*Happy belated Easter, everyone! :D And as my Easter gift, I proudly present to you a story featuring my depictions of the two humans that represent the BRAVERY and JUSTICE souls! Yes, after all this time, there is finally a story featuring one or more of those six human characters from Undertale whose appearances are left up to interpretation! So; enjoy, everyone! Enjoy a story that for once doesn’t feature Frisk, Chara, Asriel, or MK as the main characters! Or Toriel, Asgore, Sans, Papyrus, Undyne, Alphys, Blooky, Mettaton, Muffet, or Gaster for that matter!*

**BRAVERY, JUSTICE, AND LAUGHTER**

A month has passed since the magical Barrier was destroyed; the barrier that kept all of the monsters trapped in the Underground for so long without any hope of ever reaching the Surface. And by some miracle, Asriel Dreemurr, the prince of all monsters that died a long time ago and got resurrected as a soulless flower, was given a chance to be himself again; in his original form with all of his emotions and feelings; and is now living happily on the Surface with all of his friends and family. And not only that, several individuals that passed away during their adventures in the Underground were resurrected and given chances to be happy along with Asriel. And two of those individuals consisted of two young boys named Bradley and Justin. Bradley aka Brad is a young African American boy with a soul that represents Bravery and Justin is a young Caucasian boy with a soul that represents Justice and once the two boys themselves were brought back to life, they were both immediately taken in by a woman named Harriet, who cared for Brad for three whole months he was separated from Justin and Isabella aka Izzy (Justin’s cousin and a young Caucasian girl with a soul that represents Integrity who was resurrected along with Brad and Justin and others). Harriet and her family cared for Brad until they could no longer protect him from a threat that cost him his life and after a tearful reunion with Harriet and her family, Brad has been spending his days living on the Surface with them in their new home; in a similar fashion to how he did so during the good old days before his death. Only this time, his best friend, Justin, is part of his family as one of his adopted brothers; and so is Izzy, who was taken in as a new family member by Harriet’s sister, Heidi, the same day Harriet reunited with Brad and took Justin in a new family member. Justin and Izzy have been friends of Brad’s before all three of them could even walk and since the three kids were all orphans prior to their adventures in the Underground, it makes sense that those who cared for Brad would want to adopt Justin and Izzy as well. Especially after hearing so many good things about them from Brad during the first three months he lived with them!

It is a Friday night at Brad and Justin’s house; early November; and soon-to-be 11-year-olds, Brad and Justin, are currently in their rooms relaxing and playing video games together in two bean bag chairs after eating a delicious supper with their adopted mother, Harriet, and siblings, Benny, Robbie, and Heather; and on this particular night, Brad is feeling rather playful, wanting to do something rather amusing with his best friend and new brother, Justin, after the two of them are done gaming… or while they’re gaming; something they haven’t done together in a long time.

Brad: Hey, Justin, I gotta ask you something; after one month, how do you feel about Harriet, Benny, Robbie, and Heather? Do you still like them? \*asked Brad curiously while playing video games with Justin\*

Justin: Oh, Brad; you’re darn tootin’, ah do! Hehe! \*replied Brad’s blonde-haired best friend and newest brother in a Southern accent with great enthusiasm\* Ah love em’ all so much! Bettermost fuh-amily Izzy and ah have ever had after thuh deaths of our original folks. Speakin’ of Izzy, it was mighty fahn of Aunt Heidi and Uncle Harvey to adopt her. That way, she and ah ahr able t’ be thuh cousins we usta be!

Justin is HUGE fan of westerns and cowboys and due to his love of westerns and cowboys; the long-haired boy himself has adopted a rather amusing southern accent and often dresses up like he’s a cowboy himself; donning a short-sleeved yellow and gray plaid cowboy shirt, a brown vest, a red bandana around his neck, a brown cowboy hat, blue jeans, a belt with a yellow heart buckle, and brown cowboy boots. But as of right now though, he has tossed his hat, bandana, vest, and boots aside and is only wearing his short-sleeved shirt, belt, and jeans with his feet encased in gray socks. And as for Brad, he is currently wearing his usual attire minus his all-black sneakers; an orange t-shirt with three dark orange horizontal stripes, a brown jacket with a single orange stripe, a pair of black jeans, and black socks.

Brad: Hehe. I’m so glad to hear that, man! Really, I am! And expect many more great months with them too; only this time, without the fear of ever having to leave them or being taken away from them!

Justin: Oh, ah will! Don’t ya worry bout that, pahrtner!

Brad: Hehe. Perfect. \*said Brad while munching on a carrot stick\*

Justin: Heh; another carrot stick, Brad?! You’re not full after all that chow an cinnamon buns?!

Brad: Pfft. Oh come on, man! They’re really good! And they’re good for you too! If you’re gonna be a part of this family, you better get used to eating carrots!

Justin: That may tayk taahm. \*stated Justin, reminiscing all of the carrots he’s eaten during his first month with his new family\*

Brad: Hehe. Well, time is certainly the one thing you’ve got these days. Especially after being brought back to life and all!

Justin: Hahaha! You’re darn tootin! Ah hope thin’s stay jus’ like this for a mighty long taahm!

Brad: Hehe. Me too, man; me too. \*said Brad sincerely with a smile\*

About 30 minutes later, Brad and Justin reached a stopping point in their game; and immediately after saving their progress, Brad abruptly turned off the game, leaving Justin in a state of both confusion and disappointment.

Justin: Woah there, pahrtner! Why’d ya shut off that there game?! \*asked Justin disappointedly, who wanted to play a little while longer\* Ahr ya upset that I was whoopin’ ya fuhr once? \*he then asked curious, under that impression that Brad is being a sore loser\*

Brad: Pfft. Me?! Upset about losing a game to you?! Hahaha! No; of course not!

Justin: Then why’d ya shut off that there game then?

Brad: Hehehehehe. Because, dude, I know something we can do that might be even more fun. \*replied Brad cheekily, moments before crawling slowly and creepily towards Justin\*

Justin: Oh yeah? And jus’ what would that be, you buzz-killin’ whippersnapper?

Brad: Oh, nothing special, dude. Just nothing other than a little… TICKLE FIGHT! \*exclaimed Brad as he latched on to Justin’s sides and wiggled his fingers up and down every single inch of them, eliciting numerous squeaks and frantic laughter from the young boy in response as well as making the young boy’s amusing Southern accent temporarily vanish\* Hahahahaha! Coochie coochie coo, dude! Hahahahaha!

Justin: PFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF… HAHAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAAHA!!!! BRAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAD, \*SQUEAK\* \*SQUEAK\* HAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! \*SQUEAK\* BRAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAD, WHAHAHAHAHAT IN TARNAHAHAHAHAHAHAHATION?!!!! \*asked Justin through his laughter in a non-Southern accent, squirming and thrashing in his bean bag chair with every passing second\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! \*SQUEAK\* AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHHAHAAHA!!!! OHOHOHOHOHOHOH MY GOD, STOHOHOHOHOHOOHOP!!!! \*SQUEAK\* \*SQUEAK\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

Ever since their resurrections, Brad, who had countless tickle fights with Justin in the past, has been dying to tickle Justin again. But he didn’t do it until now because he wanted to allow Justin enough to adjust to his new family and home first; and now that Justin appears to have done so, Brad felt that it was the perfect time to tickle his best friend and new brother and let him know that he wants to have tickle fights just like they used to when they were younger. Brad absolutely loves tickling and by extension, play fighting. And more often than not, he would be the one to start such fights with his friends as well as his siblings.

Brad: Hahahaha! No, I will not stop, dude! Not unless you make me stop!

Justin: HAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! MAHAHAHAHAHAAYBE I CAN, HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHHAHAHA, IF YOU TAKE OFF YOHOHOHOHOHOHOUR JAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAACKET!!!! \*SQUEAK\* HOHOHOHOHOHOHHOHOHOHOHOHOAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHA!!!! WHY ARE YOU WEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEARING IT ANYWAY?!!!! \*SQUEAK\* \*SQUEAK\* HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE HIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE~!!!!

Brad: I think it looks cool! \*Brad casually answered, moments before he began unbuttoning Justin’s shirt and tickling his ribs at the same time\* Plus, it’ll help protect my torso from your fingers and long hair, I think!

Oh my god, what a cheater! Brad purposely left his jacket on to give himself a huge advantage in this tickle fight; if you can even call it that; because if Justin doesn’t retaliate anytime soon, then what’s the point?

Justin: \*SQUEAK\* BWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! \*Justin laughed even harder as Brad poked and prodded his ribs as well as the spaces in between his ribs\* OHOHOHOHOHOH GOOD LOHOHOHOHHOHORD, NOT THERHEHEHEHHEERE!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAHA!!!! \*SQUEAK\* NOHOHOHOHOT THEHEHEHEHEHEHEHERE, PAHAHAHAHAHARTNER!!!! \*SQUEAK\* FWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE~!!!!

Brad: Hehehehehehehe! \*Brad just chuckled in response, relishing in the sweet sound of his blonde-haired brother’s adorable laughter as he continued tickling each one of his ribs\*

After about 90 seconds of rib tickling, Brad began wiggling his fingers all over Justin’s now exposed bare stomach, causing even more laughter to spill from the young boy’s mouth in response. Justin is pretty ticklish on his torso and while his stomach may not be ticklish as his ribs and sides are, it’s still ticklish enough to get him laughing hard. Hard enough to elicit several squeaks, at least!

Justin: AAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! BRAHAHAHAHAHAAAHAHAD, COME ON!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHA!!!! COME ON, YOU VAHAHAHAHAAHAHARMINT, HAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, ENOUGH OF THIS TOMFOOHOOHOOHOOHOOLERY ALREHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEADY!!!! \*SQUEAK\* \*SQUEAK\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA~!!!!

Brad: Heh. Who are you and what have you done with Justin?! The Justin I know would’ve tried to tickle me back by now! What’s your deal, man? \*asked Brad in disbelief, right as he began blowing numerous raspberries on Justin’s belly and over his naval\*

Justin: PFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF… HAHAHHAHAAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! NOTHING, PAHAHAHAHAHAHAHARTNER!!!! HAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! JUST, AHAHHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHHAA, JUST, HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, JUST WAITING, HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHHAA, JUST WAITING FOHOHOHOR THE RIGHT MOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOMENT TO STRIHIHIHIKE!!!! \*answered Justin through his laughter, mere seconds before scribbling all 10 of his fingers all over Brad’s neck to get him to stop tickling him for the time being\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAhahahahahahahahahahahhaha~!!!! \*he laughed some more until stopping entirely\*

Brad: PFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF… HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAA, OH CRAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAP!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHHAAHAHAHAHA!!! OH CRAP, OH CRAHAHAHAHAHHAHAAP, NOT MY NEHEHEHEHEHEHECK!!! \*SNORT\* HOHOOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHO HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAAHAHAHHAHAHHA~!!!

As Brad continued laughing due to neck tickles, Justin was provided an opportunity to swiftly push him back into the bean bag chair to the right of him to tickle him some more. Then, while continuing to tickle Brad’s neck with his left hand, Justin swiftly used his right hand to unzip Brad’s jacket to dish out some serious tickling to the front side of his torso in about a minute or so; right after tickling Brad’s neck some more with both of his hands.

Brad: HAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHA!!! JUHUHUHUHUHUHUHUUSTIN!!! HAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHA!!! JUSTIN, LEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEAVE MY NEHEHEHEHECK ALONE!!! \*pleaded Brad through his laughter, not appearing enjoy the current tickle torture to his neck\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! COME ON, I’M BEHEHEHEHEEHEGGING YOU, MAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAN!!! \*SNORT\* HAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA~!!!

One minute later, Justin did as Brad asked and stopped tickling his neck, much to Brad’s relief. But shortly afterwards however, he lifted up Brad’s t-shirt and began tickling his belly hard with all 10 of his fingers, sending the young African American boy into pure hysterics in response.

Brad: HAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! DUHUHUHUHUHUHUHUHUHUHUDE, STOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOP!!! \*pleaded Brad through his laughter once more, this time not appearing not to enjoy the tickle torture to his stomach\* HAHAHAHAAHHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, NOT SO HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHARD, DUHUHUHUHUHUHUHUDE; THAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAT TICKLES!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA~!!!

Justin: Really? \*asked Justin sarcastically with a giant grin on his face\* Well, shucks, ah hadn’t noticed! \*he then said sarcastically, before twirling a strand of his long blonde hair inside Brad’s bellybutton to REALLY get Brad laughing hard\*

The moment Justin twirled some of his hair inside Brad’s bellybutton, Brad’s eyes shot open as wide as they possibly could; and then not too long afterwards, some of the most maniacal laughter just poured from his mouth. Why, the poor boy laughed so much that tears began forming in his eyes!

Brad: PFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF… AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHA!!!! OHOHOHOHOHOHOHOH MY GOHOHOHOHOHOOHOD, NOHOHOHOHOT… AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHHHAHAAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHAHAAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA~!!!!

Justin: Hahahahahaha! Man, oh man, ah love havin; long hair! Hahahahahahaha!

Brad: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAAHHAAHAHA!!!! GET IT OUT, DUHUHUHUHUHUHUDE!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! GET IT OUT BEFORE I… EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!!!! …SQEEEEEEEEEEEHEEHEEHEEAL!!!! HAAHHAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHA!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHEEEHEEHEEHEEHEE HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE~!!!!

Justin: Hahahahahahahaahaha! \*Justin just laughed in response, relishing in the sweet sounds of Brad’s laughter and squealing with every passing second\*

After about 2 minutes or so, Justin stopped tickling Brad with his hair and then went back to tickling him with his fingers; this time, on his armpits on the outside of his shirt; to give him somewhat of a breather.

Brad: Hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha!!!!! Oh, thank god!!!!! \*stated Brad through laughter and some occasional giggles, relieved that Justin was no longer tickling him with his hair\* Heeheeheeheeheeheeeheeheeheeheeheeheeheeeheeheeheehee~!!!!!

Justin: Hahahaha! Ya beder hold on ta that there thought, partner; cuz in about a minute or so, imma reckon you’re gonna go jus as wild and loco as before!

After one whole minute of armpit tickling, Justin then moved his fingers down to Brad’s sides and began scribbling his 10 fingers up and down every inch of them. And just as predicted, Brad began laughing frantically once again; though not as frantically as he did when Justin tickled him with his hair not too long ago.

Brad: PFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF… HAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHA!!!! OH CRAHAHAHHAHHAAP, NOT MY SIDES!!!! \*pleaded Brad through his laughter, squirming frantically in his bean bag chair once again with every passing second\* HAHAHAHHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! THEY’RE EVEN MOHOHOOHOHOHORE TICKLISH THAN MY BEHEHEHEHEHEHEHELLY!!!! HAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA~!!!!

Justin: Hahaha! Of course, they ahr! Hahahahaha! And do ya know what’s even more ticklish than your sides? \*asked Justin rhetorically\* …YOUR RIBS! \*he then exclaimed as he began poking and prodding Brad’s ribs as well as the spaces in between his ribs; in a similar fashion to how Brad tickled his own ribs earlier\*

Brad: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHHAHAHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! CRAHAHAHAHAHAHAP!!!! HAHAHAHAAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHHAAHHA!!!! CRAP, CRAP, CRAHAHAHAHHAHAAP, CRAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAP, CRAAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAP!!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHHAHA!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHA~!!!!

Justin: Hahahahahahaha! And do ya know what’s more ticklish than your ribs? \*asked Justin rhetorically once again\* …YOUR BACK!! \*he then exclaimed, swiftly removing Brad’s jacket and tossing it aside a few seconds later.

But then, just before Justin could once again tickle Brad, Brad swiftly pinned Justin onto his stomach and tickled his back instead, eliciting frantic squeaks and adorable laughter from the young blonde-haired boy once again in the process.

Justin: PFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF… YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! \*Justin laughed hard as Brad ticked every inch of his back with his ten fingers, primarily focusing on the spinal region\* EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!!! \*SQUEAK\* \*SQUEAK\* NO, HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE, NOT THE TICKLE SPOT!!! \*he pleaded through his laughter, kicking both of his legs frantically upon feeling brad glide his right index finger slowly and steadily down his spinal region\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAAHHAAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! NOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOT THE TICKLE SPOT!!! \*SQUEAK\* \*SQUEAK\* EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEEHEEHEE~!!! \*he laughed more as tears began forming in his eyes\*

Brad: Hehehehe. I got you now, cowboy! Hehehehehe~

Justin: HAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHA!!! \*SQUEAK\* HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEHEEHEHEEHEEHEHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHI HOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA~!!!

3 minutes later…

Justin: HAHHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHHAHAHAHAHA!!! BRAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAADLEY, HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, YOU BETTER STOP THAT, HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, OR ELSE, HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAA OR ELSE, I’M GONNA… HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHA~!!!

Brad: What? Or else you’re gonna what, Justin? \*asked Brad with a mischievous smile while inadvertently moving his right hand into grabbing range of Justin’s own right hand as he continued ticking him\*

Justin: HAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHHHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! OHOHOHOHOHOR ELSE, HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, I’M GONNA… HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, TICKLE YOUR, HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHA, PALM!!! \*exclaimed Justin ferociously through his laughter, hurriedly grabbing his friend and brother’s right hand by his fingers with his own right hand and then tickling his palm with his left hand fingers shortly afterwards\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHHAHAhahahahahahahaahahahaha~ \*he laughed some more until stopping entirely while tickling Brad’s right palm\*

Brad: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHHHHAHAAHAHAHHAHAHAHHAAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHA HAHAHAHHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAAHAHA!!!!!!!! \*Brad laughed ferociously as Justin wiggled his left hand fingers ever so slightly all over his extremely sensitive right palm\* OH CRAHAHAHAHAHAHAP, I KNEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEW I SHOHOHOHOHOULD’VE WOHOHOHOHOHOHORN MY TOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOUGH GLOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOVES!!!!!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHA~!!!!!!!!

Brad’s most ticklish spots are his palms and as Justin tickled one of them; he managed to give himself an opportunity to push Brad off of him and then swiftly pin him on his stomach against the floor, gaining the upper hand once again in the process. Then, as Justin positioned himself directly on top of Brad, he then had a decision to make; 1. He could continue torturing one of Brad’s palms or 2. He could tickle Brad’s second and third most ticklish spots. Decisions, decisions; but seeing as how he’s pinned Brad on his stomach, he may as well choose the latter. And after five seconds of thinking, that’s exactly what he did too. Very swiftly, he scooted on down towards Brad’s legs, pulled off both of his black socks, and then proceeded to tickle the soles of his feet; skittering his fingers all of every ticklish inch of them.

Justin: Hahahahaha! Kitchie kitchie kitchie kitchie koo, pahrtner! Yippee, yippee, yeeeeeeee- haw! Hahahahahaha!

Brad: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHHAHAHHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!! \*Brad screamed and laughed frantically as Justin scribbled his fingers HARD all over every inch of his bare soles, trying hard to kick his legs but to no avail; especially during moments when Justin scratched his heels, the most sensitive areas of his feet\* JUSTIN, NOT MY FEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEET!!!!!! \*he pleaded through his laughter, wiggling his ten toes like crazy with every passing second\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!! NOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOT MY FEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEET!!!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE HOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOOHOHOHOHOHOHO HAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHHAHA!!!!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAAHA AHAHHAHAHAHAAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHA~!!!!!!

Justin: Yippee, yippee, yee-haw! \*shouted Justin once again as he proceeded to tickle Brad’s toes in addition to his soles\*

Brad: BLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHHAAHHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* OHOHOHOHOHOH CRAP, NOHOHOHOHOHOT MY TOHOHOHHOOES TOO!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEHEE HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEEEHEEHEEHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA~!!!!!!!

After two minutes of feet tickling, Justin took the tickle torture a step further; by turning around and tickling Brad’s back, his second-most ticklish spot! Every inch of Brad’s back is considered very ticklish but there are two spots on his back that are slightly more sensitive than others; and those two areas happen to be his shoulder blades. So, for the next while, Justin focused on those two particular spots with every single one of his fingers.

Justin: Hahaha! Nothin’ like a good ol’ back tickle to really get you buckin’! Hahahaha! Giddy up, horsey! Giddy on up now! Giddy up, giddy up! \*teased Justin as he dug all 10 of his fingers into both of Brad’s shoulder blades\* Hahahahaha!

Brad: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!! \*Brad screamed with hysterical laughter, writhing and thrashing in Justin’s clutches with every passing second as Justin tickled his sensitive shoulder blades\* NOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHO!!!!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!! JUHUHUHUHUHUHUUHUHUHUHUHUSTIN, DOHOHOHOHOHOHON’T TICKLE ME THEHEHEHHEHEHERE!!!!!!!! \*pleaded Brad through his laughter, failing to maintain his composure as his tickle torture continued\* HAHAHAHAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHAHAHA!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* DOHOHOHOHHHHOHON’T TICKLE ME THEHEHEHEHHERE, JUHUHUHUHUHUHUSTIN!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE HAHAHAHAHAAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHA!!!!!!! OHOHHOHOHOH CRAP!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA~!!!!!!!

Justin: Woah there, horsey! Easy there, horsey! \*teased Justin\* Hehehehehehe.

Brad: HAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!! DUHUHUHUHUHUDE, HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, I’M NOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOT A HOHOHOHOHOHOHORSE!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEEHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA~!!!!!!!

Justin: No? Then why do ya sound like one then? \*asked Justin, stopping briefly to pull off both of his gray socks\* Hehehehehehe. \*he chuckled while wiggling his toes\* Now; dun, duh duh dun, duh duh dun, duh duh dun! \*he sang as he began tickling Brad’s lower back with his fingers with his fingers and his neck with his toes\* Hahahahahaha! Neigh for me, horsey! Dun, duh duh dun, duh duh dun, duh duh dun! Hahahahahaha!

Brad: WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESNAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAW!!!!!!! BWAHAAHHAHAHHHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!! \*Brad laughed so hard he started crying, Justin’s fingers and toes wiggling against his lower back and neck respectively with every passing second\* HOHOHOHOHOOHOHOHOHOHOHOLY CRAP, NOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOOHOHOHO!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* HOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHI HAHAHHAAHAHAHAHHAAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!! I CAN’T TAKE IT!!!!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!! I CAHAHAHAHAHAHAN’T… AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHHAHAHAHHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA~!!!!!!!

For three whole minutes, Brad was at Justin’s mercy. His back and neck are very ticklish and as Justin’s wiggled his fingers and toes all over them, Brad just couldn’t help but laugh… and squirm… and thrash… and squeal in Justin’s clutches. It all appeared to be too much for the young African American boy to handle. But after the three minutes were up however, Brad worked up enough energy to put an end to Justin’s ticklish assault. After three minutes, Brad, while still lying face down on the floor, grabbed both of Justin’s ankles with his hands, startling Justin in the process as he tickled Brads neck with his toes. Then shortly afterwards, he began tickling the tops of Justin’s bare feet, which are surprising more ticklish than his soles! Albeit only slightly more ticklish, but still!

Justin: PFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF… EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEHEHEE!!!!! \*SQUEAK\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAHHAAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHA!!!!! \*Justin laughed and squealed hilariously, rolling off of Brad’s body as much as he could as Brad continued tickling the tops of his feet\* HEY, WOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOAH, HAHAHAHHAHAHHAHHAHAHAHA, WHAT ARE YOU DOOHOOHOOHOOHOOING?!!!!! \*he asked in disbelief through his laughter and squealing\*, trying to resume his ticklish assault on Brad, but to no avail\* WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEHEEHEEHEE!!!!! DOHOHOHOHOHOHHOHON’T TOUCH MY FEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEET!!!!! \*SQUEAK\* HAHAHAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!! DON’T TOUCH MY FEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEET, YOU PIG!!!!! \*SQUEAK\* \*SQUEAK\* YOOHOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOHOHOHOOHHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOO HAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA~!!!!!

Brad: Ha! Pig?! No, no, no! I’m not a pig! \*said Brad confidently as he hurriedly pinned Justin against the floor on his stomach\* You’re a pig! \*he shouted as he positioned himself directly on top of Justin’s legs\* And I’m about to make you squeal like one! In… 10… 9! \*he shouted once more, beginning a ticklish assault on Justin’s bare soles without even finishing his countdown\* Hahahahahahaha! Coochie coochie coo, widdwe piggy\* Hahahahahahaha!

Justin: WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!! \*Justin squealed the moment the felt Brad’s 10 fingers scribble all over his soles, which are only slightly less sensitive than the tops of his feet\* GWAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAAHHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHA!!!!! \*he laughed hysterically, writhing and thrashing in Brad’s clutches with every passing second of continuous tickle torture to his bare feet\* BRAHAHAHAHHAHAAHAHAHAAD, \*SQUEAK\* HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHA, PARTNER, NOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOT THE FEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHET!!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHHAHA!!!!! OHOHOHOHOOHOH TUHUHUHUHUHURKEY BUZZARD, NOHOHOHOHOHOHOOT THE FEEHEEHEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEET!!!!! \*SQUEAK\* THAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHHAT REALLY TIHIHHIHIHIHIHICKLES!!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHHA!!!!! IT TIHIHIHIHIHIHICKLES LIKE HEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHELL!!!!! \*SQUEAK\* \*SQUEAK\* WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIH HOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHA~!!!!! \*he laughed even more, wiggling his toes like crazy in addition to his constant writhing and thrashing\*

Brad: Hahahahahahahahahahahaha! Good! Hahahahahaha! Now keep squealing for me, widdwe piggy! \*exclaimed Brad as he began ticking Justin’s toes in addition to his soles\* Hahahahahahahahaha!

Justin: WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!!!!! \*Justin laughed and squealed some more, trying to kick his legs but to no avail as Brad mercilessly tickle tortures his vulnerable soles and toes\* HAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE HIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOOHO HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHA~!!!!!

After two minutes of feet tickling, Brad spun around and scooted up towards Justin’s torso, giving Justin a small breather in the process. But then, just mere seconds before Justin could even begin to retaliate, Brad began scribbling his fingers all over the young long-haired boy’s neck, his second-most ticklish spot!

Justin: PFFFFFFF… HAAHHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHHAHHAA!!!!!! \*Justin laughed so hard he cried the moment he felt Brad’s fingers touch his neck\* HOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOLY BUHUHUHUHUHUHUHUHUHUCK!!!!!! \*SQUEAK\* \*SQUEAK\* GEEEEEYAAAAAHAHAHHAAHAHHAHAAHAHAHAHHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHA!!!!!! BRAHAHAHAHAHAAHAD, GET YOUR BUHUHUHUHUHUHUHUCKING FINGERS AWAY FROHOHOHOHOHOOHOM MY NECK!!!!!! \*he pleaded through his laughter, shaking his head as much as he could with every passing second\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHAHA~!!!!!!

But he didn’t though! For two whole minutes, Brad tickled the bejesus out of Justin’s neck, going so far as to use the young blond-haired boy’s own long hair against him in addition to his 10 fingers!

Justin: WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA HAHHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!! NO, NOOHHOHOHOHO, NOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHO!!!!!!! \*SQUEAK\* HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEHEEHEE!!!!!!! DON’T TICKLE ME WITH MY HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAIR, PARTNER!!!!!! \*pleaded Justin through his laughter as Brad used his own hair against him\* WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE HEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!!!!!!! IT TIHIHIHIHIIHIICKLES MORE THAN YOHOHOHOHHOHOHOHOHOUR FINGERS!!!!!!! \*SQUEAK\* \*SQUEAK\* HIHIHIHIHIHIHIHHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHO HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHA~!!!!!!!

Brad: Hahahahahaha! I know! \*said Brad with a sinister smile, super proud of himself for gaining the upper hand against his best friend big time\* Hahahahahahaha~

Justin: HIHIHIHIHIHIHIHHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHO HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHA~!!!!!!!

After the two minutes were up, Justin made an attempt to grab Brad’s wrists; to try and tickle one of Brad’s palms once again. But once Justin did that though, Brad immediately began tickling Justin’s armpits, HIS MOST TICKLISH SPOTS!!! And once Brad starting tickling Justin in those 2 places, it was all over for Justin!

Justin: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA AHAHHAAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHHAHAAHAHAHA AHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHAHAHHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAAHAHAHAHHAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!!!! \*laughed Justin ferociously as Brad tickled both of his armpits, tears streaming down out of his eyes and onto the floor with every passing second of his relentless tickle torture\* BRAAAAAAAAA…HASUFHIRUEUSEHRUGEGIUSHGUIHFIUGRHIUEHRGUIHEABIGUAHE!!!!!!!!!! HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHIHIHHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHI HOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAA~!!!!!!!!!!

Brad: Hahahahahahahaha! Oh yeah! Now I’ve got you! I’ve got you good now, man! And I’m not gonna stop either! Not until you admit that I beat you! Come on, tap out! You know you want to!

Justin: HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!!!! NOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHO, HAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHHA, NOT A CHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHANCE!!!!!!!!!! HAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, NEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEVER!!!!!!!!!! \*Justin somehow managed to say through his laughter, in addition to shaking his head no while squirming and thrashing in ticklish agony\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHHAHHA!!!!!!!!!! WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEEHEEHEEEHEEHEEHEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE HIHIHHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHO HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHA~!!!!!!!!!!

Brad: Heh. Never, you say? Well we’ll just see about that! \*stated Brad with an evil smile, digging his fingers into the hollows of Justin’s armpits a bit harder in an attempt to break the young blond-haired boy even faster\*

Justin: WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHA AHAHHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!!!! \*SQUEAK\* \*SQUEAK\* \*SQUEAK\* \*SQUEAK\* HJIESBRLIESIEIUGAEUIRHVIGBSREGURSUIBSLGJSBVJLRBJSBNJVRBSJKGBVLSBGKJR!!!!!!!!!! \*SQUEAK\* \*SQUEAK\* \*SQUEAK\* HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE HIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHHIHIHI HOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHO HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHA~!!!!!!!!!!

It truly is all over for Justin at this point! His armpits are most certainly his “death spots” and as Brad tickles them, all Justin can do is laugh… and laugh… and laugh… and laugh… and laugh… to the point that he will laugh in his dreams during the next couple of nights! But he doesn’t want to give up though. Though very unlikely, Justin feels that there’s a chance that he can gain the upper hand against Brad once again. But HARRIET, who had been watching the boys tickle each other for a while now outside of their bedroom in the upstairs hallway without them knowing, doesn’t think so though. And because of that, she decided to step in and take matters into her own hands! But in reality though, she just wants to playfully tickle both of her adopted sons. X3

Harriet: (Heeheeheehee! Hope you boys won’t mind if I “hop” in! Heeheeheeheehee!)

Justin: HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA~!!!!!!!!!! \*Justin laughed once again as Brad continued tickling his extremely ticklish armpits\*

Brad: Hahahahahaha! Just remember, man! If you want this to stop, all you have to do is admit that I won… and that you lost! \*stated Brad confidently\* Hahahahahahaha… AAAAAAAAAAH! \*he shouted nervously a few seconds later when he felt someone’s left arm wrapping around both of his ankles, forcing him to stop tickling Justin entirely\* HEY! WOOOOOOAAAAAAAH! \*he shouted once more upon feeling his legs being pulled towards Justin’s and then falling flat onto his stomach next to Justin\*

Justin: Hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha!!!! Oh, thahahahank god!!!! Hahahahahahahahahahahahaha!!!! It finally stohohohohohopped!!!! \*stated Justin while giggling due to phantom tickles, relieved that Brad was no longer tickling his armpits\* Hahahahahahahaahahahaha… WAIT! WUT IN TARNATION! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH~!!! \*shouted Justin nervously upon feeling the same individual’s left arm wrap around his ankles in addition to Brad’s\*

After shouting nervously for a few seconds, Brad and Justin then turned their heads to see the individual who was responsible for startling them so much. When they turned their heads, they saw a 42-year-old female rabbit monster with PURPLE FUR and big, always bare 3-toed feet that’s currently wearing a PURPLE SUMMER HAT, a black necklace/choker, a lavender tank top with a black corset(?) underneath of it, and black mom jeans. THEIR ADOPTED MOTHER, HARRIET!!!

Brad and Justin: Mom?!?!

Harriet: Heeheeheeheehee! Hello, boys! Having a tickle fight, I see. Heeheeheehee! Got room for one more?

Brad: Hehe. You know it! Help me tickle Justin, will you? He’s gotta pay for tickling my back AND one of my palms!

Justin: What?! No! Mom, help me tickle Brad! He’s gotta pay for ticklin’ mah armpits and neck so mercilessly!

Harriet: Heeheeheeheehee; no, my sweet cinnamon buns. \*said Harriet cheekily, declining both of her adopted sons’ requests\* I’ve got a better idea! A much better idea! \*she then said with an “evil” smile, moving her right hand right next to Brad and Justin’s trapped bare feet\* Heeheeheehee! And all I need is my fingers and your bare feet! Heeheeheeheehee~

“And all I need is my fingers and your bare feet.” Once Brad and Justin heard Harriet say that, their eyes widened and their happy smiles turned into nervous smiles.

Brad and Justin: \*nervous gasps\* O-oh n-no!! \*Brad and Justin shuddered\*

Harriet: Heeheeheeheehee! Nothing to be afraid of, boys! I’m the friendly SNOWDIN SHOPKEEPER, remember? And quite the professional at tickling little boys! Like you! So, tickle, tickle, tickle! Tickle, tickle, tickle, my sweet cinnamon buns! \*teased Harriet as she began scribbling her right hand fingers all over Brad and Justin’s bare feet one by one; starting with Brad’s left foot and ending with Justin’s right foot as the two boys lied face down on the floor\* Heeheeheeheeheehee!!

OMG, THE SNOWIN SHOPKEEPER!!! HARRIET IS THE SNOWDIN SHOPKEEPER!!! :O But not just that though; she also happens to be same woman that cared for Brad for 3 whole months after he was separated from Justin and Izzy during their adventures in the Underground. Sure, Toriel may have cared for Brad during his adventures in the Underground but Harriet cared for him longer, until she could no longer protect him. After Brad died, Harriet kept his memory alive by making several Tough Gloves and Manly Bandanas by hand to sell to customers (primarily kids) in her shop. And that happens to be something that she continues to do to this very day. Regardless of the fact that that once dead boy is now back in her life!

Brad: PFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF… HAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHA!!!!!!! \*Brad laughed hysterically upon feeling Harriet’s furry fingers touch the sole of his left foot\* OHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHHOHOH MY GOOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOD!!!!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, \*SNORT\* MOHOHOHOHOHOHOM, YOUR FUR!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* HAHAHAHAHAAHHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, YOUR FUHUHUHUHUHUHUR, IT TIHIHIHIHIHICKLES!!!!!!! HAHAHAHHAHAAHAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHA!!!!!!! IT TIHIHIHIHIHIHICKLES!!!!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA~!!!!!!! \*he laughed some more, hugging Justin tightly as a means of dealing with his current tickle torture\*

Harriet: Heeheeheehee! \*sniffles\* Oh, how I’ve missed tickling your cute little feet, Brad! \*said Harriet with a huge smile, crying tears of joy due to being given a chance to tickle a boy she never thought she would be able to tickle again\* Heeheeheeheehee! Kitchie kitchie koo, my sweet cinnamon bun! \*sniffles\* Kitchie kitchie koo! \*she teased as she began tickling Brad’s right foot\*

Brad: BWAAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!! OHOHOOHOHHOHOHOH CRAHAHAAHAHHAHAHAAP!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAHHAAHHAAHHAHA!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* MOHOHOHOHOHOHOOHOM, HAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAA, TIKCLE JUSTIN’S FEET INSTEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHAD!!!!!!! \*stated Brad through his laughter, moments before catching a glimpse of his mother crying tears of joy\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!! WAHAHAHAHAHAIT!!!!!!! HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, ACTUALLY, HAHAHAHAHAAHAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!! KEEHEEHEEHEEHEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEP TICKLING ME!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* HAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!! KEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEP TIHIHIHIHIHIHIHICKLING ME,PLEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEASE!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* HAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!! I LOHOHOHOHOHOOVE IT!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA~!!!!!!!

And he does too! Despite all of his pleads, Brad is enjoying himself immensely! And Justin has been too for that matter; even during that moment when Brad tickled his hyper-sensitive armpits. And Harriet knows it too! She’s tickled Brad before; on multiple occasions; and right now, she is tickling both him and Justin in a similar fashion to how she used to tickle her two biological sons, Benny and Robbie, years before they became a ROYAL GUARDSMAN and the NICE CREAM SALESMAN respectively. ;)

Harriet: Heeheeheeheehee! Ooh, yeah, I can tell! Heeheeheeheehee! I can definitely tell! \*said Harriet as she began scratching Brad’s right heel\* Heeheeheeheeheeheeheehee~

Brad: FFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA HAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHHAHAAHHAHHAHAHAHAAHHAHHAHAHAHAHA~!!!!!!! \*Brad laughed so hard that he didn’t bother trying to speak for the next while\*

After ticking Brad’s feet for about three minutes; alternating between tickling his left foot and right foot with every passing second; Harriet then switched over to Justin’s feet; starting with his left foot as he continued lying face down on the floor next to Brad.

Justin: PFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF… WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!!!!!!! \*Justin squealed and laughed hysterically upon feeling Harriet’s furry fingers touch the sole of his left foot\* OH MY GAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHAHAHAWSH!!!!!!! \*SQUEAK\* HAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHAHAAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHHA!!!!!!! \*he laughed some more, hugging Brad tightly as a means of dealing with his current tickle torture\* OHOHOHOHHOHOHOH MY GAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAHHAWSH, THOHOHOHHOHOSE FUHUHUHUHUHUHURRY FINGERS TICKLE!!!!!!! \*SQUEAK\* \*SQUEAK\* HAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHA!!!!!!! WAHAHAHAHAHY MORE THAHAHAHAAHAN I THOHOHOHHOHOUGHT THEY WOHOHOHOHOULD!!!!!!! \*SQUEAK\* HEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHIHIHIHIHHIHIHIHIHIIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHI HOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHA~!!!!!!!

This is the first time that Harriet has ever tickled Justin; and so far, he is not disappointing her. His laughter is just so pure and adorable and as she tickles him, she finds it rather amusing how his Southern accent just plain disappears. It’s so weird! One moment, he’s talking like a natural-born cowboy and then the next moment, he’s talking like someone that appears to show no interest in Westerns whatsoever while laughing his head off.

Harriet: Heeheeheeheeheehee! Gitchie gitchie goo, my other sweet cinnamon bun! \*teased Harriet as she continued tickling Justin’s left foot\* Heeheeheeheehee! Sweet carrot cakes with cream cheese frosting, your laugh is so cute! Heeeheeheeheehee! Oh, I could just tickle your feet all night, Justin! And throughout all of the following morning! \*she said with a heartwarming smile as she switched over to Justin’s right foot\* Heeheeheeheeheehee! Gitchie gitchie goo goo goo goo!

Justin: HAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHA AHAHAHAHHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHHAHAHAAHAHA!!!!!!! NO, DOHOHOHHOHOHOHOHOHON’T DO THAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAHAT!!!!!!! \*pleaded Justin through his laughter while wiggling all of his toes like crazy and continuing to hug Brad tightly, not entirely sure if he could handle being tickled for hours on end\* I DOHOHOHOHHON’T KNOW IF I COHOHOHOOHOULD HAHAHAHAHHANDLE THAHAHAHAT MUCH TIHIHIHIHICKLING!!!!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAHA AHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHHA!!!!!!!

Harriet: Heeheeheeheehee! Well, we can always find out. \*said Harriet cheekily, giving Justin the impression that she might tickle his feet during the last few hours of the day\* Heeheeheeheeheeheehee! Gitchie gitchie goo! Gitchie gitchie goo goo goo goo! \*she teased, tickling both of Justin’s feet in a crazy fast manner; left sole, right sole, left sole, right sole, and so on\* Heeheeheeheeheeheehee~

Justin: WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!!!!!!! \*Justin laughed even harder, wiggling and splaying all 10 of his toes in his blue jeans with every passing second as he cried consistent streams of tears from both of his eyes\* GAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHHA!!!!!!! \*SQUEAK\* \*SQUEAK\* HIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE HOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HIHIHIHHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE HOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHA~!!!!!!!

After tickling Justin’s feet for 3 whole minutes, Harriet stopped to give him a much needed breather.

Harriet: Heeheeheeheehee; having fun, boys?

Justin: Hehehehe. You’re darn tootin’, Mama Bunny!

Brad: Hehe. Oh, yeah, fo’ sho’!

Harriet: Heeheeheeheehee! Terrific! So that means we can do this again tomorrow, right? When the three of us have the house to ourselves?

Brad and Justin: \*excited gasps\*

Brad: HOLY CRAP, YES!!

Justin: OH MAH GAWSH, ABSOLUTELY!!

Harriet: Heeheeheeheehee! FANTABULOUS! We’ll start sometime after breakfast tomorrow morning! After Benny, Robbie, and Heather leave to do their things!

While a family tickle war with all 6 members of the family does sound tempting, Harriet would first like some more tickle time with her two adopted sons; and luckily for her, tomorrow will give her a perfect opportunity to do such a thing since her three biological children will only be home long enough to eat breakfast the following morning.

Harriet: Speaking of Benny, Robbie, and Heather; you should know they’ve been watching you boys tickle each other too. Not the whole time; but for a while, anyway. Heeheehee.

Just as Harriet was talking, a tall soon-to-be 19-year-old rabbit monster with blue fur and big, always bare 3-toed feet wearing a yellow shirt and red pants entered the room briefly. IT WAS ROBBIE aka THE NICE CREAM GUY!! :D

Robbie: Hahaha! It’s true, we have! Hahaha! And when you crazy kids get done in here, feel free to help yourselves to some free Nice Cream! It’s the frozen treat that warms you heart! \*said Robbie out of habit with a BIG SMILE on his face\* Or share a bisicle, whatever you cute kids prefer.

Brad: Haha! Will do, Robbie! You’re a real COOL brother, you know that?

Robbie: Oh, Brad, you! \*said Robbie all flattered as he exited the room\* Hahahahahaha! You flatter me, young man! Hahahahahaha~

Harriet: Heeheeheeheehee! Good idea, Robbie! \*said Harriet despite the fact that Robbie was no longer in the room\* But before you boys do that though, heeheeheehee, there’s just one teensy tiny little thing I’d like to do first. \*she then said cheekily with a giggle, wiggling her 6 furry toes against the bedroom floor during the next few seconds\* Heeheeheeheehee~

Brad and Justin: Oh yeah? What’s that? \*asked Brad and Justin curiously at the same time\*

Harriet: Heeheeheeheehee! \*giggled Harriet as she proceeded to sit on Brad’s bed\* Lie down on the floor with your legs under this bed and I’ll show you. Heeheeheeheehee! \*she giggled once more, wiggling her 6 toes against the floor a second time\*

Brad: (\*excited gasp\* Yes! Yes, I used to love this so much!) \*said Brad excitedly to himself, knowing very well what Harriet wants to do\*

With that said; Brad and Justin then proceeded to position themselves on the floor; Brad mere inches to the left Harriet and Justin mere inches to the right of Harriet. Then, once they were officially lying on the floor, they slid their legs underneath Brad’s bed, just as Harriet asked them to do.

Brad: Hehehehehe. All right, I’m ready, Mom. \*said Brad with a smile after pulling up his orange t-shirt\* Justin, open your shirt. \*he then said to Justin\*

Justin: Huh? What’d you jus’ say, pahrtner? \*asked Justin confusedly\*’

Brad: You heard me. Open… your shirt.

Justin: Oh, well alrighty then. \*said Justin, nervously opening his shirt to expose his bare torso\* Ok, ah done opened mah shirt, pahrtner. Happy?

Brad: Hehehehehe. Heck yes! Because that means that Mom is now able to…

Harriet: TICKLE YOU WITH MY TOES! \*interrupted Harriet in a singsongy voice, mere seconds before she began tickling Brad and Justin’s stomachs with her 6 furry toes; Brad’s stomach with her 3 left foot toes and Justin’s stomach with her 3 right foot toes\* Heeheeheeheeheehee! Gitchie, gitchie, goo, you absolutely precious little boys! Heeheeheeheeheehee!

Brad and Justin: HAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHAAHAHAHHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHAHHAHAHA~!!!!!!! \*the two boys laughed both hysterically and preciously the moment they felt Harriet’s furry toes glide against their stomachs, quivering and quivering with every passing ticklish sensation they felt in their upper bodies\*

Justin: HAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!! OHOHHOHOHOHOH MY GAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHWSH, HAHAHAAHAHHAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, MOM!!!!!!! HIHIHIHHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIIHIHIHEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE, YOHOHOHOOHOHOUR TOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOES TICKLE EVEN MOHOHOHOHOHOORE THAN YOHOHOHOHOHOHOUR FINGERS!!!!!!! \*SQUEAK\* \*SQUEAK\* WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHI HOHOHOHOHHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHA~!!!!!!!

Harriet: Heeheeheeheehee! I know. \*said Harriet with a sly smile, knowing exactly what she’s doing\* Isn’t it just fantabulous, boys? \*she asked cheekily, before proceeding to drum her toes against Brad and Justin’s stomachs\* Heeheeheheeheeheehee!

Brad: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!! \*Brad laughed even harder, Harriet’s left foot toes tickling him in all the right places on his stomach to get the best laughs possible out of him\* YEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHES!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!! VERY, \*SNORT\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, FAHAHAHAHAANTABULOHOHOUS!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* BWAHAHAAHAAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAAHHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAAHHAHA!!!!!!! OHOHHOHOHOHOH GOHOHOHOHHOHOSH!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* HOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHO HAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHA~!!!!!!!

Justin: HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHHAHHAA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!! \*Justin laughed harder as well, ticklish sensations overflowing his stomach enough to make him kick his legs and wiggle and splay his toes underneath Brad’s bed\* OHOOHOHOHOHOHOH GOHOHOHOHOHOOSH INDEED, PAHAHAHHAHHAHAHAHARTNER!!!!!!! \*SQUEAK\* \*SQUEAK\* HAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHHAHAAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHHAHA!!!!!!! HOHHOHOHOHOHOHOLY COW, THIS TICKLES SOHOHOHOHO MUCH!!!!!!! \*SQUEAK\* WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEHEEEHIHIHHIHIHIHIHIIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHHI HOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHAHAHHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA~!!!!!!!

After 2 minutes, Harriet finished it all out by wiggling her toes against Brad and Justin’s stomachs; every single inch of them, not leaving a single area untouched.

Brad and Justin: GLAAAAAHAHHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA AHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!! \*the two boys laughed ferociously, flailing on the floor underneath Harriet’s big feet with every immensely ticklish sensation they felt\* FDUASIGELRFIUSGIHESBGESIGBSEBGRBSER!!!!!!!! \*they then tried to speak through their laughter, all while kicking their legs and wiggling and splaying their toes underneath Brad’s bed as means of dealing with their current tickle torture\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHHAHHAHHHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHHAHAHA!!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\*/\*SQUEAK\* \*SQUEAK\* \*SQUEAK\* HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE HIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHHIHIHIHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE HIHIHIHHIHHHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHHIHIHIOHOHOHOOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHHOHOHO HAHAHAHAHAAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHA~!!!!!!!!

Harriet: Heeheeheeheehee! You boys are just so cute! Heeheeheehee! Oh my gosh, I could just tickle you boys forever and ever. You know that, don’t you? Heeheeheeheeheehee!

Brad and Justin: HAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHA~!!!!!!!! \*the boys continued laughing, completely ignoring their mother’s question as tears began forming in their eyes\*

Harriet: Heeheeheeheehee! You most certainly do. Heeheeheeheeheehee~

Brad and Justin: HAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHA~!!!!!!!!

Harriet wiggled her toes against Brad and Justin’s stomachs for two whole minutes, relishing in the sweet sound that was their boyish laughter all the while she did so. It was music to her long, beautiful ears and by the time she stopped tickling her adopted sons, Brad and Justin themselves pulled their legs out from underneath Brad’s bed and gave her big hugs, thanking her for tickling them and for being such a wonderful mother.

Harriet: Awww! I love you too, boys. \*said Harriet, crying tears of joy\* Oh g-gosh; words cannot describe how happy I am right now.

Brad: Hehe. I know. It’s all just so much to take in, isn’t it? \*asked Brad, referring to his and Justin’s resurrections\*

Harriet: \*sniffles\* Uh-huh. But I’m most certainly grateful for it. And this time, I’m going to do everything I can to protect you; both of you… and Benny and Robbie and Heather. No matter what!

Justin: Oh, yeah, we know ya will, Mom; jus’ like Aunt Heidi, the INNKEEPER, will do everythin’ she can ta protect Izzy… and Bastian and Bekah and Bebe.

Harriet: \*sniffles\* I’m happy to hear you think so, boys. \*sniffles\* ………Ha… ha… Well, anyhoo, who wants ice cream? After all that tickling, you’ve got to be hungry for some, right? I know you are, Brad; heeheehee; but what about you, Justin? Do you want any ice cream?

Justin: Hehehe. Yes. Yes, ah reckon ah do. Hehehehe. But, ah’m not sure if I want a Nice Cream or a Bisicle. …Hmmm…

Harriet: Heeheehee. How about both? Heeheehee.

Justin: What?! Really?! No foolin’?! Hehe; thank ya, Mom! Thank ya!

Brad: Hehe. Oh, wow; thanks, Mom!

Harriet: Heeheeheehee! You’re very welcome, my sweet cinnamon buns! X3

THE END.