



“YOU BI-HI-HI-HI-TCH! KI-WI-HEE-HEE-HEE STAAAA-HAA-HAA-AAAPPP!” Rebecca’s protests were interrupted with her own laughter. Tears were starting to fall from her red eyes, and her face was flushing to match the color of her tattoos. The four pair of mechanical hands ceased their tickling of Rebecca’s soft skin for a moment, leaving her to slump as much as the restraints allowed her to while catching her breath.

A communication link opened in Rebecca’s mind. “What, you’re tired so soon? Should I move back to your feet?” The other woman in the room, Kiwi, strolled to her captive. Rebecca immediately stiffened with fear. The tickle interrogation had been torture on her, but the previous hour Rebecca spent suspended with her bare feet attacked by the netrunner sent chills down her spine and made her toes curl reflexively. Still panting, Rebecca replied through the neural link. “NO! NO PLEASE NOT THAT!” Her captor became more stern. “Then tell me where my cut from the last job is! My account is dry and some of us don’t spend all our eddies on new chrome!” Rebecca had finally normalized her breathing and slowed her heart rate. “I don’t know! We all got paid out at the same time! You should have gotten your take last week!” A bright white flash covered both of Kiwi’s eyes as the hands started torturing Rebecca again. “Wrong answer!” Kiwi cut the link as she walked to a nearby table.

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA NOOOOOOOO-HO-HO-HO-HO-HO-HOOOOOOOO” The tickling threw Rebecca into a frenzy. While she was glad her poor feet were being spared, it

didn't lessen the attack on the rest of her body. Four hands covered her armpits in their sadistic poking and prodding. Another two hands played with her ribs. A final pair of hands explored her inner thighs, seeking to completely destroy her. No matter how she tried to move away from the hands, the restraints around her legs and arms were tight and stretched her enough to make any serious attempts of evasion impossible. All Rebecca could do is endure the tickling as best she could until Kiwi attempted to bargain with her again. After what seemed like forever, Kiwi stopped the hands again. Unlike previous breaks, the four pairs of hands retracted away from Rebecca, allowing Kiwi to approach her. On her way over to her prey, Kiwi took a loop of cable attached to Rebecca's leg restraints and tied the petite woman's big toes to the corresponding restraint. Rebecca's eyes widened as she tried to stay calm, feeling the cable pull each foot up and secure it in one position. Kiwi leaned into Rebecca, putting her arms around her mimicking a hug. With a snapping sound, Rebecca's tube top was freed and fell to the ground. Kiwi wordlessly used the bottle of oil she grabbed from the far table and spread it on Rebecca's armpits. Rebecca's expression shot from exhaustion to terror as she understood where this was going. "NO PLEASE! KIWII! I'LL PAY YOU MY CUT! PLEASE ANYTHING BUT THI-UNNNNFFFFF" Her pleas were quickly cut short with a moan escaping from her mouth while the oil was being massaged into her small but perky tits. Even a small caress of this made her nipples stiffen, which a final touch with the oil on Kiwi's fingers made Rebecca squirm and moan again. While she took the short moment to relish the pleasure, Rebecca looked in horror as past her now oiled ribs and thighs, Kiwi took a few steps to each side of the restraints and took great care oiling her feet. While her fingers went between the small woman's toes, Kiwi ignored the begging across her link as she finished up and left to wash her hands of the lubricant.

"NO NONONONONONONONONO PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE!" Rebecca tried to beg as quickly as she could, in hopes that if she asked enough times, she would be released. Kiwi calmly walked back to a chair in front of her prize, pulled a cigarette out of the box in her pocket and lit it. After a drag and exhale of the smoke, she finally made her demands. A quickly written override code stopped Rebecca's incessant pleading. Kiwi also blink-clicked a few transfer requests of money from Rebecca away, a final attempt to end the torture. "The money was important, yes, but most of my payment was coding engrams. The fixer that got us the job promised me them along with my cut of the money." Kiwi sat down and leaned back taking another drag off her cigarette. "I have a few more smokes in this pack. You have until I finish them to find me those engrams. Or..." Kiwi's eyebrows raised, "You lose the panties and I grab some feathers." Rebecca's expression fell. She had no idea this was even part of the deal her crew made with the fixer. She had never even seen any sort of compensation other than money in the negotiation. Rebecca started to cry as she realized she wouldn't be able to help Kiwi, and she'd have the worst tickling in her life to endure.

Kiwi's eyes flashed white again as the hands returned, with several more pairs. Her armpits had the same four hands return, shadowed by two more on her ribs and sides. Another two hands started at her thighs again, moving even faster this time. But the four additional hands were the worst part. A hand on each foot, researching all her most sensitive and reactive parts. Fingers between her toes made her scream, and the gentle scratching of her heels and arches made



walked back and sat on the chair she had moved in the meantime right in front of Rebecca's waist. "We'll see how much more you can take after a few orgasms. You know your whole body's sensitivity skyrockets after just one, right?" Rebecca makes a confused grunt just before two of the mechanical hands start to grope and play with her breasts. A second pair spread Rebecca apart so Kiwi has complete access to her clitoris. A single feather stroke unleashes the loudest mix of a scream and moan Rebecca has ever uttered in her life.