

## Hands of Stone

by Wayne Courtois

“We got someplace special to go tomorrow,” Warren told me one Saturday afternoon.

“On Sunday?”

“It’s cool. You’ll see.”

On Sunday afternoon I left my bike at his place and we walked up to Preble Street, where Warren stopped by a telephone pole with an orange stripe on it, which meant it was a bus stop. I hardly ever rode the bus, only to school sometimes if I was running late, never on a weekend. On weekends the buses didn’t run very often, so when one came it was crowded. My favorite place to sit was on the long sideways seat behind the driver, it made you feel like you were moving sideways whenever the bus stopped or started up, but all we could find was one of the front-facing seats, me at the window and Warren beside me. I had a funny feeling in my gut when the bus reached Broadway and, instead of turning left, toward the school, it turned right, toward a part of town I wasn’t too familiar with. I felt a little crushed, especially when we turned a corner and Warren’s full weight pressed against me, but that was nothing compared to what he did next, what I should have seen coming. It was the one-finger treatment again, just like that day in his father’s car: that one awful finger in my side, just above my waist, digging and poking and twisting through my t-shirt till I was helpless, pressed up against the window. I thought I was going to faint, but just when things began to go dark he’d let up for a few seconds, then press in again. “Bet I can make you cum like this,” he whispered in my ear.

It was a bet I wouldn’t take, because I knew he was right. By then Warren had learned how to make me cum by touching almost any part of me. Just being near him got all my ticklish

spots tingling anyway, and it didn't take much for my dick—my *cock*, as he liked to call it—to get hard to the point of bursting. Just the day before, on Saturday, he had tied me down as usual, only this time he not only tied my wrists but also tied each one of my fingers so that I couldn't move them, couldn't flex my hand. I laid there with my helpless palms face up, and Warren approached with the two tiniest feathers I'd ever seen. He said he got them from an old hat of his father's, they were stuck in the hatband. Using just those two tiny feathers on the palms of my hands, he took me through all of the stages I knew so well, from the panic of being forcibly tickled to the deep shuddering helplessness of surrender, on and on toward the moment when my hard dick exploded. Now my cock pressed desperately against my jeans, and as much as I wanted him to stop, I also hoped we wouldn't reach our destination right away, because I didn't want to have to stand up with my hard-on showing. I was also trying very hard not to make much noise, though there were moments when I wanted to scream. While not even looking at me, just staring straight ahead, he was killing me with just one finger.

I let my breath come out in gasps, tried to concentrate on what I saw through the window. We passed block after block of houses like the one I lived in, two-family houses with driveways and hedges between them, and then the houses got larger and farther apart, with big front lawns and garages. They seemed far away, had nothing to do with me and what I was feeling. Then, after maybe one more endless minute, he quit. "We have to get off in two stops," he said. With all the tickling I had lost track of where we were and what we were doing, so it was still a shock when his weight shifted and he grabbed my arm and pulled me into the aisle of the bus. The bus was stopped but I could hardly stay on my feet, my body wanted to just double over and scream. "Pull yourself together," Warren said, shoving me up the aisle ahead of him, and at least I was

grateful that he had stopped the tickling in time for my dick to go down before we had to leave the bus.

Who lived out this way that Warren knew, and did it have anything to do with tickling, which was all Warren really cared about? We stood on a corner where Broadway met Myrtle, a street I'd never heard of, and there was a big house in front of us, three stories, dark gray with lots of tall dark windows. Cracked cement steps led to a cracked walk that took us across the lawn while I kept my eyes on the house. It was the kind of house you crossed the street to avoid, the kind you *didn't* go to on Halloween. It seemed to be *looking* at me as we got nearer.

"Don't worry," Warren said, "you'll like it here." The way he laughed, though, I wondered if he really meant that I'd like it and hate it at the same time, like tickling.

We climbed the creaky porch steps and Warren knocked on the door. The door shook, the glass rattled as Warren's big knuckles came down on it. In a moment the door opened and a man stood there, short, pale, a little fat, with an almost bald head. "Hi, Warren," he said. "And this must be...?"

Those eyes on me. *Beady* eyes. I'd read about characters with beady eyes and never quite knew what it meant before.

"This is Bobby," Warren said, pushing me across the threshold. "Bobby, this is my Uncle Francis."

I was confused, because Warren had never said he had an uncle, and because if I had a name like *Francis* I'd want to be called something else. Frank, maybe. I was being pushed into a very dark house that smelled of strange spices and stuff, unlike any house I'd been in before. During the minute or so that it took my eyes to adjust, I imagined all kinds of things waiting in the corners: skeletons, witches, black cats with flaming red eyes. Those things weren't as scary,

though, as just one of Warren's fingers. And when I began to see better I saw things that reminded me of my grandmother's house. She had died years ago but I remembered the dark woodwork, the odd-shaped tables with doilies on them, lamps with pictures painted on their globes. This wasn't scary after all.

"Come on back to the kitchen, boys," Francis said. "I've made some tea."

We took a long walk down a hallway that that twisted and turned and seemed like it would bring us out at the front of the house again. But we came out into a kitchen, and it didn't surprise me that it also looked like something from my grandmother's house: all yellow and white, curtains with a strawberry pattern on the windows over the sink. We sat at a table with a red-checkered cloth while Francis fetched teacups from a cupboard. He had a funny way of making even the smallest gestures, his hands fluttering as if they didn't know what to do with themselves, and his voice was so soft, softer than most men's voices I'd heard.

When he took a seat at the table he looked at me and said, "Warren has told me about the games you two play."

My face went red hot. I wanted to kick Warren under the table but I couldn't reach him. I hardly dared to look up, but when I did he and Francis were both smiling at me.

"It's okay, Bobby." Francis leaned across the table and spoke low, as if sharing a secret. "I like to play too."

"Francis?" Warren asked. There was something he was dying to know, I could tell by the way his big hands moved restlessly along the edge of the table.

Francis smiled at him. "Why don't the two of you go on back to the bedroom."

Warren pushed ahead of me because he knew the way, down another hallway that led to a big bedroom that was a lot brighter than the living room. The bed itself was little more than a

platform, but what was on the bed amazed me more than anything I'd ever seen: a naked man, tied down, the curly brown hair that covered most of him gleaming in the sunlight, as if each and every hair was electrified. He seemed to be asleep.

At first I didn't believe it was real, but it couldn't be my imagination making it up, either, because I had never seen a naked man before, not a guy like this—with long hair and a mustache, like a hippie, tied down with his legs spread apart, his private parts *right there*...it made me want to know why he was doing it, what had made him, why I was seeing him and what I was supposed to think. I looked at Warren and he didn't seem amazed at all. If anything, he looked a little mad. Then I noticed the rest of the room. The walls were white and completely bare. The only color in the room was the pale blue of the bedsheet. Behind the bed was just one big window with no curtains, and beyond that was a huge backyard. A fence surrounded it, tall enough to keep anyone from seeing in.

Francis appeared in the doorway. "Have a Coke," he said, holding out a tray. "Better than tea, right?" Warren and I each took a Coke, and I thought, unkindly, What is this, a movie?

"Kids," Francis said, "This is Rick."

I took a swallow of Coke, which soothed my throat that had suddenly gone very dry, and stared at the bed. Was the naked guy going to open his eyes? He still didn't seem quite real. I stared at his face, which looked very solemn with his eyes closed, and I thought he must be either asleep or dead. With that long hair parted in the middle, he looked a little like Jesus.

Warren turned toward his uncle. He really was mad. "You didn't let me," he said. "Why didn't you let me?"

Francis laughed, a chuckly sound. "It wasn't necessary, kid."

Now I knew why Warren was mad. He'd wanted to tie Rick down himself, first whispering those magic words—*hold still*—that could make anyone unable to move.

For some reason Francis looked at me and said, "Rick likes to take things. Pills and stuff. Likes to smoke weed, too." He raised his voice in Rick's direction: "Don't you, Rick?"

Rick's face finally came to life. He slowly opened his eyes and raised his head enough to see us. It was hard to tell with the sunlight coming from behind him, but I thought his eyes looked a little red. "Yeah, sure, man," he said, and he smiled. That smile, so wide a grin for someone tied down like that, affected me more than even my first sight of him. On one hand it told me that he was okay, he wasn't hurt or even upset to find himself tied down. But on the other hand I started thinking all kinds of things—like, what would his face look like if he was smiling even wider, then laughing—then screaming? And what would happen to his big dick, which already looked halfway excited? My own dick started getting hard again and I swigged more Coke as if that would make it go down.

"You were already half stoned when you got here today, weren't you, Rick?" Francis asked, and without waiting for an answer he said to Warren, "I didn't need you to do your stuff, Warren. It was just like handling a baby. I even gave him a shower before tying him down."

Warren still looked mad, but it was obvious he wasn't going anywhere. He stared at Rick and his hands moved, those big fingers flexing, then relaxing, over and over.

Francis moved closer to the bed. "Come here, Bobby, don't be shy." He leaned right over the bed, his fat pale hand reached toward Rick's middle. I could hardly believe it. "Have you ever seen a dick like this, Bobby?" He rolled Rick's dick in the palm of his hand, and as I watched it get bigger, stretching out its neck. The head part turned a darker red. "Nice balls, too,"

Francis said, and pulled the dick up and there were the balls, big ones, in a nest of curly brown hair. Francis reached down and held Rick's balls in his fingers.

"Okay," Warren said, the tip of his tongue appearing as he licked his lips. "Let's get started."

"In a minute, Warren," Francis said. "I'm talking to Bobby. Bobby, what do you think of these nice big balls?"

There wasn't anything I could do but shrug. Sure I liked the balls, I couldn't stop looking at them, or at the dick that was getting even bigger, but I didn't know what to say. I looked to Warren, who was looking at Rick, and I looked down to Warren's fingers, flexing and relaxing, flexing and relaxing, over and over.

"You don't suppose," Francis said, drawing my attention again, "that these balls are...*ticklish*, do you?"

Rick, who was watching Francis handle his private parts as if they belonged to somebody else, grinned again and said, "Aw, no, man, that's not fair."

Warren made a sound like a dog at the end of its chain. The word *no* did that to him, it made him furious and excited. And the way Rick had said it...he didn't know that tickling was what Warren was all about, and I guessed his uncle too, and as for me, my dick was pressing against my jeans the way it had on the bus. To touch a guy like this, slender but well-built and hairy, with a dick like that...I watched in fascination as Francis began tickling Rick's balls.

"Aw, no, man..." Rick flinched, squeezing his eyes shut, his lips tightly pressed together while his cheeks filled with air that had to come out sooner or later. Finally his lips parted and a low kind of giggle escaped. He squirmed as best he could against the ropes, which didn't allow for much squirming. I wondered what he had thought while Francis tied him up, if he knew he

was going to be tickled, if he would have tried to get away if he'd known. I had a story forming in my head, a kind of fairy tale where Rick comes to this house, maybe lost or something, and Francis lets him in where it's warm, gives him something to eat, and Rick thinks how lucky he is that he came to the right house for help, and all the time Francis is thinking of how he's going to get this man out of his clothes and tie him to his bed and then...*tickle him to death.*

Francis's fingers were moving faster now, all over Rick's jiggling balls, and Rick had begun a slow steady giggling through which he tried to speak: "Cut it out, man..."

Francis looked at me and winked. "Nothing like a ball game on a Sunday afternoon," he said, and that was when I really began to like him.

Warren, unable to keep still any longer, leaned over the bed and placed his wiggling fingers on Rick's ribcage. Rick exploded with laughter. He shook his head wildly, long hair flying, some of it sticking to his face where he had already broken out in a sweat. I knew how it was, he'd never felt anything like Warren's hands before. Warren was grinning, then the tip of his tongue appeared between his teeth as he gave his *thhh-thhh-thhh* laugh, though of course I couldn't hear it over the noise Rick was making. After a few minutes Warren let up. Rick's chest was heaving, he could hardly catch his breath. Francis had stopped tickling his balls and was stroking along his dick now, which was almost as thick as a baseball bat. Francis must have seen me staring, he said, "Come on, Bobby, put your hand here," and he let go of the dick and I put my hand there instead. It was warm and hard and slick, it was easy to move my hand up and down while I gripped it.

"Oh my God." That was Rick, finally getting out a few words. "Keep it up, kid, just like that. Oh shit..."

“That’s enough, Bobby,” Francis said. “We don’t want him to come just yet. We’ve got some more things to do first.”

“Oh, no,” Rick said. “Naw, man, *no*. Don’t do that anymore, okay?” He struggled against his bonds, as if he could sit up to talk to us, but it was no use. “Come on, man, when you picked me up you said you wanted to blow me, you said you’d pay me and everything if I came here. You didn’t say *nothing* about....”

Francis looked into Rick’s eyes. “About what?”

Rick didn’t answer. He was afraid to say the word, as if saying it might bring more of it down on him. But when Francis reached just one finger in the direction of Rick’s foot he said, “About...*tickling*, man. You never said....”

“Warren,” Francis said, “come down here.”

Warren’s hands would have to start tickling again soon, they were clenching, unclenching, his fingers writhing. He went down to the end of the bed and stood by Rick’s other foot. I was still standing where I’d been touching Rick’s cock. My right hand was sticky. I raised my fingers to my nose to smell them.

“Look, you gotta understand what I’m saying,” Rick said. His voice was a little hoarse from laughing and it shook some, like mine did whenever I was about to cry. “Just don’t...tickle me anymore, okay? I can’t stand it, I really can’t.”

Francis just looked at Rick. With one hand he adjusted the crotch of his dungarees. I could tell his own dick was getting bigger too, just from listening to Rick talking. “Go on,” he said.

“Well, that’s just it, see, I couldn’t stand it if you touched my feet. I can hardly stand to touch them myself. I mean, just putting on socks....”

Francis ran his palm down his thigh, and I could see the outline of his dick through his dungarees. Could it really be *that* big? “Go on,” he said.

“I can’t go barefoot, either. Not outside, not even inside. If I step on a rug...it’s real uncomfortable, I can tell you.” Rick laughed, or tried to, in a friendly way. “It’s a liability, you know? A real, I guess you’d have to say, weakness.”

I moved toward the end of the bed, closer to Warren. I looked at Rick’s left foot. It was big, like the rest of him. Tanned on the top, with some brown hairs up closer to the ankle, the nails trimmed square on the long toes, it looked strong, like it could kick a football without stubbing a toe. But as I looked farther, at the underside of the toes and the ball of the foot, and then the arch, I saw how soft and sensitive the skin looked, as if it didn’t get touched very much.

“Keep talking,” Francis said, rubbing himself through his jeans a little harder.

“Well,” Rick said with another friendly laugh. “You wouldn’t believe it, but this is how bad it was, my brother used to...do things to my feet. My *little* brother, just a squirt, six years younger than me, but he found out that I was...that my feet were sensitive, and he knew that if he...touched them, and kept touching them, I’d...well, I couldn’t do anything, just curl up in a ball, I’d be laughing so hard....”

Francis grabbed the waistband of his jeans, just above the fly. They weren’t fitting him so well anymore. “Warren, Bobby, excuse me, I’m going to take my pants off now.”

I looked at Warren, who just glanced at his uncle without any surprise or concern, as if he’d seen Francis without his pants before and it was only on my account that Francis had said anything at all. It turned out I was glad he did, for when he let his pants drop and his dick swung up in the air, I thought *Whoa* and took a step back, even though he was several feet away from

me, his dick was so big. Bigger than Rick's, which was a big dick all on its own. Francis could *hurt* somebody with that thing.

"That's it, man," Rick said. "That's more like it. Come on up here and let me suck that big dick for you. That wasn't part of the deal but I'll do it, man, I'll suck it real good."

Francis didn't move except, after a moment, to turn toward a record player that sat on a low table in the corner. He switched it on, and the song that started playing was the one Donovan sang about the hurdy gurdy man. I didn't know exactly what a hurdy gurdy was, some kind of musical instrument, I supposed, like an organ or something. I liked the song, though, there was something dreamy about it.

"Tell me," Francis said, returning to stand very close to Rick's foot. "Tell me about your brother."

"There's nothing to say, really, man, we're not in touch anymore...."

"No," Francis said. "I mean when you were younger. When he did things to your feet."

"Oh." Rick took a deep breath, let it out. "Well, like I said, he knew about my feet, and how sensitive they were, and he took advantage of it whenever he could. I had to watch out for him, like if I laid down and forgot to cover my feet or put slippers on or something he'd be right there, *wham*, on top of my legs, raking his damn fingernails all up and down my soles."

Rick gave that friendly laugh again, like we were all friends sharing friendly stuff. He had no idea how bad it was that he was talking this way, saying these things, getting us more excited. Francis's dick was leaking, a long strand dripping to the floor. He grabbed the neck of his t-shirt and pulled it off over his head. "You guys can take your clothes off, too, if you want," he said.

Warren didn't wait another second. It gave his fingers something to do, unbuttoning his shirt, then his jeans. His dick was so hard that he had trouble pulling his briefs down. I hesitated, thinking how weird it was to go into a stranger's house and take my clothes off, how it went against everything I was *supposed* to do. But my fingers were as restless as Warren's, my dick just as hard. I let my body tell me what to do, and stripped down also. Warren and I were pretty evenly matched, but my dick wasn't as big as Francis's or Rick's. I wondered if it would be, when I got older.

Poor Rick kept talking. It was as if, by talking enough, he could keep putting off what we wanted to do to him, maybe change our minds altogether. "Oh, man, my brother, that little turd," he said, "he even got, like, *between my toes* if he could. He had this whole collection of different kinds of feathers, and he told our folks it was because he was interested in birds and shit, but I can tell you what I think, I think the only reason he got all those feathers was so he could use them on me, especially my feet. Feathers between the toes, man." He wiggled his toes as if to prove they were there, those spaces between them. "The worst was when he was using his fingers on the soles of my feet and he *just wouldn't stop*, there wasn't anything I could say or do to get him to quit, not that I could say anything anyway because I was laughing too hard, and I couldn't do anything either because I was so *weak*, man, just like a baby, I couldn't move to try to get away or protect myself or *nothing*, I just had to lie there and take it, even though I *couldn't*, couldn't take it at all."

Francis pulled the back of his hand across his mouth. "Didn't you ask him to stop? Even beg him to stop?"

“Oh, hell, yeah! If I *could* catch my breath and get any words out, I’d be begging like a motherfucker, stuff like, ‘Danny, don’t touch my feet anymore, I can’t stand it, you know I can’t stand it, I’m in agony here, buddy, you know how...’”

Francis moaned. “Go on,” he said. “How what?”

“Uh...how *ticklish* I am. See, I’d admit it. ‘You know how ticklish I am, Danny, it’s not fair...’”

“Uh-huh,” Francis said. “But it didn’t work, did it?”

“Oh, hell no! He’d just keep going anyway. More than once I even pissed myself, I’m ashamed to tell you.”

“Go on,” Francis said. “Tell us about one time in particular.”

“Oh, this one night I came home and I was drunk, I mean *shitfaced*, and it was all I could do to make it to my bed and pass out. I was dead to the world before my head hit the pillow. Then...I don’t know how much later it was...I *felt* something, didn’t know what. It was almost enough to wake me up, but not quite. Finally I woke up enough to know that something was happening at the foot of the bed. Couldn’t see for shit...and I couldn’t move my feet. I don’t know how long it took me to realize Danny had taken off my sneakers and socks and tied my ankles together. And suddenly I thought, he’s tickling my feet, and oh man, was I sorry that thought even came to me, because as soon as I thought it I *felt* it, what he was doing to my feet with his fingers, like maybe he’d been doing it for hours but I was just now feeling it completely, and I had to move, to get myself the fuck out of that predicament, but I was still too damn drunk to even move my head, and maybe it was just a dream anyway, some weird-shit nightmare. I kept slipping into sleep and then waking up to Danny tickling my feet, and each time it was a little worse, I thought, oh shit, he’s tickling me to death! I’d try to say something but all that

came out of me was this kind of delirious croaking sound, and from the way my throat felt I'd probably been making that sound for a while, just laying there drunk out of my mind and laughing this weird croaking laugh while Danny tickled the shit out of my feet. I tried to tell him to cut it the fuck out, but it was no use, I couldn't make any other sound, couldn't move, getting weaker by the minute...I had a boner too, which was pretty fucking embarrassing."

Francis stroked himself, his fist moving slowly, pulling tightly at his cock. I could have done the same, but I knew if I touched myself just once I'd shoot, and I didn't want to, not before anyone else did. It was strange—I was a guest in Warren's uncle's house, and here I was thinking that I shouldn't cum before he did, as if there was a rule about that written down somewhere, like the rule about using your napkin or wiping your feet at the door. But with all four of us naked in this strange room, our clothes in piles on the hardwood floor, it was plain there were no rules, not the kind I was used to, not anymore.

Francis licked his lips. "Go on, Rick," he said.

Rick shook his head. "Well, there wasn't anything I could do, right? I was too drunk and too weak to get away from him, or make him stop. Man, he tickled my feet *all night long*. By the time morning came I was totally out of my mind. He was running feathers between my toes and I was panting and gasping, not so drunk anymore but way too out of it to try to do anything to keep from getting tickled to death."

Francis moaned again. "So what happened?"

"Well, he stopped, finally, but it took me all day to recover. I laid there like an idiot, grinning and panting, long after he finally quit. I was a wreck, I'd pissed myself and everything. That was the worst, man, the worst he ever gave it to me."

"The worst tickling you ever got?"

Rick thought about that, but not for long. “No, I can’t say that was the worst. The worst was when my two cousins worked me over, at our summer camp, and what happened after that. That was Danny’s fault too, in a way, because he’d told them how fucking ticklish I was.”

Francis was still stroking, I was amazed that he could stroke for that long without shooting, maybe it was self-control or just being older. “What did they do to you, Rick?”

“Well,” Rick said, “they had a summer place at the lake and I was visiting them there, and it happened to be a weekend when their parents were out of town. There was a shed there behind the cabin where we used to change into our swim trunks, and on Saturday afternoon we were changing—I didn’t want to go in there with them, I sensed something was up, but it would’ve looked queer if I didn’t. Sure enough, as soon as I got naked they took my clothes and my trunks so I couldn’t run away, then they started tickling me all over—just passing me back and forth between them, grabbing me wherever they felt like—and I got so weak *right away* that there wasn’t anything I could do but beg them to stop. They were getting me right where I lived, man, in my armpits and ribs and all around my belly, and I was screaming my head off. After a while I couldn’t talk at all, it was all I could do to try to stay upright. It was real important that I *not* fall down, man, ‘cause if I did they’d get my feet and *really* kill me. But there wasn’t anything gentle about those fuckers, they were even grabbing my ass and squeezing my thighs, and while they had all four hands on my ribs I started sinking—oh, shit!—and before I knew it I was on my knees. When they let go for a second I just crashed facedown on the floor. I was so scared, I knew they were gonna be all over me and there was nothing I could do about it. Plus I had a hard-on like I’d never had before and I didn’t want them to see. Maybe if I stayed there, face down, they wouldn’t mess with me, not in a sexual way. See, I still didn’t get it, that they were completely in control. They flipped me right over, and started tickling my *balls*, man. That

was the first time I ever felt anything like that...and it got worse, they started grabbing my boner, too...jacking me off, taking turns. The things they said to me! Doug got right in my face and said, 'We're gonna make you cum, man, and then you'll really get it, 'cause you'll be a thousand times more ticklish.' I hardly had any voice left but I begged them not to. I was crying and begging them not to tickle me anymore. I knew Doug was right, that I *did not want to be touched* after I came."

"And?" Francis asked. "Did they get you to cum?"

"Well, between jacking me off, and the ball tickling, I couldn't help it...soon I was shooting all over the place. And crying, I wanted them to let me go so bad. But hell no, they started up again tickling me all over, harder than before, and I went nuts. Whenever I could catch a breath I begged them to stop, begged like a sonofabitch, but they just laughed.

"They tickled me for hours. Then, when it got dark, they pulled me out of there, still naked, and dragged me down to the beach. I couldn't say a word, I'd lost my voice completely. Wasn't even sure it was really happening, that they were taking me somewhere, maybe finally letting me go—as if I could go anywhere, weak as I was.

"There was a whole bunch of guys, cronies of theirs, down on the beach. They'd built a fire and were sitting around it, getting stoned. Doug and Kyle dumped me on the sand, and I thought that'd be the end of it. But oh, no. They started hollering to their friends, and I thought I was going to die right there, because what they kept hollering was, 'He's ticklish! He's ticklish!'

"Could I get up and run? No way! I was just a piece of meat, spread out on the beach, something for them to get their grubby hands on. First it was just a couple of them, then three or four, then...fuck, I never did know how many there were. Enough to keep tickling me all night. That time my brother tickled my feet while I was drunk? I thought that was the longest night of

my life, but this was the longest. The night that never ended. There in the dark, with the flames jumping up, and sparks flying...I thought, really thought I'd gone to Hell.

“So, you see.” He struggled as if to try to sit up again, his voice less hoarse now, calm and reasonable. “See, I told you everything, it's not like you have to do anything to me because it's been done before. You don't have to touch me at all because I already *know*, man, I know how bad it can be, I've felt it already, first my little brother and then my jerk-off cousins and their friends....”

Poor Rick. He had no idea that it was way too late to save himself. When I looked at Francis again he was shaking all over, his hands, his arms, his legs. His eyelids fluttered, he kept licking his lips and breathing deep and fast. I looked at Warren, whose face was flushed. His dick was standing straight out but he wasn't touching himself, just standing there with his mouth open, staring at Rick, his big hands hanging at his sides.

When Francis spoke his soft voice shook like the rest of him. “You're going to have to tell us,” he said to Rick, “more about those guys and what they did to you. Maybe later this afternoon. But right now....” Suddenly he dropped to his knees, his hands were on Rick's ankle just above the rope, he opened his mouth wide and ran the tip of his long hard tongue right up the center of Rick's foot.

Rick, who was probably thinking he'd talked himself *out of* a fix, wasn't ready for this at all. His eyes grew wide in terror even as his mouth opened to let out a shriek. By then I was shaking too, and Warren and I couldn't wait another second, we attacked Rick's other foot, our fingers running all over it, top and bottom, with my fingertips, which were smaller than Warren's, even getting in between the toes. Rick was shrieking like some kind of siren, and it made us want to tickle him more, to drive him right out of his mind. After a while I decided to

stop my own tickling and help Warren, I grabbed Rick's toes and held them back, stretching out the sole of his foot so Warren could get to it better with his quick strong fingers, the center of the sole, and the arch, and underneath the toes.... Francis had left the record player on and the same song repeated over and over:

*Hurdy gurdy, hurdy gurdygurdy...*

After a while Francis left the room, and then he came back with a large bowl with steam coming out of it, and in his hand he held three razors like the safety razors my dad used and I was starting to learn how to use. But why did we need them now? "Be right back," Francis said, and when he returned he had a can of shaving cream and a bottle of baby oil. It didn't make any sense, though when I looked at Warren he wasn't surprised. He finally stopped tickling Rick's feet, at least temporarily.

"We're going to do some body shaving on Rick," Francis said. "That'll make him way more ticklish."

Rick, trying to recover from our attack, started to struggle. "No! You guys are *crazy*, man...." He fought against the ropes as hard as he could, but he was already weak, and Warren sealed his fate by moving to the head of the bed, looking Rick in the eye and saying, "Hold still."

"Hold still...." Rick's body went limp very suddenly. "What is this?" he said. "I can talk but I can't move. What the fuck?"

"You're okay," Warren said. "You'll be okay."

"I think we'll start with his armpits," Francis said. He held out a razor. "Here, Warren."

"Oh, no, man...."

"That's why I dumped you in a hot shower, Rick, before I brought you in here," Francis said. "So you'd be in better shape to get shaved."

“Shaved...no, what are you...”

“Just relax.” Francis had a small pair of scissors that he used to snip Rick’s longer armpit hair away. The rounded ends of the scissor blades couldn’t cut him, but nipping in among the hairs they were bound to tickle him, and before long Rick was panting from the sensations. Then, after soaping up the short hairs that were left, Francis began to pull the razor across his delicate armpit flesh. Moaning, Rick tossed his head, the only part of him that could move, back and forth on the pillow. One armpit, then the other, and Francis lovingly patted them dry. Then came the baby oil. Francis wet his fingers and rubbed oil in as Rick went into a panic, giggling hysterically.

“Try it, boys,” Francis said. “Try the oil.”

Warren and I helped ourselves from the bottle. Rick’s armpits were so bare and slick, and my fingers so slippery, I was amazed how quickly I could slide my fingers across that tender, tender skin. Warren was doing the same to Rick’s other armpit, I saw that look of pure delight on Warren’s face even as Rick’s cries reached a hysterical new pitch.

“This is great!” Warren said.

“We’ve only just started,” Francis said. “Come on down here now.”

Together we wet and soaped the hair across Rick’s torso. Francis shaved around his nipples, then showed Warren and me how to pull the razor in the proper direction to keep from damaging the skin, and we took turns shaving his belly. I could only imagine, judging by the insane pitch of Rick’s laughter, what it felt like to have that razor pulled across his most ticklish places. And though I liked the hair—already I was finding hairy bodies sexy—it seemed like a miracle what the razor left behind: soft white unmarked flesh that looked as if it had never been touched.

We shaved Rick's groin. Francis showed us how to do around his dick, then his balls. If his dick looked big before, it was a monster once the hair around it was gone; and his balls were so smooth I wanted to lick them. Francis kept going, right down Rick's thighs. "The thighs are tricky," he said, "because the hair grows in different directions." But before long those thighs were as smooth and white as the rest of Rick's midsection. When Francis got the oil out again, and we slicked down that shaved flesh, not neglecting his dick and balls, so that he was white and gleaming from his nipples to his knees, I was groaning from the need to sink my fingers in, to squeeze and knead and never let go.

"Okay," Warren told Rick, "You can move now."

Not that Rick could move far, of course. But he struggled as best he could, not knowing how fucking sexy his bare oiled flesh looked when it writhed. Soon Francis was tickling his big pink nipples, and Warren was working his huge oiled fingers into Rick's armpits, and I was playing across the field of Rick's belly and groin. I let my fingers move wildly, up and down and across his abdominal muscles, in and out of his belly button, down to where his big old dick waved in the air. I was shy at first about touching his dick and balls, but before long I felt like they belonged to me. I let my fingers play all over that dick, rubbing the head and gripping and pulling on the shaft. I even licked his dick as I poked and diddled his slick balls and squeezed his thighs as hard as I could. What with the nonstop tickling that Warren and Francis were giving him, Rick was laughing a weak, hysterical laugh like an insane person in a movie. He couldn't say anything, but I could tell by the way he jerked when something was about to happen with his dick and that was when I stopped. Francis didn't want him to cum yet and I didn't either, I wanted to keep playing with him. I went back to tickling his balls and squeezing his thighs, letting my fingers slip and slide along the edges of muscle. When I could tear my eyes from what

I was doing I watched Warren's fingers, how they attacked Rick's armpits and gleaming ribs, such big fingers but they moved so fast, they seemed made for what they were doing. Warren had that glazed look in his eyes, he wasn't going to stop anytime soon. Francis, down at the foot of the bed, looked the same way as he tickled Rick's feet. I felt sorry for the guy, sort of, because I knew what it was like to be mercilessly tickled, and to be tickled by three people at once must have been three times as bad as anything I'd felt. But I wasn't about to stop, either, not for anything.

After what seemed like hours I heard Francis's voice behind me. "Excuse me, Bobby, I'm coming your way." I moved to the side of the bed, for Francis was crawling right up the middle, between Rick's legs, and to my surprise and fascination he took that big hard dick in his mouth. By then Rick really did sound like he'd lost his mind, his desperate, breathless laughter was like nothing on earth; but when Francis started moving his mouth over him his whole body went straight as a steel rod, tensing up for something—I didn't know what. Francis raised his head and started stroking Rick's dick in long, slow pumps, and then his stuff came shooting out, lots of it. Some landed on my hand and it was warm, almost hot. I touched it, sniffed it, tasted it.

"Okay," Francis said when he was through pumping Rick. "*Now.*"

Warren, who had stopped while Rick was coming, went back to tickling his armpits, and Francis dug into Rick's belly and sides. I ran down to the end of the bed and took over at Rick's feet. They had been anointed with baby oil too, and the slick tender flesh of his soles felt so good under my fingers. Rick screamed, though he had lost his voice, only his agonized face and stretched open mouth showed he was screaming. Tears streamed down either side of his face. After a while he pissed himself, I saw it running over Francis's hands, but it didn't matter, we didn't stop, couldn't stop. We had discovered a beautiful new world, the three of us, a place

filled with every kind of ticklishness, and it was right here, under our hands. The unearthly sounds coming from Rick's throat were the siren songs of this new world, a language that teased us on and on, as deep into it as we could go.

After a while—it was getting dark by then—Francis took his hands off Rick and poured himself a palmful of baby oil. He slathered it over his dick and balls, then pulled at his dick with one hand and his balls with the other. Something was going to happen, his thighs were shaking again. I wasn't prepared for the sight of his enormous dick shooting off, there was so much cum flying so fast that some splashed onto my chest, though I was standing on the far side of the bed, and some even flew past me and splattered on the wall. That was all Warren needed, he stopped tickling Rick's armpits and started pulling on his own dick, which after about a dozen strokes exploded into a stream of jizz that crossed Rick's chest and smacked me in the belly. Now I had three different kinds of cum on me, and I collected it with the edge of my palm and smeared it all over my aching dick. For some reason I wanted Rick to see me cum, if he still had enough faculties left to see anything. I moved toward the head of the bed and pointed my throbbing dick at his face while I beat off. With a jolt that clenched like a fist in my gut I came, great gobs of jism splattering him between the eyes. Francis approached from the other side of the bed, working his dick until, incredibly, he came again, another thick stream of cum shooting against the side of Rick's face. Then Warren was stroking off again, his face beet red, and because I knew what his big hand felt like when it was wrapped around my dick I got hard again too. Soon Warren's cum streaked across the lower half of Rick's face, soaking a good part of his beard, and then I shot, creaming the rest of his beard and neck.

When it seemed that our fingers had done everything to Rick that could possibly be done, Francis stepped back, realized the record player was still playing, and switched it off. Rick was

panting like a dog, his chest heaving furiously, the sound of his tortured breath filling the room. We weren't done with him, though—far from it. Francis went to the closet and brought out a box of feathers.

He had a large collection, even larger than Warren's. The three of us pawed through them, each of us looking for something slightly different. Warren found some stiff feathers that he thought would work great on Rick's shaved armpits. Francis found some longer, slightly softer feathers that "would work wonders on those balls." As for myself, I hadn't forgotten Rick's story about how his little brother had tortured his feet, even pulling feathers between his toes. I found some long, very soft feathers that would serve that purpose nicely.

The feathers Warren used on Rick's armpits, to great effect, were gray. Francis's feathers, though, were yellow, and mine were bright red. With those colors we probably looked like some kind of circus act. It was a good comparison, for by then Rick himself had become something out of a circus, an insane clown who couldn't stop laughing, couldn't keep his tongue in his mouth or stop his eyes from rolling.

I think we did drive him out of his mind, and it wasn't over when I left.

Exhausted, Francis and Warren and I had finally sat down. I swigged at my Coke, having worked up a great thirst. We were looking at what we'd done, Rick lying in a puddle of sweat, oil, piss and cum, trembling from head to foot, unable to speak or make any kind of human sound, when Warren asked me if I could find my way back home by myself. I told him I could, and he said, "Good, because we'll probably be here a while yet, and you don't want to be late to supper."

"Okay," I said, a little disappointed to be leaving but also relieved. Like Francis and Warren, I had taken a turn jacking Rick off, had felt the tremendous force building up in his

cock, and the warm flow after that, had felt and smelled and even tasted all over his tight male body, the first adult male body I'd ever seen so completely or touched so thoroughly, and I knew my life had been changed. I knew that I would close my eyes and see Rick's body tied to that bed a million times or more during the rest of my life, and know how the things that mattered to me were different before and after that time. All that remained constant was that I was Warren's friend, so I didn't complain when Francis suggested I go home. I said goodbye and I shook Francis's hand, which seemed to surprise and please him, and he saw me out the front door. There was hardly enough room in my brain to wonder about what Francis and Warren wanted to do to Rick now, and for some reason I never asked.

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