

GET YOUR GIGGLE ON

Part. 1 : Prologue

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Anime : Yu-Gi-Oh GX Series

Characters : Syrus X Mystery

Contains : R : Tickling, licking.

PROLOGUE

In a little room a film began to play. What a good idea it had been to film that party. Not only had the top students at Duel Academy gathered to celebrate Syrus Truesdale's birthday, they had also held an impromptu tournament. Predicting that such a thing might happen and arranging to film the party in secret, while a capital idea, had hardly required special genius. But what did that matter when there was so much to learn? The hooded figure who was the only occupant of the room settled into its chair and watched.

The film played. The tournament duels were replayed several times, the hooded figure watching with intense concentration. After the film ended, the hooded figure wrote a column of names. Next to each name were added two or three cryptic phrases as notes. The hooded figure reflected. What would be the best manner of attack? Plan T, surely, would work like a charm.

That decision made, there was still work to be done. Some not quite identical notes were written, slowly and carefully, with impeccable penmanship. Yes, even if Miss Manners herself found email acceptable, there were occasions when only a handwritten note would do. When the work of the evening was finished, the hooded figure smiled. A season of considerable entertainment would shortly begin.

SNICKERING SYRUS

Syrus sighed as he trudged up the hill. Late for class, he knew he should run, but another late-night seance had kept him from the sleep he needed. He just didn't have the energy. As he reached the door of the main Duel Academy building, he hesitated. He wasn't that late. Class would just be getting under way. But if he walked in now everyone would notice him, and Syrus hated being noticed. In five or ten minutes, though, Professor Banner would be busy writing on the blackboard. The other students would be taking notes. He'd have a much better chance of sneaking in unnoticed then. And that would give him time to go to his mailbox. Of course, his chance of receiving a letter was almost nil, but it would occupy the five minutes.

But to Syrus' amazement, there was a letter in his box. It was even addressed to him. Opening the letter, Syrus read that he was being invited to present himself at the Sacred Dueling Room at 4:15 that afternoon if he wanted help with what was most difficult for him.

Help with what was most difficult to him? Syrus puzzled for a minute before deciding that it must have something to do with his upcoming attempt to pass the Obelisk Blue entrance exam. He'd already failed twice - and it had taken him three tries to move from Slifer Red into Ra Yellow. Were he to fail yet again, he'd tie his ex-roommate Chumley's record for taking the longest time to move from Slifer through Ra to Obelisk. His brother Zane, who had finally accepted him as a competent

duelist, would be deeply disappointed in him. Syrus didn't want to disappoint Zane. If only more of Jaden's skill in actual duels could rub off on him... but then maybe this mysterious invitation might be just what he needed! Syrus definitely decided to go to the Sacred Dueling Room at 4:15. Then the bell rang. He'd taken so long thinking that he'd missed class completely. Syrus sighed as he blended into the class-exiting crowd.

The time of the appointment made Syrus nervous. Why 4:15 instead of 4:00 or 4:30? To add to his worries, several people asked to meet him that afternoon, and had to be put off with lame excuses. By 4:10, Syrus was a nervous wreck. Only the blind hope that just maybe this would help him get into Obelisk Blue enabled him to enter the Sacred Dueling Room's antechamber on the stroke of the quarter hour.

As always when he entered the Sacred Dueling Room, Syrus recalled the trouble he'd gotten into when he'd forgotten the cardinal rule of always entering the chamber barefooted. Muttering to himself about how he wasn't going to repeat that mistake, Syrus hardly noted the robed and hooded attendant gathering his removed footwear. Then he entered the Sacred Dueling Room and saw who'd invited him there.

The mysterious stranger was dressed in a long white robe with an enormous hood. Gloved hands were clasped loosely together in a vaguely ritualistic gesture. Syrus couldn't really see, but thought the stranger's face was masked as well as concealed by the hood. All Syrus could see of the person were a few toe tips.

A digitized voice issued from the figure. "Greetings, Syrus Trusdale," the stranger said.

Syrus gasped. A moment later, he tentatively asked, "Wh... who are y.y.you?"

"That is for me to know and for you to guess, Syrus."

"Wh... what do you mean? And why did you ask me here?"

"I told you in the note," came the reply, "to offer you help with what is most difficult for you."

Syrus asked hopefully, "Are you gonna help me get into Obelisk Blue?"

"Perhaps," said the stranger. "We are to duel, Syrus. If you win, I shall grant you the assistance I offered."

"And when... I mean, if I lose?" Syrus asked. He was used to losing duels.

"Oh, but I'll still help you even if you lose, only you'll help me, too. We'll play one of my favourite games, and I'm sure you'll find it as enjoyable as I do. Now, prepare to duel."

Used to doing as he was told, Syrus readied his deck and his dueling disk. As the duel began, he sighed and thought he'd probably lose in five turns. But for once, Syrus dueled well. He avoided the temptation to attack recklessly or to use more cards from his hand than he needed to counter his opponent's threats. He even remembered to use Patroid's special ability to look at his opponent's face-down trap card.

Eventually, Syrus gained control of the field, the only two cards out being his own monsters Steamroid and Gyroid. He also held four cards in hand to his opponent's one. He even had the lead in Life points, 4000 to 3100. As his opponent drew his card, Syrus dared to think he was going to win.

The stranger drew a card. "I'm going to give you a gift, Syrus," said the digitized voice. "I tribute your two monsters to give you Lava Golem, and set my last card face-down."

"Lava Golem?" asked Syrus as he drew his card. He was surprised that his opponent would use a monster that is placed under the opponent's control. But then he figured out the plan. Lava Golem had 3000 attack points. If Syrus summoned another monster and attacked, he could win the duel. But the face-down card was probably Mirror Force, which would negate his attack and destroy his monsters. Luckily, however, Syrus had drawn Mystical Space Typhoon, which could destroy Mirror Force before he attacked.

As Syrus brandished his spell card in triumph, his opponent activated the trap card. It was Ring of Destruction, which destroyed Lava Golem and deducted the monster's 3000 attack points from both players' life points. Syrus still thought he could summon Cycroid, attack, and win the duel, but noticed that his life point counter had gone down to zero. He had lost the duel. Then he remembered Lava Golem's other effect. Because it was on his side of the field, he had lost 1000 life points after he'd drawn his card, in his Standby Phase.

Syrus sighed heavily. "Guess I lost again," he said. "So what game do I have to play for you?"

The figure gestured to the far side of the Sacred Dueling Room. Suddenly a concealed door in the wall was revealed when another hooded figure came through it and stood to attention. "Come into the Secret Chamber," rasped the voice of Syrus's victorious opponent.

"B... but what about my shoes?" asked Syrus.

"Oh, you won't need them," said the stranger. "Don't worry; they'll be quite safe."

As Syrus and the stranger entered the Secret Chamber through the concealed door, the safety of his shoes was the last thing on Syrus' mind. It was all he could do to keep from closing his eyes in hopes of opening them to find himself safely back in his dorm room. But when he nerved himself to look around the chamber properly, he saw little besides a series of tables of various sizes with straps affixed to them.

The stranger studied Syrus for a moment, then led him to one of the smallest tables. "I think this will be the most comfortable for you. Please get on and arrange your arms and legs through the straps."

"Uh, I don't know about this," said Syrus. "This isn't gonna hurt, is it? I don't have a very high threshold of pain."

"Pain?" rasped the voice. "Oh, no, you need not worry about pain." The figure gestured to the wall, which must have been a signal for some attendants to come and fasten Syrus' arms and legs to the table. When they had finished they silently retreated, leaving Syrus and the hooded figure alone.

"Tell me, Syrus, can you guess who I am?" the other asked.

“Uh, no, no I can’t guess,” Syrus began to babble. “I’m not a good guesser at all. In fact, I’m the only student in my class who can’t even make a score of fifty percent on a true-false test, and that’s all guessing, at least, for me it is. If I were to guess who you are, I’m sure I’d be wrong.”

“Suppose you try anyway.”

“Well, given that you said you could help me, you must be someone who knows a lot about dueling, but you only want to help me in secret, so... maybe you’re Jaden playing a practical joke on me?”

“No, Syrus, I’m not Jaden. But I won’t apologize for that because now you’ve guessed wrong and I get to have a little fun. Why, you look nervous. I told you there’s no need to be nervous.”

“I’m sorry. You see, I’m more or less almost always nervous,” said Syrus. “It’s my natural way of life.”

The stranger moved down the table, trailing a gloved hand down the side. Eventually the hand brushed against the top of Syrus’ bare right foot. Syrus giggled and jerked his foot away.

“Is something the matter?” asked the stranger.

“Sorry, it’s just that - heeheehee!” Syrus giggled again as the stranger’s hand made contact with his sole.

“It’s just that...?” The stranger repeated Syrus’ unfinished sentence and moved the hand away.

“It’s just that I’m very... well, um, I’d better not say. It’s a little embarrassing,” said Syrus.

The stranger seemed to notice Syrus’ feet for the first time. “Why, what very small feet you have!”

“I know.” Syrus sighed. “They haven’t really grown any since I was twelve. Luckily my shoe style looks really big, so people don’t notice much.”

The stranger moved and stood between Syrus’ bound feet. Then Syrus felt one gloved hand moving up and down his right sole and the other moving along his left arch. As he heard the voice saying, “Such soft feet, too,” Syrus let out a high-pitched stream of giggles.

“Is something wrong, Syrus?” asked the stranger.

“Oh, no... it’s just... uhhahaheeheehe!!!” Syrus squealed.

“Do you have something to tell me?”

“Plehehease... stohahahop!” cried Syrus as he felt gloved fingers begin walking up and down his bare soles. It felt a little like the way it did when Jaden or Chumley would sneakily tickle his socked feet when he was worrying about school; he could stand the tickling but didn’t want to admit a weakness to this stranger. Then the fingers on his soles began to move faster and wiggle a little deeper. After a shriek, Syrus was just able to exclaim, “I’m very ticklish!” before he had to succumb to the wave of laughter rising up through him and being forced out by all the foot-tickling.

“But that’s a good thing,” said the stranger. “Ticklishness is an excellent quality in feet. You should enjoy your feet being tickled and not try to convince me to stop. Though, just at this moment, I shall stop.”

“Oh, thank you, thank you,” Syrus babbled, “I’m sure you don’t really want to tickle me anyway, even though I am very ticklish. I don’t have a very strong voice and can’t laugh anywhere near as loud as Jaden does when he gets tickled. I don’t know how he does it; he even laughs louder than Chumley and Chumley has a much deeper voice than he does, but some things are just like that and... I guess I’m talking too much,” Syrus said sadly.

“Not at all. And you misunderstood me. Sorry, but your feet just seem so ticklish! I’m curious to feel it for myself without these gloves on.” The stranger began to remove a glove.

“What? Are you gonna keep tickling me?” Syrus asked.

With one glove off, the stranger gave a reply in the affirmative, then began to remove the other. Syrus tried to protest, “Oh, no please, not your bare hands, not on my bare feet, it tickled so much even with your gloves on, if you take them off it’ll really tickle, I won’t be able to stand it, my poor bare feet are way too ticklish, you’ll make me lose my - AAAAH haha hahaha HAAAA!!!”

Syrus broke into laughter at once as soon as he felt the other’s touch. The stranger’s hands explored every inch of his ticklish barefeet from heel to toe as Syrus laughed helplessly. His small feet writhed and wriggled as much as they could, but there was no escaping that relentless and overpowering tickling. All Syrus could do was occasionally catch enough breath to bleat out, “Please!” or “No!” or “Stop!” before the mysterious tickler found another sensitive spot and Syrus had to start laughing again.

After taking an exhaustive inventory of the young man’s feet and their ticklishness, the stranger settled in for a lengthy run of tickling Syrus’ wiggling toes. As each toe was teased and tickled in turn, soon all his victim could do was shake like a pudding and squeal. The capacity for anything like coherent speech had clearly all been tickled away. This was highly satisfactory to the tickler, who said, “I must say it’s been a while since I’ve tickled any feet quite like yours - it almost makes me want to laugh myself!”

As Syrus laughed continuously, he was almost aware of a part of himself feeling that all this foot-tickling wasn’t torture anymore. In a way, it was almost... fun? Could that be possible? A vague memory struggled to reach his consciousness; there was something once...

But just then Syrus exploded in his most powerful burst of laughter yet, shaking wildly and sending his glasses flying across the room. The stranger had worked the empty fingers of his gloves between Syrus’ toes, and was now pulling them back and forth to saw between all the toes on both his feet at once! The intensity of the tickling sent Syrus immediately into a delirious state. His laugh became a scream and then a squeak and then an inaudible vibration.

It took some time for the delirious Syrus to realize that his tickler was speaking to him. When the voice finally registered, he heard it say, “That’s all for now. I’m not going to tickle you any more today, But you will have to come back next week. I know you can’t speak just yet, so nod to let me know you understand.”

Instead of nodding, Syrus directed a puzzled look at his tickler. “I’m afraid you must return,” the other went on. Next week and every week until someone realizes who I am and why you’re here. And when that happens, you’ll receive the reward I promised you. Until then... well, I’ll find some way to keep us entertained...” and Syrus felt a regloved pair of fingers dance lightly on one sole and then the other.

The hooded assistants reappeared, brought Syrus his glasses, released him from his bonds, and assisted him into a sitting position as he regained his voice. Once he found himself capable of uttering sound, Syrus breathed deeply for a moment to compose himself before he spoke. “I... I have to come back next week?”

“Next week and every week. Unless and until you can tell me who I am,” replied the tickler.

Syrus shook his head sadly. “I wish I knew but I don’t. But... what if my friends get suspicious?”

“You won’t have to worry about that.”

“But I’m not good at sneaking away to go off alone,” Syrus argued. “I don’t know how I made it here today without being seen. What if Jaden or someone follows me here?”

“That won’t happen. The passage by which one must approach is guarded by a shroud of invisibility when necessary. Besides, Syrus, you won’t be alone.”

“I won’t? You mean... are you gonna duel other people, too? What happens if you lose?”

“Then I suppose it means someone won’t be joining us in our little playroom here.”

Syrus reflected for a moment. Then he said, “But you can’t make me come back here. What if I just don’t show up next week?”

It was impossible to tell, but the figure seemed almost to be smiling as the reply came, “Then I’ll have to come and get you. I don’t advise you to try that. It’s not pleasant. In fact you might say it’s a real nightmare! But seriously, you came here in search of something important to you. If you don’t show up as long as it’s necessary, you’ll lose something you value. Oh, and by the way, I’m sure I don’t have to insult your intelligence by telling you that of course you aren’t to tell anyone about today’s little adventure.”

Syrus’ expression drooped. He’d just been considering discussing the whole matter with Jaden, and perhaps Professor Banner. Maybe he should anyway? The figure shook its head in a gesture of warning.

“No; don’t even consider it. I’ll be watching you very closely. You won’t get away with it and it will make things much more unpleasant. If you follow the rules, nothing worse will occur than what has happened today. And that wasn’t so bad, was it?” Fingers danced on Syrus’s soles again.

Syrus giggled before his feet jerked away. He said, “I... I suppose I can do what you say. I won’t tell anyone and I’ll come back next week and as long as I have to. That foot-tickling... it... it wasn’t too bad.”

The other seemed pleased. “Good for you, Syrus. Then I’ll see you again next week. And you won’t have to worry about planning your afternoon; I’ll arrange everything. I’ll even see to it that you come here at the appropriate time. And now you can go back to your dorm room - well, perhaps after a last tickle or two.” The stranger grabbed Syrus’ feet and tickled his toes again until Syrus laughed steadily. Then Syrus found himself being helped to his feet and walked back through the Sacred Dueling Room to the antechamber.

By the time Syrus had his shoes on again, the hooded figures had disappeared. He hadn’t heard them go. As he walked back to his dorm room, his mind full of half-ideas, he felt his toes and soles tingling, especially his toes, as if some remnant of his tickling encounter lingered within him. He felt both a little apprehensive and a little reassured, and wondered whether the future would bring more cause for dread or enjoyment.