***The Magic Forrest: Part2: Wicked Wizard***

Anthony woke up with a water droplet hitting his nose. He went to wipe it off, but  noticed his arms were stretched above his head, tied to the oddly shaped slab of stone he was apparently forced to call his seat. It kept him hunched over, his slightly sagged chest sagging further do the the position, hell he was almost pushed against his knees. It was almost like he was sitting it a pit fall, his knees at neck level as his bound feet lay off the corner.

“Hello?.... HELLLLOOOOOOOO????”

His voice shouted back to him, reverberating off the dark, damp walls. He looked around for something to use but it was pointless. Once again the beautiful Anthony was bound up tight. Just him and the dark, cold dungeon, the only source of light was the window high above him shining down

... DUNGEON??? What in worlds happened? Life’s been rough lately but nothing RULE breaking happened???

“Please there must be some mistake! There were some fairies and things got out of hand and-“

Anthony stopped when he heard something. He heard... snorting? Snorting and roaring. Pions! It all came back to him now. The sand, the nails, the HORRIBLE tickling, then blackness. Those beasts kidnapped him!

Confirming the handsome blond’s fears a huge ogre like pig with a lions main barged threw the prison door on his right. His footstomps filled the room as he got closer. Every stomp made Anthony tighten up just a little bit more. His face scrunched up as the Pions snout got just a little bit too close to and took a biiiig sniff.

Anthony silently pleaded with the beast, finally finding the courage to speak now that the Pion moved away to his face and walked around him. The handsome prisoner kept his head down, he’d rather eat broken glass then look this thing in the eye.

“Please... please don’t eat me Mr. Pig sir.. I-I taste bad. Like REALLY bad! I- i EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!”

The young man’s pleas were cut short as he felt the sharp wisps of air caress as the Pion sniffed his foot. Anthony struggled in his bounds, trying his damndest to pull his foot away.

“NO NO NO AHAHAHAHAHAH! MR. PION PLEEEEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHSE!”

The Pion did stop but only to begin running his blunt pointed nails all over Anthony’s feet. He began at the heel and skittered up to the toes. When the brute was done with that  he really dug his index finger right to the center of the arch.  Anthony started wheezing right away as the finger kept digging to an almost buzzing like degree.

“OH GAHAHAHAHAHAHAHD NOOOHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHHHAHA! NO NO NPEEHENEHEEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHSE!!!! SOMEONE HELP MEEEHHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHE!!!!”

Gods up above must have been listening because someone DID come to help. Another Pion, probably the other one who tickled him before, stomping into the room as Anthony laughed himself insane. To the laughing boy’s horror he then took a seat by his tribesmen and began to tickle his other foot.

They both used the same technique, but not at the same time. While the one at the left was “buzzing” the middle of Anthony’s arch, the one at the right would be skittering his nails from the bottom to the top. It was a hellish experience and do to the delay he wasn’t able to adjust to it. He threw his head wildly and helplessly tried to move his feet away, but he was more trapped then ever before and the tickling was starting to drive him mental.

The Pions elbowed each other and laughed as the pathetic prisoner squirmed at their slightest touch. They were going to make a killing off this one! Sadistic royals and chiefs alike would pay great money to have a pretty looking play toy.

Little did Anthony know that he was simply being tested for when he would be sold for a fortune and tickle teased by the delicate hands of a king, or maybe a kinky aristocrat with a knack for feathers, perhaps a rich house wench with a mean streak as long as her nails? If he had even the slightest idea of what these two Pions had planned for him, he would try to let out more begs then giggles.

“HAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAH NO NO NO NO NOOOOAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!! WHY! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO MEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEEEHEHEHEEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEH!!! PLEASE!!!  AHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAAHHAHAAHH!!”

The two of them stopped and faced one another, looking for one to give the answer to that very question. They both shrugged and simultaneously buzzed their nails in the middle of his foot for a good ten minutes. They watched and laughed as the pathetic tickle toy looked up to the ceiling and scream out in ticklish agony.

The three of their laughs echoed threw out the dungeon, the Pions only stopping when they spotted a forth guest. Anthony’s raging hard on JUST peaking out where the two could see it. They smiled dastardly knowing they can get twice as much for him now. The only last matter to tend to is seeing just how much this beautiful young man can take. The tougher the toy, the higher the price. It was then they made eye contact with the boys big, puffy nipples... and smiled.

“Wh-wha.... o-oh no.. NO!..... please....”

But that didn’t stop the two ogre like brutes. They left their respective feet  and started to come towards him. Fingers wiggling.....

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“STOP STOP STOP STOP STOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHHAAHAHAHAHAH! Oh god... o-oh god..... no no no no no no nOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! STOP THE SPINNING PLEASE! NO MORE NO MORE!”

It took them a bit. But the two Pions found his nipples, remembering how well they worked in the forrest, and that’s where the real  testing began. They wanted to REALLY see just how much punishment this little thing could take.

Both Pions claimed a nipple and did what they wished with it. The one on the left pinched it with his claws and slightly pulled. He pulled it left, right, up, down. Sometimes he would mix it up. Up, down, up, down, left,down, right, up. It was like he was putting in his own little cheat code that would make Anthony suffer the most. And suffer he did. When he was done using the sensitive top as his own control pad he just kept flicking his finger against it rapidly. Anthony’s eyes were rolled back in his head as he felt the never ending company of the Pions meaty finger.

The pion at his right was more of a cool customer. He only used one hand to torment and the other to grab a paw full of his victim’s hair, forcing the lad to witness the suffering for himself. The pion skillfully used his thick index finger and rotated it round and around. He ran it against the puffed edges where his nipple began. Sometimes he would go clockwise, then counter clockwise. At random points he would turn it to a spiral till he hit the nub center. At which point Anthony’s body would jolt as if he was being shocked back to life. After the pion would just drag his claw back out and continue rimming his nipple. He never changed his pace or his force. Just a endless, hopeless, titillating tickling for the beautiful blonde victim.

As they continued they counted on just how many orgasm their little golden egg had. They clocked it in at about 3. There was the one he had only after 5 minutes of starting. Oh there was that one around minute 17 where he started squirting when the left pion rapidly pulled his nipple from right to left, right to left. EVERY time the right pion spiraled his nail to the middle of his nipple and simulated the very tip (those always made the two of them laugh). Oh the one around minute 21 where he shot in his own face when they both pinched him at the same time. And including all the ones he would have after a good 10 minutes.

“OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GA.. GA.. GAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAH!!!! OOOOOOOOOHHH FUCK!”

Oh another one! How grand! That makes 2 and a half!

Anthony laughed, came, and cried what felt like the entire night away. But he swore, before he passed out... he could see something out that one window up top. It felt like eyes... watching him. And then dark.

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“Hahaha...haha...o-oh hohoahaha...”

Anthony felt feathers delicately tweaking around his sides and hips. They grazed up and down his hyper ticklish flesh, getting higher with each decent down his slim form.

“Yessss, that’s it.... tickle tickle tickle..”

“Hahaha... hahahahaahahaha.... hehe....Noooooaahahahah...”

They rose higher and higher each time till the feathers were toying all around his stiffening nipples, never touching them till A lone feather started to drag itself up to the hard nob tip.

“There you gooooooo.... coochie coochie cooooooo... come to papa nipple boy..”

“Aaahhhaa... aahaa.. n-no.”

“Yes.”

Just then Anthony felt all the feathers gather around his huge ticklish nipples and begin to play. Each feather was able to find a place to lick as they swarmed around.

“AHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAAHHA! NOO!”

“Not until you cum....Tickle tickle tickleeee...”

Anthony couldn’t take it anymore and to his shock his body  buckled away from the feathers. The beautiful young man shot over on his tummy and felt the soft grass against his skin. Fresh grass? Now that he thought about it he felt sunshine on his back too! His innocent blue eyes opened, and just as suspected, he was out of the pion dungeon!

“I’m free??? IM FREE!!!”

“So I take it you’r NOT dead? Well that’s cause great-“

Anthony turned and saw what could only be described as another monster, rattling on about nothing to himself. This one though didn’t look anywhere near as intimidating. No where near as tall, his hunch made it so his head was at about Anthony’s shoulder. It kind looked like a old vulture, given the buzzard face and LONG beard. He had feather hands but not wings per say.... his limbs were a bit elongated, not to mentioned  he seemed to be caring a giant decrepit turtle shell of sorts on his back. Atop his head though was the one thing that made Anthony feel calm. His hat, old yes but the shape was definitely sign of a master wizard! The young boy dropped to his knees.

“By the gods! You.... saved me!.”

“Not to mention how much my back hurts and-......”

The old cadger blinked in shock.

“Saved???”

“I-I was trapped in the pion prison and you saved me! Oh by the gods again, thank you so much!”

Anthony shook the hand of the buzzard as the old thing just stared at him.

“Say my boy.... would you categorize yourself as ‘not too bright’??”

“I don’t...”

“Oh.”

“BUT other people do!!”

“WELL THEN OF COURSE YOUNG ONE! ALL IN A GREAT WIZARDS WORK!! It would be a sin not to help someone with such... ahem, amazing features...”

The old bird licked his beak then waisted no time in laying it on as thick as possible. In a nano second he went from 0 to 100 on the helplessly old man scale.

“COUGH COUGH!!!! But you see young one.... the battle was... TOO much for these old bones.... COUUUUGH COUGH!!!!... in gratitude for SAVIN YOUR LIFE would you help this poor bird find the way back to his house???.......................cough cough?”

Anthony’s eyes sparked with compassion and determination.

“OF COURSE! Anything for you sir! What do I call you?”

“Izward my boy!”

“Ok Izwa-“

“Isward the GREAT and powerful!”

“No problem Izward the gr-“

“-expert in all things magical and mystical!”

“..... ok then, Izward the great and powerful, expert in-“

“Friends call me Izzy!!”

“OK THEN! Izzy!”

The feathered old coot then screamed. His long neck convulsing every which way.

“THATS IZWARD THE GREAT AND POWERFUL, EXPERT IN ALL THINGS MAGICAL AND MYSTICAL TO YOU WIPPER SNAPPER!!! I swear back in my days damsels in destress had the common curtesy to -“

Anthony just followed as Izward began to head east, still complaining at the top of his lungs. He didn’t stop the WHOLE way there. Eventually the handsome young man was able to find some cloths to cover up his nude body.

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During the night’s Anthony would have weird... explicit dreams. He didn’t see anything though, he only felt them. The feathers. They always came to him in his sleep.

They would play agonizingly with his sensitive chest, tickling everything they possibly could. He could even swear he felt groping! He’d beg in his sleep but the voice that always accompany the feathers would tell him the same thing.

“Not until you cum. Cum for me. Cum for me with nipple boy.”

And he could swear every time he could feel himself on the edge. He would always wake up before it happened though. Then he’d just sit there in the tent, as Izward snored as loud as possible.

Anthony didn’t pay it any mind though. Though as he went back to sleep he swore he heard laughing from Izwards side.... then the feathers returned...

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It took days. DAYS of hiking, camping, and listening to Izward’s VERY extreme views on how elves shouldn’t be considered as people.

“Back in my day they were more like property, AND THINGS WERE BETTER FOR IT! AND ANOTHER THING- oh we’re here!”

Anthony dropped to the floor in thanks once again. This time though he was thanking the gods that this old wizard detour has come to and end. No more listening about old times. No more whining about how things are expensive. He could almost start crying! Instead he picked himself up and went to give his savior one last thank you before setting off again on his quest.

Normally Anthony has the patients of a saint, but these dreams have been slowly taking their toll on him. Every night was a fight for his orgasm, a fight he would always win, but at the expense of some really horrible blue balls.

“Izard sir. Thanks again for saving me from those Pions. I hope it wasn’t too much trouble.

The buzzard smiled and patted the young man’s back.

“Oh please, helping others is it’s own reward!...... though..”

“Though?...”

“Well sonny, if you REALLY wanted square things up, you could help me with a little magic potion I’ve been cooking.”

“Really? You need MY help to make a potion??? Golly what could you need from me?”

“Oooooh something only a handsome thing like you could give me..... A little thing called  ‘the essence of innocence’. Shouldn’t need more then a drop!”

Anthony thought about it for a moment. Just a drop of innocence? What could that even mean. Either way this man...bird, turtle thing saved his life! The least he could do was this last weird thing.

“Odd, but ok! I’ll help you get the materials for your spell thing!”

“WOW it really is easy with you kid. Ok! Step on in!”

The wizard opened the door to his house, it was really messy. Old books were scattered everywhere and a big space was taken up by a huge cauldron. He then heard the door close behind him. And then the click of the lock

“Izward?”

“Now hurry up and disrobe!”

Anthony blushed a little. Disrobe? Why?

“A-are you sur- AH!”

Izward flicked a feathered finger and Anthony’s cloths flew off him by themselves. He fell on the floor, hurting his head. He heard Izward chuckling.

“Kekeke. You know, it all would have been easier if you just gave me what I wanted from the start... nipple boy.”

Anthony’s eyes opened as he began to understand everything!

“YOU!”

“...duh..”

Izward snapped his finger and licked his beak. He was also tired of this trip and ready for his “reward”.

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“HAAHHAAHHAAHHAHAHAHAHHAAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAAAAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHHAAH!!!!!”

Anthony shrieked his lungs out as he hovered over the messy wizard’s floor. No matter how he twisted or turned the magic feathers swarming around him always found his nipples. Each and every kiss found it’s mark all over the young man’s pathetically sensitive chest. One after another making the blond swoon with  hysterical titillation.

Izward remained grounded, twirling his feathered fingers in the air as if orchestrating them.

“That’s it boy that’s it! Don’t hold back! You must be all backed up from our nights together. Tickle tickle!“

“AHAHAHAHAH DONT SAY THAT!!!”

“TICKLE TICKLE TICKLE TICKLE!!!”

The wizard put his hands together like he was clutching something, then frantically wiggled his fingers all about. As it happened the feathers all flew straight for Anthony’s cock, all of them dancing their fluffy ends around and around his sensitive flesh!

“Hahaha! Thats it! Feel like popping yet you resistant little thing??”

Anthony’s eyes rolled up in the back of his head, the stimulation  assaulting his brain all at once. The feathers never stopped or slowed, once again he was at the mercy of a tickling fiend with none to offer. He hovered down till he was in front of Izward, still wiggling his fingers.

“Hehehaaa....hhheeheheUUURRGHH!  WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME!!!?”

“Simple my boy! Your essence, I need it! So hurry up! Oh! Do you mean tickling you? Also simple. Cause I can!”

“HAHAHAHAHAHA ILL GIVE IT ILL GIVE IT JUST TAKE IIIIHIHIHIGHAHAHAHAAHAHAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAH!!!”

“Oh don’t worry boy. I plan on it. Every last drop to be exact! HAHA!”

Anthony eyes widened as he saw the wizard’s hands rase. With them, his beard rose too and started to swirl itself around the ever so desperate tip. How could he be so stupid! He wanted his cum! This evil wizard wasn’t any different then then the Pions! But he was in some ways. God he made it all tickle so bad. The stimulation ran rampent all over his lower nerves but it still wasn’t enough.   Anthony just wasn’t able to cum!

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It had been 2 hours. Anthony’s cock was a pathetic shade of red. No matter how much feathers and magic this wizard threw at him it was never enough. And the blonde was trying his hardest! He wanted it to be over as soon as possible but he only hit the edge again and again.

“So you held out this log? Figures. Kids you days, always stubborn.... well the game ends here sonny!”

Over and over Anthony pleaded that he was tying his best. But his best wasn’t good enough sadly. It was time to get MEAN. Izward said another spell and from magical portals the attractive young man’s four limbs were seized and restricted buy tentacle like beards. They held Anthony taut, he couldn’t budge a single inch as he looked up at the ceiling, all while Izward chanted another spell. Above Anthony clouds started to form. Storm clouds. Anthony’s eyes went wide again as he saw the electricity coming off the clouds.

“W-what are you doing???”

“Heh heh heh... tickle tickle young one....~”

Without warning a shot of lightning ripped from the clouds and onto the tops of Anthony’s huge puffy nipples.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!”

Every nerve and the sexy blonds body ignited. Cum shot from his clock like a pistol. The feeling was indescribably hellish. To some it up with one would. It tickled. It tickled so fucking much!

“YES YES! I knew you couldn’t resist! ALL YOUR ESSENCE IS MINE!! LAUGH SILLY BOY LAUGH!”

And  Anthony did. He laughed with the dumbest look on his face as his brain tried as hard as it could not to be overloaded by the pleasure.  His organs kept going and going, building on itself till it couldn’t be taken anymore. But he had to take it.

“HEY! What are you blind? YOU MISSED THE POT!!! Well just have to do it again....”

“NOOOOOO NOOO PLEASE! NO MORE!!! NO MORE!!! NOOO!”

“THEN DONT MISS THE POT THIS TIME NIPPLE BOY! ZAP ZAP ZAP!”

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH”

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Minutes past. Maybe about five, then Izward decided the lad had suffered enough. He had more then enough for a lifetime of spells. So he wiggles his fingers and said the spell and then... nothing. Well no something happened. More beards appeared and began to tickle both of Antony’s feet and cock while the cloud split in two. Now there was a cloud on each nipple, both of them just as strong.

“Oops..... Ok I might have said that one wrong. What was the words again..... Urgh let me check my books.”

The old bird  rushes to his shelves. Sadly though Izward moves at a snails pace, good with magic not with speed it seemed. Meanwhile Anthony’s hell was truly beginning. The lightning licked and zapped it’s way all over both of Anthony’s huge boy tits, making the first round seem like child’s play. As Izward read at a pace even a turtle would make comments about, the young man was left to suffer.

“HAHHAAHAHAHAH NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NOOOOOAHAHAAHAHAHAHHAHAAH I CANT CUM ANY MOOOOAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAAHAHAHHAAHAHAHAHRE!!! NOT MY NIPPLES PLEASE!! PLEASE! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

And suffer he did. Sadly enough the clouds and beard didn’t care much for Anthony’s feelings on the matter. All the did was tickle. Tickle tickle tickle. All the while Izward made the horrifying realization that the book he needed wasn’t even here.....