

## The First Time

The First Time "You really think so?" she whispered close into my ear. Her hand stroked my thigh, moving very close to my growing erection. "I've tried bondage before, and liked it, but I've never really been tickled, you know?" the sexy brunette said, sipping her drink. Then she leaned over and kissed my neck, placing her hand squarely on my cock "God, I don't know if I could handle being totally helpless, and tickled all over. I'm really ticklish," she whispered, stroking. I let her rub for a moment more, then gently removed her hand. "Don't worry," I said, moving closer beside her. I leaned in and looked deep into her beautiful brown eyes. As she gazed back, I reached over and poked her gently in the ribs, causing her to squirm. "You're in good hands," I added, running my fingers down her ribcage and over to her breast. She giggled, and bit her lip. Lisa looked at me, her interest growing. "You're really into this, aren't you?" she asked, eyeing me curiously. I nodded, and went back to my drink. I wondered if she was going to back down. Lisa was smiling, but I had no idea what was going through her mind. I sipped and prayed she took me up on my offer. Lisa looked around the bar, watching as couples left together. "You'll take it easy on me, won't you?" she asked, still a bit unsure. "I mean, this is my first time, and all ..." she added as I put my hand up to her lips. "Come on. Let's get out of here!" I suggested and led her towards the door. Once outside at my car, I pressed her up against the door, and kissed her. We kissed and felt each other for a few minutes, until I was sure she was beginning to relax. "Lisa, everything will be okay. In fact, you'll probably find it to be one of the most incredible things you've ever done," I reassured, stroking her cheek. "Trust me. I promise you'll be fine," I added as I put the key into the lock and opened the door. The drive back to my place was short, but seemed to take forever. Lisa kept looking at me and smiling, occasionally reaching over to fondle my cock. My mind raced and my heart thumped as I envisioned tickling this beautiful, sexy woman. I thanked the gods for delivering this tickle virgin into my hands. When we arrived I took her directly into the bedroom. Lisa sat on the edge of my bed and examined the room. It contained a chest of drawers, a small desk, and a bedside table. She nodded her approval of the surroundings. Then she saw the collection of brushes and feathers that sat in a ceramic jar beside the bed. She went and took a closer look. "Are these for tickling?" she asked. I nodded. "Always ready for action, huh?" she said, poking me teasingly in the ribs. I laughed, and grabbed her wrist, pulling her to me. "You bet!" I replied, and tickled her briefly around the waist as I hugged her close. Moments later I was gently removing the red dress from Lisa, kissing the delicious tanned skin that it revealed as I slowly slid it down her body. I kissed the nape of her neck, then her shoulders. Lisa held her breath, barely moving as I moved to trail kisses down the length of her spine. She shivered as my tongue teased her around the waist, while my hands roamed up and down her bare legs. Lisa stepped out of her dress, and was about to remove her bra, but stopped when I embraced her from behind. "Not yet," I whispered, licking at her ear. She turned to face me, and our tongues met in a deep, satisfying kiss. My hands travelled her body, caressing and teasing while her own nimble fingers stripped me of my shirt. I took my time in removing her bra, then kissed my way across her sensitive breasts. I licked hungrily at her hardening nipples, drawing moans from Lisa. After a few hot moments, I drew back reluctantly. I knew that we would have time for this after we had some fun first. When we pulled apart, I motioned her to sit on the bed, which she did.

I knelt at the foot of the bed and retrieved several lengths of cotton rope from underneath. I smiled at Lisa, who now smiled back and lay back with her feet near me. She would have taken her shoes off, but I had instructed her to keep them on so I could remove them myself. I roped Lisa's ankles together, and tied them to the bed frame so that her feet extended slightly over the edge of the mattress. Lisa voluntarily extended her arms up, anxiously watching me as I tied each of her wrists to a bedpost. Her nipples were still hard, and her breathing quick as I pulled the ropes tight, drawing out her body. After I finished, Lisa shifted nervously, testing the extent of her bondage. Before jumping right in, I decided to continue my tour of her body. As my lips and tongue slid down to her belly, Lisa arched up off the bed. I looked at her and said mockingly, "Does that tickle?" She nodded, then squealed loudly as I returned my tongue to her navel. Lisa continued giggling, twitching slightly in her bonds as I teased her belly. I decided not to prolong this tickle, but instead kept kissing down toward her thighs. Kissing and licking around the tops of her legs, I noticed wetness through the thin material that shielded her pussy. As I gently stroked her pussy lips, I grinned and asked, "Does this feel good?" Lisa moaned, her eyes half closed. "Yes, ... oh yes keep doing that!" she said, her arousal visibly growing. I had other plans. Lisa's moan turned into a laugh when my fingers probed the soft flesh underneath her knees. "Ticklish here too I see," I added, kissing her sleek, muscular calf. Lisa laughed as I tickled behind her knees, and gasped "No ... oh ... John, please!" I stopped a few seconds later, and a moment after that her gentle laughter died out. But now I was standing up, moving to face her feet. She looked on with interest as I reverently placed my hands on her right shoe and slowly slid it from her foot. I was met with the sight of a delicious bare foot with hot pink nail polish. I stripped the shoe from her other foot, and gazed lovingly at the smoothness of her soles, from round, pink heels, to sexy little toes. And in the middle, her creamy, tender arches wrinkled invitingly as she wiggled her toes. "Oh no, please, not my feet!" she gasped softly, looking into my eyes. "They're so ticklish!" she added, covering one soft sole with her other foot. She was doing the teasing now. I moaned, gently grasping her bare foot and whispered, "I know." With deliberate care I slowly pulled her feet apart, and lovingly kissed the sole of her right foot, then licked at her toes. Lisa spasmed and squealed as my tongue massaged her wriggling bare foot. Before her giggles could die out, I was licking the other beautiful sole, running my tongue all over its ticklish length. As her laughter trailed off, I went to the bedside table and returned with some brushes and a length of cord which I used to tie Lisa's big toes with. Lisa let loose a little squeal once she felt her toes being pulled back and tied with the cord. "I love your ticklish toes, Lisa," I whispered, tying off the knot. "Why did you do that?" she asked, trying to move her feet. She was barely able to wiggle her toes. Lisa gasped as she realized that she had just answered her own question. "John ... could we just ...?" she began, but I smiled and kissed her toes, cutting her minor protest short. "Don't worry Lisa, this is just a little something to make things more interesting!" I said, stroking her leg. She smiled back, but out of the corner of my eye I saw her trying to wiggle her feet. After a few moments, she seemed to accept the situation. That's when I brought a chair over and sat facing Lisa's helpless soles. Lisa stared at me as I showed her a pair of toothbrushes. I flexed the nylon bristles with a finger, then grinned and ran one across the palm of my

hand. "Man, these things really tickle!" I said to Lisa, shaking my hand as if to rid it of the sensation. Lisa bit her lip in silence. I got up to sit closer to Lisa. "You'd be surprised at the number of common household objects that can be used with great success during a tickling session," I whispered, holding the toothbrushes before her. My hand stroked her thigh. Lisa's eyes were locked on the brushes. I gave her pussy a little massage, then pulled away when she moved toward it. "First things first, Lisa," I teased, tickling her belly with my fingertip. She pulled on the ropes, laughing. I moved back to face her feet. "This is it, Lisa," I said, chuckling. "It's tickle time for these little piggies!" I added, pointing the brushes at her feet. Lisa's eyes went wide and she strained her head forward to watch what I was doing. I began scraping the brushes up Lisa's bare soles, starting at the heels. Lisa let out a shocked gasp as the bristles tickled their way up her feet. I watched Lisa's face register surprise as I tickled her helpless foot bottoms again with the brushes, impressed by her effort to hold in her laughter. She bit her lip and writhed in discomfort as I stroked up and down her soles. Then she broke. As the bristles swept across her arches, she let out a long, pent-up laugh, and began pulling at the bonds that held her captive. I grinned at my ticklish victim, who squealed deliciously as I scrubbed the brushes around and around in her tender arches, tickling her feet more than anyone had tickled them before. Lisa was starting to laugh loudly now, whining and pleading with me to stop. But by the look of delight in my eyes she must have known this was just the beginning. I made the toothbrushes dance across the balls of Lisa's feet, and in between her toes, chuckling to myself as each movement brought forth another burst of laughter from Lisa. I teased her as I went, asking her, "Does this tickle Lisa? Really, right here? How about here, Lisa, are you ticklish here?" Of course she'd answer me, half laughing, "YES ... shit, yes HAHHAHAHA it TICKLES THERE!" Lisa's face began to redden from laughing, and she often looked stunned, as if she couldn't accept how much it tickled. I continued this way for ten or fifteen minutes, and by the end Lisa was laughing wildly from the constant and thorough tickling I was giving her naked, helpless soles. Following the devilish toothbrush treatment, I raised my hands above her feet and threatened them with my wiggling fingers. "NO ... God, please don't tickle any more!" she begged, then lapsed into laughter as my fingertips wiggled among her luscious toes. I used my fingernails on Lisa's captive soles, scraping up and down their squirming length. She found this equally tormenting, judging by the intensity of her laughter. Toward the end, I was tickling her arches, while simultaneously attacking her with relentless licking and sucking. My tongue whipped across her delicate toes, pausing to teasingly probe between them, and Lisa shrieked in hilarity as I did this. Before she lost it completely I stopped, and told her that I was giving her a break. Nearly breathless, Lisa was happy to accept. As Lisa slowly calmed down from her adrenaline tickle-high, I went again to my equipment to see what other goodies I could find. I came back with feathers and some Q-tips. Lisa began to protest before she had even caught her breath, but I told her not to worry. "I think your feet have had enough attention for a while," I said, placing my toys beside her. She swallowed hard as I straddled her across the waist and brushed some hair off her forehead. My hand moved down to Lisa's slick panties, and snuck inside. She jerked as I touched her. "I see that you have been enjoying this as much as I have," I said, teasing around her clit. "Oh God, please, don't stop ... I need to cum!" she groaned. "You know, your underarms look as if they could use some

stimulation,&quot;

I said, pointing a finger toward one smooth hollow. &quot;I think I'll tickle you there first,&quot; I whispered, leaning in to kiss her glistening breasts. Lisa moaned, either from my licking her nipples or from realizing the extent of her helplessness. I licked slowly around her thick, hot nipple, stroking and pinching its twin as Lisa writhed in ecstasy. Then I stopped, and picked up some Q-tips. &quot;No ... John please, I'm so ticklish!&quot; she said, protesting. &quot;Oh well, I suppose I could just go back to tickling your feet. Your feet are so soft and smooth, God they are sexy! I could tickle them all night long!&quot; I mused, moving toward her pinkened soles. Lisa reacted. &quot;NO, okay, all right! But please, take it easy, I can't take much more! Let me cum for God's sake!&quot; she said, earnest in her desire for release. I smiled, and positioned my hands close to Lisa's armpits. &quot;Just say 'I love it when you tickle me!&quot; I teased, ready to strike. Meanwhile my cock felt like it was ready to explode. Slowly she lifted her head up, and took a deep breath. She looked straight into my eyes, a faint smile on her lips. &quot;I love it when you tickle me!&quot; she said quickly, laughter already building as the Q-tips descended toward her smooth, ticklish armpits. Lisa's delicious squeals rang out once more...

## About the Author

Source: <http://bondage-pic.net/>