Torture Game

When I was younger, on rainy summer days when we were board we used to make up silly games to play just to occupy our time. One stupid game we made up was a game we called "Torture." You needed at least 3 people to play. It started with a regular game like cards. The first person to lose was the prisoner, the second out was the judge, and the winner got to be the actual “torturer”, anyone extra was part of the jury who would make the call if there were any disagreements over if a rule was broken or not. The judge watched to see if you made a face, moved, or made a sound. You couldn't react in any way. If you did you would get penalized even further for each violation. The torturer could tickle or do anything he wanted to you. At first, we started with silly and innocent stuff like tickling the prisoner’s feet, or armpits, or putting your face really close to the other person’s face to see if they would flinch or start laughing.

One afternoon we were playing at my neighbor Samantha’s house who’s parents both worked fulltime and weren’t home. She had lost first so she was the prisoner, my friend Curtis was the judge, and I was the torturer. I had 5 minutes to make her flinch or laugh or she would be allowed to go free, and we would play again. I ordered Samantha to lie down on the floor with her arms out. I started lightly caressing her feet and thighs but she wasn’t budging at all. I tried the back of her knees, her armpits, and her sides but she was remained totally still no matter what I did. I lifted her shirt up exposing her smooth stomach and tickled and dragged my fingers up and down her tummy and sides but she never flinched once. I couldn’t believe she was handling it. After a few minutes I was running out of time so I got desperate and grabbed her sides ticking her hard. She yelped out “ouch!” and said I was playing too rough and Curtis agreed that I could not be that rough so after 5 minutes she won and wound up getting free. I was bummed out.

Next round I lost, and Samantha got to be the torturer. I am pretty ticklish so after only like 30 seconds of her ticking my armpits I flinched, and cracked up laughing even though I was trying my best not too. As punishment Samantha said I would be tied to her bed and tickle tortured for 5 minutes. I argued that that was too long but Curtis (the judge) said it that was my punishment. I could have killed him for siding with her but she is real cute so he was just trying to get on her good side I guess. Reluctantly I agreed so she got some bandanas and tied my arms and legs to the bedposts so I was stretched out. I could not get free even if I tried. Curtis timed it and she mercilessly tickled me as I convulsed in tickling agony for the next few minutes. She had her hands under my shirt grabbing my sides, and armpits, feet, knees, and everywhere else. It was agony, and she seemed to be enjoying my torture a lot. Once the time was up I was untied but I still had to once again do 5 minutes of lying totally still in order to win. I psyched myself up and was determined to not flinch no matter what she did. After only about a minute (which felt like an hour) I could not take it anymore bursting out again in ticklish convulsions begging for her to stop. Once again she said my punishment would be to get tied up and tickled mercilessly and this time for even longer. I protested again, but again Curtis sided with her saying it was fair and since I kept losing the punishment had to get worse. This time, once Samantha had me tied up again, she went over and whispered in Curtis’s ear and suddenly both of them were on top of me tickling me mercilessly. I was screaming so loud I think the neighbors must have been able to hear me through the wall, so Samantha stuffed a sock in my mouth and gagged me to keep me quiet. Screaming myself near breathless under my muffled gag, I struggled wildly to break free nearly peeing in my pants from the relentless tickle torture. After time was up I lay out of breath, and exhausted moaning into my gag. Samantha, seeming the relish my torture gingerly untied me again. Once again she commanded me to have to lay still for 5 minutes or suffer the worst consequences ever. Angry over getting ganged up on I said I was going to quit. Finally she and Curtis gave in and agreed that we would play a fresh round of cards to see who would be the prisoner this time. She seemed real eager to try to get me in the same vulnerable position again. We took a short break to get something to drink. Wanting revenge I pulled Curtis aside and whispered that I wanted to get her back and wanted him to play along. I told him I would make it worth his while.

I stacked the deck this time around so when we played I made sure she would lose, and would win. I ordered her to lie down on the bed. Thinking she was untouchable she just laughed and willing lay down ready to receive her punishment. This time I said I wanted her blind folded, so I took a bandana and tied it over her eyes. I then ran to the kitchen and got some ice cubes. When I got back I started again like last time to fell her up and lightly tickle her. I lifted her shirt up and ticked her side as she lay there unmoving like a rock. I then took a piece of ice and ran it down the middle of her stomach and into her belly button. Never expecting it she flinched. She sat up real quick saying “What was that?” Curtis and I both laughed aloud. Finally I had her! Reluctantly she agree she had lost so I ordered her to be tied up to the bed and tortured for 10 minutes as punishment for all she had done to me earlier. Whining now she protested about 10 minutes being to long and said no way. I asked Curtis the judge his opinion and playing along he said. I am the judge and I say it is fair. Still protesting, we grabbed her and tied her arms together and them secured them to the top and bottom of the bed so she could not get free no matter what.

Curtis said go, and I pounced on her saying “Now you are mine!” The first thing I did was roll her over face down. Laughing I roughly lifted her shirt almost all the way to her armpits exposing her sexy smooth skin and bra strap and started rubbing ice cubes all over her back. She screeched in shock as I rubbed the ice down her spine. Feeling all horny now with her helpless in front of me I winked to Curtis and announced a new rule. Every time she moved I told her it would cost her a piece of clothing. Helpless and tied down she argued that it wasn’t fair but she was tied up and helpless and I got the judge to willingly agree to what ever I decreed. I took her sock off as she struggled in protest. I started again now rubbing the ice on the bottom of her feet and in between her toes. As much as she tried to hold still she once again broke out with a snicker. Laughing I took her other sock off and continued. I began again and this time I could see she was determined to not give in again. I rubbed the ice cubes on her foot and she held her ground clinging her teeth with her eye shut. Determined to continue torturing her successfully I rolled her over and slipped an ice cube down her pants. She freaked begging for me to stop struggling like mad. She was yelling so loud I finally gagged her to keep her quiet. I undid her tight jeans and yanked them down making sure her knickers stayed up to be fair. She had these bikini-cut red cotton knickers on that were so sexy it gave me a boner in my pants. I was loving this. Now I had her tied and helpless with her pants pulled down to her ankles and her shirt pulled up to her bra. She was out of breath from struggling and begging for mercy through her gag. Rolling her over again I lifted her knickers up from behind getting a good look at her nice little butt and stuck and ice cube down her knickers. Me and Curtis were having a ball strip torturing her. My heart was racing from al the excitement. Eventually I had her shirt pulled up over her head and her bra off with only her knickers left. Time was running out fast now. I had only one minute left of fun. I decided to slid her knickers down now for the heck of it fully exposing her beautiful little butt and front side. Curtis and I both now were rubbing ice cubes all over her and even between her butt and private areas. The timer went off finally ending our torture game.

I didn’t want to untie her but it was getting late and I knew her parents would be getting home soon so I took her gag off and made her promise not to say anything of we would leave her tied up that way. Knowing her folks would be home soon she was panicky and eagerly agreed to it. Good thing because minutes later we heard her Mom coming through the door. Luckily she had managed to get her pants pulled up and shirt pulled down. She was red faced with embarrassment through!

Funny thing is, after that day we still hung out and played more naked strip games. I’ll tell more if others tell some stories too. Let’s keep the board alive!