

### The Tickle Games – A Multi-Anime Crossover (Part 3)

Welcome to Part 3 of 4! Sorry for the delay, trying to figure out how best to carry out the following scenarios sent me into a bit of a stall, I didn't understand the fatigue of writing a series until now! I have a bunch of regular one shot stories lined up to write after this, so I'm hoping I'll be able to execute those with more finesse.

This one is the biggest yet, sitting at about 6400 words, taking on two thoroughly fleshed out fights with some truly villainous tickle torture.

Let me know what you think!

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Nezuko roamed towards the house in the middle of the island after seeing it and, like many others, choosing it as the destination as nothing else in this forest seemed to stand out. She was the first one to cross the tree line into the open field, in the middle of which was a gray, decaying house. It was only now clear from this distance how poor of shape the house was really in.

To Nezuko, who had been very curious about the house, it now seemed more like a trap. No matter, she thought, she'd still check it out. Something else, she hadn't noticed, was that the house was on a small spot of land surrounded by a pit about half a mile deep on all sides, with only two bridges that were on the brink of collapse granting access to the land.

Breaking her assessment of the land, she heard a rapid thumping noise building behind her. As she turned to face the sound, a figure charged at her and dove in a tackle motion, which Nezuko quickly sidestepped and avoided. The figure quickly changed her tackle into a tuck and roll, rising to face the long haired demon girl.

"Nobara?" Nezuko asked in a soft voice, locking onto the brunette's hips.

"And you must be Nezuko. Mind taking off those huge socks to give me those feet of yours?" she said with a smile in a pitch much higher than her normal tone.

Both girls were putting up a cool act as the tension between them rose. They each understood that the other girl had likely tickled someone to the point of surrender, as they were the first two to emerge from the woods. Any wrong moves from here could spell their ticklish doom.

In an instant, Nobara reached into her pocket while Nezuko reached inside her kimono, as if they were about to draw guns in an old western film. While Nobara whipped out a fancy back scratcher, hoping to use its hard claws to make it through Nezuko's socks, Nezuko took out a handful of small orbs and immediately threw them at Nobara's feet.

They blew up too fast for her to react, as she was quickly overcome with laughter from the gas that had engulfed her body. She felt as if feathers were dancing all along the soles of her feet, slipping into every line on her fleshy feet and in between every shapely, cushiony toe.

On top of that, it felt as if two feathers were spinning and twirling in each crevice of her hips, deeply torturing every last nerve. The sensations distracted her from seeing Nezuko's next move as the long haired demon dug both of her strong hands into Nobara's hip bones, sending her to her knees as she buckled from the sensation as exhaled into silent laughter.

"I'm glad that your hips are within such easy reach, tickling my feet is a much harder challenge for you!" Nezuko said cheerfully as she held on to Nobara's hips as she shook from side to side, trying to remove the girl from her ultrasensitive hips. It was true, being tickled like this without even touching Nezuko's socks had things looking down for the jujutsu sorcerer. But she had an idea.

"OHOHOHOHO GOHOHOHOHOD PLEHEHEHEHEHEASE, TIHIHICKLE ANYWHERE EHEHEHEHELSE!" she sprouted and sputtered through frantic girly laughter.

"Hmm, where else should I try? I'd love to tickle you some more, your laughter is so cutesy and fun compared to your rough exterior!"

Nobara started to laugh harder, but her anger built. She absolutely hated being talked down to, even more so if it was about her being girly. Nezuko was getting on her bad side fast.

"How about this," she proposed gently into Nobara's ear, as she continued her vicious ticklish assault on her hips, "You tell me where your other tickly weak spot is, and I'll stop tickling here and go tickle you there! Does that sound like a deal?" her sweet voice grated against the sorcerer's skull.

Bingo.

"M-my FEHEHEHET! P-please tickle my F-FEHEHEHEHEEET INSTEHEHEHEAD!"

"Okaaaaaaaay!" Nezuko said with joy. Unbeknownst to her, this is exactly what Nobara wanted.

She pushed Nobara's buckled body forward, sending her onto her stomach, then taking a set on the back of her thighs and pulled both of Nobara's feet towards her and quickly plucked off her shoes and socks, revealing the mostly bare feet with stirrups protecting the arches.

Nezuko's fingers started to run up and down them as she chanted "Tickle tickle tickle!", already happier with the soft pillowy feel of these feet compared to Revy's.

Nobara held her ability as she wanted Nezuko's tickling to go a little farther before she pulled it out. That said, she didn't know how much longer she could handle the demon girl's nails raking up and down her plushy soles as they covered one another back and forth, trying to evade their captor.

"GYAHAAAAHAAAAHAAAAHA" Nobara laughed into the ground pressed against her face, as Nezuko's nails were getting closer and closer to the skin beneath her toes. If yesterday's pedicure making her feet hypersoft and extra sensitive wasn't bad enough, the pedicurist herself commented on how ticklish her feet were, teasing the girl with light tickles through her visit, embarrassing the girl as much as she could.

She couldn't take it any longer, as she grabbed Nezuko's legs and yelled through her laughter "RESONANCE!", connecting the scraping sensations on her feet to Nezuko's feet.

The sudden and seemingly impossible sensation made Nezuko yelp and break into laughter as she didn't realize that first it was her own doing.

"WHAHAHAHAHAT'S HAPPENING! WHAHAHAHA ARE YOU DOHOHOHOHOHOING?!?!!" she laughed as her near untouched feet were beyond sensitive to any sensation.

Nobara chose not to answer, as she spread her toes intentionally so Nezuko's fingers would slip in there and attack the clearly sensitive area. And just like she had reluctantly hoped, Nezuko did just that.

Both girls went ballistic.

"NYAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA" Nezuko laughed as her body convulsed at the feeling of her toes being tortured in such a way.

"HOHOHOHOHOW'S IT FEHEHEHEHEHEL DUMBAHAHAHAHAHAHASS!!!!" Nobara said while she slammed her fists on the ground.

Hearing these words, Nezuko stopped for a moment and thought. Nobara's scream must've triggered something that caused this. Since the tickling stopped when she did, it must mimic the same tickling she's doing to Nobara?

Assuming that was the case, Nezuko adjusted her methods accordingly.

Nobara's ticklish misery began again, but this time much warmer and wetter....

"YOHOHOHOHOHOUR TONGUE?!" she cried out in disbelief, partly out of the method chosen, but mostly out of how badly it truly tickled. Nezuko was now just focusing on Nobara's right foot, working her long vicious demon tongue between each of her toes, curling it around each one and then moving on.

These kinds of soft smooth tickles didn't torment Nezuko nearly as much, so she was able to send Nobara into panicked laughter while she merely giggled at the sensations as she trailed her nails slowly up and down Nobara's creamy sole.

Meanwhile, Nobara was smashing her fists harder, sent into hysterical high pitched laughter so bad it hurt her throat. This was absolute agony for her, and now she wasn't even being rewarded for it.

Nezuko popped Nobara's fatty, delicious big toe in her mouth and swirled it around, lapping over the toe stem and toe pad again and again until she could feel Nobara's entire body shaking with laughter, trying to get away with all her might.

Tears poured down her burning cheeks as she started to pull her own hair trying to stop the invasive tickling sensations, to no avail of course. Her plan had failed miserably. If anything, she had given her opponent a perfect victory by volunteering her weakest point, offering up her stupid, useless, regrettably soft and outlandishly ticklish feet for their own tickle hell.

Her tears of laughter were mixed now with tears of anger from how stupid this weakness made her feel, along with how careless she had been giving her enemy her weakspot.

At least she had one last trick to rely on, one she had been holding on to until she was at the brink of surrender.

"DOHOHOHMAIN EXPAAAAHAHAHANSION!" She cried out, sending herself and Nezuko into a void between time and space. One of her own control and imagination.

What lasted one second in the real world lasted an eternity in the domain.

Nezuko finally awoke after everything faded to black. Her face was strapped down, but she could see the floor below her. Tiles? Where was she? Was she in yet another dream world? She thought, as she assessed the rest of her physical situation.

Her body was facedown on a padded, admittedly comfy table, but was secured in a T position, with her wrist and ankles being cuffed and bolted to the table. Her whole body was bare, save for a blanket that covered her butt. Her feet, which faced soles up on the table, were size 6, perfectly smooth and silky with barely any wrinkles. They had the gentlest hue of pink, looking at them it looked like they had never touched the ground.

The room was rather warm and comfortable. She almost felt like she was going to fall asleep before she heard several sets of heels clicking across the tile floor. They stopped once they surrounded her body. Her body was tense and nervous, and as if noticing this, a soft female voice said "Relax darling. We'll work out the tension in your body. In a few seconds, you'll feel overjoyed, like a bundle of sunshine with a great big smile on your face."

The voice was so comforting, she eased a bit and felt somewhat safe. Maybe she had just fallen asleep while getting a massage and had a bad dream.

She quickly realized this was not the case, as a pair of nails started slowly tracing up and down the length of her sides.

“H-hey, that tickles... p-please don't do that, I-I'm really ticklish!” The women seemed amused by this.

“Where else are you ticklish darling?” ,they gently questioned, “We wouldn't want to tickle you there, so it would help us and you if you told us.” said the woman standing near her right armpit.

“You can trust us honey, where else are you ticklish?” said the woman standing near her left armpit.

She gulped, and opened up “Well, my a-armpits are really, really ticklish. And if you touch my f-f-feet at all, I'll start laughing so hard that I'll cry, so I'd prefer if you didn't touch them at all...” she said low and soft.

“So...like this?” the voice on her right said, as her sharp manicured fingernails started to caress Nezuko's defenseless hollow.

“Y-Yes.. P-p-plehehease stop that...” she whimpered as the tickling was already ramping up.

“How about this, does the tickle?” the lady on her left said as she traced one finger all the way from her bicep into her armpit, and then started drawing circles in the vulnerable hollow, driving Nezuko crazy.

“I-IT DOES, P-PLEHEHEASE DON'T TICKLE ME” she begged as the two teased her armpits as another tickled her sides.

“But how can we stop ourselves when you're such a ticklish little girl?” they both said, as they started to speed up their tickling.

“NYAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA NOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHO” the girl laughed from her belly as she was pulling as hard as she could to protect her armpits, but couldn't do anything to save them from the unbearable sensations of the nails.

Finally, a last set of hands sent her over the edge wailing with laughter. Ten sharp, deadly fingernails started slowly trailing up and down the entire length of her velvety soles. The tickling was excruciating.

“GAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA NOHOHO NOHOHO NOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHO!!!!” her feet were trembling as if every nerve in her body was sent into fight or flight mode. The nails tickled every inch of her soft skin as if they were seeking out the best spots to tickle. Straight up and down her arches with two fingers that had her howling. Spidering tickling on the succulent balls of her feet. Tracing line after line under her toes. Taking each and every toe and scratching it with a single nail, giving each supple toe their own minute of uninterrupted torture.

The ladies at her pits tickled harder and harder, trying to compete with the lady at her feet. They were pinching and stroking her pits, leaving her marks all over them as they dug in looking for all the deepest laughter they could find.

Teardrops were dripping off her face and covering the floor beneath her as she spewed anguished laughter from her strained mouth. Her smile was painful, but she couldn't fight the ticklish sensations at all.

At the slightest ease in tickling, she finally found her opportunity and called out “I SURRENDER!”

But it wasn't over yet.

Her eyes adjusted to the dark as she was kneeling in what looked like an empty cave. However, her feet were stuck in holes behind her that she couldn't break them out of. She had a small white skirt on and a white bra.

She couldn't tell where she was or what was going on, but she knew it wasn't good. She could hear noises coming from wherever her feet were trapped behind here. That was when she felt it. Like sandpaper scraping up her perfect feet. Followed by another, and another, sets of sandpaper sensations attacking her feet, accompanied by fluffy feather tickling rubbing up and down her soles and toes.

Her feet were trapped in a den of cats.

“LEHEHEHEHEHET ME OUHUHUHUHUT” she cried out as she tried to pull her feet out of their feline prison. Her wiggling toes became welcome targets as their teasing movement attracted the attention of all the cats, who began licking her soft digits with renewed interest.

“NAHAHAHAHAHAT THEHEHEHEHEHERE, STOHOHOHOHOP IHIIHIIHIIHIT!!!!” she begged as her toes were in hell all over again.

Through her laughter, she could hear the grinding of stone coming closer and closer. Her eyes adjusted enough to see clearly that the wall ahead of her was closing in on her.

Nezuko stuck out her arms ahead of her to save herself from being crushed. It took her demon strength and then some to hold the wall steady, as her bare arms shook from the pressure. As if

with perfect timing, two kitties appeared on each side of her, stood against her sides and started licking the exposed pits with pleasure.

“W-WAIT WAIHIHIT WAHAHAHAHAHAIT” she panicked as the rough tickling were diminishing her strength with every lick. Her arms trembled as the cats licked all over her pits.

Her feet were now covered with licked as the cats now started to lightly paw her soles and gently drag their nails down them. Nezuko couldn't take this torment and peril any longer, and screamed out once again through tears, “I SUHUUHURRENDER!”

Yet she still was not saved.

Nezuko awoke in a lit up steel box. Her feet were just outside the box, while the rest of her body was secured in this futuristic prison. The screen in front of her face lit up, showing a live streamed video of her soles. Her toes were completely pulled back. Fear completely consumed her as she heard mechanical noises moving around within the box.

“NO! GET ME OUT! NOBARA PLEASE GET ME OUT OF HERE! J-JUST LET ME SURRENDER ALREADY! I CAN'T TAKE ANYMORE OF THIS TORTURE!” she said, as genuine tears started to build up in her eyes.

They started flowing as scores of mechanical hands started to tickle all over her exposed body. Two spider tickled in her armpits, abusing all the flesh they could find. One teased under and around her neck, making her twitch and squirm.

Two grabbed her sides, squeezing out giggles, while two more grabbed onto her hips and ran their fingers all over them. One with a feather began twirling it in her bellybutton, the convulsing of her body making it need to adjust aim every few seconds.

Two more grabbed her thighs, working their way in between them as they jiggled with ticklish agony. Two more squeezed her knees as they tried to buck and escape the annoying tickles.

Lastly, four tickled her perfectly vulnerable feet. Two scratched deep into her arches, circling her pink heels, and tormented all over the balls of her desperately ticklish feet. Two more tickled the invitingly soft skin beneath her toes with ease as she was completely unable to defend them.

This was ticklish hell.

Every part of her body underwent ticklish agony as she had to lay there and take it all in, having no ability to speak in her exhausted, crippled state. All she could do was scream with laughter, praying for this nightmare to end.

Then after 5 minutes. They stopped.

After laying in her sweat for a minute, she worked up the effort to say “I surrender.”

Nothing changed, and the hands started their work again. Once again, her face was strained with painful laughter.

5 minutes later, they stopped again.

She laid there, unsure of what she could possibly do.

“I surrender,” she whimpered once more.

The hands started again. But this time, they didn't stop. They sent a shock through her body every 5 minutes to keep her awake.

Her mind was blank as she was about to faint in this ticklish delusion. One last spark lit up and forced her to scream out before she was lost to the tickling forever, “YOHOHOHOU WIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIN!” she cried, and with that her nightmare closed, as Nobara's domain dropped.

She laid on the grass, her pink kimono wrapped around her with her socks and sandals still secure.

Nobara stood over, watching triumphantly as the tired, broken girl uttered the words “I surrender.”

She returned home to a much needed rest inside Tanjiro's box.

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On the other side of the island, Mikasa was about to engage with Ochaco and Iris, who she had just seen tickle Yor nearly to insanity. Neither of the girls seemed that physically strong, so she was shocked to see that they had restrained the older, stronger woman like they did. Worse than that, the laughter she heard and the look she saw on Yor's face was anything but cheerful. Going in on a two on wouldn't be easy, but she had no other choice now as she assessed her opponents.

Ochaco, the big eyed brown haired girl was ticklish on her belly. That was good, as Mikasa could tickle there with ease while fighting, probably using a lock or hold to restrain the rest of her body.

Iris, the blue eyed girl with blond hair, had ticklish feet. To her luck, in a similar fashion to Sakura's, her bare toes were exposed through her tall white boots. Accessing these in a fight against the two of them would be difficult without putting herself in an unfavorable position.



All the while, she had to protect her own weak spots, which happened to be the two she knew about the other girls. Mikasa was sure that her boots would stay on, as she tied them extra tight after her fight with Sakura. Her stomach, while protected by her scout's cloak and button up top, would be an easy target even without getting under her clothes.

Her fear started to build as the two girls started to walk towards her slowly. She knew none of the tricks they had, but just having each other was already a huge advantage for them. No matter how she approached this situation, Mikasa couldn't see a way for her to win.

And now she was out of time, as Iris closed the gap between her and Mikasa as she pulled out steel handcuffs aiming to bind the black haired soldier. Mikasa's fighting experience kicked in quickly as she grabbed Iris's wrists and flipped the blonde over her shoulder, sending her flying about 10 feet.

Ochaco ran at Mikasa with both hands open and fingers wiggling. She wasn't quick enough, as Mikasa grabbed both of her wrists, held them up in the air while spinning her around, and kicked the back of her knees, sending her to the ground. From here, she held both of Ochaco's arms up with one of hers and started squeezing the hero's belly, sending her into bubbly giggles

"H-Hey, dohont'tickle me THEHERE! Not LIHIHIKE thahat!" The gravity girl jumped and yelped everytime Mikasa's quick fingers would dip into her outlined navel. Mikasa was doing well so far, she felt like her body was moving ahead of her mind, which was good for a situation like this

"IRIS!! HEHEHELP ME!!" cried Ochaco, desperate to be saved from her first tickling experience.

Ochaco accidentally saved Mikasa, as the girl turned, letting go of Ochaco and set her eyes on the meek blonde girl, who stopped just a couple of feet away from the intimidating soldier. Iris shuddered just from the look Mikasa gave her, scrunching her exposed naked toes.

Mikasa's thirst for ticklish combat grew as she saw the delicious milky toes begging for her touch. She ran at the blonde, feinting a grab for Iris' upperbody causing the girl to block in reaction, as she went lower to grab Iris' ankles and sweep her off her feet.

Iris was still recuperating from the sudden toss on her stomach when she realized she was being dragged across the ground. Mikasa was pulling her away from Ochaco, who was now getting up again. The black haired soldier took this brief moment to test Iris' toes, but to little success as they were pressed tightly against the sole of her boot like a turtle hiding in its shell.

Even the feeling of Mikasa's hungry fingers trying to squirm underneath her toes had giggles sneaking out of Iris' tightly pursed lips. Ochaco was now moving towards her, so she ran forward to subdue Ochaco once again, who back-stepped to keep the distance. She stopped, realizing the problem once again.

She couldn't beat the two girls with tickling. At least, not in a fight like this. While she could easily tickle them into insanity in a one on one fight, two of them at once wasn't possible for her. Running seemed like a valid option, but it doesn't really solve her issue of winning this whole thing and getting her wish.

Mikasa knew she had to take her strategy further, but it may end up being the simplest and headstrong plan she could have. She would make this a battle of endurance. It ended up working for her here, and if she could get one of them to surrender, even if it meant her getting tickled by the other, she would be able to take out both.

This girl was severely underestimating her opponents.

She could sense Iris rising behind her. Not wanting to leave herself vulnerable in the middle, she took off her scouts cloak and threw it at Ochaco, blinding her as the cape spread out like a sheet. With this, she charged and tackled the brunette to the ground and began wildly tickling all across her belly and ribs, desperate to get any kind of laughter going.

"N-Nohot again!" Ochaco whined, failing to hold in her giggling. Mikasa's fingers ran up and down the skin tight suit like her life depended on it, and enjoying herself as she worked on the poor girl she had pinned down.

Mikasa had mounted Ochaco, her knees on the ground at either side of her body while she tickled the girl beneath her. Ochaco tried to fend her off by batting away her hands, but her strength was no match for the soldiers.

Her saving grace was one again Iris, who came up behind Mikasa's, tickling up her ribs all the way into her armpits. With the protection of her clothing, this wasn't doing nearly enough to stop her assault on Ochaco's tummy.

Iris noticed the issue right away, and took this opportunity to push her ability further, casting a pillar of flame that caught Mikasa's entire torso along with Ochaco's midriff. Mikasa immediately took advantage of the girl's exposed belly, squeezing and tickling the pudgy skin like it was a keyboard.

Ochaco shrieked as Mikasa's methods were all too effective. "NAHAHAHAHAHAT THAHAHAHAHAT!" she cried out as Mikasa's hands worked over her belly. She wasn't without an attack of her own, as she stopped trying to push away Mikasa's fiendish hands and went up into the soldiers deep, lightly sweaty armpits, drilling her fingers in and wiggling them as much as she could to get the best reaction. But her mouth remained unchanged, not a whisper coming out.

In truth, it did tickle her a bit, but didn't want to let it show, as even faking a crack might break her demeanor entirely and throw away her chances at winning. She had to break Ochaco before the two girls did the same to her.

“GEHEHEHEHET HEHEHEHER FEEEEEEET!” Ochaco commanded, angry that Iris hadn’t yet saved her from the war Mikasa’s nimble fingers waged on her ticklish flesh.  
“TIHIHIHIHICKLE THEHEHEHEHEM UNTIL SHE CRIHIHIHIHIES!!”

Iris could have started earlier, but wanted to see Mikasa tickle her ‘friend’ more. While they were certainly being buddy-buddy, and she thought Ochaco was a nice girl, at some point one of them had to lose, and maybe that could be now.

She was almost tempted to take off Ochaco’s boots instead of Mikasa’s. She had pinpointed, through various questions and pokes over the course of their time here, that Ochaco’s feet were her other ticklish weak point by process of elimination. However, weighing how strong Mikasa was, and that even now she had the potential to beat the two of them by herself, she knew that wasn’t an option.

She sat in a position with her legs stretched out, holding down Mikasa’s legs with hers, untying and pulling off Mikasa’s tall brown leather boots with relative ease, as they had loosened up from their fighting and she couldn’t put up much of a fight as her focus was elsewhere.

With this, the dynamic duo had Mikasa right where they needed her, baring her skin right before their devilish fingertips.

As soon as Iris’ nails started stroking up and down her feet, Mikasa knew she was done. But she kept a brave face and held in her laughter as Iris toyed with her sweaty feet, trying to get any laughter at all to break her facade. She raked her all over the soldier’s feet, enjoying the wrinkles come together at her fingertips as she scraped them up and down her feet, making them blush.

Ochaco was trying her armpits, to little success as her greatest opportunity was staring her right in the face; Mikasa’s clenched abs and her deep innie belly button. Ochaco’s mind was more focused on how thankful she was that Mikasa’s tickling had eased up.

Mikasa was losing strength and needed a way to ease her torture, noticing Iris’ exposed toes sitting right beside her within each boot. Letting go of Ochaco’s belly, she grabbed Iris’ toes in each boot, pulling them back just enough to work her fingers underneath to begin wildly tickling her soft pillowy toes.

“NAHA!!!!!!” Iris screeched as her extreme ticklishness was exposed for the first time. Her toes pressed down against Mikasa’s fingers, but those powerful digits couldn’t be kept down as they tickled all the way down to the doughy balls of her feet. She was starting to notice that Iris’ feet were slightly sweaty as well, but she was too lost in their cloud-like softness to notice.

“NAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA T-T-TOHOHOHOHOHOES” She couldn’t even form proper sentences through her laughter, as she sputtered out a couple of words at a time.

“YOHOHOHOHOUR FEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE ARE NYAHAHAHAHAHAHA” Mikasa didn’t want to hear about her feet again, so she started digging her nails in under Iris’ toes.

“SOHOHOHOHOHO SWEHEHEHEHEHEHEATY!!!” Iris squealed, as she also plunged her fingers into the warm, moist, but lovingly soft spaces between Mikasa’s adorable toes.

Mikasa’s bottom lip was quivering as her toes were being tortured yet again. She never expected such a silly thing to be her downfall. Tickling? Really? How was she supposed to prepare for a fight like this? She was losing grip on her composure and Iris’ tiny fingers were tickling her like crazy.

From a considerable distance, Hawkeye was watching this fight play out. She had also seen Mikasa’s fight with Sakura play out, and didn’t help as she noticed the girl had it under control on her own. Now seeing her on the brink of ticklish despair was a little sad, but also thrilling as a strong opponent would be taken out.

If anything she couldn’t believe the two devilish ticklers that she watched punish Yor were failing to see such an exploitable weakness right in front of them, she thought to herself as zoomed her scope in on Mikasa’s sexy abs. “I guess I’ll give them a little help to finish her off.” she said to herself as a girl pew rang out across the sky.

Mikasa felt a sudden tap on her lower belly, before she felt a sudden unbearable feathery sensation on her belly. Which immediately worsened with the feeling of feather after feather dipping, diving, twirling and whirling inside her muscle surrounded belly button. This broke her resolve in an instant.

“NOHOHOHHOHOHOHOT MY BEHEHEHEHELLY BUTTON!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” she screamed as she stopped tickling Iris’ feet.

“Her belly button?” Iris and Ochaco said aloud, confused. Clearly something happened to her, and they weren’t about to let it go. Mikasa looked at them both with fear through her teary, smiling eyes as the two girls lunged at Mikasa, all hands going after her belly.

Mikasa couldn’t defend herself from both girls groping her tummy as their curious, fumbling fingers tickled beyond her belief. Their nails scratched all over her exposed belly with evil intentions as they were snuggled in so close to her, Iris wrapping her arms around from the back and Ochaco leaning in close.

“Does someone have a ticklish little button? Those abs won’t do you any good here girly” Ochaco said.

“Look at the stone cold girl laughing, I guess she really does have an on *button*! HAHA!” Iris teased.

Mikasa was shaking her head as she couldn't escape the girls, the tickling sapping all her strength.

"When I tickle your belly button like this, do you feel like crying? It sure looks like you do based on your expression!" Ochoa jokes, further tormenting the poor soldier.

"STAHAAAAAAAAHAP IHIIHIIHIT" she begged, humiliated that it had come to begging at all.

"I think you sweaty feet miss me Mikasa, so I'm going to show them some more love, okay?" Iris said as she switched position, aiming for Mikasa's tempting toes again.

"NOHOHOHOHOHOHOHO" she yelled, unsure if she could take the two spots at once.

"Open those toes wide, here comes the tickle monster!" Iris cooed as she wiggled her fingers, diving in between Mikasa's unwelcoming toes.

"GYAAAAAAAA \*snort\* STAHAAAAAAAA \*snort\* I CAHAHAHAHAHAN'T TAAAAHA \*snort\*" Mikasa looked pathetic as Iris and Ochoa burst out laughing at her snorting, tickling her harder.

While Ochoa gave Mikasa a teathy grin, scribbling all over her tummy paying special attention to her button, Iris tortured Mikasa's red hot feet with her nails and wormed her way under her toes at the perfect moments to get that girl snorting and hollaring with wild abandon.

"HAHAHAHAHA PLEHEHE \*snort\* I'M DYIIHIIHII \*snort\* NHOHOHOHOHOHO MOHOHOHOHO \*snort\* TIHIIHIIHICKLIHIIHIIHII \*snort\*."

The girls' sadism rose as their excitement grew. They were in love with how miserable she was. They tickled her harder and harder until she couldn't take any more, and broke away from their grasp with a leap, sprinting towards the edge of the forest.

The duo chased after her, as the three girls broke through the treeline and sprinted towards the bridge. Mikasa thought that would be her only hope. She was barely faster than the girls, who she would normally be able to outrun with ease.

As Mikasa approached the bridge, the other two got weary and slowed down as Mikasa kept running, as she hit the first step.

The small wooden planks had about two inches between each, meaning the person crossing had to at least put in minimal effort when crossing not to fall.

Mikasa had no time for that, crossing step after step, until a shot rang out in the distance.

She recognized that noise and braced, as the bullet hit and the tickling started. She wasn't fully prepared, as the tickling sensations overwhelmed her, causing her to trip and fall towards the bridge.

She landed hard, breaking through the boards, but catching herself with her two feet flexing and holding her onto the last step she was on. The tops of her feet were flat against the board as her soles faced straight up, flexed and outstretched as her toes caught the edge of the board.

Mikasa was hanging upside down, but at least she didn't fall. She thought she was in the clear. She thought she had saved herself. Until she felt the wobbling of the bridge as Ocho and Iris slowly walked towards her, kneeling down with Mikasa's pretty, vulnerable, rosy feet right in front of them. Her skin glistened slightly in the sunshine.

Her gut sank as she realized what was happening.

"P-p-p-please don't do anything to me, just h-help me up and we can work something out!" she called out, stuttering into the pit below, with no answer from above.

"P-please... Don't do this to me..." She was scared now. She wanted to get a wish granted so bad. She wanted to prove her strength. She didn't want to be beaten like this.

"I'll do anything... I'll tickle others for you... I'll carry you on my back... just not this..." she pleaded, getting quieter.

"Please don't tickle my feet..." she sounded utterly defeated as sadness and fear struck her. Her mind and heart wanted to tough it out. But she knew her body wouldn't let her. Hearing how stricken with fear and anguish Mikasa was filled Iris and Ocho up with the same sadistic tickle lust that overcame them with Yor.

That's when they started, at first with a finger each, Iri's tiny finger and Ocho's plump finger, tracing up and down the exposed, outstretched sole. Mikasa closed her eyes as she whimpered and giggled in anticipation of the hell that was coming.

They moved from two, to three, to four fingers, slowly tracing up and down her soles in the same methodical way. They slowly spider tickled her pink heels, trailed their nails in unison alongside the sides of her feet until they made it to her toes.

They each went back to one finger, teasing her warm skin as she couldn't clench her toes with letting go of her grip and falling. She just hung there enduring their tickling. Mikasa must have been some sort of masochist to allow this to happen without simply surrendering. Maybe she just thought that after a while they'd pull her up as if she had passed a test.

They were absolutely not those kinds of ticklers.

They found delight in watching her toes twitch, her body begging her to close them so to stop their agonizing torment. The girls watched close, figuring out new ways to tickle her toes, seeing who could get her to let go first.

Ochaco was doing a “come hither” motion with her one finger under each pad of Mikasa’s toes, she could feel the girl's sweaty digits come close time and time again to snapping shut, but she wouldn’t budge.

Iris scratched slowly just under each of her toes, tracing along the same spot she tortured her earlier. Mikasa’s abs were sore from holding in her laughter, as it seeped out more and more. Tears dripped down off her forehead into the canyon below. She couldn’t fight the malicious tickling sensations for much longer.

Ochaco was now using one hand to tickle the arch of Mikasa’s foot while she used the other hand to torment Mikasa’s tired toes.

Iris was methodically going in between each and every toe, still with one nail, scraping in between it like she was scratching dirt out of Mikasa’s delicate, soft skin. When she started one in between the little toe, she saw it instinctively close to the devastating ticklishness. Iris smiled as she knew she’d won.

She used one hand to hold back the little toe as she used her index finger to scrape in between the small, milky little toe. Mikasa’s foot started shaking as the duo heard her break into manic laughter below, but Iris wouldn’t stop.

Mikasa was trying as hard as she could to hang on but this newly discovered spot was sickeningly ticklish, sending her into pathetic, snorting laughter. She heard the girls giggling above at her silly laughing fits. She had been humiliated beyond belief.

Iris’ keep the exact same speed and and technique going, playing in between that skin, relishing in Mikasa’s laughter below until she finally relieved her torture and pulled her foot away, at which point Iris quickly joined Ochaco in an all out assault on her remained, making it twitch and writhe within seconds until she finally had to pull that one away too, not allowing the same unbearable tickling to happen again.

They heard a faint “I surrender” in the pit below them as a flash of light took Mikasa away. The two hopped the gap in the bridge with Ochaco’s gravity powers and headed towards the house.

