

NO PITY

By Morandilas

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Frank Porter watched in silence as the young woman struggled against her bonds. Screams of protest were muted by the thick cloth gag that covered her mouth. Beads of sweat covered her forehead and new tears trailed across the dried tracks of previous ones.

The young woman was bound facedown to a old dirty cot in the cellar of Frank's isolated farmhouse. Her wrists and ankles securely lashed to the corners with thick leather straps.

Frank admired the young woman's beauty. She was particularly fetching in her school's cheerleader uniform. In fact she wore the same uniform he had seen her in during the state football finals.

Frank positioned his stool in front of the struggling woman and sat down facing her.

The young woman pleaded through her eyes as she watched Frank sit before her.

"Calm down sweet one." Frank said soothingly.

"Let me try to explain your predicament." Frank paused and waited for the young lady to compose herself. After several minutes he continued.

" I intend on torturing you mercilessly." Frank said allowing the words to be fully absorbed by his frightened captive.

The young woman's eyes widened and she began to tremble in horror.

"Are you ticklish?" Frank grinned.

The young woman froze. The question took a few moments for her to comprehend and then she shook her head with a vigorous no.

"You mustn't tell Frank lies. I know that you are ticklish. I seen

last weeks game." Frank whispered.

The frightened woman gasped and began to frantically pull at her bonds.

"I see that struck a cord with you my dear. Perhaps you may want to reconsider your previous answer." Frank asked.

His captive began to plead incoherently through her gagged mouth.

Tears welled in her eyes and she struggled with all her might.

" I seen you tickled at the game. I watched as you struggled to escape the grasp of the football jocks as the chased you down on the field after their victory. I listened to you beg for mercy once they had you cornered. I delighted in your shrieks of laughter as they pinned you down and dug their wiggling fingers into your sides." Frank paused and let the horror of her situation sink in.

" Remember when they began to remove your shoes? Your shrieks turned into frantic screams for mercy as you desperately tried to scrunch your toes and keep your shoes from being taken. You were so utterly desperate as your shoes were yanked from your feet. I watched as a surge of adrenaline allowed you to temporarily break free of the jocks holding your arms and I relished the way you beat upon the back of the player that sat on your legs as his buddies danced their fingers upon your socked feet." Frank paused and cleared his throat. His captive had stopped struggling and stared in disbelief as he described her post game tickle torture with amazing detail.

"Oh yes poor ticklish Tracy. I absorbed every moment of your ticklish plight on the field that day. I particularly enjoyed watching you try to reach over the jock pinning your legs and try to cover your ticklish soles with your hands. The fiendish rib tickling you received for your efforts was devastatingly effective as a deterrent for future

attempts to protect your ticklishness." Frank chuckled as he reminisced.

"But alas all good things must come to an end and you were rescued by the coach. How sad." Frank finished.

Frank suddenly stood up and stepped over the cot straddling it. Tracy began to scream into her gag and struggle again.

"This is just a test" Frank said as he dug into Tracy's ribs with his fingers.

Tracy squealed through her gag and arched her back in response to his ticklish touch.

Frank's fingers scrambled over her rib cage until the young woman's squeals turned into hysterical laughter. He continued the brutal rib tickling for several minutes and then paused his hands still holding her rib cage as he felt her heavy breathing and allowed her to catch her breath.

Just as the pleas began to tumble from her muted lips. Frank spider danced his tickling digits into the hollows of her ticklish pits.

Tracey's hands gripped the edge of the cot her knuckles turning white as he tickled.

Frank tickled her armpits mercilessly. Tracy squeezed her eyes shut and screamed with unabated laughter into her gag. Frank chuckled at her reaction and tickled until she was utterly exhausted. He then stopped and removed her gag.

Tracy gulped a lung full of fresh air and tried not to giggle from the tickling after effects. Frank had tickled her worst then anyone had in her entire life. She weakly began to beg her captor for mercy.

"Please no more. I can't stand anymore. I am so ticklish you just

don't understand. Please no more tickling. Please let me go." Tracy pleaded.

"Listen carefully sweet Tracy. I do understand. I fully understand that tickling is a very fiendish form of unbearable torture. I also understand that for you it is particularly tortuous." Frank laughed as he repositioned himself near the foot of the cot.

"Please I beg you mister. Don't tickle me anymore! I am just too ticklish! I'll die!" Tracy begged.

" I promise you will not die." Frank paused "You might wish that you would" He finally snickered.

"No, no more. I'll do anything you want!" Tracy cried out!

Frank stepped away from the cot and back into Tracy's view. He crouched down near her face and patted her head gently.

Tracy had buried her face into the cot and was sobbing hysterically.

The thought of continued tickle torture was more than she could bear.

"Tracy..." Frank whispered and waited for a response.

Tracy lifted her head and stared at Frank through tear filled eyes.

"Your feet are next." Frank said and swiftly stood up and approached the foot of the cot laughing out loud.

Tracy renewed her attempts to escape and rattled the cot violently as she began to feel Frank unlacing her tennis shoes. She screamed with terror as he began to slowly remove her shoes popping each heel off, one at a time.

"Please not my feet! Anything but that!" Tracy Screamed.

Tracy once again relied on the tactic of scrunching her toes within the shoes to keep them from being slipped off.

"Scrunch those toes Tracy!" Frank chuckled.

Frank slipped an index feel beneath each partially removed heel and began to snake and wiggle them on Tracy's white socked soles.

Tracy Squealed and began to giggle uncontrollably trying to hold back the unwanted laughter.

"My are we a bit ticklish?" Frank mocked and ripped both shoes off her feet.

Tracy screamed at the top of her lungs and her toes began to wiggle wildy within the confines of her socks.

"PLEASE! PLEASE AHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA NOOOOOOOO! NOT THAT! OH PLEASE I BEG YOU! I'LL DO ANYTHING! NOT MY FEET AHAHAHAHAHAA!

Frank began to viciously scramble his fingers on the soles of Tracy's ultra sensitive feet Sending poor Tracy into fits of hysterical laughter. He concentrated his efforts at the very center of her soles and dug in with a single minded vengeance.

The sensations that ran up Tracy's legs and exploded in her cerebral conscience were overwhelming. Her feet were excruciatingly ticklish.

Frank tickled and tickled driving the poor girl to the brink of insanity.

Suddenly Tracy was gripped with the sudden and powerful urge to relieve her bladder.

"Please stop! I'm going to pee if you don't!" Tracy managed to blurt out before dissolving into a long silent laugh while shaking her head from side to side.

Frank abruptly stopped and waited long minutes for Tracy's Laughter to subside.

" Are you ready for your bare feet to be tickled?" Frank asked.

"No, please no more. Not my bare feet! " Tracey whined.

Frank slowly began to pull at the toes of Tracy's socks. Tracy could feel them slowly being pulled down her calves and then slowly over her heels. She cried and pleaded desperately but Frank tediously continued the removal of her socks. Tracy could feel the cool cellar air as her vulnerable bare feet were slowly exposed.

Frank marveled at the flawless tender soles that stared up at him. Her toes actually trembled with ticklish anticipation of the torture that was soon to come.

Frank gently placed an index finger on each bare heel and began to trace a winding path across her exposed soles. Tracy screamed and passed out as her mind shut down from sensory overload.

Tracy's tickle torture had barely begun.....

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Associated Press December 17th, 1986

NEW YORK , N.Y. - Tracy Mixson, a seventeen year old high school student from Brooklyn was rescued today, after police raided the home of Frank Porter, a twenty-nine year old New York State resident. Tracy was abducted from her home two days earlier by Mr. Porter . The seventeen year old woman was neither raped nor sexually molested during her two days of captivity. What did take place however could only be described as "Pure Torture". "He kept me bound to an old dirty cot in his basement. I was allowed to keep most of my clothes except for my shoes and socks. He fed me three times a day during my kidnapping. I was also allowed restroom breaks and given eight hours of sleep with one four hour rest period in the middle of each day. The rest of the time I was tickle tortured. The man had no mercy on me and

I am unfortunately very ticklish. The tickling was pure torture for me." Miss Mixson told the police. Miss Mixson is said to be home and resting while Mr. Porter awaits his hearing locked behind bars.

Eleven Years Later

Tracy awoke and was instantly seized by terror. She screamed but the gag muted all sound. She struggled , but her upper body had been enclosed in a straight jacket which was also strapped with heavy leather bands to the seat in which she occupied. Her legs would not budge, for they had been thrust forward and locked into place by a set of homemade wooden stocks. Her feet had been bared and each toe tied to a series of metal eyelet's above them. But worst of all, Frank was back, standing not two feet away from her bare, vulnerable and very ticklish feet. Tracy continued to scream into her gag and struggle futilely with her bonds as frank smiled and produced a wicked looking feather.

"How could this happen again?" Tracy Thought The police and the doctors had assured her that Frank porter was rehabilitated and cured of his extreme tickle fetish. He was no longer a threat to society nor her. Yet 3 months after his release she has been abducted from her home and taken who knows where by a man who promised in court that he will get her again and this time there would be no pity.

" Hello Miss Mixson." Frank said

" I told you I would be back." He snickered.

" I have decided to tickle only your feet today." He continued while he began to lightly drag the feather up and down her ticklish right sole.

Tracy had very beautiful size six feet. Her soles were flawless and tinged with just a hint of pink to them. Her toes were long and well proportioned. Her nails painted a lovely shade of bubble gum pink. She even had begun to wear decorative foot jewelry all of which had already been removed.

Tracy shook her head from side to side and desperately pleaded with her eyes and muffled screams for Frank to stop running the feather across her soles. She could not budge her feet and the tickling sensations began to cause her to break into pitiful giggling.

"Tickles doesn't it?" Frank taunted

Frank began to insert and saw the feather between his captive's toes and was causing poor Tracy to spasm with uncontrollable laughter.

Tracy was terribly, and hopelessly ticklish. She hated it with all her soul. She despised it and had undergone years of psychotherapy as a direct result of her first encounter with Frank porter. For the first few years after the incident, Tracy would wake up in the middle of the night screaming. She kept having nightmares of being abducted and tickle tortured again. But now it was really happening. Tracy was begging through her gag for mercy.

Frank tickled Tracy's toes with the feather for several minutes and then discarded it and began to rake his purposefully long fingernails across her soles. Tracy bucked and fought to escape the tortuous tickling. But all her efforts were in vain she was not going anywhere.

After several more minutes Frank suddenly stopped , got up and removed the gag from Tracy's mouth.

"The gag was a tease. I love to hear your begging and pleading." Frank said



"Please Frank. No More. I'll do anything you want! I can't stand it anymore!" Tracey Begged.

Frank pulled a chair over to her feet and sat down with a smile and produced a toothbrush.

" Dear, dear Tracy. I know you can't stand it my sweet. That is why I am doing it" He chuckled and began to scrub between her toes.

Tracy began to scream with the most ticklish laughter to ever exit a woman's lips. The brush was absolutely horrible. She was so ticklish between her toes. She just could not take it.

"Help me! Somebody Help me!" She screamed

"No one can help you poor Tracy" He laughed

"Stop it! Make it stop oh please" Tracy pleaded.

"Never my sweet! I will never let you go and I will never stop tickling you!" Frank yelled and threw down the toothbrush and began to claw her soles with his nails again.

Tracy was hysterical. She struggled to escape the tickling but could not get away. Her feet tickled so bad she was becoming delirious from the torture. Her face was dripping with sweat and tears. A mad expression of utter anguish had gripped her features and she squeezed her eyes shut almost as if that would somehow block the ticklish sensations which were running through her body and exploding in her brain.

"This is what hell must be like" Tracy thought during a fleeting moment of sanity.

Franks fingers scrambled up, down, and across Tracy's soles. He would spend time tickling at the base of her toes and watch Tracy scream in agony. Sometimes he would stop and hover his wiggling fingers just

above her feet and watch Tracy continue to buck and scream with laughter at the gesture.

Suddenly Tracy began to violently shake her entire body in a last ditch effort to escape the tickling sensations which were driving her crazy. Tracy's screams of uncontrolled laughter were drowned out by silence. Tracy was receiving such a fiendish tickling that her vocal cords refused to respond and she just sat there struggling against her captivity and screaming a silent laugh.

Frank continued the infernal tickling for a few long seconds and then abruptly stopped allowing Tracy a few minutes to get hold of herself. Tracy attempted to take in huge gulps of air as she sat back drained and sweaty.

"Please, Please Mr. Porter stop tickling me it's torture....I can't take anymore." Tracy wept.

"Mr. now am I. Forget about it....I plan on me tickling you for the next ten years Miss Mixson." Frank sneered as he ran a finger beneath her right foot making Tracy jump and squeal.

"Ten Years! Please I beg of you! Have pity on me! Not ten years I will go mad! Please let me go I won't tell anyone." Tracy pleaded.

"Yes Ten long years. just like the ten long years I spent in prison. But worst for you, much worst. Because I will tickle you each and every day for the next ten long ticklish years. I will have no mercy. No pity. You will beg me to put you out of your misery." Frank said chuckling.

Tracy looked on in horror. She listened to Frank's words but her mind did not want to comprehend them. Ten years of tickle torture. No this can't be happening she thought to herself. Please god let this be a

nightmare. Suddenly Tracy snapped.....

"Noooooooooooooooooooooo Don't do this Pleeeeeease! I hate to be tickled!

I can't stand

it! Please I'll do anything you want! I'll be your sex slave. I'll

suck you off! Please no

more I will do anything. No more tickling! I beg you. Please!

Noooooooooooooooooooo!

Frank looked with cold and unfeeling eyes. He enjoyed to watch her

suffer like this. He eagerly began to apply a coating of thick sticky

honey to the bottoms of her soles with a wide paint brush.

Tracy had been too frantic to notice the brush and bucket Frank had

retrieved from one corner of his basement. Now she could not help but

notice now that he was brushing a sticky substance onto the soles of

her feet. The stiff bristles of the brush was lightly tickling her

feet but she knew that a more sinister purpose was behind the brush.

"What are you doing" Tracy shouted holding back giggles.

"Do you really want to know?" Frank asked.

Tracy began to tremble with fear and began to shake her head no.

"Too late!" Frank stood up and laughed. he walked over to the

staircase which led upstairs and he proceeded up the steps.

"Don't leave me alone down here!" Tracy screamed.

"Oh I won't" Frank chuckled as he opened the upstairs door.

"Come on boys, come on, dessert is being served." Frank shouted as

Tracy heard the scrambling sounds of two large dogs descending the

staircase. The two Great Danes appeared at the bottom of the stair way

and Tracy began to scream in terror.

"No Please, Please don't leave them down here!" Tracy screamed

terrified.

"Hear that boys....keep the young lady comfortable." Frank shouted as he dead bolted the basement door from above.

Tracy sobbed silently as the two large dogs approached sniffing around her feet. then suddenly one and then the other started to lick her feet. The feeling of their huge raspy tongues licking across her captive soles was entirely unbearable for Tracy and she began to scream and laugh like never before. the dogs were relentless in their attempt to lick the honey off of poor Tracy's ticklish bare feet. they left no ground uncovered. Each wrinkle each fold of bare ticklish skin was thoroughly investigated for the tasty honey. Each toe was licked repeatedly the wildly licking tongues penetrating between each toe throwing Tracy into wild and hysterical laughter.

When Frank returned one hour later he found Tracy unconscious but still giggling as the dogs continued to sniff and lick her completely polished soles.

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Tracey awoke to the sharp odor of smelling salt. She found herself totally nude. Her wrists suspended from shackles above her head. She was kneeling on a thick padded mat. Her ankles locked into a sturdy wooden set of foot stocks which was bolted to the ground behind her. Frank Porter stood before her waving a bottle of smelling salt below her nose.

"That's my girl. Rise and shine. Time for your tickling my dear."

Frank chuckled.

"Please Frank. Please I beg you. No more tickling. Anything but that!"

Tracy begged

"Tell me dear is that belly of yours still as ticklish as it use to

be?" Frank asked

"NOOOOOOO! Please you promised! No more tickling! "I hate it! I can't

stand it! Please let me suck on you again! I'll do it better! Please

no more tickle torture! Frank for gods sake stop! I can't take it

anymore!" Tracy begged over and over again. Her pleas fell on

merciless ears.

"No pity for you dear Tracy." Frank chuckled as he braced her back

with one hand and began to tickle her belly vigorously.

Tracy tightened her abdominal muscles and screeched with ticklish

laughter. She swung from her shackles as she jumped and giggled from

the belly tickling.

Frank stopped after a few minutes and let her catch her breath. Tracy

rested her head against his chest and whimpered for him to stop. Frank

just laughed and reached up tickling her underarms.

Tracy twisted and turned to escape his tickling fingers, but Frank

followed her relentlessly throwing her into a fit of hysterical

ticklishness. The slightest touch sent her screeching at the top of

her lungs. She snorted, whooped, and babbled incoherently.

Frank's fingers explored her ticklish torso. His fingers scrambled

beneath her armpits. Then he changed direction and tickled the sides

of her breasts making her scream uproariously. He had dreamed of

taking revenge on Tracy for ten long years and now here she was his to

tickle torture indefinitely if he so choose.

Frank lowered his hands to her sides and squeezed. Tracy arched

forward and squealed. He then tickled his way back to her smooth hollows and whirled his digits within them.

Tracy hung from her shackles and laughed until she was utterly exhausted. She could no longer form the words to beg her captor to stop the horrible torture. Frank expertly brought her to the edge of passing out and then stopped.

He stood back and admired his handy work.

Tracey hung limp and debilitated. Her nude body glistened with sweat her tears mingled with her perspiration the salt stinging her eyes.

Again Tracy's torment had only just begun.

-Epilogue-

Six Months Later

Associated Press June 20th, 1997

NEW YORK, N.Y.- After Richard Price received his order from a Miami based porno fetish production company. He made a startling discovery. Miss Tracy Mixson who had made headlines across the country after she disappeared last December along with her suspected abductor Frank Porter. Was the starlet of a new video Mr. Price had just received from the fetish company which specializes in tickle torture tapes.

"There was no doubt about her identity" Said Mr. Price. Police acting quickly on Mr. Price's tip made a daring raid/rescue of the production company's headquarters in Miami earlier today and Rescued Miss Mixson.

Miss Mixson is said to be resting in the psychiatric ward of New York Hospital, and officials decline to comment on her condition spokesman from the police mentioned that hundreds of hours of video tape were also seized at the production headquarters, Speculation is that they

are all of Miss Mixson being tickle tortured by Mr. Porter. Police official refuse to confirm the rumor. Mr. Frank Porter is said to be still at large, but police officials are hopeful that the current nation wide manhunt will soon be over.

-The End-