

## Henry's tickle torture

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**Anime :** Digimon Frontier

**Characters :** Henry, Guilmon, Impmon

**Contains :** tickling, licking.

Henry looked at the darkening sky. Takato had suggested spending the night together with their digimon, but since they can't bring their digimon home they decided to spend the night at the park. It had been a hot summer day without a single cloud in the sky and the night was still comfortably warm. Henry had been waiting for Takato to show up, but his friend hasn't arrived yet so Henry snuggled into his sleeping bag and began reading using a small flashlight. A few minutes later Henry had fallen asleep, snoring lightly.

An impmon noticed him and smirked before going to fetch Guilmon since he had been secretly training him to tickle and now was the best opportunity! As slowly impmon tied him up so he was bound to nearby nails in the soil that wouldn't come out and soon enough Guilmon was brought back. "remember what I told you! If you want to play! Then tickle like I showed you!" The Impmon said as the guilmon nodded

Henry suddenly stirred in his sleep. The sound of someone talking had woken him up. "Takato? Are you that? Henry asked sleepily. He wanted to rub his eyes, but to his surprise and shock he couldn't move his arms or legs. " What's going on? " Henry asked in an alarmed tone, fully awake now.

A guilmon smirked looking up at him and wiggling its claws toward his upper body more of a tickling pose than a clawing

" Guilmon?" Henry looked at the red dino digimon in surprise.. " What is this all about? And what is Impmon doing here?" B Suddenly it dawned on him. " Impmon! This was your idea, wasn't it?" Henry said in annoyance.

"Yes it was, and do you know what I taught him?" He asked with a smirk as suddenly guilmon skated his claws over his tummy even if it was covered it would still tickle!

" Guilmon hahahaha stop. That tickles hahahahahahahaha." Henry complained, tugging on the ropes holding him down. Boyish giggles flowed from his mouth as he started squirming on the ground.

"This is fun Impmon!" The guilmon replied before slowly wagging his tail over his tummy quickly which caused the shirt to ride up

" Not for mehehehahahahahaha." Henry replied, giggling harder. The tail that pushed his shirt up started sliding over his bare stomach, tickling him. " I don't like hahahahaha being tickled."

The guilmon took this into consideration but his childish mood changed that. "But your laughing." Obviously the impmon had not told him about some people not liking it in fact the impmon left already

" Yehehehehes, but I'm nohohohot having fun hahahahahahaha." He squirmed harder, trying to think of a way to explain Guilmon the situation." Do hahaha Do you remember when when Terriermon tickled you hahahahahahaha? "

"It was fun!" He cried out looks like it would be harder for Henry to manage to convince him to do anything that he wanted \_P

The nails suddenly found the bare skin on his stomach

"Really?" Henry was a bit surprised. He didn't really hate being tickled, but he wouldn't call it fun either. " How about hahahahaha you untie mehehehehe? It's even more fun if I hehehehehehehehe

can tickle you bahahahackhahahahahaha." Henry's squirming and struggling grew more desperate as the tickling intensified.

"But Impmon told me you can't experience tickling someone unless they are tied up." He argued like a child again only obeying those who were there as suddenly his tail found his underarm and his nails danced along his sides

\* That stupid Impmon\* Henry thought. He had stopped giggling and started emitting juvenile laughter instead. Tugging at his bonds Henry tried to cover his sides and underarms. " But hahahaha But Impmon isn't here now. hahahaha. "

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"He told me I should keep going until he comes back." He said not knowing what he was doing but just obeying orders as suddenly two sets of claws were felt running along his navel circling it and dipping inside

"Not thehehehehere hahahahahaha. It tickles to muhahahahach." Henry started bucking and twitching on the floor, laughing helplessly. Pleahahahase. My navel is real tihihickilish hahahahahaha."

"Oh he told me to lick places that were really ticklish." He said as suddenly he began to lick it rapidly like a dog would to Henry's dismay the Impmon thought hard about this plan

Guilmon was rewarded with a strong reaction. "Nohohoho hahahaha Don't lick thehehehere hahahahahaha." Henry protested, throwing his head back in uncontrollable laughter. The big wet tongue circling around his navel tickled worse than the claws, . In fact it felt like a dozen fingernails scraped over his sensitive skin all at once.

The licking only picked up in pace now like a kid with an ice cream cone he wouldn't stop the Guilmon seemed to love the taste and wanted more

Guilmonhohohon hahahahaha Stop. I'm your friehahahahaiend." Henry said,. The young teen was laughing his head off as his whole body shook with laughter. "Impmon hahahaha is just using youhuhuhu hahahaha. He isn't a true friend hahahahahaha."

He didn't stop the Guilmon was having way too much fun to do so, that speech would normally work however this time the Impmon thought ahead and knew what the Digimon wanted

Henry twisted about as much as he could. He was trying to keep Guilmon's tickly tongue away from his navel, but failed miserably. His ticklish laughter rang through the empty park as the red Digimon exploited his ticklish stomach.

The Guilmon suddenly stopped and turned toward his feet as his tail began to swipe back and forth over his belly and he began to take the boy's shoes off

"No hahahahaha. Leave my feet alone.hahahahaha." Henry said, twisting his feet away to stop Guilmon from taking his shoes off.. His feet were by far the most ticklish part of his body. He couldn't stand getting tickled there, let alone get his smooth feet licked. Even the mere thought of getting his feet tickled made Henry shudder in discomfort.

The Guilmon easily caught his shoe since it didn't have much room to move and

Henry swallowed nervously. All that protected his feet now was a pair of thin socks. "Please Guilmonhahaha Not my feeheeet hahahahahaha." Henry's feet wiggled and moved about as if to shoo the Digimon away. Unfortunately it didn't work. Guilmon wouldn't let up so easily and Henry's feet weren't going anywhere.

Flicking nails were felt up and down both socked feet at once he would no longer listen to reason and only wanted to tickle

Henry's movements became more desperately and his laughter grew considerably louder. His socked feet were flailing about spasmodically and he tugged at his bonds with what little strength he had left. "Nohohohoho.Plehahahaese. I cant stahahahahahand ithahahahahahaha."

His tail kept his upper body busy as his feet were tortured by the Guilmon who was already slowly taking off both socks at once

Curling his toes Henry did his best to keep his protective socks on. They only gave little protection, but they were all that was left between Guilmon's claws and tounge and his helpless bare soles. " Don't hahahahahahaha. Don't take them ohohohoff hahahahahahaha."

The Guilmon didn't listen as he began to skate those long white nails over his socked soles to loosen his toes up and let him lick his feet

Feeling those tickly claws on his bare soles Henry couldn't help but uncurl his toes reflexisively, allowing Guilmon to completely remove his socks. " No tickling hahahahahahaha. Not on my bare feehahahahahaheet. " Henry complained. The poor boy could do nothing but close his eyes and pray that this would stop soon.

The guilimon Then started to lick up and down his soles already wanting to do this from the start Henry was in tickle hell now. Guilmon's large tounge was driving him mad. It could easily slide up and down his sole, not giving him relief for even a split secong. His laughter turned into screams of ticklish agony and his feet were thrashing like mad. If it weren't for the ropes tying him down he would be bucking and kicking wildly.

The Guilmon didn't seem to care as he continued to lick up and down playing especially in the boy's arch

"NOT THE ARCHES HAHAHAHAHAHAAAA. PLEASE THIS HAAAA IS PURE TORTURE HAHAHAHAHAHAAAA." Henry whole body started sweating profusely. The sweat mixed with Guilmon's saliva which made it's tounge slide over the ticklish feet with ease. The sweating soles were giving of a nice taste and Guilmon enjoyed every second of his little game.

His other foot was then tickled with his claws also on his arch apparently Guilimon knew nothing about energy

And he didn't seem to care that Henry's struggling was getting weaker and his gasps for breath more desperate. With both his ticklish arches stimulated by a rough tounge and sharp claws Henry was kept in non-stop hysterical laughter.

Then he held back his toes of the foot he was licking with one claw allowing his other claw to play with the constantly struggling foot playing with its arch and then he began to lick right up the toher foot now a taunt sole toward the arch

Henry was too tired to struggle anymore and simply lay on the ground . His eyes were squeezed shut and small tears trickled down his cheeks. But not a single word of begging could be heard from him. He was too busy laughing to talk and when he did it was almost impossible to understand what he siad. The only movements came from his feet, and toes. His free foot wiggled arpund as much as it could while the toes of his other foot vainly try to curl down to protect the sole from Guilmon's exploring tounge.

Suddenly Guilimon's tail was felt playing over his feet aswell moving toward his toes to hold them back as he continud to lick still not aware of his energy

Or what was left of it anyways. The poor boy was only dimly aware of what was going on around him. The ticklish sensations flooding his brain was drowning out everything else. His feet felt like they were set on fire and he ripped out one ticklsih scream after the other. " Please hahahahahahaha. No mohohohohohore. I can't hahahahaha take anymore hahahahahahahahahahaha." Henry begged, his voice hoarse and barely audible from laughing so much.

The guilimon would just not stop the tickling not caring if he fell unconcious or not his eyes sparkled with enjoyment as he tortured the young tamer with all he had with every tickling tool he had

After what seemed like an eternity to Henry Guilmon finally stopped. Poor Henry was a completely mess, breathing heavily and barely clinging to consciousness. Opening his blurry, tear-filled eyes he

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could see Guimon and Impmon chatting. Looking at him both digimon gave him an evil smirk followed by giggling. To the young boy's horror the digimon had gathered a wide variety of tools from sticks and bird feathers to scrubbing brush most likely stolen from some unsuspecting humans. Looks like Henry was in for a LOT of laughs.

The end