

# International Captives



Log Date: 03/06/XXXX

Ryouko Minamoto. A Japanese swordswoman and empress. Her modesty is like a sheathed sword, but her actions are more brutal than any blade. She single-handedly destroyed one of our country's military outposts with her swordplay alone, and her bravery and presence has inspired Japan to increase the size and strength of its military.

Polina Constantinovna Krpuskaia. A Russian general whose beauty is only matched by her cruelty towards her enemies. Her military conquests have expanded Russia's territory, and if this continues it will put her in the ideal spot to launch missiles at New York.

Chang Kai-Yuk. A Chinese politician with a sizable, heavily guarded estate. Through her speeches and the cunning administration of poison to her enemies, she has planted seeds of distrust towards our nation and has blocked our country's access to trade.

Anushka Ramayan Bajpai. A wealthy Indian woman who has acquired a large following through the use of psychoactive drugs. Some of our agents have been seduced into her cult, and if it reaches the Indian borders it may spread to other parts of the world.

All four of these women pose a threat to our country and its interests. However, it is unlikely that the movements they've started will die with them. If anything their deaths would only escalate this troublesome situation. Thus, our agents set about capturing these women.

For Ryouko, we had our agents dress casually while observing her. A head-on confrontation with her would prove disastrous given her swordplay. However, she lets down her guard completely during the few minutes she spends meditating in front of a shrine every morning at a set hour. Our agents caught her off guard during this time and subdued her with a chloroform rag.

For Polina, battling her in the element of warfare, an element she's very familiar with, would be reckless. Instead, we had an agent well versed in Russian encounter her at a bar she frequents and make small talk with her, then slip a slow-acting drug in one of her drinks when the atmosphere at the bar turned lively. After a little drunken chatting in an alleyway, she had been caught.

For Chang, a frontal assault on her estate was conducted after knowledge of her secret escape route was obtained. Tear gas was used to subdue many of her guards, and when she fled via the escape route our agents were already lying in wait, allowing her to be subdued.

For Anushka, getting close to her proved difficult thanks to her cult members, and the risk of being swayed by her drugs was too high. After spying on her for some time though, we were able to locate all of her cult's bases, and sprung a trap when she retired to her bed in one of those bases.

Upon being captured, they were taken to one of our agency's most elusive bases, whose location is confidential and as such will not be disclosed in this report. Since killing them is out of the question and harming them may be met with similarly dire consequences, we opted for a different means of breaking them down. A means that brings a new meaning to the phrase 'cruel and unusual punishment'.

I am of course referring to tickle torture. It leaves no visible wounds on a person, and is perfect for wearing down one's psyche. From personal records our agents have gathered, we have determined that all four of these women happen to be ticklish. Very ticklish, in fact.

Their torture will take place over a number of weeks, or possibly months: however long it takes to break them and broker a deal with their countries. As the torture has only just begun, there has been no significant progress. Thus, these logs will be made every week assessing the effectiveness of the ongoing torture.

Agent Ross, signing off.

Log Date: 03/13/XXXX

A week has passed. The four women, ticklish though they are, have not yet begun to crack, much less submit. However, there were a few points of interest that I feel should be mentioned in this report, alongside the torture methods used.

First is Ryouko. She took a stoic attitude with us at first, saying in as little words as possible that she had no intention of cooperating with us. She was restrained in a kneeling position, with her arms stretched at her sides and tied to two fixed points on the wall, and extra rope going over her thighs and ankles that was tied to a point on the ground. Compared to our other captives, Ryouko began laughing in no time at all. Despite tickling her feet, armpits, belly, and even her thighs with fingers using different methods and speeds, her laughter only occasionally hitched every now and then, and she seemed to have an easy time of it. Still, our agents were undeterred, and a few days later when her feet were caressed gently with feathers as opposed to the more rapid feathering that had been attempted earlier, she reacted in a curious way: by biting her lip. A shortness of breath and flushed cheeks were noted. Also, her thighs rubbed against each other slightly. This reaction is being studied more closely.

Next is Polina. When she was brought in, she scoffed at us and muttered a Russian curse under her breath. Since Russians are used to the cold and made of tougher stuff, we decided to lock her in a tanning bed, one specially designed with a groove at the end for her bare feet to stick out of whose opening was cramped enough that they could hardly move, let alone escape. Naturally, she was locked in the tanning bed with her clothes still on. This, combined with the feeling of fingers scribbling against her soles, caused her a great deal of discomfort, discomfort that was accompanied by laughter after a minute of groaning and hissed out insults. Raking hairbrushes up and down the lengths of her feet, particularly her arches, resulted in a favorable result: wild laughter in between a slew of Russian curses, all plainly visible thanks to the slot in the tanning bed that exposed her head. Every night the tanning bed is temporarily switched off and she is heavily sedated, after which it is turning back on and a heater is plugged in, positioned near her feet, and turned on. She shifts with discomfort throughout the night, but does not awaken. In this way we make sure she has plenty of stamina for the following day (as she would surely awaken from the constant heat if she wasn't sedated) and also tenderize her soles and body. She has reacted more and more strongly to each day's treatment as a result of this nightly procedure, and by the fifth day she began pleading near the end of every session. Further testing with this method is being implemented.

Next is Chang. She snapped at us when we brought her in, and we saw fit to lock her in a more traditional setup with ropes and stocks. We informed her that we would be employing a torture method that she should be very familiar with given its historical use in her country's past. Her expression paled, then turned into one of anger as she insulted our country, saying the following: 'So not only are you Americans interfering in our country when you have no right to do so, you're also sick in the head!' This inflammatory remark, and the others she made, were not taken lightly. She initially gritted her teeth and made angry grunting noises when the tickling started, but after thirty seconds of this stimulation chuckling was heard, which turned to

laughter a minute in. As mentioned previously, the remarks she made were not taken lightly, which is why after a few days of tormenting her feet with fingers, feathers, and paintbrushes, we brought out something a little different: goats. It goes without saying, but feeding and caring for goats for purposes like this is less cost effective than simply buying tickle implements or designing tickling machines that could last many decades. Still, we had them on hand just in case. Traditionally, torture using goats involves the use of sugar water, and the sensation of the goats tongues dragging the sugar water across a person's feet would inevitably rake the flesh, causing immeasurable pain. As any harm done to the feet of our prisoners would be unproductive, we instead poured milk down our captive's soles. Her reaction was immediate. Before, she had managed to retain most of her composure even when laughing: now she was screaming and fighting fiercely against the restraints holding her down, laughing so much that her glasses fell off. When her torture had finished for the day, even her hair had become unkempt. Naturally, the following days saw the use of goats on her feet, and given its effectiveness I expect it to continue in the coming week.

Last is Anushka. When she arrived she initially took a coy yet confused tone with us, saying that this must be some kind of mistake and that we had the wrong person. We dismissed these claims and forced her onto a padded table with straps that her wrists and ankles were soon secured in. Tickling made her giggle almost immediately, but she didn't react anymore than that, nor did she seem all that distressed. Upon targeting her feet, we were met with pure silence. This didn't change no matter what we used, so naturally we checked what our forensics team had discovered about the psychoactive drugs used in her cult. They had synthesized the drug and discovered a compound, one that was found to be in trace amounts in Anushka's body. Within a few days, they created a drug to neutralize the effects of that compound. Upon forcing Anushka to consume this drug, her body proved receptive. Highly receptive, in fact. And her feet proved the most sensitive of all. Because this stunt of hers wasted precious time, we employed the use of a drill brush on the soles of her feet. Her relaxed demeanor disappeared completely from this method, being replaced with a more frantic, fearful one. It looks like we cracked the code of her little trick. Now all that's left is to see what will truly crack her resistance.

Overall, I expect these four to become more submissive, desperate, and willing to yield to our government in the coming weeks.

Agent Ross, signing off.

Log Date: 03/20/XXXX

The breaking of our four captives has been progressing smoothly. Smoother than I anticipated even. They have yet to fully submit even after two weeks, but their minds seem to be steadily slipping from the torture, so I doubt it will take longer than a month or a month and a half at this rate.

Ryouko was stripped of her hama and the light, gentle caresses of the feather that had affected her so horribly were used on her armpits, belly, breasts, and of course her feet. After biting her lip some more and blushing while rubbing her thighs together, she soon burst into loud laughter, and her body squirmed in a way that suggested some deep desire. As it turns out, our feathering was turning her on. One of our agents wanted to feather her labia, but I advised her against this, believing that keeping her on the edge of an orgasm rather than immediately satisfying her desires would drive her mad. Her later pleas for release proved us right. Over the next few days, we found that by lightly brushing feathers against her nipples and thighs while

tickling other places more roughly, we could condition her into getting turned on by that rougher sensation. By the end of the week, we had successfully implemented this kind of conditioning with finger tickling, hairbrushes, paintbrushes, and of course feathers and feather dusters, on all spots of her body save for her womanhood. Only when her body surrenders to us completely will she be allowed release. And given her passionate desire for this release—which is completely at odds with her more modest demeanor from before—I believe she'll cave soon enough.

Polina was stripped of her military attire and the tanning bed she was trapped in was modified so that its inside was equipped with spinning brushes. These brushes and their many soft, fine fibers would spin rapidly against her armpits, her ample breasts, her torso, and her legs, and there were of course two additional spinning brushes for her struggling feet, now quite red after being heated every day for the past two weeks and highly susceptible to this torture. Especially since the spinning brushes were primarily focused on her arches, a significant weak spot on her feet that has been documented previously. The tanning bed has since been modified to have screens displaying the rest of her body as she struggles, her cursing having grown more desperate and interspersed with pleas for mercy. One of our agents found this a very enticing sight and added a spinning brush without consulting me first. I will not disclose this agent's name, but surprisingly, having a spinning brush drag against her womanhood proved fruitful. Her shouts grew aggravated at first, then panicked, and rather than enjoying this treatment it seemed to cause her distress and agony to rival what her feet were going through, making it a welcome addition.

Chang was stripped and tied down to a wooden table with red cords, her arms overhead and her legs tied together. An agent suggested that, since kittens are smaller, they could cover more surface area and thus cause Chang great discomfort. Additionally, they're more cost efficient. Two weeks later, I am proud to say that agent's assessment was correct. Milk was poured on her neck, her breasts, her armpits, her torso, her legs, and her feet, and then twelve kittens were implemented in her torture. Their whiskers, their furry bodies, and their tongues all dove her far more mad than the goats ever could, making her wriggle and writhe so much that the ropes binding her arms and legs had to be weighted down more to quell her struggles. The area surrounding the table had cushioned beanbags all around in the event that a kitten fell, and for her feet, a safe, cushioned ramp leading up to them was positioned in front of the table. As the days went on, kittens would often rush past each other to see who could get to them first. I don't think they'll tire of her anytime soon, and they seem to be working wonders on her judging by how her stern demeanor has melted away and been replaced by manic shrieks and desperate pleading.

Anushka was stripped and it was found that the tool she was most weak to was electric toothbrushes on her nipples and drill brushes on her feet. Ironic, given that some of the members of our agency that were seduced into her cult were tickled with that implement after they stubbornly resisted the drug's effect. Because of the trouble her drugs caused, we tried to see if there was a drug that could increase her sensitivity. The one developed a week ago did just that, while also increasing her libido. As long as the drill brush is spinning against her feet, she is unable to orgasm no matter how thoroughly her breasts or labia are scrubbed. Thus she is in agony from tickle torture and agony from clamoring for release, with the latter being much stronger and more unbearable for her than it was for Ryouko. Her smug demeanor from when the torture first started has disappeared completely. Our drug has made her a prisoner in her own body, much like how her own drugs imprisoned the minds and bodies of many, many others.

All of them have grown more submissive and appear to be at their wits end, but a final push is needed. Hopefully, that final push will be possible within the next two weeks.

Agent Ross, signing off.

Log Date: 5/20/XXXX

Employing a painless torture on these four women was the right call. It has cowed their respective nations into submission. If we were to kill them, it would spark an international war. If we released them, we'd be back at square one. But blackmailing them by threatening to broadcast the broken, defeated expressions of these women while they're the throes of tickle agony keeps them in check. Perhaps they fear that if those figures are shown at their lowest, it will spark internal warfare. A penance for the problems these four caused our government, but it wouldn't help secure our interests. The treaties and business talks we've managed to establish with those countries is far more valuable than some petty act of revenge that would cost us millions and leave our trade negotiations in the hands of new people, people we may not be able to blackmail as readily.

Currently the four women are being displayed in an exclusive museum that only rich socialites can afford to enter. All The Cultures of The World is the name of the museum. It contains the original forms of many priceless artifacts, items not displayed in any other museum. And lined up on a wooden table, locked in display cases with letters of our agency and the flags of their countries of origin visible, trapped in a plush material, and with photos displaying their names in English and in the spelling of their countries of origin, are the struggling feet of those four ladies. Feet of different shapes and sizes, with feathers sawing between their toes and spinning brushes and mechanical hands working over every last inch of their defenseless soles. The rest of their bodies are fully concealed in the floor below and suffering a similar fate at the hands of their least favorite tools (or most favorite in Kyouko's case), but their laughter alone easily makes them the most priceless artifact in the entire museum. The pleased squeals of a Japanese swordswoman, the haggard screams of a Russian general, the wild cackles of a Chinese politician, and the breathless shouts of an Indian cult leader, are all of incalculable value. Because what could be more priceless than laughter?

This has easily been the most entertaining and enlightening assignment in my entire career, and I eagerly await the opportunity to embark on a similar endeavor.

Agent Ross, signing off.