

TICKLED PINK

Chapter One

It had been a long and boring day at work, tedious meeting following yet more monotonous discussions. I flexed my right hand, rubbing it inattentively, my writing hand painfully cramped from taking reams of minutes. I hadn't even been allowed the luxury of daydreaming, as when there was a break in the meeting, it was my duty to make the coffee, arrange lunches, etc. Such is the life of a Personal Assistant. Not only do you have to act like a Stepford Wife at work, but you have to appear perfect too in order to be considered a "good PA". Sighing heavily I rose from my desk, heading towards the executive washroom. Running my hands under cold water usually helped to ease the dull ache caused by the day's exertions.

As I ran the cold water over my hands, I glanced sideways at my reflection in the full-length mirror. Grabbing a handful of paper towels, I quickly dried my hands and stood back, smoothing the front of my figure-hugging, black pencil skirt, examining my curvy body. I was happy with my fullness, and it was clear that many of the visiting male clients also admired it, often making comments to my boss about "perks" of the job and the like. I just laughed graciously at their misogyny whilst cursing them quietly in the back of my mind, ever professional, smiling to the last. Swiveling on the balls of my feet, I looked over my shoulder to appraise my rear view whilst also admiring my black patent court stilettos. They were my favorite shoes, always my "go to" shoes when I needed cheering up. I simply loved the way they accentuated the contours of my legs - making them appear longer and leaner. Acknowledging my visage once more, I tucked an unruly red curl behind my right ear, raised my chin and stepped back into the office.

Only my Director - Mark, and two clients were left in the office now and I could hear them laughing their farewells to each other as the men were ushered out of the front door. However, I was not allowed to leave until my Director did. Impatiently checking my watch, I knocked on his office door, "Is there anything else you need for today?" Raising his eyes from his computer screen, Mark flashed his famously winning smile, catching the slight edge to my query. He had this unnerving way of disarming people when he fixed his gaze on them; you would think I would be immune to it by now after all these years of being his ever efficient assistant. Nevertheless, the permanent sparkle in his eyes when he regarded me did not pass by unnoticed; but I was never going to succumb to that ridiculous cliché, whether I desired to feel his strong arms around me or not.

Slipping the files from his desk into his briefcase, he stood and pulled his car keys from his pocket. "Well, I think I'm done for today," smiling mischievously, he continued. "Do you want me to stay behind and help you lock up?"

I replied quickly, "No, no – I can manage perfectly well," waving my hand to dismiss his offer. I wanted to get home, and if he stayed around I could guarantee that he would want to talk more work and the pile for tomorrow would stack up higher than it already was. Hurriedly shooing him out, I watched as he jumped into his car and wheel-spun out of the car park. It bemused me how this man could be so successful when he appeared to treat everything in life with such childish glee. But I suppose that was what made him so appealing - that perpetual excitement - that drive to achieve. Shaking my head I turned back and started my final check around, switching off several computers and office lights. One last sweep satisfied me that all was secure. Pulling my bag onto my shoulder, I made my way to the exit.

Locking the darkened office building, I turned and walked towards my car. It was a warm spring evening with a light breeze blowing in off the sea. As I pondered the frothy waves in the distance, the hairs on the back of my neck rose as unease crept across my skin - a feeling that I was being watched. Nervously checking around me, I quickened my pace to the car, pulling my coat tightly around my body and warily keeping to the safety of the open space in the center of the park. Making it to the car with a sigh of relief, I fumbled with the key, cursing quietly at how my shaking hands were refusing to comply with my wishes. As the keys tumbled through my trembling fingers I yelped with frustration, crouching quickly to retrieve them, but as I stood, I felt a hand clamp over my nose and mouth. Struggling and thrashing in pure instinct, I tried frantically to claw the hand away, scratching with my long fingernails, but an arm now secured tightly around my waist, squeezing me, putting an end to my desperate struggles. Trying to scream I breathed in deeply - realizing in horror and much too late, that it wasn't just a hand; it was a cloth. A cloth soaked in a strong-smelling substance, which I'd just inhaled to the bottom of my lungs. As thoughts scrambled and swirled desperately, the strength drained from my limbs and panic rose in my throat as blackness consumed me, my eyes closing heavily as I collapsed, limp in my assailant's arms.

Chapter Two

As my consciousness returned, I realized I wasn't anywhere that was familiar to me. A blindfold was tightly secured in place and my arms and legs were bound spread-eagle to a table, bed or board of some kind - I had no idea which, but it was a fairly hard surface, and my head was resting on something soft - a pillow perhaps? Thankfully I was still fully clothed, however the tight pencil skirt I was wearing added to the constriction of my legs. I strained to hear any sound of my captor above the soft music playing in the background and my own labored panting. Nothing, except for the soothing strains of Vaughan Williams, Fantasia on a theme by Thomas Tallis: one of my all time favorite pieces. I turned my head from side to side, trying to identify the source of the music, surprise joining my fear. I simply couldn't understand the strange situation, such apparent civility in such uncivilized circumstances. Testing my bonds, I ascertained that they were tightly fastened; an involuntary whimper rose from my throat as I struggled and twisted against them, terror now filling the pit of my stomach as I vainly fought my restraints, desperate for escape.

My heart jumped into my throat when a man's voice whispered in my ear, the movement of his lips brushing my lobe and sending shivers through me, "There's no point in struggling love, your delicate little wrists and ankles are no match for my knots," then he laughed softly. Panic coursed through me, what had this man in store for me? The fact that I was still fully clothed and shod, surely had to be a good thing, but even as I anxiously tried to remain calm, the torment began. My right shoe was slowly taken away and fingers gently caressed my foot, tracing lazy circles over the top of it. Such an unexpected action astonished me, and despite my paralyzing fear, the sensual, capable touch was arousing me. I felt lips kissing my foot through my stocking, gently and carefully sucking each toe in turn, a hand cupping my heel and ankle holding me still. Screwing my eyes tightly shut despite the blindfold, I tried to maintain my composure. His stroke becoming lighter and lighter until it was a tickle, making my body spasm involuntarily, instinctively trying to flee the nightmare caress.

Laughing aloud, I was instantly ashamed at my vocal response, ashamed at losing control. Before the ordeal had commenced, I had decided resolutely that whatever he could do to me, I could keep my control - shut myself off - deny him the satisfaction of my fear, but this? He was taking control of my body with just the light drag of his fingertips over the sole of my right foot. He repeated this assault on my left foot, whilst continuing to tickle my right foot; gulping for air, my cries came raggedly as I tried to fight my natural responses. I couldn't imagine how this could become any worse, but then to my horror, he tickled up my legs and under my skirt. I writhed under his touch, howling - completely out of control now.

Working his way up my body, across my stomach, he paused momentarily to trace the curve of my waist and hips. I could feel the desire rolling from him as he considered me; the atmosphere crackling with emotion - the strength of his need. His hands never left me, probing and squeezing - no doubt whilst he watched, assessing my reactions, and then he slowed his inspection, settling for a short moment, pressing down gently on my abdomen, almost reassuringly. Then suddenly, he tugged my blouse out of my skirt, slipping his hands underneath it and skillfully found several sensitive spots around my rib cage, making my back arch; I thrashed under his silent but deft attack. His previous examination had directed his fingers to exactly the right places to make me squirm, but just as I could take no more, he stopped. I lay there panting, whimpering, gulping for air - wondering how long had passed strapped down to this table. Time was non-existent; I was being attacked in a way which I had never even thought possible. This was worse than him beating me! If he had hurt me, I could have retreated, saved my sanity, but this? He knew my body was his. It was undeniable. I was incredibly turned on. And deeply ashamed. This unknown man's hands were forcing me to respond to him - sexually - turning me into an animal.

Chapter Three

Fear gnawed deep within me as I heard him moving around, feeling his eyes burn into me, considering his prey. Abruptly, as I felt the heat of his body inches from me, his nimble fingers began slowly freeing each button on my blouse, one at a time. I couldn't remain silent any longer, I was already shamed, "Please, whoever you are, please let me go? Please – stop! I'm begging you, please, don't undress me," my pleas fading off, choking in my throat as I bit my lip. I had no idea how I ever thought I would get through this without being sexually assaulted, but I clung to the vain hope that he wouldn't; maybe he just wanted to watch me, to have me within his power. Realizing that this probably wasn't going to happen, I sobbed silently, my blindfold saturated with my tears, my eye makeup running down my cheeks in rivulets, soaking into my hair. As he finished unbuttoning my blouse, I heard him exhale as he unhooked my bra, pulling it slowly over my head so that it confined my arms at the elbows. To be trapped by my own clothing, yet more humiliation, and now I was keenly aware of how exposed my armpits were. An idea which scared me and yet, created a deep throbbing within me, a need to be sated, a need for release.

My captor stopped momentarily and I felt his hand stroke my forehead tenderly. "I have no intention of hurting you. I never want to hurt you, my love," he murmured, my stomach fluttered: I believed him. He genuinely appeared to care for me, his gentleness and concern for me in this moment demonstrated that. But I was still bound and blindfolded, exposed to his wicked intentions in so many ways. I felt him tug my skirt up to my waist, revealing my thigh-high stockings and lacy panties. I struggled vainly, hoping that he wouldn't notice the dampness of my excitement. He saw nevertheless, and pressed his finger firmly into my sex through the flimsy material. Chuckles, low and resonant drifted to my ears, did I imagine that he sounded relieved? He must have been satisfied that, despite my tears, I was actually enjoying his attentions.

I must have appeared a complete mess lying there, clothes half stripped, hitched up, tangled and trapped by my own garments - far from the Stepford Wife of the office. Deeply ashamed at the betrayal of my body, helpless and terrified, and for the first time in as long as I could remember - completely out of control. My abductor continued his tantalizing assault, his hands lightly dancing across my sensitive pale flesh, my screams and cries ringing out in the unknown prison. My body contorted, writhing beneath his touch as I struggled for air, my lungs spasmed painfully around my shrieks and whimpers. I was suddenly profoundly exhausted as my cries weakened; but my body still reacted to the torment, I simply had no energy to resist him anymore. He had won. I was his; my body was his - from that first caress. Recognizing my surrender, I felt his hand on my cheek, brushing away my tears with

his thumb. "You have done me proud today love ... now it's time for your reward." I knew now that there was nothing that I could do to defy him, but his words no longer frightened me.

He released my ankles and starting kissing and caressing my feet, firmer this time so there was no tickling. As his kisses travelled higher up my legs, I allowed myself to surrender further to him, the hunger for his hands to remain on me, and the gentleness of his lips inflamed me, my swollen folds crying out to envelop this mystery man, to have him inside me. Gently peppering the insides of my calves and my thighs with his butterfly caresses, he took his time traveling up my body until my legs were over his shoulders, his head inches from my most sacred of places. But I no longer felt ashamed; I only felt need. I desperately needed release, I wanted this faceless man to give me the relief I craved. Whimpering I shifted my body, pushing my hips towards his face, I felt his teeth graze my panties and pull them to one side, finally revealing my dripping, swollen sex. Feeling his breath cooling my skin, I moaned louder, trying to pull him closer with my heels as he teased me with his tongue. Expertly flicking and nibbling my sensitive nub, he slid a finger inside me, spreading my lips with his other hand, opening my flower wider still, his tongue skirting my fleshy hood. I arched my back and squirmed beneath him once more, but this time from the need for climax rather than the need to escape.

Working a second finger deep inside, I felt him press a spot within me, which caused my body to buck wildly. I bit my lip hard to suppress a deep moan as he continued to firmly massage this spot whilst nibbling the inside of one slick thigh. My head was spinning, I had never felt sensations like he was inflicting on me: it was beyond orgasmic, and the warm feeling building slowly within my core had me gasping. It wasn't long before I climaxed harder than I ever imagined possible, shock mixing simultaneously with my release as I gushed over his insistent fingers – something that until now, I had believed was a myth. I screamed out with reckless abandon as he forced me to come repeatedly, my exhaustion dragging me slowly, inexorably closer to unconsciousness.

Content that I had been sated, my lover crawled up beside me and released my arms, rolling me over onto my side into a fetal position and wrapped his body around mine. Feeling his steady breathing on my shoulder as he nestled his face into my hair, kissing my glowing skin, the scent of him registered for the first time. It was almost familiar in some way; my fears quieted as they turned into a feeling of safety in his arms. My eyes became heavy for the second time that day, and I couldn't resist the sleep that was consuming me, carrying me to my slumber, exhausted in his arms, unable to bear any more of the emotional evening.