

Neito awoke feeling an ache in his head. He tried to remember what had happened just before he fell into an apparent sleep, recalling that he was on a patrol as the Phantom Thief all on his own. The copier tried to reach for his head to rub the sleep out of him, finding a sudden inability to. His eyes snapped open and he saw that he was in a much more strange situation than what he could've ever expected.

He was inside a bright room that was bare aside from a wide window in front of him that seemed to be black. Looking at his arms, he found that they were locked in some machine that went up to his elbows, completely holding his forearms and hands in place. His legs were spread wide apart, thick bands holding down his knees in place and his feet locked in what looked to be small stocks. The most peculiar detail that baffled him the most though? He was stark naked as the day he was born, his suit costume having been completely stripped and exposing him to the open air.

Neito struggled in his bindings, the thick restraints failing to budge even the slightest bit. His toes scrunched as he tried to pull his legs up, only to fail.

“Don't bother struggling, Phantom Thief. We made those restraints especially durable for those with powers like yours!” a voice called out. Neito looked up and saw that the once dark window now showed a guy on the other side at what looked to be a control panel of sorts. He was dark and he had purple short hair and had a pair of what looked to be headphones on him.

Neito grit his teeth and kept a strong forte. “What do you want from me?! Who are you?! Why am I naked?!” Neito flushed at that last part as he was reminded that all of him was exposed and attempted to close his legs to no avail.

“Well considering what we're gonna do with you, I may as well answer some questions you have,” the stranger pressed some buttons on the panel and put up varying images. From shots that looked to be him in action as a hero, to some unfamiliar sights such as colorful tree stumps and...

Guys getting tickled...? Those images in particular perplexed him. They seemed to be people of some tribes based on their tattoos and all of them seemed to be in some sort of mechanical nightmare that tickled them. Upon closer inspection, Neito flushed as he saw that they were being brought to pleasure from the childish activity.

“We are Murate, and we have a certain goal in mind, especially after a certain incident that nearly thwarted us for good...” the guy seemed to wince for a moment before he continued. “And as for why you're here, we've scoured the worlds and we've found you to be a particularly interesting specimen!”

The window pulled up an enlarged video of Neito. He immediately recognized it as the second round of the Sports Festival. The video showed just how he managed to copy Kirishima's and

Bakugou's quirk in an instant and skillfully play around them. Even if he lost, he still felt a bit of pride at how he almost made the other blond lose the festival.

"While I could explain the complexities of what we do, I'll get straight to the point: we want your specimen so that we can ultimately improve our machines! With the combination of both your DNA and the lignum's ticklish properties we've discovered, it's sure to allow us immense growth for the company!" The images disappeared as Neito got a full view of the seeming employee again.

"So why am I trapped like this then?!" Neito spat, keeping a strong face as he was ready to endure any kind of torture.

"Well, the logical answer is this..." the employee leaned in closer to the window. "We may as well knock out two birds with one stone and test out our prototype lignum toys to tickle you while getting your cum! Just think of it! Our tickle robots that not only hold varying abilities of lignum, but also are able to replicate the style of our foes and completely negate their resistance!"

Neito winced at the prospect of being brought to pleasure like those other boys. He never in his life would've thought that tickling was going to be a torture tactic against him, and frankly, he was displeased. No one knew it, but Neito was incredibly ticklish. The only spot on his body that seemed bearable was his hands, but even then if one brushed him the wrong way, he would have to hold in the smallest of giggles. And combined with his copy quirk? To him it was like hell on earth every day.

The employee fiddled with the panel on the other side as Neito tried to struggle out of his bonds once more, not wanting any part of this madness. "First things first though, always gotta check what we're working with." The employee hit a button, producing a hand from the ceiling that held what looked like a scanner of sorts. Hands began popping out from under where Neito sat.

Neito tensed as the hands popped up and could no longer hold his strong face. He barely had time to prepare himself as the hands instantly began wiggling their fingers all over him. He held in the intense laughter that threatened to get past his lips, only allowing for slight giggles as the robotic hands kneaded him all over. From his toned chest, to his softer pits, to between his thighs, and more horribly, his all too ticklish feet. The hand with the scanner would hover over different parts of his body, collecting data on him as he was forced into ticklish agony.

"Oh? What's this?" Neito looked up and saw the window change once more. This time, it displayed a chart that looked to be depicting his own body pop up with parts of it already shaded. "I think you're one of our most ticklish subjects to date! If that's the case then this is gonna be fun!"

Neito could only watch as the chart depicting his body was colored in, most of his body coming out to be a concerning shade of red to indicate his sensitivity level. Tears streaked down his face as he desperately held it all in to not show weakness. Despite that though, it seemed it was

already present as the whole chart now showed off a shade of red with a few pinks and oranges around his body. Only then did the hands finally stop and come off of him and the hand up top retracted back into the ceiling.

With the hands finally off, Neito breathed easy and loosened up. "Is that really all you've got?" Neito taunted.

The employee smiled back at him as he looked at the final results from the scan. "You've got a big attitude for someone that's incredibly ticklish you know! But that's alright. I don't think you'll be so cocky after you play with our new toys..."

He hit a button on the panel and a whirring was heard. From the floor in front of Neito, two panels opened up and revealed two trays with what looked like flexible plates and nubs with some sort of viscous substance that was colored red. Another button was pressed and shifted Neito's position, bringing his knees closer to him as though his feet were put on full display. The hands from under him brought the trays closer and began grabbing at the tools.

As one of the hands opened up one of the nubs to reveal the red substance and clamped it on Neito's big toe, he instantly felt the substance work into his skin. "H-Hey! What is that stuff?!" Neito called out as more of the nubs were locked onto his toes, one by one.

"That my friend is something we discovered called lignum. Fascinating stuff really!" Neito tried to listen in but every single one of his toes being tickled brought him to break his crumbling resistance. He was barely able to hold in the chuckles as his sensitive toes were played with. "We managed to find this wonderful substance in the deeper parts of the forest where it seemed no one would really find them. There were so many colors that were present, and of course we had to study them!" The employee watched on as Neito tried to wiggle his toes out of the contraption to no avail as the hands attached a large plate that went on his sole was placed. "And in our studies, we managed to find that the red is the most dangerous from being absolutely merciless against whatever poor soul finds its way in it. Essentially, a perfect permanent tickle tool for us!"

Neito couldn't hold it in any longer. "GAHAHA!!! GET THEHEHESE THINGS OFF MEHEHEHE!!!" Neito tried to bite his lip to stop the laughter to no avail. He thrashed in his place as the lignum kneaded his feet, poking and prodding at every corner they reached. "GEHEHEHET IF OFF!!!"

The copier didn't think it could get any worse. With no quirk to copy in his hell and being subjected to such a ridiculous fate, there was no way that it could be worse. Neito was proven wrong as he saw the employee through the class press a few more buttons and allow more panels to open up beside him. This time, his hands were brought upwards and exposed his pits fully as two hands had grabbed two more plates that fit Neito's pits perfectly and placed them on while other hands kept him from thrashing too much. As the plates were fitted onto him and the hands released him, Neito tensed for a moment before thrashing wildly again, attempting to

bring his arms down in hopes that the plate would budge and free his pits from ticklish agony. The lignum was stronger though and held tight onto him as they explored every single pore on him and wiggled their way in.

“GAHAHAHAHA!!! NOHOHOHOHO!!! STOP IHIIHIT!!! MAKE IHIIHIT STOP!!!!” Neito kept flailing, even though he knew that it wouldn’t help in his escape. The stocks moved back to their original position and held him in place as his feet went all over the place, his toes scrunching in hopes to knock off the red lignum and his other restraints held tight as he even tried to jump in his seat. “STAHAAHAP TICKLHIIHING MY TOES!!! NOHOHOHOHOHO!!!”

“Amazing! You’re already proving more useful for production than those warrior tribe leaders!” The employee cheered as he input some more commands into the panel.

As Neito thrashed, he felt something hard slapping against his thighs. To his horror, he found that he was hard, actually aroused from his own torment! The employee knew this as well, because in front of him, between his legs, spawned another tray of tools with red lignum lined on the inside of them. Neito could barely focus, but he was able to look at the shape and was horrified.

“NOHOHOHO PLEHEHEHEASE NOT THAT!!! PLEHEHEHEHEASE NOHOHOHOHO!!!”

On the tray, Neito could see two spheres that were cracked open down the middle and had a side of them open and exposed as well as a much longer curved plate with lignum that tried to reach out to anything it could grab. What was most peculiar though was the slot that had opened up and brought out a tube from right under him.

Neito begged and begged for the employee to not place the lignum on his balls, only for his words to fall on deaf ears as they simply smiled and input the command that got the hands to work. A pair of hands held his balls in place despite his struggling while another pair brought their tickly prison closer, clamping them around his sensitive pair and bringing his laughter up an octave. Neito desperately tried to shake off his new accessory to no avail as the lignum furiously dug its way in to tickle him.

“GAHAHAHA NOHOHOHO!!! IT TIHIIHCKLES PLEHEHEASE NO!!! NAHAHAHAT ON MY COHOHOHOCK!!!” Neito begged.

He was ignored as the employee giddily input more commands and made the hands do his dirty work. Multiple hands latched onto Neito’s flailing cock and held it in place as two hands had brought the longer curved plates to him. At the feeling of little tendrils of red lignum, Neito thrashed harder than he had done up to now as he tried to get away. The hands holding him down though held him in place, allowing the plates to connect and were locked onto his cock, leaving the head of it exposed.

That moment didn't last long though as a pair of hands descended from the ceiling once more with two smaller plates in tow. Everything seemed slow for Neito as he could feel every bit of pleasure from the lignum forced onto him. Every little finger of the viscous goop, every poke and prod that was made to his body, every bit of it tingled through him and was sent to his cock. And as the two tiny plates made contact with the head of his cock, everything seemed much more intense now. As the two plates were locked on and the tube that connected down under was attached, only moments later did Murate's efforts come to fruition.

"Amazing! Only a few selective toys and you've managed to give us your cum!" The employee went to work to pull up an analysis of Neito's specimen and gawked at it. "Incredible! It seems like your quirk factor has been mixed in with this and can allow us to power our machines with it!"

Neito looked through the window and rapidly nodded his head no. "PLEHEHEHEASE NOHOHO!!! DOHOHOHON'T DO THIIHIIHIS!!! NOHOHOHOHOHO!!!"

The employee smiled as Neito tried to escape his fate. "Now then, how about we kick it up a notch and test some more?"

He input a command, opening up multiple panels from the floor. Neito looked on in horror as multiple hands began grabbing at more plates lined with lignum.

"HEHEHEHEHELP!!! SOHOHOHOMEONE PLEHEHEHEHEHEASE SAVE MEHEHEHEHEHE!!!"

Shouta hid behind another rock as he snuck up on the large building. After hearing that Neito had gone missing from his patrol, Class 1-A's teacher offered to investigate the mysterious circumstances. Neito had already been gone for a month with absolutely no sign, and he was coming on a blank, that was until a suspicious drone popped up. Following his gut, Shouta followed the drone that seemed to spy on the different guys in the hero course for some odd reason, and it led him to somewhere he couldn't recognize whatsoever where he was now.

Shouta snuck his way into the facility and slithered his way through the corridors to hopefully find some indication of his friend. He took note of how there were very few people around the whole building while there seemed to be a constant whirling in the walls. He listened closer and in the distance heard desperate laughter. Shouta made his way to the only other sign of life, gripping his capture scarf and ready to fight. As he turned the corner, he was met with a perplexing sight that threw him off guard completely.

Right up against a grand hall, there was a large glass container with the very person he was trying to find. From the neck down, Neito was completely covered in flexible plating that had red goop oozing out of the crevices as it made its way back inside. From his dainty fingers to his

toes, Neito was completely covered in the tools as though it were some sort of suit. The hero-in-training thrashed inside the glass tube, his wrists being held up while his ankles were tied down. On top of his eyes was a visor while his mouth was hung open and screaming hysterically. He didn't dare think about what the tube connected to the poor boy's cock led to as another shot of cum was extracted from him. Shouta tapped on what looked like a control panel in front of the container and assessed that it was what Neito was being subjected to seeing, realizing that the boy was watching his own torment up close as little tendrils wiggled into his skin.

"INTRUDER ALERT! INTRUDER ALERT!" a robotic voice called out.

Before Shouta could even react to the sudden alarm, he was grabbed at his wrists and pulled up into the air by metal clamps. The Erasure Hero struggled in his place to try and get free, finding the manacles to be too strong, and was brought to another part of the building. Another set of clamps grabbed at his ankles and spread them wide, putting the man on full presentation.

"Well well, it looks like our greatest achievement brought a new friend!" Shouta looked up and saw a guy with purple hair staring him down. "Well aren't you a pesky one, sneaking into our facility and nearly thwarting our plans." Before Shouta could retort, he felt hands grabbing away at his clothes as they pulled at them, stripping him. "I think since you did so well getting here without detection, we'll keep you just like we did with our favorite copycat!"

The employee snapped his fingers, signalling the robots to take Shouta away as he screamed profanities at him with a flushed face as he was stripped of all his clothing. He turned back and made his way back to the control room where inside, there were multiple cameras pointed at varying locations.

"Now then, I think it's time for a little payback to those pesky warriors!"