

Tickled to Perfection

Helios, an orange-red feathered anthropomorphic phoenix, with amber eyes, sharp yellow beak, with wild untamed head hair, looked at his catch. An excitement grew within him, knowing what is to come, something he's longed for for so long, that the idea of it tickled his fancy like no other. His black talons on his yellow scaled hands ran across the control panel, pressing a button, "Time to wake up Kirisha. Your job orientation is about to begin," he said with a pleasant chirp, his voice calm, sweet, soothing, full of pleasantries and love, despite the current state of his victim.

Kirisha stirred awake by the phoenix's voice, finding herself locked and bound in some kind of contraption in a small glass covered box. Laid out on a twenty-five-degree angle, her limbs spread out in a X formation though her legs are only spread enough to give access to her exposed naked sex. The chair she's on is soft and cushioned but she finds it supports her along the outline of her back and body, leaving her back and butt exploded. Hanging over head is a rubbery gasmask looking eager to be put around her head, but beside that there are all sorts of contraptions, mechanical hands of sorts that send a shiver along her spine, "W-what am I doing here?!" she exclaimed, tugging at the constraints, finding them rather secure but oddly comfortable in their cushioned bindings.

"Kirisha my sweet delicate soft scaled one. When you signed the endless renewable contract for the job position as my skin sensitivity reaction assistant. But first we have to make a few alterations and improve a couple qualifications to make you such the perfect assistant that I am just absolutely *tickled* pink at the idea of how you will come out," he chirps.

The female anthropomorphic Utahraptor tugged at the constraints again, "I don't remember reading and signing anything to that degree!" she exclaimed, tugging a bit harder but finds the binding unbreakable.

"Not my fault you can't read the fine print, my lovely raptor," he chirps.

Kirisha panted softly, looking at him on the other side of the glass, in a open chest white lab coat as steadily, knowing her long term friend Helios just exactly what he's up to, "Helios, I'm not into tickling. It's never been my thing, and asides. Tough scales, hard to tickle them," she comments, giving a defiant smirk.

Helios shakes his head, "Kirisha my dear, you should know me by now. But I can't help but get tickled with excitement at such a challenge. I think there are a few spots on you that will be just perfect to test out. And once you are broken down, you'll be turned into my perfect assistant."

"You can try, but I don't think you'll succeed," Kirisha replies with a huff, eyeing the contraptions above her, not noticing a similar set of them below underneath her chair.

Helios presses a button on the control panel, he chirps as the machines start to hum and whir to life, "Trust me Kirisha, I intend to. Let's start off with the basics, shall we? Feet and belly with a little bit of back work? Coochie coochie coo!" he chirps.

Kirisha rolls her eyes, “Oh please, really?” she remarks, slightly condescending, but also more in annoyance at her current situation. A set of orange-red feathers are held in the machine’s white gloved hands, adding to the delicacy and precision of the nature of this operation.

The raptor’s yellow reptilian slit pupil eyes watch as the feathers move down, she breathes heavily, a hint of uncertainty felt in the back of her mind, her body tensing up as the feathers draw closer to her soft well-kept green scales. She feels the tips of the feathers first run along the base of her feet. Soft, gentle, caressing, nice feeling yet her tough feet don’t have the sensitivity required to draw out that physical reaction the gryphon is looking for.

Helios monitors the gently run of the feather’s tip and vane against Kirisha’s feet, watching a slight twitch here and there of her sickle claw inner toe, he gently runs his hand against his beak.

“I told you, tough scales,” Kirisha remarked, “Now let me out of here?”

“We’ve barely begun!” he exclaimed with epic emotion within his voice, making the adjustments in the machine via the control panel, the feathers gently running across Kirisha’s belly, there her muscles tense, the soft sensation of ticklishness runs through Kirisha’s body, causing her to tense and twitch further. The raptor’s breathing is growing heavier, deeper.

“Getting there, but not quiet, perhaps adding the back to the mix. I want to hear that laugh before we get going,” he thinks, two sets of feathers gripped by the machine’s below move up and run up along Kirisha’s back.

The raptor tenses, arching her back a bit, tugging at the constraints more, feeling the tickle of her scales run up her spine, causing her body to give off a bit more of a jerk reaction, forcing her vocals to make the start of that tickling tune that Helios is looking for, “Ahh, ooo, hee,” Kirisha says, tensing up, clearing her throat, fighting the urges as her claws twitch, and she grits her teeth.

“Wait, what was that about your tough scales Kirisha?” he inquired.

“You didn’t hear aaahhh eee, anything,” she quickly says in between the half-blocked snickers and chuckles. Helios keeps the slow gentle pace of the feathers, alternating their movements at random to prevent her from getting accustomed to the sensation, keeping her body on edge.

Another set of feathers ever so gingerly are brought up along her sides, running along the crevices of her scales with the very tip of the feather, using the vane to run along the points where her scales meet, hitting a hidden sweet spot on Kirisha’s skin.

Kirisha’s breathing got heavier, quicker, nostrils flaring as she gritted her teeth, body tugging at the constraints even harder, feeling the soft ginger tickle sensation shoot through her body, running along each gentle touch, a soft caress, that is lovingly diabolical. Her body, trying to pull away, her resistances beginning to break and crack down with each gentle stroke.

“Looks like you aren’t as tough as you thought my dear Kirisha. Don’t worry, I can see how much you are enjoying yourself. Let’s build upon that shall we?” Helios chirps happily, watching Kirisha’s powerful strong facade begin to crack further and further, he turns a few

knobs as another pair of delicate feathers are brought down, gently running along her scaled armpits. The moment the soft tender tips of the feathers are brought to bear to the under scales of Kirisha's body, she jerks and pants, the air rushing out of her lungs, toes curling, claws clenching into fists, the soft sensation of the feather tips running up and down, in an oval along the hidden part of her causes her to shudder, and let out a loud burst of laughter, making her tug harder at the constraints.

"P-please! N-no more!" she cries out, feeling every movement of the feathers along her body, adding and mixing into the sensation that sends her nerves wild. Unable to bear the simple gentle touch, that makes her body wiggle and squirm like a worm caught on a hook. Her muscles tense, gasping for air, her laughter growing ever louder.

"That's it Kirisha, let it out. Enjoy the delight of a little tickle. It's good for you know?" he chirps.

Kirisha jerks and tugs at the constraints, trying to wiggle free, glaring at him for just a moment before the sensation overtakes her again, making her burst into echoing laughter within her chamber.

Helios sighs in delight, taking a moment to watch her wiggle and squirm in uncontrolled laughing delight, the music to his ears, added to her controlled movements were a sight to behold. Like an artist admiring his finished work, but then he presses a button, saying, "As much as I love to see you wiggle and squirm like this Kirisha, we need to make you my assistant, don't I? I figured a little bit of rubber around your head, pumping in my specialized laughter transformation gas, will get you settled up right away toward just who I want you to be."

Kirisha huffs and puffs, tensing up as much as she can, willing herself to fight against the natural sensation that comes from being so gently caressed along her scales, just managing to give him another glare, before her gaze sees the rubber gas mask being lowered down. She shakes her head side to side, "N-no. N-not me!" she exclaims between soft chuckles, feel the sleek rubber run across her scales, the rubber breathing tubes attached to the filters, while the mask covers her entire head, straps locked around her head, making it impossible for it to be removed without using her hands. She huffs and puffs within the mask, causing it to expand and construct with each breath, muffling some of the soft chuckles that escapes her lips, while fogging the thick lenses that cover her eyes.

"Fear not Kirisha, you'll love the new you. I bet you'd be tickled pink about how good you look and feel. Besides the gas only works when you are laughing with such delight as you are now. Though with the new changing body being so new and *sensitive* it will make tickling you all the easier!" he chirps excitedly, "Such a wonderful vicious cycle to get you just where I want you for what comes after next," he explains.

Kirisha lets out a deep huff, trying one last time to be a little defiant, the mask expanding out, fogging the lenses a little more, before the mask quickly deflates by her own deep gasping breath the tickling efforts doubled as Helios turns the knob higher indicating the intensity of Kirisha's current level of tickle torture, flipping the switch to start pumping the gas into her mask.

The pinkish gas becomes visible before Kirisha's eyes as it fills out the mask, making it deflate. Kirisha tenses, closing off her nostrils, gritting her teeth, sealing her lips, giving one last attempt to fight the building body wiggling tickling that she is being subjected to.

"I must resist... I am not some kind of tickle puppet," Kirisha thinks, a vain attempt to try to distract herself from what her body already knows that is transpiring around her. The gas on her lips causes them to tingle, to grow a little more sensitive, making them feel delicate, a soft snerk escapes her mouth, more of her saved up air in her lungs lost, drawing that time even faster when she will have to breath in, taking in that gas that will delve her down into the depths of a new existence of ticklish delights.

Helios watched the struggle with ever increasing delight, he giggles to himself, tapping a few more buttons on his control panel, eyeing other parts of her body that have not yet been touched as she fiercely tries to resist the urge to let loose and take in the gas, "As much as I love those phoenix feathers, the most ticklish of feathers you know," he remarks with an avian smirk, "I have plenty of other tools in my arsenal to make the likes of you let loose and giggle," he continues, as fine rounded haired but to a fine tip paint brushes are brought down by an ever increasingly number of robotic hands, all moving in a way to not get in the way of another.

Kirisha tries to hold fast, the knowledge of what is within the gas if she breaths it in while laughing, giving her the extra push to steel herself against the current level of tickle torture. Her heart races, while feeling a kind of strange excitement to fight against this tender touch against her scales.

"Those breasts of yours have always been so lovely, lets see if they are as sensitive as I hope they are," he chirps happily, almost singing the words, watching the brushes gently run across the diameter of her scaly mounds while Kirisha braces herself to discover herself if she is as sensitive as he has hoped.

As the brush run across the green scales, teasing the crevices ever so gently, painting along the scale lines as it were, to Kirisha's relief and Helios slight dismay they aren't bringing the reaction he hoped it would. The raptor remains steadfast in her fight against the bubbling sensation running up and down her body, *"Resist... resist!"* she thinks, the brushes' bristles moving closer toward her nipples.

The closer they got the higher the sensation, that tingling squirming tickle that is already driving her to the brink, increasing her snerking under the mask, yet trying so hard to fight against that uncontrolled laughter that will allow the gas to flow into her lungs.

The phoenix smirks, taking note of the changed demeanor, seeing that line to push her over has only moved so far, and she's almost there, "You know Kirisha, the one good thing about brushes is that they can be used for more than just tickling," he replies, pressing another button, the brushes are pulled up for only a moment, returning with a pink slick oozing liquid coating their hairs, "These are coated with a lovely liquid of my own making that enhances one's sensitivity making them all the more *vulnerable* to tickling. Seeing how close you were there, this might just be enough to really get you going," he says, turning a knob, bringing the brushes closer to Kirisha's breasts.

She took note of them, tensing up, readying and stealing herself the best she could for the incoming brushes, her nipples oddly perked, showing a hint of arousal, but in this moment it's not even on her radar as they are about to touch when Helios turns the knob, pulling them away, "You know... I really do want to break you without cheating. Perhaps there is another spot that is just *sensitive* enough to draw out those transformative giggles," he chuckles, tapping a different button, leaving those brushes well within view for Kirisha when a soft bristled spin brush moves up from between her legs, "How about this..."

"*No, no, no!*" she thinks as Helios turns a different knob, bringing the bristles slowly toward her sex, they run across her tender slit, the first tap causes her body to tense and squirm, a moan escaping her lips, the gas flowing into her lungs yet without that activating chuckle, it has no affect.

The phoenix smirks, "Oh, I think we might have a winner here," he says, watching Kirisha twitch and squirm, bringing her ever closer to that point of no return. He licks his beak in anticipation, slowly, steadily inching that spin brush closer to her sensitive wet flesh.

Kirisha hears the whir of the machine through the rubber mask and her quickened breath, a half snort escapes her, her tongue and lungs tingling a bit, which rushes across her body, running along her nerves, suddenly making everything just that much harder to resist, "*Must... hold... on...*" she thinks, gritting her teeth as hard as she can, pushing back her body's jerk reaction, trying to sink herself deeper into her bondage chair to buy her precious yet pointless time from that brush from reaching her nether regions.

They touch again, a few bristles at first. Just the lightest of touches against it, causing her sex to twitch, body to try to pull away, sinking into the soft cushioned chair, but it's to no avail. The brush moves up and along her sex, dozens, no hundreds of soft touch bristles, running across her feminine slit, arousal juices making it slick, easier for them to run across her sex, adding to the unexpected sensitivity, a mixture of pleasure and tickling that has never been experienced by her before, catching her completely unprepared for the giggling reaction that begins to sneak out of her mouth.

"Yes, yes, that's it. Let it out Kirisha, and let the gas *in*," Helios chirps, the brushes going up and along the sex, quick then slow, alternating directions, pressure, keeping her on edge while she's jerking and wiggling, trying to pull away, the chuckles escaping her at a quicker pace, the laughter building up within her. A few chuckle snorts, a giggle, more of the gas flowing into her lungs, warming her insides, sparking a light her neurons, her nervous system, amplifying the sensation of being tickled all the more, the snowballing affect growing with each chuckle, which happens quicker than the last.

She lets out a few snort giggle chuckles, letting out all the air in her lungs, gasping in with a few more giggles, vainly trying to resist, the warmth spreading through her body, her body twitching, legs jerking, arms trying to pull in, to stop the exposure of the relentless feathers against her body, as Helios caps off his growing achievement by applying the brushes to her scaly mounds. The cool liquid nice at first, but soon adds to the tingle felt throughout her entire

body, the brushes leaving a train of ticklish skin which the brushes go over again and again, adding to the unending bodily compulsion to simply laugh and let everything go.

“N-no, ha, ha, hee, hee p-please ahh, ahh, eee, I-I ahh hah, haha, c-can’t t-take ahahahahahanyomoreahahaha,” she exclaims, taking in deep breaths of the intoxicating transformative tickling gas.

“I’m sure you can take much more my dear Kirisha,” Helios chirps, adding another set of spin brushes to move along her inner thighs, to run across the point where her legs meet her hips, which may have been before this moment a bare minimum reaction if anything at all, but now it just adds to the mountain of ticklish euphoria she finds herself subjected to.

Unable to speak anymore she lets out an unending stream of laughter, her muscles tensing and straining as she lets out deep hearty laughs with strings of giggles and the occasional chuckle that she manages to do as a poor attempt to stop the onslaught, her body growing ever more sensitive as her nipples are played with by the brushes. Her subtle arousal grows, a small side effect of the gas, as the increased sensitivity increases the sensitivity of her most sensitive sexual flesh which is being played with in a unique tender way. Tickling arousal placed upon her as she lets out deep laughs, breathing in the gas, her skin starting to change shades, growing pinker.

Her famous raptoric sickle claw begins to shrink, becoming more in line of the other ebony claws on her feet as a soft red bristles sprout up across her body, her face growing stiffer, harder, her muzzle shifting and changing.

“Oh how I wish I could see that... oh wait, I can,” Helios chirps, he runs a finger along a touch pad, moving along a color pallet, and like adjusting the colors on a video game character at the game creation screen, he adjusts the color of the rubber mask, black, to hot pink, red, to white, till finally it becomes a near translucent, still visible as it moves and bends, but provides a clear visual of the yellowing skin around Kirisha’s face, her muzzle curving and hardening more, steadily becoming more beak-like in nature with each uncontrolled unadulterated laugh.

Laughter bursts out of her becoming break, her thick tongue thinning out slightly to better fit her new mouth, the bristles of budding feathers sprouting up against her soft skin, which provide only minimal ‘protection’ against Helios’ feathers that continue to run amok across her body, which is too sensitive now to find any kind of relief even with the constantly changing form.

The scales on her feet yellow further, matching a similar collar to her beak, new avian feet taking root over her body, new long avian toes for Helios to explore their delightful sensitivity, but as he goes to press another button to activate it, he holds off, thinking, *“I’ll save that for round two, when... well I don’t need to tell myself that, now do I?”* he thinks, admiring as an orange-fire red color feather bristles sprout from the elongating shaft of her growing feathers. Countless new shafts sprout from her body, pushing out her soft tender skin, that is so sensitive and an utter delight to be caressed. The brushes and feathers sneak their way in the slowly growing feathered forest to reach the skin underneath, continuing Kirisha’s tickling

torment, not giving her a moment of respite as she laughs her raptor nature away, steadily replacing it with something far more appealing to the tickle fiend phoenix.

“W-what’s happening to me!” Kirisha thinks, eyeing her hands, watching her ebony claws remain but the soft green scales turn yellow, a different kind of scaled, thinning out slight, shifting from long and curved to a sharp slightly curved point, an evolution from dinosaur to avian before her very eyes.

Speaking of eyes, as they water and occasionally blur, she blinks the tears running down her cheeks that feather up, the yellow iris shifting to a soft sky blue, adding a new color to her ever changing pallet as she wiggles and squirms within the bondage. The pink gas occasionally blocking the changing view for Helios till Kirisha gasps for air, her sides paining her, but at the same time feeling a repressed pleasure from the sensation, her sex growing ever more sensitive, the building of arousal furthering within her loins, pushing her to higher and higher heights in a way she’s never thought of before, like hiking up a mountain using the expert path instead of the intermediate. It’s a totally new experience on a new level, but all reaching the same climatic height.

For the moment it's a simple build up within her, the feathers’ shafts grow longer, the vanes of the feathers forming as the bristles grow and fully develop, covering the soft pinkish skin in bright vibrant colors. Her body, slenderizing slightly as she becomes less muscular, more delicate in nature, yet her sizable mounds remain relatively the same compared to her adjusting size.

The feathers along her front are short, soft, fluffy, showing off the contours of her slender body. With each deep breath, and even deeper laugh, her breasts bounced, making it even harder for Kirisha to resist the constant toying and tickle her supple mounds, her nipples perk.

Helios chirps, “They say avians shouldn’t have breasts, though the same could be said for raptors, but I find them delightful don’t you?” he asks with a soft chirp, Kirisha responds with constant laughter, her voice cracking, growing a little higher, more angelic in tone, becoming far more avian like with the chirps that escape her beak.

Her thick raptor tail shrinks and transforms with each breath, drawing into her body, thinning out more, becoming a sprawling set of tail feathers, that burst out behind her, a few feathers hanging on long stalks as they have a dazzling orange-red display with blue streak markings along the feather’s vane, adding to her new colorful body.

The feathers past her claws and upper yellow scaled arms, spread out, becoming slightly wing like in their spread, showing more blue streaking, to continue her feathery ensemble. All the while Kirisha laughs away her old physical self, each deep breath floods her hard beak nostrils, flowing down into her expanding lungs, tickling her from the inside, as the sensation bubbles up within her. The spin brushes along her now feather covered sex is as hot and wet as ever as it twitches and winks in ever growing need and desire.

Helios makes the subtle adjustments building up the former raptor’s lustful arousal, moaning softly to himself, watching those jiggling breasts as Kirisha squirms and laughs away

anything that is not to be desired for this job. A perfect physical example of phoenix feminine perfection. He lets out a soft chirping sigh, admiring his work.

Kirisha is now totally lost in her laughter, taking deep breaths of the gas, helping to solidify her transformation, the bursting feathers, across her form, the softer shorter feathers along her chest and belly, allowing for a full expression of her curves while making it just as easy if not more so to continue to tickle her body, as her skin has become so sensitive to the touch.

On top of this though was a bubbling heat, like water being set to boil, the pot covered and set on a low heat. Steadily it grew, the pressure building but unimaginably slow, forcing her to simmer within the arousal. She's barely able to even fully focus on it, the tickling is overpowering her senses, making her a simple squirming mass of laughter, the changes going deep within her person, altering her into the perfection of a phoenix that Helios wants her to be. Reborn from a raptor to a voluptuous avian phoenix, that just tickled his fancy the more he watches her succumb to the tickling torture, and he wasn't done yet. He turns his dial, focusing more on her breasts, and aching tender sex which twitched and squirmed as great as the rest of her body, being constantly teased and tickled, drawing out that slow burning lustful arousal towards that inevitable climax, one that will solidify her physical transformation, signaling the next stage of her conditioning.

"Soon Kirisha, very soon," Helios chirped, hips swaying side to side, simply enjoying the giggling mass for a bit longer, edging Kirisha closer towards that hot and bothered climax that he could see she was close to reaching.

Yet as the arousal builds, the climax drawing near, Kirisha's body knew it, felt it, but it was hidden underneath the sensation of being so expertly tickled with a body so sensitive that she was never accustomed to it. She laughed and giggled, shorted a bit, letting out avian trills of delight, trying to muster the words, begging for Helios to stop, that she can take no more, and that she'll do anything to have him stop, yet all the male phoenix can hear is the unbridled laughter coming from her beak, the mask puffing out several times, contracting with each breath that floods Kirisha's lungs even more with that intoxicating transforming tickling gas.

Suddenly without warning Kirisha lets out a trill a brief pause in her laughter, her body quivering, shaking, hips bucking forward several times in uncontrolled instinctual pleasure, her climax hitting her hard like a ton of bricks. A euphoric moment of pleasure, the tickling hid it away, a total surprise sneak attack climax that added to the pleasuring delight of the warm gushing female juices that rushed out of her, making her crotch feathers wet and matted.

The level of delight gained from the climax is like nothing she has ever experienced before. Not knowing it was coming simply made it stronger, harder for her to resist, draining her of her strength, making her pant and chuckles softly, the tickling lessened for a bit, only to allow Kirisha to relish in the warming pleasure of her new avian sex and the deep bustling climax she has experienced simply from being gently tickled and caressed along her outer folds.

"With that my dear Kirisha... you are a phoenix just like me," Helios chirps.

Kirisha exhausted from what has transpired shoots him a fierce avian glare, her blue eyes though showing hints of repressed enjoyment from something that she never thought she'd enjoy. Her heart races heavily, panting heavily, her breasts rising and falling with each breath as she lays exposed before him, her fluffy tail feathers spread out behind her, her mind working to grasp all the changes during this brief moment of allowing her to regain a fraction of herself, "How could you," she manages to chirp out.

"Come on Kirisha, you can't say you don't look gorgeous."

She looks over herself for just a moment, part of her can't help but finding arousal within how lovely she looks but still there is a longing for her good old scales as she gives a half-bluffed remark, "No."

"Don't be like that... no matter. We'll get any of those problems fixed with the next step. I can't have you be my well-trained assistant without training you now. Can I?" he chirps.

Kirisha meekly tugs at the constraints, eyes widening as she watches his hand move over to the control panel, "Helios... What are you doing? You can't be doing more..." she chirps softly.

"Just relax, you'll come to terms with the new you soon," he responds, hitting a series of buttons, turning the dial to change the color of the rubber mask to a bright fire red, with blue stripes to match the color of her feathers, the lenses start to pulsate and glow, a hypnotic pattern coming over them as earbuds are slipped into her ears, locking them into place, feeding her with a soft white noise.

Kirisha tenses, already sensing what this is, preparing herself to fight against the draw of the glowing lights and gentle swirls, her eyes dilating, her mind weakened already by the gas, increasing her suggestively yet that wasn't the end of it. The next thing she feels is her ears being gently teased and rubbed by a pair of feathers, tickled, and drawing her attention away from the fight against the swirls, a soft chuckle and giggle filling the mask.

"Relax Kirisha. Laugh away your pretenses and notions about a tickling fetish. It's far more enjoyable than you think it is. I know deep down you agree with me now that you have experienced the power of it. But don't worry, we'll be bringing that up to the surface, along with feeding you all the necessary knowledge to be my tickle fiend assistant in my experiments," he chuckled, resuming the tickling caresses along Kirisha's body.

At first she resisted the draw of the patterns, her body shivering in delight, arousal building up again within her loins as they are tickled and caressed by the machines. Her giggling building up, breasts bouncing as they are teased, rubbed, and tickled along the nipples. Steadily her giggling increases, chuckles followed, by a few deep snorts.

A new softer pink gas flows into the mask, one that helps mush Kirisha's mind, making it softer and easier to mold, the defenses in Kirisha's mind breaking down as the tickling sensation is once again brought down to bare on her naked soft supple body.

"Don't think you can resist this Kirisha, I am bringing out my big guns now," Helios giggled in delight, a set of wiggling squirming soft bristled avian feet ticklers are brought down to move along the sides of her toes, pressing into the spot where the toes meet. Kirisha tries to

curl the toes but the machines move with them, tickle torturing along those sensitive toes, and moving along the base of her new feet, that have yet to develop any kind of calluses from use. They are soft and tender, an easy delight, a perfect target to be gently caressed and tickled, the constraints doing their magic to keep the former raptor's legs in place, keeping her perfectly exposed to the machines.

Deep hearty laughs fill the rubber gas mask, her sides straining, aching from the constant laughter, her mind focusing on that, the endless giggling her body is given, rather than the deep penetrating mind altering hypnotics before her very eyes.

The white noise steadily shifts, words fill the background of what she hears, they echo out into her mind, "Tickling is such a delight. It's lovely, wonderful, drawing out such happiness with laughter and joy," it says. The words make Kirisha shudder, and moan, her sex twitching, pleasure once again building there again, connecting in her new mind the lust that comes from being tickled, building the base of her fetish and kink that comes with such tickling.

The swirls draw her eyes in deeper, mouth hanging open, becoming entranced as she laughs away, mental defenses further being shattered under the earthquake of laughter erupting within her, pleasure growing, she bucks against the machine on her crotch, her sex tensing, winking, arousal bubbling forth as her female juices leak from her needy sex.

"It's wonderful. Accept how good it is. It's one of life's greatest joys to bring laughter and pleasure to others. Tickling is a way to do it. How could one not enjoy it?" Helios' pre-recorded hypnotic voice says to her.

Kirisha can't resist, she's laughing too hard, brought back to the precipice of what caused her transformation, now being used to help build new pathways in her mind, one that brings lust and understanding that has driven Helios to such lengths to capture and encapsulate his essence into her, the loving delights of tickle torture that drives him to such a wonderful state of being.

The new phoenix finds herself sinking deeper into the hypnosis, opening her mind to each laughter, each giggle, each snort and chuckle. She can't fight as she is too distracted by the endless sensations around her. Steadily her will to resist fades further into an echoing laughter. Knowledge trickling into her mind, trial and error on how to bring out one's sensitivity to a delight that can only be achieved through a methodical yet seemingly random and chaotic use of tickling, using various tools of the trade. The iconic feather felt tip brushes. The tips of claws, dangerous yet when used correctly could bring forth as much of a laughter joy as anything else. Soft squiggling bristled brushes, like the ones being used on her feet, and soon a set of it brought to tickle and caress her hard nipples, allowing the feathers to move along her belly, while her erogenous zones are to bear against the pleasuring tickles upon her.

"It's so lovely. Delightful. Helping the tickling research to bring happiness to others in new ways. It's exciting. It just tickles the imagination of what possibilities could be achieved. Doesn't it lure your curiosity Kirisha? Don't you want it?" the voice says to her.

Kirisha's lack of response is not due to not wanting to respond but more so her inability to do so. Her endless laughter gives her new breath to do anything but to let out such a large amount of giggling that there is nothing for her to do but that. The tickling grows in strength and

sensation, her arousal bubbling up, strengthening the connections in her mind as she is conditioned to not only find arousal with what is happening but to desire it.

Ever deeper is she drawn into the hypnosis, eyes locked on the swirls, mind open to listening to the words, knowledge fed into her with a trickle as she is tickled. With each passing moment her pleasure grows, her knowledge expands, and with a loud chirping trill she is brought to a laughing climax, her body wiggling and squirming, her sex twitching and gushing in avian lust fluids, proof positive of her acceptance of what is happening to her. Deepening the penetration into her mind, opening her to the new her. A lustful drop-dead gorgeous phoenix with a perchance delight of certain fetishes that really *tickle* her fancy.

Helios watches the transition of mind come over her, the second climax, arriving at a faster rate than the first, a delightful tickle induced orgasm, which broke the dam in Kirisha's mind to allow the flood of knowledge and kinks that are needed to perfect her into the assistant that he wants her to be.

His mind wanders on the possibilities of having her by his side, treating her well and right, like he does with all of his tickle fiend assistants. Though it's been a long time coming for him. He's wanted this for so long that now it's here, that it's almost like a dream, and he dreamily watches Kirisha squirm and laugh away all of her troubles, her worries, her concern, anything that would not fit what he wants her to be.

Kirisha meanwhile is in the depths of unfettered feather induced laughter. The tingling sensations through her body sends all her nerves a light, causing her body to be in this constant instinctive state of not wanting any more but wanting it just the same. Her soft delicate skin protected by the feathers, is no match for the machines around her that are perfectly designed to get past her new avian defenses, to tickle and cause further rushes of just the right touch of pleasure, ecstasy and unstoppable laughter.

With each deep hearty laugh, Kirisha's mind is altered, changed, pushed into new directions, drip fed more of the knowledge needed, neurological pathways building up to intertwine the pleasure of each hearty climax she obtains from tickling and the tickling sensation itself, binding the two closer together, making it a greater erotic delight than it could have otherwise been possible.

Soft moans escape between some of the laughs and unbridled giggles, Kirisha trilling out as she is hit by another hard, gushing climaxing, her sex so sensitive that its made all the easier to gently caress and tickle her toward those wonderful orgasms that her body and mind crave. With each climax she finds her focus whatever focus there could have been at this point being utterly shut down, letting the new mind set sink in deeper and deeper.

Helios watches with wondrous awe, moaning softly himself, gently rubbing his tight pants, finding such delight in each tickle induced orgasm that Kirisha has, while looking at the monitors that he uses to adjust the machines that keep her at the precipice of delight, while at the same time watching the adjustments in her mind, seeing her drift ever closer to his ideal, his thoughts on the perfect phoenix, "Yes Kirisha, that's it. Enjoy it. Feel how wonderful it is. Those soft sensations could bring so much joy, who would have thought? Don't you understand

now? Well if you don't I think you are starting to and will fully embrace it yourself before too long," he chirps.

Helios' words did not fall on deaf ears. His voice transmitted into the earbuds, ensuring not a single syllable was lost despite how loud and hearty she was going at her ticklish torturous position. In a state of being conditioned, totally lost in the hypnotic haze, she eagerly breathes in the gas that multiplies the strength and depth of her transition into the new perfected state of mind. And with each passing moment that new reality was coming. With each giggle she grew in acceptance of what delights this tickling can bring to others. With each chuckle her knowledge of how to bring it out to others grows. And with each deep hearty laugh her own fetish and kink with this new body and new mind grows ever more permanently ingrained into her head.

Another hard climax rocks Kirisha's body. Helios moans watching her gush out in such a hard-hit way. Each of these climaxes a hidden surprise for not only Kirisha but Helios as well. The constant squirming and teasing with the endless laughter masked the buildup, only the final moment when the climax hits does it become clear that she is reaching the height of her pleasuring build up as it froths over.

Time held no meaning for Kirisha, it was just the new state of being, her mind tickled into what Helios wants. Instead of anger, or frustration, there was simply a building joy, love and delight. She found herself loving it, wanting it, though at the same time not able to handle it at all, still on a rare occasion begging for it to stop while deep down wanting it to continue, and it would continue till everything is exactly how Helios wants. The monitors give a time estimate of when she could be done, but it jumps up at some points, and slows down at others, making the estimate wildly inaccurate, like a computer giving an estimated time when an installation will be completed.

Of course, he didn't mind this, not knowing when it would be done is part of the adventure, and he surely enjoys the laughs and time spent with her. The joy of this moment shared though separated by the reinforced glass that is between them. When it does come to an end, Kirisha finds herself totally exhausted, body on the verge of collapse, breathing in the rubber mask, inflating and deflating it with each hearty breath.

"Well now Kirisha... how do you feel?" Helios asks, already knowing the answer.

The new phoenix looks at him, letting out a weak chirp, "Wonderful deary," she responds.

"Do you think you can help me now with my experiments?"

"I don't know if I can handle being another test subject for a while," she weakly chuckles, tensing at feeling her sore muscles from all the laughing.

"Don't worry, you'll get plenty of rest, before that happens again, but what do you say? Would you like to be on this side of the glass?" she asks with soft chirp.

Kirisha nods, "I think I will like that very much," she responds softly.

Helios taps a few buttons the restrains being removed, allowing Kirisha to slowly slide off the chair, her body weak, forcing her to lean against the chair, the door opening as Helios moves in to help her, “Easy now. You were in there longer than I was expecting.”

“Oh what a shame,” she responds sarcastically.

“Yes... such a shame,” he chuckles, admiring her supple phoenix form, her tail feathers far larger and elegant than he was expecting, now able to be fully seen and enjoyed that she was no longer having them pressed up against the chair.

“Mind handing me a lab coat? I think that would be more fitting for my new job. That is if I passed the job orientation.”

Helios gently guides her over to a place to sit and rest, grabbing her a lab coat for her to slip into, “I think you passed with flying colors my dear Kirisha.”

“Thanks, though perhaps a nickname while I’m on duty?”

“Oh? Why is that?” asks Helios, with a curious chirp while Kirisha puts on the coat.

“I think I find it a bit more fitting. How about Fire? Because I am so fired up to work here now,” she chuckles chirps, tensing at the feeling of her muscles being used again.

“Fire Phoenix...” Helios smirks at the not so subtle stereotype she’s using on him, “I think that will work great... Fire.”

“Wonderful,” she says with a chirp, looking over to the control panel then secretly giving a little glance at Helios who is busy checking the equipment within the tickle chamber, wanting to make sure it’s all in working order after such a long time in use.

“Tell me Helios, how long till the next subject comes to be tested?” asks Fire.

“A few hours. I wanted to be extra sure that I had the time to work with you. That eager to get to work?” he asks with a chirp.

“You could say that,” she says with a smirk, moving over toward the control panel, pressing the activation button, the machines come to life, grabbing Helios, forcing him onto the chair, the restrains binding him to the chair, “Gives us enough time to give me some hands on experience, testing the stuff on you,” she responds with an excited trill. Helios tensing yet feeling excited as Kirisha’s... or should he say Fire’s first victim is going to be him.