



An unusual heaviness was the first thing that struck the mirror maiden as odd when she woke up, followed by the realization that she was looking downwards. Then, several things dawned on her at once.

She was in some kind of device. She could not move anything except her head and feet. And her feet felt sensitive. Really sensitive. She involuntarily twitched a little from the air currents alone when she moved her feet.

Before she could examine her surroundings any further, she heard a door open, and a tall, blonde woman walked in. The mirror maiden immediately recognized her as Jean, Acting Grand Master of the Kings of Favonius. For a moment her mind raced, but then she focused again. Trapped in a weird device, check. Enemy combatant present, check. This was to be an interrogation then. She took a deep breath and steeled herself. Yet nothing could have prepared her for what was to come.

Without a word, Jean slowly walked a circle around the maiden, stopping just out of sight. The maiden resolved not to follow Jean with her gaze, not wanting to show even the smallest sign of weakness. But it was pointless. With a single finger, Jean gently, slowly drew a circle on the maiden's pinky toe. The effect was immediate. The maiden's enlarged foot jerked, but had nowhere to go. Jean's finger felt incredibly small on the maiden's foot, and, coupled with the intensity of the sensation, the maiden assumed it had to be some sort of tool. It felt smaller than a pinprick, yet it tickled intensely. Slowly another finger joined, then another, then another, then another, until all five fingers were delicately dancing across the maiden's toe. With each finger, the intensity increased. The maiden was breathing heavily now through clenched teeth, her whole body tense. It was exhausting. But she was resolved not to show any weakness. She was trained for this. Well, not this specifically, but the point still stood. And then, with a simple word, a stupid, childish word, she was broken.

“Tickle, tickle, tickle...” Jean taunted. Such a simple thing. Such a little thing. Yet it was enough to break the maiden’s resistance. Just the brief moment these words made her more aware of the sensation, more focused on it. This short instance was enough.

“Nohohohohoho, stahahahahap!” the maiden begged through giggles, “Whahahahat dohoho you wahahant?”

“I want to know your plans.” Jean said calmly. Her fingers did not stop, even for a moment. “Fatui activity has increased in Mondstadt and Liyue, and I want to know why.”

“I dohohohohn’t knohohow” the maiden pleaded, “Plehehehease!”

But Jean wasn’t satisfied. She switched from fingertips to nails, slowly dragging them along the maiden’s toe, then downwards between the toes. There she gently circled from the edge of one toe to the other.

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA I DON’T KNOW I DON’T KNOHOOHOOHOW!”

“Very well” Jean sighed as she stepped around to look the maiden in the eyes “Looks like I will need some help with you”

She gently took the maiden’s head in her hands, caressing her cheeks. “I pity you. I really do. You could have only suffered me. I’m not great at these things. Even my little sister can take me in a tickle fight. But these girls. I seriously couldn’t tell you which one is the worst.” She let go and walked out of the room, shutting the door behind her.

The maiden took deep breaths, trying to calm her nerves. Jean was bluffing. She had to be. Whatever device she used already tickled so bad. She couldn’t possibly have anything worse. This was a trick. Psychological warfare. It had to be. All she had to do was hold out. She laughed, so what. Tickling wouldn’t leave any permanent injury. She wouldn’t be incapacitated. And her enemies weren’t like the Fatui. They did not maim. Once she convinced them she had nothing, they would put her in a comfy cell with three warm meals a day. She just had to endure.

The few minutes that passed felt like an eternity, then the door swung open again. The maiden could make out four distinct pairs of footfalls as a group of women walked in. She recognized Jean’s voice among the four, but the other voices were unknown to her. She could not see the women, only hear them. They were talking about using their visions. A sense of dread came across the maiden. So they were going to hurt her after all, she thought.

“So this is the little treasure you managed to capture?” Beidou said, “You did a good job with her. She’s scared.”

“Good.” Yelan said, “I would be too”

“Now then” Jean stepped before the maiden, gently taking hold of her face again “Are you ready to speak?”

The maiden saw her chance and moved to bite Jean, but Beidou saw it happen and pulled Jean away at the last moment.

Without a word, Rosaria created a giant lump of ice and stuck it between the maiden’s toes. It was cold, so incredibly cold. To the sensitized maiden the ice felt like knives running across her skin. She screamed out in pain.

“STOP!” Jean commanded. “I said no pain.”

Rosaria sighed and pulled out the ice, discarding it.

“Do your worst!” the maiden shouted, “I know nothing. I will tell you nothing.”

“Very well.” It was Yelan who spoke now “Let me show you my worst.”

She drew the water from the air and coated the maiden’s feet in it, until every bit was glistening. The water stuck to the surface of the maiden’s feet like oil. It felt cool, but not uncomfortably so. Not cold like what she felt before. It felt somehow relaxing.

“The power of water is its ability to take any shape” Yelan explained, “I learned this from an Oceanid in Liyue. Now let me teach you the true meaning of this phrase.”

With a flick of her wrist, Yelan made the water dance. A single swirl formed and circled the maiden’s big toe, then shot down her sole.

“AH!” the maiden immediately jumped.

Then another swirl appeared on her other foot. And then another. And another. Soon the water was swirling across all her toes and shooting down her soles, one stream after another.

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! STOHAHAHAHAAP!” the maiden shook her head vigorously. This was in a whole different league from what Jean had done. It tickled worse than anything the maiden had ever experienced. It was driving her mad.

“IHIIHIH’D TEHEHEL YOU IF I KNEHEHEHEW! I DOHOHOHON’T! STAHAAHAAP!”

“Don’t stop?” Yelan teased. “Ok!”

The water took on a new pattern. This time of vibrating waves sliding up and down the maiden’s soles. Like many simultaneous pulsing jets of water.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA” the maiden screamed and jerked so hard that the

device actually shook for a moment. Her head was shaking wildly now, tears pouring down her face. If she could muster words, she would have told them everything in this moment, but all she could do was laugh. Tears slid down her face and, as if her feet weren't bad enough, the water in the tears seemed to join in on the tickling. As the tears gently reached her neck they began to form a circle, caressing her as if soft feathers. Combined with the merciless tickling of her feet, this drove the maiden into silent laughter.

The ten or so seconds that this lasted felt like an eternity to the maiden, then it abruptly stopped. For the briefest of moments, she felt hope. She would talk and they would stop. They had to. Nothing else mattered. She opened her mouth to speak, but Rosaria put a finger on her lips.

"No no no." she said "You don't get off that easily."

The maiden's feet twitched once again as she felt gentle pokes at random places. At first it felt like soft drops of rain. At this point that was already enough to make her twitch and giggle.

"Nohoho mohohore, plehahahease" she pleaded, but was ignored.

Then the intensity and frequency of the poking increased.

"Hahahahahah"

And increased

"Hahahahahahahaha"

And increased

"PLEAHAHAHAHAHASE!"

Until it felt like hundreds of fingers were poking every part of the maiden's soles. She bucked, and shook her head, and screamed out in laughter.

"AAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

Yelan stepped around and gently took the maiden's head in her hands. The maiden immediately stopped shaking it and looked towards Yelan, her eyes pleading. If only she did not have the mask. If only she could look her in the eyes. Perhaps her captor would see her desperation and relent. Yelan's next words shattered that illusion.

"Which tickles more?" she asked, "The soles?"

The torrent of pokes gently shifted its focus, now entirely focused on the maiden's soles. The patterns began to slowly shift, waves of pokes traveling up and down the maiden's arch. It was maddeningly ticklish.

“AHAHAHAHA HAHAHA HAHAHA HAAAAHAHAH” the mahe was unable to say a word, only laugh. If she could, she would have immediately said the soles were the worst. They always had been. Especially her arches.

“Or the toes?” Yelan continued.

Now the poking sensations moved upwards, along the maiden’s foot. The water flowed between her toes, poking and prodding along and between every toe. The maiden had never been tickled like this before. The rough and wet sensation reminded her of the one time she had had her toes sucked. The memory made her feel warm and she found herself blushing. But this feeling was short-lived, as the maddening pokes quickly took over.

“HAHAHAHHAAAAAaaaaa...” laughter exploded from the maiden and her voice cracked. Her head perfectly still in Yelan’s hands, mouth agape, wide eyes hidden behind a mask, and her feet paralyzed by the overwhelming sensation, for a brief moment the maiden looked almost like a statue.

“Looks like it’s the toes.” Yelan giggled.
It was the toes. Even the maiden was surprised by this.

“I think it’s time I got my turn!” Beidou interrupted.

“Please no more! I’ll talk. I’ll tell you everything. I’ll be a double agent. Anything. Anything you want just please NO MORE!” the maiden shouted as soon as she got the chance.

“Want to know a secret?” Rosaria giggled, gently tracing a finger down the side of the maiden’s sole.

“Pleheheheease no mohohohore!” the maiden pleaded. After what she’d been through even this light tickle was too much for her.

Rosaria knelt before the maiden’s head and gently whispered in her ear. Even the air from her voice tickled, and the maiden couldn’t help but giggle.

“The traveler found your plans an hour ago.” Rosaria whispered, gently caressing the maiden’s cheek. “Now we’re just having fun.”

“NO! PLEASE!” dread and panic completely overwhelmed the maiden. She jerked and struggled in her bonds. “PLEASE!”

“PLEAHAHAHAHASE!” The maiden burst into laughter mid-plea as Beidou started.

It was gentle tickling at first, fingers gliding across the maiden's soles, some scratching between the toes and along her pads. As if exploring, or mapping something out. The maiden laughed, giggled, struggled, but compared to the previous tickling this was tame. For a moment she felt like she could take this. Like she could find the strength to endure if this was all the woman could do to her.

"Ok. I think I've warmed up." Beidou finally spoke. "Did you know that a majority of living things use Electro to move around. It's weird. It's like lightning, only much weaker. And it travels all through our bodies. I wish you could feel it like I do. When Yelan was having her fun with you, you lit up like it was the Summer Festival."

"Those of us with Electro Visions," she continued, "can mess with these signals. Tell me, have you ever experienced an electric shock?"

The maiden's confidence quickly drained as she realized the implications of what was being said. If electro really could mess with signals in the body, then this woman could...

She never got to finish that thought.

What came next was beyond anything the maiden could ever have imagined or expected. For a brief moment she felt all the hairs on her body stand upright, and then an intense tickling sensation rocked her entire being.

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" the maiden immediately exploded into full-blown laughter.

She felt every one of Beidou's touches on the soles of her feet, yet each stroke felt deep, and intense, and powerful. And it did not stop at her soles either. With each touch the maiden felt as if the sensation traveled through her entire body. It tickled her toes, along her soles, her ankles, her thighs. She felt it along her stomach, in her bellybutton, along every one of her ribs. She felt it on the small of her back and along her entire spine. She felt it in her armpits, she felt it along her collarbones, she felt it on her neck. Most shocking of all, she felt it between her legs and on her breasts. With Beidou it was not the sheer intensity of the tickling that drove the maiden insane, but how omnipresent it was. Every part of her body was intimately aware of each gentle touch she experienced. Each moment echoed throughout her body and everywhere the echo traveled she felt more ticklish than ever before. Her entire body felt naked and exposed.

"WHAHAHAHAHAHAT IHISIS THIHISIS?" the maiden could barely form the question. She wasn't even sure she wanted to know the answer.

"This is the power of electro." Beidou giggled, "And now it's time to learn about elemental reactions."

"If you combine cryo and electro, you get superconduct" Rosaria calmly explained. "Usually, this would hurt, along with lowering your resistance to physical damage. However, if we tune it just

right, instead it's just going to make you a lot more sensitive."

Rosaria joined Beidou in tickling the poor maiden, splitting her efforts between the maiden's sole and her toes. Her fingers felt cold as she channeled just a little bit of cryo into her touch. As the cryo and electro met the effect was instantaneous.

"NOHOHOHOHOHOHO! STAHAAHAHAHAAP!" the tickling along the maiden's entire body suddenly felt twice as intense.

"Luckily for you" Yelan joined in "a third element won't react with the first two. We wouldn't want to freeze your toes off."

The maiden felt the cool water between her toes again. But this time there was no poking. It barely even tickled, compared to the rest she was going through.

"I noticed you blushing before." Yelan teased. "You like this, don't you?"

Like many tongues the water streamed across and between her toes. It tickled. It tickled a lot, yes, but once again it pulled the maiden back to that sensation of having her toes sucked. And once again she found herself blushing. This sensation of tongues was not limited to her toes this time either. Beidou, perfectly in-tune with the maiden's sensations, blushed herself as she felt the maiden's reaction to the water.

"Yelan, you fiend" she said with a smile before tweaking the maiden's nerves just a little, focusing the licking sensation where it would be most effective in arousing the maiden: her nipples and pussy.

"WHAHAHAT ARE YOU DOHOHO OOOOOH!" the maiden asked as the sensation changed, only to feel the answer a mere moment later.

"YOHOHOU CAHAHAHAHAN'T BE, OOOOH, SEHEHEHERIOUS!" the maiden shouted through her laughter and moans.

"We can!" Yelan said, as she began tickling the maiden's toes with her fingers.

"HAHAHA HAHAHA! HA HAHAAHAHAHA!"

Last, but not least, Jean joined the group. "Anemo combined with any other element causes Swirl. This spreads the effect outwards. In this case, what I'm going to be spreading is the tickling sensation you feel right now. Each and every touch gliding across your entire foot. I hope you're ready. I've never done anything this mean before."

Having said that, Jean dug in, tickling the maiden's heel with one hand and her sole with the other. The maiden instantly felt Jean's Anemo react with Yelan's Hydro, spreading the sensation

of Jean's fingers all across the maiden's soles, and especially where the Hydro was concentrated. Suddenly she felt the fingers dancing all over her toes, all over her arches, and this sensation she felt all over her body. The sensual licks Beidou focused on her pussy and nipples were now accompanied by the sensation of Jean's fingers, gently tickling all over them.

"NOHOHOHOT THEHEHEHERE! NOHOHOHOT THEHEHEHERE!" The maiden's laughter reached new pitches as her head shook.

"PLEHEHEHEASE NOHOHO OOOOOOH" she laughed and she moaned, overwhelmed by both sensations

"AAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAH" she screamed as the continued assault seemed to make her more and more sensitive.

With every passing moment, Beidou was adjusting the maiden's nerves.

"OOOOOOH!" She routed Yelan's licking water to the maiden's clitoris.

"AAAAAAA!" She gently guided the cold of Rosaria's Cryo down the maiden's spine, like an invisible ice cube.

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!" she sent the gentler touch of Jean's nails to her thighs and stomach.

"NOHOHOHO! NOT THE BELLYBUHUHUHTOHOHON!" The poking and prodding of her own nails to the maiden's bellybutton.

Between the laughing, and the moaning, and the struggling, the maiden found a new sensation was growing within her. This was torture, absolutely and without a doubt, and yet four women were more focused on her sensations than anyone before had ever been. She was receiving more attention than ever before.

"HAHAHAHAHahahaAAAAAA..." her laughter suddenly exploded as her awareness of every touch, every second, seemed to grow. Every touch felt different now. As ticklish as before, but also more. As if time itself had slowed down and she became highly aware of every tiny bit of the sensations running through her. And suddenly she found herself craving this attention. The maiden blushed and her excitement grew, and grew, and grew.

"STOP!" Beidou commanded, and all the girls ceased tickling at once.

"WHAT? NO! WHY? I WAS SO CLOSE!" the maiden shouted in anger and frustration.

"That's exactly why." Beidou said.

"Again!" she commanded. And one by one, like before, the girls got to work.

It would be a while before they gave the poor maiden what she desired.