

All characters in this short story are fictional and are not intended to represent any actual living persons, either dead or living. Any similarity to actual people is coincidental and unintended by the author. No portion of this story may be reproduced without the written permission of the author.

YOU MUST BE 21 OR OLDER TO READ THE FOLLOWING WORK OF FICTION

BAGHDAD TICKLE TORTURE

FeathrsTip/Morandilas

From International Correspondent Adam Foster

BAGHDAD, Iraq (CCN) --

In light of the escalating dispute with Iraq, U.N. officials have recommended the evacuation of all foreign journalists from Iraqi soil. U.S. and U.K. journalists were particularly urged to leave Iraq immediately.

-1-

The old school bus inched along the congested streets of downtown Baghdad.

Throngs of Iraqi's moved along side it and jeered at the bus's passengers. The bus contained the remnants of the foreign press operating in Iraq.

Margaret Osbourne sat in the bus's midsection while keeping a comforting arm around her daughter Tamara. The rest of the bus was occupied by various members of the foreign press. Although the general mood of the passengers was utter fear. Margaret felt a little more uneasy than most. After all she and her daughter were the only Americans left in Iraq.

Margaret was the leading CCN foreign correspondent in Iraq, and not since the Gulf War had she felt the tension that was now exhibited in Baghdad. In her usual fashion, Margaret chose to ignore the warnings of the U.N. and her CCN superiors and opted to stay to the very last moment in Iraq. Now she was frantic to leave and get her daughter and herself to safety.

Tamara had just recently graduated from high school and had begged her mother to let her go on assignment with her in Iraq. Margaret was somewhat apprehensive but gave into her daughter's wishes because of her daughter's intense interest in journalism.

The bus suddenly came to a halt and a burst of automatic weapons fire silenced the jeering crowds. A man shouting in Iraqi ordered the bus driver to open the door. The bus driver complied with the orders and soon two Iraqi Republican Guard soldiers boarded the vehicle armed with AK-47 assault rifles.

"All American passengers must get off this bus now!" Shouted the lead guard. Silence filled the bus as passengers diverted their eyes from the two soldiers and tried not to look in the direction of Margaret and her daughter.

"Now! I said! Comply or you will be beaten and dragged off." The second guard shouted.

Margaret glanced outside the bus's windows. The Iraqi crowds stood surrounding the bus. Inpatient motorists began to honk their horns in the crowded street. Additional Republican Guards could be seen beginning to flank and surround the bus as well. Margaret stood up and lead her daughter reluctantly into the custody of the Iraqi guards.

-2-

Major Jabbar Asad strolled around his prisoner whistling.

"Where is my daughter?" Margaret screamed at her captor.

"I am an American citizen! What authority do you have to detain us. We were on are way out of your god forsaken country when your goons stopped us."

Margaret continued

"You are an American spy and so is your daughter." The Major sneered.

"What is your mission? What branch do you work for?" The Major asked.

"I am a reporter damn you! I work for CCN! You know that!" Margaret shouted.

"You are a spy and my patients is at an end Miss Osbourne." The Major shouted back.

"Guards! Take her to the interrogation cell and prepare her for Kalila!" The Major ordered.

-3-

Kalila Gadi was the Major's chief interrogator in Baghdad. Her methods were a bit odd. But her results were astounding. Kalila was also his mistress, and her methods there were equally as interesting.

Kalila smiled at her American prisoner. She was eager to torture a confession from her captive. A fiendish smile curled her ruby lips as she stared into the eyes of her lovely and helpless prisoner.

Margaret was stripped of all her clothing and was secured to a wooden table in the center of the room. Leather restrains bolted to the hard wood table pinned her wrists and ankles. A wide leather strap held her in place just below her waist.

"Please I know nothing. I am a reporter for CCN. Where is my daughter?"

Margaret begged

"Are you ticklish Miss Osbourne?" Kalila asked drumming her long nails at the foot of the table.

Margaret's mouth went dry and her eyes opened wide in fear.

"No please! Not that please!" Margaret began to struggle.

Kalila smiled at Margaret's response and began to trace one long fingernail up and down her captive's ticklish right sole.

A surge of ticklish sensations jolted Margaret and she tried to lift herself off the table but the restrains held fast and soon she was howling with laughter. Kalila slowly brought all her fingers into play and began to scramble

her nails all over Margaret's bare feet. She used both hands to tickle the tops and bottoms. Margaret was hysterical.

Margaret tried to curl her toes when Kalila would tickle just under the base of her wiggling toes. But Kalila would simply use one hand to hold the toes of one foot back and then continue her terrible onslaught with her free hand.

Margaret had unbearably ticklish feet and was going insane.

Kalila giggled aloud as she tortured her poor captive relentlessly. Her nails scrambling wildly deep into Margaret's defenseless arches. Raking up and down her now pink soles. Fingers wiggling between her sensitive toes. Kalila began to laugh aloud when Margaret was seized by uncontrollable and yet silent laughter.

Soon her ticklish victim had lost control of her bladder and was pleading desperately for a chance to catch her breath.

Kalila granted her prisoner's desperate plea and ceased the tickling but for only a moment.

"Time's up!" Kalila laughed as she began to tickle behind Margaret's knees.

Margaret screamed in ticklish agony as the sensations exploded in her brain.

She began to double her efforts at escape but her attempts were futile.

There was no escape.

"Tickle, tickle, tickle" Kalila taunted as she squeezed her prisoner's knees and watched Margaret slam her head against the table to stop her ticklish suffering.

Kalila then tickled Margaret's thighs briefly and then climbed onto the top of the table and straddled Margaret's hips. She then homed in on her captive's sides just above the hips, digging in with glee as she savored her captive's hysterical reaction. Margaret was wishing herself dead at that very moment.

The subtle yet effective torment of tickling had become apparent by one look at Margaret's hysterical, withering form. She was suffering the terrible torture of tickling at the hands of someone well versed in the art. Kalila knew that given

the opportunity to speak. Margaret would have done anything to make the tickling stop. Margaret would not be given that opportunity for some time. Kalila abandoned the tickling of Margaret's sides and gave her captive a very brief moment to catch her breath. Margaret shook her head back and forth in a futile effort to gain mercy from her tormentor. Her tormentor grinned fiendishly and descended her wiggling talons upon the ticklish flesh of Margaret's belly.

Every muscle strained to release Margaret from her bondage. She had always hated to be tickled and had suffered through numerous sessions of tickle torture as a child at the hands of her evil stepbrothers. Kalila could have not made a better choice in Margaret's method of torture.

The tickling of her belly was bad enough, but coupled with Kalia's wiggling index finger in her bellybutton tickled like hell. Margaret squealed, laughed, screamed, and cackled. Her tormentor showed no mercy.

Rib tickling was next, and Margaret shook the room with the vibrations of her howling laughter. Kalila tickled and probed her ultra ticklish ribcage and wormed her fingers just below, which really seemed to drive Margaret to new levels of hilarity.

Kalia suddenly stopped and sat panting and giggling staring down at poor ticklish Margaret. Oh how she enjoyed watching her suffer. Margaret gasped for air and coughed. Her own sweat covered her body. The stink of her own urine in the air. Her raven hair was soaked with perspiration, and her lungs heaved pumping in badly needed oxygen.

"Please no more." Margaret said hoarse from her laughter.

"Please have mercy. I can't bear anymore. I am a reporter for CCN. Please believe me." Margaret begged.

"Are you ticklish?" Kalila chuckled.

Margaret's eyes nearly popped from her head when she heard Kalila's question. She prayed to crawl out of her skin when she seen Kalila raise her hands and begin to wiggle her fingers smiling cruelly.

Margaret spoke but no words came out as her mind wheeled with the impact of what wiggling fingers meant. Margaret began to giggle and laugh and Kalila had not even touched her yet.

Kalila tickled at Margaret's neck and ears sending shivers down her spine.

Margaret scrunched her shoulders to protect her neck and shook her head to defend her ears and giggled hysterically.

Kalila could not help but laugh at Margaret's antics and suddenly changed tactics and began a furious assault on her captives smooth hollows. Margaret went ballistic as her hypersensitive armpits were mercilessly tickled by her ruthless tormentor. Kalila leaned forward while she continued to tickle and darted her tongue in Margaret's left ear causing her to squeal.

"Just wait until I nibble and lick your toes" Kalila whispered.

Margaret struggled to lower her arms to stop the cruel tickling of her pits but could not. She was forced to endure the tickling non-stop for the next ten minutes. Margaret had began to cry in ticklish agony. Her voice to strained to laugh anymore.

Kalila knew that her prisoner would not last much longer and ceased the terrible tickle torture. She climbed down off the table wiping sweat from her brow and walked to a nearby table and picked up a small remote control.

"I know you might think that was bad. But wait until you see this mommy dear."

Kalila pointed the remote at a monitor mounted in a corner above the foot of the torture table.

The Monitor sprung to life and Margaret could see her daughter strapped down to a table in a similar position as herself. Her daughter was surrounded by

several Republican Guards who appeared to be tickling her.

"You have been with us for nearly four hours now Miss Osbourne." Kalila said

"Your daughter has been undergoing the same torture as you for almost every minute of it, lets listen." Kalila said as she turned on the rooms speakers.

"Mother please make them stop! Please! I can't stand it!" Tamara screamed as nearly sixty fingers tickled her into oblivion.

"I'm telling you the truth." Margaret wept

"Are you ticklish Miss Osbourne?" Kalila replied.

Poor Margaret and her equally ticklish daughter were telling the truth. But

Kalila never did like Americans.

\*\*\*Vist The TALES FROM THE ASYLUM at <http://www.magict.com/mtj/> check out the art gallery and library while you are there!

\*\*\*Visit the Morandilas's TICKLERS JOURNAL at

<http://www.magict.com/mtj/MTJ.htm>

\*\*\*E-mail Morandilas at [nw...@anv.net](mailto:nw...@anv.net)