**Girlfriends**

**By Foxy Feather**

You would think that meeting your boyfriend’s ex would be awkward, right? Well, normally I would agree, but in my case, meeting one of James’s ex-girlfriends worked out perfectly for me. Not only did James and Jen manage to remain friends after splitting, but since we all went to the same college, I managed to strike up a friendship with her too.

I have to admit, we weren’t close friends. Jen was slightly scatter-brained and tended to think quite a bit of herself. She had long blond hair and rather lovely brown eyes, but she did tend to over-apply makeup. Still, she was nice and did her best to make people happy. As such, she had gladly participated in tickle games when she and James were a couple. And Jen was more than happy to fill me in.

“Does he still squeal when you tickle his arches?” Jen asked me.

“Oh yes. It’s adorable.”

Nice!” Jen said with an evil grin. “I always loved tickling James. It was the easiest way to get him to obey me.”

“Oh, I know. With just one finger, I can make James promise me anything,” I told her. Then I thought of something. “You know, maybe we should do something together.”

“You mean tickle him?”

“Yeah! I’m his girlfriend and you’re his friend. Plus, you’re his ex-girlfriend, so there’s an extra level of intimacy there.”

“Hmm, yeah. Yeah, that’s true.”

“Not to mention how much fun it’ll be making him obey us.”

“Oooh, what should we make him do?”

“Hmmmm, what did you make him do?”

Jen thought as she sipped from her soda bottle. We were sitting at a table in our college cafeteria waiting for James. My boyfriend was busy talking to a professor, so Jen and I had taken the opportunity to talk. And from that talk, I was hoping we could form a particularly fun plot.

“I used to just promise him to take me places, like out to dinner and stuff. If he agreed, he got less time in the tickle chair.”

“I’ve been plotting with other friends and we usually go out to dinner after the plots anyway.”

“Where do you usually go?”

“Applebees, usually.” Jen grinned.

“Then maybe we can convince him to buy us an appetizer in exchange for mercy.”

“Hmm, mozzarella sticks for mercy. I like it.”

“Oh, it’s fun. If you tickle him long enough, he’ll promise you anything.”

“I know. But an appetizer will be fine for me. Still, we don’t have to offer him the deal right away. We can wait awhile before we tell him what we want.”

“That’s true.”

“So now we just need a time and place. I know my family will be out of the house this Friday and I have a basement with some very comfy chairs.”

“I think I’m free Friday,” Jen mused. “So that’ll probably work for me. What time?”

“You should get to my house first. Any idea of what time would work?”

“I could get there around 8.”

“Okay. I’ll tell James to come around 8:30. That’ll give us half an hour to get everything ready.”

“Sounds good to me. Uh-oh, James is back.” I looked up to see James entering the cafeteria. I waved at him, then whispered to Jen,

“You have my number. Text me with any ideas or issues.”

“Okay. I’ll let you know if I’m free.”

“Hello!” James said, coming up to kiss me. He pulled a chair over, sat down, then looked at the two of us. “What’ve you been talking about?”

“Just talking,” I told him.

“I was telling Jackie about the things we used to do when we were dating,” Jen explained.

“Oh really?”

“Yes. So, you guys used to go out to dinner quite a bit, huh?”

“Yeah, but we do that too.”

“I guess Jen and I really do have a few things in common, don’t we?”

“He has good taste,” Jen said with a wide grin. James gave her a fake glower.

“”I know that look. What’re you two planning?”

“Oh, it’s just girl talk,” I assured him.

“And that’s what I’m afraid of,” James said, putting his arm around me. Well, he should be afraid, because I was looking forward to this little plan with Jen. After all, she knew James just as well as I did. She would know all of his weak points, just like me. And I was ready to bet that she would have some good ideas.

“Hey, Jackie, do you have a moment?” I paused from putting books away to see Jen walking towards me. It was Wednesday and I was working in the library until 9. As it was currently 7:30 (when most evening classes were running), the second floor of the library was practically deserted.

“Sure, Jen, what’s up?”

“Well, I was right. I’m free for Friday.”

“Great! So, 8:00 works?”

“Yeah, no problem. But check this out.” Jen opened her purse so I could look inside. Nestled between her tubes of lipstick were two new feathers, shaped to look like quill pens. Even though they were still wrapped in their plastic cases, they looked extremely soft and tickly.

“Oooh, those are nice. Where’d you get them?” Jen shrugged and smiled.

“I was at the mall yesterday and saw them at a kiosk. I thought they would help.”

“They’ll do more than help. I think these feathers will drive James out of his mind.”

“Yeah. And they’re appropriate, since you’re both English Majors.

“Good thinking. So, yes, bring them and we can make James laugh until he cries.”

“Sounds good to me. See you Friday, Jackie.”

“See you!”

I had told Jen I would tell James to come to my house around 8:30. Truthfully, I told him to come closer to 8:45. Jen and punctuality had never been on good terms; she often showed up to events anywhere from five to fifteen minutes late. James had told me this before.

“Yeah, if we’re going anywhere with Jen, be prepared to wait a bit. She’s a little flaky when it comes to being on time,” were his exact words. Sure enough, she showed up at my house around 8:15.

“Hi, Jackie, sorry I’m late! I had to wait for my brother to come home. Plus, I parked in front of your neighbor’s house so James wouldn’t think you had extra company.”

“No problem. James is running a little late too.”

“Are we going to have to punish him for that?”

“We just might have to.”

I led Jen down to my basement. It wasn’t as cozy as Erin’s basement and the foot rests weren’t attached to the chairs like the one on Erin’s easy chair. But they were comfortable and I knew exactly how to push James into them. Jen and I pushed one of my armchairs into the center of the room and slid a footrest up to it.

“What do we have to tie him up with?”

“These.” I picked up two karate belts I had stashed behind the chair. “I have quite a few; I keep two at my friend Erin’s house for surprise attacks.”

“Nice! Where should I put the feathers?”

“Keep them in your purse. You can pull them out in front of James.”

“Oooh, kinky.”

“Oh, ha-ha.” I paused, hearing a knock. “Hmmm, I guess he’s on time. He must’ve wanted to hurry to get here.”

“Heeheee, we can punish him for being too early then.”

I giggled as I went upstairs and walked to the front door. James waved at me and ducked to kiss me as I let him in.

“Hi!”

“Hi,” James said. “So, what’re you in the mood for?”

“Mmm, I dunno yet. Want to go sit in the basement and talk it over?”

“Sounds good to me,” James said, wrapping his arms around my waist. “Some quiet time before dinner, right?”

“Sure, why not?” I was biting my lip to keep myself from laughing.

James followed me downstairs without a second thought. I don’t think he suspected anything because we usually reserved Monday nights for plotting. Of course, he probably hadn’t thought his current girlfriend and his ex-girlfriend would team up against him!

“Hi, James!” Jen jumped forward and grabbed James’s arm.

“Jen!” James turned to look at me, but I had grasped his shoulder and was pushing him toward the chair we had set up.

“You *were* plotting!”

“You bet!” Jen and I shoved him down. James tried to jump back up, but Jen threw herself down on top of him.

“Oh, like I can’t throw *you* off.” But I had the belts! I grabbed James’s wrists and tied them together; he stopped fighting, knowing the inevitable was coming.

“No fair!” he protested as Jen helped me tie his ankles together.

“I think it’s fair,” Jen told him as we pulled his shoes and socks off. “I haven’t had a chance to tickle you since we broke up.”

“And how could I not invite her to join me after hearing how she used to get you?”

“Grrr, you!”

“Yes, me!” I nodded at Jen and she reached for her purse.

“Hey, James. Look what I have!” Jen pulled the feathers out of her purse. She had taken them out of the plastic and they looked even fluffier now. James’s eyes widened at the sight of the tickly-looking quill pens.

“You devil! When did you get those?”

“Tuesday!” Jen handed me my feather and we waved them in front of James’s face.

“Ready to have a good time?”

“Noooo!”

“That means yes!” Jen declared. We immediately began dragging the fluffy feather tips up and down James’s soles. I guess the feathers worked perfectly because James threw back his head and started laughing.

“Ahahahahahahahahahaha! Oh, God! Those are murder! Ahahahahahahahaha!”

“Just what I was hoping for,” Jen said as she stared at James’s feet. His soles were all scrunched up, making his famous scrunch lines that we loved so much. I traced the lines on James’s right foot and Jen got the ones on his left foot.

“Ahahahahahahaha! Stopit! Ahahahahahahahaha!”

“Never!” Jen’s eyes were gleaming as she tickled. For the next twenty minutes, we took turns; Jen would tickle him for a little while, then I would take over. James then tried to deter us by lifting his feet up off the footrest, but neither one of us were fooled. As one, we followed James’s feet, not stopping the slow torture.

“Noooo! Ahahahahahaha!”

“Yeah, Jen knows you as well as I do!”

“I sure do! And isn’t it cute how Jackie has no problem tickling you either?”

“Ahahahahahaah! She didn’t used to be that way! Ahahahahahaha!”

“Oh?” Jen looked at me, still stroking James’s foot with up and down strokes.

“Yeah. I was nervous about hurting him. But when I saw how much tickle torture makes him laugh, I was hooked!”

“Yeah, it’s easy to get addicted to this!” Jen laughed as I tickled the edge of James’s right arch, making him twitch before sweeping the feather back and forth across his foot.

“Ahahahahahahahahahaa! Oh, God, this is torture!”

“That’s the point,” I said.

“But this is worse than ever! Ahahahahahahahaha!”

“Why?” Jen asked, brushing the edge of James’s right arch.

“AHAHAHAHAAH! Because you’re my ex!” Jen glared at James.

“And that makes this worse?” I asked, joining Jen on James’s arches. James bucked and writhed in the chair, his feet wiggling and twitching like crazy.

“AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! Because my old girlfriend and my current girlfriend teaming up is kinda hot! AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH! Oh, God! I need a break!”

“I guess we can be nice,” I agreed. Jen and I sat back, watching James gasp and pant for air as his feet twitched in front of us.

“So, you like it when your past girlfriend and your current girlfriend team up, huh?” Jen asked as we waved our feather in front of James’s face again.

“Grrr. You’re both driving me crazy!”

“I had a feeling you’d like it,” I told him.

“Yep, he’s such a boy that way.” Jen laughed as James tried to kick the feather away.

“Get him!” I cried. Jen dropped her feather and grabbed James’s ankles, holding them on the footrest. I put my feather down and began using the tip of my index finger to stroke his scrunch lines.

“AHAHAHAHAHAHAH! NOT THAT! NOT THAT! AHAHAHAHAHAH!”

“My one-finger tactic always gets him,” I told Jen, who was laughing and bouncing on her heels.

“Yay! Get him, Jackie! Get him!” I ran my finger slowly up and down the center of James’s feet; first one and then the other. His feet were flushed and very warm at this point, just the way I liked them.

“Heehee, how do his feet feel?” Jen asked.

“Soft as velvet.” James laughed harder and shook his head from side to side.

“Let me feel.” Still holding onto James’s ankles with one hand, Jen reached over and stroked the center of James’s left foot. James squealed at her touch and shook harder, but I helped Jen hold him as still as possible while the two of us stroked away.

“Oooh, you were right. It’s just like running your fingers over velvet,” Jen said with a sigh.

“AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH! MERCY! AHAHAHAHAHAH! I”LL DO ANYTHING! AHAHAHAHAHA!”

“Oh you will, will you?” I asked.

“AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA YES! AHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAH!”

“Hmmm, what do you think, Jen?”

“Hmmm, well, I *am* getting hungry.”

“Yeah, me too. And we were planning on going to Applebees,” I mused, still swirling my finger over James’s super-soft arch.

“AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH I’LL BUY YOU AN APPETIZER!” James screamed in desperation.

“Aww, you remember!” Jen crowed.

“AHAHAHAHAHAHAH! WILL YOU STOP NOW?”

“Mmmm, two more minutes!” I decided. “As my Sensei said, anyone can go hard for two minutes!”

“NOOOOOOOOOO!”

“Get him!” Jen and I tickled him as fast as we could. Jen was using the five fingers of her left hand on James’s left foot while I used both of my index fingers on James’s right foot. James struggled like mad, but even he couldn’t throw us off.

“AHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAH! STOPPPPPPP!”

“Not yet!” Jen told him. I kept my eye on the clock, waiting for it to hit 10:15. I didn’t stop with my fingers though; no way was I going to let up before time was up!

“AAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

“And there we are! 10:15!” I sat back and so did Jen. James couldn’t move; he just sat in the chair gasping for breath. I glanced over at Jen.

“So, ready for some mozzarella sticks?”

“Mmmm, yeah.”

“Oh… so you knew… what kind of appetizer you wanted?” James gasped.

“Like I said, we were planning,” I taunted him as I pulled of his ankle belt.

“Yeah, you sure were.” James pouted at me. “Can’t believe my own girlfriend would plot with my ex like that.”

“Oooh, you said it was kinda sexy,” Jen reminded him, helping him untie the wrist belt.

“Yeah…” James agreed. “I guess no man can resist when two girls he dated decided to gang up on him, no matter what they do.”

“I guess we’ll have to do this more often,” I said.

“I guess that means we’ll have to think of more things we want James to do for us.”

“Hey!”

“I can’t wait!”

“Noooo!”

**Two Friends**

**By Foxy Feather**

My phone started to vibrate as I got home. Setting my backdown down on the floor and fending off the enthusiastic welcomes of my two dogs, I answered it.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Jackie!" I recognized the slightly high-pitched voice on the other end.

"Jen?"

"Yeah. How are ya?"

"Doin' alright. Biology is hard though."

"Yeah, I never had a head for science," I said.

"Well, my one class is super tough. Let me tell you..."

I walked into the living room as Jen started yammering about her biology professor. Sinking down into a chair, listening with one ear, I called her face to mind. Long blond hair, wide grey eyes, always used too much makeup. Still, Jen was nice enough; she had to be, seeing as she was James's ex-girlfriend and there was no way he would have gone out with someone who wasn't nice to *some* degree.

Actaully, I had met Jen through James. They had parted on good enough terms and the three of us went to the same college anyway, so it made sense that I would meet Jen after awhile. As it turned out, Jen shared my enthusiasm for tickle torturing James. We had discussed our various tactics in the past and even tickled James at my house together. Now, I wondered if she wanted to do it again.

"Sounds interesting," I commented, cutting her off before she could start again. Again, Jen was nice, but she could really drill a subject into the ground if you let her. "So, what else have you been up to?"

"Well, we haven't gotten together in awhile and I wanted to see if you and James were interested in meeting up sometime."

"Oh, sure. What did you have in mind?" I asked.

"I haven't been to Applebees in awhile. Want to meet for that?"

"Sure, I'll let James know. And speaking of James, I know something else you haven't done in awhile." I grinned, even though I knew Jen couldn't see my expression.

"Huh? Oh, I know!"

"Yeah. I know James loves it when the two of us tickle torture him." Jen giggled.

"Yeah. And he probably thinks he's escaped me for good."

"Then I guess you have to prove him wrong, don't you?"

"Yes! So, when should we get together?"

"Let me get into contact with James. We'll decide on a day and time. And then we can really plot."

"Cool! Let me know!"

"Will do. Talk to you soon, Jen!"

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Later that night, after finishing my homwork and taking a shower, I was lying on my bed, talking to James.

"I spoke to Jen today.."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, she called me just as I was getting home."

"And what did she say?" I could hear the suspicion in James's voice.

"She wants to meet us at Applebees sometime this week," I said, stretching out on my bedspread.

"Oh yeah, I'm sure that's all she said!"

"Well, I might have mentioned something else," I drawled.

"Grrr, I knew it!" I laughed.

"Oh come on. When was the last time Jen and I got you together?" I asked.

"Awhile ago," James answered.

"And I think you can handle a little bit of tickle torture, just to make up for lost time, right?"

"I guess." I laughd again.

"Jen is super eager to get you. And if you're good, we'll let you negoiate how much time you spend in the chair."

"Oh, I'm sure," James said, but I could hear the grin in his voice. "So, when were you guys thinking of tickling me?"

"I would vote for Friday, since none of us have weekend classes."

"Fair enough. Tell her to come to your house at 7; she'll show up at 8, which will leave us plenty of time to negotiate."

"Fine," I agreed. "But don't think you're getting off easy! I know for a fact that Jen can't wait to get her hands on those soft, sensitive feet of yours!"

"Heyyyy!" James protested. But I knew he was pleased.

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That Friday night, I waited for Jen to arrive. I had done as James suggested and told her to come to my house at 8. And as it was now 7:45, I knew that Jen would be late, as per usual.

Oh well, I had my basement ready. I had pushed one of the armchairs into the center of the room and pulled one of the footrests right up to it. Next to the chair, I had placed two of my old karate belts on the floor, along with a long white feather, a paintbrush, and a hairbrush. I smiled; thank goodness my sisters and parents weren't here. I wouldn't want them seeing my display or hearing James laugh the house down!

My two dogs started barking as I heard a rapping on my door. I ran upstairs and opened the front door to let Jen in. As always, her face was covered with powder, eyeliner, and lipstick, but her blond hair was held back and she was carrying a small plastic bag.

"Hi, Jen. Come on in." I stepped back as my two little dogs- Maddie and Snookie- jumped up and down for Jen's attention. She petted them eagerly.

"Awww, they're so cute."

"Yeah, tey're good dogs. But they can't get downstairs, so they won't try to set James free." Jen laughed as I led her downstairs. As I did, my phone buzzed and I reached into my pocket, pulled it out and read the text.

*Got held up. Gonna be a little late. See you around 9:15.* I typed back,

*Jen just got here. House empty, so just come on in when you get here.*

"Well it looks like James is gonna be late," I said as Jen and I sat down n the couch downstairs. "He probably won't get here till 9 or 9:15. Jen pouted.

"Aww, man, I was hoping to get him for two hours tonight!"

"We're really gonna have to punish him for this!" I agreed. Imagine, being late to be tickled tortured? The nerve!

"I know," Jen agreed. "I brought a special feather." Reaching into the bag she carried, Jen pulled out a fluffy yellow feather that looked as though it was made for tickling feet.

"Nice! Does it work well?"

"I guess we'll have to wait and see!" Jen teased, waving the feather at me. I took it from her and waved it back at her.

"Maybe we should test it now," I said playfully. I don't know what possessed me to do it, but before I could stop myself, I had grabbed Jen's right foot, yanked off her shoes and sock, and began running the yellow feather over the center of her sole.

"Heyyy, Jackkiiiee!" Jen laughed, more out of surprise. "No fair!"

"Gotta make sure it works!" I teased her. Jen's foot scrunched up, forming bunched lines as I tickled her faster. Just for fun, I started tarcing her lines as I had so often done with James. Jen laughed, falling back flat on the couch.

"Hahahahaha! Stoooppp!"

"Wow, you're sensitive too!" I swirled the feather over my friend's arch before tracing her lines again.

"Hahahahahaah!" Jen kicked in my grip, her desperate flailing causing me to lose my grip. Eye blazing, she sat up and grabbed my left foot.

"Oh yeah? Take this!"

Jen grabbed my left foot and tore my sock off. Her fingernails were long and Jen used the one on her index fingers to race the skin of my left sole. I shuddered as the familiar tickly feeling surged through me. Unable to help myself, I laughed and scunched my foot up.

"Heeheeheeheee, Jen!"

"Payback! Payback!" Jen taunted me.

"James already got me!" I protested, laughing like mad. I wiggled and squirmed, but Jen had a death grip on my ankle. Slowly, she ran her nail over my exposed skin, tracing my lines as I had done to hers.

"Ahahahahahah! Your nails are evil!"

"I know. I had them done today especially for James!" Jen wigled her nails over my whole foot before I finally managed to yank my ankle out of her hand. Jumping up, I grabbed one of my belts from the floor. Jen followed me, grinning.

"What did you think about that?" she asked.

"I think *this!"*

Before Jen could protest, I grabbed her and pushed her into the chair I had reserved for James. I looped the belt around Jen's feet, pulling of her other shoe and sock as I did. To be safe, I also tied her wrists together before putting her feet on the footrest.

"Jackie!" she cried.

"You brought this on yourself, Jen!" With an evil smirk, I began using my one-finger tactic one her. My right index finger trailer slowly up and down her soles, first the right, then the left. Jen's reaction didn't disappoint.

"Ahahahahahahaha! Not that! Not that! Ahahahahaahah!" I laughed alongside her, tracing my fingers over her lines.

"My one finger tactic never fails!" I taunted, not stopping as I looked down on her.

"Jackkieeeeee! Hahahahahaha!"

"My you're senstive tonight, Jen." I rubbed her arch, noting how soft it felt. "Oooh, did you have a pedicure or something?"

"F-f-foot massage!" Jen gasped. "I- hahahaha- had a free coupon for one! Ahahahahah!"

"Ahhh, but I bet it didn't compare to one of James's massages."

"Nothing does!" I stopped tickling Jen at the sound of my boyfriend's voice and by the fact that it was just past 9:00. I had been so absorbed in tickle torturing her that I hadn't heard James come in. He was standing halfway down the basement stairs, grinning at the display. Jen glared at him.

"Your girlfriend is torturing me!" I smiled at James and held up the fluffy yellow feather.

"And this is what she brough for you. Want to see if it works?"

"Yes!" James didn't need any more encouragement. Crossing the room, he plucked the feather from my hands. I held Jen's feet out for him as he knelt down and studied her scrunched soles.

"Thought you were gonna get me, Jen? Well, take this!" With expert hands, James brushed the feather over Jen's arches. Made sensitive nt just by her massage, but by my attention, Jen didn't disappoint.

"Ahahahahahahaha!" She rolled back and forth on the couch, blond hair falling out of her ponytail. "James, stoppit! Ahahahaaahahahah!"

"Oh, how often have I said that?" James tickled under Jen's toes, clearly loving the way they scrunched up as he did it.

"But you can take it!" Jen protested.

"She has a point," I agreed. James nodded.

"I agree, she's had enough of me. Why don't we see how she reacts to the two of us?"

"NO!"

"Okay!" I began running my finger over Jen's foot again as James started again with the feather. Jen, obviously flooded with tickly feeling, howled with laughter and tried to squirm away. James and I each grabbed her respective ankle to stop her.

"Oh no, Jen, you're not going anywhere," I teased, staring at her feet while I traced her lines. "After all, James hasn't had a chance to tickle you either."

"Hey, that's right," James agreed, swirling the feather tip over Jen's arch. "And I do love how sensitive your feet are too." He laughed as Jen's feet scrunched in embarassment. "Yeah, scrunch lines!" Together, James and I tickled Jen's sensitive scrunched feet as hard as we could.

"AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" Jen shrieked. "PLEEEEAASSEEE NO MORE!" James and I tickled her for a few more seconds before stopping. Wearily, Jen kicked away the belts and sat up, panting.

"So much for getting your boyfriend, Jackie," she growled between big gulps of air.

"Well, it was still fun. And I don't get a chance to make you a victim often either, you know." James nodded, picking up the discarded belts. Turning to me, he addressed Jen.

"Hey, Jen, want to help me get Jackie too? Her feet must be feeling left out!"

"Hey! She got me already!" I protested as Jen jumped up and and yanked me into the chair.

"Yeah, for all of ten minutes!" she countered, tying my wrists as James tied my feet together and pulled off my right sock. "See how the feather works on her, James!"

"With pleasure!" James brushed the tickly yellow feather over my feet and it was probably due to the adreneline rush, but I felt the tickle alright!

"Ahahahahahahaha!" I bucked in Jen's grip, but between her hands and the belt, I couldn't dodge the feather. "Nooo! Ahahahahahaha!"

"Oh, yes," James muttered, staring at my feet. Dropping the feather, he began running his fingers over my soles, eager to get his hands on me. My boyfriend's hands were soft and sent the tickly feeling shooting through me.

"Ahahahahahahahah! No more! Ahahaahahahahahah!"

"How does it feel, Jackie?" Jen asked, lightly running one of her long nails under my arms. I nearly shrieked at that!"

"Not there! Not there! I can't take that! Ahahahahahaha!"

"Oooh, now I know where to get you good!" James laughed, tickling my arches.

"And you're in for it when I get free!" With a desperate twist, I pulled away from Jen and grabbed James's hands. Panting for breath, I galred at him.

"Now you're gonna get it!" Kicking the belt off, I pushed James into the chair and tied his feet with the same belt he had used on me!

"Jen, help me! We don't have much time, but let's make him pay!"

"Okay!" Grabbing the other belt, Jen joined me and tied james's hands together.

"Heeeyyy! Guys, c'mon!"

"Oh no, we were planning on getting you and that's what's gonna happen," Jen told him. She grabbed the yellow feather as I pulled off his shoes and socks.

"Get him!" I cried. Without hesitation, Jen tickled James's left foot furiously with the feather while I ran my index finger up and down his right sole for all I was worth.

"AHAHAHAHAHAH! Not both of you!" James shrieked.

"Yes, both of us!" I said, tracing his lines and loving the velvety feel of his skin. James bucked and squirmed, but Jen and I held him still as we tickle tortured him mercilessly.

"AHAHAHAHAHAHAH! MERCY! MERCY!" James cried after several long minutes. I looked at the clock. 9:50. I decided on five more minutes insead of ten. After all, I was getting hungry!

"Five minutes, Jen. Make him suffer!"

"Okay!" We went wild, feather and finger flying over James's feet. He was laughing like crazy as we tortured as fast as we could. In truth, I knew it was because we used a double-attack head on; James could last for two hours or more if we started slowly. But we were in the mood to be merciless!

"Tickle, tickle!" I teased.

"Cootchie coo!" Jen added. We ran our tools of choice over James's arches and toes.

"AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH! NOOO MORE!" James begged.

"Okay, fine, good enough." I sat back, watching James gasp. "But because you were late tonight, you have to submit to another punishment another time."

"Hey, I thought I could negoiate," he protested.

"Not anymore, 'cause you made us wait," Jen said, helping me ntie him.

"Grr, big meanies!" James stuck his tongue out at me.

"And you're really gonna get it then too. Maybe we'll even use a double hairbrush, right, Jen?"

"Yeah!"

"Can't I negoiate that, at least?" James asked, pulling his shoes back on.

"Maybe over some mozzerella sticks. I'm starving," Jen said.

"Me too. Let's go."

"If I buy the mozzerella sticks, can we take away the double hairbrush?" James asked as he headed out.

"Maybe," Jen and I agreed together. Personally, I couldn't wait until Jen and I got together again. We managed to have fun even when James was late!

**The End**

**A Girls' Night**

**By Foxy Feather**

Growing up, I wasn't a very social person. However, in college, I found myself among a group of friends who I enjoyed hanging out with. Aside from my boyfriend, James, I met a small group of girls. There was Claudia, the reference librarian, Erin, a close friend of James's who I hit it off with and Jen, who hated dated James before and had remained on good terms with him. All of us enjoyed hanging out together and even found we had a few things in common.

One common activity we all enjoyed was tickle attacking James. He had extremely sensitive feet and we loved tying him up and tickling his feet until he begged for mercy. We know James enjoyed being attacked as well, although we all agreed it was hilarious when he protested against our attacks at the top of his lungs!

However, occasionally, James wasn't available. This one week, I knew he had a family obligation on Thursday night and I wasn't planning on doing anything. However, Jen caught up with Claudia and I in the library.

"Hey, you guys busy Thursday?"

"I'm not," Claudia said.

"Neither am I. James is busy, so I was just going to stay home."

"Erin doesn't have anything going on either. Why don't you all come over to my house? You know, make a little girl's night of it. We can hang out for a bit and then go get food or something."

"That sounds like fun," I admitted.

"Yeah," Claudia agreed. "Hey, Jackie, if you want, I can give you a ride from here and then home."

"Hey, thanks!"

"No problem. And like I said, Erin is coming over too. Let's say around 7?" Jen asked.

"Works for us," I said, looking at Claudia.

"Sure does," she agreed. "So we'll see you and Erin then."

"Great. See ya!"

"Huh, a girl's night," I said to myself. I hadn't really been to much of those, having not really connected with girls in the past. But these girls were my friends and I had no doubt this would be fun.

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"Claudia should be here in about ten minutes," I said into my phone. It was Thursday evening, around 6:30 and I was sitting on the couch in my living room. James had called me from his grandmother's house, wanting to check in.

"Okay. I'm glad you're going out, Jackie. You deserve to have fun."

"Well, like I said, I didn't have a lot of friends in high school or even before that. And I didn't really hang out with girls much as a kid. None of them were very interesting."

"Then I'm extra glad you're hanging with the girls tonight. Sounds like you missed out on having a real girl's night. You know, where you do things you want to do with other girls."

"Yeah. I'm looking forward to it. Claudia, Jen, and Erin are fun, as you know." I giggled a bit as I said this.

"Grrr, don't you start plotting!" James growled playfully.

"Hey, you're the one who's happy for me!"

"Maybe you should stay home!" I could practically see the grin on James's face.

"Nice try!" I paused, hearing the sound of a car pulling up in my driveway. "That's Claudia. I'll talk to you later. I love you!"

"I love you too! And no plotting!"

"No promises!"

I hung up and ran out to meet Claudia. She waved to me from the car and I slipped into the passenger seat as she brushed some of her black hair out of her eyes.

"Ready?" she asked.

"You bet!"

"Great. Erin just texted me. She's almost at Jen's house, so we should get there just after her."

"Okay. Any idea of what we're doing?" I asked. Claudia shrugged.

"I'm not sure," she admitted. "I guess we'll figure something out when we get to Jen's."

"Alright."

We got to Jen's house at exactly 7:00. The two of us walked up the brick path to the white two-story house and I rang the doorbell. Jen answered and I could see Erin waving from a doorway leading to a basement.

"C'mon in," Jen said, motioning us to follow her. Claudia and I did so, entering a basement with white walls, a thick blue carpet and two long couches with velvety cushions. Claudia and I sat on opposite ends of the first couch while Jen sand Erin curled up on the other couch, opposite us.

"So, what's going on?" Erin asked.

"Noting much," I answered. "James says hi, by the way."

"Too bad he's not here," Claudia said. "We could've had real fun with him." She held up her long nails and wiggled them. We laughed and nodded.

"Four girls against one guy?" I grinned. "James would be going nuts about now."

"Yeah," Erin agreed. "He's probably start screaming for us to stop before too long."

"I wouldn't stop until I got to use my new feather on him," Jen declared. With a grin, she reached behind her couch and pulled out a long pink feather. It was extremely fluffy and probably would've made James's heart stop if he was here to see it.

"Whoa, where'd you get that?" I asked.

"At a costume store. They're accessories you can buy for a mask or to hang in your hair. But I have other plans for this one!"

"We'll have to get James here for sure," I agreed.

"Yeah. It sure looks tickly," Erin agreed.

"Tell me if it feels tickly!" Jen said. She reached over and grabbed Erin's ankle, yanking off Erin's right sandal.

"Hey!" Erin cried, but Jen pulled her foot closer and started running the feather over Erin's sole.

"Ahahahahahaha! Hey! That tickles! Ahahahahahahaha!"

"Wow, Erin, I didn't realize you were ticklish too!" Claudia laughed.

"It's the feather! The feather!" Erin squealed, struggling in Jen's grip. Jen was relentless in her torture, running the feather up and down Erin's sole. The thick pink strands attacked the skin on Erin's feet, making me wonder if the skin on Erin's feet was growing warmer like James's did when he was attacked.

"Oh sure it is!" Claudia laughed several minutes into the torture, eyeing Erin's wiggling toes with amusement.

"Jackie, help me!" Jen cried as Erin tried to wiggle away.

"Okay. I agreed. I darted over to the opposite couch and wiggled my fingers at Erin. However, I also noticed that Jen's feet were bare. Oh, the opportunity was to great to ignore. Slipping around Jen, I moved toward the other end of the couch were Jen's feet were. I grabbed Jen's ankles with one hand and started running my index finger over Jen's left foot.

"Ahahahahahahahah! Jackie! Hey!" Jen laughed. She let go of Erin in surprise, dropping the feather.

"What's wrong, Jen? Can't take what you dish out?" I teased, sitting down with her feet in my lap.

"No fair! I wanted your help! Ahahahahahahaha!" Jen was laying flat on her back now, Erin sitting beside her head.

"Hah, looks like you're sensitive too, Jen," Erin mocked.

"Not as sensitive as you!" Claudia crowed. Before Erin could react, Claudia knelt down in front of Erin and grabbed her feet, holding them in front of her fcae. She started tapping her nails over Erin's feet using the smooth edges to trace the skin carefully.

"Oh God! Claudia! Ahahahahahahahahaha!"

"I guess now you know why James goes nuts when Claudia gives him the nail treatment," I laughed.

"And why you do the one-finger to him! Ahahahahahahaha! Jackie! Let go! Ahahahahahaha! It's been five minutes! Let go! Ahahahahahahahaha!"

"No way, Jen! This is fun." I tickled her arches, marveling at how smooth her feet were. "Hey, Jen, your feet are almost as soft as James's!"

"No fair! Ahahahahahahaha!"

"I think it's fair," Claudia declared. She wiggled one of Erin's toes before running her nails over Erin's arches. Erin shrieked and struggled in Claudia's vice-like grip.

"Noooo! Aahahahahahahahahahahah! Stoooppppp! Ahahahahahahahaha!

"Let go, Jackie! Ahahahahahah!" Jen begged.

"Don't let go of her, Jackie!" Claudia called, but I had been tickling Jen for ten minutes now and I had another idea.

"Jen, let's gang up on Claudia!" I cried, springing up and pouncing on the librarian. Kneeling next to her on the couch, I snagged her arms, freeing Erin and allowing her to, once again, sit back on the couch and gasp for breath.

"Yeah, get her!" Jen sat up and followed my example. She grabbed Claudia's ankles, helping me hold her still on the couch. Jen yanked off Claudia'a shoes and socks and grabbed her feather back.

"No! No! Hey! Let me go!" Claudia cried, trying to keep her feet flat on the ground.

"I got her!" Erin reached down and pulled Claudia's long elegant feet up so that they were level with Jen's face. Jen grabbed her feather and began using it on Claudia's feet.

"Ahahahahahaha! That is really tickly!" Claudia struggled, but Erin and I held her still.

"Oooh, someone's senstive," Erin teased, reaching over to lightly tickle the edge of Claudia's right foot.

"I-ehehehehehe- put lotion on! Ahahahahahahaha!" Claudia admitted.

"Oooh, lotion, we'll have to remember that one," Jen said.

"Yeah. Imagine what it'll do to James," I agreed.

"Imagine what this'll do to you!" Claudia wiggled free of my hands and grabbed at me. I tried to scoot away down the couch, but Claudia's hands managed to snag my ankles. Still laughing from Jen's torture, Claudia still pulled off my sandals.

"Get her! Get her!" Jen dropped the feather and started trailing her finger over Claudia's feet, not willing to let the librarian go after only five minutes.

"Nooo! Let go!" I protested.

"Let me help." Erin jumped over and held my wrists as Claudia started running her nails over my feet. Now, I'm not especially ticklish all the time, but I was so caught up in the fun of attacking my friends that I could tell the skin on my own soles would be receptive to whatever they did to me. It turns out I was right!

"Ahahahahahahahahaha! Oh God!" I cried as Claudia's long shapely nails made contact with my feet. The tickly feeling spread through my feet through my whole body, making me shudder and wiggle in Erin's grip.

"Looks like Jackie's sensitive too!" Jen teased, pausing her attack on Claudia for a second.

"Normally I'm not!" I protested. "Ahahahahahahaha! No, stop!"

"After everything you did to me? I think not!" Claudia was clearly having the time of her life attacking me.

"And me!" Erin, desperate for revenge, let go of me and jumped at Jen. Caught off guard, Jen had no chance as Erin attacked her with her own fingers.

"Erin! Get off! Eeheheheheheheheheheh! Let go!"

"You wouldn't let me go! Suffer for it, Jen!" Erin made sure to trail her fingers slowly over Jen's arches, causing her to twist about like an eel. On and on we went for at least fifteen minutes, none of us wanting to give each other ground.

"Ahahahahahahaha! Stooopppp!"

"Claudia! Ahahahahahaha! Let go!"

"Never!" Claudia, still panting from Jen's attack, seemed determined to make me pay. She, like Erin, went for my arches and I can say that I laughed so hard, my sides were aching.

"YAHAHAHAHAHAHAH! I can't take it! I can't!"

"Neither can I," shrieked Jen, scrunching her feet up.

"Take it! Take it! Just like I did!" Erin bounced a bit on her heels as she happily paid Jen back for starting this massive attack.

Of course, none of us had James's staminia and thankfully, we all knew it. A few minutes later, Erin and Claudia let Jen and I go. We all sagged on the couch and floor, sweaty and gasping for breath. I could feel my feet tingling in response to Claudia's nail tickles and my soles involuntarily scrunched up now and then.

"I can see why James screams so much when we do that to him," Erin finally gasped out.

"Yeah," Jen agreed. "But it was fun, even when he wasn't the victim."

"And hey, now we can tell him we know how it feels," I said.

"Yeah, now he has no excuse for calling us mean," Claudia stated. "I thought that was kinda fun."

"Oh, kinda?" Erin asked. We all laughed, slowly sitting up and stretching. I looked at the clock, surprised to find it was just now 7:45.

"Huh, only 45 minutes? I thought we went at it a lot longer," I mused.

"What, you want more, Jackie?" Jen asked, holding up the pink feather.

"No thanks, I'm good. But maybe we can build up our stamina a little more some other time."

"Yeah, maybe we should girl nights more often," Erin agreed. "And next time, I'll bring my paint brushes."

"Oh, God, you wanna kill us?" Claudia asked.

"No. But I can bring my hairbrushes if you want!" Erin grinned at her.

"I've seen what hairbrushes can do," I said. "When I use the hairbrush on James, he really goes crazy, but they haven't killed him yet."

"Hey, whose side are you on?" Claudia pouted at me, making Erin and Jen laugh.

"Well, I don't know about you guys, but I'm on the hungry side. Let's go eat." Jen stood up, yanking her shoes back on.

"Good idea. Maybe we can compare more notes over dinner and decide on a night the four of us can practice on James."

We ended up going out to Friendly’s for dinner and ice cream, talking about things that had nothing to do with tickling, but our college, other people we knew, how our jobs were going, and various other things that girls talk about. While we laughed, my phone rang. I pulled it out of the pocket from my jeans.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Jackie, how's it going?" James asked.

"Great. How're you?"

"Not bad. Thought I'd check in and see what you were up to on your girls' night."

"We've been plotting," I sing-songed.

"Grrrr, no! Bad!"

"Oh believe me, we had fun doing it!" I told him, grinning at my companions. "I'll tell you about it later. You're going to want to hear about this girl's night!"