

“My darlings.” The towering woman said referring to her... guests. Pesigo’s voice could be clearly heard through the dark room despite the hysterical laughter coming from the five women ruthlessly tickled in front of her. “My dear treasures.” She said as she started to walk towards her closest prisoner. “We are going to have so much fun.” She bent down and caressed the cheek of the prisoner with her big, long, soft hand.

“NOHOHOHO!” The Queen laughed as Pesigo’s hand caressed her cheek.

“CUHUHURSE YOHOHOU!” One of the soldiers shouted behind her highness. By the way she and the others roared with laughter, the Queen supposed they were trapped in a similar, if not the same, predicament as hers.

“Ah! Such an intense emotion!” Pesigo replied as she stood up and walked towards the soldier. “Yes! My beloved, keep screaming! Laughing! Cursing! The more intense the emotions the more I grow! The faster I... regenerate.” With that pause at the end, the Queen imagined that Pesigo had smiled as she finished her sentence, but there was no way of telling from her spot.

“LEHEHET THEHEM BE!” The Queen demanded from her spot. She knew she was not in a position to demand anything, but she could not sit down and hear her small battalion suffer such ticklish torture like that. “I AHAHAM THEHEIR QUEHEEHEN! I SHOHOHOULD BE THE OHOHONLY ONE PAHAYING FOR OHOHOUR DEFEAHAHAT!”

“How ravishing! One of my beloved treasures is a hero! Well... a martyr, if I may...” The audible sound of Pesigo snapping her fingers was easily heard even through the echoing laughter, almost as if no matter what happened she could always be heard by her victims. Suddenly, the mimic containing the Queen started turning to the left until she was facing Pesigo and the rest of her women.

Her small battalion was trapped in mimics and placed in two rows, each one composed of a mage and a soldier. In the first row stood Meralda and Braya. The first one was a cold and stoic fire mage, although no one could’ve guessed by how much she was laughing, it was a miracle that she was still wearing her glasses despite all the thrashing as the tongues lapped at her beautiful soles, which for some reason didn’t move much nor attempted to escape them. The second one was a fierce soldier who usually carried around a two-handed claymore and wore a ponytail. Her big feet were being assaulted by the many tongues of the mimic, tongues that she tried to kick off without much success. Behind those two there were the rest of her small battalion, Lara and Rina. Lara was the other soldier who had been dragged down there with them, she was an always cheerful woman who liked to have fun and take on challenges, although at the moment she was pretty busy trying to escape and run away from those tongues. A challenge a bit difficult to pull out, if not impossible since those tongues protruded from right behind her feet. Instead of laughing, she was smiling, it was almost as if she was having fun as those playful tongues teased her feet. Rina on the other hand didn’t seem to be handling it very well, the mage had her eyes hidden under her big witch hat, but her mouth was wide and open as loud laughter erupted from her lungs. Her feet were being tortured by tongues that dragged all over them, both on the tops and soles, it seemed there was no escape for her.

The Queen didn’t have it any better herself. Her gorgeous feet were being ruthlessly licked by those tongues that so much tickled. They seemed to know her most ticklish spots since they

focused mainly on her arches and on second instance her toes as well. It was as if the mimics, or rather Pesigo, was learning from them!

The woman-shaped monster bent down a bit and caressed the top of the mimics that had Lara and Rina trapped inside them as she smiled to the Queen. The tongues slowed down with the lapping and quickly stopped, withdrawing inside and leaving their prisoners alone. She then walked and repeated the same with Meralda and Braya before she walked next to the Queen.

“My darling.” Pesigo smiled, moving right in front of her. Her long fangs were now white human teeth. She was still a towering woman, but she was looking even more humane by the moment. “Do you want to play a game?” She reached with a hand and caressed the top of Mirellia’s mimic as well.

“A gahahame?” She asked between laughter. It was clear that the mimic was slowing down, as the tickling got way less intense in a matter of seconds, but those tongues were still having their fun with her feet as they withdrew, coiling around her toes and giving some final laps to her unbearably ticklish arches on their way back home. “Wh-what kind of... game?” She panted when the tongues finally retreated.

“It’s simple. I will write something on your foot and you have to guess what it is.” Pesigo told her, pressing her hands together and separating them to make an hourglass made of black dust appear in between them. “I am generous. Win and I’ll let one of your people go.”

The Queen looked at her women and gulped as she tried to rub her feet against her head a bit to ease off the lingering sensations of tickling. By the sight of it, she was not the only one trying to do it. Nor she was the only one failing at it. It was a dire situation, and even if she succeeded, she was not sure Pesigo was going to keep her word. But what else could she do? It was their only hope.

“Okay. Deal.”

“Perfect.” Pesigo sat down in front of her and offered her hand for a handshake, right next to her foot. The trapped woman glared at her but didn’t refuse the handshake. She moved her foot for Pesigo to grab, and the monster gladly accepted the offer, shaking it to seal the deal. “Let’s start the game. You and me. No one will bother us... unless they want their freedom off the table.” She looked back at the four women behind her and with a snap of her fingers, some of the tongues slipped out of the mimics, and got ready to strike again in case of need. “Let’s start then.” The Queen had already closed her eyes and was biting her lower lip, bracing herself for what was about to come and getting ready to keep her mouth shut and focus solely on the sensations at her feet. So when the light tips of Pesigo’s soft hands caressed her heels she just flinched a bit, but not much more. “These feet are really well taken care of.”

“S-start!” The Queen ordered her as she felt those fingers trail up slowly over her sensitive foot. “S-start wri-writing! PesIGOHO!” She screamed as the monster gave a quick swipe from the middle of her foot to the heels.

“It will be a best of five. You win when you get three right. You lose when you get three wrong. Each word will be one letter longer than the one before. Every time you get one right, I’ll step the game up making it more ticklish for you.” She explained as she caressed the defenceless soles of the Queen.

“Yes! Yes! Start!” The Queen nodded vigorously as her feet quivered under those light caresses. She wanted to get her feet away from those fingers! But she could see what Pesigo was trying to do! The creature was pestering her so she’d ran away from her fingers when she started writing, making it harder for her!

“First word. Three letters.”

Mirellia felt a lone finger pressing against her arch and a smile was immediately drawn on her face. She would really do it on her most ticklish spot! The finger traced slowly to one side, doing an aaaaaarch that made her lean her head to that same side, before it stopped, to which the Queen moved back to her original place except because it started again, another slow aaaaaarch that made her lean her head again. Always with a smile on her face and furrowed brows. The next letter started with two fingers at the same time on her toes, one on the big one and the other on the small one. She started dragging them down as they slowly approached until they touched each other and only one finger kept moving down.

“Eye! Eye!” Mirellia said with a forced smile on her face.

“Oh, good job. It seems you may have a chance after all. Next level then. And four letters this time.”

This time Mirellia had her eyes open when Pesigo started, she was going to use her fingernails this time. Pesigo struck for her arch again. A single long and fast swipe from the ball of her feet to the heel that made Mirellia giggle followed by another swipe to the right. After that, she made a siiiing short swipe from the heel to the center of her arch, and a little on top of it, she started drawing a circle with her sharp nail. A circle that she kept drawing for fun as she smiled and looked at the Queen in the eye.

“Ihihit ihih an ‘i’! Yohohou hahahave mahahade thahahat cleahahar! Mohohove to the nehehext lehehehetter!” She complained as she started trying to move her foot away from her fingernail. Pesigo took advantage of that mistake to fastly write the next letter, a letter that the Queen did not understand. “That’s cheating!” She accused her.

“It is not I who withdrew her foot away, am I?” She smiled at her. It was clear she was not going to play fair. But after that, she made a quick move with her finger over her foot that was clearly an ‘s’.

“L. I. Something. S. I’d say the word is... lips.” The Queen guessed. Pesigo grunted.

“Okay. Two to zero.” As she said those words with bitterness, the women behind her smiled sincerely for the first time in the past hour, instead of being forced to smile. “Maximum difficulty from now onwards. Five letters this time.”

“It’ll be a short one. I think I may retake this game a few more times, to get everyone fr-.” The Queen’s cockiness stopped as she saw Pesigo’s fingernails elongate and change colour until they became black claws. On each hand.

“We’ll have to see.” Pesigo replied with a smile, caressing her cheek with those long claws. The Queen giggled and quickly moved away from it by instinct. Wait! Had she just tickled... her cheek? Her eyes opened wide as she looked first at those claws and then at her feet. “Are you ready for round three?”

The Queen gulped. “Yes.” She didn’t sound as confident as a few seconds ago.

Pesigo prepared herself, and so did the Queen. Just as she had done at the start, Mirellia closed her eyes and bit her lower lip to focus on both focusing on the sensations and in not breaking to them. She knew it was going to be bad, but she had to do it.

“PFHYAHAAAAAAAA!” She bursted into frantic laughter as Pesigo’s long claw dragged over the ball of her feet, drawing a curve. She had expected bad, but it was way worse than that. It tickled way more than anything she had ever felt before. The Queen was laughing and shaking in her place as Pesigo finished the letter with a last move of that claw.

“That... that was an S...” Mirellia panted as Pesigo withdrew her hand away from her foot.

“You are good at this.” Pesigo replied, caressing her hair. Even though one could not feel through her hair, the contact was enough to give the Queen goosebumps. It was clear that those claws were magical. And very dangerous for someone with feet as ticklish as her. “But I am as well.” She said, dragging all ten claws over Mirellia’s feet. The woman immediately exploded with laughter, but that did not stop Pesigo from talking. After all, her voice could be clearly heard through the laughter she inflicted upon others. “Long ago I found a barbarian chieftain who seemed to be immune to the tickling. Not even the mimics could make her laugh... It only took an hour with these claws to make her beg.” She smiled, spidering them all over her prisoner’s feet.

“NOHOHAHAHA PLEAHASE! DOHOHON’T DOHOHO THAHAHAT! I BEHEHEG YOHOHOU!” The Queen jumped and thrashed as much as the sleeping mimic allowed her.

“That’s what I’m talking about.” Pesigo stopped tickling her and caressed the mimic, who had started to wake up due to all of Mirellia’s noise and movement. “Let’s continue the game, you had an S.”

What it came next proved to be too much for the Queen. With each new letter, her feet flew around, trying their best effort to escape those long claws. It didn’t matter how much she tried to focus on keeping them quiet, it was impossible! It tickled far worse than she could ever hope to resist.

“What was the word?” Pesigo smiled at her. They both knew had been impossible for her to catch any of that.

“S... S... Sheep?” The Queen asked her once she had recovered her breath a bit.

“My dear, that is wrong, it was smile. It seems we will have to go for round four.” She said, getting ready to start writing the next word. “Six letters this time.”

“Wait!” The Queen shouted, stopping the monster right in her tracks. “I have a proposal for you! Tie my toes up!” She exclaimed. She knew it was going to be unbearable, but if she wanted a chance at winning, she was going to need some desperate measures.

“Why would I do that, huh?”

“Because I know you are enjoying this. And you want to bring me to the edge of desperation. So grab my toes and tie them up so I can’t move”

“Huh. I know why you are doing this, but I’ll indulge you. I like you.” Pesigo said, clasping her fingers, not even her hands. A few smaller tongues slipped from inside the mimic and coiled around each and everyone of her toes. It was slimy, but they didn’t tickle much. Soon after, the Queen’s feet were fully tied and she had nowhere to run. “Perfectly snug and comfortable.” Pesigo said, admiring her work by dragging her claws up and down those soles.

“WA-WA-WAHAHAHAIT! NOHOHO! PEHEHESIGO!” The Queen screamed as those nails hit the soles of her feet. Fortunately for her, it didn’t last more than a few seconds.

“Let’s start round four.”

Unbearable. It was simply unbearable. Pesigo opened with the first letter with a fast movement. The Queen erupted into laughter, but didn’t quite catch it at that speed. The next one was a pretty similar movement, followed by some kind of circle. By the fourth letter, the Queen was thrashing so much in her place that her hair was a mess, and the last two didn’t help much either. At least with the tongues binding her toes she could stand still and not run away from the letters, but those claws were just too much!

“So... what is it?” Pesigo smiled at her.

“I... I don’t know. Tickle?” She took a guess.

“Wrong. The word was please. I see my beloved treasure wants to stay with me. It’s understandable, we are having so much fun.”

The Queen looked at her women. The small hope they had had before when she was winning two to zero had faded away.

“I will go slower this last round. To make it a bit more interesting.” Well, at least she was going to have that. It’d make it easier to get what she was writing, even if it meant having those dreadful claws on her more time. “Are you ready?”

The Queen nodded and closed her eyes. Ready to focus all her mind on getting the letters and words right. A squeal of laughter escaped her lips as she felt that claw drawing a straight line all over the ball of her feet before she bursted in laughter as another straight line was drawn from the ball to the heel.

“THAHAT’S A T!” She yelled. The monster clicked her tongue and the other women trapped in that dark room smiled a bit, regaining hope.

The next thing Pesigo did was to sloooowly drag one finger over her foot in a straight line. Line that made the Queen squeal with laughter right before the monster started lazily drawing a circle. Right after that, she made the shape of a c with her claw all over her foot.

“THIHIS TIHIHICKLEHEHES SOHOHO BAHAAHAD! I CAHAHAN’T TAHAHAKE IHIHIT!” The Queen screamed as Pesigo wrote her next letter. She pressed four claws together in the center of her most ticklish spot and dragged them out in four directions at the same time. “NOHOHOHO!! NOHOHAHAHA! NOHOT THEHE AHAHARCHEHEHES! NOHOHOT THEHEHERE!” She was screaming.

Pesigo’s next move was to draw a straight line on her feet. Again. And right after that, the creature drew a circle, which she made sure the Queen got by drawing it two times instead of one. After that, she finally withdrew her claws, made them disappear and smiled at the Queen.

“Well, well. What is it then?”

“Okay...” The Queen panted, trying to recover her breath. “The first one was a T.” She nodded to herself. “Then there was a long line, followed by a circle. Then a c...” She kept on nodding, trying to make it out. “An x... and an o? Tlocxo? Is that even a word?”

“Is that your answer?” Pesigo smiled at her. Was it possible that she had written random letters? Mirellia took a moment to think. It had to be that! There was no way she would’ve made it so easy otherwise!

“Yeah! You wrote random letters to trick me!” She declared, exhausted.

“Wrong. The word was ticklee.” Pesigo smiled at her. She stood up and caressed the mimic trapping the Queen.

“Wait! Wait! Let me retry!” But it was too late already, those tongues were waking up. The ones tying her toes up retreated, but she could already feel the long ticklish ones getting out. For some reason though, they didn’t lash out on her. Not yet. They were waiting orders.

“You had your try already. Now it is time to pay.” Pesigo said, making circular movements with her long arms. The mimic chests containing the rest of the girls started hovering and moving around, getting in line with the Queen. “And you, my dearest, will pay in laughter, desperation and much begging.”

None of the women dared to say anything, and soon after they were set in a line, one next to the other. Lara, Meralda, Mirellia, Braya and Rina. Five women trapped side by side, all of them in mimic chests. None of them seemed happy with the situation, but there wasn't anything they could do to avoid it.

On the other hand, Pesigo seemed very pleased with the situation. The game with the Queen allowed her to gather enough energy to finish regenerating herself and she even used the surplus to create new and better clothes for herself. She was looking down on them, with some smugness to it. Without saying anything, she started walking to one side. Every women followed her every move with her eyes, secretly hoping for her to not caress the top of their mimics. As Pesigo moved, Mirellia reached to see the big, long feet of the towering woman. Just as Pesigo was, they were oversized. Long and slender, and the Queen couldn't help but wonder if they were ticklish. But she dared not say a word. Soon after, Pesigo was behind them and out their line of vision. They all tried to look back, but there wasn't that much movement room inside those mimics.

“My dear treasures.” A tingle ran over the women's spine as Pesigo talked from behind all of them. Not only that, but all the mimics seemed to stick their tongues out, getting ready to tickle, just as the Queen's mimic was. “It is a pleasure to have you all here with me.” As she said those words, everyone heard a hand tapping against on one of the mimics. Everyone gulped and looked fearfully to their sides, hoping that it wasn't their mimic the one to start what was going to be a very long ticklefest.

“You did what you could, my Queen.” Meralda, the mage with glasses next to her said as they waited for one of the mimics to explode. Mirellia nodded, knowing that it had not been enough.

What no one expected though, was for everyone to start the ticklefest at the same time. All the tongues lashed out against the women's feet simultaneously, getting everyone to burst and start laughing.

“They always fall for it~” Pesigo sang with a melodic voice as her dear treasures laughed. She had found a group of interesting women to keep...