

Pony Tickle Stories

Littlepip Gets Tickled By Homage

By "Unknown author"

As Littlepip crept towards Homage's safe, the number one thing in her mind was that she shouldn't be here. Her curiosity had overcome her and at this point she was simply dying to know what was in that safe. Closer, closer . . . almost there . . . every step made a tiny creaking sound, but amidst the complete and utter silence it sounded like a bomb going off. She knew Homage wouldn't like it if she'd find out, but she wouldn't find out, Littlepip assured herself.

When she arrived at the huge steel safe she was surprised to find that it was unlocked, but then again Littlepip was sure Homage wasn't used to other ponies creeping around her stuff. Littlepip slowly pulled the safe open with her mouth, letting it swing open and find rest halfway ajar. Littlepip examined the contents of the safe carefully. There wasn't much to see here besides a few grenades, some gold, and - wait, no it couldn't be. But, it is! Homage's Star Blaster! Wow! Without hesitation, Littlepip grabbed it firmly in her jaw and swung the safe's door shut. Hard. A bit too hard. Panicking at the loud crashing sound, Littlepip quickly trotted away as fast as she could and hastily stuffed the Star Blaster in her bag. With that, she quickly and carefully climbed into bed and drifted off to sleep with thoughts of basking in the cleverness of her sneaky getaway.

Early the next morning, Littlepip crawled out of bed cautiously and made her way down the hallway. When she turned a sudden corner she was shocked to see Homage standing there, staring at the wall.

"Somepony broke into my safe last night."

"Oh, too bad..."

Homage turned to face Littlepip and gave her an indecipherable blank look, then trailing into an actions look that was still difficult for Littlepip to read.

"Hey, Pip, mind coming to my room for a sec? I've got something that you should check out."

Littlepip was taken aback but this unusual offer and only gave in because of her ferocious curiosity. She followed Homage to her room which was covered with posters that said things like "THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE" and "TO BREAK THE CHAINS OF OPPRESSION..."

"Okay, I'm gonna need you to lay down in my bed over there, Pip."

Littlepip was at first hesitant to do so. Why would she want Littlepip to do something like this? How is this related to whatever Homage was planning to show Littlepip in the first place?

"Why?"

"Just do it."

"Uhh, hmmm . . . I don't-"

"C'mon Littlepip, for me!"

"Alright, fine."

Littlepip proceeded to crawl into Homage's bed reluctantly and confusedly, not knowing what would be the outcome of this situation. But Littlepip trusted her friend. Right . . . ?

"Now lay flat on your back."

"Huh? Why? No. That doesn't-"

"Just do it!"

"No!"

"Fine then!"

With a quick, sudden move, Homage jumped on top of Littlepip and held her down, beginning to masterfully shackle her onto the bed with some ropes she had. Littlepip squirmed, but she knew she was no match for Homage. Why would she do this? What did Littlepip ever do to her?

Before long, Homage had Littlepip tied down on her back, the ropes preventing her from struggling.

"Homage, let me go! C'mon! What's going on?"

She tried to break free but it was no use. The bindings held her firmly in place. Why was Homage doing this to her? Had she found out about her stealing from her safe? Surely not.

She'd been so stealthy there would have been no way Homage would have detected her presence. It felt strange being stretched out across the table like she was at that moment. Surely her friend would never hurt her. But then again - Homage was a pervert sometimes. But usually she proved to have acceptable behavior. But obviously right now she was failing to pass the acceptable standard. Suddenly, with a twist of her head and a playful yet questioning look in her eye, Homage spoke.

"You weren't sneaking around in my stuff last night, were you Littlepip?"

She knew.

"Uh, no, of course not! Why would I ever do that?"

"Because you, Ms. Littlepip,"

She leaned in, grabbing something from under the bed.

"Are one curious little mare."

She emerged her head from under the bed carrying a large goose feather. Littlepip didn't catch on at first, but as soon as Homage gave her that devious grin, Littlepip knew this wasn't good.

Homage's acting frickin' sick in the head, Littlepip thought to herself as Homage proceeded to admire the feather.

The last thing Littlepip needed right now was for Homage to be acting all crazy again. She knew she couldn't tell her about the Star Blaster, though, because what if it would ruin their friendship? But Littlepip was delaying the inevitable. She knew what was going to torture her in a way that's more painful and torturous than pain itself.

Homage looked into Littlepip's eyes.

We can do this the easy way . . ."

She drew the feather across Littlepip's face.

"Or we can do this the hard way."

"What do you want to know!?"

"Where's my gun?"

"What do you mean?"

"My Star Blaster? Where is it?"

"I don't know . . ."

"Well then we're going to have to do this the hard way."

She took a moment to enviously scan over Littlepip's gorgeous coat. She then took the feather to her mouth and began to gently stroke Littlepip's belly. Littlepip desperately tried to remain motionless as the torture began. She wanted to yell out at her friend and try to break free, but she knew she was stronger than this. She tried to remain expressionless. Homage continued to stroke her immensely ticklish belly, causing Littlepip's face to turn red and twitch. She tried as hard as she could to stay strong, but she could barely withstand the ticklish torment. After only about a minute or so into the torture, Littlepip was holding her laughter back as much as possible, some air escaping the corners of her mouth. Homage dropped the feather and spoke.

"How about this, Pip? This tickle?"

She began to rub her sensitive tummy with her hooves in a circular motion. Littlepip tried to resist the weakness of laughter, but she simply couldn't hold it any longer. She let the air out of her mouth and started to giggle.

"Ehehehehe STOP it . . . HAeheheheheheEEEEK HOMAGE STOP!
AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

Homage continued to rub Littlepip's belly for about fifteen minutes more, and by this time Littlepip was on the verge of all out laughing.

"Tell me where the gun is."

"I, don't, know . . ."

Homage leaned in and blew a huge raspberry into poor little Littlepip's belly, causing her to squeal with laughter.

"Where is it!?"

"I, *gasp*, dunno, *wheeze* really . . .!"

She blew another raspberry, making Littlepip laugh very hard again. She then started to gently stab into her sides with her hooves, making Littlepip jump to the side and involuntarily giggle. She jabbed her other side, and she kept jabbing her sides until Littlepip was turning bright red again. Then Homage stopped to take an interrogation break.

"Are you ready to tell me?"

Littlepip could barely think straight, so it was hard to reason, but she was very tempted to just confess to Homage. But she still was bent on remaining strong.

"No answer? Are you sure?"

She retrieved the feather from the ground and began to approach the back of the bed. Littlepip gulped nervously. Homage then positioned the feather in her mouth and started to gently stroke the bottoms of Littlepip's back hooves. This had to be her biggest newfound weakness. And she had thought she had none. As Homage stroked and stroked, it didn't take long for Littlepip to start giggling. She had the cutest giggle. Homage had never heard it before today. Her beautiful smile was also new. Broad and open. Homage liked that smile. She wanted it to last forever. But Littlepip couldn't stand it anymore.

"IT, AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, WAS ME!! I STOLE YOUR STAR BALSTER! I JUST WANTED EEEKHEHEHEHEHEHAHAHAHAHAHA TO LOOK AT IT!!"

But Homage was having too much fun. She's gone insane, thought Littlepip. She'll never stop.

Littlepip was now struggling and laughing like a deranged hyena as Homage began to not only tickle her sensitive hooves, but her belly as well with her front hooves. She continued to tickle relentlessly. Littlepip wanted to ask her what more she could possibly want, but Littlepip couldn't speak. She could barely breathe at all. She tried to struggle, but it was useless. She squirmed and wriggled in the bed, but she was completely immobile thanks to the restraints that held her down. Was this horrid torture really worth taking that star blaster? No. This was worse than actual pain itself, because there was no end!

Littlepip wanted to beg and plead, but she still could hardly breathe, let alone speak. She felt completely weak and helpless. The scariest thing was that it seemed as though Homage would never stop the torture. She rubbed her hooves up and down Littlepip's belly, around her waist, and down to her thighs, making her jerk from left to right.

But after who knows how long, Littlepip simply couldn't struggle anymore. She was exhausted. She laughed almost silently, until Homage released another raspberry into Littlepip's poor tummy. She cried out, praying that this awful torture would end soon. Suddenly, Littlepip passed out. She simply couldn't breathe anymore. At this point Homage stopped tickling and the last thing Littlepip saw was Homage blankly staring at her victim with a crazed look in her eye.

When Littlepip awoke, she was immediately greeted by her friend, or if she should even call her that, standing over her. She was still bound up. Thanks to her short rest, however, she had gained some energy.

"Missed me?" asked Homage.

"Why...Why - how could you!"

"How could I what?"

"Torture me like that!"

"Because it's payback time, Littlepip. We're friend, right? Than why have you been stealing my stuff? When I told you my safe was off limits?"

Littlepip was filled with remorse rather than anger.

"I can't believe you!"

"That's okay..."

Homage reached into a bag and retrieved a mysterious instrument of some sort.

"Here's something you forgot to steal..."

She turned and faced Littlepip with a mad and somewhat perverted (or even mentally disturbed) look in her eyes that Littlepip had only seen a few times before.

She couldn't stand for any more of this. She could die. But nobody's ever died of tickling. That's why it's the ultimate torture among friends that seek revenge.

Littlepip swallowed hard as Homage approached her slowly, hoping that this was all just some horrible nightmare...