

The Tickle Games – A Multi-Anime Crossover (Finale Part 2)

Welcome to the *other* final part! Apologies for having to split. Enjoy!

Nobara felt that her power had now been completely emptied. She would have to rely on her physical capabilities alone to win this.

The two remaining girls looked at each other, hesitating to make a move as they didn't know what the other had up their sleeves. However, each girl also realized the other one lost the thing that carried them through the competition.

For Nobara, that was her cursed technique. They had given her an overwhelming advantage in nearly any scenario, either sending her opponent into a tickling nightmare or reversing their tickles upon them. Ochaco could tell that Nobara had run out of energy, because if she was still able to use her abilities, she wouldn't be hesitating like this.

Nobara was thinking exactly that. Ochaco could probably still use her power, which was able to immobilize her earlier. On the other hand, Ochaco had a crutch through this competition which she no longer had, and that was a partner. She didn't seem all that strong on her own, otherwise she wouldn't have sided with Iris in the first place.

Realizing this, Nobara settled back into her nature as a reckless fighter, charging at Ochaco who seemed ill prepared for her sudden attack. There wasn't even a scuffle, as the distance between them was too short for Ochaco to properly react. Before she knew it, she was on her back with Nobara mounting her, sitting on top of her thighs.

With no time to waste, Nobara's fingers started wildly tickling Ochaco's exposed belly, relishing at how soft her skin was. "Let's see how ticklish this belly of yours really is! Does this tickle? How about if I tickle you like this? Are you going to beg me to stop?" Nobara said, quickly switching from tactic to tactic as she tickled all over Ochaco's fleshy midriff.

Ochaco's answer to all three questions was "Yes, Yes, Yes!" which she only answered in her mind, as she was too busy laughing to blurt it out loud. She grabbed Nobara's wrists trying to pull them away from her tummy, but once again could not match the physical strength of her tickler, just like when she fought Mikasa. Only this time, she didn't have Iris here to help her win.

"How about this wittle belly button, is it ticklish? It looks pretty ticklish to me! What do you think, gravity girl?" Nobara teased, as she felt confidence building since Ochaco already seemed hopeless.

"Nohohoho, it's nohohohohot t-ticklish! You shouldn't eheheheven try!" She lied, hoping that Nobara would be dumb enough to believe her.

“Are you sure? Then I guess you wouldn’t mind if I did this?” she said playfully as her fingers plunged into Ochaco’s adorable belly button, poking her fingers as deep as they could go and wiggling them around.

“I tohohohold you nahahahHAHAHAHAT TOHOHOHOHOO!!!” Ochaco cried, to no surprise being extra ticklish in her navel.

“You seem ticklish here, do you want me to stop?” Nobara asked.

“YEHEHES PLEASE STAHAAAAAAAAHAP!” Ochaco laughed.

“Then tell me where else you’re ticklish, and I’ll stop tickling here. Deal?”

“NOHOHOHO DEHEHEHEHEAL! I’M NOT TEHEHEHEHELLINGGGG!” Ochaco defended, willing to hold out on getting tickled here a little longer.

“Are you suuuuure? It looks like your pudgy little tummy is reeeeeeeally ticklish!” Nobara cooed as she spider tickled all over Ochaco’s belly, dipping her fingers into her button in between teasing her fleshy tummy.

However, Nobara wasn’t satisfied with the reaction she was getting from Ochaco’s belly. After a few more minutes of tickling, she asked “Is it your feet?”

She saw the look in Ochaco’s eyes and realized she had guessed right. “I knew I was right, it seems everyone here is really ticklish on their feet. Quite a coincidence!” Nobara teased, as Ochaco was frantically trying to get up and get away.

“But it also makes this extremely easy!!” she yelled, flipping her position to pull at her Ochaco’s boot. Scared of what was coming next, knowing she wouldn’t recover and likely lose. She pressed her foot into Nobara’s back and pushed hard. Now that she wasn’t distracted by being tickled, she was able to lighten Nobara’s gravity and push her off.

That did not, however, lessen Nobara’s strength. While she may have been sent flying, so too did Ochaco’s boot, revealing her milky, plushy bare foot. They were a size eight, with lots of room to tickle. The best word to describe them would be pillow, with just the right amount of wrinkles, a pinkish hue on her feet, and very full, fleshy toes.

Ochaco saw the look in Nobara’s eyes and quickly used her gravity powers to lift herself off the ground and towards the sky. Unfortunately for her, Nobara’s adrenaline made her faster than before as she leaped at Ochaco, grabbing the floating girl and holding onto her leg.

She tried to push Nobara off with her booted foot but was too late, as the sorcerer's fingers were already digging into her bare foot. “Nohohoho Nobahahahahaha dohohohon’t! If I dohohon’t

concentrate we'll bohohohoth fahahahahahall!!" This was more true for Nobara than it was for Ochaco, but the worry was still there.

However, Nobara's mind was elsewhere at the moment. She was completely entranced by how soft Ochaco's foot was. Her warm skin was so welcoming to her finger tips, which glided over her delicate, fluffy skin. She found the laughs Ochaco was letting out even more cutesy as she explored the different areas of her foot. Her fleshy toes wiggling, her toenails finished with a deep blue polish, an alluring sight to Nobara as she watched them try to defend themselves from her tickling.

"GEHEHEHET OHHOHOFF MEHEHEHE!!! STOHOHOHOP TICKLING MY FOOT ALREAHAAHAAHADY!!!" she yelled at the oblivious girl, who was too captivated by her feet to hear her.

"IHIIHIIHIIHT TICKLES SO BAAHAAHAAHAAHAD!!!" the hero called out, now truly finding out the torture of being tickled against your will. She was kicking Nobara pretty hard, until finally she hit the girl in the head, bringing her back to her senses.

Nobara looked at how far up they were getting, and realized that if she went any further she wouldn't be able to safely land. This tickling had been fun, but she'll have to figure something else out if she wants to win.

With that, she let go of Ochaco's leg and landed like a superhero on the ground, looking up at the girl above. With Nobara's weight and tickling gone, Ochaco now rose to about 30 feet in the air. She was obviously safe from Nobara, but she couldn't figure out how she was going to win. At any rate, she could stay up here as long as she wanted until she figured out a plan.

"Come down already! Don't you at least want to try your luck at tickling me on a fair playing field? Or are you too scared?" Nobara yelled at the girl hiding in the sky.

"I can stay up here all day!" She answered, prepared to do just that, as she started looking around trying to get an idea of what to do next.

30 minutes had passed.

Nobara was sitting cross legged on the ground, keeping her eyes on Ochaco so that she didn't float away undetected.

Ochaco had still not formed a plan. Thus, she would not be leaving her bulletproof plan of staying up in the sky.

This was until the patient girl saw beams of light surrounding her. She started to panic, looking down at Nobara, who clearly hadn't done anything as she was just as shocked by what was happening, then into the light, nearly blinded until she saw multiple figures closing in on her.

When the light finally dissipated, she was surrounded by angelic figures with blonde hair and fluffy wings. They each wore a somewhat baggy, flowy cropped sleeveless top, with a long skirt, both pearl white. Essentially, ancient Greek togas with the middle removed. In outfits like these they looked like the perfect tickle victims.

Before she could fly away many of the figures grabbed her, holding her in place. There were still many with free hands.

“This is your punishment for breaking the rules and hiding out of reach.”

“WHAT? WHAT RULES? THIS ISN’T FAIR! I DIDN’T DO ANYTHING WRONG! LET ME GO! I’VE DONE SO WELL! DON’T LET IT END LIKE THIIIIIIIIIIIIHHISSSS!!!!” the girl, said to be a cheater by whoever was running this game, was now being tortured by the angels. Her belly was being ravaged by multiple hands with feathery wings wafting over her exposed sides.

They had also pulled off her other boot, tickling both of her pillowy feet, sending her into hysterics as the angelic women fawned over her soft feet. Their nails scoured every inch of her soles, tickling any bit of flesh they could find. She was bucking like mad trying to escape their grasp as they continued torturing her.

“STAAAAHAHAHAHAP! THIS ISN’T FAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAIR! YOU’RE CHEHEHEHEHEHEHEAHAHAHAHAHAHATING!!!” She had the gall to verbally attack the creator of this tournament who had sent the ticklers, which was a silly move for someone in her position, as they only tried harder to shut her up with tickling.

“I CAHAHAHAHAHAN’T GIHIHIHIHIVE UP! I DID SO WEHEHEHEHEHELL! I TICKLED SO MANY INTOHOOHOOHOOHOO SURRENDER!” This was true, it was a real toss up between her and Nobara who was the more devious tickler here, but unfortunately for Ochaco, she had nowhere near the endurance Nobara did.

“I REHEHEHEHEHEFUSE TO SURRENDER HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHERE!!!”

These were bold words, considering the angels had only been tickling her for 2 minutes.

Luckily for her, her words and false perseverance struck a chord with a certain someone, as a bright white light began to envelop her body.

“NOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOO!!!”

Her strained screams were cut off by her sudden disappearance and reappearance somewhere new. Ahead of her was a long, wide hallway. The walls were a beautiful marble, while the walls

were black stone walls with torches along the sides for lighting. She looked behind her, only to see a wall like ones around her.

Leaving her nowhere else to go, she turned her head forward again, only to be met by a tall blonde figure. She looked somewhat like the others, except her hair was partially braided and she wore a divine white gown. She must be the one running this, Ochaco thought.

“You must be wondering where you are. I’ll explain. You have just won the tournament. As you said, you fought hard and deserved this win. I overstepped and sent my angels after you, and that wasn’t fair. Not only that, you said some inspiring words, so I declared you a winner to end your stalemate with Nobara.” the angelic goddess said.

Needless to say, Ochaco was shocked. Had she really been so inspiring? She didn’t think her endurance had been all that great, but obviously her skill with tickling had done pretty well. Maybe this lady just felt really bad about stepping in? Either way, she was pleased.

“You must be wondering where you are. This is the winners hall, and where we’ll be exploring now are the losers dungeons. This is where the girls were sent when they surrendered, and have been here ever since. Time moves slowly here, so most of them have been here about a week, while Iris and Riza have only been here a couple of days. Though I assure you, two days is plenty enough here to drive a woman insane.”

Hearing this, Ochaco was over the moon that she hadn’t surrendered and been tortured here for ages.

“Now you get to tickle every contestant as you see fit, if you’d like to of course. I’ll let you know where each of their ticklish areas are, so you have no right where to go, but have some fun finding out what place really makes them scream. They’re already in their own unique predicaments, so you’ll have no trouble tickling them silly. Just relax and enjoy your time.”

The gravity hero was so excited that she’d get to tickle every one of them women in this competition freely, getting to torture ones she hadn’t met and revisit ones she beat before. To say this was a newfound dream come true was an understatement.

“This is my tickling heaven... but I’m sure for them, it’s much more like tickling hell.” She started off saying this someone warmly, but ended off so cold it sent a shiver through Ochaco’s spine.

“Now, you’ll need one of these.” she snapped her fingers, and with the flash of a light Ochaco was now dressed in a two-piece toga like the angels from before. “Everyone wears these here, whether they’re the tormentor or the victim.” The goddess warmly smiled at Ochaco, nullifying any worries she was having.

“I won’t keep you waiting any longer, and I won’t speak either. You won, so I’ll just pleasantly watch you torture these women however you’d like.”

Ochaco nodded and stepped forward with the goddess lady following behind her, until she arrived at the first wide open room. In the center of the room was her first victim, Sakura Haruno.

She approached the pink haired girl, who was already in fits of laughter from three angels tickling her, one at each armpit and one at her feet. She was in the simplest position imaginable, hands tied above her head with her feet tied together on an ottoman in front of her. Though very basic, it was admittedly a perfect position to tickle her in.

As if they knew it was Ochaco's turn, the women rose and walked behind her, allowing the hero to have her fun. "Ticklish armpits I see?" Ochaco said sweetly, brimming with excitement.

"P-Please, you have to get me out of here. I don't even know how long I've been here. It's just nonstop tickling day and night... I barely get time to sleep and eat before they put me back here. You have to save me!" Sakura begged, hoping to get through to the girl who appeared so sweet.

"No, I don't think I will. As far as I can tell, you were the first one out, meaning you're the weakest! Why would I give up the opportunity to torture you?" Not so sweet words spoken in an all too cute voice. Sakura's gut dropped. Was someone with such fiendish desires the winner?

Her fears were justified as Ochaco's pudgy fingers began stroking both of Sakura's armpits, pink from prior tickling and smooth presumably from a lotion those angels had given put on her.

Ochaco could see in those weary emerald eyes that this was already pure torture for her. But at this point, if she really had been tickled for a week, certainly any will to fight had been broken down long before Ochaco got here.

"WHY WOULDN'T YOU HEHEHEHEHEHELP MEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!" Sakura screamed her underarms were being tortured by a very skilled tickler. It's like Ochaco could see from her expression alone what method of tickling was working the best. In this case, it was two sets of fingers slowly wiggling up and down her hollows as she fought to break out of her restraints.

"GEHEHEHEHET YOUR FINGERS OHOHOHOHOUT OF MY ARMPITS YOU BRAHAHAHAHAHAT!" she laughed with tears streaming down her face.

"Okay! I'll move on then..." she said, getting up, giving Sakura a false sense of hope as she thought she was leaving the room, "...to your pretty feet that have been waiting for my fingers!" Ochaco finished with a smile.

No wait! D-Don't tickle my feet you punk! I'll kick your ass!" Sakura warned.

"Wow, isn't that a little harsh? Are your feet ticklish, then?"

“N-No... surely not... so best to try somewhere else I think...?”

“Well I was looking at that pretty tummy of yours, much fitter than mine, but I think I’ll stay down here, since you’re not ticklish here anyways.” Ochaco said with a wink, before unleashing her fingers onto Sakura’s wide soft soles.

“NOOOOOOOOO DOOOOOHOHOHOHON’T!! PLEAHAHAHAHAHAHAHASE STAHAHAHAHAHAP! LET’S TAAHAHAHAHALK ABOUT THHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHSSS!!!” Sakura hopelessly begged.

“Wow I can already tell, your arches are your worst spot! Good thing for me there’s lots of room to tickle tickle tickle!!” Ochaco cheered as she used a similarly devastating method of wiggling her fingers over the length of Sakura’s arches, sending her into wilder hysterics. Her feet were especially soft, the angels must have used the lotion on her as well.

Ochaco was just so excited to tickle the pinkette, who tried to cover one foot with the other, resulting in 10 ticklish fingers attacking on foot, which was arguably worse. It was, however, very entertaining for her tickler.

“LEHEHEHEHEHET ME LEHEHEHEHEHEAVE ALREHHEHEHEHEHEADY!! NOHOHOHOHOHO MOHOHOHOHORE TICKLIHHHHHHHAHAHAHAHAHAHANG!!!”

With that, Ochaco wore a satisfied smile and got up, giving the poor ticklish ninja a break, as she went to find her next victim.

She arrived at the second room, a little more detailed this time, holding Kaguya Shinomiya. It looked like the inside of a fancy office, at the far end there was a desk where Kaguya was sitting in a big comfy office chair in a similar outfit to everyone else.

There was only one angel in this room, but it looked like she was doing a fine enough job on her own. She was behind Kaguya’s chair, with her hands reaching down and tickling the girl’s ribs one by one, alternating which side she tickled so that Kaguya would lean into the other side. Her long, white fluffy wings were more malleable than Ochaco expected, as they reached all the to the end of the desk, tickling the tiny feet that were propped up on top of it with the tips of their feathers.

Ochaco approached and the angel stopped, moving aside to let Ochaco do the worst. She could tell that Kaguya wasn’t doing very well, as she was panting after being released from her silent laughter. She reached the end of the desk, deciding she would start by tickling the small, pale feet in front of her.

Kaguya glared at the hero, still blushing from the tickling she just received, but refused to say anything. She didn’t want to let Ochaco get to her.

Ochaco noted this air of confidence about Kaguya, and maintained eye contact as she began tracing just to fingers up and down the small soles of the vice president. Their staring contest was going better than their tickling one, because Kaguya was already unwillingly twitching her feet and cracking a smile.

A smile began to form on Ochaco's face as well, hers far more devious than Kaguya's, as she was enjoying this mini competition. Her fingers glided over the soft skin, teasing her round heel, looping back up to the toes, where the next phase of her tickling began. One by one, she singled out her toes, holding them in place with one set of fingers and tickling the pads of her toes with the other.

Surprisingly, Kaguya had not yet burst out laughing, as she seemed to learn some sort of fortitude from her past week here. But Ochaco never would've guessed, based on how deep she was in laughter when she arrived. Then it clicked in her mind.

She gestured to the angel to come over, who after coming to Ochaco's side had a feather plucked off her wing. The sight of this made Kaguya's eyes go wide, which Ochaco noticed.

She grabbed the girl's toes like she had before, this time dragging a feather in between them. She could see the giggles forming in the girl as a couple started to sputter out of her tightly pursed lips. Ochaco kept going down her foot, raking between each toe. Finally, upon reaching the smallest toes, she heard the floodgates open as Kaguya couldn't hold it in anymore.

"JEEEEEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEZ!!" Kaguya screamed as the feather tickling between her toes was utterly unbearable. It only made Ochaco drag them faster, as Kaguya tried to clamp down her toes against Ochaco's tickling.

"WHAHAHAHAHAHY DID YOU HAVE TO USE FEHEHEHEEHHAHAHAHAHAHATHERS!!!" she squealed, the feeling of fluffy feathers between her toes reminded her of her loss in the competition.

Ochaco gestured for the angel to keep tickling her small feet while Ochaco moved over beside Kaguya. While moving behind her may have been more comfortable physically, she wanted to watch Kaguya's face while she laughed hysterically.

She spread both her hands wide and grabbed Kaguya's ribs, her fingers each on a different rib as she started vibrating them and wiggling them, making Kaguya start bucking and screaming with laughter. The vice prez's small frame made it very easy for Ochaco to tickle most of her ribs with ease, moving up and down slightly to give some surely unwanted attention.

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA PLEAHAHAHAHAHASSSHHHHTTAHAHAHAHAHAHAHP!!!" Her words came out mumbled together, but the message was crystal clear.

“Who’s a ticklish girl? You are! Yooooou are!” Ochaco teased. The baby talk also did a number on Kaguya, she tried begging her to stop again, but couldn’t quite get the words out, as the girl continued tickling her petite body.

Ochaco noticed that while the angel was doing as she asked, torturing in between each of her toes, she was also tickling the girl’s soles with her feathered wings, proving to be a very cruel combination.

Kaguya’s mind was a blur with tickling, using the last reserves of her strength to call out for help, **“HAHAHAHAHAYASAKA! PREHEHEHEHEHESIDENT! FUHUUUUUUUUHJIWARA! SOMEONE PLEASE SAHAHAHAHAHAHAVE MEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!”**

Ochaco could hear the desperation in her voice, and decided to end her tickling session there, smiling at the defeated VP as she left the chamber.

Arriving at the next room, she met yet another contestant she hadn’t seen on the battlefield. There were no angels in here this time, just the one girl strapped down to the floor facing up. She saw the gravity girl approach her, staring death into her eyes.

“Get out of here now! Don’t even think about touching me with your filthy hands you bitch. I don’t need a loser like you grabbing at my body!” Ochaco was surprised by her visceral hostility, but she understood it given her situation. Of course, she wore the same flowy two piece as the others, but interestingly enough she actually had flat shoes on that completed the look. Ochaco took this as a sign that she wouldn’t need to tickle there. On top of that, her armpits were off limits too, as her arms were strapped down along her sides.

There were only a couple of places left that she could tickle, which were clearly indicated by what looked to be paint making a wide circle around her belly button. Was this where she was meant to tickle? She glanced down at her spread legs, and there was even more paint! This time it was two arrows by the inside of her knees, pointing up towards her skirt. When she pulled up the skirt all the way to the woman’s hips, there were two larger circles around the entire area of her inner thighs, which had then been filled in by a few different colors of paint.

What Ochaco figured was that angels had been in her tickling her before, were verbally attacked by this crass woman, then left indicated her most ticklish areas for any brave soul to come and torture. At least, that was the assumption she made.

She knelt down between the woman’s opened, tanned muscular legs. It looked like they had been tickled plenty by someone else, but she knew she could do a better job. Lucky for her, just as she thought she’d be needing one, a bucket with a cloth appeared beside her, delivered by an angel who was now quickly running out of the room.

Ochaco took the dripping cloth from the bucket and began rubbing it over Revy’s thighs, which started to jiggle and flex as the girl advanced with her tickling veiled as cleaning. The cloth was

more like a scrubber, having thicker bristles to clean off tougher things, coming in handy here for the extra bit of tickling. It worked wonders getting the paint off, as Ochaco swapped to the other thigh. Revy was roaring with laughter as she tried to look at Ochaco before yelling at her.

“FUHUUHUUHUCK YOHOHOHOHO LOHOHOHOHOSER, AN UHUHUUHUGLY GIRL LIKE YOU SHOULDN'T TOHOHOHOHOHOUC A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN LIKE MEHEHEHEHEHE!” Revy thought she could break Ochaco with words she had used to send the other ticklers packing. Unfortunately, Ochaco simply smiled and softly responded, “Wow, you really are ticklish. I'm just trying to clean you up, and here you are yelling at me for doing something nice.”

Having finished getting the paint off, Ochaco put the cloth back in the bucket, and attacked the woman's glistening thighs with her fingers, squeezing her muscles and tickling the soft flesh of her inner thighs.

“I SAHAHAHAHAHAHAID STOHOHOHOHOHOHOP! GET YOUR HAHAHAHANDS OFF OF MEHEHEHEHEHE!” Revy yelled again, sounded a little more girly this time as the tickling brought her voice up an octave.

“Well maybe if you ask me nicely I'll stop! I'm nice like that y'know.” Ochaco said with a wink and stuck her tongue out.

“FUHUUHUUHUCK THAHAHAHAHAT!” Revy yelled, her laughter going even higher as Ochaco now focused all of her attention on tickling the tender skin of her inner thighs.

“Are you suuure? You seem reeeeeeally ticklish here!” Ochaco teased.

“NOHOHOHOHOHOHO AHAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHA” Revy had to admit, the tickling was far more skilled than what the angels had been doing before. She couldn't keep her composure at all.

‘I'll give you one more chance to ask nicely for me to stop, after that you'll be dealing with this for hours.” Ochaco said more seriously this time.

HOURS? The mercenary knew she'd go insane if she was tickled like this for hours, leaving her no other choice but to embarrass herself and beg.

“OHOHOHOHOHOKAY!! I'M SOHOHOHOHOHOHORRY! PLEASE STOP TIHIHIHIHIHICKLING MEHEHEHEHEHEHE!” She said in the nicest tone she could muster, blushing from humiliation.

“Theeere you go!” Ochaco replied cheerfully as she got up and knelt by Revy's belly, bringing her bucket along with her.

Revy was catching her breath until she realized Ochaco wasn't finished. "Hold on! You said you'd stop! You're a goddamn liar! Get away from me you filthy pig!"

Ochaco smiled at the angry mercenary, and simply said "Why would you believe me?"

"Alright you brat, I've about had it with yohohohohOHOHOU!" cut off guard by the sudden tickling on her tanned tummy, Revy could help but break into laughter.

Ochaco's fingers were wiggling all over the bouncing tummy while Revy fell deeper and deeper into a strained belly laugh. They tickled all over her soft flesh, digging in wherever she got a good reaction.

"YOHOOHOOHOOHOU'RE SOHOOHOOHO ANNOHOOHOOHOYING!" Revy cried through tears of laughter.

Her fingers began circling the rim of Revy's deep, tender belly button, as the woman came to realize where this was going. "PLEHEHEHEHEHEASE, JUHUHUHUHUST NOT THEHEHEHEHEHERE! AT LEHEHEHEHEHEAST DO THAT FOR ME! YOU OHOHOOHOOHOWE ME THAHAAHAAHAAHAT!" Revy pleaded, memories of her defeat in the tournament flowing back to her.

"I don't owe you anything!" Ochaco said with a smile, right before her fingers dove into Revy's vulnerable ticklish navel.

"NOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHHHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA" she screamed as the depths of her belly button were explored by Ochaco's curious fingers. She was shaking her head wildly as tears soaked skin, her face strained from laughing so hard. Ochaco's fingers were really doing a number on the walls of that ticklish button.

"I'M BEHEHEHEGGING YOU, YOU HAHAAHAAHAAHAVE TO STOP TIHIHIHICKLING ME OR I'M GOHOOHOOING TO PISS MYSELF! EHEHEHEHEHEHENOUGH!!!"

Ochaco giggled after hearing this, deciding to give the woman a break, rest and relieve herself in the proper place. There were a few angels waiting outside watching, impressed with how Ochaco handled Revy and the tickling she dealt out.

They followed Ochaco down the hall, along with the goddess as she made it to room number four. Inside, Ochaco saw her first familiar face, coincidentally also being her first victim. That was of course, the beautiful assassin Yor Forger.

Her chamber was far more grim than the ones she had seen up until this point. The room was mostly dark, save for a hanging light in the middle of the room, under which Yor was bound. She was the victim of some intense bondage, contained in what was essentially a black latex cocoon, from the tops of her feet all the way up to her neck. She even had a gag in her mouth,

which appeared to be her own socks. Within this bondage, she sat upon what looks like a long regal lounging chair, sat upright with her legs stretched out in front of her. It looked like a very intense interrogation chamber.

Only two parts of her body were showing, her bare breasts and the soles of her large feet. There were four angels tickling this black haired beauty, one tickling each bare breast, and then one tickling each foot.

The girl was laughing maniacally beneath her gag as her torture came to a sudden halt with the appearance of Ochaco. As she walked toward Yor, the assassin was visibly uncomfortable as she wasn't very pleased with how things had gone last time, trying harder to pull out of her bonds. Ochaco removed her gag, not wanting to suppress the beautiful laughter she heard the first time she met Yor.

As soon as her gag was removed, she started screaming madly "GET HER AWAY FROM ME! DON'T LET HER TOUCH ME! THIS BITCH IS CRAZY! GET HER OUT OF HERE NOW!" The fear heard in her voice really grabbed the attention of the angels, as they looked at Ochaco, who seemed like such a sweet and innocent young woman. Yor, on the other hand, did not sound like the kind and loving mother she once was, now sounding like she needed to be placed in a psychiatric ward.

Ochaco giggled as she smirked at Yor, happy that the helpless mom remembered her so fondly. "Alright girls, let's start up here" she said, suddenly sounding like she was teaching a class to the angels around her watching.

She took a few of the feathers from the angels around her and started to gently caress her Yor's tits. The tips of the feathers were wildly ticklish to the poor assassin, who couldn't move an inch.

"NOHOHOHOHOHOHOT AGAHAHAHAHAHAHAIN!!" Yor cried out. The gentle stroking of the feathers was too much on her overly sensitive boobs as they explored all over her tender skin.

"See, feathers really work best here because the skin is really delicate here, so you want to match that delicacy and not use something too rough like your nails, which will only scratch her skin. These feathers are actually the perfect balance! They're a little stiffer than the ones I used on her before, but that's a good thing!" Yor was being humiliated by how Ochaco was so casually discussing the ticklishness of her breasts with these random angelic figures.

"STAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAP!!!" she laughed as the girl's feathers started circling her areolas.

"Of course, once you start tickling her nipples, she starts to really go crazy, but it's nice to lead up with it by tickling around her huge tits beforehand!" Ochaco said, teaching the angels as they watched closely.

Despite Yor's breasts bouncing around as she tried her hardest to break free of her cocoon, Ochaco was still able to attack her nipples with surgical precision as she sawed the feathers along the sides of the woman's erect nipples.

"GAHAHAHAHAHAHAD!! DOHOHOHOHOHOHON'T DOHOHOHO THAHAHAHAHAT"

"See, she really likes it here. She's pretty vocal about how ticklish she is, so when she starts begging you like this, you'll know you're doing a good job! That's why it's also a good idea to leave the gag off! You wouldn't want to miss out on this gorgeous laughter, would you?" she said, the angels shaking their heads in agreement.

"Grab them and hold them still for a minute would you?" She said to two of the angels around her. The quickly listened, holding a breast each with both hands, giving Ochaco the stillness she needed to properly tickle the tops of the helpless mothers nipples.

"NAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHEHEHEHEHEHE AHAHAHAHAHAHA!" Her frantic giggles and laughter were music to Ochaco's ears.

"Alright , you two keep tickling her boobs, I'm going to teach the others how to tickle her feet." she said, guiding the other angels to the end of the chair.

Here they saw Yor's beautiful pale feet with black nail polish on her long, shapely toes. Ochaco's heart raced as she remembered how much fun she had with them the last time.

"She's truly ticklish all over her feet, so you can kinda just tickle wherever you want." Ochaco said as she started to freely scribble all along Yor's scrunched soles. Yor knew better than to give Ochaco easy access to her toes. Unfortunately, that didn't suddenly make the wrinkly soles of her feet less ticklish, as the girl's thick fingertips played lovingly with every fold in her skin, driving her crazy.

"AHAHAHAHAHA STAHAHAHAHAHAP THAHAHAHAHAHAT!" Yor laughed, sad that she was once again in the clutches of such an evil tickler.

"Her feet are so soft, you guys are doing a really good job making them even softer! Come on, there's looooooots of room for you guys to join in too!" she said to her observers, who now joined in the fun, laying they're nails into Yor's helpless feet and tickling away.

"LEHEHEHEHEAVE MY FEET ALOHOHOHOHOHOHONE!!!" she screamed through tears as the tickling was becoming excruciating with so many fingers at once.

"Now, I said her feet are ticklish everywhere, which is true, but there's one spot in particular that will make her lose her mind. You guys, hold these toes and spread them for me." As instructed, the angels by each of Yor's feet took her pinky toe and fourth toes and spread them slightly so that Ochaco could tickle with ease.

“HOLD ON. OCHACO PLEASE DON'T DO THIS AGAIN! YOU'VE TICKLED ME ENOUGH, YOU CAN'T SHOW THEM THAT SPOOOOHOHOHOHOHOAHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAT!!!!” She was begging the wrong person, as Ochaco tickled the alluring soft space between those toes, watching Yor go crazy with screams, squeals, laughter and giggles. She was plenty ticklish everywhere else, but this little space was so untouched, so tender.

“YOU'RE HOHOHOHOHOHOORRIBLE!! YOU'RE EHEHEHEHEHEHEVIL! YOHOHOHOHHAAAAAAAAAAAA HEHEHEHEHAH AAAAAAAAAHA!!!” Yor's girlish laughter was strained now, as multiple more fingers were tickling in between and all around her delicious toes.

Ochaco left the angels to their torture, but it didn't seem that Yor even noticed she was gone now that the angels had found her worst spot.

Room number five was a bit stranger than most. It was a wide open field that started right from the moment Ochaco left the marble flooring of the hall. Even weirder than that, the sun was shining brightly down on this imaginary field. There was just a long box that almost looked like a coffin, laying in the middle of the grass. It was longer than Nezuko's normal box, about the size of a normal coffin as it had her full size body inside it.

As Ochaco approached the box, she noticed two things: there was a small canopy at the end of the box, beneath it were a pair of feet that were outside of the box, which ended at her ankles, held in place with multiple strings. Also, there were two openings towards the top of the box, which Ochaco assumed would be used for tickling her armpits.

Ochaco laid on her stomach to look straight at the delicate looking feet under the canopy. Not a wrinkle to be found on these silky looking feet, as Ochaco reached out her hands and started tickling away, scratching up and down Nezuko's soles.

Frantic laughter could be heard from inside the box as Ochaco's nails dragged up and down the smooth feet in front of her, as she watched every twitch of the feet as they tried to get away from the tickles. Her feet seemed equally ticklish on all parts, heels, toes, arches, it was really easy to tickle them. But for Ochaco, who had tickled so many different pairs of feet at this point, not being able to get a spot that really tickled was unsatisfying.

She moved on now to the armpits. She laid once again on her stomach, peering inside the box to see smooth, exposed armpits, and the face of a girl who had been tickled far too much.

“W-Why are you doing this, they said I was getting a break, they just finished tickling me for hours!” she said, a worried look on her face.

Despite how cruel she normally was, the look on this girl's face convinced her that she should let this one rest.

In a minute.

First, she had to find out how ticklish this girl was!

She started scribbling her nails into the girl's armpit, who immediately started wailing with laughter from her sensitive skin being teased.

“YOHOHOHOHOOU'RE SOHOHOHOHOHO MEHEHEHEHAHAHAHAHAN!” Nezuko laughed.

Ochaco moved over to her other armpit, using a similar effective strategy, which was the simple tactic of wiggling her fingers of Nezuko's hollows until she couldn't stop laughing. Not very intricate, but it yielded the results she wanted.

“STOHOHOHAHAHAHAHAP TIHIHIHHICKLING MEHEHEHEHEHEHE!” she cried.

Ochaco noticed the angels coming back. Did they go on a lunch break or something? It seemed like it, because once they got back they sat down and got right back to work. Ochaco got up, letting all 3 get in their places as they started tickling the girl again. They weren't even looking at the spots they were tickling, they just reached their hands in and started to tickle.

“LEHEHEHEHEHEHET MEEHEHEHEHEHE GO HOHOHOHOHOHOME!!!”

This scene made Ochaco actually feel sort of bad, if only because the girl seemed so utterly destroyed by the tickling.

The next room brought her back to an old favorite. A very simple scene, but one she didn't want to let go to waste. Mikasa was placed on what was essentially a cross, with ropes holding her in place all along her arms, a few around her upper ribs, and multiple around her knees. There were a few angels tickling her feet with feathers, as well as two sharing a small ladder to tickle the girl's toned stomach with their nails.

Just the sight of her blushing, tear ridden face got Ochaco back in the mood to tickle.

The angels let her have her space as they stepped away to watch a master at work. She stepped on a few steps on the step ladder and said “Miss me?” with a smirk to the exhausted scout.

“Not again...” she said, before she started laughing hysterically at Ochaco's fingers tickling each and every one of her ab muscles. Ochaco had a soft spot for Mikasa, as she could tell she was strong, but absolutely crumbled at the first sign of tickling.

“I remember someone having a ticklish whittle belly button, is that right?”

“N-N-NOHOHOHOHOHOHO! DOHOHOHON’T TOHOHOHOHOUCHE IT!!!” Mikasa screamed.

“You’re not very good at hiding it, that’s for sure!” Ocho said, ditching the toned abs for a taut navel, as her fingers scrambled to tickle the inside of that pretty little innie.

“I HAHA *snort* AHAHAHAHAHATE IT!!” Mikasa yelled, her abs sore from both the laughing and the tickling of them.

“Ohh right! I forgot you’re a snorter, that’s so adorable!” Ocho jokes, as she steps up a few more steps, face to face with Mikasa’s belly, seeing how pink it was from being tickled.

Without any further warning, she presses her face into Mikasa’s muscular stomach and starts bowling, her cheeks wobbling from the pressure of Mikasa’s laughter and the raspberry she was giving her.

“BWAHAHAHA *snort* AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA *snort* EHEHEHAHAHAHEHEHE” Mikasa laughed, her head back and forth as tears cascaded off her cheeks down onto the ground below.

Ocho was impressed with how well this was working as she maneuvered a little better to place her lips right over Mikasa’s navel, giving her another long raspberry.

This time, it was as if a jolt of electricity was sent through the soldier's body as she jumped from the sudden sensation, laughing silently as her poor ticklish belly was taken advantage of.

Content with the results, Ocho moved down to Mikasa’s wiggling size 7 feet that dreaded her fingers tickling them again.

As soon as her fingernails made contact with her soles, Mikasa began laughing again with renewed hatred as Ocho knew how to tickle her all too well. She tickled across the soles of her feet, scribbling her wide fingers into every inch of soft, tired soles.

“NAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAT MY FEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEET!” she laughed.

Ocho stopped tickling for a moment and whispered to the surrounded angels, as the five of them all gathered around Mikasa’s feet, which were at about chest level. The six girls looked up at Mikasa, wiggling their twelve sets of fingers just under her feet, taunting the trapped girl.

Mikasa looked down in horror. All those fingers, only seconds away from tickling her helpless feet. What had she done to deserve this? Why did she have to be so damn ticklish? Would she ever be able to leave this prison? Her questions would be left unanswered, as the hands below finally made their move.

They tickled all over her feet, fighting for space as they felt the tender flesh beneath their fingertips dying to get away. To Mikasa, it felt as if she was standing on a floor of fingers that were wiggling beneath her feet. Only she couldn't pull her legs up to get away.

Many of them had started wiggling her toes. Each of her toes was spread, having the pads, stems, and precious flesh underneath examined out of ticklish curiosity. The girls below her were showing different ways of tickling, different parts of her feet they found cute, or just laughing at her situation, but Mikasa couldn't hear a word they were saying over her desperate laughter as she gasped for breath.

"I CAHAHA *snort *AHAHAHAN'T BREHE *snort* EHEHEAHAHATH!" she cried, but they weren't paying attention. They were too distracted playing with her adorable toes, and who could blame them. Ochaco looked up at the girl crying with laughter, and decided to give the girl a final send off as such dug her nails into the tender spaces between every one of Mikasa's toes, tickling her beyond comprehension.

"AHAHAHAHAHAHA I'M GOHOOHOOHOOING TO DIHIHIEIEIEHEHEHEHEHEHEEEEE!!!"
Mikasa cried.

"I'll leave you guys to it, you know what to do!" Ochaco said, walking away as she watched them start to put Mikasa's toes in their mouths, hearing a spike in her laughter as she left the room.

This was a sight she had wanted to see for a very long time. The room resembled a church. Near the altar, under the light coming from a stained glass window, was a girl knelt praying. It was none other than her favorite blonde, Iris.

She moved forward, until the goddess stopped her for a moment.

"I understand this one is very special to you. Not her as a person, but the tickling of her. I ensured she was properly prepared for this moment. She has been pampered many times in her short time here, and she hasn't been tickled the past couple of days to make her skin extra sensitive for you. Her feet have been under special care, only being removed from warm insulated ugg boots a few minutes ago, before we put her here awaiting your arrival, so I think you'll find their softness to be like nothing you've ever felt before."

Ochaco thanked the goddess as she walked down the aisle to meet Iris, who was kneeling, but apparently not of her own choosing. She was locked into some sort of casing that was bolted to the ground. It held her calves, right down to her ankles, from which her adorable feet were laying immobile, soles facing up towards Ochaco who looked at them, almost drooling.

She walked in front of Iris, who's arms were in a position to pray, but were bound in that position so that she couldn't move them. Her thighs were also latched into the contraption, so she couldn't lean very far forward. There was a piece along the back that went up to about her

shoulders that had two straps that wrapped around her shoulders like a backpack, forcing her to kneel upright. At least they had been considerate enough to put a nice cushion under her ass.

Ochaco didn't say a word. She didn't need to. She just smiled, overjoyed by the fact that she had Iris in such a ticklable position.

"I hope..." she trailed off, assuming the worst, "... that you'll show me some mercy. We were kinda friends, weren't we? We had so much fun together..."

"Please have mercy." she said quietly as Ochaco started wiggling her fingers, coming in close to her exposed belly.

"P-Please have mercy..." She begged, as she could almost feel Ochaco's fingertips hovering just above her skin.

"Please.... Have mercy...." She knew it was hopeless, as she pleaded to be spared from her impending torture.

But Ochaco wasn't a merciful girl.

"Plehehehahahahase hahahahahahaHAHAVE MEHEHEHEHEHERCY!!!" she screamed as Ochaco's fingers dug into the soft flesh of her tummy. Her pale skin was extra soft preparing for this moment. The angels who bathed her kept telling her over and over how this day was coming, and that they weren't allowed to touch her. However, they did inform her of all the plans they had after this blessed day occurred, which sounded just as horrible as this.

Ochaco's fingers explored all around her creamy midriff, making her way up to her ribs, squeezing her thighs, digging her fingers into that adorable belly button. She knew her belly wasn't the most ticklish, but this belly button seemed just as ticklish as the rest she'd tickled so far. Even the inside of her button was super soft, those angels really made her skin super soft.

"HAHAHAHAHA STAHAAHAHAP IHIIHIIHIT, THAHAAHAHAT TIHIIHIIHICKLES!!" Iris laughed.

Ochaco moved now to her girl's hips, pulling down her skirt just a tad to uncover the girl's curvy hip bones. She admired the girl's figure, smaller than hers but with great curves, right before she pressed her fingers into the immobile hips and started tickling.

"NAHAHAHAHAHAHAT THEHEHEHEHERE!!" Iris screamed, as the inescapable sensation tickled so badly she almost broke out of her restraint.

However, Ochaco was all too giddy to move on to the main event that they had so lovingly prepared for her. She knelt down, admiring Iris' scrunched feet before her. They reminded her of her own feet, only smaller. They normally didn't have many wrinkles, but in this position they

had just enough for Ochaco to take advantage of. Small beads of sweat were still on her feet from recently being removed from their warm boots. But this wasn't normal, smelly sweat, this was almost fruity as the lotion had simply packed her feet with so much moisture.

Too excited to wait, Ochaco dug her fingers into those adorable feet, gliding over her silky smooth skin as the blonde roared with laughter. Such a small body was creating such loud, cutesy laughter as her ultrasensitive feet were being played with by Ochaco.

Ochaco watched the feet shifting, trying to escape their torment as Iris kept begging for mercy. She really fit the role of a nun, going on about mercy so much. She wasn't rude or mean, she just kept repeating the same words over and over again. While it was probably just part of her nun thing, Ochaco took it as a sign that she wasn't being tickled hard enough.

Ochaco saw that there was a spread of tickling tools beside her. She started with the brushing, dragging those bristles across Iris' milky soles, sending the girl into wilder laughter, but still not breaking her.

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAVE MEHEHEHEHERCY ON MEHHEHEHEHEHE!"

She then tried using a bunch of feathers, which actually did elicit a stronger reaction, especially when she wafted them over the tips of her toes.

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAVE MEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHERCY!!!"

With this not working, she took two toothbrushes and worked her way in between every toe, every wrinkle, and every inch of ticklish skin she could find on the blonde's small soles. This was absolute hell for her, but still didn't push her over the edge.

"MEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHEHEHEHERCYYYYYY!!!"

Ochaco looked at the remaining tools, a bunch of small black rubber orbs. They seemed to vibrate when squeezed, and required a gentle rubbing to turn them off again. If they kept being squeezed, however, the vibrating would be more and more intense.

She placed a few in between each of Iris' toes, and then suddenly began tickling hard on Iris arches, which caused the girl to squeal and clench her toes, activating the orbs.

"MEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHERRRRCCCAHAHAHAHAHA,
MEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHRRCCCEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEE" She kept squeezing her toes as the tickling grew more and more intense. Ochaco's fingers didn't let up either, teasing her poor soft skin.

Unable to take it anymore, Iris broke.

“OHOHOHOHOHOHO GAHAHAHAHAHAD JUHUUHUUHUUHUST TUHUUHUUHURN THEM OHOHOHOHOHOHOFF!” she screamed, begging for mercy in a new way.

“OHOHOHOHOHOCHACO PLEHEHEHEHEHEEAHAHAHAHSE” She laughed as tears streamed down over her rosy cheeks.

“MAHAHAHAHAHAKE IHIHIHIHIT STOHOHOHOHOP MAHAHAHAHAKE IT STOHOHOHOHOHOHOP!!!! LEHEHEHEHEHET MEHEHEHEHEHE OUT OF HERE YOHOHOHOHOHOHOHO MOHOHOHOHOHOHONSTER!!!!”

Before departing, Ochaco took Iris’ boots and poured the rest of the orbs into them. She then put the boots back on her feet and pressed hard into the soles of them to activate the orbs, which now vibrated all over her soft, ticklish feet.

“WAHAHAHAHAHAHAHIHIHIHIHIT! DOHOHOHOHOHOHOHON’T LEEHEHEHEHEHEHEAVE ME HEHEHEHEHEHEHERE!!!”

Ochaco walked towards the exit, enjoying Iris’ laughter as she walked.

“COHOHOHOHOHOHOME BAHAAHAHAHAHAHACK!! SAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAY SOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOMETHING! IT TIHIHIHIHIHICKLES SOHOHOHOHOHOHO BAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAD!!!”

Ochaco turned the corner to leave, with Iris’ words echoing behind her,

“OHOHOHOHOHOHOCHACOHOHOHOHOHOHOOOO!!!! SAHAHAHAHAHAHAVE MEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!”

She arrived at the 8th room, only to find a pair of beautiful wrinkly feet protruding slightly from the wall. A sign above read “Room Under Construction! Have Fun With These In The Meantime!”

A screen above them lit up, showing Riza Hawkeye’s face as she slept. It was night vision, so it was completely dark for Riza, as she suddenly felt some fingers tickling her soles, waking up with a fright.

“NOHOHOHOHOHOHO NOHHOHOHOHOHOHT AGAHAHAHAHAHAHAIN!!” she laughed, barely resting from being tickled by Nobara.

“I’m glad I’m finally getting to tickle your feet, I was sad I missed out on the opportunity last time.”

They two could speak through an intercom, though I’m sure Riza didn’t want to hear what Ochaco had to say.

“DOHOHOHOHOHON’T TIHIHIHIHICKLE MEHEHEHEHEHE” Riza cried.

“Oooohh right, you hate being tickled! You also hate your feet being teased, especially while they’re being tickled... right?” Ochaco said with a sly tone.

“DOHOHOHOHOHON’T YOHOHOHOHOOU DAHAHAHAHAHARE SPEHEHEHEHEHEAK!!!”

“Okay!” she replied, “I won’t talk about your wrinkly soles that look like an old womans, I won’t talk about how soft your feet are too touch, I won’t walk about how big your feet are, I won’t talk about the girlish screams a muscular woman like you lets out at the slightest tickle, and I certainly won’t talk about how ticklish these adorable toesie woesies are!” Ochaco smiled watching Riza’s face contort with twisted laughter as her fingers scribbled all over her soles.

**“SHUHUHUHUHUHUHUT UHHUHUHUHUHUHUHUHUP!!!
GEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHET AWAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAY FROM
MEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE! STOHOHOHOHOHOP TEHEHEHEHEASING
MEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!”** Riza screamed through helpless laughter.

Ochaco realized her feet were probably still very sensitive to tickling, and thought it would be more fun to come back when her room was finished to tickle the rest of her body and watch her squirm.

Also, she was just so excited to tickle Nobara, who she assumed was behind the door at the end of the hall that said “The Loser” over it.

“Thank you for taking me here miss Tickling Goddess, I can’t to wait to torture all these girls some more! I want to stay here forever!” She said with excitement.

“Ohh you will.” replied the goddess.

“I bet Nobara’s not ready for all the tickling I’m going to do to her, she doesn’t know what’s coming!”

“I assure you, the loser is being tickled behind this door right now and has no idea what’s in store.”

“Good! I can’t wait to tickle her for myself!”

“Ohh but my dear, you already have.”

“Yeah well I mean... again.”

The goddess simply smiled as she opened the door, her and Ochaco stepping inside.

Ochaco's heart stopped as she saw what could only be described as a nightmare.

In a chair, leaned back, limbs spread, laughing like a maniac from overwhelming tickle torture, was her.

She was speechless as she watched herself laughing wildly, begging for the tickling to stop.

"You see, you lost when you hid in the sky for too long. Out of every woman here, you, Ochaco, have the weakest will and the least endurance. You needed a crutch to get through most of the competition, and then when you were at the final test, you ran away. This is your punishment." the Goddess said sternly.

"B-But, back there..."

"Back there, had you not tickled a single one of those women, you wouldn't be feeling anything right now. You'd just be sitting in that chair, waiting for something to happen. What you're feeling in that chair is your own tickling through the bodies of others."

Her eyes went wide with horror before she blacked out, waking up moments later, consumed with tickling. Her entire body was overwhelmed with sensations, rocking and pulling away to no avail. Her armpits, her ribs, her thighs, her belly and navel, and most of all, her feet.

She looked through tear filled eyes at the goddess now toying with the feet of her limp body that had just been standing next to her. It was like there were two of her. The goddess tickled underneath her bubbly toes with ease, as it was as if she was tickling someone who was asleep. Her toes were twitching, as one of her bodies felt the tickling under her toes, and mirrored that sensation in her other body.

This was absolute tickling hell.

She regretted everything she had done.

Ochaco knew there was no escape now. She was at the hands of this ruthless goddess.

She just hoped she would show her some mercy.