

The Catcher's Birthday

Chapter 1

Manga: Ookiku Furikabutte

Characters: Abe, Mihashi, Tajima, Izumi

Type: Tickling

It was a chill december evening as Tajima and Izumi from the Nishiura High baseball team made their way down the dimly lit street, dragging behind them an increasingly nervous pitcher by the name of Ren Mihashi. It was the two days before the catcher Abe's birthday you see, and after hearing the constant anxious complaints from the pitcher in secret the two other boys decided enough was enough and decided to force Mihashi to just go to the catcher's house and hang out for a day. Izumi had of course called ahead of time to clear it so Abe; while normally being stoic and grumpy, was secretly anxious at the small group's; especially Mihashi's arrival.

After reaching the front steps of the Abe residence Mihashi had calmed down somewhat but was still clearly flustered.

"Don't worry Mihashi we're here with you, it's gonna be fun." Tajima reassured him, Izumi agreed with a simple head nod followed by the pitcher before he rang the doorbell. Within seconds footsteps were heard and the door slid open.

"Hey guys, come on in." Something in Abe's voice and speech were slightly, off, Izumi thought; though neither of the other two noticed it. As the three removed their shoes inside Abe was patiently leaning against the wall with that stoic look in his eyes.

"My folks took my brother out to eat so we can hang out in peace, I've got some video games we can play and there's curry in the fridge if you guys are hungry...help yourselves."

The four decided it was food first and games right after, so after a short meal full of baseball talk and the usual interrogation about Mihashi's eating habits from Abe the boys went into the den for some games.

"So Abe any plans for your birthday?" Izumi asked, this question made Mihashi jump which slightly confused Abe...but at the same time it was a normal occurrence at this point.

"Not really, folks usually make a big dinner and a cake but that's about it.

"Um...I-I..." Mihashi started, although he kept choking on his words.

"If you have something to say then say it!" Abe growled, but instead of shirking away Mihashi took a deep breath and said,

"I have a...present for you!" Abe blushed slightly taken aback by the announcement, Tajima and Izumi exchange glances before grabbing the pitcher and whispering in his ear.

"Last chance Mihashi....you really wanna do that?" Mihashi nodded as the guys went back to their original plan, though Abe kept glancing back at the strawberry head during the racing game wondering just what kind of present he had coming to him.

Finally after twelve rounds the score was in Tajima's favor with seven first place finishes.

"Whoo I'm smokin you guys tonight!" The cleanup hitter declared boldly. Izumi took this as the opportunity to start off the plan and grumbled,

"Well I bet you'd lose if I actually tried." Tajima turned with a slight glare, completely forgetting the last minute plan they made he took it as a real challenge.

"Alright then fine, one last rematch decides it all!" And so Abe and Mihashi chose to wait on the sidelines while watching their classmates race down the streets of Tokyo at night. It was clear that Tajima was going to be the victor, until Izumi finally began 'trying'.

"SPECIAL FINISHING MOVE!" Izumi yelled before dropping the controller and tackling Tajima to the ground, the two began rolling around while Abe warned them not to break anything, but as soon as it

started they stopped with Izumi sitting on Tajima's waist. And now rather than grunts of pain and shouting the room was filled with a different sound, one that made Abe wonder what the hell they were doing on his living room floor. Tajima's noises started out soft, as Mihashi and Abe decided to get up and take a closer look they heard Izumi shout,

"Mihashi Abe help me get him over here!" Suddenly it was apparent that Izumi's hands were swiftly and evilly making their way around Tajima's upper torso drawing out vast amounts of giggles and muffled laughter.

"G-geheht off--mehehehe!" Tajima pushed with all his might and almost threw off his attacker if Izumi had not dug into his armpits at the point causing his strength to collapse.

"GAHAHAhahaha nohohooo hahaha not thehehere--!" Tajima clamped his arms down now in an effort to stem the amount of tickling but his friend's fingers weren't going anywhere.

"Mihashi what are you waiting for!?" The brunette asked allarmingly.

Mihashi snuck a glance at Abe while the catcher returned the favor before the pitcher shrugged and moved in. Stopping only to decide where to start Mihashi suddenly got a grin on his face that was both hilarious and at the same time frightening. He moved forward and knelt down behind Izumi before turning around and the next thing Tajima felt below his waist was two hands holding down his ankles.

"Whahahat thehe...n-noohoho—not that Mihaahahahshiii!" Simply smiling at his friend Mihashi started slow just tracing his finger around the boy's socks, but the soft strokes soon turned into scratching with his fingernails, the reaction was an immediate raise in pitch of Tajima's voice and Izumi laughing along with him.

"OHOHOHOH NAAHAHAHA STA-STAHAHAP IT!" This torture went on for a few minutes before Abe stepped in,

"Oh thahank god!" But Tajima's hope soon turned to dread as Abe reached down by Mihashi and gripped both of Tajima's feet firmly. Tajima couldn't believe his eyes, but then again they were foggy with tear forming from the past several minutes.

Mihashi, if you want the maximum amount of results, do it more like this.

"In one smooth motion Abe revealed Tajima's tan soles and wiggling toes to the open air, suprisingly they didn't smell all that bad. Now while Mihashi held the cleanup hitter's legs, Abe started using the edge of his nails on the arches, heel and middle of the sole on Raven haired boy's soft feet. Tajima's laughter hit the ceiling, as ticklish as he was it was obvious his feet were one of the worst places, now with Abe at his feet and Izumi's hands now under his shirt attacking his stomach and ribs the athletic prodigy was reduced to his friend's plaything.

"OHOHOHN ANANANHAHAHAHAHAHA AHABEBEHAHAHA GUYSHAHABA PLEEEASE! IHIHIM GONNA PISS MYSELF!!!" The tickling began slowing down as neither Izumi nor Abe was exactly thrilled at the thought of the guy pissing on the floor of the catcher's house. However Mihashi had a thought in his mind as he stared at Tajima's bare feet still being restrained, he giggled and using his fingers he slowly stroked across and inbetween the toes making his friend shudder and squirm around. "Hihihhi no nohohohohhoh get ouhuhutta thehere!" Mihashi reluctantly removed his weight from Tajima's legs as Izumi did the same to his upper body allowing Tajima to bounce up and make a quick beeline for Abe's bathroom.

"HEY DON'T YOU DARE MISS!" Abe threatened as the backup catcher clutched his stomach. He glanced from Mihashi to Izumi and back, he had shown a side of him they didn't always see, but he could tell this night wasn't over yet...the party had just gotten started.