



Makoto wasn't sure how she had gotten here. She vaguely remembered going out for a jog in her martial arts garb, and a strange van pulling up. She remembered a few masked people in suits stepping out of the van and approaching her, and something like the prick of a needle from behind. After that, her memory was hazy.

What she did know was that she was currently stark naked in some sort of room that was dimly lit save for a single white light overhead, and that she was strapped down to a table. Struggling in frustration and indignation at the position she was in proved that the restraints held her powerful frame nicely. There was no sign of the guys from the van or the person who attacked her from behind anywhere in the room. As grumbled in annoyance at this situation, she suddenly heard a voice.

"Ah, looks like you're finally awake. Now we can begin~" A female voice said. It was coming from a speakerphone that was invisible to Makoto from her position.

"Begin? Begin what?!" Makoto scowled. As she scowled while struggling some more, she heard a strange sound that made her stiffen. The sight of sharp, wiggling purple gloves made stiffen even more, giving her a sneaking suspicion about what was about to happen.

"Begin to break you of course~" the female voice said with a chuckle. With that, the sharp purple gloves began crawling all over the fighter's well-toned abs. Makoto at first grit her teeth, not wanting to give her mysterious captor the satisfaction of cracking a smile. But after a few minutes of this methodical tickling, a smile grew on her face, then a grin, then a small chuckle, then a steady stream of giggles, and then full-on laughter. The extra hands that tickled her armpits got an increase in volume, and hands that tickled her feet—her massive, shapely feet—got her outright screaming. Her cheeks turned a bright red as tears streamed down them, struggling what little she could on this table as her feet scrunched in squirmed. She frequently let out curses and insults between screams of laughter while shaking her head from side to side. One such insult got the attention of her mysterious captor.

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA YOU'RE JUST DOOHOOHOOHOOHOOING THIS FOR YOUR OHOHOHOHOHOHOWN PLEHEHEHEHEHEASURE AREN'T YOU! YOU SICK FUHUHUUHUUHUCKAAAAAR!" Makoto shouted angrily. Her captor gasped in mock surprise.

"Why not at all. I'm doing this for your pleasure too," the female voice chuckled. As Makoto prepared another retort, she saw another purple claw come out from the table, this one holding a feather. And it drew closer and closer to a special area.....

"WHAT ARE YOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOO-NYOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOH~!" A new kind of sound escaped Makoto's lips when the feather caressed her pussy.

"My my. I didn't think you could make a face like that~" the female voice said gleefully. The feather then began dancing in circles across the inner lips of her pussy, earning more moans and adding to the ticklish sensations already sapping at Makoto's strength.

"You were about to ask me what I'm doing, right? But I already told you: it's to break you," the female voice said with a more sinister tone. Makoto could somewhat see what her aim was. The feather circling her pussy was maddening in a different way from the tickling assaulting her whole body, and the two worked together to make it impossible to think. Makoto *hated* being tickled, but the feather teasing her womanhood was giving her a taste of pleasure alien to the hot-tempered fighter, pleasure she didn't even know she craved. And these confusing sensations felt like they were pulling her body in two different directions, as well as her mind.....

It had been a few days in this place, though Makoto couldn't be sure of how much time had passed. Maybe it had been three days, maybe a week had already passed. But in any case, help hadn't arrived, and she knew she had to take matters into her own hands. She had vaguely noticed a slight change in herself, that she had started insulting her captor less and struggling less violently. At first she thought it was that she simply didn't want to waste her breath shouting at the cheeky bitch that was tickling her, but the nights where she was allowed to sleep and mull over her own thoughts made her aware that wasn't the case at all.

And so, before she could be overtaken by this change completely, she decided to make her escape by channeling her rage into the Tanden Renki and breaking free from her restraints that night. She had refrained from using it at first because she didn't know if she'd be able to escape from this place, but she now feared that if she didn't try to escape now, she might not want to. When she broke out of her restraints, she shuddered and looked down, recognizing that the sensation came from her pussy. Each day, the feathering had felt more pleasurable each time, and now that she was in a state where her senses were all heightened to maximize her combat potential, she felt that pleasure all the more strongly. It was enough to make her nipples perk up.

Slapping her cheeks to regain her focus, Makoto punched at the hinges of the door repeatedly until she managed to knock it down. As she stomped on the door and ran out of the room, she saw a digital panel displaying her face, name, and a full-body heat map. She saw many similar panels for other people she knew as she tried to escape: Chun-Li, Ibuki, Elena, Cammy White. Yet she couldn't find a way out of here, the place being a labyrinth of winding hallways with many twists, turns, and dead-ends. Her speed in the Tanden Renki allowed her to begin to get a grasp of where she was supposed to go, when a bunch of men in suits appeared, now no longer wearing masks. Her naked form didn't cause any of them to hesitate in throwing out punches and kicks, unlike Makoto who briefly hesitated due to still feeling out of it from the constant pleasuring she had been receiving. Her increased reaction time in the Tanden Renki let her make up for this blunder and block their attacks before launching her counterattack, knocking a few of them out and forcing the others back before feeling a sudden prick on her ass. She peered over and saw the blow dart embedded in her right butt cheek before tumbling to the floor. As she began to lose consciousness she thought belatedly that even that sensation felt pleasant to her, and then was out cold.

When she woke up, she was back in her cell, the door having not been repaired and thus illuminating the room further. Her restraints had been replaced with a sort of plush black gel-like substance, one that her captor informed her would absorb her blows and become sturdier as a result. There wasn't a chance in hell of Makoto escaping now. What was more surprising was that she was still in the Tanden Renki even after waking up, though perhaps they pumped some sort of chemical that targeted the aggression centers of her brain and thus forced her to remain in this form.

"Anyways, I'm a little curious: is your body more sensitive the way it is right now? If so, we're gonna have lots of fun. Though I'll have to punish you reeeeeally badly for escaping~" the female voice snickered. Part of Makoto felt deathly terrified upon hearing this, but the other

part wondered just how pleasurable it would feel *down there* now that she was in this state. The female voice chuckled at this.

“Your nipples are jutting out like the mast of a ship. And you’ve been getting more submissive day after day……you must want this a great deal~” the female voice said in a sultry voice that made Makoto blush.

“Very well. I’ll give you just what you want~” the female voice smirked. Instead of gloves popping out of the table, it was mechanical circular scrubbers. Her eyes turned wide as saucers at the sight of them, and when they pressed against her abs and armpits, laughter erupted from her throat, far louder than ever before. When another set of scrubbers moved under and over her breasts and teased at her love handles, her laughter was accompanied by moans that soon increased in volume once her feet fell under attack too. And when a set of *eight* smaller circular scrubbers moved all around the lips of her pussy in a methodical, very slow way, she released.

“OHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHO~! DON’T STOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHO!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA~!”

It didn’t even take another three days before the once mighty fighter had broken completely. Her attempt at escaping had ironically sealed her fate, her body and mind far more malleable now that her nerves had been heightened by the very skill she tried to break free from. Memories of her friends, past tournaments, and the dojo and fighting style her grandfather had entrusted her with all slipped from her mind. The Rindoukan master was now nothing more than a tickle slut. And perhaps deep down, a part of her had craved this all along.