



Slumped across the armrests of her overstuffed velvet chair behind a mahogany desk, Lila's plush blue legs crossed each other at the knee, one booted foot lazily bouncing up and down. From outside her office in the /tkr/-dungeon panopticon, distant echoes of laughter, moaning, begging, and hysterical pleading for free shit wafted up to her office, but Lila wasn't interested in any of it. Her usual tasks were done for the day. Tri was locked up down in his oubliette writing captions only for her, the kemono thread was restocked with people begging for updates, and she had even given her daily loudspeaker announcement that wtfeather still copy-pastes his faces, Kusujinn still doesn't have tickling in his foot fetish comic, Caroo has still gone downhill, and Redscript still ruins all his art with heinous footgunk shit. Lastly, and most importantly of all, her little side project Grace, the royal brat soon to be known as Tickle Slave No. 33040, was tucked up tight in the finest tickle torture chamber her dungeon possessed. This finally left Lila with some spare time for her second favorite activity after tickle torture: Derailing /tkr/ threads by talking about trannies.

Her sharp nails furiously clacked against the glass screen of her tablet, the only illumination in her pitch-black office. A sharp, toothy grin emerged from the dark like a Cheshire cat as she admired her post before hitting send.

>>42069

Except these fucking troon furies groom kids on Twitter into thinking they're gay and then prey on them for underage feet pics you fucking le reddit normiefag. Then they turn around and try to RP with me and send me pictures of their nasty male feet when all I want to see are pretty femoid feet!

After fumbling with a couple of bullshit, unsolvable captchas, Lila hit post before immediately switching on her VPN and going back into the same thread.

>>[42073](#)

Touch grass you batshit election tourist. No one but you gives a shit about trannies. See pic related. In case it wasn't clear, the bearded Chad is me and the brainlet wojak is you.

Switching her VPN to Colombia in honor of her newest prisoner Hispita, she made her final post for the night:

Can someone update TKGeek?

With that Lila sighed in satisfaction. All was right in /tkr/. That is, until a loud banging at her office door gave way a moment later to a stream of light from outside. Lila hissed and covered her eyes.

"That's right peasant, avert thy gaze! Your unrepentant degeneracy isn't fit for my royal form," Grace shouted with arms folded from her place being carried by a group of /tkr/ anons. Her burgundy dress was still torn and sweaty and leather cuffs still ringed her wrists and ankles, but here she was in Lila's office being distinctly not where she was supposed to be.

"I keep telling you, I'm not a peasant! I am demonic royalt- is that you Lapis? You treasonous pig!" Lila yelled at one of the bag-headed anons with "Lapis" scrawled in crayon on the front.

"N-No..."

Grace slapped Lapis across the head, "enough of the vulgar chattering! Seize this promiscuous little libertine! I shall have her in mine own dungeons by teatime!"

The traitorous crowd of anons rushed at Lila who came out claws swinging. Several anons were 404'd before enough of managed to get their grubby, squeezing hands around her sides and ribs.

"Nohoho! Y-You disgusting cuhuhuuhucks!" Lila screamed as more and more anonymous hands dove into every inch of soft cerulean flesh. Ironically, the one thing that could fry her brain enough to prevent her using her demonic magic was tickling. Arcane sparks fizzled at the tip of her tail and horns as her usual perverse energy was drained by a horde of horny anons.

"Enough! She is my prisoner, not thine, filthy cretins," Grace said, pouting down the bridge of her nose at her unruly converts, "stuff the wench in a sack and give her some distractions."

Lila balked, "a sack!? Why youhuhuhu- nohohoho!"

The "distraction" was five bullet vibrators hastily taped to the back of her knees, one in her bellybutton, and two more stuffed down the sleeves of her loose shirt. Quick rope work forced her into a frogtie, ensured that all five vibrators would stay secure before a burlap sack was thrown over Lila and cinched shut. The trip was a private hell where no amount of twisting, moaning, or thrashing could win her freedom from the incessant ticklish vibrating. Even worse than the tickling though was the fact that she was left alone in the back of Grace's motor carriage. Lila would never admit it, but being

ignored was the greater indignity. By the time they were pulling her out of the sack, her face was more red than blue.

"D-Do you know who my mother is?! The Demon Queen! Does that mean nothing to you!?" Lila said, talking down at Grace from the shoulder of the palace guard she was slung over. "When m-my mother hears of this, she'll throw you in one of those Redscript portal things and you'll be tickled for 8×10^{23} years! B-Bet you wouldn't like that, huh!?"

Grace cocked her eyebrow, "what the devil are you yammering about demon? Arthur, quiet the peasant."

"Yes, your majesty."

Before Lila could protest, thick hands dug into her squishy hips and kept all the air in her lungs devoted to deep, throaty, "noohooohoo!"s all the way down the steps to the castle dungeon. Torch-lit caverns gave way to clammy hallways full of iron barred cells packed to the brim with huddling prisoners.

With the sing-song voice of a tour guide, Grace said, "Here is where I keep all of the degenerate anti-monarchists. Jacobins, communards, fifth columnists and, worst of all, human rights activists. But we have a special place for kidnappers of royalty."

A pit was forming in the normally imperious and domineering succubus's tummy. She was the one who trapped other people dammit! But as soon as she tried to voice her complaints, that meaty hand went right back to squeezing her exposed sides. Whining squeals like a teakettle whistled from between her clenched teeth, refusing to give Grace the pleasure of hearing her laugh out loud. Although as they entered the private torture chamber, Lila managed to find just enough air to exhale, "NO! YOU CAN'T!" at the sight of what was very obviously an adjustable set of wrist and ankle stocks. Her toes clenched in her platform boots. Her tactics changed immediately.

"R-Really, Gra- Your majesty, I-I'm too ticklish for this! Th-there's like, demonic reasons, a-and stuff! Really! There's no way I can handle it, please! I'll go insane!" Lila begged from shoulder top.

Grace smirked at her little succubus's crumbling persona of dominance, "What a coincidence, I believe I told thy henchmen the exact same thing when they kidnapped me a week ago. Whilst I possessed diplomatic immunity, might I add. They did not listen either. Arthur, install this harlot in her contraption, post-haste."

Despite Lila's frantic, trapped-cat-like escape attempts, the brawny, blonde-haired, blue-eyed, ethnically pure, beef-fed Teutonic beast of a guard wrestled Lila's wrists and ankles into the holes in the stocks and adjusted the winches until they fit snugly against her limbs. Not that this stopped her from jerking hard enough to rattle the metal.

"Arthur, thou may leave us," Grace said with a dismissive wave. The guard bowed and shut the chamber door behind him.

"Tell me, demon. Dost thou believe in God? I do. And I believe in a God who shapes people in accordance with their proper and right fate. I, for instance, was born with the divine right of kings..."

Lila's heart pounded against the padded leather of the bondage device as Grace walked around out of sight behind her. Her worst fears came true as she heard the sound of unzipping.

"NO! DON'T YOU DARE HUMAN! SO HELP THE DEMON QUEEN I WILL FLOOD YOUR BOARD WITH CP!" Lila screamed impotently.

A moment later she felt cold dungeon air on her exposed soles. Grace placed the succubus's own boots in front of her, taunting her with their inability to save her. Then a single evil, vile nail, lazily traced the perimeter of her sole where the cerulean skin turned powder blue. Halting snorts barely kept the floodgates closed and robbed Lila of any ability to talk back.

"...and I believe this God made thy soles paler than the rest of thou, so that all may know exactly where thy weak spot is. I wonder what that means God's plan for thou is?"

Once all ten royal fingers touched down on the pillowy soft clouds of Lila's feet, the floodgates were open.

"OHOHOHOHOHOHO!" Lila laughed, blushing half from the tickling and half from her embarrassing ojou-sama laugh that she had no control over.

Grace snickered, "come now demon, not even I am that much of a stereotype. Dost thou not feel mortified over such a base display?"

Lila had no control over it. No matter how savagely she was tickled, her "OHOHOHO"s only increased in volume. Wanting to get more comfortable, Grace pressed a button to let little automatic tickling appendages take over Lila's torture while she pulled off her own boots and socks.

"I should thank thou, demon," Grace said, neatly setting her boots side-by-side before tying back Lila's toes, taking up a brush, and monologuing at the captured succubus as she ravaged the pale, upturned palettes before her, "the first four days were most harrowing, yet by the fifth day of my captivity, I learned something most queer - and not in the manner we stone people for. Nay, I discovered that I quite enjoy the tickle torture. In all my life, ne'er have I been told no, nor would any dare punish me. Before thou came along, that is. At first the loss of control, the grubby hands of commoners touching mine divinely invested flesh, the unyielding embrace of leather, steel, and wood, the ceaseless hours of titillating torment, it was all too much! Forsooth, I said as much many a time to thy pitiless torturers, though their ears be deaf to my pleas. But after days of this torment, I learned that no matter that I should say, 'no!', but the tickling doth say, 'yes!', and that I should have no say in the matter, well, this caused to bloom in me an unspeakable feeling of decadent pleasure that came in cresting waves, though my maidenhood remained chaste and unsullied. Would that I could have stayed in that divine hell forever! Yet, I was delivered by the revelation that all have their proper place in His universe, and mine should not be tickled in the bowels of some satanic dungeon!"

Lila's toes curled against the binds holding them back, prompting Grace to work a finger in-between them, probing the soft spaces they sought to hide. By this time, Lila had ceased to be able to form words, merely blubbering requests for mercy in-between bursts of, "NUHUUHUUHUU!" Her world was reduced to the scrubbing, scraping, and prodding on her soles and the swirling tempest of humiliation, arousal, submission, and panic that was what remained of her mind. This carried on for what felt like an eternity before she realized that the tingling along her abused soles was phantom sensations.

Lila hung her head, not being able to meet the gaze of her superior, "I-I'm sorry... W-What do you w-want, from m-me?"

Grace rocked back onto her haunches, palms running along her own pampered feet. Admittedly, she was a little jealous of the succubus receiving all the fun, though she seemed not to be as acquainted with the exquisite pleasure that so enthralled Grace.

"Well, demon, the punishment for kidnapping royalty in my kingdom is life imprisonment, which for thou might be a very, very long time, though I would deign to allow thy sensitive flesh to be... entertained, throughout thy imprisonment."

Ice from the ninth ring of hell ran down Lila's spine and the succubus gave a whining, "heeeee!" at the possibility.

"However!" Grace announced, gingerly taking both of Lila's trapped feet in her hands like the palms of a visiting dignitary, "I am willing to offer thou clemency, on the condition that thou shalt work for me as mine royal torturer. I have many an uppity bourgeoisie or intellectual speaking treasonous words of "suffrage," "enlightenment," and-" Grace paused to shudder violently before spitting venomously, "-Hegel. Subjects whose mouths would be put to better use producing sweet sounds of mirth. I am sure thou art picking up what I am putting down...eth. Thou mayst still return periodically to thine domain in /tkr/, but only after thy work in my dungeon is concluded. Doth we have an agreement?"

Taking a moment to allow her panting to subside, Lila scoffed, "Are you serious? You want me, daughter of the Demon Queen, ruler and warden of /tkr/, feared tickle succubus and savager of ticklish flesh, to degrade myself by becoming your royal tort-" Grace ran her nails up Lila's arches "NUHUUHUUHU! I'LL DOHOHOHO IHIIHIT!"

The fingers refused to stop, instead tracing figure eights across both feet as one hand moved to pick up the discarded brush, "Good! You- I mean, thou may begin in a week, after I have finished repaying thou for thy kindness in introducing me to this sublime pleasure."