

In the Human Village recently, the villagers have been deeply troubled by a series of mysterious crimes.

Hardworking vendors, rising early and resting late, believed they could sleep soundly after locking their hard-earned coins in wooden chests—only to find that even iron padlocks could not stop the unseen thief. Each morning, they awoke to broken locks, their long-saved earnings vanished without a trace.

Even butchers were not spared. Their carefully raised livestock—chickens, ducks, cows, and sheep—were poached by unknown culprits before they could be slaughtered and sold at the market.

And it wasn't just the merchants—nearly everyone in the Human Village had fallen victim to theft.

What stood out, however, were the clues left behind at several livestock theft scenes. In the muddy ground, villagers discovered two distinct sets of footprints: one belonging to a pair of large women's sandals, and the other to unusually petite geta clogs. These traces all but confirmed the culprits' identities—two women, neither of whom seemed to hail from the Human Village.

Once, the villagers' idle chatter had revolved around the sensationalized tales from the tengu newspapers.

But now, hushed yet furious discussions could be heard throughout the settlement—almost all of them about how to punish those two brazen thieves.

"Damn those thieving rats! Back in the day, we never even had to lock our doors at night. Now everyone's living in constant fear!"

"Making our guard patrols lose sleep every night—just wait till we catch those thieving wenches! They'll regret ever setting foot in our village!"

"Yeah, and the fact that the only clue is footprints really pisses me off! Acting all high and mighty about their damn feet—wearing raggedy sandals and geta to steal my hard-earned money? Just wait till we catch 'em! I'll lock their ankles in the stocks and tickle 'em till they're begging for mercy!"

"I say, since they love stealing so much—and seem so proud of their feet—plus they hit my farmhouse too... why not slather honey on their soles and let my cows 'tend' to those thieving little trespassing feet with their barbed tongues? Guaranteed they'll be squirming, crying, and regretting the day they messed with us!"

"Then it's settled. We'll tighten patrols, and if we catch 'em, the whole village gets to watch these thieves get tickle-tortured as punishment!"

Unbeknownst to the fuming villagers, the two "pests" they were cursing were perched on a nearby treetop, watching intently—with one even humming along to their threats like it was cheerful background music.

"Ara ara~ Listen to those foolish villagers wailing about tickling our feet? What a delightful fantasy~ But let's be honest—that'll never happen in a million years!"

The amanojaku lounged lazily against the tree branch, twirling an apple "borrowed" from the villagers' homes last night before taking a crisp bite.

"Mmm... As expected, 'borrowed' fruit always tastes the sweetest when taken from

ignorant fool~"

"But Seija... is this really okay? The food, the money—all of it came from the villagers' hard work..."

"Aaaah~ My dear princess is showing her humanitarian again~"

Seija crunched the last of her stolen fruit before flicking the core away dismissively.

"These fools shackled by Gensokyo's stale rules—content to be penned in their so-called 'safe little sheepfold.' If they won't even think about true freedom, then getting sheared by us is exactly what they deserve!"

"But speaking of which~ If we actually got caught..."

Seija's gaze slid down to Shinmyoumaru's dainty feet, her lips curling into a razor-edged grin.

"Those angry villagers would definitely give us the most merciless tickle-torture imaginable~ Especially our dear... **princess** here...who burst into tears from laughter last time I just brushed her soles~"

A certain memory flashed through Shinmyoumaru's mind—Seija's fingers skittering across her tiny soles, reducing the proud inchling princess to a giggling, tearful wreck. Now she imagined the other scenario: herself bound to a punishment stocks, a mob of furious villagers advancing with feathers, brushes, and all manner of terrible tools toward her delicate, defenseless feet———

"———Nngh...!"

Noticing Shinmyoumaru's visible fear, Seija leaned in and—with surprising gentleness—patted the tiny princess's head.

"Now now, my princess, rest easy~ Our little 'payback' ends here. Those fools are finally taking things seriously... and walking straight into their clutches would ruin the fun~"

"But~ perhaps we could... redirect our efforts?

like.....that toward that meddling red-white miko and her nosy black-white attendant?"

"Huh.....So.....we're gonna steal from them too?"

"Heheh...Petty theft's only fun against penned-in sheep.

But for those two 'order-enforcing' lapdogs?

.....Oh, we're preparing something extra special~"

The humiliation of Reverse Ideology Incident's failure surged through seija again—but in seconds, that bitterness twisted into something far more delicious...

"Fufufu... Just imagining those two bastards' miserable faces after we repay them already makes my heart sing~ But~♡ This calls for... proper planning."

"Let's start with that insufferable red-white... Time to study our miko-sama's daily routine very~ carefully—"

**[Morning, Hakurei Shrine]**

"That theft epidemic causing such an uproar in the village...and you, the great Hakurei miko, just plan to lie there stuffing your face with rice crackers?"

Sendai Hakurei leaned against the doorframe, sighing as she watched her successor—sprawled on the tatami, fan blowing on her, gulping down tea between bites of senbei—exhibit exactly zero sense of duty.

The peace ushered in by the Spell Card Rules had reduced the hakurei miko's duties to handling only "incident-level" crises—but such comfort seemed to have made reimu into a dangerously complacent.

"Ugh, Mom, you're overthinking it~"

Reimu licked the senbei crumbs off her lips and rolled over like a sunbathing cat.

"The Hakurei miko's job is to mediate conflicts between humans and youkai. If we don't even know whether the thief's human or youkai, me barging in could just upset the balance."

Reimu took another bite of senbei, washing it down with a sip of hot tea to cut through the greasiness.

"If it's really confirmed to be youkai trouble, then I'll step in. But for now~"

She stretched lazily

"let me enjoy this rare moment of peace. Want some senbei too?"

Sendai Hakurei crossed her arms and shook her head in dismay.

"Honestly, my child. With your complete lack of urgency, those poor human villagers will still be investigating this case by the next century....."

"Well, if that's how it is, then that's how it is~ Anyway, Mom, just stop worr—"

Reimu's hand groped empty air where the snack basket should've been.

In a flash, Sendai Hakurei had materialized beside her, now holding the treats just out of reach with practiced maternal precision.

"This afternoon," declared Sendai in a tone that brooked no argument, "you're investigating the Human Village with me. And since Rumia's coming for dinner tonight, we'll buy ingredients while we're at it."

"Ehhh~~ Can't you go alone, Mom? It's way too hot to go outside~"

Reimu whined, flopping onto the tatami like a deflated frog.

"No Negotiations!"

Sendai hoisted the snack basket toward the ceiling

"Today, your mother is going to teach you that protecting Gensokyo isn't just about finishing flashy incidents!"

"Ugh, fiiine~ At least give my senbei back first. I'll go with you this afternoon,"

Reimu conceded, already reaching pitifully for the basket.

With the door securely locked behind them, Sendai Hakurei and Reimu set off for the Human Village—unaware that two pairs of eyes had been tracking their every move from

the bushes.

The moment the shrine maidens were out of sight, Seija and Shinmyoumaru darted toward the entrance.

"Tch.Gotta admit—the Hakurei miko's lock is way fancier than those dumb villagers' flimsy latches.No way we're unlock this thing normally..."

"But~ I came prepared!! snagged this 【Eirin's Quickfinger potion】from the black market. With this, even the Hakurei's fancy lock can be unlock easily"

With a flourish, Seija pushed the door open and bowed dramatically, extending a hand toward Shinmyoumaru:

"After you~my princess,  
Since you've previously visited this place as a...prisoner~...  
perhaps you'd guide us to our dear miko's...private collection?"

**[Meanwhile, Human Village – Market District]**

"First we'll secure all the ingredients on the list, then ask the grocer to hold them———— ? ! " Sendai's instructions cut off abruptly as her hand froze

"What's wrong mom?" Reimu mumbled through a mouthful of sanshoku dango

"Um..."

Sendai's face flushed with embarrassment.

"I think...I left the money pouch back at the shrine..."

"—Haaah?!"

Reimu nearly choked on her dango.

"Of all the times...Did you leave your brain at the shrine too, Mom?"

"S-Sorry, okay?"

Sendai turned away, her guilty expression almost comical.

"Memory's not what it used to be at my age..."

"Ugh—don't say that,mom....."

Reimu shaking her head

"But I only brought enough money for snacks. Fine—I'll fly back for the wallet.You go ask around about the thefts while I'm gone."

Reimu shot through the sky like a crimson comet, the shrine's torii gates coming into view within moments. Just as she prepared to land—

—Screeech!

She halted mid-air, hovering suspiciously.

"...Huh? I definitely locked that door. So why's it slightly open now?  
Unless—"

Gripping her gohei and sealing charms tighter, Reimu floated soundlessly toward the ajar entrance. The muffled sounds of intruders grew clearer—

Then, from the doorway, the culprits' identities were finally revealed.





"After all that searching, this miko's savings aren't even one-tenth of her mother's! She must've slacked off so hard, her wallet's as pathetic as her shrine~"

"Hmm... It should be in this drawer... Ah! Found it! Seija, look—it's Reimu Nee-san's toe ring!"

"My, my~ Can't even scrape together decent donations, yet she owns such a dainty little trinket~"

Seija cooed, her voice dripping with faux admiration

"Don't tell me she puts this on every night just to admire herself~? How tragic~♡"

"Sometimes when Reimu Nee-san's asleep, I've seen her wearing this~ Honestly, I kinda wanna try it too..."

"Oh, I'll gladly let you 'borrow' it, Princess~ But here's a better idea—"

Seija twirled the Miracle Mallet with a wicked grin.

"Let's give this ring a little...【blessing】

Next time she wears it, her feet'll reject all shoes!

And if she dares to force any on— a felling of thousand hands shall tickle her soles with every step~She'll have no choice but to parade barefoot, showing off her precious little secret to the entire village~♡"

"Hmm... Taking it outright sounds nice, but Seija's curse idea is so fun~"

Shinmyoumaru tilted her head with childlike indecision.

"Which should I pick~~?"

"Why not both~♡"

Seija waggled the Miracle Mallet with a grin.

"Let's duplicate a copy for you, Princess—then curse the original! That way we—"

—Neither noticed the crimson shadow looming behind them, nor the twitch of a gohei

clutched in white-knuckled fury.

The sealing charms between her fingers hummed silently; the gohei bent slightly under her crushing grip. Yet her breathing was so unnaturally quiet—as if her rage had stolen even the sound of air.



Then—

"What rare guests—"

A voice like frost-laced steel echoed through the shrine.

"Shall I...prepare tea for you both? "

[Days Later – Human Village Square]

Seija and Shinmyoumaru were locked firmly into specially-made stocks, their sandal- and geta-clad feet completely immobilized.

Villagers crowded around in layers upon layers, buzzing with talking



"Look! It's those two thieves!"

"Finally caught! Now they'll pay for what they've done!!"

"Even dared to steal from the Hakurei Shrine... Their luck's run out now!"

"Damn that miko... never think she'd hand us over to these fools!How...“merciful”~"

Bound but unbroken, Seija wore her trademark defiant smirk. Meanwhile, Shinmyoumaru trembled beside her, tiny toes curling involuntarily inside her geta.

"S-Seija...I'm scared..."

"N-Nothing to fear!-It's just...some tickling~"

Yet the sweat beading on Seija's forehead betrayed her—even for her, this wouldn't be a trial easily endured.

"We'll start with you, stinky-footed amanojaku! You're the one who dragged that poor kid into this!"



"...Ngh!"

As the villager yanked off Seija's sandal, the crowd froze—

—Before them lay feet of unexpected elegance: slender arches, delicate toes, and soles so smooth their nervous sweat glistened like morning dew.

But the illusion shattered instantly.

A pungent wave of heat rose from her skin, revealing the truth—caked grime between the toes, yellowed sweat stains, and the reek of unwashed rebellion. The sandal's imprint, once a mark of pride, now served only as evidence of hygienic heresy.

"Tch tch~ Look at these feet! Dirty as a rat's nest—and that stench! Fitting for a thief, no~?"

"Tch...!"

Seija glared at the villager clutching her sandal. Normally, she'd revel in weaponizing her filth to disgust others—but now?

Her greatest insult had become her ultimate humiliation.





"Let's get a proper whiff of that thief's aroma, shall we~?"

The villager theatrically brought Seija's sandal to his nose, inhaling deeply—pungent sweat dominated, yet beneath it lurked the faintest trace of youthful musk.

"Hah! Buried under all that stench is actually a girl's scent? What a waste..." He wrinkled his nose in exaggerated disgust. "Even the sweetest flower rots when it turns criminal!"

"Gh... You disgusting freak...!"

Seija squirmed in the stocks, toes curling violently. She'd always forced others to endure her filth—but to have someone voluntarily sniff it? That twisted irony burned worse than any insult.

"Oh? Thought you were proud of these rancid feet~ Where's that 'reverse pride' now? Looks like even you can feel shame!"

".....Tch."

"As for you, little one..." A calloused finger hooked under Shinmyoumaru's tiny geta—

—Snap!

"Even if this brat corrupted you...~" The geta clattered to the ground. "A proper punishment is the only way to teach thieves~♡"



In stark contrast to Seija's filthy-yet-paradoxically-alluring feet, Shinmyoumaru's tiny soles were pristine and adorable.

Those dainty feet resembled exquisite works of art—pearl-like toes curled timidly, the soft pink soles blushing with healthy warmth. Though her geta bore faint imprints, compared to Seija's disgustingly lewd footprints, they just like the childish marks left on a sandy shore—

And judging by their immaculate condition, the inchling princess clearly prized cleanliness. Barely a speck of dirt marred her skin, save for a few grains of sand nestled in the faint creases. The faint sheen of nervous sweat only made them appear more delicate, like petals kissed by morning dew—

"P-Please forgive us...! We only did those things because we wanted everyone to have true freedom! We never meant any harm...!"

"Hmm. At heart, she's still a good kid. Clearly corrupted by this stinky-footed thief—"

As the villager leaned closer to inspect Shinmyoumaru's geta...



The geta carried a faint trace of Shinmyoumaru's scent—a mix of wild grass and earthy innocence. Even the most critical eye would admit: these tiny clogs were impeccably clean.

Without hesitation, the villager's tongue scraped across the sole's faint imprint—

"Kyaaa—!!N-No!That's so dirty...!!"

"Tch...!You bastards—!!"

It was clear now. The villagers' "justice" wasn't just for Seija—the inchling princess, guilty by association, would be humiliated in equal measure.

Though Seija's influence had warped her morals somewhat, Shinmyoumaru still retained human decency. And the crowd's gaze? It wasn't just righteousness she saw there—but something far more primal, something that made her tiny toes curl in dread—

Then, a guard stepped forward, announcing:

"Enough teasing! Per the Hakurei miko's rules: no physical harm. Beyond that? Anything goes."

"So our original 'tickle punishment' fits perfectly, yeah?!"

"Correct. Therefore—" The guard raised his arm. "Let the Tickle torture begin!"





The crowd surged forward, including several familiar faces—merchants whose shops Seija and Shinmyoumaru had frequently "visited." Their eyes gleamed with malice and a perverse excitement as they stared at the two pairs of bare feet, fingers twitching in the air. The mere anticipation of touch sent phantom tingles racing up the girls' soles, their nerves already screaming in advance.

"Ugh... D-Don't come any closer... Stay away from my feet...!"

Seija's toes curled inward desperately, the soft flesh between them smeared with grime and sweat. But to the villagers, this only exposed the wrinkled undersides of her soles even more—every crease and fold practically begging for punishment, making her already-disgusting feet look all the more "tickle-worthy" and "scrub-deserving"!

"N-No... I-I admit it! I was wrong! Please, don't—don't touch my feet...!"

In contrast, Shinmyoumaru's tiny feet went rigid, her arches pressed flat against the stocks in a futile attempt to retreat. Yet even as she did, a small, terrified part of her wondered: "Would curling up actually protect me more...?"

But no matter how they struggled—whether by curling or recoiling—their fate was already sealed.

Trapped beneath the villagers' wrath and hidden desires...

All they could do was squirm, their every movement a scream of regret and despair.





"KYAHAAAAAAAA!! S-STOP IT AHAHAHA—?!?"

The villagers' fingers battered through the clenched crevices of her soles like siege rams, ruthlessly scraping the most vulnerable ticklish flesh—nails raking arch wrinkles, fingertips grinding into every soft fold, each assault precision-targeting her worst weak spots.

"Hah... Hah... I'll kill you all...!— HIEEEEEK?!"\*

Her breathless threats collapsed into shrieking laughter as another wave of torment took hold.

"—NO MOOORE HAAAAHA! I'll lose my mind AHAHAHA!!"

Meanwhile, Shinmyoumaru fared no better—

"IYAAAAHAHAHA!! S-SORRY HAAAAHA! PLEEASE MERCY HAAAAHA!"

The inchling princess's squeals could've pierced the heavens, her dainty feet twitching like mad between the villagers' fingers.

Unlike their brute-force approach with Seija, they employed a more refined cruelty on this "little darling"—thumbs pressing deep into her delicate instep, then skittering up the arch's curve, only to circle back to her heels and repeat the cycle, or switch to fresh vulnerabilities. Her pink soles flushed visibly red under the onslaught.

"WAAHHAHAHA! N-NOT EVERYWHERE AT ONCE HAAAAHA!"

Her voice cracked with tears, tiny body thrashing uselessly in the stocks—which only fueled the villagers' frenzy.

"I-I'LL BREAK AHAHA! I SWEAR I'LL BE GOOD HAAAAHA!"

As time wore on, the two experienced tickling from different villagers—each with their own unique style, their own special techniques. In this twisted carnival of torment, only their suffering feet remained constant, screaming wordless despair into the air.

"Hey, you've had enough fun with the little one! Time for me to 'dote' on her properly~ I've prepared some special 'toys'!"

"W-Wahahaha! No... NO—HAHAHA!!! HELP!!!"

Meanwhile, another guard shoved forward, glaring at Seija's sweat-slicked soles with venom.

"My turn to 'serve' this amanojaku's filthy feet! If it weren't for her, I wouldn't have had to pull all those night patrols!"

"B-Bastard! Stohohop it ahahaha—HWAH?!?!"

The two girls' pitiful laughter only seemed to fuel the villagers' twisted sadism further, drawing even more participants to this public spectacle. The commotion attracted a growing crowd of onlookers—including a certain tengu reporter eagerly adjusting her camera.

"Ooooh~~ What a scoop~!"

The tengu excitedly fiddled with her lens, searching for the perfect angle.

"Y-YOU damn HAHAHA—IDIOT!!! If y-you DARE take photos—I'll PLUCK you BALD HAHAHA—?!"

"Still running your mouth even in this state? Maybe after the photoshoot, I should give these filthy feet some...personal attention too~"

Ignoring the amanojaku's threats, the tengu snapped several shots with perfect composition. She grinned as she reviewed the images: "Hmm~ Let's call the headline..."

Her eyes suddenly sparkled. "『Sole-Exposing Shame! Thieves' Ticklish Punishment Exposed!』 This issue's Bunbunmaru News is gonna sell like crazy~!"

"NO! NO NO NO!! ABSOLUTELY NOT!!!"

Shinmyoumaru's voice cracked into a hysterical squeal.

"Seija—S-STOP HER HAHAHA!! This is too EMBARRASSING AHAHAHA—?!"

"Hah... D-Damn you...feathery bitch... HAHAHA—?!"

"Well, now that I've got my shots, I'm free~ Since you're so fond of my wings' feathers, how about I let them... play with you properly~?"

"EEEEK?! D-DON'T TOUCH MY FEET WITH THAHAHAT—KYAHHAHAHAHAHA—?!"

Seija's curses dissolved into shrieking laughter as the tengu wedged a feather between her toes—then yanked it outward in one swift motion.

In that instant, Seija unleashed the most piercing, unhinged howls of laughter yet—



The crowd gradually dispersed, leaving the square in relative quiet—save for Seija and Shinmyoumaru, still locked in the stocks, their exhausted heads hanging low. Their overstimulated feet finally granted a fleeting respite.

But the silence was soon shattered by the heavy clop of hooves.

"My, my~ After all the special attention you two gave me earlier~"

The farmer's voice oozed from behind them, dripping with mock sweetness. When they turned, he stood there—one hand tugging a rope tied to two cows, the other gripping a bucket of honey, his smile stretching unnaturally wide.

Seija's crimson pupils contracted violently. Fragments of villagers' earlier taunts flashed through her mind:

"I say, since they love stealing so much—and seem so proud of their feet—plus they hit my farmhouse too... why not slather honey on their soles and let my cows 'tend' to those thieving little trespassing feet with their barbed tongues? Guaranteed they'll be squirming, crying, and regretting the day they messed with us!"

"Y-You've gotta be kidding me..."

Her forced laugh trembled. "Hah... Haha... S-Surely this is just...a coincidence! Yeah! He's just... passing by with his cows! And that honey? M-Must be a delivery for someone else...!"

But as the farmer began methodically binding their splayed toes in place, even that last shred of denial crumbled to dust.



"From a few eggs at first... then my hens, my sheep, and eventually whole cows—these



restless feet truly trampled through my farmhouse, didn't they?"

With that, he forced their toes apart, binding each digit straight with rope, ensuring not even a twitch of protection could be mustered. His voice then took on a hushed, feverish edge:

"So I decided long ago—if I ever caught these thieves, I'd spread their toes wide and lock them just like this~ Look how these soles bloom open now, like flowers in full display... Two blossoming 'flowers of despair.' But unlike ordinary flowers, which yield honey..."

As he spoke, he stirred the honey lazily, its viscous strands stretching thick from the brush. To the girls, each dripping thread might as well have been liquid terror.

"...Yours will only ooze filthy sweat and stench."

"N...No...!"

"Mm~ Starting to despair? Don't worry... After today's special treatment..."\*  
The brush hovered over their trembling feet.

"I guarantee... you'll shudder at the sight of a farmhouse fence for the rest of your lives~"



The farmer crouched down, the thick honey clinging to the bristle brush as its cold tip made contact with Seija's sole. The moment it touched her hypersensitive skin, her entire body jolted violently.

"Hah—! S-Stop it...Aghhh!Th-This slimy..disgusting...!!"

The rough bristles dragged across her arches, leaving sticky trails that made her foot muscles twitch uncontrollably. With each deliberate stroke, the golden honey seeped into every shameful crease of her soles

When he turned to Shinmyoumaru, he slowed his movements—twirling the brush teasingly over her tiny instep, scraping it along her most vulnerable hollows, watching as the honey pooled and dripped in delicate strands from her pink skin.

"Nngh... S-So sticky.. Hah.. It feels... so weird...!"

"Heh! this is premium honey~  
And look—those cows over there are getting impatient~"

By the time the final stroke was applied, both sets of soles were completely gilded in gold. And then—the farmer led the cows forward.



"W-Wait...!!!"

Seija's voice trembled—she knew exactly what came next. Those *animal-licking tortures* from storybooks were now becoming her reality.

"HELP! SEIJA!! DO SOMETHING!!"

Shinmyoumaru's cries held pure despair. Animals wouldn't understand human pleas—their *gentlest licks* would bring the *cruelest torment*.

The farmer led the cows closer. With each step, the beasts let out eager "*Moo~!*" sounds.

"Seems they don't need training~"

He deliberately loosened the rope—the cows lurched forward, their *warm breath* already puffing against the exposed soles...

"And don't think about resting~"

He glanced at the still-full honey bucket.

"Once we finish all this... Hmm, at least fifty or sixty licks, I'd say?"

"F-FIFTY?!" Seija's voice cracked. "Y-You must be CRAZY!!...W-We'll—We'll DIE...!"\*  
"Ordinary humans might~ But you two are harder than that, aren't you?" The farmer grinned darkly. "Though... mentally... well, I can't make any promises~"  
"————MOOO~~~!!!"

With that final bellow—the rope *SNAPPED* loose.



The sensation was nothing like ordinary tickling—the barbed tongues scraped mercilessly over every ridge and groove of their hypersensitive soles, while the honey's thick cling amplified every touch into agony squared.

"HYEEEEEEK?! S-SAVE—HAH— SAVE MEEEEE~?!"

Seija's screams had long since lost all humanity, her fear-sweat mixing with the honey into a briny feast that only drove the cows into a frenzied licking—their rough, sandpaper tongues grinding over her already-pink soles. After all, cattle craved salt, and now her sweat-drenched feet had become the perfect salt lick.

"WAHAHA— PLEASE~! I-I'M—HAHA—SORRY~!  
I SWEAR I—HNGH—LEARNED MY LESSON~!!"

Shinmyoumaru's head jerked upright, but the stocks held firm, offering no escape from the hellish torment. Between shrieking laughter and gasping pleas, she had no room to even think of Seija—only to apologize endlessly to the very people they'd wronged.

Yet the cows never slowed.

"IIIIIEEK—?! NOT THE TOE WEBS!! NOT THE TOE WEBS AHAHAHA?! AT LEAST LET ME CURL THEM—! AT LEAST LET ME PROTECT THE TICKLISH SPOTS AHAHAHA?!?"



With her toes forcibly spread and bound straight, even the slightest protective curl was impossible. And crueler still—for Seija, the more sensitive the area, the more sweat poured forth, making her toe crevices the most vulnerable of all.

A frothy mixture of foot sweat and honey bubbled under the cows' relentless tongues. Her immobilized toes could only twitch helplessly, offering zero relief from the torment—

*"NOOO—!! NOT BETWEEN THE TOES!! THAT'S TOO MUCH AHAHAHA?! THAT'S CHEATING HAHAHAHA?!?!"*

Meanwhile, the cow tormenting Shinmyoumaru noticed its companion's actions—those toe crevices must hide even more of that delicious salty seasoning! Its tongue promptly wormed between the tender folds of her tiny toes.

Shinmyoumaru's toes twitched helplessly, curling and splaying in vain as the cow's tongue relentlessly pursued every flinch.

Though only her big and pinky toes were tied down, this left her middle toes utterly defenseless—each feeble squirm only guided the tongue deeper into the most vulnerable gaps.

The rough, barbed surface scraped mercilessly against the hypersensitive webbing, while sticky saliva mixed with honey doubled the torment with every lick.

The more her toes struggled, the more the cow zeroed in on the hidden weak spots that should've stayed buried—

Before long, the honey had been licked clean, yet the two cows showed no signs of stopping. Their abrasive tongues now scoured the fear-sweat still seeping from the girls' soles.

Seija's feet, in particular—now stripped of grime—exuded a potent mix of salt and lingering sweetness, driving the cow into an even more frenzied licking rhythm—

*"Ah, truth be told, we probably didn't even need the honey... But since it's already prepared~"*

The farmer lifted the bucket leisurely, then—another thick wave of honey cascaded over the girls' already-crimson soles.

*"KYAAAAAAAAA—?!?!"*

Shinmyoumaru's scream pierced the air, her voice breaking.

*"N-No... not again?! Please... I c-can't take any more...!!"*

The farmer ignored her, watching with undisguised delight as the cows lowered their heads once more.

*"Now now, this is only round two~"*

He nudged the bucket with his foot—still over half-full, the honey sloshing mockingly.

*"As I said... we're using up the entire bucket. Hang in there, won't you? After all... you two are youkai, aren't you~?"*

*"THAT'S—!  
—HYEEEEEEK?! ST-STOP SCRAPING BETWEEN MY TOES*



AHAHAHAHAHA—?!?!"

And so, the two "*flowers of despair*" bloomed vibrantly once more upon their stocks.

But what nourished them was neither soil nor spring water—

Only cloying honey...

And the salt of terrified sweat.

And with each passing moment, these twisted blossoms unfurled...

—————Ever more pitifully.



The honey had finally been licked away, and the crowd began to gather once more—

*"My, my~ What a pathetic sight~"*

A villager crouched down, prodding the swollen, tender flesh of Seija's sole with a finger—

*"HYEEEEEE—?!?"*

Her foot jerked violently, every slight rotation of his finger sending fresh waves of torment through her already-shattered nerves.  
Even the lightest touch now made her overstimulated soles twitch uncontrollably.

*"Oh ho~ Such a lively reaction! Thought you'd get to rest during our lunch break, did you? Seems that farmer's cows took extra good care of you~"*

*"...Bastards... I'll... kill you... Crush your faces... like bugs..."\**

*"Hah... N-No... Someone... help..."*

*"Even like this, that mouth's just as foul as your feet, huh? Guess the 'lesson' on your soles wasn't thorough enough~ Still dreaming of stomping us with those filthy things?"*

The villager pulled out a stiff-bristled brush, eyes locked onto their ruined feet.

*"If that mouth's too dirty to clean for now... Let's start by scrubbing those soles spotless—"*



"GYAAAAAAAA—STOP! STOHOHOP IT AHAHAHA!!"

"HYEEEEEEHAHAHAHAHAHA—?!?!?!"

The stiff-bristled brush, frothing with soap, scoured their pink soles. After the cows' relentless licking, their skin had become fiery red and hyper-sensitive. Their toes twitched helplessly, desperate to curl but held rigid by the stocks, reduced to useless spasms.

"—MY SANDALS!! G-GIVE THEM BAHACK AHAHAHA!! STOP SCRUBBING~?!?!?!"

"Hah? You can't even curl your toes, yet you're begging for sandals to 'protect' your feet? Those filthy flip-flops of yours are on display at the village gate! Let everyone see what thieves' footprints look like!"

"HOW COULD—HYEEEEHAHAHA?!?!"

"The whole village has already taken a look~" The villager scrubbing Shinmyoumaru's feet taunted between strokes. "The tiny imprints from your geta...the sweat stains in the amanojaku's sandals... tsk tsk~ Every shameful detail of your feet, laid bare for all to see~"

"And not just the sandals and geta of course, trapped like this, your 'precious' feet also have no privacy left to speak of—"

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"....."

"Seija~ Seija~"

Shinmyoumaru swayed gently, the tip of her geta tapping the ground idly.

"What should we do next?"

The firewood crackled softly. Seija tossed a dry branch into the flames, sending a flurry of sparks dancing into the night.

"Hah..." She suddenly sighed, though her lips curled into that signature mischievous grin as she tilted her head at the inchling princess. "Even after how horribly I tricked you last time, you still came looking to team up with me? Even for a notorious rebel like an amanojaku, you're one weird little princess~"

"Muu...Am I really that strange—"

"But y'know..."

Seija abruptly cut her off, her usual playful expression fading into something uncharacteristically solemn.

"I did lie to you...But honestly? Failed rebellions usually end painful. That's why I deceived you—because I didn't want you to suffer through that kind of pain—"



"Seija....."

"But since you came to me yourself..."

Then, just as suddenly, her grin returned—brighter than the firelight itself.

"That must mean our little princess is ready for round two~"

"Mmhm!!"

Shinmyoumaru shot to her feet, tiny fists clenched with determination.

*"As long as we can create a paradise for the weak—no matter how many times we fail—I'll keep fighting by your side, Seija!!"*

*"Hahaha! Now that's the spirit!"* Seija laughed, ruffling her hair. *"Then our next target's those ignorant villagers in the Human Village~ To free the sheep from their pen, first we gotta shatter their illusion of 'peace'!"\**

*"And those too stubborn to change? They're just leeches feeding off this rotten system. So I'll crush them underfoot like the bugs they are—"*

*"Yeah! I'll stomp those meanies too—with my super soft feet~! ★"*

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"Alright—break's over! Back to the tickle torture!"

The guard's bark shattered their brief respite. Slumped against the stocks, Seija and Shinmyoumaru remembered that night—when they'd vowed to overturn Gensokyo's order, to build a paradise where the weak wouldn't suffer. Those grand dreams now felt laughably distant.

"Hah! My turn next. Heard from travelers that two tickle-cursed thieves are up for free 'playtime'—can't wait to test how sensitive they really are!"

Both knew better than anyone: dreams weren't won with words alone. And their goal was nearly impossible.

"But even youkai's soles must ache after this much tickling, no?"

Another villager pulled a vial from his robe.

"Bought this from Eientei—numbs pain but keeps the tickle feel~ Let's dose 'em before round three!"

"Hah! Perfect! Now we can tickle 'em really hard without holding back!"

Yet even so—they'd never give up.

Perhaps, one day, their rebellion would shatter Gensokyo's rotten core...

Even\_\_\_\_\_



"B-BASTARDS!! YOU FREAK!! GET AWAY FROM MY FEEEEET—!!!"

"Ngh... Hah... Hyaaaa~~~~~!!!!"



"KYAAAA—!! GYAAHAHAHAHAHA—!!!!"

"Ngh... KHYAAAAAAAH~~~~!!!!"

————Even in  
this unimaginable hell of despair,  
they had to endure.