



"Come out, right this instant, you worthless little ticklefags!" Lila screamed. The shrill yell echoed off the vaulted stone walls of the empty /tkr/ dungeon. Only distant moaning about gay furies and hushed whispers about traps greeted her. Lila balled her fists and stamped her booted foot, "I know you're here you pathetic coomers! It's not like you all suddenly found real Taiwanese wives willing to let you tickle them!"

"Go away! We worship Grace now," a voice answered her from down the hall.

"G-Grace!?! Wha- I'm the /tkr/ mascot! She doesn't have a goddamn feather tail! She doesn't have claws for tickling! I leave for a week-"

"You didn't leave, Grace threw you in her dungeon for a week."

Lila's face flushed fuchsia and she growled, "rrrrrrgh, come out and say that to my face you touchless virgin!"

Around the stone corridor came the sound of shuffling feet. A moment later, a crowd of anons turned the corner, all of them wearing Grace merchandise. T-Shirts with a design of the blonde princess giving an ojou-sama laugh, paper /monarchy/ crowns, collectible mugs, a few wearing diapers with a fleur-de-lis design, hats with "Make Austria-Hungary Great Again" on them, and a few were even carrying body pillows of Jean Bodin.

The blush on either side of Lila's face expanded to shake hands across the bridge of her nose while her teeth ground to nubs. Not only had Grace humiliated her by

forcing her to lee against her will, but she stole the private army of basement-dwelling ticklefags Lila had had wrapped around her finger. What was so great about that condescending blonde aristocrat anyway? What with her stupid, period-inaccurate Shakespearean speech that wasn't even grammatically correct. Or those stupid, smooth hands of hers that fit perfectly around the hollows of Lila's armpits. And that annoying, soft, soft tongue of hers that-

Lila shook her head. With one fist still balled at her side, she jabbed a sharp fingernail accusingly at the group of traitorous anons, "Enough of this! You're ticklefags for God sakes! I am a literal tickle succubus! You should be worshipping me, not that royal bimbo! What does she have that I don't have!?"

The crowd of anons murmured.

"Tact."

"Class."

"Money to afford TKGeek's patreon."

Lila pouted and looked away, "I-I could afford to pay for TKGeek's patreon, I-I just think he's not worth it is all. S-Stupid virgins!"

"She let us tickle her, too," another said. The response was a murmur of agreement amongst the crowd of anons. Once the cat was out of the bag, additional gripes started to bubble up.

"Yeah, we've never even seen your feet! They're always in those boots!"

"Shut up footfag, not everything is about feet."

"We wanna tickle you for a change!"

"Can anyone translate this?"

The cacophony echoing across the stone walls of the /tkr/ dungeon was rising by the second, drowning out even the ambient noise from the Fire Emblem thread that never stopped posting. Even though Lila loathed the very idea of giving herself up to the smooth-brained autists who were supposed to be her subjects, it was increasingly looking like the only way to get them back under her control and make them forget about that stupid, annoying, sweet-smelling, soft-fingered brat Grace.

"F-Fine!" she yelled, face burning, "I-I'll let you tickle me on one condition!"

The murmur died down to nothing but the sound of mouth breathing. Lila took a deep breath to steady her voice, "I'll let you tickle me if you agree to swear loyalty to me, not Grace, me, and then you help me capture more board-tans to bring back to /tkr/, do we have an agreement?"

The group of ticklefags huddled and whispered. After several minutes of discussion, they broke the huddle, "we agree, but we want at least an hour."

Lila grit her teeth, "Thirty minutes."

"Forty-five."

"Fine! But you're not allowed to write a caption about it!"

Mumbling some non-committal asides, the group started to close in around Lila. Her stomach sank as they grabbed her and lifted her above the crowd, "h-hey wait a minute, I haven't even had time to rest yet! P-Put me down you fap-brained virgins!"

The crowd carried the squirming, protesting blue succubus down the hall to an unused tickle torture chamber. Over her protests, her skirt and boots were swiftly pulled off leaving most of her soft blue skin quivering in the cold dungeon air. In a blur of activity, Lila was unceremoniously tossed onto a padded bondage frame while her wrists were slipped into leather cuffs and straps were tightened over her forearms and ankles.

These virgins better not have been so rough with Grace! Not that she cared about what happened to that irritating, prissy princess anyway. At the thought of Grace, Lila realized that despite the top-of-the-roller-coaster, heart-pounding adrenaline rushing through her veins, and the knowledge that the tickling was going to be utter torture for her demonically hypersensitive flesh, Grace had been right. There was, deep down, something perversely pleasurable about giving up control and being the lee for once. Not that she would give these anonymous virgins the satisfaction of letting them know that.

Hiding her embarrassment behind a smug attitude, Lila declared, "I'm only doing this because you ticklefags promised to capture more board-tans!"

Without responding, the crowd of anons gathered around the control panel for the tickle chair. Already a fight was breaking out over how to start.

"Belly first! I mean it's right there, asking for it!"

"Feet first! Pale soles are so yummy. I want to lick them for my tummy. Tickle them-"

"Why are all footfags cringy retards?"

"Guys, do you think her horns are ticklish?"

"No you retard, read the character bible!"

Lila growled, "I don't fucking care! Just start it so I can get this over with! Damn incels better not caption this..."

Ultimately, the coom-brained autists at the controls decided to press every button simultaneously. With an electric hum, the rubber hands of the tickle chair came to life. Two dove for her armpits, vibrating side-to-side as they ran first across the hollows, then over the top of her chest where the ticklish vibrations sunk into her rib-cage, creating the feeling of butterflies tickling her from the inside-out. The two at her sides went for harder tickles, squishing into the tiny layer of pudge, each finger swirling around against her skin in maddening finger-eights. One grabbed her own tail, sending an electric shiver down her spine before turning it around and plunging the tip of the feather into her bellybutton. At her feet, two hands popped up to scribble up and down her soft, pale soles, still slightly sweaty from her boots. Her toes curled, her feet paddled and swatted at the hands, and her legs pulled at the tight straps, but the hands had been specially programmed by the coomers in the AI tickling thread and followed her feet instantaneously no matter where they jerked.

She tried to hold in the laugh she was so embarrassed about. The laugh she was cursed with and refused to let these incels hear. At first her face puffed up like a balloon, then some snorts managed to sneak out through her nose, then her eyes bulged, before finally,

"-hohoho... OHOHOHOHOHO! NOHOHOHOHO!"

Two hands made it up to her horns to hold her head in place. A few of the anons had the idea to display /tkr/ posts as a taunt, although the tickling flooding her brain left her no attention to read any of them, especially as the algorithm of the hands at her armpits learned that they could induce cute, squeaking "HUHUUHUs" if they wiggled fingers underneath her chin.

At her sides, the hands had switched up to gentle grazing with just the tips of the fingers which had Lila leaping up in down in her seat like a shaken bottle. Her tail tried to pull itself free, but the grip of the rubber hand kept full control, and forced the tail to turn against its master as it went round-and-round the rim of her belly-button, stabbing into it at random intervals, and repeating, over and over. Even worse, it was starting to

knead the end of the tail with its grip, sprinkling some moans into her laughter. Her feet were getting the worst of it, however. By far her worst spot, every inch of skin was like a control panel switching on new flavors of torture. When her black-painted toes scrunched, the fingers would drag along them like a xylophone until they uncurled, whereupon they would go back to scritch along the stems. The worst of it came when one hand migrated over to the opposite foot and held it stock still for its partner hand. Squishing the sides together, the free hand dug into and along the ridges of wrinkles that formed until the “HOHOHOHO!” reached a fever pitch. Her eyes screwed shut as it felt like her entire external world was conspiring to inflict a bubbling, frothing tickle torture with no ending or outlet other than screaming her humiliating laugh.

Through the haze of her torture, Lila could barely hear the anons chattering. “Is there gonna be any more OC? No one’s posted anything in the last six hours.” “I don’t know, I’m starting to get bored of her.” “Does anyone wanna go jerk their dick to Pokémon?”

Soon the anons were shuffling out to go post or beg for the latest tickle porn, forgetting their ticklish mascot.

“G-GET BAHAAHACK HERE! HOHOHOHOHO YOU INCEHEHEHELS! TURN THE MACHINE OHOHOHOHOHOHOFF! NUHUHUHOHOHOHO!”

