to maneuver, but still tried with all his strength to free his wrists and ankles. "Ahahahahaha tickles so muuuuuuhuch ahahaha!!!"

Sheik then pulled back Link's toes with one hand, and then scratched his taut soles with a pair of fingernails. Link screamed in response to the torture. "AHHHHHHHHAAHAHAHAHAHA NOOOOOOHOHOOOO!!!" Pleased with the reaction, Sheik kept at this for several minutes, keeping all parts of Link's soles on the defensive.

"UNNNAAGAGHHHHH SHEIIIIIIK!!!" Link voice was getting rougher, and the strength he had left to resist seemed to be weakening; Link's wrists tugged only halfheartedly at his bonds. Sheik also noticed beads of sweat forming on Link's face and torso.

Sensing it was time to change the pace, Sheik pulled his hands away from Link's feet. The Hylian breathed heavily, his chest heaving up and down.

But before Link could get too comfortable, Sheik darted his fingers in between Link's toes and explored the sensitive skin there. "AHAHAHHAHAAAAA PLEEEEEAAAHEHEESE!!!" Link could barely take it anymore, and he had no idea how long this would last. Sheik made a sawing motion in between each pair of toes, forcing Link's toes apart as he tried to curl them inward.

"This is a good response, Link, but I think we can do better." Sheik knelt on the bed in front of Link's feet. He stretched back Link's left foot with both hands and ran his tongue over the base of Link's toes. "AHHHAHAHNOOOOOAHAHAHAHAHA!!!" Link resumed his thrashing and screamed with laughter. Sheik's tongue darted between and around Link's toes, and he liked the taste; it was earthy and somehow reminded him of a forest.

Sheik moved his tongue down to Link's sole, licking up and down his arch. With his toes still pinned back, Link was completely helpless. "UNNNAAGHHH GOD AAHHHHAHAAAAHAAA SHEEEEEIIIIK!" A tear ran down Link's cheek as he turned his head from side to side in agony. Sheik continued licking the arch of Link's foot, moving his tongue up and down the sole and not giving Link any moment for rest.

Sheik then switched over to Link's right foot and continued the rhythmic motions with his tongue up and down the sole. "AHAHH AHAHA PLEASE NOOHOO!" After lavishing both of Link's soles with his tongue, Sheik thought he might as well get his whole mouth involved. He took Link's big toe into his mouth and gently sucked on it, running his tongue along the underside. "AHAHAAAA NOT THAAAHAAAT!!!" Link bucked against his bonds and wiggled the rest of his toes in protest. Sheik, ever one to pay attention to detail, sucked carefully for a few minutes on all ten of Link's toes. Link did all he could to prepare his feet for the assault but mostly failed, as he squirmed and laughed uncontrollably.

Then, after what seemed to Link to be a full half hour of tongue torture from Sheik, Link felt Sheik's tongue move away. Link's feet twitched from the aftermath of Sheik's tickling; his feet had been so sensitive and vulnerable for so long that he could not hold them still. Link moaned and gasped for air, trying to slow down his breathing. Sheik added a few playful licks to each of Link's soles to remind him that his feet hadn't been abandoned just yet.

"Be right back, Link. I need to get some more.... materials," Sheik teased.

Link moaned. "I... I... need to.... supposed to..... rest," Link responded, struggling to hold a conversation in his exhausted and desperate state.

"Yes, yes, we'll get to that. Now's not the time for negotiation," Sheik said. Link could hear him digging around somewhere near the bed.

Link was held in terrible suspense for a few minutes as Sheik was apparently forming a collection of tickle devices. Where did he get all this stuff, anyway?

"Here we go. I think we'll start with this!" Sheik announced. It sounded like he had found a long-lost baking ingredient and was now overjoyed that he could craft the perfect cake.

Link felt Sheik's hands start to massage his bare soles, but something was different—he felt something wet and slippery being applied by Sheik's hands. Link crinkled his toes in anticipation.

"Sheik.... what.... are you...."

"Why, Link, it's just some Hylian Love Potion," Sheik said as he covered Link's feet with the substance, which felt a little cold at first. Sheik chuckled softly to himself. "You can't expect me to do everything with my tongue, right?"

Link decided not to waste his energy with a verbal response and resigned himself to another wave of merciless tickling. As Sheik rubbed between his toes, eliciting bursts of laughter, Link noticed that his toes glided against each other very smoothly. The slippery substance also made his bare soles more sensitive to the air; he could only imagine how bad it would be once the tickling actually started.

Without warning, the sensitive skin between Link's toes was blindsided with an attack. Link felt something very light dancing and twisting between his toes; Sheik was using a feather! Link thought he had reached the limit of his tickling threshold before, but this was an entirely new and unbearable sensation. "AHAHAHAHAHAHAANOOOOOAAAAHAH STOOOOHOOOPPPPP AHAHAHAHA!!!!" Link thrashed his sweat-drenched arms and chest in renewed desperation.

Sheik attacked every inch between Link's toes with the feather, moving from gap to gap, and Link laughed and cried out with what little breath he had left. The Hylian's voice was so strained that Sheik was starting to get worried he would tickle Link mute before the night was over.

Sheik then stretched back Link's toes with one hand and brought the pointy end of the feather down to Link's sole. Sheik started to draw little circles on the exposed sole with the feather's tip. "AHHHHHAHAHAHA UNGHHHHHAAAAHAHAHA SHEEEEEIIIIHEEEEIIK!!!!" Sheik used the pointy tip to scratch at Link's vulnerable soles, and after exploring the soles for what seemed an eternity to Link, Sheik moved to the underside of Link's toes and the tops of Link's feet. Link's back arched off the bed as he tried to wriggle his exhausted feet away from Sheik's expert tickling.

Sheik pulled the feather tip away from Link's feet for a moment as he prepared for a new tactic. Link's chest heaved up and down in exhaustion. Sheik placed the soft end of the feather back in between Link's toes, but didn't stop there. Gathering three additional feathers, he placed them in between the rest of Link's toes on his left foot. Sheik held the other ends of all four feathers in his hand and started to pull them back and forth.

Link had definitely not expected this; he laughed and thrashed wildly on the bed. Sheik continued his sawing motions, attacking every part of Link's toes as he tried to spread them apart. Not only were his resistance efforts weakened compared to the start of the tickle torture, but Link was also getting very lightheaded.

Sheik stroked the feathers across and between Link's toes, making sure that no patch of skin went untouched. After devoting all his energy to Link's left foot for a while, Sheik switched to the right foot and started all over again. Link was in the most agony he had been in all night as he made his last-ditch efforts to resist the tickling.

As Sheik moved his band of feathers down to Link's soles to once again tickle those cute arches, Link was reduced to a series of incomprehensible moans. He didn't think he could take any more, it felt like he was falling away...

Sheik continued his multi-feather exploration of Link's soles for a couple minutes before he noticed that the Hylian's feet were not responding with their usual twitchiness and squirminess. Link was also curiously not thrashing around or crying out with ticklish laughter.

"Hey, Link, wake up!" Sheik said. He poked at Link's sole with a finger. No response. The Hero of Time had finally passed out from the intense tickling. "Well, that's no fun," Sheik muttered to himself. "I guess it's time to get some relaxation in." He reached over to untie Link's ankles. He was surprised at how tightly Link's magenta socks still bound them together.

Sheik chuckled to himself as he removed the blindfold from Link's eyes and each of their shirts from Link's respective wrists. He felt a great weariness settling over him and could only wonder how the Hylian had been managing this whole time. He pulled the sheets out from under Link's uncooperative body and rearranged them neatly at the foot of the bed.

Sheik took another look at the magenta socks, still in disbelief that he had pulled them from Link's feet. Sheik was suddenly struck with the idea that he should keep them, as a kind of souvenir; plus, they might come in handy later for all sorts of nefarious purposes. Sheik leaned over and hid the socks underneath the bed. He then pulled the sheets over himself and Link, settling in and closing his eyes as a certain tune echoed in his head.

Link awoke to find himself in a different kind of entrapment. His wrists and ankles were free, his blindfold was gone, but he was tucked underneath the sheets of Sheik's bed. Bleary-eyed, he looked at the other side of the bed, but Sheik was not where he expected him to be.

"Good morning, Link!" Sheik called as he stepped in from another room and walked toward the bed. "I've been waiting for your breakfast order; you certainly took long enough to get up."

Link groaned and pushed the sheets down to his waist absentmindedly. He did not feel relaxed at all; in fact, every muscle in his body felt like it was on fire. With a great deal of effort, Link extracted his legs from the sheets and swung them over the edge of the bed.

“Might want to take it easy, Link,” Sheik said. “I can bring the food to you, you know.”

Link ignored this advice and pressed his bare feet to the floor. Putting his weight down on his legs, he stood up and immediately toppled onto the bed again, landing awkwardly on his side. He groaned in frustration.

Sheik placed a hand on Link’s shoulder. “We’ll spend today relaxing, and I really mean it this time,” Sheik said. “If you play the song again, you can let it simply wash over you and cure your aches.”

Link glanced up at Sheik with a scowl across his face. “Somehow I doubt that.”

Sheik smiled. “It’s your choice. If you decide not to trust me, we can have another tickle fight, and I think you know who’ll win. Or you can trust me, and I’ll throw in a nice breakfast, a foot massage, a warm bath—you know, the truly relaxing stuff.” Sheik looked at Link’s bare feet with a smirk. “And maybe, if you’re lucky, you’ll even get your socks back.”