

Izuku was breathless, motionless on the cold floor of the locker room. Courtesy of that asshole Katsuki. Punishment, the bully said. Apparently, Izuku had let it slip that Katsuki used to be extremely ticklish on his feet when they were children. The moment of his terrible mistake had been playing in his mind in a loop for the past 30 minutes (more? It had certainly felt longer).

Katsuki had been bragging about something, and Izuku had told a prying Eijirou that Katsuki would always lose tickle fights if anyone could get a hold of his feet. It was not meant to be incentive. He didn't even think it'd still be true. But, apparently, Eijirou had tried. In the lounge, when Katsuki wouldn't move his legs to let him sit on the sofa. The redhead had plopped down right on top of them, pinning them in place, and after hardening himself, he had tried to find out if the bully had retained any of his sensitivity; and going by the video the only witness, Denki, had forwarded to the whole class, it had only increased over time. Thanks to his Quirk and Katsuki's fatigue, Eijirou had managed to get away unscathed that afternoon, but his victory had been short-lived. As Katsuki had made sure to tell Izuku over and over as he clawed at his ribcage, the next day, when Eijirou had come over for tutoring, Katsuki had tied him down and dished out an ungodly amount of tickling on the redhead, far more than he could handle. He had drilled into his underarms and scrubbed away at his lubed feet, electric toothbrushes taped to his abs, until he had coughed up Izuku's name. But of course he had not stopped there. No matter how much the redhead apologized, begged and screamed, Katsuki had continued exploiting his worst spots for another hour, before their classmates returned to the dorm. Izuku had noticed he was still hoarse and sore, yet he divined no malcontent, no fear in his mood. Perhaps a crack in the redhead's cheerfulness would have warned him.

Katsuki had told everything to Izuku in great detail after cornering him in the locker room. Everyone else had already left, since Izuku, kind as always, had let the others shower first, so he'd been able to put on only his shorts before Katsuki, usually the first to leave the locker room, pounced. Oh, how he had gone on and on about what he had done to Eijirou, how he had skillfully worked his most sensitive spots, while his fingertips made full use of Izuku's. The geeky teen had stopped being able to listen pretty soon into his own torment. Flanks, underarms, ribs; belly, thighs, feet. Katsuki had worked him over good. So good that he had left, but Izuku was still panting on the floor, unable to even think about getting up. The clock on the wall said that his punishment had lasted little more than half an hour, but that is not what it had felt like. It was only the imminent arrival of Class B that had saved him from who knows how many hours of torment. And he knew there would be more to come. Katsuki had promised him so as he sat on his back and ran one comb down one foot, one hairbrush down the other.

"Let's see how you like it, uh?" Katsuki had probably said, but Izuku had been laughing too hard to hear him. Perhaps he had not howled as hard as Katsuki, but his own feet were so damnably ticklish, and, unable to concentrate enough to use his Quirk, he had no choice but lay there through the most excruciating tickling of his short life.

He had barely managed to roll on one side by the time Tetsutestu, who, like Kirishima, always barged into the locker room first, found him and helped him stand up. Hoarsely, dazedly Izuku had assured him that he did not need to see Recovery Girl before he slowly resumed getting changed. Just low blood pressure, he had assured, and though that did not explain why he was his skin was

slick with perspiration and striped with red fingertips impressions, it seemed to convince Tetsutestu. He hurried to put on his clean white tee before someone more perceptive, or with a mind like Mineta's, walked in. Class B did not pressure him to leave, but he mustered what very little strength he had regained and shuffled back to the dorm in a stupor.

As soon as he did, he locked his door and let himself crash onto his bed. He was exhausted. Perhaps he should shower again, but he was thoroughly spent. And his body felt so hot, especially where Katsuki had exacted his revenge – which was pretty much everywhere. His feet in particular felt so raw and warm, and not even the contact with the cool floor managed to dispel the heat the torturous fingers and brushes had scrubbed into him. The tickling was still so vivid in his nerves that rubbing his own feet coaxed a worn-out smile out of him. Heck, even his cheeks hurt. But apart from the heat, he was empty. No anger, no fear, no regret. He was just too tired, he reckoned. He took off his shirt in the vain hope that it would cool him down, and rested his head on the pillow. He drifted off in no time.

When his eyes opened, his room was pitch black. Night had fallen, but he could still feel the warmth. He yawned, rolled on one side. His elbow hit a hard surface. Startled, he opened his eyes again. He hadn't elbowed the wall, nor fallen off the bed. There was no wall. No bed. There was no room at all. The blue light he had mistaken for the last rays of dusk brightened as his mind cleared, and he saw what his sense of touch had already informed him of. He was resting on a flat, solid surface, a smooth square three times as wide as his mattress. The stone was dark blue and unexpectedly warm to the touch, perhaps because he had been lying on it for some time. The slab rose horizontally about one meter off the ground, a circle of rough rock that was separated by the blue mist swirling all around by a few inches of immensely deep abyss.

Izuku sat up in alarm. For the briefest instant, he thought that Katsuki had dumped him atop some weird mountain altar while he was asleep, but he quickly reconsidered. That light, that mist, the impossible circle of that pinnacle. It could not be real. The realization that he must not have awoken yet filled him with relief. So, he was dreaming, and he knew he was dreaming. Is that what people called a lucid dream? He had heard that one could do whatever they wanted in it, but he had never had one before. He crossed his legs and rubbed his thumb on his bare sole. His skin still remembered the torturous touches of the bristles. Perhaps that was why he decided to test the rumor by trying to conjure a hairbrush. Nothing happened, except for Deku beginning to wonder if he should have imagined clothes so he would not be wearing only his gray shorts, but a moment later, a voice trilled, "No, I like the first one better!"

Izuku yelped and scrambled to his feet. He could not pinpoint the source of the voice. Then, a shadow made its way through the fog. Splayed wings, a single horn, and a contorting tail... someone tapped his shoulder, and Izuku screamed.

"WAH!" screamed back a red-haired boy, startled by Izuku's reaction. The geeky teen looked him up and down. It wasn't the ominous figure he thought he had seen emerging from the mist. This boy was shorter than Izuku, and, though his impish face, so easy to imagine warped in a mischievous grin, made him look young, there was something about him that felt a lot older than his frame suggested. He wore a crimson jacket with golden patterns over a black long-sleeved shirt with a

round neck that let his collarbone show. His black trousers were held up by a belt with a golden buckle, while his pointy shoes bore the same palette as his jacket. Around his neck was a black choker sporting a golden plate with an engraved “H” on the front. His red hair, messy at the top, was slicked back neatly behind his pointed ears. Despite the curved horn sprouting from the right side of his head and the sharp canines Izuku glimpsed in his agape mouth, the vibe the boy gave off was utterly non-threatening; on the contrary, Izuku felt guilty for startling him. “S-sorry.”

The imp’s scared expression instantly melted into a bright smile, his big, red irises a gleam. “No, I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to scare you. You’re Izuku, right? Or do you prefer Deku?”

Wait, how does he- thought Izuku, before remembering where he was. He could not help being befuddled, though. By Quirk standards, the boy looked absolutely mundane, but he was quite sure that he’d never met someone like him. His flaming hair was too similar to Kirishima for him to have possibly forgotten. “Ah, uh, both are fine.”

Taken aback by the necessity of an introduction (what the heck was his subconscious doing?), he did however forget to ask his interlocutor’s name.

“I’m Luci,” said the beaming imp, his hand extended in greeting. Izuku shook it as he unwittingly began to mutter to himself.

“You are dreaming,” confirmed the imp, “Though you are not dreaming me. It’s more like, I am dreaming you. Ah, yes, I can give you a notebook to jot it down, but you can’t take it out of here. Besides, it’s not really a Quirk. It’s not even 100% real.”

A confused Izuku surmised that must be what his classmates felt like when he geeked out aloud. Suddenly, he remembered that he was bare-chested and barefoot. As if reading his mind – or without “as if” (actually, did the apparition even have a mind, because if Izuku was dreaming it, it was his own, but he was not aware of it...) – Luci quickly adjoined, “Oh no, you’re fine, you were sleeping! I’m the overdressed one.”

He snapped his fingers, and his sharp attire was instantly replaced by loose pajamas: a pink-gray tee and light blue pants spotted with smiling clouds. But the most prominent change was their surroundings: the misty peak was replaced by a slightly untidy bedroom with a soft mattress as big as the stony altar.

“That was only the lobby. This is more comfortable, right?”

The lobby? thought Izuku as his eyes scanned dozens of action figures and video game titles.

“Yes,” resumed the imp. “Basically, you summoned me.”

Izuku struggled to tear his eyes off an All Might limited edition action figure with inflatable pecs. An absolute horror and collector’s dream. “I... what?”

Luci crossed his legs. “You know how in fairy tales the tear of a pure heart can summon a fairy?”

He was looking intently at Izuku, his business-like tone, suggesting habit, clashing strongly with the nerdy bedroom environment. “It’s kinda sorta like that.”

“So... you’re a fairy?” asked Izuku.

“I’m not a fairy, I’m a powerful demon!” protested the imp, his face contorting into a childish pout.

“Oh... ok. Sorry. Wait! Demon?!”

“Yes, but I am not going to harm you! I am a good demon!” hastened to add Luci. Izuku was nonplussed. He had to be dreaming.

“You are dreaming,” confirmed the demon, and the geeky teen chuckled as he made the connection. The wonders of the mind!

“So... Lucife- Luci,” started Izuku, barely suppressing a snicker, “you were saying I summoned you with my tears?”

“I said it’s sort of like that,” corrected the imp, who was beginning to fidget. But Izuku was too curious to let him continue.

“But I didn’t cry,” said Izuku, before remembering that it wasn’t entirely accurate. “I mean, I did, but it’s because Kacchan...” He hesitated for a moment. It was a little embarrassing to say. It felt humiliating to admit that he cried from being tickled at his age, although he could not help it. And at that moment, he was exactly as he was then, his feet and sculpted chest bare. But as he looked at the horn protruding from the demon’s head again, he was once again positive that he was dreaming. “...tickled me.”

Luci’s eyes twinkled, and for a moment Izuku thought that his left sclera had turned black. The demon nodded.

“For real?” squeaked Izuku.

“Yes!” replied Luci enthusiastically. “It’s a ticklish tear that summons me! And instead of a pure heart, it’s the awakening of love for tickling!”

Deku would have laughed had he not been so surprised. “You can’t be serious! I don’t like...” he trailed off. It must be his subconscious playing tricks on him.

The demon’s face fell. “So you haven’t realized yet? It can happen when you’re tickled too hard the first time,” he ruled, peeved.

“...Sorry?”

“No, it’s not your fault! It’s that Bakugo guy’s,” hissed Luci, and Izuku was surprised by how upset he sounded. “Although...” and his expression mellowed, “it’s because of him that I got to know your friend yesterday...”

“Kirishima?” Izuku could not prevent himself from asking. But Luci’s stare had gone vacant, as if he was remembering a particularly fun summer.

“That guy liked it so much... and he could take a lot of it, more than anyone I’d ever met! Even after...”

Now I’m dreaming about Kirishima getting tickled by Kacchan and liking it? wondered Izuku, spacing out. But there could be some truth to that. He had noticed that Eijiro had not looked very upset that day. *Perhaps my subconscious linked it to Kirishima liking being tickled by Bakugo. Those two are sort of close, so maybe he wasn’t angry. Or what this demon is saying is true, and I am projecting my own enjoyment on Kirishima, and...*

His train of thought was abruptly delayed by a squeal. His own. With impressive speed, Luci had lunged and squeezed his sides. Izuku gave a start and fell back on the mattress, hiding his face behind his forearms as the demon dug his thumbs into his sides three more times before retracted his hands.

“You were thinking too loud and going nowhere,” he explained with that mischievous smirk. “Did you notice? You did not even try to fight back, just like you let it happen today.”

As he composed himself, Izuku had no choice but to concede the point, even as a blush crept across his cheeks at the implication. “I... I couldn’t use my Quirk,” he whispered, knowing it was less than half true. That Katsuki’s revenge would grow even more savage if he had fought back, or that he deserved the punishment, he realized that those justifications did not hold up either.

Across the bed, Luci chuckled at this geek who thought like a geek even when it came to figuring himself out. “Do you want to make a bargain?”

“A bargain?”

Luci nodded. “My powers are fueled by mirth of a certain kind. If you give me enough, I can help you get revenge on that Kacchan guy you say is your friend.”

“But I don’t want revenge!” Izuku hurried to squeak.

“You don’t think he went overboard?”

“Yeah... but... he would hate it!”

“Your friend Kirishima thinks differently. But... yes, that is the point of punishment.”

Izuku's eyes were trained on the impish demon, but his mind once again absconded to calculate. That definitely was something Kacchan would kill him for. Not like it was real. But even if it wasn't, what would it say about him if he accepted? Especially if the demon was there because of his unconscious desires... "I don't know. If I liked it, why should he be punished?"

"Because he didn't ask!" retorted Luci in a tone reminiscent of a child upset that he did not get ice cream. "And he wanted to humiliate you and feel good about himself!"

"I..." started Izuku without knowing where he wanted to go, but he fell silent as a transparent, purple orb suddenly appeared in Luci's hands.

"This is your mirth battery," explained the demon. "See that little white drop inside?"

The geeky teen did, although he had to crawl on all four and then squint quite a lot before noticing the minuscule white spot inside the sphere.

"It's from when I tickled you earlier. When this sphere is full, I can use its energy to cast a spell."

Izuku was speechless. Even in his kinkiest dreams he dreamed like a nerd. "Did Kirishima get one too?"

"Yes. But I can't tell you what he used the spell for."

Izuku's jaw dropped, and for a moment he forgot he was dreaming. "Kirishima charged that whole thing?"

Luci grinned wide. "I assure you, he did not mind one bit."

That, to Izuku, seemed impossible. Luci had tickled him for only a few seconds, but for it to have resulted in that tiny droplet, he doubted that the torment Kacchan put him through would have filled more than half of the sphere. Then, the orb shrunk and vanished. Izuku felt a small twinge of disappointment before the demon said, "Forget about the spell. That's not why you came here. You are here because you discovered something about yourself. What you want to do from now until you wake up is up to you. We can play video games."

"Video games?" blanked Izuku.

Luci pointed to his console. "Yup. I have to warn you, I am pretty good at Smash."

Deku did not recognize the gaming system or the game.

"It's up to you," said the imp with a warm smile.

The geeky teen sat cross-legged on the bed, his fingers to his temples, mumbling a stream of cogitation. If miraculously he wasn't dreaming, and the demon was telling the truth – it would be even weirder to assume the opposite – then there was little doubt as to what he wanted deep down. And if the whole thing was a dream, the atmosphere was much too relaxed for a nightmare. It could only mean that his subconscious was trying to tell him something. Oh, it was so embarrassing! But there were no stakes. No risks. He could get to the bottom of it and no one would know. And if he hated it...

“We can stop at any moment,” promised Luci. “I admit I can get a little carried away, though...” he added sheepishly.

“Ok,” said Izuku, and his face flared up.

The imp's ecstatic smile left little doubt as to what he had been hoping. “Yes! Any preference? Spots, tools, position...” and he went on to list a variety of terms Izuku could not even register. *So that's what that's like.*

When the demon was done talking, Deku squeaked hesitantly, “Uh, I... if I had to choose... I think that... you can try my f-feet...”

The end of his sentence barely counted as a whisper, and he suspected his face would catch on fire any second. The truth was, whenever the t-word was mentioned, that was where his mind went right away. He did not know if he would call them his worst spot, as he had proven to be sensitive just about everywhere, but they had certainly been the most responsive to Katsuki's tools. That had also been where the bully had focused his fury, probably, Izuku realized, to prove something to himself. Those tines, fingernails, bristles... gosh, should he have chosen somewhere else? But the imp did not even try to hide that he was beside himself with excitement, and Deku could not have brought himself to retract his words even if he had wanted to. And besides, maybe it would feel a little less awkward than having the imp's fingers all over his bare upper body.

Hiding his face behind his hands, he extended his legs towards the eager demon. He could not deny that the way he looked at his unprotected soles made him feel a little uneasy, though there was also the thrill of anticipation. Deku's feet were proportionate to his stature, if on the big side. But more than their length and his personal style, the main reason for his bulky shoes was the width of his soles, which would have matched more naturally feet a few sizes bigger. Past the plushy heels, which, perhaps because of the dream setting, had none of their usual roughness, the pronounced curve of the arch blossomed into the surprisingly strong and smooth balls of his feet, broader than his palm and wide enough, he had discovered, to accommodate one hairbrush as well as one or two digits. On each sole, the mound under his big toe was separated from the others by a prominent valley that seemed to invite the onlooker to trace their finger from the base of the toes to the bottom of the arch. Courtesy of his agility training, his toes were strong, with short stems and tips plump with muscle. An uncharitable eye might have called Deku's feet goofy, as dainty they were not, but more than anything else, the odd juxtaposition of their size and width, coupled with their pinkish hue, made them look cute in that cinnamon roll fashion that was so characteristic of him in spite of the way years of training had sculpted his body.

Luci repositioned himself, sitting cross-legged next to Izuku's feet before gathering them into his lap, placing the heels on his left thigh. Deku could see only one of the demon's eyes from that angle, but if Luci was only a projection of his subconscious, the famished glint in his crimson iris sufficed to convey how much he must have clandestinely waited for this moment. Luci draped his left arm over Izuku's bare shins, partially blocking his view, as if to say that he would not let the prize escape his grasp. Deku's nervous smile was already turning to light giggling before the demon even touched him, already aware of how sensitive he was. Hardly any time after Bakugo had wrecked him, he was willingly subjecting himself to another round.

He yelped as soon as he felt Luci's index fingertip travel up the arch of his right foot, causing him to jerk his legs.

"Already?" chuckled the demon, turning to glance at him.

"S-sorry, I'm very ticklish," giggled Deku sheepishly, his blush intensifying.

"It's ok," assured Luci. "Better, actually!" His fingertip resumed crawling up Izuku's right sole, dancing along the arch. The digit curled when it reached the ball of the foot, showing a hint of dull nail. "HA!" it tore out of Deku, whose hands shot towards Luci's arm as his legs spasmed again.

"S-sorry ahagain," said the geeky teen, curling his fingers behind his head to prevent himself from reaching out. The leer Luci shot him had him wondering for a moment if the imp would throw himself at his exposed upper body, but he seemed to be able to dominate the impulse.

"No worries. There, lie down on the cushions. Are you comfortable?"

"Y-yes, thanks."

"Now all you have to worry about is keeping your feet still. And not curl your toes, if you can."

"I don't know if I ca-HAN!" shot out of Izuku as not one, but four fingerpads caressed his sole without warning. But he managed to fight against his instincts and kept himself still. "Hehehehehe hehehehehehehehe!"

The demon kept stroking the tender sole, which Izuku could not prevent himself from scrunching up. He watched in delight as those light touches turned Deku into a giggling mess. He had Izuku cross his ankles and started using his second hand as well, so now both soles were suffering the slow, feathery touches. He was barely even trying to tickle him, but Izuku was already bear-hugging a large pillow for dear life.

Izuku was speechless. It didn't tickle that bad, but it was as if the comfortable atmosphere made his reactions all the more intense. Luci had taken to scratching lightly at his instep whenever wrinkles appeared on his sole, forcing his toes to splay out and grant him access to the smooth skin. After only a few reps, Deku was banging his fists on the mattress, giggling loudly, cyclically. "Hehehehe

hehehehehe HAHA! hahahahahahahahahahahahaha! N-hehe hehehehe hehehehehehehe
HAHAHA! Hahahahaha hahahahahahahahahahahahaha!”

If he managed to keep his feet in Luci’s lap, it was only because, as difficult to remain immobile was, he could not say he disliked the sensation. It was like a massage, but one that reached more deeply into his nerves, or awoke them with soft teasing and abused them with sudden bursts of real scratching. But when Luci used one hand to pull back his toes and the other to target their base, he let out a bang of high-pitched laughter and pulled his feet away. He giggled for a few moments under Luci’s patient stare.

“Do you want me to hold you down?” offered the demon, who seemed somewhat peeved by the interruption. Izuku scanned him. Perhaps he was stronger than he looked, but Deku did not want to risk hurting him.

“No, uh... is there any way you can tie me down?”

It was only when he saw Luci’s expression that he realized that, to most people, that was quite the unusual request, but his internship under Sir Nighteye had turned being restrained and tickled into habit, and he knew that, as soon as he’d start his apprenticeship in Mirio’s office, he would be well acquainted with tickles on a daily basis. Mirio had already sent him an e-mail detailing the six levels of punishment! Level 1 was what Sir had gotten him used to, being secured to the machine with a couple of devices teasing his upper body; Level 2 was going to be just like Level 1, but Izuku would not even be afforded the protection of his costume or uniform, and shackled bare-chested. At levels 3 and 4, it would be Mirio himself administering the tickling, which Deku could tell would be much worse: not only ten fingertips tickled more than two of those feathery devices, they were completely unpredictable. He could already see Mirio phasing into the machine, causing only his arms and head to appear behind Deku as he wreaked havoc all over his upper body... But the absolute worst was Level 6, where the machine would have taken care of his shirtless upper body while Mirio targeted his bare soles.

Izuku’s spine had tingled when he read that e-mail the first time, and again the second, until he knew it word by word. But perhaps what should have tipped him off to his heretofore unknown love was that Mirio had asked him if he was ok with it, assuring him that he was already a shoo-in for the apprentice position and that saying no would not have jeopardized his chances at all, and Deku had accepted. To carry on Sir’s tradition, he’d told himself at the time, whenever his mind presented him with the image of Mirio’s muscular fingers squeezing his hips, or prodding at his ribs, or wriggling in his underarms, or lightly tracing the contours of his stomach, or tormenting his feet... it was not just nervousness. With Sir, he’d never enjoyed his time in the machine, it was so embarrassing with a whole office going about their business while he laughed his head off. But if it was going to be only Mirio and him, it could be different. No one would be able to feel uneasy around Mirio.

“Deku?”

Luci’s voice snapped him out of his daze. “Y-yes?”

“I said sure,” chuckled the demon. “Would you like to be hogtied? Spread-eagle? Or...”

He noticed that Izuku was drawing a blank. “No problem. Tell me if this is ok.”

The demon snapped his fingers, and a massive teddy bear in the corner of the room – who reminded Izuku a lot of Fat Gum in size and apparent plushiness – animated. Its head rose, its onyx eyes fixed on the geeky teen in a frankly unsettling way. Then, it spread its arms and brought its legs together, before returning to immobility. A 4-meter tall, T-posing teddy bear.

“You can sit on its leg while I get my toolbox. It doesn’t bite, I promise!” quipped Luci. Deku eyed the bear with mild apprehension as he got off the bed and walked towards its corner of the room. He was completely unprepared for the feeling of the carpet floor under his bare soles. The fabric waved and wiggled under his feet, causing him to chuckle.

“Everything ok?” came Luci’s voice from under the bed, where he must have been looking for his toolbox.

“F-Fine!” yelped Deku as he sauntered towards the teddy bear. The worst part of each step was right at the end, when his toes sank into the crawling fabric, but somehow, he managed to make his way to his destination without tripping or dissolving into giggles. He plopped down onto the massive plush toy, finding that the upper side of its leg, thick enough to reach up to Izuku’s calf, was flat, which made it a comfortable seat. As soon as he rested his back against the furry belly, the bear’s huge arms came down to grab his forearms. Gently but firmly, the bear lifted them above his head.

Deku was a little uneasy, but mostly impressed: the bear was so strong that he couldn’t lower his arms at all, but, sandwiched as they were between two layers of stunningly soft fur, he did not feel the slightest discomfort. Then, he felt the fur on the bear’s belly begin to come alive behind his back.

“Hem, Luhuci?” called Izuku, already on the verge of chuckling as the thousands of soft bristles brushed against his skin. His scapulae and the area behind his flanks proved especially sensitive to the treatment.

“Just a sec!” replied the frustrated demon as he dove into a pile of video games.

Before Deku could add anything else, the countless, feathery touches on his back ceased being the problem, as the fur to his sides grew and wove itself into six hands. He did not notice them until they plunged: one pair diving into his exposed hollows, another scratching at his chest and ribs, and one last pair kneading into his toned belly. Izuku instantly burst into laughter.

“Neeeeeeheheheh Hahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha! LUHHUHUHUCIHIHIHI
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA AHAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

The hands were frantic and erratic, constantly switching spots, pure speed and no technique, but more than enough to keep Izuku in hysterics as they scoured his chiseled upper body. Izuku was no longer the scrawny little thing he used to be, but he was unable to break free of the bear's hold. All he could do was kick uselessly, sometimes stomping on the wriggling carpet, which made him laugh even more.

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HEHEHEHEHEHE
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

Suddenly as it began, the tickling ceased. The hands retracted into the fur, which stopped moving altogether.

“Sorry!” exclaimed Luci from the other side of the room. “I forgot to mention that everything in this space responds to anticipation. I can usually control it, though!”

Izuku sighed as he relaxed again into the bear's embrace. What an utterly crazy dream. He extended his legs along the teddy bear's, noticing that the bear's relatively stout leg was just long enough to support his heels, as if to make his bare soles and the bear's on the same level. Izuku breathed in slowly. What had he gotten himself into? And yet, past the shock of the first instants...

Luci let out a delighted trill as he pulled a remote control out of a drawer. He beamed at Izuku. “Now, your ankles. Ok?”

After a moment, Izuku nodded sheepishly. It was all it took for the fur around his feet to grow and wrap itself around his ankles, keeping them slightly apart. He could still scrunch up and twist his feet to an extent, but they were going nowhere. Memories from that afternoon made his soles tingle, and Izuku gulped down nervously, but his feet seemed to long for the demon's touch, the promises of delight echoing in the buried part of him that had always felt uncomfortable with his fame as a cinnamon roll, all the more so as a young adult.

Luci clicked a button on the remote. The room was instantly replaced by what looked like a TV set. The only things that had remained wholly unchanged were Izuku himself and the bear restraining him. Luci was still barefoot and wearing pajamas, but these ones seemed meant to resemble the flamboyant suit of a zany game show host. To Izuku's left, a dark area filled with empty seats; to his right, a large wheel with colorful sections, each bearing a stylized image: some, like a hand a hand and a feather, he was able to recognize, but the majority were completely nonsensical to him. However, those two alone sufficed to give him a good sense of what the wheel would determine even before Luci announced to the empty seats, “Welcome to another night of Wheel of Tickling! Our contestant tonight is Izuku Midoriya, alias Deku, an exceptional hero in the making! And quite the looker, if I may say so. Say hello to your fans, Deku!”

Izuku was nonplussed, but Luci's enthusiasm was infectious. “Hi,” he half-murmured to the empty seats. Cheering and applause exploded from nowhere in particular.

“Don’t worry, it’s really just the two of us,” whispered Luci with a smirk, before asking loudly, “Deku, do you remember the rules?”

Izuku was nonplussed. “I... W-Why don’t we go through them again? For new viewers?”

Luci was visibly overjoyed that he was playing along. “With pleasure! Deku, you recognize that sphere, don’t you?”

On the opposite side of the stage, a pillar emerged from the ground amid smoke effects, bearing the purple sphere from before. From that distance, Izuku was not even be able to see the few droplets he knew to be in there.

“If you can stand being tickled long enough to fill it up, you win the right to a spell! Now, let’s look at the wheel!”

The non-existence audience let out a marveled vowel.

“The rules are simple. The wheel determines which tools I can use to tickle your cute feet! The more effective the tool, the longer I can keep using it for! In addition, I get 3 jollies to reuse an item of my choice.”

The terms seemed meant to maximize his torment, but Izuku found himself smiling nonetheless.

“If you want to surrender, your telepathic host will know, so you don’t have to worry about laughing too hard to talk!”

Well, he did worry a little.

“Are you tickled pink yet, Deku?”

“Uh, I’m...”

“Then, without further ado... Let’s begin!” announced Luci, and the crowd exulted. A chorus began to sound. “Spin the wheel! Spin the wheel!”

Izuku could not help a little twinge of apprehension as Luci gave the wheel a spin. He reflexively tried to cover one foot with the other, but they were too far apart.

The wheel stopped on one of the two icons Deku had recognized before: a cartoony hand. His pulse quickened.

“The first tool is... fingers! What better way to begin?” asked Luci rhetorically before plopping down on a purple cushion right in front of Izuku’s feet, which were now level with the demon’s chest. His hands started glowing blue.

“This aura will make you 10 times more ticklish.”

“WHAT?!”

“Just kidding,” chuckled Luci. “It’s just to keep track of the time.”

He took both index fingers and stroked them up and down Izuku’s soles. The geeky teen instinctively fought to suppress his giggles, but only succeeded in producing high-pitched squeaks.

“Looks like we have quite the sensitive contestant, folks!” declared the demon while his fingers began to wiggle on their path up and down. The non-existent audience laughed and cheered as Izuku’s squeaks climbed in pitch.

“How about we get serious?” asked Luci, attracting even more enthusiastic cheering. The demon positioned four fingers on each of Izuku’s heels, shooting him a smirk before moving them up his sole, tapping rhythmically as if playing the piano. The tickling was still light, but enough for Izuku’s mirth to spill out. “Naahahahahahahahaha! Hehehehehehehehe ihihihit tihihihihcklehehs!”

“Thank you,” replied Luci as he repeated the spider climb over and over. Izuku’s scrunched up soles kept trying to pull back and twist away, but his skilled fingers left them no respite.

“Someone has a case of the wiggles!” exclaimed Luci for the audience. “But those pesky wrinkles won’t protect you... here!”

He began to rake at the tops of Deku’s feet, from his ankle to the toenails. The area was less sensitive than his soles, but the more forceful technique ensured a constant stream of giggles. Izuku splayed his toes as much as possible to wrinkle the top of his soles what little he could, offering Luci a perfect view of his unblemished arches, the broad balls, and his cute toes.

“Aw... Aren’t they beautiful, ladies and gentlemen?” crooned Luci.

“YES!”

“Ahahahahaha hehehehhehehehehe!”

Without warning, Luci relocated his racking movement from the top of Izuku’s feet to his soles. Outstretched as they were at first, Deku briefly felt a surge of ticklishness run up his legs.

“HAHAHAHAHAHA! Hahahahahahahah ehehehehhehehehehe nohohohohoho hahahahahah!”

Even after that initial moment, Luci’s dull nails and the pressure he exerted made this method much more difficult to take than the teasing drumming from before.

“Hahahaha hehehehhehehe ha!”

Izuku was an adult, but his laughter retained a decisively boyish quality. *It's so pure*, would say Todoroki before doubling down on the tickling to hide his embarrassment.

Whenever Luci reached the balls of his feet, Izuku doubled his efforts to keep his toes clenched, having learned full well that a taut sole is a more ticklish one. Plus, Luci, his subconscious, whatever, looked like the type to get carried away if he found *that spot*... But the demon's fingers already tickled so much, it was so difficult to stay focused!

His struggle did not go unnoticed. “Are you trying to resist?” enquired Luci.

Yes. Deku knew how sensitive his feet were, and he was not ready to offer them up willy-nilly. And...

“I see. You like putting up a fight until your tickler has no choice but to make you completely helpless!”

Wait, what? He did not... It was so hard to think!

“Hehehehehehahahahahahhaahahaha ha!”

Luci alternated scratching and scribbling until Izuku's face flushed, then he moved his fingers to his heels. The geeky teen was taken aback when the demon lingered there. It wasn't as bad as the top of his sole, but the urge to fan his toes grew stronger and stronger...

“I can keep going,” proclaimed Luci mischievously. He moved his fingers from the center of the heel to the point where it joined the arch. “This is a little worse, isn't it?”

It was *a lot* worse. Izuku whimpered through all the giggling, drawing coos from the audience. He pulled at his bonds, but they did not budge. He couldn't resist much longer...

Had he not closed his eyes, perhaps he would have seen Luci's left hand join his right on Izuku's left sole, targeting the very top of his arch.

“NYAHAHAHAHAHA hahahahahahhahahahahahahahahhahahahahahahahahahaha!” spilled forth as his fanned his toes. The demon wasted no time grabbing his big toe and pulling it back while his right hand continued tormenting the base of Izuku's arch.

“Now, let's see how sensitive your soles really are!” he exclaimed, and Deku's heart sank; but it resumed beating frenetically as soon as the demon scratched at his now outstretched sole.

“HahahahaHAHAHahahahahahahahaha NOHOHOHOahahahahhahahaahah HAhA hahahahaha!”

The intense approach worked very well on the ball of his foot as well as his arch, which seemed a little more sensitive, though not as much as the point right underneath the ball of the foot. Deku shook his from side to side, laughing madly. The rough method combined with stretching his sole tickled as bad as when Luci was going easy on both feet at once; even more so, when some previously inaccessible spots were targeted.

Luci took his time studying what worked best, and where. He was surprised at how Izuku hardly ever spoke through his laughter, barely letting out a few half-hearted protests despite how much the demon's skilled fingers clearly tickled him. As soon as Luci's dull nails began scratching at the base of his toes, however, he started singing a different tune.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHHAAHAHAHAH! HEHEHEHEHEHEHE
NOHOHOHOHAHAHAHHAAH THEHEHEHEHEHHERE HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

His laughter climbed up an octave and his fruitless struggles doubled in intensity, causing Luci to smirk. “Did I find your weak spot?”

Izuku had no idea. He knew that his feet were very sensitive, but no one had ever focused on his toes so intensely when he couldn't curl them. It wasn't that big a difference compared to the rest of his sole, but even that small, additional degree of hystercics caused him to laugh harder than ever before.

“HAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHA! I-IHIT TIHIHIHIHCKLES SOHOHOHO
MUHUUHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHACH!”

“Reeeeeeally?” taunted the demon.

“YEEEEEEEEEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHAHAHS! HAHAHAHAHAHA!”

“Should I change spots?”

“HAHAHAHHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

“Or I can continue like this until time runs out. Let me switch foot...”

“NAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! OHHOHOHOHOK!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

“Ok what?”

“YOHOUHUHUHU CAN CHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

“I'm sorry, what did you say?”

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HA PLEHEHEHEHEHEAHAHAHAHAHAHHSE!”

“I don’t understand! Guess I’ll continue...”

Luci continued to drive Izuku up the wall for a few more minutes before slowing down his tickling to a gentle crawl, without however letting go of his big toe. He traced his fingerpads and nails in lazy patterns all over his sole, making sure he never stopped giggling.

“Which is worse?” he asked as Izuku’s laughter winded down, but his squirming seemed to intensify. “The strong, fast tickling from before, or this?”

Until a few minutes prior, Deku would have assumed the former was worse, but he was no longer that sure. Relentless tickling on his most sensitive spots that turned his nerves against him certainly drew him wilder, but that lighter teasing, positioned right on the edge of making him laugh, but never going beyond, without giggling making it any less intense, was exquisite torment in its own way, more focused on edging his nerves and chipping away at his mental resistance. There was something of the pleasure of a massage thrown in that further confused Izuku.

“Hehehehehehehehehehe Ihihihi dohohohohon’t knohohow! Heheheehe hehehe!”

“We’ll find out by the end,” promised Luci. He started running his fingers along the sides of Izuku’s foot, and, though his chuckles decreased in intensity, that sensation which was not yet maddening tickling increased, though it was less pleasant than when the demon was focusing on his arches, more like the tingle from a gentle touch on one’s palm.

After a few more minutes, Luci began to alternate heavy and light tickling, basking in Izuku’s different reactions to his many techniques. So expressive, cute with a hint of perversion underneath... too bad about those lingering barriers. They would be broken down, eventually.

The blue aura disappeared without Luci ever returning to Izuku’s toes, to the latter’s relief. Was he afraid that he would not enjoy it, or was it too soon? He continued chuckling for a few seconds after the tickling ended, and wished he could stroke his soles to remove the lingering sensations. “I want to save them for later,” smirked the demon, and Deku immediately knew what he was talking about. His lower back started tingling, like during the slow ascent of a rollercoaster. He did not notice that the wheel had stopped spinning until a jingle – or, rather, a sound of laughter – played.

“Plus infinity?” asked Izuku after looking at the icon.

“It is a plus, which means that this new tool will remain in place until an incompatible one comes up and replaces it.”

Before Izuku could ask further questions, stocks materialized around his ankles, transparent except for the purple padding. An invincible force pulled at the back of his toes, gluing them to the transparent material.

Deku squeaked in surprise. His toes restrained, he had not only lost the ability to twist and stretch his feet: his taut skin would forever be more vulnerable to whatever the demon threw at him,

“Toe restraints. An excellent roll!” declared Luci with a disquieting leer as the ghost audience clapped.

“What, uh, counters these... toe restraints?”

“Nothing. These stay on until the very end,” said Luci in a lascivious whisper that nearly gave Izuku the cold sweats. “Your toes are all mine now!”

The tingling at the base of his spine intensified. “You said...” he started, but he trailed off when he saw the wheel resume spinning.

“I know, but... let’s see what tool’s next!”

The wheel landed on what Deku could not help seeing as a sun on a stick.

“Aw, looks like your toes are safe this round!” exclaimed the demon, half-peevish. A pizza cutter-like device appeared in each of his hands. Izuku did not like the look of the thin spikes one bit.

“What are those?”

“Pinwheels. I promise, they don’t hurt one bit,” assured Luci. “However...”

He placed one on Izuku’s immobilized left heel and ran it up his sole. The geeky teen yelped. He regarded first Luci, then the pinwheel in surprise.

“They feel nothing like what they look, right?” asked the demon, and he took to rolling both tools on Deku’s feet without giving him the time to reply. Izuku instantly burst into giggles.

“Hahahaha hahahahaha! Thehehehey feehehehehel wehehehhehehehheid! Hehehhehahaha!”

There was something to those tiny points, to all that pressure being concentrated in a single point. He would have expected it to hurt, but they seemed to leave his skin untouched and reach *under* it, tapping directly into his nerves.

The keen demon kept rolling them up and down, etching into Izuku’s brain an electric map of his soles, which had no way to evade the pinpoint stimulation. His squirming let up a little as he grew accustomed to the odd sensation. That was Luci’s cue to step up the tickling. Izuku’s giggles rose in pitch and volume as one of the pinwheels began tracing the upper contour of his heel, while the other nestled into the crevice that crosses the ball of his foot.

“Hehehehehe ihihihit’s not tohohoho bahaHAHAHAHAHAD! HAHAHAHHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHA!”

“You were saying?” teased the demon, the pinwheels never lingering more than a couple of seconds on those two spots or the bottom of the ball of his foot, the constant switching making the predicament unpredictable.

“HAHAHAHA IHAHA TAHAHAHAHAKE HIHIT BACK HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!” squealed Deku, but the demon was having none of it. It wasn’t long before he had both pinwheels rolling back and forth along the very bases of Izuku’s toes, securing an even stronger reaction.

“Did you think you were going to kick back and relax? I’m a demon. I am going to give you the tickling of a lifetime.”

Izuku could barely hear him above the sound of his own boyish laughter, but as he began to realize that the demon, real or not, had every intention of wrecking him, a shiver went through him, dread turning into excitement.

Deku’s feet flooded with the impulse to move away, but they couldn’t so much as twitch in the magnetic vise of the magical, transparent stocks. Luci went back to mixing up the sweet spots until the pinwheels vanished from inside his hands.

“Aw. I was starting to like them,” he told a winded Izuku. After a few moments, he asked, “So? What do you think?”

Deku blushed. “I, uh, I don’t know...”

“Do you dislike it?” enquired the demon.

“No, it’s... it’s fine.”

“You were expecting something different.”

He had. For a supposedly erotic dream, he did not feel very... very... There was some warmth, but it was the same he’d felt before falling asleep.

“You’re still holding back,” commented Luci, and Deku gave a squeaky start when he ran both index fingers down his soles. He did not want to imagine what would have happened if his toes had been tied back when the demon was using his fingers. “It’s ok, we’ll fix that. Do you want to continue?”

Deku shifted in place. His arms in the bear’s solid yet soft grip, the gentle fur caressing his back, his ankles encased in the magnetic glass. He nodded.

Luci smiled at him and the wheel resumed spinning. It landed on an icon which Izuku thought he could recognize. A white feather appeared in Luci’s right hand, a red one in the left. They had stiff-looking plumes along the sides but much fluffier and longer at the tip.

Deku's first reaction was one of curiosity. He'd seen them being used as irresistible torture devices in cartoons when growing up, but they looked rather harmless to him. If such commonplace objects been half as devastating as American animation portrayed, Kacchan probably would have used them on him that afternoon, right?

Luci picked up on his curiosity. "It varies from person to person and from feather to feather," he started, and Izuku's interest was piqued. So, as he suspected, there were differences not only in sensitivity, but also in ticklish spots and the efficacy of a given method? He wondered about his classmates. He already knew that Katsuki was extremely sensitive on his feet, but would feathers work? What about Kirishima? "For example, your friend Eijirou is not feather ticklish, except... well, never mind. His absolute worst spots are his underarms, but his feet also give very interesting reactions. He screams and thrashes like crazy if you use scratchers between his hollows and his ribs, and he loses his mind if you lightly rake metal claws in the center of his armpits. For his stomach, I recommend paintbrushes, vibrating stuff, or..."

Dream or not, weird or not, Deku did not question his sudden desire to take notes, each of Luci's words etching itself into his mind.

The demon cut his tangent short. "Anyway, there's a bunch of objects I haven't added to your wheel. And yeah, feathers are rarely the best tool, but they can work. For example, this always does."

Izuku immediately burst into giggles as Luci scratched the quill ends against the balls of his feet. The dull points allowed the demon to exert more pressure than the pinwheels, and their movements were faster and far less predictable.

"Hehehehehe HA hehehehehehehehehe HAHAHA hehehehehehehehehe NAHAHAT THEHEHEhehehere hehehehehe!"

Luci liked occasionally poking harder to change up the tickling and intensify the sensation, causing small spikes in his giggling.

After a short while, Luci turned the feathers over and began sweeping his soles with the plume end. The soft, long plumes did not tickle very much, but they were still enough to keep a silly grin plastered on Izuku's face and to extract the odd whimper, especially when the demon focused on his toes for a few moments. The sight of the athletic young man smirking, squinting and jerking as he tried to suppress his forced smirk and ticklish whines would have made any ler's week.

"Mmh... pff... ah! Mpf... hehe..."

Deku's squirming was partly caused by the fact that the soft plumes dancing along his soles actually felt kind of, well, good. They tickled very lightly, and their gentleness was somewhat endearing, like a playful caress. Was that ok? His face grew a shade redder.

By then, the demon had taken note of his silence. "It's nice, isn't it?"

After a few moments, Izuku eked out a “Yes,” made squeaky by Luci sweeping the plumes along his toes as he spoke. The demon took it as an invitation to switch from the tip to the side of the two feathers, dragging them from the ball of Izuku’s foot to the heel, and back up.

The teen’s whimpers intensified immediately. Not only were the feathers covering more ground no, the plumes along their sides were stiffer and more numerous, exerting more pressure than the ethereal tip. It was a very small difference, but enough for Izuku to let out a few giggles whenever they swept his arches. He was surprised to learn that his insteps were particularly responsive, which the demon did not hesitate to make use of. Not altogether unpleasant shivers began to run up Izuku’s legs.

“Does this tickle more?” enquired the demon, as if he could not tell. “Does it still feel good?” he adjoined, and Deku did not reply.

“Still a ways to go, uh? No matter. I know what you need,” claimed Luci moments before sawing the two feathers along the stems of Izuku’s toes.

It took a few instants, but the sensation kept building up until his giggles morphed into laughter; but even as the volume increased, the feeling did not subside.

“Hehe hehehehe! Pff... mmh... Hahahaha haha hahaha!”

The demon was nothing if not methodical. He carefully tested the entire length of each stem, determining that the very base and the part right underneath the toe pad yielded the best reactions. As he tested one foot, he switched to the quill end on the other, producing two very different stimuli that pulled at Izuku’s mind and senses from two directions.

Deku squinted his eyes and pulled at his right leg, which was feeling the wrath of the quill hand, with more vigor. The quill end tickled more, especially as Luci was fond of scratching the very top of the ball of Izuku’s foot with it. The plumes lapping at his toes produced a discomfort of a different type, one that itched at the teen’s brain, and of which some part of his was unable to get enough, like playing with a scab. The quill end’s action prevented him from dwelling on it, though.

“HAHAHAH hahahahaha! HEEHAHAHAHAHAH NAHAHAHAHHAAAAHA! Hehehehehehe
HAHAHAHAHAHA... HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH PLEHEHEHAHAHAHASE
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!”

The sudden spike in his laughter was caused by the demon slipping the feather between his pinky and ring toes, cleaving through the nerves that ordinarily had nothing to report.

Luci paused the two feathers. “That looks like it tickled a bit.”

“N-No, ihit didn’t,” lied Izuku.

“Let’s make sure, then!” chirped the demon, and he repeated the offending motion. Deku tried to hold in his laughter, but Luci continued until the teen’s pent-up laughter bubbled out.

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHA DOHOHOHOHOHON’T! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

“Looks pretty ticklish to me!” diagnosed the demon. “But I’ll need to check them one by one.”

“WHAHAHAHHAAT?!”

“One…” he counted, even though he had been sawing the feather in the same spot for twenty or so seconds. To Izuku’s consternation, the feather went through the glass stocks that immobilized his feet like they weren’t even there, making it so much easier for it to swing in and out of his hysterical piggies.

The feather moved to torment the space between his ring and middle toes.

“Two…”

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

“Aw, you made me lose count. Guess I have to restart.”

“NOOOOOHOHOHOHOHO DOHOHOHOHON’T! HAHAHAHHA!”

“One…”

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

“Uff, again?!”

It was a game Deku knew he would never win, and the façade of fairness made it all the more excruciating. And still, Izuku did not want to give.

The demon always resumed counting from between two different toes. After a few “failed” attempts, he proceeded to dust Izuku’s sole with the other feather, to take his mind off his toes, he said; then, after a few more, whenever he declared he had lost count he would switch to digging the quill ends into the balls of the teen’s feet for a few minutes. “For motivation,” was the rationale. After Deku nearly made it to four without bursting into hysterics, Luci started sawing the second feather between his toes too, or tormenting his sole with the quill end, while still counting. Izuku did not hear the rationale for that, lost in a cloud of forced mirth.

“HAHAHAHHAHA HAHAHAHAHA NAHAHAHAHAHA STOHOHOHOHOHOP!”

“Nope. I know you don’t really want to.”

Deku was not so sure.

To an external observer, ten more minutes passed before the demon retracted the two inconspicuous torture instruments; to Deku, it felt a lot longer, so much so that he wondered why the feathers had not gone away yet. *Because they work well*, he realized with a shiver, even though a sheen of perspiration covered his skin.

“Would you like to know why the tickling was so much worse between your toes?” asked Luci as Izuku panted some breath back.

“I... uh... w-will you tickle me again?” enquired a wary Deku.

“Of course,” chuckled Luci. He raised the feathers to eye level and murmured something. The fluffy tips of the two feathers magically interlocked, so now they were united into a single tool, a plumed snake.

Izuku tugged at his bonds when the demon started looping it around his left pinky toe.

“You see,” he started, weaving the feathered snake behind Deku’s ring toe, between it and his middle one, in front of it...

“It’s not that you’re more sensitive there,” he explained above the geeky teen’s reluctant chuckling. His toes completely immobilized by the magical stocks, Izuku could do nothing to prevent the gloating demon from weaving the combined feathers between each and every one of his toes. “The secret is the tool.”

When he was done, the two quill ends jutted out of the side of Izuku’s feet, his toes fully encircled like by some kinky boa. What was the demon planning?

Luci paused a moment to gloat at his handiwork, then he looked at Izuku with that impish smirk of his. “The barbs are nice and all, but with these feathers it’s the shaft that does the trick. You probably didn’t see it, but it’s soft and fuzzy. It’s like a fuzzy string going in and out... much worse than the plumes of a feather.”

With that, he pinched both quill ends. Deku understood.

“WAIT!”

Luci gave a little tug. A lightning bolt seared Izuku as the feather move across and between all 10 toes at the same time.

“HAA!”

The demon smiled upon seeing Izuku's explosive reaction to that first taste, and the geeky teen immediately knew this would be excruciating. But before he could say anything else, Luci began pulling left and right, sawing the feathered snake at frenzied pace, and Deku dissolved into laughter.

“HAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH! HAHAHAHAHAHHAHHAHHA!
NAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! LUHUUHUUHCIIHI HAHAHAHAHAHHA!”

But the demon was unrepentant, playing the teen's feet like violins, the feather his bow, the hysterical laughter his melody, the broken pleas his applause.

Izuku closed his eyes at some point, the energy to flail ebbing out. Besides how terribly it tickled, his only other, short-lived thought was how horrible it would be if, while his toes were getting that harrowing treatment, Luci unleashed some other tool on his empty, vulnerable soles...

His eyes shut, Izuku did not notice the feathers disappearing, nor the wheel spinning again; when he reopened, noticing he was able to breathe again, Luci was holding two metal scratchers shaped like little hands.

“I am not going to mince words. This will tickle a lot.”

Deku was in absolute hysterics, tears streaming down his face as Luci went on raking at his feet with the two scratchers as he had been doing for the past twenty minutes. There had been no build-up, no breaks. As if possessed by the hand-shaped tools, the demon had instantly taken to scratching at his soles as if in a frenzy, and Izuku hadn't been able to stop laughing desperately since, his boyish laughter echoing off the walls of the empty studio and drowning out the fake cheering whenever Luci hit a particularly sweet spot.

The demon had proven deserving of his name. He had started with both feet at the same time, immediately demonstrating a good grasp on how to best drive the geeky teen ballistic. The relentless dull points were agony on his arches and instep, but it wasn't long before Luci targeted the balls of Izuku's feet, escalating his shrieking and bond-tugging. The scratchers pressed down hard on the tougher skin, following the natural curve of the sole and remodeling with their deep-reaching pressure, tapping into the nerves underneath, and sending an electrical hellstorm shooting up Izuku's legs. But when Luci reversed his grips on the scratchers and focused them on the area between the arch and the ball, that was the moment tears had begun rolling down Deku's cheeks.

“HAHAHAHHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHA! PL-PLHEHEHEHAHAHAHASE
BRHEHEHEHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

To prevent that sweet spot from becoming desensitized, Luci occasionally switched targets to the very top of his heel or of his sole, which were no less sensitive. If there was one blessing Izuku could count, it was that the tools could not reach the base of his toes properly, not without the risk of hurting him, and his toes themselves were off-limits entirely; but all this torment had accounted

for only a little over six minutes of his torment. After that, Luci had moved the scratchers to the sides and tops of his feet, but even then Izuku could not stop giggling. It was as if the intense wave of tickling had made his whole body more responsive, even as, unbeknownst to him, the sensitivity of his soles had been on the verge of decaying... hence, he deduced in a moment of clarity through the manic laughter, the spot-switching. While the sides and tops of his feet tickled less than the underside, Izuku was left dreading the moment the scratchers would return to his supremely exposed soles. Then, both he and Iler discovered that the side of Izuku's feet right next to the ball of his foot was pretty much as sensitive as his arches, and he lost the ability to worry.

Luci had not uttered a single word since the moment of first contact, not that Izuku had been able to register. When he moved back to his soles, this time focusing on one at a time, Deku had telepathically begged him to give him a break, unable as he was to stop laughing long enough to form an intelligible sentence, but the demon did not seem to be able to perceive him, all his attention folded into making Izuku lose his mind. When he "tickled out" one foot and Izuku's mirth threatened to decrease ever so slightly, he switched to the other, fresher sole, and back again. He was going at the ball of Izuku's right foot and the top of his heel when the tools, mercifully, vanished.

"Haaa... Ha..." panted Izuku, letting the bear hold him up as he sank into the fur.

"Mh, you ok?" asked Luci, and after a few seconds, Deku nodded. "Sorry about not giving you a break. I thought that, uh, it'd be better to just get it over with," he explained. Izuku nodded his absent-minded assent through squinted eyes, which snapped open: for a moment it had seemed as if Luci's left eye had turned black.

"It's... ah... ok. Just... tickled a lot. I can't take it like that again," he said as his breath evened out, and wondered if by "again" he meant what Luci had just put him through, or Katsuki. His feet still tingled a lot, and they were so red and raw from the scratchers even the air of the room felt cool against them. Which probably did not bode well for him.

"Enjoying yourself thus far?" asked Luci to both Izuku and the invisible studio audience.

Deku was unsure. Now that the onslaught was over, the relief after the ordeal was supremely pleasant, like a dive in a cool pond at the peak of summer. But as the demon was working him over, he had not been able to scrutinize his enjoyment. All he could think of was that he wanted a break. "I, uh..."

"Hey, don't worry! The next tool is an easy one."

Only then did Izuku notice that the wheel had already made its next choice. He did not need to decipher the icon, as Luci was holding up one red marker and one black pen. Izuku was prudently relieved. That did not look too bad, but in a nightmare, there was no way to know for sure. He'd thought the same about the feathers, and his toes tingled at the memory of his mistake.

Luci uncapped the marker. "Do you want to guess what I'm about to do?"

Izuku's face was flushed with the effort of laughing, but it threatened to grow a shade redder as he said "You'll, um, draw on my..."

He trailed off, and Luci resumed. "I was thinking about taking notes."

Izuku drew a blank. Notes? The demon grinned. "What kind of notes would you take in my place?"

Despite the embarrassment that Deku was not managing to shake off, he was able to speak comfortably when imagining himself doing what he did best. "If I were to, uh, tickle someone, I would write down what areas to try out, where they are most responsive, and what methods work best... Oh."

"Wow. Are you sure you never gave it any thought before now?" asked the demon, and the audience murmured, impressed.

"No, just... practice, I guess," murmured Izuku.

"That's about right! Though I'm only going to write down how ticklish you are, and where."

Izuku was on the verge of asking where he would be writing it down, but the answer was obvious.

"But it looks like someone needs to get out of their head. So we'll play a game!"

Deku did not like the sound of that. "What game?"

"It's Silly Numbers!" shouted Luci and the audience in unison, startling Izuku. "The audience will vote on how ticklish each spot is. You win if your estimates match mine - I mean, theirs!"

Izuku's ears were on fire. As if it wasn't bad enough that he was embarrassingly sensitive and that he was letting a self-proclaimed demon tickle him, now he even had to guess out loud? On the other hand, the previous round had been really intense, and Deku welcomed the respite. That dream, it was all supposedly because he enjoyed it, but when the scratchers were dancing on his soles, all he had wanted was a break. He hadn't felt... anything. Warmth in his chest, and tingles along his spine, sure, but nothing where he thought he should have. Perhaps that was not what the demon had meant? Maybe it was the light touches, the ones that feel like a sparkling massage, and he just found them relaxing... This did not bode too ill. "Ok..."

"Great!" enthused Luci to the sound of applause. "But first, we need to establish a baseline! Any ideas how we can do that?" he pattered, and without giving Izuku the time to process the question, he adjoined, "I know! We'll use our handy marker!"

He then sat back down in front of Izuku's feet. "Scale is 1 to 5! 0 would be not sensitive, but I don't think we'll need it," teased the demon. Deku still had questions, but was silenced by the tip of the marker making contact with his heel. When Luci had spoken about a baseline, Izuku had not

anticipated that the entirety of his right foot would be colored red with the criminally ticklish tip of a marker. It was not too bad when the demon started at his heel, but as he moved up his foot, Izuku found himself unable to stop laughing, and realized that while he very much felt his nerves responding to the tickling, keeping track of exactly how bad it was, and where, was not that easy, particularly when the demon got to his toes, which he claimed were particularly difficult to color, and on which he spent an obscene amount of time. It was this endeavor that revealed to both that the fine point of the marker, which filled his foot with ink so, so slowly, was a wonderful tool to apply to the very tips of Izuku's toes, sending him screeching with laughter particularly when the demon colored the underside of his big toe. And just when Izuku thought the ordeal was over, Luci began to use the marker between his digits.

Izuku's unruly hair had begun to stick to his forehead by the time Luci was done. He then attracted a panting Izuku's attention to the screen, now occupied by the large, stylized icon of a foot with nine numbered circles on it: 1 was his heel, 9 the tip of his toes.

"Our contestant seems to have recovered enough! Ready to move on to phase two?" proclaimed Luci, putting down the marker and uncapping the pen. Deku still felt a little awkward, but he nodded his assent, reckoning that the next part, at least, would not get him to flail around in the bear's grasp. "Yes."

"Good! Let's start with spot n. 1!" announced Luci, drawing a circle around his left heel, but avoiding the top part. Izuku grinned in response. "On a scale of 1 to 5, how ticklish is it?"

"One."

He gave a little start when Luci drew the number on his heel.

"He says one! And the audience... concurs! Congratulations!" pattered Luci, writing down the audience's score as well.

"Next, no. 2! This tiny spot between the heel and arch!"

This time, Izuku snickered a lot more as Luci took his sweet time circling the area. "Three?"

"The audience says... Four! Too bad!" grinned Luci, writing down the scores on the marked spot, which were then mirrored on the large monitor.

By the end, the screen read:

1 (Heel): 1 (Deku) ; 1 (Luci)
2 (Heel-Arch): 3 (Deku) ; 4 (Luci)
3 (Arch): 3 (Deku) ; 2 (Luci)
4 (Arch-Ball): 4 (Deku) ; 4 (Luci)
5 (Ball): 4 (Deku) ; 3 (Luci)
6 (Ball-Toes): 5 (Deku) ; 4 (Luci)

7 (Toes): 5 (Deku) ; 5 (Luci)

8 (Between Toes): 5 (Deku) ; 5 (Luci)

9 (Tips of Toes): 5 (Deku) ; 5 (Luci)

It had been more challenging than Izuku had assumed to make sense of the crude points system. Sometimes Deku felt a slight difference where there was supposed to be none, others it was just difficult to remember, since he had never engaged in a similar exercise before, although it 100% looked like something his subconscious might cook up. And as Luci had moved up his foot, reminding him once more of the total immobility and vulnerability caused by the magic stocks, he had felt slightly less awkward. When he got to his toes, the guesses also became much easier.

“You got five out of nine right! A round of applause for Izuku!” incited Luci, and the non-existent audience responded, causing Deku’s lips to curl up into a smile, an unwitting one, but not one that had been forced out of him.

“This washes out, doesn’t it?” asked Izuku humorously, and pleasant surprise brightened the demon’s face.

“Is that a request?”

“Uh, no,” replied Izuku quickly, not wanting to be the one to choose his poison. Although, if that was his semi-lucid dream, in a sense he was? His musings were cut short when he noticed that the marker and pen had not gone away yet.

“Good observation!” chirped Luci. “Any moment now. Let’s use what little time we have left to show their magical abilities!”

Izuku was not sure if Luci was speaking literally or figuratively, but something told him it was the former, and that it would not be good news for him.

“Magic?”

“Yes! The marker memorizes how much it tickled when it was applied. And it can replay it. If I draw a line like this...” He traced the sharpie vertically down the ball of Izuku’s left foot, cueing a jump and few restrained snickers. “...and I use my magic...” Izuku’s surprised snickers turned into astonished laughter. Luci was perfectly still, but he felt as though the marker was still going back and forth on that spot, but fast, so fast, in fact, that it was everywhere at once. After a few moments, Luci rubbed his thumb against Izuku’s foot, and the feeling vanished.

“That’s...” panted the geeky teen. “...Evil.”

Luci smirked. “Let’s see if you can take ten seconds. Starting... now!”

“The pen also has special properties,” started the demon, and Izuku quivered in the bear’s hold. “With it, I can make a spot more sensitive. But it’s not as fun as it sounds, if you go too crazy, it just hurts.”

“So... you won’t use it?”

“I will,” chirped the demon, “but I’ll choose a low score.”

Izuku was not sure he should take it as a win.

Luci drew a circle around his left big toe with the pen, immediately eliciting new peals of laughter as the ball point traced along the sensitive skin. “You got four answers wrong in the game... let’s go with +4!” announced Luci.

“Wait a momeeeeHEHEHEHK!”

Izuku was cut off by Luci writing “+4” inside the circle on his big toe. As soon as the pen left it, Izuku felt a localized tingle, then the air around it felt cooler. Luci blew on the ink, and Izuku burst into laughter.

“HAHAHHAHAHAHA! WHAHAHAHAHAHAHT THE HEHEHEHEHHEELL?!”

“More sensitive,” giggled Luci. Izuku was astounded. If air alone felt like that...

“Ten seconds,” proclaimed Luci, and the ball point made contact with his big toe.

The geeky teen screamed. If the marker had been an army devastating his nerves, the pen was a sniper shot to the brain.

“HAAA!
HAHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA! HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHA!”

This time, Deku did not attempt to listen to the countdown. Protests were barred too. The new wave of accursed tickling was telling him that he was at the demon’s mercy, and he could only endure and wait.

Luci doodled all over Deku’s big toe, paying no heed to his senseless laughter. Whenever one second lapsed, he quickly wrote the number on the skin, making the countdown itself a torment. When his hypersensitive skin alerted him that a circle had been drawn, Izuku allowed himself to breathe and think again.

“Which was worse?” chuckled Luci after a few moments.

“I... couldn’t... choose...” replied Izuku, his tongue loosened as his nervous system had no energy to spare to keep it in check.

“You can also mix and match,” explained the demon. “Like, you can use the marker and then tickle that same spot with, say, a scratcher. Or you can make a spot more sensitive and color it with the marker... you can guess what happens. And it leaves your hands free!”

Izuku looked positively terrified.

“Oh, I’m not going to do it! Besides, magic is no fun, it’s too overpowered and it takes no skill.”

The geeky teen sighed audibly. The scratchers had been hell. But the prospect that the demon could throw horrors at him that nature did not allow for was appalling.

“Feeling better? Let’s spin the wheel...”

“Luci, wait,” demanded Izuku, surprising even himself with his firm tone. The wheel instantly stopped. He was largely convinced that everything was just a dream, but he couldn’t help feeling a little embarrassed at having raised his voice. But there was no backing down now.

“I... You said that I am here because I like being tickled. And... I thought that at first it was true. I do feel something, I guess, but...”

“It’s not what you expected,” finished Luci.

Deku nodded, surprised, and the demon sighed. “Mmh... it’s a little embarrassing, but I hope you won’t mind.”

He waved his hand, and the image on the screen changed. It was Izuku, fast asleep in his bed. The room was bathed in darkness, but he could see himself very clearly, shirtless and in his gray shorts, as he was when he had laid down. The blanket was crumpled under his feet, his right hand on his chest, the left on his thigh. And...

From flushed, Izuku turned beet red. His sleeping self was sporting an undeniable, unmistakable tent. A very large one.

“Don’t be embarrassed,” urged the demon. “It’s natural. It’s why I’m here. What I don’t understand is why what we do here has an effect there, but not...”

It was Izuku’s turn to finish his sentence. “Here in this room.”

Luci nodded. “It’s happened before, but never to this point. The only explanation is that you’re not allowing yourself to feel it. Like you’re too embarrassed.”

Izuku remained silent. That sounded like him.

“It’s not good,” proclaimed Luci. “It could mess with this place if it goes on much longer. I can wake you up now, if you want.”

“But then...”

Deku did not know what to make of it. He did not buy anything about magic and such, but it seemed that his subconscious was sending him a warning. Todoroki, Uraraka, Iida, all of them told him he was too repressed. He had been a *late* late bloomer for sure, as it was only in his second year at UA that he’d started... doing things. Perhaps that was part of the reason he was so shy about it. But he was tired of creating obstacles for himself.

“Let’s keep going,” he said, with all the firmness a half-naked young man restrained by a giant stuffed bear and asking to be tickled could muster. It failed him soon. “If... well... that’s how it is... I should.”

Luci’s pointed ears perked up. “So...”

“Spin the wheel,” uttered Deku with the last of his courage.

Luci jubilantly snapped his fingers and the spotlights came on again. The wheel resumed spinning and Izuku watched with bated breath as it landed on... five triangles. Izuku tilted his head as he tried to make sense of it. Were those... teeth? Was he going to be sicced by sharks?

Fortunately, or so he thought, all that was conjured were a set of metal claws around all ten of the demon’s fingers. Luci observed them for a moment, the quiver of his lip proof of his excitement. Izuku instantly knew that did not bode well for him. “Are those really, well...?”

“Yup,” replied the demon. “Very, very much. Do you want me to start slow?”

“Yes, please.”

“Ok,” obliged Luci. “Give me a sec to get comfy...”

Instead of plopping down in front of his soles as usual, Luci went around the stocks. He rested his left arm on Izuku’s shin, then his head on top of it. “Are you uncomfortable?”

Izuku gulped down in trepidation, but otherwise, no, he wasn’t. The demon must have asked out of courtesy, because he was weightless. “Yes.”

Luci turned to face the tops of his feet through the transparent glass. As usual, his right hand phased through the stocks as it prepared to strike at Deku’s vulnerable sole.

“Ready?” asked the demon. The geeky teen nods.

Luci starts at his heel. The claws slowly travel upward, along the arch, across the ball, stopping right where it is most plumpy. The five points cause Izuku to smile unwillingly as they settle on his heel; as they travel one millimeter upward, Deku feels his diaphragm contract; one more, and he stifles a titter; another, and the first chuckles spill out. With each millimeter, the sensation intensifies, as if Izuku's brain needs time to process it. The giggles have already turned to laughter halfway up his arch, but the sensation grows and grows, and with it increase the volume and pitch of Izuku's astounded peals.

“MPfhe hehehe hehehehe hahahahaahahaha hahahaHAhaHahaHAhaHAHAHAHAH haha HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

By the time the five foot-walkers stop, he has already shaken in his bonds.

After that demonstration, Luci paused for a moment, grinning at him. “What do you think?”

As if he did not already know. “They tickle so much!” replied Deku, still surprised.

Luci hummed in assent and started ragging the five claws across his soles, randomly, slowly, with no pattern in mind. He was barely making an effort – in fact, what effort he was making went into trying not to make his lazy movements too ticklish – and still Izuku spluttered and jerked and squeaked whenever they got too close to one of the sensitive spots on his soles... of which there were many.

The demon drank in his reactions. Some would have said that Deku was too old and too strong to be adorable. Some would have been wrong. “He... Pffff... HA! He... hehe... Nohot- MHPP! Haha... HA!”

“What's it feel like?” asks the demon, without letting up the teasing.

Izuku's chiseled abs contract irregularly as he tries to speak. “I-ihit's weheheHA! Feels wheheheihird...!”

“How so?” enquires Luci innocently, running one point right underneath the base of the toes with a little more pressure, causing Izuku to blurt out a blindsided “EEEK!” before resuming his random stroll across his soles.

“Ihit's L-like aha FffeHEatheeeHE! B-Mpf But ahalso... s-strohohngeheher!”

“Like what?”

“LIHIke- NOHOHO THEhehere! Lihihike the ha sc-scratcheeHArS HA!”

“I see...” pretended to muse Luci as he ever so slightly picked up the pace, which Izuku's squeals immediately reflected. “The claws feel worse if you are feather-ticklish...”

Wet would have been Deku's first answer. His skin was damp with perspiration, and the odd bead of sweat rolled down his forehead and chest. His ordinarily unruly hair had lost volume from the humidity. But instead he replied, "Hot."

Izuku felt incandescent, and it wasn't just the physical effort of constant laughter. The claws, with their tickling that was simultaneously light and piercing, teasing and hysterical, had awakened something in him; no, not awakened, but they had made him realize that the demon had been telling the truth. As much as it had been poor agony, part of him longed for their touch again, for that incomparable sensation that set him aflame. But even so, his body, or, rather, its projection in the dream, did not seem to know. It was frustrating, not because of the pangs of denial, which the paradoxical situation he was in prevented him from experiencing, but because he knew that he was the cause; and still, he felt resistance in himself, like he was doing something too shameful and should stop. Which meant that he had to keep going.

"Your real body thinks so too," announced Luci. "Feather-like tickling seems to be your favorite. But the best is tickling that's also feather-like and can totally wreck you!"

Izuku really did not want to, but even as he was mostly lucid-dreaming, he still felt embarrassment when confronted with the responses of his body, especially to... this. But less than before. Eager to change the topic, he asked, "What about the orb? Is it full now?"

Luci projected the image of the purple sphere that was loading up with Izuku's laughter. It was around a quarter full, probably less. Deku was speechless. "You're kidding me."

Luci chuckled. "This round did a lot. And when I was sawing the fuzzy feathers between your toes." Izuku felt the need to wiggle his toes at the memory, but the magical stocks prevented him.

"And you said Kirishima filled it?" he asked, remembering that the demon had mentioned him. He did not have to think much to realize why his subconscious had roped in his shark-toothed classmate: apart from Kacchan describing his punishment that afternoon, and the redhead being the one to show just how ticklish Bakugou was, he had been the undisputed tickle monster of the class for all three years, tasing everyone's sides when they least expected it and hardly bothering to fight back when they exacted their revenge, despite being more sensitive than most of his victims himself. His favorite target, and the source of most of his failures, was without a doubt their prickliest classmate. Deku realized he must have a lot of well-placed faith in Kirishima's stamina if he thought him capable of charging the spell orb.

"Yup. And he uses the spell to let me return. He's going for two now, and coming close. He wants to use the second spell to... Sorry, I shouldn't have said anything!" remembered the demon. "Please don't tell him!"

Wow, though Izuku. A dream that worries about continuity. How very indisputably him. But rather than marveling at that, or at the redhead supposedly making his sessions with the demon a regular thing, he exclaimed, "TWO?!"

Luci chuckled. “There are cheats. More or less. But you’re not ready yet.”

Finally noticing that the wheel was no longer on the five claws, Izuku asked, “What’s next?”

Luci showed him two electric toothbrushes.

Deku sighed. “How bad?”

“I don’t know. If I had more, definitely worse than the claws. It depends on you.”

Izuku was not sure what he meant, but he knew he’d found out soon. He breathed in and out deeply, then steeled himself. “Ok.”

A soft buzz filled the air. Deku bit his lower lip, but his mouth was thrust ajar by the mirth that spewed forth as the demon rested the electric toothbrush against his sole. “Hahahahah hahahahahahaha! Ihihihit tihihihckeehehehehs ahahahahalreheahahahahahaahdyhhyh hahahahahahah!”

The motorized motions of the bristles were bad on their own against Izuku’s sensitive skin, but the vibrations accentuated it, and it started to tickle even more as the demon proceeded to waltz them across the entirety of Izuku’s tenderized sole, lingering on those spots he knew to be more ticklish for louder, higher-pitched peals of hilarity. While it was true that it did not come close to the madness of the claws, the buzzing was constant, and the geeky teen did not even want to imagine what it would have meant to have ten of those skating across his broad, soft soles.

“I’m going to take this up a notch,” announced Luci, and the head of the toothbrush traveled from the top of the heel, up the arch, with a small detour to tease the instep, then tracing along the bottom of the ball, before crossing it on its way to the base of Izuku’s toes. His laughter increased accordingly, but spiked when the toothbrush venture even higher, buzzing and stroking at the stem of his middle toe. “Couldn’t do this with the claws,” purred Luci as he raised his voice to be heard over Deku’s mounting hysterics. And when the second toothbrush was switched on and set out to destroy his left foot, that is when he was pushed over the edge once more.

“HAHAHAHHAAAAAAAAH HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
HAHAHAHHAAAAAAAAAHHAAAAAAAA HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHAAAAAAAA!”

While the second toothbrush mimicked what the first had done to Izuku’s right sole, Luci had a blast scrubbing his immobilized toes with the first.

“I don’t think you take proper care of your piggies,” chirped the demon. “let’s get them squeaky clean!”

With that, he moved the bristles to the pad of Izuku’s pinkie toe, slowly and carefully moving the head around it as if brushing teeth, then moved on to the next, not neglecting to slip the buzzing

head between the two toes, and on and on, until a few minutes of hysterics later, he finally got to the big toe, on which he spent more than twice longer because “This one’s bigger.”

Izuku was almost glad that, eventually, the brush relocated to the ball of his foot; little did he know that it would stay there only long enough for the demon to say, “Gotta clean out the other piggies!” And this time, both toothbrushes were assigned to the task, the two vibrating heads setting out to torment the tips of Izuku’s toes.

“**HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! F-FFFFUUUUUHHUHUHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!**”

HA!” cursed Izuku, uncharacteristically, the prolonged tickling, highly focused on his worst spots, finally breaking down the walls against profanity. Luci recognized it as a good sign, and, humming in tune with the toothbrushes, directed them to do their absolute worst to Izuku’s precious sensitive toes.

“**HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!**
IHIHIHIHHHHIHIHIT’s TOOOOHOHOHO MUHAHAHAHAHAHCH!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!” laughed Izuku.

“Mh, mh, mh,” hummed Luci in response.

“**HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA**
HA!” screamed Izuku. And the demon went on tracing the brushes up and down and in-between the helpless, ridiculously sensitive digits. Deku’s laughter was so loud that neither he nor Luci noticed a crack open in the ceiling, and the first tendrils of a black smoke seep into the studio. The teen was too busy dipping in and instantly out of silent laughter, and the demon milking that state for all its worth. The toothbrushes did not leave Deku’s toes until they vanished several minutes later.

“How are you doing?” asked Luci after Izuku drank from a floating glass that instantly soothed the pain in his parched, overexerted throat. “Good,” started Izuku, and giggled when the demon softly traced his finger up and down his flushed soles, silky with perspiration. It was against the rules, but he did not mind. The light touch was welcome after the real torment the claws and toothbrushes had put him through. If anything, it fueled his chemical impatience, stoking that warmth that had been building up inside him.

“I think we’re close,” said Luci as the wheel spun and his finger trailed along the base of Izuku’s toes. “The next tool might do it.”

“Do w-what?”

“Let you accept what you want,” replied Luci before leaning towards Izuku’s sole. The young man jumped when he felt the unfamiliar, slimy sensation along his arch, but, after a few more licks, the disgust had vanished, and all that was left was the ticklish feeling... but no, not just. It was also intimate, in a way, more than a massage, and pleasant, even as, or also because, it set off his excited nerves and had him smile and snicker. Then he caught the demon throwing him a mischievous

glance, and the licks became shorter and quicker, and more wriggly, and Izuku squinted his eyes and raised his forehead to the ceiling to prevent himself from bursting into giggles again, but he caved as soon as Luci began nipping at the ball of his foot.

Nibbles and squirmy licks continued along the side of Izuku's foot and instep, until the whole sole was coated in saliva; then, the demon moved on to the other, keeping Izuku in a chuckling feet punctuated by yelps whenever the gentle teeth poked at his skin. When both soles were glistening with saliva, Luci rested his lips on the right one, and blew a treacherous raspberry. Deku's laughter immediately soared and the demon repeated the technique, the vibrating kisses ripping another gale of laughter out of his dreamer, then another, and many more. He never seemed to run out of breath, but it was only a minute or so later that he ceased the attack, only for his tongue to besiege the sensitive toes. Izuku's squealing laughter resumed, and this time it did not taper off in-between outbursts.

The demon began to alternate quick and slow licks to give Izuku a chance to savor the treatment just like he was savoring the slightly salty skin, occasionally popping the toes into his mouth and sucking on them like so many lollipops. If he was feeling impish, his lips would start contracting around them and the tip of his tongue and teeth poke at the tips. He listened to Izuku's chuckles, giggles, squeaks and laughter, but also his hitched breaths, his choked humming, and a couple of moans. Yet, when he retracted, the Izuku in the dream still failed to match the one in reality.

Cheeks scarlet, Deku was disheartened, but not surprised. It was already weird enough to accept that he liked having his feet played with and laughing his head off while being restrained and his *unmanly* sensitivity exploited. But worship, that felt even weirder, and he had retracted into himself. "I'm sorry."

"No need to apologize! This is about you, everyone has likes and dislikes, and it can take time to discover and get comfortable with them!" hurried the unexpectedly supportive demon. "Guess I'll have to keep tickling you. We have a lot of tools left!"

The bright spotlight prevented both from noticing that more black smoke was seeping into the studio from the unseen crack as the wheel spun and landed on the icon of a plus and what seemed to be a tear, or a drop of liquid.

"What's that?" asked Izuku.

"Baby oil," was the thrilled response.

"Then why are you holding two shoe brushes?"

"Horse brushes. Because I have to apply it."

"Can't you just use magiHIHIHI HAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA NOHOHOHOH
WAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHIHIHIHIHIHI!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

bristles drawing purple nets on his feet. But the break did not last long, only long enough for the demon to beam and raise the second hairbrush.

“N-no, wait...”

“If you really wanted to surrender, you’d be freed right away. Just so you know, we’re about one third through. A little less,” announced the demon before letting both tools loose. Izuku let out a scream that would have stirred an opera singer’s envy. Then, he fell silent. After a few moments, the demon picked up the pace, extracting more wheezing laughter, but then Deku fell silent again, spasming from time to time. After a little while, Luci focused the two hairbrushes on the balls and toes, and the agonizing laughter returned, interspersed with broken pleas.

“HAHAHAHAHHAAAAAAAA
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA.....
.....
**HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHAAAAAAAA
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAAAAAAA**
.....
.....
**SSSHAAAAAAAAHHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHAAAAAAAA PHAAAAAAAAHHAAAA
HAHAHAHAHHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHAAAAAAAAHHAAAAH
AHAAAAHA!**”

There was no pleasure in Izuku, chased out by sheer hysterics, apart from the pleasure of self-destruction. If he kept going, it was because he still believed, or wanted to believe, the demon’s promise that it would all be worth it, in the end. So, despite how much his mind and nerves wanted it to stop, he knew he would not let it. he wanted out of his inhibitions. But as the demon kept merrily scrubbing away, he would not have hated the idea of a break. But he got none, even as his nervous system and conscious came apart at the seams at the demonic scrubbing he knew some blasted part of him craved. But he knew he would not last a lot longer. He shouted and laughed and banged his head against the oversized teddy bear holding him, but there was no decreasing the overwhelming sensation. And eventually, Izuku’s mind dissolved in the feeling like a sugar cube in warm water, disassembled and interwoven with the tickling, and there was no more enduring, just being.

When he emerged from the high, he found Luci gently massaging his feet. “It’s ok,” smiled the demon as he rubbed the soreness away and Izuku’s dizziness slowly dissipated.

“You really are ticklish,” he added tautologically, coaxing a worn out smile out of Deku. His whole body was aflame with what he knew, and could finally recognize, as desire, but the organ that most mattered still behaved as if uninterested, and Izuku was filled with a sense of failure at just how deep and strong the roots of his repression went. “It’s ok,” repeated the demon.

“No. it’s not,” boomed a familiar, disembodied voice, and both Izuku and Luci gave a start. Black smoke surrounded the studio set and crawled in towards the demon, who only managed to say “Oh

no” before being fully engulfed. “Luci!” yelled Deku before remembering that he was in a dream. He tried to will the smoke away. And it cleared away... but Luci was no longer there. In his stead, Izuku saw himself. A version of himself (un)dressed exactly as he was, a malicious smirk on his lips and a leer in his eye as he surveyed the restrained Izuku.

“Who are you?!” shouted Izuku.

“Stupid question. I am you. The you you don’t let come out and party.”

The voice was definitely his own, but the words and tone felt foreign. “What have you done to Luci?”

The doppelganger scoffed. “You really don’t get it, do you? But fine. If this is what you want to see...” He pointed to the monitor, which buzzed gray for a moment, then Izuku saw the demon locked into some kind of machine, arms encased by metal cuffs over his head and his legs restrained and bent at the knee. The video was silent, but it was easy for Deku to imagine the demon’s explosive laughter as a horde of mechanical hands descended on him. “Though we both know you’d much rather be in his place than spectate,” added the doppelganger.

Izuku tried to will himself free, to wake up, or activate One for All, but nothing worked. “This is my dream!” he yelled.

“Our dream,” corrected the doppelganger. “And I am sick of seeing you squander it. Denying us what we want because you are what, too shy? Get a grip!”

He plopped down in front of Izuku. “I am not your enemy,” he resumed, and the geeky teen knew that was true. That scary-looking guy was part of him, the part he had been struggling to free. Still, he could not help feeling mildly apprehensive. “In fact, I want to give you what we both want. We know what is best for us. So it is time for me to take over. No more half measures.”

The wheel spun a few degrees. It landed on a plus followed by sparkles. “Too bad we have to remove the oil for this. But we can bring it back later,” said the double as a paintbrush and a make-up brush appeared in his hands.

“What are those?” asked a nervous Izuku, suspecting magic.

“Was all that research you have done for nothing? If you can’t tell, you’ll find out,” retorted the double brusquely, before proceeding to dust both of Izuku’s newly oil-free feet with the two brushes. Deku started giggling right away, the soft bristles bending meekly against his skin and to all of the double’s commands. He began with the arches, which proved more responsive to the dusting than the balls, although right underneath and at the very center of them Izuku’s giggles would tend towards laughter.

The paintbrush was dragged slowly and methodically, as if to paint an unbroken line that would eventually encompass the entirety of Izuku’s sole, while the make-up brush was employed for swift

sweeps that tickled more, but whenever Izuku focused on them, the paintbrush would sneak into one of the more sensitive spots on his sole, catching him by surprise. More than a game, it was a constant ambush, and it took its toll on Izuku, who couldn't help feeling at the mercy of the double.

“Quuhuhuhihihit ihihihit hahahaha hehehehehehe!” he tried to command, but the double was right: he wanted to see where this was going. The double continued dusting his canvas for a few minutes, scrupulously avoiding Izuku's heels, before moving up to his toes.

“Nahahahah NOHOHOHOT THEHEHEHEHEHEHRE! HAHAHAAAAHA!” laughed Izuku, the feathery stimulation firing up his sensitive nerves. He spent an inordinate amount of time on Izuku's big toes, causing his ears to fog up with induced merriment.

Luci had not been very talkative, and it was clear he had been enjoying what he was doing. Even when he pretended to ignore Izuku, there was always the sense that it was a game. But the double, he brushed Izuku's feet like a man with a mission, without relishing in the reactions he elicited or even seeming to pay them any mind. He did not even crack a smile as the brushes dusted the stems of Izuku's toes, slipped in-between, painted the undersides. And when he finally spoke, “As long as I avoid your heels, I can keep going forever,” the relief of being acknowledged vanished in a heartbeat. But then he added, “But you will wake up eventually, and there are much better toys to play with,” and swiped the brushes across Izuku's heels, allowing him to catch his breath a little after the protracted toe-spurt.

He retracted less than twenty seconds later, and the paintbrushes vanished. Then, he simply stared at Izuku. “Now we wait,” he offered as an explanation.

Izuku blinked at him. What did he mean? The round had been more tolerable than he had anticipated, even though phantom tickles lingered all over his feet. But wait, the icon had a plus on it, so that round was meant to do something. He tried to splay and then scrunch his toes to relieve the mild discomfort of his soles being spread out so long. Those brushes must have meant to apply something, like the horse brushes. What was it? He curled his toes again, the discomfort was not going away; in fact, first one sole, then the other felt itchy. He glanced at the double as he hafted in place, and when he saw his smirk, he understood.

“Itching powder,” they said at the same time, the one anxious, the other pleased. As the sensation increased, and with it Izuku's contortions, the double expounded, “It doesn't only make for a nice show. It also makes you more ticklish, as you know. And scratching that itch will feel really good, don't you think?”

The itching sensation was rapidly becoming unbearable for Izuku. “R-remove it, please,” he whimpered.

The double rolled his eyes. “Please? For real? And you don't see why I need to tie you down and tickle you to insanity?”

“Remove it,” tried to command Izuku with his best straight face.

“That’s better. But that powder is there because we both want it there.”

“I don’t.”

“Yes, you do.”

“Then... then start scratching already!”

“We really are adorable, aren’t we? I will. Just give it a little more time.”

“N-Now, please!”

“With that please you got an extra minute of waiting.”

“No, wait, I’m sorry!”

“Two now,” smirked the double, but there was a bitter curve in his lips. Izuku gasped and breathed loudly as the sensations kept intensifying. After three minutes, he began to curse, but his double’s unhearing smirk seemed etched in granite. Then, after five more minutes, he said, “You hate me, and still you haven’t insulted me. That is your problem.”

“YOU’RE ME!!” yelled Izuku, snapping as the itch consumed him.

“Fair point. But you are too good at rationalizing your grudges away. I’d love to really hammer that point home and leave you like this for one more hours, but I’d rather get on with the program.”

“So...?” whimpered Izuku expectantly.

“I am using my first jolly,” declared the double, and Izuku half-thanked him. A jolly meant he would reuse a tool. The horse brushes seemed the best option to get the powder off, and perhaps the oil would help too. The scratchers were going to tickle more at first, but at least they would placate the itch right away. At that point, Izuku would have taken even the hairbrushes, even though he knew they were going to drive him to insanity and back.

However, what materialized were ten metal claws. “Not the most effective at scratching the itch away,” started the double with a sly smirk Izuku had never seen on himself, “But they’re your favorite. By far the best for our purposes.”

Izuku was too preoccupied with the itching to pay attention to the ominous tone. “Hurry!”

“You get three breaks,” sentenced the double; then, he started, like Luci, with one hand. The double had been only partly wrong: the metal points could not really dig into the skin without hurting Izuku, and they could cover a very limited surface each, but they did alleviate the itch a little. However, that was nothing compared to the electric cataclysm they unleashed across Izuku’s

synapses. The itching powder had increased the already sizable tickling properties of the metal nails, and though it wasn't quite as bad as that first hairbrush, the lighter aspect of the tickling seemed to trick Izuku's nerves into reporting that the powder did not just itch, it also tickled.

“HAAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHA
AHHAAAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH
AHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHA!!!”

Izuku lasted all of thirty seconds before calling the first break. But as soon as he did, the itching returned full force, especially on his neglected toes. He bit his lip and clenched his fists, then yelled, “When are you going to restart?!”

“As soon as you tell me to,” replied the seraphic double. Izuku knew the agonizing tickling would only get worse and worse, but the itching was unbearable.

“Now!”

“Don't you want to make the most of your break? You only have two left...” asked the double, slowly.

“No, now! Scratch my toes!” half-implored, half-commanded Izuku.

The double cocked his eyebrow. “I'll do my best, sir.”

And so he did. The five claws blitzed the base of Deku's toes, provoking a conflagration of laughter. They climbed up the stems, but the double did not linger there long before moving to the pads, switching from one foot to the other. It tickled even more than before, and placated even less of the itching. But Izuku forced himself to endure, because he knew it was far from over and the worst was still to come. The double went from prodding at the toe tips, to scratching at the bases, to raking down the entirety of his sole. And what was most confusing was that, together with agony, each pass of the claws brought pleasure, not just the allure of kink, but the delight that accompanied the placation, however brief, of the maddening itch.

Izuku lasted three minutes before the double detected his wish for a second break. “You know,” he started as his conscious self recuperated and felt the full wrath of the powder, “if you let me use both hands, I bet it will feel much, much better...”

And Izuku was tempted. But he was still rational enough to worry about the tickling that would follow, plus the double was rubbing him the wrong way. “NO!”

The double mock winced. “Wow, I am almost proud of us. But it is not me you should be angry with.”

“Then WHO?!” yelled back Izuku, but the double had gone completely silent, staring at him without moving, his lips curved in a slight grin. Squirming, Izuku tried to goad him into talking, to

The energy that the double had returned him was rapidly being converted to unhinged laughter. Izuku should have hated the devilish gloves, wanted to hate them for the unbridled hysteria they were drawing out of him as his doppelganger scrubbed at his feet as if sanding a piece of wood. But he couldn't. The tickling was tearing him apart. But he liked having his feet touched. He liked being tickled, he liked being strung up at the center of attention. He liked feeling comfortably helpless. And he welcomed the scratching that muted, if only for a brief instant, the torturous itching, and not just on his soles, but also on his toes, which the double was rubbing with his palms, letting the bristles wreak havoc on the nerves the claws had neglected.

**“MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! OH!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA MMMMMHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!”**

Izuku couldn't tell if he wanted the merciless yet quenching tickling to stop or continue, how he felt about it, so he just let it be and went on laughing, the only thing he could do, and some vowels lengthened, paused, stretched by arousal as his turgid member slapped at his thighs and lower belly, each stroke of the gloves sending a twitch to his real, sleeping body, earning him friction oh so slowly, yet surely...

The double noticed the huskiness in his voice, saw the effect he was having, and relented. He grabbed hold of both feet as if to massage them and rubbed only his thumbs into the sole, Izuku's laughter subsided, but it did not cease, the two hellishly clad thumbs sufficing to keep the mirth bubbling out. The double rubbed at the top of his heels, along the arches, and all over the balls of his feet, but his thumbs stopped venturing to Izuku's toes, where the prickly fire was soon blazing again.

Still laughing, Izuku lunged forward and locked eyes with the double, pleading, before sinking back into the bear's embrace to be ravaged by tickling...

“Do you know what you want now?” asked the double.

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA YEHEHEHEHEHEHS HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

“Say it,” commanded the double, slowing down the massage so Izuku could speak.

“Ihiihiihtch hahahahha mhahahy t-tohohohohoeheehehs hahahaahhaa!”

“That's it? Nothing else?” he asked. “Because I can make sure that nothing else happens.” He suddenly rubbed both thumbs along the stems of Izuku's toes. His laughter shot up and he bucked in pleasure.

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHA” IHIIHhiihihi wahahant too cohohohoome!”

“Louder,” said the double, pausing the tickling altogether.

“I WANT TO COME!!!” yelled the sweaty, panting, drooling, twitching Izuku.

“How?”

“Keep tickling me!” ordered Izuku, and he felt a pang of awkwardness, but the lust stoked by the double burned it to a crisp.

“Where?”

“Tickle my feet!” shouted Izuku as the itching gnawed at what was left of his sanity.

“Ok,” said the double simply. He covered the balls of Izuku’s feet and his toes with the grooming gloves, then started scrubbing, faster than ever before. Izuku abandoned himself to the laughter and the inexplicable magic the torturous gloves cast over his senses, guffawing huskily without restraint. Pleasure soared as the itch faded at the same time that the tickling shattered his intellect, The double moved the gloves so they’d scrub frantically at the balls of his feet and the toes, driving him absolutely insane, sweeping his most sensitive spots and the ones the powder had been the most cruel to, and it felt so terrible and good, so good, too good!

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA.....
HAHAHA..... HAAAAAAAAAA..... HAAAAAAAA..... NNNNNNNNNN.....
HAAAAAAAAAA..... HA..... HAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!”

Izuku spewed with an undignified groan, boiling hot seed bursting from his swollen cores, rising through the shaft and erupting from the tip in a triumphant spray, christening the waves of pleasure that swept through him over and over, a bliss heretofore unknown to him, the ultimate prize of the senses as he let himself experience every thing he wanted and had denied himself.

The final release was so powerful it almost hurt, another note breaking his voice as he fought with his bonds for the impulse to curl his toes, arching forward and then throwing himself back into the oversized stuffed toy as the delight began to ebb away. All the impetus of his seed was for naught, however, for as soon as the gloves struck the fatal chord, the purple sphere, which by then had been mostly filled, rematerialized around Izuku’s genitals, unperceived but somewhat solid, so his essence crashed into the dome and mingled with the clear liquid inside the sphere.

The doppelganger did not cease scrubbing as his conscious self contorted in delight, on the contrary, it seemed to spur him on, both polluting and accentuating the rush of sensations echoing deafeningly through Izuku. The gloves vanished an immense heartbeat after the very last drop of pleasure was consumed, and the double kindly dispelled the itching powder as well.

Izuku was dumbfounded, stunned by everything he had felt, the ghosts he was still feeling. When his strength returned, he looked at his double, whose blurry outline mingled with Luci’s. “Thank you,” he whispered hoarsely, referring to too many things for his rebooting mind to wrap around.

“Still fucking nice to the point of being stupid,” sighed the double. “Wait to thank me. You may be satisfied, but I’m not. I still have two jollies left.”

“B-but,” muttered Izuku, without knowing precisely what he wanted to say.

“You’ve read what happens now,” chuckled the double. “See the sphere? Congratulations, it’s almost full now. Fun fact: as long as a part of you, like the one you donated, is inside it, your sensitivity will not diminish. So you will remain exactly as, shall we say, *responsive* as right after an orgasm for... as long as I please, basically.”

Still too dazed to master his circumstances, Izuku gawked as the words trickled through his brain. The double grinned. “Let’s finish this game.”

What followed was a blur that Izuku could not measure by sight, sound or time, only by ambivalent agony and the vibrations of his cackling hammering through his chest, throat and skull. Since the double had removed the itching powder, Izuku’s soles were magically coated in oil again, and the double used his first jolly to reacquaint him with the hairbrushes, now that the orgasm had heightened his sensitivity even further and the magic orb preserved it. It would not have been a stretch to hold that Izuku had become twice as ticklish after his climax, with a single finger wriggling up and down his sole being enough to coax frenzied laughter and desperate thrashing out of him; but Izuku was not able to estimate his own sensitivity, ravaged as he was by the much more numerous and devastating bristles of two remorseless hairbrushes.

There was no amount of emoting that could lessen the fierce sensations. How much did he laugh, and how long did he fall silent? Deku had no idea. In a brief moment of lucidity, he noticed that the hairbrushes had vanished and the double had used his third and final jolly to bring back the grooming gloves, scratching with his fingertips or running the prickly underside all over his oiled soles, but though the pattern changed, his hysteria did not. And if he could perhaps blame the magical orb for his dick remaining proudly erect inside the white fluid throughout the hairbrush ordeal, he was hard-pressed to believe that the first shivers and droplets of desire by the time the grooming gloves took over were also the sphere’s fault.

Somehow, however, Izuku made it through. When time and presence began to realign, he noticed that the double was standing still, arms crossed atop the transparent stocks. “Congratulations, you won the game,” he taunted. “You have enough energy to cast one spell, and then some.”

“Bring... back... Luci...” commanded Izuku, his voice fragile but firm.

“We don’t need a spell for that. There you go,” said the double, and his form became ethereal, allowing Izuku to see Luci’s form into his. The double, transparent like a ghost, now hovered above Luci, whose eyes were unfocused as if spirited into some deep reverie. “We both know what you should use the spell for. Send *him*,” the double said, nodding towards Luci, and the demon’s mouth and head mimicked the movements of his own, “to Kacchan.”

**HAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHSTHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH
PLEHEHEHEHEHEHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!"**

“Please what?” asked the demon as the torturous stimulation petered out enough that Izuku could speak; but the brushes remained poised on his skin and Luci’s fingernails kept tracing his soles lightly, warning him they were ready to start again.

“Hahaha I’ll... ha... use t-thahe spehell, just... pleahase.”

“Good. Then focus you will and say what you want.”

“I want...” panted Izuku, feeling the weight of the double’s stare as his eyes honed in on the sphere. “I want to wake up!”

He expected his eyes would snap open and he’d find himself in his room. But no. He was still there, the sphere, unresponsive. Above himself he felt the double’s disappointed stare. “Do you really hate us so?” he asked, and Izuku looked up at him, because he had not expected the sincere sadness in his tone.

“I just don’t want to hurt him!”

“Are you being hurt?! You know this is a dream, and even here you’re his loyal victim!” shouted the double, leaving Izuku speechless. “You need to understand.”

And at once, Luci resumed the tickling. But not the brushes. As Izuku’s laughter boomed anew, the double raised his arms. More black fog poured in from the crack in the ceiling and wafted towards the empty seats of the audience. Shadowy figures concretized and stood up, walking towards the restrained Izuku. The double waved his arm at the wheel, which cracked open, and an array of tools materialized into the shadows’ hands. Izuku saw them coming close through squinted eyes, made to beg, but he had no chance.

Soon there were feathers swirling up and down his flanks, and two toothbrushes buzzing on and around his hard nipples; claws danced in his underarms while hairbrushes raked against his ribs and scratchers made the space in-between their home. Horse brushes smeared oil all over his abs and upper body, a pair of grooming gloves gleefully rubbing and curling against his chiseled stomach. And then fingers, more than Izuku could count, poking and scratching at whatever sensitive skin they could reach, never impeding the tools but lurking at their edge, but also digging into his hips and swarming his unclaimed legs, squeezing above his kneecaps and crawling under his knees to gently prod at the skin there, at the top of Izuku’s calves, underneath his thighs, all the way up them. And though Izuku would have never managed to isolate them through the fog of incomparable, incomprehensible tickling, tongues, swirling in his belly button, along his waist and up his neck. All while Luci unleashed his considerable skill on his feet.

Izuku was overloaded. He cachinnated, snorted, wheezed, fell into silent laughter, and the cycle resumed, with no mercy in sight. His mind was shattered except for the double's implication: who are you doing this for?

Then, two more tongues took the place of the toothbrushes at his nipples, freeing the electric tools to roam his quivering staff until one took to polishing his scarlet head and the other planted the back of its head right underneath the cock head, sending extremely mixed signals of tormented hysterics and building pleasure through Izuku, while the feathers, relieved by the pinwheels, lapped at his taint and balls, and more fingers, more fingers joined Luci's at his terribly sensitive feet. But he no longer knew what was happening to his body, only that he had to laugh and laugh and laugh, never running out of breath, never becoming less sensitive.

He might have come, at one point; perhaps more. He would never be sure, there was no longer room in his perceptions. He cachinnated on and on, too broken to think of pleading. If eternity is not infinite time, but the absence of it, Izuku was in it, instants of absolute ticklinshness indistinguishable from one another.

And then, he passed out. Or so he thought, because the tickling seemed to cease. And as his senses and mind returned, he realized it was not just an impression. The shadows had dissipated. The double was holding its face as a crack of light spread across it, then his whole body, and he burst with a flash. At that moment, Luci's eyes filled with presence again. Izuku was immediately freed from his restraints, and new energy surged through him, as if he had not just been tickled past the point of insanity.

"I'm so sorry. This had never happened before. Are you ok?" enquired a frantic Luci.

"I'm fine," replied Izuku immediately, pulling a smile. "I'm the one who should apologize. There was that thing in me and... it took control of you. I'm so sorry."

"Hey, it's no biggie. I don't hate being tickled anyway. Besides, don't you believe this is all a dream?"

Izuku had forgotten he was completely naked, but he made himself not mind. Yes. That was a dream. "You're right. And if even here I can't bring myself to feel resentment when I should, then..." He shook his head. "I know what I want to use my spell on."

"Spells," corrected Luci. Izuku's eyes bulged, and the demon laughed. "You have only your double to thank for a second one."

"I don't think I will," muttered Izuku, instinctively rubbing every inch of his skin within reach as he lived the tickling again. "Anyway. Kacchan tickled me for half an hour without my consent, thinking to insult me. My doppelganger was right, I shouldn't let it slide. So I'll use my first spell to make you pay a visit to him."

"For real?" asked an ecstatic Luci.

Izuku nodded. “I need to at least oppose him when there are no stakes, no?”

“And your second spell?”

“I, uh...” hesitated Izuku.

“It’s ok. When you know what you want to use it for, whisper it to yourself before going to sleep. And scratch your foot.”

Izuku blushed. Gosh, his subconscious was such a kinky nerd. “It was nice meeting you. And thank you,” he told the demon, offering him his hand to shake.

“Same. And now, if you’ll excuse me...”

A gust of wind nearly knocked Izuku over as the diminutive demon began to hover above the ground. Golden bandages wrapped themselves around his left leg and arm, covering his crotch and part of his right thigh, as a black guard of sorts materialized around his outer left thigh and inner calf. A long, crimson tail sprouted from his back that ended in an ominous stinger, and two wings, one fuzzy like his tail, the other bat-like, spread open, and Izuku recognized the figure he had glimpsed through the fog at the start of the dream. When Luci opened his eyes, the left had a black sclera and purple iris and pupil, a scar-like motif zigzagging down his cheek like a signature. His choker now sported a “D” engraved, and spikes had emerged from it.

“...I have a certain bully to go visit,” declared the demon to an astounded Izuku before clapping his hands.

Izuku’s eyes snapped open. Light was coming in through the window, so he instantly knew he was back in his room. No, not “back”, of course. He sat up, feeling ridiculously overjoyed for no particular reason. What. The. Fuck. As he twisted his body, he felt a slight discomfort down there. The front of his shorts was stained. That had been on heck of a wet dream.

He glanced at the clock. 8:12 am of a Saturday morning. No one would be around. He slipped off his soiled garments, threw them onto his pile of laundry, quickly washed and dressed himself, and grabbed the laundry basket. But after he silently but speedily walked down the stairs to the laundry room, he found someone inside.

Bakugou, scowling at whoever had intruded upon him and jumping to obstruct the view of the drier with his body, but he could not prevent Izuku from noticing there were only two articles of clothing inside: a pair of underwear and his night shorts. His mind raced.

“Get out, shitty nerd,” barked Bakugou, and Izuku glanced down at his feet, which seemed to be pressed down to the ground as hard as the bully could, not to mention encased in tightly laced sneakers. Come on, it couldn’t be...

“I’m washing my clothes,” replied Izuku nonchalantly, and he set out to do precisely so, feeling Bakugou stare a hole in his side. He inhaled deeply, then, “And also, about yesterday...”

“I’m sorry,” yapped Bakugou. Typical. He had to interrupt him even to apologize. But Izuku was too shocked to do anything but stare for a few moments.

“G-Good. You should be. What you did was not acceptable,” he blurted out with a resolve he’d never known. God, he was going to die.

“I fucking know that, that’s why I’m apologizing!” snarled Bakugou. Izuku cocked his eyebrow, causing the other to scoff. “Fine. I’m sorry. Let’s never talk about it again.”

“I’ll accept your apology once you change,” started Izuku, halting the barrage of insults and objections with one hand. “But... if you ever want to do it again...”

They both blushed and Bakugou turned around, nearly breaking off the handle of the dryer as he retrieved his clothes, cussing when they proved too hot to hold. His back to Izuku, he murmured, “I’d have to ask Shitty Hair.”

Izuku blinked. *Oh.*

Bakugou grabbed at his clothes again and raced to the door. As he passed by Izuku, he murmured as well as his loud voice could, “But I don’t see it being a problem.”