

QUEEN TAKES PAWN

Five tales of ticklish men in the hands of merciless female ticklers. Over 25,000 words by veteran author Warrior428!

FIVE TALES OF TICKLISH TORTURE!

- *Birthday Boy
- *Don't Worry, Be Happy
- *Game Over
- *Scarfoot
- *Surrender to me 2: When Curtis Meets Rhonda



Warrior428

QUEEN TAKES PAWN word count:

25,000+

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Stories by Warrior428

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[BIRTHDAY BOY](#)

After having been around the block in the business world, six female corporate workers know how to deal with crooked conniving executives. After a year working with their new boss, even though he has been a real treat to work for, these women are no longer taking any chances. As they prepare to trap him just like they have done their previous employers, he gives them a new twist, something they have never expected. Now the ladies have a new plan, to get revenge on a boss who just killed them all....with kindness.

[DON'T WORRY, BE HAPPY](#)

Two college roommates and their male friend are driving to a family reunion. They have been trying for hours to cheer him up. They really don't know why he's so depressed. They decided to take some time and get under his skin to find out, with a little help from the long arm of the law.

[GAME OVER](#)

Men and boys and all their toys, and the women who put up with these types. Take Reggie for example. He's a video game junkie in his early thirties. Can't get enough of them, but his wife has had enough. For all you women who have these types of husbands or boyfriends, there's a new video game craze for the lady of the house.

[SCARFOOT](#)

As the family tradition continues, Tonya Montana a former foot model now becomes the new head of the family the moment she is released from prison. Her time there has taught her that violence solves nothing, so she makes some changes in her newly inherited empire that enforces a non-violent stronghold on the city, as a new generation of racketeering takes a new form.

[Surrender To Me 2: When Curtis Met Rhonda](#)

This is a prequel to my inaugural story, which put me on the map. As a young technical intern named Curtis Williams hits it off with a sassy feisty Rhonda Thompson who happens to be one of his co-workers. Before wedding bells are heard, there is the matter of the bachelorette party.

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BIRTHDAY BOY

Story by Warrior428

FOR ALL YOU HARD WORKING DECENT PEOPLE WHO BUST YOUR BUTT TO MAKE AN HONEST LIVING. WOULDN'T IT BE SWELL TO HAVE A BOSS LIKE THIS GUY?

"Ok girls, this is it." Said Cindy as she and the others get ready for another blackmail session.

When these ladies started their careers years ago, not one of them figured that they would have to resort to tactics in such a manner as this to help them survive in the business world. Nonetheless, this tactic is proving useful, VERY useful.

Ever since the legend of Len Walsh, a former boss of theirs who thought he could have his cake and eat it too, was taken down a peg or two by these vindictive vixens who used to work for him. Stupid Len overestimated himself and underestimated them. Being greedy lustful and ticklish begot his downfall, a bad combination indeed. After teaching him a mirthful lesson, Len was in very good behavior through the rest of their professional relationship. Then he landed another management position with an out-of-state company, and moved on to bigger and better things.

That was six years ago.

The next executive they worked under replacing Len was no different. Mr. Jack Segall was ripping them off too. The only difference between him and Len was Len had an affair with Cindy, and Cindy knew where to tickle Len into submission. When they got Jack that faithful day years ago it took some time to find his T-spot but they did. After several minutes of back-of-the-knee torture, the ladies got yet another raise and added another piece to their video library.

The following year came Barney Wilcox, the heavysset kind and not very attractive. His management skills were sound but socially was where he fell flat. He was so ugly, how ugly was he? He was so ugly; he couldn't get laid even if he walked into a whorehouse with \$100 bills sticking out of all his pockets. That character flaw set the tone of his social life, not to mention his control, or lack thereof. Things got serious with this boss and not only did he take the extra money for himself, he made advances on poor Wendy which really set the torture session off. What was worse was after the blackmail session, he reported all of them to Human Resources for sexual harassment. That forced the girls hand and they put the video out on the internet making an example of him. Barney took the risk because he knew they had leverage on him and if one of the Human Resources managers saw the video, it would prove his defense. Even though they made him confess on the video that he was taking money from them, the video however did show them seducing him, trapping him, and exploiting money from him. Not to mention the sexual harassment part involving the tickling. Tickling or not, it was still considered unwanted touching, which corporations frown upon. Barney figured if he goes down, he'd take them with him.

He almost did, the girls almost lost their jobs, had it not been for some fast talking from Cindy. What saved them was the fact that Barney harassed Wendy before the tickle

torture fiasco. Therefore, Barney got the boot.

Enter Jason Miller, so far the youngest executive in this company's long history. Despite his age (31), he has management experience and is building an impressive career. Not bad for a handicapped, wheelchair bound professional.

Now one year later, Jason has been the best thing to happen to these girls' professional lives. However, after what they all have been through, they decided to assume the same problem with Jason as they had with the others. They were getting the conference room ready for another torture session this afternoon and Jason, though working under him has been nothing but enriching and blissful, is STILL going to get tickle tortured if he doesn't see things their way. Costs of living over the years and old man inflation both have made their presence painfully obvious.

"Ok, is the table ready?" asked Cindy, the leader mainly because of seniority. "He should be here in five minutes."

"The camera's ready and recording." Replied Jessica.

"The cuffs are in position too." Added Wendy.

"Bag of tickle toys is ready." Added Molly.

"You know guys, I really don't want to do this to him. I like him." Said Laura. The others agreed.

"I know, I like him myself. He is the sweetest, most considerate, honey of a man. And I learned so much from him in the past year. But still, we have to protect ourselves, friends is friends, but this is business." Retorted Cindy, who herself is starting to feel a little conflicted.

"I know, I know, I understand where you're coming from, Cindy." Responded Monica, "I hadn't had a single problem with him, but at the same time do we all really know for sure if he's on the up and up? This will be for his own good. We'll see how loyal he really is."

"There's another thing to look at." Added Jessica, "Back when Len was here the market for people with computer skills was pretty rich then. Now, they're teaching programming in high schools, so people like us are a dime a dozen. We are becoming more replaceable, our bargaining chip is weakening. Based on that factor, should we be doing this?"

"My answer is still 'yes', because of the leverage we'll get from him." Answered Cindy, "If he too confesses of skimming, then we got him. Now just suck it up, and pretend it's not Jason. Pretend it's Len or Jack, or even that fat rat bastard Barney. Shhhhhh!"

Jason finally enters the conference room. "Sorry I'm a little late, the meetings ran over as usual." Cindy pulls out a chair at the head of the table for him to roll his wheelchair up to. Behind him, he notices that Molly has locked the only exit to the room for some reason.

"It's ok Jason, and thanks for staying to meet with us." Replied Cindy, "We know it's quitting time and you probably have plans, but this won't take long." Jason also notices that the girls are starting to surround his wheelchair. Molly and Laura stand behind him, Jessica and Monica are flanking him at the table. Cindy and Wendy are sitting on the

table staring at him. He is now trapped at the table, as the seduction phase of this session begins.

“Jason,” announced Cindy, “we’ve called you here to discuss a very important issue. We all work very hard around here, we have been for years. For us to remain competitive in the job market there is the matter of compensation. We have consistently proven ourselves since before you joined us and we have here a new salary structure agreement for your review and signature. You’ll find this to be fair.”

They pass the form and pen to him to look at. After a minute or two he puts the agreement down on the table.

“I see it says a 20% pay increase for each of you.” He says, “Granted you all have been above and beyond my expectations, but honestly, do you all believe that this is fair? Let’s think about that for a minute.”

As he continues, the seduction phase of the scam is kicked into full force. Jessica tried to lean toward him closer to show him some cleavage while explaining how the six of them help put all that extra money into the company. At the same time, Monica lets her shoe dangle from her toes and made sure he heard it fall on the floor after flicking it off and giving him a little footsie action.

As to their surprise, their efforts didn’t work. When he looked at Jessica, he looked her right in the eye, then turned his attention elsewhere. When he felt Monica’s foot, he moved his leg thinking that she accidentally bumped into him, so he politely said “excuse me” and continued on with the discussion. The girls are realizing, this is not Len, Jack, and definitely not Barney.

“I understand your point,” he responded, “But look at it from a different point of view. Do you all think you’re all worth the percentage?”

Thinking back to what Jessica said about their bargaining chip being weak, Cindy was beginning to have some doubts about this trap succeeding, her job, and her friends’ jobs may be in jeopardy now. But the point of no return was already crossed when they tried to seduce him. So, time to get this guy naked and strapped to the table for some tickling fun.

Pretending to sound submissive, Cindy walks toward him. “Well Jason, you may be right. And at the same time you have been an excellent manager and a hell of a nice man. We want to show you how much we appreciate you.” Six pairs of female hands reach out for his clothes.

Instead, he stops them with a simple statement. “Ladies, you all didn’t answer my question. Do you all believe you are all worth a twenty percent increase? Yes or no.”

They all reluctantly nodded their heads ‘yes’. Jason continues, “Well to be honest, overall I don’t think you all are worth an extra 20%.” Finishing his statement by slowly shaking his head ‘no’ with his eyes closed. “Nope, don’t think that at all.”

The ladies sitting at the table began to stand and approach. The mood now is ‘guess we have to tickle torture this asshole too’.

Next, Jason reaches behind his backpack and pulls out a binder. He asks the girls to sit

back down, including the ones standing behind him also.

“There is a reason I was late coming over here. Sit down everybody; it’s my turn to talk.” He slips his hand in one of the pockets and pulls out an already signed salary structure agreement. The difference here, signature aside, is this one is for a 65% pay increase, with all their names on it.

Jason explains, “Before coming here, I stopped by the finance department and spoke with the director. After pulling some strings, I got you all a 65% pay raise effective immediately. THIS is what I think you all are worth. THIS I think is fair to say the least. You girls really shouldn’t sell yourselves short like that, I mean come on, ONLY 20%? Nah, I don’t think so. I managed quite a few departments in my time, this one runs with the utmost perfection thanks to employees of your caliber.”

Silence fills the room, because six female jaws just dropped to the floor. The six of them are so stunned they can’t talk. But Jason continues.

“It was easy girls, just had to convince the finance director that this will not hurt us in any way. Especially after seeing the marketing projections and all that potential money this company is going to make from here on out. It was you all that made that possible, I just gave you some direction. With my help, you ladies are gonna soar, I promise you.”

The stunned ticklers still don’t say anything.

“It’s been one hell of a year and the future is looking very bright, VERY bright.” Now he gets a little more enthusiastic. “Let me show you HOW bright. One night last month, I stayed late because I found some interesting stuff in our department budget. This is what started this whole thing. I happen to notice a TON of extra money that seemed to be mismanaged. I prepared the data for our next budget meeting and we made some very good changes. These changes freed up gobs of money for our department, mainly because I planned to automate some of our current systems and getting rid of those costly vendor-based systems. That alone freed up tens of thousands of dollars. Giving our money away to so many vendors was hurting us.”

Jason pauses to wait for a response, but no such luck. He continues.

“Also, I noticed that none of you had company stock options. When I brought that up with the director, he said it was only for management. After further convincing, plans are now in progress for ALL employees to have stock in the company. Guess what ladies, the stock is worth \$88.35 per share and I put you all down for 1,000 shares each as a part of your salary. What do you all say to that, huh?”

So far, not one of them said anything, too freaked out.

“Ah, there’s more!” he added, “I also noticed that the manager’s slot had a lot of extra money going to them and they were crediting it to bonuses. These ‘annual bonuses’ as these guys had called them were helping THEM beat inflation every year, but when I projected your current salaries over the next five years you all wouldn’t have been as lucky. I felt that wasn’t fair, so after cutting more unnecessary vendors, I freed up enough for you all to have an annual bonus of \$3,000 take home pay. Merry Christmas!”

More silence, and a few close calls in the fainting department.

Jason finishes his financial reconstruction lecture and changes the tone a little.

“That annual bonus I gave you guys also came from another source, me. There are some things I have to tell you. I myself really don’t need that money, you all have earned it. I heard the stories about your past managers and I was trying to think of a way to show you all that I’m on your side. I guess all that money I threw your way qualifies. But seriously, I don’t need any of that money because of this. I have a side business that I started prior to taking this job last year and since then, business has been booming big time. In fact, my financial advisors saw what I saw and I’m well on my way to being a multi-millionaire in about five years. So basically, I just gave you all my cut. You ladies run this department so well you really don’t need a manager. Cindy I put in a good word for you to get a promotion to management. Since you’ve been with this company the longest you can run this department yourself. I want to teach you what I know, then after that I will be resigning one year from now. Keep that under your hat.”

Finally, the silence is broken. “You’re leaving us next year?” asked Molly.

“Yes I am. I now have my own company to tend to, I don’t need this job. That’s the plan. Unfortunately, for this weekend I have some bad news. The upper management has been riding me about the quarterly TPX reports and I have fallen behind. So, I am going home to take a nice shower, pack a small bag of stuff and prepare to come back here this evening and spend the entire weekend getting those reports ready by Monday. OUCH! My birthday is Monday too, that really stings.”

“We can help you with those reports, we’ve done them before.” Said Monica.

“Oh no, it’s ok. I’ve made my bed, I have to lie in it.” He responded, “You girls enjoy your weekend. I’ll see you all on Monday.” He packs his binder in his backpack and pulls his wheelchair away from the table. He turns his head and notices a camera sitting on the shelf on the far wall. He rolls his wheelchair up to it.

“Hey, did you all know this camera has been running?” When he looks back at the table, he sees a twinkle of light coming from underneath. He rolls himself back toward the table and looks under.

“Why are there handcuffs secured under a conference table?”

That officially marks the ladies blackmail and extortion plans coming apart at the seams. Fortunately, he remembers his plans for tonight, so he just ignores the camera and handcuffs. As he approaches the door, he looks back at the ladies.

“It has been an honor and a privilege working with you all. You’re like the sisters I never had.” Smiling as he heads out.

The door closes and the now surprised throng sits at the table looking at each other with much confusion.

“What the hell just happened here?” asked Jessica, “Weren’t we supposed to have him naked and on the table laughing about now?”

"I can't believe we were going to torture and humiliate that sweet, generous, wonderful man." Replied Laura.

"We assumed he would be just like the other managers." Added Monica, "I NEVER saw this coming. It still hasn't sunk in yet."

The mood now at the conference table is a little different. These people were set to ruin someone they all liked in the name of greed. They started looking at each other in disgrace. Realizing that over the years, their success stems from shady, sleazy maneuvers such as entrapping and humiliating someone for their own financial gain. Very shameful indeed, their parents never taught them morals like these growing up. As they all exchange appalling glances, they were starting to look and feel very bad. The feelings and thoughts continued to grow.

To think of it, It took the generous act of a person who believed in them to wake them up and realize what evil bitches they all have been. Granted they did not start out that way, they got some help from three evil executives. However, look at what it's turned them into.

"Ok, looks like we all got what we wanted and them some huh? Let's go out and celebrate." Cheered Molly.

"No! No, no, no, no, no!" Cindy replied, "Wait just a damn minute! Despite the fact that he as proven that he is on our side and will get us what we deserve, don't you all see what is happening? He just made us all look bad. Like we're all just a bunch of greedy, gold-digging skanks who don't care about anything but ourselves. We are not like that. We work hard, we deserve our fair share."

"And he gave it to us." Interrupted Monica.

"Yeah I know, it's, it's, it's just the way he handled it." Cindy continues with a little more confusion. "I, I, I mean...we're supposed to be the victims here right? RIGHT!? He's the bad guy."

"No he's not. At least he didn't look like one to me." Said Wendy.

"And then to make us all look even more selfish, he's letting us do what we want while he comes back here to work all weekend. Playing catch-up to finishing the TPX reports. He probably didn't get a chance to finish them during the week because he was so busy satisfying us. Those reports are the epitome of time consumption. I don't know about the rest of you, but my conscience won't let that slide."

The others think about Cindy's little speech after a few minutes. Not only did Jason gave the squeaky wheel the grease, but he gave it more grease and more freedom to enjoy it. To achieve that he had to sacrifice his personal time to make sure that gamble paid off.

"If you all want to celebrate our new found wealth, I have a better Idea, one where we ALL can benefit from." Said Cindy as she begins to lay out her new plan at the table.

10:00pm; BACK AT THE OFFICE.

Jason is in the middle of compiling stats from the TPX reports for the entire quarter. After sitting in his wheelchair for the last twenty hours straight, he decided to get a little more

comfortable and do the reports while lying on the floor. His back has been stiff from all that sitting. And that's where he's been for the last two hours, wearing nothing but a basketball jersey, baggy shorts and socks. He's packed an overnight bag with the intentions for camping out in his office all weekend. Already fed himself and is now focused on getting these massive reports done.

Even though his portable stereo is playing, Jason thought he heard something click, after a few seconds he ignores it and resumes his work.

Suddenly, like an explosion, his office door bursts open and two figures dressed entirely in black wearing ski masks and combat boots rush in. Jason immediately tries to get back in his wheelchair but one of them grabs it and moves it away from his reach.

"Wha-what do you want!?" he asks with a hint of fear. However, the two towering faceless figures say nothing. Instead, one grabs him and holds him down while the other prepares the rag with chloroform and the rest is darkness. And darkness became the next intimate experience for Jason. Intense darkness, no light anywhere and no sound. Nothing but pure blackness. When he awoke, the pitch blackness continued.

"Hello! Helllllloooo! Can anyone hear me?" he cried out. He sits up and realizes that his hands are cuffed behind his back. He's also naked except for his briefs. The strangest thing is he seems to be sitting on something very soft and cushiony underneath him. This surface gives under his weight as he shifts around. But the environment remains consistent. Pitch darkness all around. If his hands were not bound, he wouldn't be able to see them in front of his face. He doesn't know where he is.

Suddenly, there is a sound, it's faint but he hears it, multiple times to be exact. He counted about six times he hears this sound. It's a weird, out of place kind of sound. Almost like what you would hear when you have a camera and the bulb flashes when you take a picture. But there was no flash, no light flicker of any kind. But he definitely heard the sound of photo strobes charging.

Then he hears movement, sounding very close, very near to him. From several different angles as if...he is being surrounded. They were not footsteps; they were sliding noises as if someone in a sitting position were scooting up next to him.

Jason is now officially scared. "WHO-WHO-WHO'S IN HERE? SHOW YOURSELVES! COME ON!" The spooky sound he just heard has stopped and silence resumes. All Jason sees is darkness he is virtually blind. He now knows that there is at least one other person in here with him because now he hears and feels breathing on the back of his neck. "WHO'S BEHIND ME!?"

Finally, the silence is broken. But in a weird way.

"Do not be afraid. You will not be harmed. We require your presence."

The voice he just heard behind him sounded altered. Chipmunk style, what you would hear in a cartoon or if you play a 33 1/3 record at 78rpm. Or even if a person would inhale a lung full of helium and started talking. Jason could not tell if it was male or female.

"What do you want from me?" he asks still scared.

"You have information that we need." Responded another altered chipmunk voice. "If you cooperate you will be fine."

"Sure, I'll tell you anything, just don't hurt me." He responded.

"No, you don't understand." Added another voice, "This information we require isn't something that you can verbalize. It has to be extracted."

"Extracted? How?" he asks.

Without any further warning, one pair of hands slipped around his waist from behind him and began playing with his belly.

"WHA-WHA-WH-HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA! WHAT ARRRRRRRE YOU DOINGG NNNG? STOP THAT HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!"

He did not get a response. Instead, the person sitting behind him kept on tickling his tummy. In fact, one at a time, pairs of hands moved into fresh territory to play with. Jason fell back on the cushiony surface laughing as these eager sets of hands tickle his upper body. A few minutes later he felt someone grab his right leg, then another person grab his left. Because of his disability, his leg muscles were useless. So the two people who had his feet just laid them on their laps while tickling his soles.

One hour has passed, the activities continue. Jason is hanging in there, he keeps begging someone to talk to him and give him some answers. Alas, his torturers will not speak; they just tickle and play with his sensitive being.

Two hours later, the tickling stops. While Jason pants, he feels someone working on his handcuffs. His hands are finally released, but all that laughing and giggling made him pretty much exhausted. He was slowly becoming putty in their invisible hands. They lay him back on his back while each person sits on his arms. The tickling resumes, now with exposed armpits.

Three hours later, Jason has lost his voice from hours of laughing, he can barely move. Jason begins to think why someone would do this to him. He does not have any enemies, he is not indebted to anybody, and he did not piss anyone off as far as he knows. These people will not let up; he wonders if they are trying to kill him. Underneath his mirth, he gets upset and worried.

Thirty minutes later, the tickling stops. Jason hadn't noticed yet because of the residual tickling sensations he has yet to burn off. Suddenly he feels his underwear being removed. The temperature in this dark room is very comfortable so he did not feel cold. These invisible hands were tickling him to a point that he didn't notice that he was aroused, plus it's way too dark to see something like that. Still not noticing, Jason continues to catch his breath.

Next Jason feels the pairs of hands again. But it's not tickling, this time is caressing and fondling. The two sitting on his arms begins stroking his chest and playing with his nipples. One set of hands rubbed his tummy. The two at his legs were massaging his feet and calves. Five sets of hands accounted for. The feeling was wonderful, heavenly, and Jason's strength had all but abandoned him, so he had no choice but to lay there and enjoy the sensual ministrations. Come to think of it, he counted six pairs of hands tickling

him, one set is missing.

A minute later, number six became present and accounted for. Oh yes, number six, oooh number six. Number six is very soft and smooth, putting the finest set of silk to shame. Number six also has skilled fingers, and excellent attention to detail. Yes detail, detail is good, nothing wrong with that, it's what separates beginners from professionals. Can never forget about the little things. Number six started to show a sense of loyalty by not only not stopping, but becoming a little more exuberant. Then a little more, then a little more. After several minutes of pure devotion, Jason entered a euphoria that helped him forget about his current situation. Then, he fell asleep.

12:00 noon; Saturday morning.

Jason wakes up to find himself lying on the couch in his office. He slowly sits up, then remembers the TPX reports.

"Oh my god, the TPX reports. I'm never gonna finish them in time now."

But to his surprise, the TPX reports were already completed and the necessary data was already keyed into his Excel spreadsheet. Jason was stunned.

Monday morning...

Jason presented the quarterly stats from the TPX reports to his superiors and they were satisfied. Later that day the department gave him a surprise birthday party. Jason Miller, 32 years young. Around 5:30pm, the ladies decide to have another meeting with Jason in his office.

"Hey Jason," said Cindy, "here have a seat on the couch. Relax a little, we still have some presents to give you."

"More presents?"

"Oh yes babe," added Monica, "we're not through with you yet. Consider this a private after-party in your honor."

While Jason eagerly sits on the leather couch, Cindy brings two gift-wrapped presents to Jason. He opens the first present and he does not understand.

"What is this?"

"Night-vision goggles." Answered Molly, "They allow you to see in the dark."

"See in the dark?" he thinks to himself. But before he starts to wonder.

"Here, open this one. You'll love this." Interrupted Wendy.

He opens the other present and it is the strangest little object he has ever seen. It appears to be a miniature aerosol spray with a long spout.

"And what the devil is this?"

Cindy takes the device and puts the spout in her mouth. She pushes a button then inhales.

“This is a helium injector, used to change the pitch of your voice temporarily. Isn't it neat?” She replied in that familiar chipmunk voice Jason remembered from that faithful night last weekend.

Jason's eyes lit up, as each of the six ladies surround him then each pulls out a helium injector from their pockets, then take a hit.

Jason sees the puzzle pieces finally coming together. Right when he begins to say something. Hands quickly dart out to him.

“HA HA HA HA HA HA... HA HA HA HA HA HA! HEYYYYYYYY HE HE HE HE HE HE HE HE!”

“Awww, look at him, look at that face. Isn't he a cutie pie?”

“I love that giggle of his. Come on sweetie, let me hear it. Kootchy Kooo!”

“And what about that adorable puppy-dog face he made when we had him scared Friday night? I wanted to kiss you so bad.”

“Happy birthday to you,
happy birthday to you,
happy birthday dear Jason,
we loved tick-ling you.”

Jason just figured out why they wanted him to be on the sofa, so he could not get away from them. Since Jason is now 32 years old, they wanted to give him a birthday tickle for 32 minutes. When the time and helium finally expired, they stopped and gave him a little space. However, the tickling messed up his nice suit.

“Look at what you all did to my clothes.”

“Oops! Silly us, I guess that means you'll have to take the rest of the week off.” Said Monica.

“You mean the rest of the day off.” He responded.

“No, she meant the rest of the week off, and that's an order.” Added Cindy. “Let me explain. When you gave us all that money it made us feel very guilty. For reasons I don't want to get into, but I bet when you left after that meeting with us you were really polishing up your halo, huh you little angel. Did you really think you could finish those TPX reports by yourself? It takes a team to do those reports. So we got some friends of ours in another department to do those reports while we had you in the warehouse on a giant platform of foam rubber. When we finally put you to sleep, we brought you back to let you sleep on the couch while we took over and finished processing the stats, then we left.”

“So, it was you ladies all this time.” He said.

“Yes it was. The seven of us make a damn good team, and team members take care of each other. Don’t you dare do that to us again. If you get swamped with work, WE get swamped with work. Don’t tell us to go home while you are in a situation like that. That makes us look bad, and we don’t like that.”

“Just one more thing is bothering me.” He asks, “While we were in that dark place, you said you wanted to extract some information from me.”

“Oh yes, the information.” Answered Cindy. “That information my dear is all the places on your body where you are ticklish. Thanks to your cooperation, we know ALL your spots. I don’t really know how much you’ve heard about our previous managers, but try not to piss any of us off. A word to the wise.”

The ladies gather their things and start to leave. Jason packs his things too. When it was just him and Cindy, she extends her hand wishing him happy birthday again. He shakes her hand.

“Whoa! Nice handshake you got there.” Jason said.

Cindy smiled at him and leaned to whisper in his ear. “And you should know firsthand how nice my handshake is, huh lover boy. Here take my phone number and call me anytime. The one thing I learned from you is, the next time I see a man in a wheelchair, I won’t think he’s all THAT crippled.”

Jason realizes what she is saying, then looks at her hands and goes. “Number six!”

-The End-

DON'T WORRY, BE HAPPY

Story by Warrior428

"Ohhhh, this is gonna be soooo great, for us to blow off some steam!" sighed Kim as she gets more comfortable riding shotgun.

"Oh I hear you, girl. Three weeks off between semesters. Aside from this family reunion, I'm gonna enjoy this. What about you Bobby?" replied Tracy.

Bobby replied with just a simple, non-enthusiastic mumble, as he stares out the back window keeping to himself. These three college students just finished a semester of grueling book learning and it's vacation time, baby. Coincidentally, Tracy has a family reunion scheduled for the first weekend of this vacation. That's where the three of them are on their way to now. Speeding down the highway in her BMW M5 4-door sedan. Tracy hates these family reunions, they're so corny, and dim-witted arguments break out all the time. There was never a reunion party without some stupid fight. It really bums Tracy out, which is why she asked her two good friends to tag along, she needs some moral support.

Apparently, Bobby has the blues about something. Normally he's very jovial and high spirited, especially when he was with his girlfriend. The only change is his life was when the two of them broke up after three years of dating. The love of his life, gone. But she dumped him six months ago, and he's still down about it. That's what's confusing the two ladies, they'd figured he would've gotten over her by now. Alas, he continues to sit in the back seat and pout.

"Bobby, are you okay back there?" asked Tracy, "Say something."

"I'm fine, I'm fine, just relaxing back here." He sighed, rolling his eyes apathetically, then went back to staring out the window.

"Yeah, you've been quiet since we left the campus." Added Kim, "Normally you'd be very vocal about having some time off from school. But instead you sit back there not talking to us. Are you sure everything's okay?"

"Yes yes, I'm just nursing a little headache here. I already took something for it and I should be fine in an hour or so." His tone suggested that he hopes they change the subject.

"Okay sweetie, we were just concerned about you, that's all." Replied Tracy, eyeing him through the rear view mirror, a little longer than normal.

"Thanks." He responds, then takes the earpieces out of his jacket pocket and begins to listen to his portable MP3 player. Since he has the back seat all to himself, he decides to get comfortable by stretching out across and laying his head down. He and Kim were told that this road trip to the reunion would be a long one, knowing that he closes his eyes and enjoys his music during the smooth ride.

Three hours later, the girls have been enjoying each other's company so much that they had to remember that there was someone in the back seat, who apparently has been in a

deep sleep, it must have been the music. Bobby must be one of those types who sleeps with a radio playing by his bed before the sleep feature shuts it off. The girls noticed him sleeping, then tried to be quiet at first but then realized his MP3 player is still putting out tunes, so he can't hear them anyway.

Then, Tracy gets an idea.

About fifty minutes later, Bobby wakes up because he noticed that the car is no longer in motion, which was stimulating his slumber. However his awakening is becoming more rude when he sees that his hands and feet are bound by rope and tied to the upper handles near the ceiling of the car just above the windows. Tracy and Kim have folded their seats down and moved them up all the way to provide room to be back there with Bobby. The car is apparently parked on the side of the highway.

"Wha-what the hell is going on here?!"

"Bobby honey, let me tell you something." Tracy began, "First of all you are one of our school's best basketball players. I've seen you work very hard in the gym, you're very dedicated to your health and fitness. You must have a very well conditioned body and you're well knowledgeable about nutrition. You rarely get sick and don't complain at all about not feeling well. So I'm not buying your headache story."

"She's right Bobby." Added Kim, "Not once have we heard you complain about catching a cold or getting a toothache or anything like that. You're always fit as a fiddle and brag about it non-stop."

"Also Bobby," added Tracy, "the three of us are on our way to my family's reunion. I hate these reunions we have, every year it's the same old shit. It always brings me down afterwards and it's gotten to a point where I expect not to have a good time hanging with my relatives alone. That's why I invited you and Kim to join me, to keep me cheerful. You two are my best buddies. The three of us clicked since day one and it's been a great two years. But now, you picked the wrong day to be in a deep blue funk. You always make me laugh Bobby and that's what I love about you and Kim. I'm not liking this side of you, so Kim and I plan to fix this little problem of yours."

"So prepare yourself Bobby. This is an intervention." Said Kim, "We're gonna treat you like a patient with acute depression anxiety."

"And how pray tell do you two plan to succeed?" he asks, "How does tying me up like this gonna make me cheer up?"

"Well for starters let me say, it's a good thing you're wearing short baggy pants." Answered Tracy as she begins to squeeze his thighs just above the knees.

"Wa-wa-wa-WAAAAAIIIIIIIIITTT! WHAT ARE YOU DOINNNNNNNNGGGHAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!" Shouted Bobby as he begins to squirm, but his bondage holds firm. "TRACY WHY DID YOU DO THAT?!"

"What, you mean this?" she teased while spider walking her fingers up inside both legs of his pants to tickle his inner thighs. Giggles became of him.

“HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HE HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH HA HA HA!”
On and on he went while she played with his toned leg muscles. Very sensitive she noticed, after a minute she stopped.

“Oh yeah, he’s beginning to cheer up already.” Said Kim as she watched with much eagerness and anticipation. “How did you know he’s ticklish?”

“One, there is no such thing as a non-ticklish man.” Tracy explained, “And TWO, I remember watching a particular b-ball game where Bobby was posting up low in the paint waiting for his teammate to pass him the ball. His defender kept poking him in the ribs and I saw him smile and giggle a few times. I savored that image in my mind because I knew that one day I was going to find my newfound intelligence on him to be useful. And it looks like that day has come, hasn’t it my Bobby baby?”

Bobby figured out his predicament quickly, tickle torture information from him.

“Bobby, now that we have you tied up, it’s only fair to inform you that regarding our sorority Mu Kappa Alpha, well, the original chapter over at Archer University has a legend over there. A guy named Elliot Richards.”

She continues...

“The story goes that seven years ago, this guy Elliot attended Archer University with his girlfriend Renee who was two years ahead of him. Renee was a senior member of Mu Kappa Alpha, which explains Elliot’s association with the sorority, but the real story was with Elliot himself. You see Elliot had a rare birth defect called Levetius Syndrome, which made his body so ticklish you could make his muscles jiggle with the slightest brush of a feather. It was because of this disease that Elliot became the most popular guy in the sorority. That was interesting because Elliot was just a normal nerd type, not a jock like you. It was him that the sorority created this ‘Stud of the Year’ annual ritual, where the whole sorority would make love to their chosen one after tickling him. They made Elliot Stud of the Year every year until he graduated. The rules are, the most ticklish guy is the stud of the year, his looks and status came second.”

Then she gives him an evil smile...

“Basically what I’m saying is Bobby, you’re a very handsome man. You just made it official that you’re ticklish, you fit all the qualifications to be our next Stud of the Year. Last year’s winner has already graduated. When we get back to school, me and Kim here are gonna nominate you. With your popularity you’re as good as kidnapped.”

“Do you understand what we’re saying, sweetheart?” added Kim, “Mu Kappa Alpha is now a tickling sorority. We use tickling as a means of obtaining power. We’ve broken people, blackmailed people, humiliated and gotten revenge on people. You are going to tell us what’s bothering you and if your thinking your can resist us, well, you remember LeRoy Higgins? The biggest baddest linebacker on our football team? Let’s just say that if you take a sharp fingernail and slowly draw tiny circles around his left testicle, he giggles like a Japanese schoolgirl. The cutest thing I’ve ever heard.”

“Bobby, that information we just told you about original Stud of the Year, that was deemed a Mu Kappa Alpha classified secret. Now that we have told you, we MUST inform our senior members, once they hear about it the sorority will have no choice but to make you

our Stud of the Year until you graduate. So I guess that threat we just made to you wasn't really a threat after all. Ha ha...OOPS!" Tracy concluded while pretending to have made a mistake.

Bobby is between shocked and confused. He's never seen this side of these two before.

"Okay! Okay! Yes, yes I confess. I'm still not over breaking up with Justine, I mean, we had quite a history her and me. I'm just dealing with it in my own way." He explained.

The two interrogators looked at each other briefly. "HMMMMM! I smell something. Do you smell something Kim?"

"Mmmm, yeah. I really smell only one thing...BULLSHIT!"

"HAAAAAAAAAAAAA HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA HA HA HA HA HA HA
HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

For the next thirty minutes Kim tickled his upper body while Tracy covered his legs. Bobby shakes for freedom, freedom denied. Since Bobby is wearing baggy clothes, it was easy for the two of them to get underneath to his flesh. How they both loved playing with his hard toned body. It could've been Adonis they had laying back there giggling for his life.

"Bobby, do you take us for idiots? We know you man, the fact that you and Justine broke up is old news. You should be over that by now. You can't be that sensitive." Argued Kim as she drilled his armpits.

"HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
"Well, he's sensitive in a different way." Replied Tracy.

"Yeah, just the way I like it." Teased Kim, "Ooooh! Little Bobby-Wobby is soooooo sensitive, isn't he! Huh! Huh! Kootchy-kootchy-kootchy-kootchieeee!"

"HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA HAAAA HAAAA HAAAAHAHAH
HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA HAAAAAAAAAAAA
HAAAA HAAAA HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA HAAAAHAH AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA HA

Bobby is indeed well conditioned. It's approaching forty-five minutes and he still struggles with the same level of energy he had when the ordeal started.

"Oh my!" teased Tracy, "Bobby must've gotten plenty of rest last night, he can really take this."

"We'll see," replied Kim, "Let's give him another chance to fess up what's bothering him. If we don't like what we hear, we're really gonna dig in."

Bobby catches his breath after they let up on him. "Guys I told you everything. I'm just still down about the break up, that's all. Yes I know I should've gotten past this, but I really loved that girl. I'm just old fashioned that way."

The girls listen to him try to talk his way out of it. But they have a strong hunch that he's

hiding something more.

"You got ten seconds to tell us what the hell is wrong with you tickle-boy, or we feast on your delectable platter." Warned Tracy.

"Annnnnd One-kootchy-kootchy!"

"Two-kootchy-kootchy!"

"Three-kootchy-kootchy!"

"Four-kootchy-kootchy!"

"Five-kootchy-kootchy!"

"Six-kootchy-kootchy!"

"Seven-kootchy-kootchy!"

"Eight-kootchy-kootchy!"

"Nine-kootchy-kootchy!"

"TEN!"

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHA
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHA HAHAH AHAHAHAH
AHA
HA
HAHA HAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HA

Bobby's giggles were coming out like an AK-47 with a full banana clip. The torturers are practically sitting on him. Fingers working double-time on his delectable platter. How the girls savored him. Bobby is buffed, no doubt about it. They can feel it under his loose fitting clothes. A feast definitely fit for a tickle queen. There was a nice rack of manly chest, below it was two sets of ribs Kim tenderized herself. Down below Tracy was helping herself to two big thighs and drumsticks. Bobby's platter shook to a point that the BMW was rocking on its tires. After an hour of gorging themselves...

"Hey! What's going on in here?" Asked a voice from outside the driver's window.

Things quiet down inside the car as the two ladies look to see another female looking in. A beautiful black mature looking woman, looks to be in her mid thirties. Dressed in athletic attire, sports bra and sweat pants, all black.

"Hello there." Greeted Tracy.

"Hi, I was driving along and noticed this car I thought was abandoned. Then I also noticed it shaking from side to side and a lot of laughing was coming from inside. So I pulled over to investigate."

"There's no problem here," answered Tracy, "just having some fun with our friend here. And there is nothing wrong with the car, either. We decided to pull over after a long drive."

"Well, at least it doesn't seem to be what I first suspected before approaching." She added, "All of you have your clothes on. Sorry for being nosy, but curiosity has gotten the best of me. What's going on?"

"Well, it's like this." Explained Tracy, "My name is Tracy, these are my good friends Kim and Bobby. We're trying to cure Bobby of his depression, but he refuses to confess about

what’s really bothering him.”

“I told you both already. I still hadn’t gotten over Justine.” He argued.

“See, that what he says. But the fact that he and his ex broke up, that was six months ago, old news. He can’t still be trippin’ over that, so we don’t believe him.”

“Mind if I take a crack at him, I’m pretty good at this sort of thing.” She offers.

The stranger introduces herself as Lisa Harrington and the two girls make way for her to climb inside and get between them near Bobby’s midriff.

“Nice to meet you Bobby, I’m Lisa. I’d shake your hand but apparently you’re tied up at the moment. These girls are very concerned about you, the very least you can do is be straight with them. What’s the matter, baby?”

“Okay. What I’ve been trying to get through to them is the fact that I’m still down over breaking up with my ex-girlfriend Justine. But they won’t listen to reason.” He explains.

“But these two just told me that it happened a long time ago. Can’t you move on?”

“Well with some people it’s hard to let go when you have something special, you know? I really loved that girl.”

Lisa smirked at him. “Bobby dear, how old are you?”

“Twenty.”

“THEN WHAT THE HELL DO YOU KNOW ABOUT LOVE? YOU LITTLE WHIPPER-SNAPPER!”

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHA
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHA HAHAH AHAAAAHAH
AAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
HAHA HAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAH AHAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

Bobby completely lost it. Succumbed to giggles as Tracy and Kim watch Lisa tickle Bobby’s midsection with a skill that can rival any concert pianist. The two them had very concerned looks on their faces. Thirty minutes later, she stops.

“You girls were right, he IS hiding something else. This will be fun.” She decided to get more comfortable by removing her sneakers. Bobby better say something fast, anything.

“You guys are making a big deal over nothing, trust me. I got this under control.” Bobby argues.

Lisa takes a good hard look at his face while wearing a mask of doubt. “Get his feet.” She ordered.

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHA
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHA HAHAH AHAAAAHAH

The two girls look at each other. "You know what, that's a good question, I don't recall him yelling at us to stop or asking us to untie him." Answered Tracy.

"That's right," added Kim, "Nothing but pure laughter."

"Here girls, look at his face." Ordered Lisa as she straddles him and works his ribs, sides and belly. As she tickled, Bobby's face looked very calm for a person who's tied up and tickled against his will. His eyes were closed but not shut tightly, and his smile wasn't all that twisted but more serene and pleasant. Lisa stops her little demonstration and folds her arms akimbo while smiling at Bobby, watching him catch his breath.

"Did you girls see what I saw?" she asked, the two hadn't realized then Lisa gave her attention back to Bobby.

"Bobby, you might as well come clean honey, because I discovered a little secret. You're a tickle masochist."

"A tickle-what?" interrupted Kim.

"You mean to tell me all this time..." asked Tracy.

"That's right, between you two and myself Bobby has been tickle tortured for at least six hours, and he's been enjoying every second of it. That's why he never protested, he's loving this. Probably too embarrassed to say it, or maybe to ashamed to admit it. Or could it be, he admitted it to someone before and things didn't work out and he regrets it so much he decided to keep his true feelings bottled up forever. How's my aim, Bobby?"

Bobby just stared blankly at Lisa, which was all she needed to see.

"I think I can piece together the rest of your puzzle Bobby." She explained, "Justine was probably tickling you when the two of you were alone together, maybe during sex. And it felt so wonderful to you, you gathered up the courage to tell her your fetish thinking she would understand. But she didn't, instead she probably felt it was the most peculiar thing she'd ever heard. She started to have doubts about you and her, and began to shun herself away from you, maybe called you all sorts of names, and eventually ending the relationship. You were so devastated, you regret even bringing up that fetish and vowed never to speak of it again. You figured that if you get another girlfriend, you'd lose her too if she'd learn about your true desire. Am I right Bobby?"

Evidently, Lisa's aim was dead on. Bobby finally told them the whole story about why he and Justine broke up. During one of their intimate sessions, he asked Justine to tie him up and tickle him and she practically freaked out on him. That was the first time he revealed his secret fetish to anyone. Bringing it up put him in a state so vulnerable that Justine's reactions leading up to the break-up crushed him. He kept to himself ever since. Now that he's revealed his secret again, the familiar vulnerable feeling resurfaced.

"Now you guys probably think I'm weird too, huh." He mumbles.

"No sweetheart," answered Lisa, "not all women are like her. Truth be told, she probably has a secret fetish that may be worse than yours. In my line of work, I've seen some crazy shit out there. It really is a big world. However this is about you. Your fetish is fine and

healthy, there's nothing wrong with it. And there's nothing wrong with you. So forget that little snout-nose, it's her loss."

"Hey Lisa," Tracy asks, "how were you able to figure all of this out anyway? Are you psychic or something?"

"No," she laughs, "nothing of the sort. I'm a homicide detective with the 23rd precinct. I also hold a degree in advanced psychology. In my experience, I've seen cases like Bobby's many times but of a more dangerous perspective."

"So are we done here?" asked Bobby, "I've told you all everything, can you please untie meeeeeeeeeEEEEEEEEEE HAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAAHAHAHA HAHAAHAHAH AHAHAHAHAH AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

Lisa goes back to work on Bobby's midriff. "From now on Bobby, you speak only when spoken to, got it? You're under arrest."

"What's the charge?" asked Kim.

"Grand Theft Emotional." Answered Lisa, still tickling.

"What the hell is 'Grand Theft Emotional'?" asked Kim.

"Stealing my heart." She answered, "I'm starting to like this guy and I want to get to know this adorable hunk of ticklish beefcake and there's no time like the present. Guess what, Bobby. I just had the exact same experience you had. My last boyfriend dumped me because I had him tied up and tickled for an entire night. I'm a tickle sadist, and he hated that. I hadn't had a good tickle session before meeting you. Now that I know you're available, I think the two of us will be great friends. You guys don't have any plans do you?"

Tracy remembered the mundane family reunion, then decided to clear her schedule. This alternative would promise a much more enjoyable vacation.

"No, not at all. The three of us are on school break for three weeks."

"Excellent!" breathed Lisa, "Why don't you follow me to my place so that I can introduce Bobby here to my good friends Mr. handcuffs, Mr. ball gag, and the feather sisters."

"Sounds like fun. Isn't that right, Stud of the Year?" teased Tracy.

Bobby is still in tickle heaven, he didn't catch that last statement. Lisa wants to tickle him some more before she goes back to her car.

"Bobby, you have the right to remain laughing. Anything you say can and will be used against you in my bondage devices. You have the right to an attorney, and if that attorney doesn't want to tickle you, I will provide one to you free of charge. And we will all tickle you and tickle you and tickle you until you have paid your debt to me. Do you understand these rights I have read to you, my new little tickle toy?"

Bobby had just enough concentration to nod his head.

“Good! Ladies leave him tied up until you arrive at my house. He’s under my custody now and you two can assist me on his ‘rehabilitation’. Oh and I noticed your sorority license plate, that’s why I pulled over. We Mu Kappa Alpha sisters have to stick together, right?”

-The End-

GAME OVER

Story by Warrior428

"Megan, please, I'm so very very sorry! Please forgive me!"

"You blew off our five-year anniversary to be in a Halo 2 tournament on Xbox Live? Of all the selfish, low down, dirty things to pull. This is really over the top, Reggie!" she bellowed while finishing his bondage.

Meet the Wallaces, Reggie and Megan, former newlyweds and now have entered the normal stage of marriage where faults are more noticeable. Megan is a freelance seamstress who is doing very well with herself. Her skills have gotten her very popular with several dry cleaning companies and consignment shops throughout town. As for her husband Reggie, he's a software developer for a company called Silicon Entertainment. This company develops and publishes video games, and Reggie is a certified video game fanatic. I wouldn't just say he loves video games since childhood, but his home entertainment system, aside from the 53" Sony Plasma 1000 TV with all the trimmings, he has a PlayStation2, an Xbox, and a Nintendo Gamecube. Real cyber junkies would never stop with just one system. Him getting married didn't change this in him. How he landed a wife is beyond everyone's guess, which proves old proverb, there's always a lid to every pot.

The video game thing didn't bother Meagan at first, especially when the two of them were dating. She was glad of it because it kept him home and off the streets. She doesn't have to worry about him cheating on her or sneaking around. As time went on, Megan figured he would start to outgrow this whole video game phase. Alas, this is not a phase, it's his lifestyle. Megan thought she could get used to it, however Reggie's energy is becoming more focused on his home entertainment system. Either that or the fact that he brings his work home, which makes matters worse now. Reggie is either playing games on his big screen TV, or playing games on his Sony VAIO Pentium 4 PC for work related reasons.

Needless to say, Megan has had enough. She now feels neglected. Sony, Microsoft, and Nintendo are slowly stealing her husband away from her. It's now to a point that he rarely sleeps with her, she always finds him passed out on the couch or at his computer with his head in his earphones, his mouth wide open drooling all over his chest.

However, good fortune has smiled down on Megan, she remembered an even older weakness of Reggie's back when they were dating. Reggie's body is extremely sensitive to the oldest form of entertainment known to man, tickling. She used to get him good back in the halcyon days where the only thing he had was a Sega Saturn, and he spent more time interfacing with her than with it.

This brings us to our current situation. Megan has planned an interesting two weeks for her husband. Both have started their vacations and Megan has been waiting for this a long time. This man had the audacity to stand his wife up at a restaurant on their five-year anniversary to play in an online video game tournament. The consolation to this whole thing is he did win the tournament and got his bragging rights. He is about to see if this end REALLY justifies the means.

One of Megan's old friends, a black woman named Rhonda Williams, reunited after losing touch for a little over a year. Rhonda told her how she straightened out her husband Curtis for being selfish towards her. Megan figured that if it can work for Rhonda, it could

work for her.

Megan decided to give his punishment session an ironic twist. Megan has Reggie lying on the floor on his stomach. She has each hand duct taped to an Xbox controller, with just enough slack for him to move his fingers. Next she has the coffee table over his hips and thighs and has tied his knees to the table's rear legs, with his knees bent at a 90-degree angle so that his feet stick straight up in the air at the opposite edge of the table. To further keep him pinned to the living room floor, Megan collected a large number of sandbags and piled them on his lower back and thighs. She bought some leg irons from the S&M store and cuffed his ankles to the table's rear legs to hold his feet in position. She has it so that Reggie can use his arms to help prop his upper body so that he can see the TV. Yet he can't go anywhere. Since his hands are duct taped to the two Xbox game controllers, he can work his fingers to work the controllers, but his hands are overall useless.

To sum up this description, Megan turned her husband into an Xbox console accessory. The thing that gives him pleasure will now be used for his wife's retribution. Irony, thy name is Megan. Humiliation, thy name is also Megan. Creativity, thy name is definitely Megan. Vengeance is mine, say-eth Megan.

Anyhoo, Megan lies on the floor next to Reggie smiling at him.

"Megan, come on! Let me make it up to you some other way!"

"Sorry, my poor little hubby. This is for your own growth. I expected you to be through with these video game machines by now. So, I'm gonna show you what it's like to BE a video game machine."

"But this is stupid! Why don't you just make me sleep on the couch or something, like all women make their husbands do!"

"YOU ALWAYS SLEEP ON THE DAMN COUCH! YOU NEVER SLEEP WITH ME! WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME WE MADE LOVE REGGIE? BECAUSE I DON'T REMEMBER! YOU'D RATHER LEAVE ME IN THE BEDROOM ALONE AND PLAY WITH YOUR GAMES. That's not right, Reggie!"

"Ok ok ok! I'll spend more time with you, I promise."

"Oh, I KNOW you will, sweetie. Starting tonight, and this time I promise you, you will have just a good as time as I will."

Concluding her speech, Megan adds the final touch to the bondage. Strapping a breathing mask to Reggie's face and then wrapping duct tape around his head to hold it further in place. She connects the other end to a tank of nitrous oxide.

"This is going to tickle you in the inside. Consider that a hint of things to come."

There's a knock at the door, and Megan's best friend Tabitha Mays stands there with a huge plastic shopping bag labeled "Blockbuster Video".

"Oh Tabitha, come on in girl. I see you brought the stuff."

“Oh yes, you were right. The middle of the week is the best time to rent video games. There was no crowd and the shelves were stocked.”

“Don’t thank me, I got that tip from Reggie here, the video game nut.”

“Yeah, I see you got him all set up.”

“Yes I do. Are you ready to have some fun with me for the next couple of weeks?”

“Yeah! I’m in-between jobs now and I didn’t have anything else to do, so fuck it I brought my suitcase. What’s up down there Reggie!”

“You might as well not speak to him from here on out. The gas has probably taken effect by now. That will keep him nice and mellowed out while we play with him. Besides, he has the cutest laugh you will ever hear. It’ll warm your heart. So make yourself comfortable. Give me the bag.”

Tabitha sits down on the couch while Megan unpacks the bag, which to Reggie’s dismay, contained over 50 rented video games, enough entertainment and torture to last a couple of weeks. She powers up the Xbox and loads the first game. She returns to the couch and sits next to Tabitha.

“Ok Tabby, I invented a new game accessory for the Xbox, PS2, and GameCube. I call it the TicklePad. You and I are gonna play these games using these.”

She takes the key to the leg irons and unlocks Reggie’s ankles, allowing movement of his shins. Megan takes his left foot, Tabitha his right. After removing his shoes and socks, Megan explains.

“You see Tabitha, Reggie is ticklish just like everybody else, however his feet are extremely pressure sensitive. Reggie doesn’t go around barefoot. His tootsies are always padded at least a little. Even when he takes a shower he wears flip-flops. Over the years, his precious feet have become the softest, smoothest, most adorable pair of peds I’ve ever played with.”

She gently holds his left foot in her cupped hands, the sole facing up. She give the ball of his foot a slow gentle kiss and he immediately flinches, flexes, and wiggles. Tabitha became intrigued, then followed suit.

“You see Tabitha? So tender these feet are. Imagine how he would react...If we...
TICKLED THE SHIT OUT OF THEM! HUH REGGIE!? HOW YOU LIKE THEM
APPLES?”

Suddenly, like an explosion of fingernails, Megan viciously tickled Reggie’s foot with both hands while holding his leg with her legs. Reggie was beside himself, the gas mask muffling up all the sounds he could make. Tabitha joined in, scraping her fresh manicure up and down the sole of the right foot. Five minutes later, they stop.

“Ok Reggie, can you hear me down there?” said Megan, “Here’s how we’re gonna play. The two of us are gonna use your precious feet to play some video games. You are gonna ‘translate’ what we want to do using your modified hands, and you BETTER do a goood job, because the two of us aren’t as good at video games as you are.”

Nevertheless, that doesn't mean we're not competitive. The next time you want to play with your toys, this will be the only way for you to enjoy them. That is, once I box these things up and hide them from you."

The N₂O wasn't all that potent for Reggie to completely lose his senses, so he understood every word his wife was saying. The gas was just making him more susceptible to laughter. His wife wanted to make sure he won't lose his temper or get upset in any way during this ordeal.

"Ok the game I started up, let's see here, it's a puzzle game called 'Tetris Worlds'. Good selection, I like puzzles." Said Megan.

"Yeah, we can go head-to-head with this one, you're going down, Megan."

"We'll see. Start a two-player game, Reggie."

As the game gets underway, Megan's torture/punishment strategy is inventive. Reggie is actually playing the game, his left hand controls player one and his right hand controls player two. The people tickling his feet put his concentration to the test. They are pretending to be the ones playing the game, using his sensitive feet as game controllers. Reggie is undergoing pinches, prods, pokes, scrapes, drills, scribbles, swirls, any kind of tactile touching sensations a tickle sadist can think of. The feeling is maddening; the gas is not helping either. As his wife told him, from now on, if he wants to play video games, he only gets to play while getting his feet tickled. He HATES getting his feet tickled; in fact, he gets a little paranoid whenever his wife goes near his feet for any reason, but he LOVES video games. Therefore, without actually saying it, his wife gave him an effective ultimatum. Either give up this wonderful hobby he loves so much or helplessly endure the one thing he hates so much, decisions, decisions.

Megan however has the upper hand, she and Tabitha are bona fide tickle monsters especially Megan she loves doing it. One might say it's the reason she married this video game freak. Being a professional seamstress she's good with her hands, as she knits one and curls two with Reggie's toes. Tabitha's no slouch herself. Helping to raise two younger brothers, her babysitting experiences focused on tickling. Not to mention she's a master guitar player. Look at her strum the cords on Reggie's arch. Megan likes to tickle her husband on any given occasion and he always tries to get out of it. Under normal circumstances, she tickles him, and if he wants to play video games, she'll REALLY tickle him, win-win situation for her.

"What's the matter, Tabby? You're ten points behind." teased Megan while she draws curlicue swirls on the ball of Reggie's foot.

"Don't you worry about me. Comeback is my middle name." she replied.

"Oh really, I thought it was Shirley."

"Doesn't Reggie look cute down there on the floor giggling at the TV."

"Yes he does, but never mind him, keep playing. You too, Reggie."

Forty-five minutes have passed, then the girls decided to stop this game and try another one. Reggie's feet get just enough break time it takes for Megan to get up from the couch

and load another game before sitting back down and grabbing his foot again.

“Ok, this next game is an action adventure game called Oddworld: Munch’s Oddysee. Start her up, Reggie.” Ordered Megan as she tweaks his big toe.

The game begins and the two ladies finally got into it after about twenty minutes. Twenty hellish minutes from Reggie’s perspective. They played this game for ninety minutes before tiring of it.

“Here, let’s try this one, Fusion Frenzy.” Said Tabitha.

Fusion frenzy is the perfect description for the next two hours. Poor Reggie, the girls ENJOYED this game. It is a series of mini-contests between characters to choose from. The learning curve was very easy and the game was fun.

Now it’s midnight, the next game turned out to be a racing game called Burnout 3. That made for an interesting tickle torture session for Reggie. He was feeling fingernails on his feet making dragging circles as if those two were turning a steering wheel. They had a ball playing it, and after an hour of that, it was not the only racing title they played. They also spent some time playing Need for Speed Underground 2, Project Gotham Racing 2, and Rallysport Challenge 2. T’was a good night for sequels.

Two in the morning, it’s getting late, or getting early for all you half empty half full buffs, but Reggie’s getting tired. However, the ladies have been drinking coffee all night and they feel awesome.

“What’s next on the agenda?” asked Tabitha.

“How about...Oooh! Here’s a good one!” beamed Megan as she showed Tabitha the CD.

“Mortal Kombat Deception, oh yeah, I’ve heard of this one. The guys love this.” She responded.

“Yeah, Reggie owns a copy of this. I’ve seen him play it many times. Let’s get started.”

They’re about thirty minutes into it. Reggie is going through foot tickle hell, even if he tries to hold his laughter, the gas just pulls it right out of him. He sweats, he tears, but he plays on. The girls are witnessing first hand what a real violent video game looks like. They’re shocked, but still intrigued. It was more blood than they have ever seen, but it was still fun. Suddenly, Megan remembered something.

“Hey Reggie! Help us do those fatality moves you love to do so much. What is it for this guy? Is it PINKY-TOE, PINKY-TOE, BIG-TOE, THIRD, SECOND, FOURTH?”

Reggie read between the lines, and tried his best to give the two of them a good Mortal Kombat show. The torturers were really getting into it.

“What’s the code to rip his spine out?” asked Tabitha, “Is it BIG, BIG, PINKY, PINKY, HEEL, ARCH, PINKY, PINKY?”

“Yeah, that sounds about right. Do it, Reggie.”

On another match, "Ok, what can this character do? Let's try THIRD, PINKY, ARCH, ARCH, FOURTH, HEEL, BIG, ARCH." Teased Megan.

Moreover, that is how it went for the next four hours. The girls kept making up fake cheat codes to do advanced kill animations on the game. Reggie has mastered all the codes and he can do them in his sleep. So, whatever they ask for he gives them, but the cost is some serious tickling techniques. After about three MORE hours, Reggie looked like one of the dead Mortal Kombat characters Megan got a FLAWLESS VICTORY on.

Eight in the morning...

"Ok, what's next? Let's see...Grand Theft Auto?"

Reggie heard that title then immediately shook his head like a lunatic. That game is time consuming. Unfortunately for him, time is something the girls have plenty of. So they popped it in. After two hours of stealing cars, killing cops, and boning prostitutes, the torturers grew weary and powered everything off. Gave Reggie a pillow and let the catheter she put in him do its job. Lucky she's good with needles.

The following day after a good breakfast, well at least for the girls, all Reggie had was a Slim Fast milk shake. All the vitamins his body needed to endure a good tickle torture session without the need to actually feed him, brilliant but malicious on Megan's part. A quick change of the catheter bag and the two game masters unlock Reggie's ankles after loading up Tom Clancy's Ghost Recon 2. These two spent hours going at it hunting each other down in two-player head-to-head mode. Poor Reggie was a casualty before they even loaded up the game. Since this game involves stealth, they were tickling his feet slowly and methodically, like sneaking up on an unsuspecting tickle spot, then taking it out silently.

In case all of you out there in tickle torture land are wondering about the condition of Reggie's feet after all this abuse. There is no need to worry, Megan had a big bottle of wet wipes that the two of them have been using every couple of hours to keep his soles nice and clean and moisturized. No sweaty no stinky.

Later that evening and after another fifteen games, the N₂O tank finally ran out of gas so Megan removed it from Reggie's face. Reggie was a pure mess, hair all mussed and wet with sweat. His face was damp with his tears. He was trembling yet he could not stop smiling. His eyes were bloodshot re-defined from staring at the boob tube too long. Oh, my mistake, this is a plasma television, no tube. Still, and idiot box is an idiot box. Thanks to Megan's Slim Fast diet, it looks like he dropped a couple of pounds. Nevertheless, the women were not done with him.

Reggie notices that his wife is connecting the Xbox live headset to his left controller and putting it on his head. Next she lies back down on the floor next to him and smiles and evil smile at him while showing him his favorite game, Halo 2.

"This is your best game isn't it, Reggie? The one you spend the most time on ever since you bought it. You've gotten real good playing this game, huh? Nobody can beat you in this game, right? I hear you say that shit all the time while you're online with your buddies, trash talking. In fact, you have an undefeated record on the online servers, don't you? Ah yes, this game is the one...THE ONE THAT COST ME MY ANNIVERSARY DINNER DATE WITH YOU! THE ONE THAT MADE ME SIT AT THAT RESTAURANT ALL

EVENING WAITING FOR YOU! THE ONE THAT HAS CONSISTENTLY RUINED ANY CHANCE OF INTIMACY WITH YOU! BUT I FUCKING DIGRESS, REGGIE! Yes, yes I'm digressing from my point, which is...when I get through with you, your online buddies won't think you're the shizz-nit anymore." Then she loads the game program.

This time her strategy is simple, force Reggie to play this game against his online friends and mess him up. Giving his competition the advantage to beat this undefeated champion and ruin his Xbox Live reputation. Her and Tabitha are no longer pretending to play the video game, they are just gonna tickle the skin off Reggie's feet and try to break his concentration.

"Megan, please don't do this to me! I-I beg of you!"

"Sign on to Xbox Live sweetie, then we'll wait for one of your buddies to see you." She calmly answered with a slanty-eyed smile on her face. All the while she was gently rubbing his sole with her hand. Tabitha contributed to the gentle foot massage on her side. "Go ahead Reggie, check your voice messages, I'm sure they all have been looking for you these past 20 hours."

This new version of Halo has the capability of allowing a player to record voice and text messages and sending them to an online player for later. Reggie had a ton of messages, they naturally accumulated from all that torture time he has gone through the past day and a half. The two ladies continue to softly rub his feet, the proverbial calm before the storm.

Reggie continues to wait in the online lobby, the girls let him wait. They want Reggie to lose to someone that he has beaten several times. The taste of victory would be sweeter for that player and the taste of defeat would be sourer for Reggie. Another ten minutes of patience, then suddenly he gets an invite from one of the players on his friends list.

"Go ahead Reggie, chat with him." She said, "And don't mind us, just pretend that I'm in bed hoping that you would fuck me one night. You know, just like every night."

That last statement confirms to Reggie that the grudge is firing on all cylinders.

"Hey G-Man!" Reggie's Xbox Live gamertag. "You up for a little one-on-one, I've been practicing while you were out." Said a voice coming from the TV's speakers, where Reggie and both girls can hear him.

"You BETTER accept his or anyone else's challenge." Ordered his wife.

Regret covers Reggie like an ominous cold blanket. Had he spent more quality time with his wife, he would not be in this predicament. This online player has NEVER defeated Reggie in a one-on-one shootout. Nobody has, and Reggie is about to witness his perfect record disappear thanks to his wife.

The game starts and the only strategy that Reggie came up with at the last minute is to hide from this guy until the six minute timer runs out. That forces the other player to take the time to look for him. He also manages to use his mouth to mute his microphone so the online player can't hear him get tickled. The minute he hit that mute button it finally happened.

The calm serene valley of his soft sensitive soles became ravaged by a monsoon of flying

fingernails. Two twisters, one on each foot, generating gale force winds of up to 350mph engulfed the supple peaceful environment of what was once an innocent oasis. These winds produced howling sounds that can be heard for miles. Debris scratching, scraping and embedding itself into newly hallowed ground, claiming it as its own. The valley shuddered, it quaked, but to no avail. The mighty storm is relentless, as a natural storm always is.

While the tickle storm does its damage, Reggie's character takes too many hits. His aim is thrown off, he cannot fight back, and he's too distracted. Less than a minute left on the game timer. He has been hiding pretty well for the first four minutes, even while the storm was taking over his nervous system. Less than thirty seconds left, his opponent finally finds him and takes him out with a sniper shot to the forehead at 150 yards. The king is dead.

"NOOO!"

The following two weeks, Reggie donated his computer, software and all his video games and systems to the local orphanage. Now the only system he plays with is the new Gigglebox 3000, designed by Megan, using the king sized bed, and a whole lot of rope.

-The End-

SCARFOOT

Story by Warrior428

“Crack 210!” ordered the head of the corrections officers.

“It’s time Montana.” She announces as Tonya walks out of her cell for the last time. She gives her cellmate a hearty handshake as she gets escorted away.

After an hour of freshening up and changing back into her original street clothes, Tonya emerges from the prison shower room looking like a million bucks. All those exercises she did made sure her swanky nightclub dress still fits. A long black masterpiece of fashion, with a slit all the way up her leg to her hip on one side, sleeveless and very tight around the bosom area, making her chest look like two big potatoes any man would want to mash.

“Prisoner 97M550Y6.” She recited to the desk officer. She hands her property to her and stamps her file ‘PAROLED’. As Tonya and her escort approach the main gate. The two of them shake hands as Tonya waits to hear those words she’s been waiting so long to hear in her favor.

“CRACK THE OUTSIDE!” Ordered the guard, as the main gate of Henning Women’s Correctional Facility begins to open. Tonya sighs a very heavy but well-earned sigh as she walks out towards the awaiting white stretch limousine parked in front. The limo driver opens the door for her, then takes her bag and puts it in the trunk.

The reason she was incarcerated was an incident involving a rival foot model. This rival ruined her modeling career by slashing her right foot with a switchblade. The only gift God gave her, which brought her fame and fortune is now ruined. No company would offer her a shoe or jewelry modeling contract, no more television commercial spots, and no more opportunities to model for QVC or the Home Shopping Network now that she has a big scar down her right foot. If she’s lucky, an internet fetish website may take interest in her tainted assets, but that was beneath her. In retaliation, and in a fit of rage, she and some thugs tracked this rival down and she had her beaten to a pulp and both her feet broken. The problem was, Tonya and her gang were careless. This was her first criminal act and there was a witness. That witness testified in court and Tonya was convicted and sentenced to ten years with a chance of parole after five years. She passed her parole hearing with flying colors. Her debt to society is now paid, and she never wants to come back.

The limo cruises down the highway as Tonya is accompanied by Carrera Vitalli her assistant, and Franchesca Porter her massage therapist. Carrera is sitting next to her while Franchesca is sitting across from her.

“It’s so good to be free again.” Sighed Tonya, “Fran honey, rub my feet for me please.”

She takes her shoes off and puts them in Franchesca’s lap. The master of all masseuses is happy to once again take care of what was once the hardest working pair of feet in the modeling industry, with that help start her massage parlor business. Carrera Vitalli is Tonya’s right hand woman a.k.a. ‘Lawyer’. Taking care of all the Montana assets since the death of her father. She also managed Tonya’s foot modeling career before the incident, a very sound legal and business mind. It has been the two of them by her side since the beginning and she considers them her best friends.

“Mmmmmmm! I see you haven’t lost your touch Fran, boy I’ve really missed this. I trained my cellmate to rub my feet properly, granted she was okay but nobody can top you.” She moaned.

“Is the meeting set for tomorrow night?” asked Tonya.

“Downtown.” Answered Carrera.

“Good, very good.” While enjoying the masterful foot massage with a skill suited only for royalty, Tonya begins to stare at the ominous scar on her right foot, as a reminder of what can happen if you choose to use violence as a solution. The scar isn’t that bad looking, the doctor did a very good job. Nonetheless, there is a blemish on the one thing that she cherished the most. Because of how lovely her feet were, she was in newspapers, magazines, in fact, she posed barefoot on the cover of Vanity Fair magazine. Now that scar haunts her with every step she takes. Even if the pedicurist tries to hide it with makeup, it will still be there underneath and Tonya has to live with that. Knowing that she can no longer shake her moneymakers, she has a plan to stay on top of the game in another way.

Making sure that the soundproof shield is up so that the driver can’t hear them, Tonya begins.

“Ladies, what I’m about to tell you is very important. It will dictate our futures from here on, so please listen carefully. This little prison experience has taught me one thing, violence begets violence and if it doesn’t lead you to the grave it will definitely leave you locked up. It was an act of violence that ruined my career and it was another act of violence that put me behind bars. Well, I’ve had my fill of violence. I’ll leave that to the men, they’re better suited for it. We ladies have to be smarter than that. We have to be ten steps ahead of everyone else.”

Both ladies nod in agreement, Franchesca continues the foot massage.

“Fran, it’s become obvious through the years that you have very skilled hands. Tell me something, what do you know about tickling?”

“Tickling? Are you serious?” she asks in surprise.

“Yes I know it’s an out of place subject right about now, but trust me on this. Carrera, have you ever heard of a court case involving one adult tickling another, and there was no sexual behavior involved?”

She ponders for a moment, “No, I can’t say that I have.”

“So, would you say in your professional opinion that tickle torture between adults could be illegal?”

“No, no way. That’s absurd.” Answered Carrera.

“Mmmmmmm perrrrfect!” she breathed still enjoying the massage. “You know girls, over the years I watched my father Tony strong arm his way to the top using violence and murder, and look where it got him. All of the mob bosses today follow that same pattern. They go in and out of prison and think nothing of it. Then there are the drug dealers, that’s just

fucking stupid. All in all it's been drive-by shootings, gun fights with the police, crack houses, you name it. Well for us to keep this empire my father left me going I have a plan for us to be the most feared organization without being crazy like those other assholes. Ladies, did you know that tickling can be used to obtain power?"

The two charges looked at each other then shook their heads.

Tonya pulls her feet off Fran's lap and sits up. "Well, let me share with you my experiences at the Henning Women's Correctional Facility. Then, I'll show you how we are going to own this ticklish city."

Six months later...

"HAAAAAAAAAAAAA HAH!
HA HA OK OK OK I'LL TAKE THE DEAL J-J-J JUST SSSSSSTOP PLEASE!" Screamed a very frustrated and tired restaurant chain owner, through the TV's speakers. With a click of the remote control, the screen image goes off and the noise stops. Tonya places the remote on her desk, then saunters around to the front of the desk and leans on it, partially sitting, smiling at her newly acquired business partner.

"So Mr. Swanson, did you enjoy your free massage? Hmm?" smiling evilly at him.

Mr. Charlie Swanson owner of Swanson Seafood restaurant chain. The biggest restaurant chain in the entire Northeastern U.S. His headquarters is right here in little Italy right within Tonya's reach, making her first catch a piece of cake. Yet, he doesn't say anything, mainly because that free massage was much more than he bargained for.

"Oh, nothing to say have you?" she confirmed, "Yeah I know, those ladies at the massage parlor are so good they leave you speechless, not to mention in several compromising positions. Nonetheless, being speechless is a good thing. I suggest you stay that way, because if you talk to anybody about what transpired here, the video and the pictures go public. When people think of seafood, they think of Swanson. That's your slogan right? Well, if you fuck me over, when people think of Swanson, they'll think sex scandal. Thank you for your signature and your cooperation and I'll be seeing you at the next quarterly meeting."

He puts on his hat, his trench coat and leaves quietly yet humiliated. He's very upset, you would be too if you were just blackmailed into turning over half of your business to the mob. Also it was done in a manner he did not see coming. It would have been more dignified if he had a gun pointed at his head. But the way they set him up and the way she rolled him like that. That was just low.

Low? Pretty much, but brilliant, very very brilliant.

Tonya Montana's L.U.S.T. plan for a successful home based business:

L - Lure them: After researching all the businesses and targeting the owners of these businesses, Tonya hires strippers, female for male targets and male for female targets, and sends them to do a strip-O-gram, which includes a 30-minute massage. Once the show is all over, the stripper hands the person a business card and a special V.I.P. package card. The V.I.P. package is a complimentary full-body massage for four hours, and as part of the package, the V.I.P. customer gets a, what you call "happy ending", for

those of you who know what I'm narrating about.

U – Undress them: Once the target arrives at the Angel of Mercy Massage Parlor they are reminded that the package deal is only good for a full-body massage, not any chair or minor massage treatment. So the customer HAS to remove their clothing. Also, to maintain the special V.I.P. treatment, the customer is taken to a luxurious massage room. Decorated beautifully and very private, not to mention off limits to the other personnel. What the customer doesn't know is that this special room is underground, below the original basement, soundproofed and rigged with hidden cameras camouflaged in the paintings high up on the walls and corners. Some of these cameras are video cameras, some take normal pictures. These cameras are digital that feed their images directly to a server with high-speed internet access. That server computer has the capability to burn DVD's as well as Video CD's in addition to sending the images and clips out to the web.

S – Secure them: Once the customer gets comfortable lying face down on the massage bed, for the next thirty minutes that customer is treated to the best massage (s)he has ever received. They get more and more relaxed by the minute. The way this massage parlor is organized, the lesser skilled masseuses are all upstairs taking care of the normal customers. There's even a receptionist and a supervisor coordinating the routines. However, Franchesca and her handpicked team of master masseuses control the V.I.P. room: Gabrielle Morris, Lucia Richards, Mia Bishop, and Dawn Andrews. These women's hands are just as skilled as Fran's, and they know every inch of the central nervous system. Once the customer is relaxed enough, one of them while massaging the person's neck pinches a nerve near the carotid artery on both sides of the neck, rendering the victim unconscious for a few moments. During that time the masseuses begin turning the customer on their back and securing their elbows, knees, wrists, and ankles with leather shackles.

T – Torture them: Using smelling salts, they wake the victim up and the real fun begins. Franchesca followed Tonya's suggestion about tickling and decided to research it on the internet. From there she entered a new and exciting world, taking in everything she could. Between spending time in internet tickling communities and reading books about tickling that she finds at bookstores. Fran has become a tickling expert and she has incorporated her massage expertise along with it. When she handpicked her elite massage team, she selected them for more than just their massage skills, they're all tickle sadists. They've lost many boyfriends to their insatiable fetish and when they found out that they can get paid for doing the one thing they all loved more than life itself, they packed light and relocated.

In a nutshell, the V.I.P. or Victim In Position is blackmailed into turning over 50% of their business' profits to Tonya Montana. All the while suffering at the hands of ticklers so skilled they can work their fingers in places small parasites can get into. Places the customer never knew were ticklish. To really put a dent in their dignity, before the team wakes them up, they bring in members is a notorious gay fetish establishment and let themselves be photographed in compromising positions with the sleeping victim. The tortured victim is forced to sign power of attorney papers that Carrera Vitalli drew up in Tonya's favor. Tonya threatens them with ruining their good name with the materials she collects. There is nothing that person can do about it. They can't go to the police and press charges, because they didn't get hurt in any way. There was no violence at all, and you can't go to jail for tickling somebody, especially when that person walked into your establishment willingly. All that person had to do was decline the whole invitation and nothing would've happened. The fact that the room has hidden surveillance means that

“Really? Sure, meet me back here in two hours.”

Six months later, Rochelle graduated and became one of Fran’s elite. Fran told her the whole business and learned that Rochelle enjoys giving somebody a good tickle just like the rest of them. Rochelle was to head up the elite team on the new parlor location. After weeks of careful searching, three more skilled ticklers were found and that puzzle was complete. Tonya’s new goal is to build the Angel Of Mercy massage parlor chain as far and wide as she can get it.

A month later...

“Hello? It’s me, checking in.”

“Were you followed?”

“No, I’m in a secluded phone booth.”

“What do you have to report.”

“There is a connection between the Angel of Mercy massage parlor and Tonya Montana. She doesn’t own the business, but she is definitely linked to it.”

“Do you have any proof?”

“Not yet, however I do know that these ‘free massages’ as they call them are recorded on digital video and sent to a server. The plan is to try to get in cahoots with one of her technicians and get the server address so I can hack into it from the outside. There is a good side and a bad side. The good side is that these video clips will show the extortion, but the bad side is that Tonya is never present in the V.I.P. room during the session.”

“That’s a good start, but to really nail Tonya, we’ve got to connect her to these practices somehow. The plan is up to you.”

“I’ll check back in two weeks.”

The following month...

“WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN I’M BEING AUDITED?” shouted a surprised Tonya.

“Don’t worry Tonya, I’m sure it’s just a stupid shakedown. You know how the feds are.” Carrera consoled.

“You’re probably right.” As she starts to calm back down. “But I’m still concerned. This enterprise was designed not to attract attention from the authorities, let alone the government. I think I smell a rat.”

“You think someone we rolled is tipping them off?” asked Franchesca.

“Yes I do. I think one of our so called ‘partners’ decided to call us out. Carrera, I’ll let you handle this audit. During which Fran and I will try to sniff out this rat and make him spill his guts.”

After that little meeting, everything went in Tonya's favor. Carrera had undisputed proof that all of Tonya's partnerships were on the up and up. However Tonya did not like the federal attention, and she wanted to find out how she became their number one concern all of a sudden. Her hunch was that one of the suckers she landed finally told on her. All it takes is a anonymous phone call to the IRS. After a few weeks of playing cop, Franchesca found out that Charlie Swanson's wife had left him and is planning their divorce. The details were that she is definitely looking for alimony because since he is the seafood restaurant king she didn't have to work. The only asset he'll have left is the restaurant chain, which is his pride and joy and a definitely strong lifeline to start over on. He figured that if he can get Tonya Montana indicted on extortion charges, it would relinquish her hold on his business.

That is exactly what Franchesca deduced. As she arrives at Tonya's home where she and Carrera are already having a meeting.

"Hey Tonya, guess what? Did you hear about Chuck Swanson? His wife is divorcing him. Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

"She's gonna try to take him to the cleaners, isn't she?" replied Tonya.

"One of the major benefits of marrying a multi-millionaire." Added Carrera.

"And as much of his heart and soul he put into his restaurant, I'm sure he'll let his wife have everything else as long as she doesn't mess with that asset." Continued Franchesca.

"And I bet he thinks that since his wife is leaving him he's gonna risk my exposing him with the pictures we took. He'll just rely on his restaurant's integrity to help him get over the obstacle I'd put in front of him."

"He feels that he's not gonna go down without a fight, or at least take people down with him." Deduced Carrera.

"My sentiments exactly." Responded Franchesca, "I asked him if he spoke to the feds and he denied it. Personally I don't believe him."

"I'm with you on that." Tonya responded, "Have the mole set him up for another free massage. We'll find out what he knows."

I apologize for not explaining that piece of detail about Tonya's organization. After she acquires a partner, she secretly hires one of that boss' employees to keep an eye on him/her. This is to keep the mob boss in line with her terms. The 'mole' as she calls them is usually the person that slips the boss a mickey to make them abductable. Other than that, the mole regularly reports to Tonya about their boss' activities.

As Franchesca heads out the door. "Fran, one more thing, I'll conduct the interrogation on this one."

"For you that's very risky. Are you sure about that?"

"Oh yeah, Mr. fish thinks he can swim himself out of my net. I need to remind him who

you're just as ticklish as he was. And guess what? You two aren't the only ones I help send to the crazy house. I can recall one particular jerk we had strapped down when I worked the graveyard shift at Emerson Memorial. But enough of that, since you decided to shoot off your big mouth, I want ALL of the restaurant's earnings, complete ownership. You're no longer a partner, you now work for me! I'll have my people prepare the paperwork."

She stops the inhuman torture for a moment to speak. "Fran, get Carrera on the phone and have her get started. The rest of you, take over for me."

Which boded well for Charlie, he could not endure Tonya hands any longer. He practically welcomed the others to tickle him after that performance.

Three days later...

"Hello?"

"Yeah, it's me, checking in."

"What's the status?"

"Success! I was able to get the server's IP address and hacked into it's hard drive. I downloaded all the video and picture files. I'll FedEx everything to you."

"Is there any material there linking Tonya Montana to these 'free massages'?"

"That's the real reason I'm checking in. I hit the jackpot on some material that recorded this past weekend. Don't worry, you'll get it."

"Excellent work."

"Just you keep up your end of the bargain!"

"Don't worry, we'll take good care of you."

One week later...

Franchesca stops by the new branch to check in on things. After talking with the manager there she gets some interesting news.

"Are you serious? Rochelle quit?"

"Yeah. She turned in her resignation a week ago. It was very sudden too. She didn't even leave a two-weeks notice."

Next thing, Franchesca's cell phone rings.

"WHAT!"

"I'm not joking." Exclaimed Mia, "Tonya's been indicted, the police just took her to the precinct. You need to get over here."

As soon as she heard that, Franchesca kept thinking about Rochelle's sudden departure. But no time for that now.

One month later, Tonya's trial wraps up with closing arguments. Thanks to the FedEx package, the prosecutor has sufficient evidence of Tonya's extortion and racketeering practices. Granted there was no violence, but proof that a crime was still being committed. That proof was putting somebody into a seizure, which is the same as an assault charge. The judge returns from his chambers after reviewing the materials. The honorable Robert Keys presiding.

"Will the defendant please rise."

"In the case of the United States versus Tonya Montana, who stands accused of extortion, racketeering, and tax evasion charges. I find the defendant..."

Tonya clenches her fists.

"...guilty as charged!"

There is an uproar of male voices as judge Keys raps his gavel.

"It is the decision of this court, that Tonya Montana be sentenced to life imprisonment without the possibility of parole. You are to be expedited to the Henning Women's Correctional Facility immediately. Bailiff, please take the prisoner."

The entire courtroom explodes in a standing ovation as men shake hands with each other. Eighty percent of that audience were mob bosses she rolled during her reign. Since Tonya didn't have any siblings or children, this marks the downfall of the Montana family.

Judge Keys retires to his chambers, looks up at the ceiling and says: "Well, I got another one for you Charles, get well soon brother."

The following week, the FBI seized all of Tonya's assets, frozen all of her accounts and had Franchesca and her massage team spend a month in the county jail as a slap on the wrist, since they were all first offenders. When she finally got out, the rest of the massage team disbanded. Franchesca herself paid Tonya a visit.

"Tonya, honey I'm so very sorry!"

"About what? It wasn't your fault."

"Yes it was, in a way. Turns out, it wasn't Charlie Swanson who ratted you to the feds. Before I heard of your arrest, I found out that my new girl Rochelle resigned from the new parlor branch. The manager said she left in a big hurry. So I'm suspecting her."

"So all this time Charlie could have been telling the truth! You still got your business right?"

"Yeah, I can bounce back. And the first thing I'm gonna do is track down Ms. Rochelle Dawson."

"Yeah, you rebuild while I work on this appeal. As soon as they let me get to a phone, I'll

call Carrera.”

“Ok, good luck girlfriend. I’ll see you again.”

The next day...

“Hello?”

“Yeah, it’s me again. Is it done?”

“Yes, thanks to you and all your help. Tonya will never hit the streets again. Your job is done.”

“I really didn’t appreciate you taking my profession away from me. Is that what you call holding up your end of the bargain?”

“Listen, you were in it just as deep as Tonya. The fact that you helped us nail her earned you your freedom. So fucking get over it, and move on.”

She slams the payphone back on its hook, next she hears the P.A. announcement that flight 203 is now boarding. She grabs her two bags and heads to the terminal. While inside the plane, she stares out the window while the plane floats away from the runway, taking one last look at the place she was born in and once called ‘home’. As to the conditions of the witness protection program, she will never set foot there again. She turns her head forward as she begins to make plans for a new life.

Good luck, Carrera.

-The End-

Surrender To Me 2: When Curtis Met Rhonda

Story By Warrior428

During the wee hours of a very interesting Saturday morning...

“WTCK radio, you’re on the air.”

“Ok, enough games. All three of you jump him at once, FREESTYLE.” Ordered Rhonda on the phone with the radio station.

“NOOOOOOO LADIES, DON’T DO IT. DON’T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT!” yelled a panicking Bryce.

All three ladies stare down at him with hungry, evil, wild-eyed smiles on their faces, positioning themselves for a tickle attack. “Bryyyyyyce,” cooed Brenda, “we’re coming to get yoooooooouuuuu! You ladies out there in radio land better turn down your volumes, this is gonna get noisyyyyyyyyy.”

Then, they all pounced on him. If there was bare flesh, it got tickled, no stone was left unturned. Bryce's laughter was ear splitting, and they never let up on him.

"Ohhhh god, listen to him." Moaned Rhonda as she and her friend Stacy Williams listen to an unprecedented change in their favorite radio show, the Midnight Jazz Express on WTCK FM radio. Their favorite disc jockey, Bryce Edwards is being tickled tortured on live radio and this is the first time his audience has heard him laugh, ever. After years and years of being quiet, the silence is finally broken, and what a sweet sound it is.

"What I wouldn't give to be in girlfriend's position right now." Moaned Stacy, who's body temperature is beginning to rise thanks to the show. She grabbed a piece of cardboard and is fanning herself.

For those of you who hadn't read 'A Woman's Touch'. Bryce Edwards, the hottest radio DJ in the city has been packing them in on the Midnight Jazz Express radio show. Too bad it's been uninterrupted music for four hours straight. Because of his alluring voice, the female fans demanded to hear more of him. His engineer agreed, and with the help of two female janitors, she interrupted his regularly scheduled program. Now Bryce's female audience is getting what they have all been asking for. And loving every minute of it.

"Listen to him, that voice. It's really doing a number on me right now." Moaned Rhonda as she and her friend continue to enjoy Bryce's torment.

One hour later, the torture show ends.

"Well ladies, that's our time. It has been a wonderful show. Hope you all got what you all were waiting for all this time, this opportunity may never come again, unless you do something about it. As for me, this will probably mark the end of my employment with WTCK radio, tickling their number one DJ against his will like this. But that's ok, it was worth it. For Peggy, Lisa, and of course our tickle toy Bryce Edwards, this is Brenda Wilson signing off. You've been listening to the tickle express, on WTCK FM radio, 102.9"

After that announcement, Stacy stops the cassette recording and rewinds the tape.

"Oh girl you have got to make me a copy of that before I leave today." Said Rhonda, "That was the sexiest thing I've ever heard, and it's not even pornography. If I ever see Bryce Edwards walking down the street, I swear to God, I would grab him, drag him to a nearby alley and tickle him for as long as I can."

"Good thing Brenda Wilson gave us that description of him before the fun started. Now we all have a good idea of what he looks like." Replied Stacy.

The two ladies slash tickle gremlins start the playback of the cassette, ten minutes into it they stop because there's a knock at the door.

"Oh, hey fellas." Greeted Stacy as a group of young men drag a semi-limp body into the house and onto the couch. They start to leave.

"Is he gonna be okay?" Stacy asked.

"Oh yeah." One of them answered, "He didn't have too much to drink, he just can't hold his

liquor. He's very alcohol sensitive. He only had a single shot of Jack Daniels, but it was mostly beers."

"Ok, and thanks for taking care of him." Said Stacy as she sees them off.

Rhonda approaches from the den. "And who is this pray tell?"

Stacy begins to remove his jacket, shoes, and socks. "This is my baby brother Curtis, of whom I am so very proud of. Those guys were his college buddies. Curtis is the first of his graduating class to land a job before graduating, getting an early start in his new career. They were all out celebrating his good fortune all night. So, I guess he's all partied out."

"Very good for him." Responded Rhonda, "I love seeing good men do positive things with their lives."

"Oh he's my only brother, and the only son my mother has." Replied Stacy, "She and the rest of us have been supporting his decision to go get an education, and he has worked so very hard all these years. He's very dear to us. And it's good to see him go out and socialize with others. He's really an introvert."

The two girls go back to the den and continue to listen to the torture recording. Half an hour later, a drunken voice calls out...

"Mmmmmmmwwwwhhhat da heck arrrrre you allll listening tooo?" Curtis blurted, "Issssssthatt laughing I hear?"

"It's nothing Curtis, go back to sleep." Answered Stacy, "Better turn this down a little."

However, Curtis got a patch of energy and he can't go back to sleep at the moment. So he tries to talk to the two girls from the distance of the sofa to the den. He sobered up to the point of speaking more clearly.

"It sounds like you guys are watching cartoons. What the devil is that?" he asks.

"Don't worry sweetie, just go back to sleep. It's late you know."

"Aww come on!" he urged on, "What are you guys listening to? Is this some kind of office prank or something?"

Rhonda decided to get up from her seat and go spend some time with Mr. Curtis. She knelt by the sofa where his body was stretched out on.

"Your sister told you to go to sleep, honey." She said.

"I can't sleep now, I'm up." He replied, he tries to sit up but the residual intoxication forces him back down with a dizzy spell.

"Whoa there pardner!" said Rhonda easing him back on the couch. "See, you still need some more sleep. Anyway I'll keep you company, my name is Rhonda Thompson. How do you do."

"I'm Curtis, nice to meet you. What's going on back there with you two?"

Rhonda starts idly tracing a single finger along his forearm. "You wanna know what we were listening to? Did it sound kind of weird to you?"

"Yeah, what was that?"

Her finger makes it way up his bicep toward his closed armpit. "You really wanna know?"

"Yeah. He he!" he giggles.

As her curious finger heads across his collarbone to the other side of his torso, the other hand extends an equally curious index finger of its own.

"You really, really wanna know?"

"He he he Yesss ss ss!" he giggles.

Both hands are headed toward his ribs.

"You really, really, REALLY wanna know?"

"Yes I really, really, REALLY wanna know? Come on, tell me!" he laughs.

"Well...HERE'S A HINT!" As Rhonda sparked with a flurry of fingers all over his ribs and belly, catching her prey off guard. After four hours of listening to Bryce Edwards get tickled, she is in the mood and needs someone to play with.

"HEY HE HE HE HE NO FAIRRRRR HE HE HA HA HA! NO FAIR!"

"You said you really, really, REALLY wanted to know what was going on. Huh? Maybe ticklish people like you shouldn't be so nosy. What do you think? Tickle-tickle-tickle-tickle!"

"NO NO NO NO NO HA HA HA HA STTTTOPPPPP HA HA HA!"

"Oh no babe. You were very certain that you wanted to know what was happening back in the den, well I thought I'd be nice enough to show you."

Curtis tries to defend himself, but he's still drunk so he's losing the battle. Not to mention the fact that he can't sit up to get away from her. Rhonda's hands are too fast for him, maintaining a constant motion.

"HA HA HA! D-D-D-DON'T TICKLE ME, I'M DRUNK! HE HE HE HE HE HE HE!"

"Oooh you are verrrrry ticklish my dear. Loads of fun." Teased Rhonda as she slows to a halt and lets her new toy breathe. Then, she raises her hands up wiggling her fingers in a threatening gesture to give him some more. "You still really, really, REALLY wanna know what we're doing?"

"No no no no no! I'm cool!" he spat, still grinning at her.

Rhonda continues to smile at him while checking out the territory she's been working on. "Nice body you got here, buddy."

"Thanks." He giggled, hand covering his mouth. He seems distracted by something about his new friend.

"What are you snickering at, buddy?" she noticed.

"Well, I don't know how long this has been going on but. You have a little green Tarzan swinging from your nose." He responds, indicating the embarrassing little booger dangling from Rhonda's left nostril.

She gasps and wipes her nose. Curtis starts laughing at her, mocking her with his impression of the Tarzan jungle yell. Next she decided to vent out on him some more, tickle style.

"How dare you make fun of me!" she teased while going at him again on his poor torso. "You think you're funny, huh? I'll give you something to laugh about!"

"HAAAA HA HA AH AH AH HA HA HA W-W-WHY ARE YOU TAKING IT OUT ON ME? HA HA HA IT'S YOUR BOOGER HA HA HA HAAAA!" yelled a suffering Curtis.

"Correct my ticklish little buddy." She responded, "And you just saw me wipe it on my hand. So can you guess which finger the booger is on? Oh yeah buddy, I'm gonna share this little gift with you. This is OUR booger now."

"HA HA HA AWWW GROSS, FREAKIN' GROSS, MAN!" laughed Curtis who is squirming for two reasons now, he is being booger tickled.

"Time for a change of pace!" announced Rhonda as she hops on top of his body facing his awaiting bare feet. Curtis pleads, but you can plead in one hand and crap in the other, then see which one fills first.

"Oh lookie lookie, piggies!" she taunted. While sitting on his legs, Rhonda decided to have some fun on his feet. Curtis tries to sit up, but old man alcohol pushes him back down.

"Kooooooootchy-kootchy-kootchy-kootchy!" she teased while working the sole of his left foot with one hand. He immediately brings his right foot over to block, but that is just stupid. His feet criss-cross over and over against her attacks. Rhonda decided to put an end to his futile defense by grabbing the big throw pillow and placing it between his ankles. Then for the next hour, she tickled on. Curtis laughed himself back to sleep.

Later that morning...

"Well, I'm headed back home. Thanks for the copy Stacy." Said Rhonda after spending the night with Stacy and Curtis.

She is at the door, Curtis emerges from the bathroom after taking some aspirin. He is hung over and still a little groggy.

Rhonda runs over to him. "Thanks for showing me a good time Curtis." She kisses his forehead after hugging him. "Oh and hurry up and change clothes honey, you have a

booger on your shirt.”

One week later...

Rhonda arrives back at her desk and notices that her computer has locked up. She reboots but it locks up again minutes later. She calls tech support and they send someone over.

<gasps>...”You!”

“What? Didn’t my sister tell you that this was the company I’m interning with?” replied Curtis.

Rhonda was surprised but mostly pleased of this little coincidence. She is very happy to see him.

“How ya doin’ buddy! My PC keeps locking up every few minutes. You think you can help me?”

“Well let me see what I can do here.” He answered. He opens up the Windows Explorer and notices that she has saved many files. On a hunch, he runs the defragmenter program.

“Goodness! Ninety-eight percent fragmented. When was the last time you cleaned up this hard drive?”

“What’s a ‘hard drive’?” she responds.

“I see. Well don’t you worry, I’ll bring a replacement box here and swap you out, I’ll be back in ten minutes.”

Ten minutes later...

“Okay I’m back, with a brand new computer. Let me get under your desk and make the switch.”

He crawls under Rhonda’s desk and proceeds to exchange her old box for the new one. While he is down there on all fours, Rhonda checks him out some more. The Khaki pants really compliment his tight muscular backside. When he finishes and starts to come up, Rhonda gives him a pinch on the ‘cheek’, butt that is, which surprises him and he hits his head underneath the desk.

“Are you okay?” she asks, stifling a giggle.

“Uh, yeah. Anyway let me show you this defrag program. You should run it once a month to keep your hard drive clean. That will minimize the lock ups.”

“Okay and thanks. Say, when are you taking lunch?” she asks.

Ever since that day, the two of them have been friends, taking lunch together everyday getting to know one another. Curtis’ internship lasted a year and they never missed a beat. When his last day at the company came, he and Rhonda decided to start dating.

Months later, Curtis lands a full-time job with another company as a developer. He then proposes to Rhonda and she accepts. As time moves on, Curtis' new job has him so very busy he is spending less time with his new fiancée. The wedding date is just around the corner and Rhonda is becoming concerned. Curtis has never been engaged before, so Rhonda felt that she should help him understand that he is no longer alone in his life.

Time moves forward, it's now the eve of the big wedding.

"Finally! It's about time you woke up buddy. We were waiting for you." Said Rhonda.

Curtis' eyes have just opened from an unexpected nap. Last he remembered, he was at home working on his computer.

"How in the world did I get like this?" he asks in surprise. It has become apparent to him that he is in a strange pickle. As he looks around and takes everything in, he realizes that he is now sitting on a small wooden chair just under the big ceiling fan, which is running on high right now. Also, his hands are bound together and tied to the light fixture underneath the ceiling fan, holding his arms up in the air. His feet are placed on another small chair, bound together and sticking through the openings in the chair's backrest, forcing his legs to extend out in front of him. Speedos aside, he's naked as a newborn.

"Hey! What gives?" he asks with much concern, trying to squirm himself loose.

Rhonda saunters herself toward the helpless Curtis and straddles him. Slowly taking one leg up, over his body, then eases herself on his lap.

"Calm down buddy, let me explain." Now playing with his hair. "For the last month and a half, you haven't been spending any time with me. All you do is work, work, work. I haven't seen you much lately, we're about to get married honey. Surely that's top priority with you, right?"

"Of course it is." He responded. "I've been so busy with this new assignment, trying to make a good impression that's all. Everything on my end for the wedding is ready, I'm all set for that."

"Well Curtis, that's good to know." She replied. "However, I'm sort of not convinced that you are prepared to enter the world of matrimony with me. I am one hundred percent prepared to be your wife. Are you just as prepared to be my husband?"

"Yes I am!" he answered with conviction.

"I hear the words baby, this is gonna be your chance to back them up."

"Tell me what's going on here, Rhonda?"

"Allow me to answer your question with another question. Weren't the fellas going to give you a bachelor party?"

"I cancelled it, I didn't want one. Too busy working."

Rhonda stares at him for a moment.

“Curtis you need to learn to have some fun. But don’t worry, we’ll teach you. Welcome to the Sheraton Hotel, Paradise Suite my lucky friend. This was originally going to be my bachelorette party, but after learning that you were not going to have a bachelor party, me and my friends here made some plan changes of our own.”

Curtis looks around to see that there is a crowd of women surrounding the two of them. All of them are dressed in sexy lingerie, with an assortment of adult toys in their hands. Rhonda is dressed in a black lacy bra, black thigh-high silk stockings with floral designs, black stilettos with a silver toe and spiked heel, reflecting light like a cubic zirconium, matching silk fingerless elbow-length gloves. Her face is made up very beautiful; mascara, blush, the whole nine complimenting the very contrasting fire-engine red lipstick. A black leather choker around her neck. Delicious smelling perfume, and to top it all off, black lacy crotchless panties.

Rhonda smiles at him. “Oh Curtis honey, have we got a treat in store for you as well as for me. We figured, instead of hiring a stripper for my party we’ll just kidnap you, making you our hostage for the entire party, and we’ll use you for our ‘adult entertainment’ phase of the party. At the same time, we felt that you should’ve had your bachelor party, that’s why we all decided to dress in sexy underwear for you. This will provide ‘adult entertainment’ for your delight. But don’t get me wrong, I’m still a little upset with you, so we’re gonna teach you a lesson all night. So we came up with a little challenge for you.”

Curtis continues to listen...

“Here’s how we’ll play: I am going to take my place on the high chair over in the far corner over there and observe you. These ladies have my full permission to tease, tantalize, do anything they want to you, except hurt you I outlawed that. There will be no pain, wait a minute, let me rephrase that. There MIGHT be some pain, there just won’t be any violence. They all will be as gentle as kittens...sexy little kittens with mischief on their minds and I just so happened to coat your body with some pheromone cat nip while I undressed your sleeping body. You really need to lay off the alcohol, homie.”

“But I didn’t drink any alcohol!”

“Yes you did, sugar. I froze Vodka in the ice tray the night before, knowing that you like your water ice cold.” She smirked and winked at him as she gets off his lap and proceeds to the high chair at the far corner.

As she sits on her throne, she makes one final announcement. “Curtis, it’s only fair to warn you that even though some of these girls are my friends, SOME of them are amateurs in the porn industry, some of them are dominatrices, and some of them are prostitutes. This IS Las Vegas you know. If you can resist their ‘charms’ long enough to convince me that you still want me, then I will release and satisfy you. However, if you give into them, that will convince me otherwise and the wedding will be off.”

With a big glass of wine in her hand, Rhonda starts the bachelor/bachelorette party. “OK GIRLS, MAKE MY STRIPPER SHAKE WHAT HIS MOMMA GAVE HIM! I WANNA SEE THAT ASS WIGGLE!”

Rhonda takes a big sip of her glass as she watches her idea of a cross-bachelor party get underway. In a word, brilliant. Curtis gets his bachelor party because sexy women are half naked and playing with him. Simultaneously, Rhonda gets her bachelorette party by

watching her man perform for her instead of paying for a stripper. If Curtis can maintain control long enough to prove his devotion to her, she's his forever. But if he caves in and so much as kisses one of them, he loses her. The pheromone lotion she coated all over him is really getting to these ladies of the evening. That gets their motor running, then they will try to get HIS motor running.

It's a test of wills, I tell ya. Like a big water dam being attacked by a bunch of persistent jackhammers. Don't break Curtis! Maintain, rise above it! In fact, forget I said that, DON'T rise above it, don't rise at all! Stay flaccid!

"Hey there good looking. My name's Megan, I'm one of Rhonda's friends and let me say that you are looking very tasty tonight. Can I have a lick? Hmmm?"

Curtis doesn't answer, in fact he doesn't say anything at all. Too busy concentrating. Too busy focusing on subjects like soggy spaghetti, and overcooked ziti, and moo goo gai pan.

"Come on baby, say something." Megan urged on as she let her finger explore his moistening chest. After a few seconds, Curtis snickered a little, but she was so pheromone drunk she didn't notice. However, she continued up toward his exposed armpits. Meanwhile another woman all decked out in white underwear approached him, attracted by the fumes.

"Let's see if he's ticklish!" she blurted out, "Since he won't speak to us, maybe he can giggle for us."

Rhonda, still sitting on the high chair up above like a tennis referee, enjoys the activities in her honor. Witnessing her man being played with by all these horny ladies. One starts drawing circles on the balls of Curtis' bound feet, enjoying his reactions. All the while two more girls tickle his entire torso, switching between armpits, ribs, belly, and hips.

This whole party lasted all night. The result was exactly what Rhonda expected. Hundreds upon hundreds of light touches, pets, rubs, strokes, and caresses began to take their toll on him. Not to mention a few kisses and occasional gropes. Curtis is now fully aroused. So far he's endured slow long fingernail traces along his inner thighs. His knees has been attacked severely, a few tickles under his chin along with quick little pecks on his cheeks. His ribcage has been massaged lightly, the soles of his feet felt nothing but fingernails, feathers, soft brushes, and even a few tongues. His manhood is trying very hard to remind these friendly playmates that there is one other area they keep forgetting, but the speedos scramble Mr. Happy's communication and the internal pressure isn't making this much easier.

So far Rhonda is pleased with what she is seeing. That is Curtis is resisting temptation, no matter what they do to him he turns down any offer they make. Despite the volcanic erection testing the Speedo material. At the same time he's still ticklish and all he gives them is laughter and a little dance that Rhonda is finding to be very enjoyable, arousing even, especially the more she drinks.

Three hours later, Rhonda decides to turn up the heat.

"I know why you ladies can't get through to him. He's not naked enough!" she announces as she begins to pass a pair of scissors toward the center of the crowd.

“RHONDA, WHAT ARE YOU...WHY IS...” shouted Curtis who was soon interrupted by two pairs of hands tickling his upper body. Succumbed to laughter once again.

“That’s it sweetie, just relax and have a good laugh. Leave everything to us.” Teased one of the ladies working his armpit. “Lady-B, would you do the honors?”

“Yes I will!” said Brenda Wilson, a.k.a. “Lady-B”. Formerly of WTCK radio, who was invited to this shindig as a special guest out of appreciation of what she did to Bryce Edwards a while back. She grabs part of Curtis’ underwear and the moment she made the initial cut with the scissors, the stretching caused by his erection forced the cut to rip all the way through, tearing the speedos and Curtis’ wang-dang-doodle finally pops out for all to see. Needless to say the audience was impressed.

Brenda stands up and backs away admiring Curtis’ package allowing the others to get a good look. “Congratulations Rhonda, you are a very lucky woman. I hope he can hold out I’d hate to see a good man go to waste. Seeing him like this reminds me that I too have a good man that I don’t want to go to waste. So I’ll have to say goodbye and I’ll see you at the wedding later today.” With that, Brenda leaves the hotel room.

However the rest of the female guests remain. They have new motivation and renewed eagerness began to flow through their veins. They began tickling Curtis with purpose, they already have Rhonda’s permission to play with him as long as he consents, so they MUST break him to get their proper satisfaction. The toys they brought to this party no longer measure up to the toy he just revealed. The scent from the pheromone lotion was giving them special tingly feelings.

“Come on big boy!” one of them breathed, “I’m really starting to like you and if you want I can take care of this for you right now. All you have to do is say ‘yes’.”

“No!” he responded, “And if you ask me again, I’ll tell you the same.”

“No’ huh? Well if you don’t loverboy them I’m gonna keep tickling you until you surrender to me. I can’t speak for everybody else or maybe I am, but as far as we are concerned you’re not gonna marry Rhonda, instead you are gonna make love to me.”

“No! He’s with me!” another one shouted while tickling his feet.

“No me!” came another one.

They argued with each other about who will be the one to stop the wedding by having sex with this sexy party favor. The more they argued, the more they tickled. The more they tickled, the hornier Curtis got. The hornier he got, the more he began to sweat, which strengthened the pheromone lotion and the stronger it got, the hornier the ladies got. The hornier the lades got, the more they tickled, which completes this circle of lust. When the tickling attention turned to his crotch area, Curtis’ hormones took over and started to affect his behavior. So his natural male instincts made him verbally express his need for sex, by shouting the first thing that popped into his head.

“RHONDAAAAAAAAAAAAAA! RHONDA PLEASE, I NEED YOU BABY! I WANT YOU SO BADD DDD, RHONDA! OH RHONDA, RHONDA, RHONDAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!”

Rhonda was finally convinced, and after sitting up on that high chair touching herself being

so turned on from tonight's festivities, she was just as horny as everyone else. So she jumped off and ran toward her soon-to-be husband and began to ride him off into the "cum-set". She has never before heard her name shouted like that in a fit of passion and that pushed her over the edge. She thought it was the most romantic thing and she had to get him. As the two of them went at it, they were oblivious to the crowd of women watching them still in heat. So they decided to satisfy themselves and each other. Rhonda and Curtis are having their honeymoon BEFORE the wedding, tradition be damned.

After a good five minutes, Curtis has his orgasm, but Rhonda doesn't cum with him. That got her feathers ruffled, so still in heat, she pumps a little harder on him while yelling at him.

"NO...NO...NO...YOU DID NOT JUST CUM...I DIDN'T GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO CUM...IF YOU CAN HOLD OUT FOR THEM, HOLD OUT FOR ME...HOLD OUT FOR ME...HOLD OUT FOR ME...HOLD OUT FOR ME!"

Seven years later...

"DON'T YOU EVER.....EVER.....HOLD OUT.....ON ME.....AGAIN.....EVER!.....HOW DARE YOU!.....THE NEXT TIME.....I WANT SOME DICK.....YOU BETTER.....BE RIGHT WHERE.....I CAN.....REACH OUT.....AND GRAB IT.....YOU HEAR ME?.....I WANT.....A BABY.....DAMMIT!.....GIVE IT TO ME.....GIVE IT TO ME.....GIVE IT TO ME!"

Poor Curtis could do nothing, he's coasting on fumes. He just took the powerful blows as best as he could. Lucky there was a pillow under his head, else he would've suffered brain damage. Rhonda finished venting out the last of her anger on him and changed her sex style from brutal beast fucking to standard sensual feminine gyrations.

"Oooooooyeah!! Give it to me, baby, come on, give it to me!"

She starts rubbing her breasts and arching her back, enjoying everything, the sex, the fetish, the power. Next thing Curtis feels, is one hell of an orgasm. Boy he couldn't fake this one if he tried. His whole body shook, from head to toe. He arched his back, as best he could, the restraints didn't help much. But it was enough to lift Rhonda several inches up. He was still shaking in that arched position, as if he was hit by lightning.....right in the ass.

And there she was, seated high atop her throne, the orgasm queen. When Curtis peaked, it cause her to peak as well. She was still giving him the motions, siphoning out every last bit of energy out of her man. Phase three, completed.

Curtis' body drops back on the bed, then he passed out, mission accomplished. The term 'pussy whipped' took on a whole new meaning tonight. If he hadn't pulled that condom stunt, he wouldn't be in this mess. Rhonda looks down on him like she's conquered Mt. Everest. She controlled his body for about four hours. She lays down on him, he's still inside her, she's not gonna let him out. She feels he needs to get used to this, so she slept like that. Before she dozed, she takes a last look at his face.

"You were wonderful, sweetheart, sleep well. I love you. Happy birthday, baby." she smiles, gives him one last kiss, the smile disappears, then she says, "Happy father's day

too, you conniving little shit.”

A few hours later...

Rhonda gets a patch of energy in the middle of the night. She decided to wake Curtis, who’s still tied to the bed in a crucifix position, and tell him something.

“Curtis! Wake up baby, you have a problem. I can’t sleep.”

Curtis, with some of his energy returned to him, opens his eyes. “What? What is it?”

“You have a problem Curtis, I can’t sleep.”

“How is you not being able to sleep MY problem?”

The answer is simple baby, you see if I can’t sleep... YOU CAN’T SLEEP! KOOTCHY KOOTCHY KOOTCHY KOOOOOOOOOOO!!”

-The End-

MTJ Publishing E-Artists & E-Authors

Welcome to the MTJ Publishing E-Artist & E-Authors Directory. This section provides a list of all artists & authors that have an electronic publication published by MTJ publishing. This directory not only lists their e-publication offerings but also e-publications that their work appears in as well. This directory does not cover work that has appeared in our print publications. Perhaps we will be able to provide that at a later date.

Morandilas
MTJ Publishing

BZ Tickler

Vellicatrices Unlimited - E-Comic
<http://www.mtjpub.com/ecomics/vu.html>

Dave2112

The Malachi Diaries -E-Comic
<http://www.mtjpub.com/ecomics/malachai.html>

Of Inhuman Bondage – E-Comic
<http://www.mtjpub.com/ecomics/OfInhumanBondage.html>

Sara's Tickling Fantasies –E-Comic
<http://www.mtjpub.com/ecomics/sara.html>

Tickling Fiction Illustrated #1 E-Zine One Interior Illustration
<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/TFI.html>

Tickling Fiction Illustrated #2 E-Zine One Interior Illustration
<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/TFI.html>

FTKL

Vellicatrices Unlimited - E-Comic
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Maitre Neko

The Adventures of Stargirl Silver –E-Comic
<http://www.mtjpub.com/ecomics/StarGirlSilver.html>

Laughter of Angels – E-Novel -Three Illustrations
<http://www.mtjpub.com/enovels/Angels.html>

Tickling Fiction Illustrated #1 E-Zine Cover Art
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We Know Your Weakness #1 -E-Zine Three Interior Illustrations
<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/WKYW.html>

We Know Your Weakness 2 -E-Zine One Interior Illustration
<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/WKYW.html>

Mau Russo

Deadlier Than The Male #2 – E-Zine Two Interior Illustrations
<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/deadlier.html>

Fiendish Women, Helpless Men #1 - E-Zine Cover Art
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Fiendish Women, Helpless Men #2 - E-Zine Cover Art
<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/FiendishWomen.html>

Guys Are So Ticklish -E-Zine Cover Art
<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/GAST.html>

10% Inspiration – E-Comic
<http://www.mtjpub.com/ecomics/Inspiration.html>

A New Project – Tickling interactive Fiction Game - Six illustrations
<http://www.mtjpub.com/Games/NewProject.html>

Merciless Vixens #1 – E-Zine One Interior Illustration
<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/MV.html>

Sophisticated & Titillated E-Zine
<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/Sophis...Titillated.html>

Tickling Fiction Illustrated #1 E-Zine One Interior Illustration
<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/TFI.html>

Tickling Fiction Illustrated #3 E-Zine Three Interior Illustrations
<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/TFI.html>

Ticklish Perils –E-Comic
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We Know Your Weakness #1 -E-Zine Three Page Comic
<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/WKYW.html>

The Man-Trappers -E-Novel Four interior Illustrations
<http://www.mtjpub.com/enovels/ManTrappers.html>

Ozzy

Sonya's Torment - E-Comic
<http://www.mtjpub.com/ecomics/sonya.html>

Tickling Fiction Illustrated #1 E-Zine Two Page Yenny Comic
<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/TFI.html>

We Know Your Weakness #1 -E-Zine Three Page Comic
<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/WKYW.html>

Yenny -E-Comic
http://www.mtjpub.com/ecomics/e_yenny.html

Yenny -Print Comic
<http://www.mtjpub.com/yenny.html>

Restif

Betrayal of Innocence -E-Comic

<http://www.mtjpub.com/ecomics/Betrayal.html>

Fetish Focus: Nylon Covered Soles -E-Zine Cover Art

<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/FetishFocus.html>

Hands of Soma -E-Comic

<http://www.mtjpub.com/ecomics/HandsofSoma.html>

Prisoners of Laughter - E-Zine Two Interior Illustrations

<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/POL.html>

Road To Purgatory - E-Comic

<http://www.mtjpub.com/ecomics/RTP.html>

Tickle Encyclopedia - E-Reference Cover Art

<http://www.mtjpub.com/enovels/epedia.html>

Tickling Fiction Illustrated #2 E-Zine One Interior Illustration

<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/TFI.html>

Tickling Fiction Illustrated #4 E-Zine One Interior Illustration

<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/TFI.html>

We Know Your Weakness #3 -E-Zine One Interior Illustration

<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/WKYW.html>

Scamwich

Snow-Bound

<http://www.mtjpub.com/ecomics/snowbound.html>

Tickling Fiction Illustrated #1 E-Zine One Interior Illustration

<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/TFI.html>

Tickling Fiction Illustrated #2 E-Zine Cover Illustration

<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/TFI.html>

We Know Your Weakness #1 -E-Zine One Interior Illustration

<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/WKYW.html>

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<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/WKYW.html>

ShanE

Corrective Measures - E-Comic

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Girls Against Boys -E-Zine Cover Art

<http://www.mtjpub.com/enovels/GirlsBoys.html>

Prisoners of Laughter - E-Zine Six Interior Illustrations

<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/POL.html>

Pure Torture – E-Comic

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Tome of Madness #1 E-Zine Four Interior Illustrations

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Smith

La Diabla –E-Comic

<http://www.mtjpub.com/ecomics/Diabla.html>

Tomato Dragon

League of Ticklish ladies -Cover art

<http://www.mtjpub.com/enovels/LOTL.html>

Stipplewitz: The Fahn'Rei Chronicles –E-Comic

<http://www.mtjpub.com/ecomics/Stipplewitz.html>

Asia Girl

Girls Against Boys -E-Zine

<http://www.mtjpub.com/enovels/GirlsBoys.html>

Guys Are So Ticklish -E-Zine

<http://www.mtjpub.com/ezines/GAST.html>

Merciless Vixens #2 – E-Zine One Story

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Asylum Inmate

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Tickling Fiction Illustrated #2 E-Zine One Story

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<http://www.mtjpub.com/eazines/TFI.html>

Tome of Madness #1 E-Zine

<http://www.mtjpub.com/eazines/tome.html>

Hal Young

The Pleasure Paradise Club - E-Novel

http://www.mtjpub.com/enovels/pp_club.html

Space Ticklers - E-Novel

http://www.mtjpub.com/enovels/space_tick.html

Tickle Encyclopedia E-Reference

<http://www.mtjpub.com/enovels/epedia.html>

Jason Rubis

Fetish Focus: Nylon Covered Soles E-Zine

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Laughter of Angels – E-Novel

<http://www.mtjpub.com/enovels/Angels.html>

Make him Laugh E-Zine

<http://www.mtjpub.com/eazines/make.html>

Merciless Vixens #1 – E-Zine One Story

<http://www.mtjpub.com/eazines/MV.html>

Operation Tickell - E-Novel

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Kunzite

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Shem The Penman

Deadlier Than The Male – E-Zine
<http://www.mtjpub.com/eazines/deadlier.html>

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<http://www.mtjpub.com/eazines/MV.html>

Slaves of Rijhana - E-Novel
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Tickling Fiction Illustrated #1 E-Zine One Story
<http://www.mtjpub.com/eazines/TFI.html>

Tarr2k

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<http://www.mtjpub.com/enovels/LOTL.html>

Warrior428

Merciless Vixens #1 – E-Zine Two stories
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A Woman's Touch
<http://www.mtjpub.com/eazines/AWT.html>

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Fiendish Women, Helpless Men - E-Zine
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Merciless Vixens #1 – E-Zine One Story
<http://www.mtjpub.com/eazines/MV.html>

Merciless Vixens #2 – E-Zine One Story
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Prisoners of Laughter -E-Zine
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Tickling Fiction Illustrated #4 E-Zine One Story
<http://www.mtjpub.com/eazines/TFI.html>

Tome of Madness #2 - E-Zine
<http://www.mtjpub.com/eazines/tome.html>

True Revenge - E-Novel
http://www.mtjpub.com/enovels/Tru_Rev.html

Villains, Vigilantes, and Vellicators - E-Zine
<http://www.mtjpub.com/eazines/VVV.html>

We Know Your Weakness #3 -E-Zine
<http://www.mtjpub.com/eazines/WKYW.html>

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MTJ Publishing -
<http://www.mtjpub.com/>

TFTA Fan Club -
<http://clubs.yahoo.com/clubs/tftaticklingmagazine>

Morandilas's Ticklers Retreat -
http://communities.msn.com/MorandilassTicklersRetreat/_whatsnew.msnw

The Tickling Media Forum
<http://www.ticklingforum.com/>

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