

HIT POINTS ARE RED, MANA IS BLUE...

“Zel, babe, I’m home- what?”

The entire house smells of roses and geraniums, the fresh powdery scent of affection filling your senses as your eyes move across the scatter of pink heart-shaped decorations. A deep red ribbon frames each doorway. Sunset-coloured blooms rest in a glass vase in the middle of the coffee table. You shrug off your coat and toe off your shoes, running your fingertips over the scalloped edge of a lace cloth hung casually around the rim of your umbrella stand. Zelda, your favourite geeky girl, is nowhere to be seen.

“Ze-el?”

Moving through the hall into the living room, you call her name with one hand cupped to your mouth, the other resting loosely in your pocket as you dance your gaze over the new lovey-dovey décor. She really went all out with the Valentine’s decorations, huh? A heart-patterned white and pink cloth covers the coffee table; sitting atop it is a slice of cake – chocolate, topped with diced strawberries – a small vase of daffodils that stand out like a sunrise against all the reds and pinks, and a card.

On the front is a game controller, nondescript, with its connector cable looped into a heart shape. Between a few pixelized love hearts, a blocky font reads “*Talk nerdy to me, Valentine!*”. You smile, picking it up, turning it over in your hands before opening it.

Hi, sweetie!

Happy Valentine’s Day! If you can find all my secret hidden gifts, you can come and get your treat. The first clue is... right in front of you!

Happy hunting!

Your Zelda.

Closing the card with a furrowed brow, you set it back on the table and study the cake. There’s a small silver fork.

Talk nerdy to me. The game controller. Huh...

You pick up the fork between your thumb and forefinger and tap the cake.

Solid.

You dig it in.

The fork hits styrofoam.

... The cake is a lie.

Setting the fork down quickly, you turn to the game shelf and begin scanning down through the hundreds of alphabetized titles. *Pikmin, Pokemon – Portal!* Your fingers skip across the cases, trying to find anything out of place, eyes hunting. *Portal. Portal 2. Portal 3. The Lab. Bridge Constructor Port-*

Wait.

Deftly, you pull out the *Portal 3* case. It's a good photoshop job, you might almost be fooled, but Zel's personal flair gives it away. The half-silhouette of a figure jumping from the logo, just after the large bold-font number 3, is holding something in its hand. A small feather, barely perceptible if you weren't looking for it. A smile crosses your face. Typical Zel. With your thumbs, you crack the case open and see-

Two feathers.

A silver wartenberg wheel.

And another small card.

Curiosity now piqued, you turn over the card and read it, pocketing the three tools. Oh, Zelda has *plans*. There are only three words on the card, above a red and white ball.

I choose you!

Smirking, you tuck it into your pocket and step back from the game shelf. There could be another prize hidden in a game case, but knowing Zelda as well as you do, you don't think she'd pull the same trick twice in a row. There has to be something else in the house that this is leading you to. Something else pokemon-related. Time to think.

There's the films and seasons of the anime on the other shelf, but it seems too close. You have several pieces of pokemon wall art – turning them around and checking behind them proves useless. Nothing there, just blank wallpaper, slightly paled from time-wear. Huh. Drumming your fingertips restlessly on your pockets, you scan the room. What other pokemon gear do you have...?

The pile of plushies in the spare room flashes suddenly in your mind. It's not all pokemon, your collection spans every geeky game, film and anime under the sun, from cuddly creepers to fluffy facehuggers and cushy kuriboh, but the pocket monsters far outnumber the rest; the untrained eye could probably barely pick out a squishy maimai in the pile of technicolored beasts. You take the stairs two at a time and throw the spare room's door open.

It's a nice room; you mostly just use it if you have guests over, or if one of you isn't feeling great and needs some time alone (or if the main bedroom is being professionally cleaned, like it was during the *incident* last year; Zelda still swears she didn't know that a drum of lube would contain *that sheer volume of lube*). The wallpaper is a warm cream color with small triforces dancing up and down the paler stripes. Zero suit-blue curtains open up to a pleasant view of the woods just south of the back yard, separated from your flower-studded lawn and vegetable patches by a neat but rustic wooden fence. When lit, the lamp by the bedside casts shadows of the Dwemer star map on the ceiling.

And in the corner, by the dresser, there's a pile of plush toys taller than both of you. Zelda's pride and joy – her life-sized lapras plush, custom made – sits at the bottom with a placid expression as the others are stacked high upon her shell. Looking it over, you play mental jenga with the plushies, trying to work out a way to find any hidden hints without toppling the whole pile onto yourself. After a moment's strategizing, you settle on holding

the pile up with your body's weight while pushing your arm into its midst and rummaging around while trying not to cause an avalanche.

A minute into your surgical searching, your fingers brush against something harder, not as yielding and soft as the mountain of toys. Your fingers close around it. It's a box, no larger than the average book (then again, the books in your house tend to be larger than normal, with Zelda being a voracious reader). Every muscle tenses as you extract it carefully, then each one slackens again, the pile remaining intact as you remove your arm and study the box.

It's plenty cute, wrapped in trifold paper that matches the walls. Picking away the tape, you rip it open and examine the striped box within, before knocking the lid off and feasting your eyes on the next treats Zelda has provided you. In the box is a bottle of strawberry-flavored massage oil and a stiff-bristled brush; you know exactly what her idea is. The thought of oiling up her cute little feet and scrubbing them silly sends a rush of excitement through your whole body, and the thought of her hiding away this gift with the intention of you finding it only makes it more giddily intense. *Zelda wants* you to catch her. Oh, you're going to give her the tickling of a lifetime when you do.

But there's no card. Your brain blanks for a second, processing it.

No next clue.

This isn't the end, is it...?

You study the box again. Nothing tacked to the inside of the lid or the bottom of the box. Nothing hidden on the back of the wrapping paper. *Zelda's* getting trickier, hiding even the hints from you. She wants you to catch her and tickle her nerdy little brains out, but she's really making you work for it. Maybe she's trying to frustrate you so you *really* get sadistic when you finally solve her riddles. You could never be truly *cruel* to Zel, she's way too cute with her helpless shy giggles and nervous bravery and uncontrollable blushing, but her body just begs to be tickled. Sometimes her mouth does too. That's a *real* treat.

Still, you can't see a hidden clue anywhere. You move the wartenberg wheel and the feathers to the box, deciding to use it to store your prizes, then look around the room to try and get any idea of what *Zelda* wants you to do next.

Hang on. The wrapping paper.

The triforces.

You almost spill your bounty as you exit the spare room, taking a hard left turn at the door to run back down the stairs. This time, you're fairly certain you know where the next clue is. The second you focused on those little triforces dotting the wrapping paper a vision flashed in your mind – the replica Master Sword hanging above the counter in the kitchen, above the knife block and the spice rack and the drawer where you keep all your pots and pans. It's sheathed and mounted like an heirloom and you delight in jokingly taking it out to chop herbs when guests are visiting; its intricate blue and gold scabbard pulls the whole feng shui of the kitchen together perfectly.

Looks like Zel got to your little gag first. The designated Master Sword Cleaning Cloth is draped over the edge of the kitchen sink and the main chopping board is decorated

with chopped mint leaves and rose petals, filling the kitchen with a cool but sweet herbal scent. The little red and green slivers are arranged carefully into a heart shape.

Aw, Zel. What a romantic.

Brushing them by with a hand, you unsheathe the sword and, predicting your geeky girlfriend's movements, catch the envelope that falls out before it hits the cutting board. Returning the blade carefully to its source, you feel the envelope, weighty and full in your hands, turning it over; it's about the size of a sketchbook, tucked into a bubble mailer, sealed with a kiss. It's not difficult to open. The adhesive peels away, lingering, reminding you of how Zelda looks when she tries to eat pizza and play games at the same time; one-handedly fumbling the controller while trying to snap long strings of melted mozzarella spilling from her lips like fronds of gold, head tilted up and to the side with one leg tucked under her, emulating the easy luxury of ancient kings on canvas-and-oil thrones.

You'd *love* to paint Zelda in oil. You study the brush that tumbles out of the mailer – stiff-bristled but not unyielding, too wide to paint with any remarkable detail but perfect for broad, covering strokes. Just about the right size to coat a petite foot with oil in one determined swipe. You smirk, the thought of Zelda curling her toes to protect herself tugging at the corner of your mouth. Also in the bubble mailer is a small pink egg vibrator attached by a thin cable to a simplistic, blocky remote, the color of cotton candy and the size of a jawbreaker, with a tiny curved notch shaping it into a rounded heart. A clip. Perfect for hugging her twitchy, sensitive clit. You tuck it back into the mailer for safekeeping and pocket the brush before examining the final item in its contents – a small frill-edged card.

Of course, you'd recognize the first Keyblade anywhere. This looks hand-drawn, and you can distinguish Zelda's handwriting a mile away, especially in her favorite blue gel pen. A few years back you picked up a pack of Pokémon-themed pens, and Zel immediately fell in love with the clear blue ink and smooth hand-feel of the one decorated with the water-type starters. Even after it had run out of ink, a glitter-gel refill and some rubbing alcohol extended its lifespan for many letters and notes to come. Even today, you catch her with it tucked behind one ear or clamped between her teeth as she goes about her routine, jotting down to-do's and shopping lists absently.

It looks freshly refilled as it tumbles from the mailer into your open palm. Your brow furrows. Huh.

The key to my heart is in your hands, Valentine!

You flick the nib across the corner of the card. Pink gel. That's new. A loose, lickable ink with tiny flecks of white glitter, smelling of strawberries. Gorgeously smooth, like Zel. But the note is in blue. Licking your lips, you realize with a slow clarity that she must've been planning this for a *while*; at least long enough for the pen to run out of blue ink and for her to refill it in pink. You turn the card over. It yields no extra clues. The key to her heart is in your hands. What could that-?

For a minute you ask yourself, *would Zelda really make a clue that obvious and cheesy?* You dismiss the thought quickly because the answer, unavoidably, is *yes*. She's a dork. From an outsider's perspective, some would say that Zelda Fenix-Kennedy hasn't told a good joke in her life, but you know that when it comes to people who've never laughed at her

jokes, you can count them on one hand. Maybe her jokes aren't always the most nuanced and cutting, and her wordplay can be slightly jumbled or goofy, but her sheer joy and delivery make any silly pun a gut-buster. When she's giggling too hard to finish the punchline, your heart soars. It's only sometimes because you're tickling her under the table.

Regardless, you walk at a leisurely pace to the hall. The landline phone sits on a stout pine side-table with a drawer beneath it, slightly chipped from where the movers fumbled it as they carried it inside. You open the draw, giving it a slight bump to dislodge the faulty roller, and pore over the contents – keys, address book, snippets of appointment memos, glasses repair kit, guide to the house's electrical wiring and a manual for the washer you bought last month – and, of course, your driving gloves. Zelda got them for you; she didn't say it, but you tickled it out of her that she likes the way you look in a pair of leather gloves. Professional. Sleek. Equal parts industrious and debonair.

You pick them up, shake them out. There's a small silver key inside, which clinks as it falls onto the table by the phone. You put on the gloves. A small tag tied to the key by a length of white ribbon simply reads *come and get me ;)*. The taunt tugs at your lips again, wringing a wry smile out of you as your mind flashes with ways to make Zelda eat those words. The tag gives you no clues and honestly, neither does the key, but you know exactly what she wants you to think. It's time to claim your prize. There's only one place she could be.

This time, you take the stairs in stride with deliberate steps, making sure to hit every creaky board as slowly and clearly as possible. Zelda needs to know you're coming. You want to plant that seed of anticipation in her as she hears your heavy footfalls approach her last hiding place. You even briefly consider calling out to her, but that'd give it away too much; the doubt needs to be there, that flicker of uncertainty as she wonders whether you've solved the puzzle or if you're still stumped.

Neatening yourself in the landing mirror, you place a hand on the bedroom doorknob.

“Zel~?”

Slowly, you push the door open, leaning your weight into it. The room is bathed in a soft amber light, thin pink curtains drawn across the far window, lending a fairy-soft glow to Zelda's bare skin. As soon as you enter, you see her expression going from a practiced coy smile to a shy wide-eyed blush as she feels your gaze drift down her sprawled, soft body. You feel a rose petal buckle under the sole of your foot as you approach the side of the bed, coating Zelda's body with your gaze like syrup, dancing your notice from the nervous gleam of her eyes to the curl of her toes.

“What's this?”

As you run a hand over the heart-shaped pink stocks, Zelda shifts back a little. The handiwork is impeccable. Painted pine wood, twice-sanded and shellac primed, coated lovingly with a palette of berry smoothie, hyogo matte and sakura blush. A silver heart-shaped padlock hung loose from one end; Zelda seems to notice you studying the plush lining of the holes in the stocks and instinctively tucks her feet under herself, giggling anxiously.

“Do you like it?”

“Of course I do. When did you get this made?”

She tucks a stray bounce of hair behind her ear. “I commissioned it from a woodworker out on the edge of town about a month ago. I wanted to give you a real fun surprise! Did you- uhm- did you like my puzzles-?”

She’s adorable. “I loved them, Zel. You’re such a goofball, that was awesome. But now it’s time for my prize, right? And I found *all* the little toys you hid for me.”

Her face flushes again and she squirms on the sheets. “Y- yeah, I- I wanted to keep you interested- in the puzzle-!”

“Oh, you *definitely* did that.”

Your hungry gaze makes her shrink down with a nervous laugh, pressing her arms to her sides as if it’d do anything to protect her.

“S- so you want to claim your prize, babe?”

Her flustered attempts of seduction draw a short laugh from you. “I’d love to, Zelly-belly, but I think you’ll have to stretch out those pretty legs of yours. I can’t lock your feet up in the stocks if they’re hidden under your butt.”

A wash of red falls over Zelda like a curtain. “O- oh, of course, sure!”

You can see the anticipation stiffening her movements as she extends her legs and you open the stocks. Lovely and roomy. A large black wand vibe sits at the base of the stocks, and you weigh it briefly as Zelda tentatively places her ankles and wrists in the cozy confines of her personally-commissioned Brazen Bull.

“This another gift for me?”

“Yeah, I- I mean- we could have a little fun with it. You could use it on me. I- I could even use it on you.”

“We’ll see, Zel.” You chuckle and tap her nose. “Ready for me to close the stocks?”

She curls her toes and fists instinctively, wincing, but steels herself with a breath. You see her chest bounce as she straightens her back and tries to look brave.

“Happy Valentine’s Day, honey~”

Her little wink seals it. You smile in return and lift the sturdy top of the stocks, lowering it gently to snugly embrace her wrists and ankles in its inescapable hold. She tests her bonds. No give. She can wriggle, but that’s it. No pulling her feet away, no covering her sides, all she can do is squirm about on her cute little butt and giggle for you. The key clicks in the lock. Now she’s *yours*.

“Let’s see...”

Dread crosses her face as you lay out your tools. Feathers, wheel, brushes, oil, vibe. Your arsenal of weapons. Where to begin? You tap her pen on your chin and then study it, noticing the gel swishing inside-

“I know.”

Zelda jumps a little as you uncap it. “What- what are you thinkin’, babe?”

“You left me so many lovely notes, I’m gonna leave one for you.” The heel of your hand pins the toes of her right foot back. “A lovely Valentine’s Day message for my favorite little geek.”

“Ngh-!” You feel her toes curl against your palm as a grin breaks out across her face. “Y- you know how much foot-writing wrecks me-! M-my soles are too sensitive for that!”

“So why’d you put this lovely edible ink in your favorite pen, huh?” You tap it on the top of the stocks. “And you don’t need to say *sensitive*. There’s a better word for it. You’re just too embarrassed to say *ticklish*.”

She writhes and the toes of her left foot curl. *Oh, don’t worry, little guy. You’ll have my attention very soon.*

“Let’s see... what’s a smart nerdy pun...”

You pore over it for a good minute, hovering the tip of the pen just above Zelda’s taut sole and pretending to ignore her whines every time it gets too close. Her hands are balled into fists. Sweat is beading on her brow. She’s trying not to smile, you can tell, and failing miserably. You can read her like a book.

“Here we go. Plumbers are red...”

Carefully sounding out the syllables, you begin to write your message on her sole and are immediately greeted with a squealing laugh and sudden thrashing.

“W-wait! Honeyhoneyhoneyhoney *it tickles so bad-!*”

Her pitch raises as she tries in vain to pull her ticklish foot away from your pen. The ink is light and the glitter shows up nicely on her soft, mocha-sweet sole. You cast her a sly smile and tighten your grip on her toes. No creases can get in the way of your letter.

“Hedgehogs... are blue...”

The pen glides across her arch and she squeals, shaking her head rapidly, hair flying about her head like a rising smoke.

“Press start to join... and be my player two...!”

“Ah-ahaha- aww, babe, that’s so- *AH!*”

Her moment of relaxation is broken by a shriek as you pinch her big toe and draw a lovely pink heart on the stem.

“That’s one...”

Her panicked laughter sends a jolt of excitement through you. Only a few minutes in and she’s this wrecked; oh, man, this is gonna be a fun night. You pinch her second toe and pull it back to expose the pretty, delicate stem.

“Two...”

All ten. All ten toes. Zelda's squealing turns to helpless giggles and snorts of your name, pleading with you for a moment of mercy as her ticklish laughter is wrung out of her like sweet wine from a cherry. Her pleas turn into an incoherent giggle-rush of *not-the-tickle-toes* as you finish the last foot and set the pen aside to admire your work, beaming with pride.

"You okay, Zel?"

She catches her breath slowly. "I forgot my feet were so ticklish."

"You want me to give them a break?"

"N- nah, not yet. I'm good. I'm good."

"You sound like you're being tortured."

"I am. You're mean."

"Aw, I can't help it, Zel. You're too *cute* to not be mean to. And I know it makes you wet."

Her protest turns into a squeak as she averts her eyes from you.

"God. You're so *adorable*."

She watches you with a whine as you pick up the strawberry oil and the paintbrush. The brush has a nice heft to it; soft bristles with a good tickle to them and a sturdy wooden handle that feels good in your palm, lots of control. You open the bottle and drizzle some of the sweet, slippery oil onto the head of the brush, shivering slightly as the wet glisten reminds you of how needy Zelda will get after a few more tickles. You know very well how much this affects her. Soon she'll be *flooded*.

"If your feet are so ticklish as they are... I can't imagine how much more tickly they'll be when they're nice and oiled up."

You hear a tiny whine of *noooo* but her wobbling smile tells you everything. *Hell, why wait for her to be horny and begging for you? We have toys to make her really plead.*

"Hold this."

You place the brush in her restrained hand, then pick up the little pink heart-shaped vibe. Her eyes widen. Handling the bottle with care, as if adding wine to a recipe, you slick up the vibe and move around the bed to sit behind her. She's warm. Soft. Inviting and sweet, leaning into your touch and shivering at it in equal measure. One of your hands rests on her hip as the other slides the vibe between her legs, using your thumb to push her clitoral hood back and gazing over her shoulder to guide the notch around her red, throbbing clit.

"You're gonna be such a good little geeky girl for me."

At the same time, you kiss her cheek, one hand turning on the vibe and the other squeezing the soft chub of her waist, drawing a moaning laugh-squeak from her open, damp lips. You take the brush back. Zelda's shaking again, equally in anticipation and from the vibrations directly massaging her defenseless little bud. You feel warmth grow in your stomach, heart beating double-rhythm as she lets out a tiny, desperate curse.

The brush *is* the perfect size. One swipe coats her sole completely, just as you thought, but you're a diligent worker and add a few more strokes, making sure that every crease is slicked up and shiny for you. Zelda's panting, tongue out, eyes blurry as her hands helplessly grasp at air. Having her under your total control like this is a rush. She's easy to embarrass, she's a shy little nerd, but seeing her – your favorite geeky workaholic – this completely wrecked is an absolute treat.

Nice and oiled up. Now for more fun.

Your fingers are the first tool you use. Why stray from the classics? Your God-given tickle-tools are the best instrument of torture to destroy Zelda's smooth, slick soles. Long spidering runs up and down, skittering them against her arches and under her toes, fluttering at the tops when she tries to curl her soles to protect them from your tickling digits. The shaft of a feather does a wonderful job at scratch-scratching along her soles, tickling deep into every crease and wrinkle, while the fluffy barbs are ideal for tickling one of her secret spots – her palms. You remember the first time you found out that Zelda has ticklish hands and it was an obsession for days; you still adore pinning her fingers down and feather-tickling her small flat palm.

By now, Zelda is almost screaming with laughter, head thrown back, butt bouncing desperately on the sheets. It's times like these that you're glad to live in a semi-detached with *very* chill neighbors; the lesbian couple next door is sometimes louder than you, so you don't have to be afraid of them thinking that you're torturing your geeky girlfriend. You'd love to let them borrow her for a weekend, maybe when you're out of town, just to make sure she doesn't miss out on any tickle-torture, but you'd hate to end up getting possessive. She's *yours*. Nobody breaks your toys.

Even then, your heart sings when she cackles aloud at the touch of the Wartenberg wheel. Its spiky spokes roll smoothly across the ball of her foot and she snorts, a sound you sometimes call her piggy-laugh. She's not just a toy; she's your Zel, even when she's screwed her eyes shut and is snorting like a little piggy and shining with sweat as you wreck her helpless feet. She's gorgeous when she's being seductive, stretched out and dolled up like a siren on the rocks, but she's even more beautiful like this, dorky and desperate, natural, unashamed, begging for you.

“Tickle-tickle-tickle, Zelly-belly. Coochie-coochie-coo.”

You hear a squeal of *no!* as her back arches as far as it can. You slow down your scrubbing; the hairbrush is a miracle-worker when it comes to making her scream.

“Need a break now, hun?”

“Ehe- ehe- just- need- a break- feet-”

“Okay. Okay, pumpkin. Take a breath. You need anything to drink?”

“Nah- I'm- good- just- h-hah- ticklihihish...”

“Aww, poor Zelly. Such cute little helpless feetsies.”

She snorts again, shaking her head. Stopping the tickling lets her focus on the vibe again and you turn it up a notch, turning her sigh of relief into a groan and a shudder,

vibrations coursing up her hips into her belly. You get up, move to sit behind her again, move her hair away from her neck to place a kiss in the curve of her shoulder well.

“Babyyy...”

She reclines into you, knees buckling.

“You close, Zel?”

“Mhm...” You feel her tense and slacken, breathing quick and hot. “Feels... good...”

“Shame.”

Before she can question you, the vibe is turned down and your hands attack her squishy, soft hips, sending her soft moans tumbling down into belly-laughter that fills you like a meal. There’s a wholesomeness to that laugh, nourishing for your soul, carbs and greens compared to the candy of her giggles. The yielding give of her hips is wonderful under your hands; you dig your fingertips and thumbs into the hollows of her pelvis, pressing your lips almost fervently into her neck to drink in her soft rosy scent and the buck of her thighs as you gently bite the soft flesh. Hickeys don’t show up well on her skin but if you’re looking for them, you’ll notice them quickly, and you’re always looking. Pretty blue roses. Signs that she’s yours.

Between cackles, you hear something that sounds like *not there!*, so you acquiesce. Your fingers sneak in different directions, left hand snaking down to her legs to spider at those soft plush inner thighs while the right kneads and squeezes at her ribs, her thrashing drawing a growl from somewhere deep in the heat of your gut, thirsty and feral. She’s ticklish, too ticklish, *far* too ticklish, and you adore it. All it takes is one finger to destroy her, and you feast on the luxury of being able to use all ten.

“Stahp! Sta-haha-p! Need- need a- wait- st- ha-”

Fingers slowing to a stop, you watch her breathe, exhausted and ragged. God, she’s not just too ticklish, but too hot. Intoxicating, addictive. So shy and demure but when you have her like this, when her kinky side comes out, she drives you insane with lust, turns you into a rutting elk, merciless and possessive.

You move to her feet again. “You okay, pumpkin?” Your voice is hoarser than you expect. Must be the excitement. You definitely feel it; your underwear feels stuffy-hot like summer. It needs to come off soon.

“Y- yeah.” She pants. “Shoulders... stiff.”

“Aw, Zel.” You rub her arm. “Want me to free your wrists?”

“Huh?”

“Hey.” You tidy her frizzy hair with your fingertips, clearing her eyes. “This has to be perfect for both of us. This wouldn’t be perfect if you pulled your rotator cuff, like last February in the Anime & Manga Club Ultimate Frisbee Championship.”

“I waxed that weeb’s ass.”

“And you had to wear an ice pack on your shoulder for a month. You couldn’t reach over your head.”

She puffs her cheeks. She’s adorable when she’s petty like this. “Still won.”

You laugh, soft and short, as you unlock the stocks and open it enough for her to slide her wrists out, then close it again around her ankles. She flops backwards onto the bedsheets. You take the opportunity to straddle her waist, admiring the view of her sprawled out and panting.

Her eyes flick to you as you unzip your pants. “What’s up, babe?”

“Tickling you excites me as much as it excites you, y’know.” You chide her with a tap on the nose. “I figured I should get some relief, since you’re gonna have to wait.”

She bites her lip as you grind down on her hips. “Fuck...”

Studying her plush lips and fluttering dark lashes, you shrug down your slacks and underwear until she can see you fully, giving yourself a few greedy rubs to tease her as her mouth begins to water. She loves your taste and you know it. It still surprises you, the enthusiasm with which she leaps at the chance to give you oral. Sometimes you can even give it as a reward; she’s allowed to lick and suck and moan all she wants, as long as she endures all the tortures you have planned. She’d crawl to you on her knees for the *chance* to go down on you, but she’d never admit it, of course. Just another part of her charm.

Looming over her, moving your straddle closer to her chest than her waist, you position yourself near her mouth and brace your hands against the head of the bed. There’s something wild about this position that she adores; laying down helpless as you thrust into her open mouth from above.

“You want it, Zel?”

“Yes. Hylia, yes.”

“What are the magic words?” Your voice comes out ragged, but you have to tease her. She has to work for this. It’s all part of the fun.

“Hgh- please?”

You shake your head and hum. “You know what you have to say.”

Zelda pouts and gulps, bracing her nerves.

“I’m... your...” She inhales, eyes screwing shut. “I’m your beautiful tickle princess and I love being tickled!!”

“Good girl.”

You’re in her mouth within seconds. God, you need this as much as she does. Your hips roll in a shaky rhythm; her mouth is so warm, so perfectly soft, her tongue is a rose petal and it feels so divine laving up and down as you rock and grind against her. She’s moaning softly. The sound drives vibrations up through you, causing you to softly curse and tighten your thighs. Her hands grasp you, touching, seeking, looking for something to hold onto as she drinks you up with boundless delicacy.

She's getting a little too comfortable. Better turn up the heat.

With one hand, you lean back and grab the vibe's remote. Your fingertips shake, Zelda's mouth is unreal, but you manage to place your thumb on the wheel and slide it all the way to the max setting. Immediately she scream-moans into you and you grab hold of her hair, gentle but firm, wrapping your fingers into those gorgeous silky corkscrew curls as her moans ripple through your entire body. Her entire being is *you*, your pleasure, your heat, and all you can think of is the feel of her warm, soft, inviting mouth and the softness of her perfect curly hair, how good she smells, the scent of roses and peaches and desire and hot sweet sticky musk and-

"Fuck, Zel!"

The flat of her tongue laves at you in *just* the right spot and you explode. Your body tenses, each muscle tightening like the complex machinations of a bridge as electricity courses through your veins, heat bursting in your stomach, floral and gorgeous. You thrust hard against her tongue as the climax overwhelms you, elbows buckling, mouth falling open in a flurry of low, guttural moans, Zelda moaning and gulping as she licks the crashing waves of your orgasm down to a tranquil sway.

"Fuck."

You dismount, legs quivering. She shakily wipes her mouth with her forearm.

"S'good?"

"Do you even have to ask?" You wipe your brow. "You are *too* good to me."

"Aha- you're my- special sweetie. I gotta take good care of you."

You mop the sweat from your neck with a clean spare pillowcase. "So that *wasn't* an apology for killing off my character in your Thursday game?"

"Amund deserved what he got and I don't take constructive criticism. If you wanted him to live you wouldn't have shown up to the Rogue's Court negotiations naked."

"I wanted to show them I wasn't a thr- hey! Hands off, ah-ah-ah!"

You waggle a finger as you spot her touching the vibe pinching her clit.

"But it's so strong..."

"Don't you wanna cum, Zel?"

She gives you the puppy-dog eyes. "Yeah..."

Rolling your own eyes, you pick up the wand vibe and carefully pluck the smaller vibe off her throbbing clit. "Aw, alright then. Let's make you *scream*."

A tiny smile crosses her face and she wriggles, hearing the vibe click and start to buzz in your hands. It's heavy, hefty, almost weapon-like, a sturdy and powerful tool; she's already soaked but you pour a little oil over the head of the toy just for good measure. Her clit twitches in time with her shallow, excited breaths. It's on its lowest setting. You slowly push it to the underside of her cute little nub, massaging it in steady circles.

“Ngh, fuck...”

Her back arches as much as it can. Watching Zelda in these moments of pleasure really drives home how lucky you are; she’s yours, when she’s tidy, when she’s messy, when she’s sweet, when she’s cranky, either dressed up in silk or skulking around the apartment in an oversized pikachu kigurumi and bunny slippers. She wrings the bedsheets in her hands and curses again; she rocks her hips, you push them down with your palm.

“Feel good, hun?”

“Sssooo good...”

“It’s about to feel *incredible*.”

A curse is transformed suddenly into a bark of laughter as your pinning hand turns into a tickling, spidering claw, going from holding down her hips to mercilessly tickling her soft belly as she begins to wriggle and squeak. She’s not pushing you away; her hands are covering her face, then balled into fists at her chest, then trying to hold onto the headboard, then back to covering her blushing cheeks and wide grin.

With a low murmur of *tickle, tickle, tickle*, you turn up the power of the wand, pinching and goosing her ribs to mix her throaty moan with a nasal laugh. You wish you had more hands; it’d be so enchanting to tickle her feet at the same time, maybe pin her wrists, explore her navel, hold back her clitoral hood, and of course knead those wonderful plush hips...

An idea strikes you. Turning off the vibe, Zelda lets out a frustrated whine, thumping her fists on the bed.

“Baaa-aaabe! I was *close!*”

“Sorry, Zelly, I had an idea.” You rummage in your special toybox, crouching to pull it out from under the bed. Skin-safe bondage tape, handcuffs, a handful of bullet vibes – perfect.

“Wh- wha- what are you doing?”

She doesn’t resist as you handcuff her wrists to the headboard. They’re fluffy and soft, kind to her delicate skin. “Getting ready to make this extra special.”

You bite off a strip of tape with your teeth and carefully dry her soles with the same pillowcase from before to ensure it’ll stick, then place a bullet at the center of each arch, taping them in place. She whines as you do the same to her navel, deep and pretty, making sure it’s nice and snug and touching the super-sensitive flesh at the bottom of it, then you finish your masterpiece by taping two final vibes to her now-exposed pits.

With the calculating precision of a chessmaster, you turn on the vibes at her pits first.

Her squeak is delightful. Immediately she starts to torque and thrash, unable to escape the tickling vibrations at her soft, silk-smooth hollows. Satisfied with this start, you turn on the one in her navel, and a belly-deep laugh sends her snorting and bucking as your smirk grows. Finally, the soles of her feet. She’s watching you through one eye, whimpering, grinning.

What a perfect gift.

The rattling of the stocks is music to your ears. Lapping up the nectar of her laughter, you turn the vibe back on, a notch higher than before, and press it down again on her waiting clit, savoring those desperate, sweet moans. Her laughter mingling with her shuddering whimpers creates a gorgeous symphony, peach-colored and hanging in the air with the lingering powdery scent of cala lilies and downy violets. She's writhing. Every squirm is punctuated by a twitch that gives you the tell-tale sign of how close she's getting.

"You wanna cum, Zel?" You ride her bucking hips, watching her breaths quicken. "You want it?"

"Please- please- please- please-!"

That's all you need to hear. You turn the vibe up, massaging it firmly against her slit as her eyes roll back and she lets out a high, shaking moan-

It takes about thirty seconds to ride out Zelda's orgasm but you hold the vibe to her clit for a full minute, just for good measure. By the time you pull it away she's red-faced and quaking, grunting through her teeth, rattling her handcuffs as she shakes through the waves of pleasure wracking her body. Finally, she falls slack, letting out a groaning sigh intercut with small, exhausted giggles.

"Gooood girl." You rub her belly with one hand. "That looked fun."

"Ngh... felt... really good..." She squirms again, exhaling into her shoulder. "Are you... gonna... take off the vibes...?"

A chuckle runs through you like a tremor. "Oh, no, not yet. We have a whole night to play; it's still February 14th, Zel. Hey, do you remember how many years we've been together?"

She counts in her head, squinting. "Seven, eight, nine- about nine years with some change, why?"

"Mmm. Nine years." You rub the head of the vibe against her still hyper-sensitive clit. "So that's one orgasm. Can you take eight more?"

Looking at you wide-eyed, she blinks and gulps before steadying herself. "Can you?"

"... Oh, that sounds like a *challenge*, Zelda Fenix-Kennedy. The difference is that *my* orgasms won't have tickle-torture between them. These stocks and tools are *great* gifts and I'm gonna make good use of them tonight, believe me."

Zelda giggles, butt wriggling on the sheets. "I'm glad you like them, baby."

"Course I do." Brushing her hair from her eyes, you place a soft kiss on her forehead, deceptively chaste but genuinely loving. "Your pretty giggles are the best gift."

"Well- w-" She writhes as the bullet vibes continue to tickle her, making her voice shake and her smile quiver. "Then you can have all the gifts you want. D- drink up, you deserve it!"

Picking up the Wartenberg wheel, you feel your shoulders relax, setting down the wand to unbutton your shirt with your now-freed hand.

“Dangerous words, Player Two. Dangerous words *indeed.*”