*Here is a request I did for @CyborgSelZero2. He wanted a story about Toriel being tickled by an OC of his, an OC with literal “out of this world” abilities, and I thought to myself, what a wonderful idea! :) Toriel deserves all the tickles she can get, you know! Especially on those large insanely ticklish feet of hers! XD*

*Undertale© Toby Fox.*

**A VISITOR FROM BEYOND**

It is August 30; just a few days before school is back in session at Ebott Elementary School; and Toriel, the owner, principal, and 6th grade teacher of that school is currently resting in her living room in her home waiting for Lydia, MK's mother and the school's art teacher, and Monica Kidman, a human female and the school's 5th grade teacher, to pick her up for one last ladies' night before school is back in session. Toriel has been looking forward to spending time with Lydia and Monica. That lizard monster and red-headed human are besties and as besties, they're a real hoot and a half when they're together! ;) So when an opportunity arises to hang out with both of them, Toriel just can't refuse! She loves those crazy ladies! X3

Toriel: Mmmmmmmm… Waiting for Lydia and Monica… \*said Toriel to herself in a super relaxed manner, sitting on her couch with her big feet propped up on a footrest\*

Toriel is currently alone in her house and because she's alone, that means she can talk to herself without anyone silently judging her. Not that Asgore, who is now allowed to come and go as he pleases, or her three children would ever do such a thing but if they were present to witness Toriel sitting on her couch in her purple dress and jacket and talking to herself with her feet up while appearing to be in some kind of trance, they might get a chuckle or two; due to how cute Toriel is and how tempting it is to tickle her big feet as she sways them side to side on a footrest and wiggles her six toes.

Toriel: Heeheeheeheehee! Shouldn't be long now. \*Toriel claimed, swaying her feet and wiggling her big toes on a footrest while appearing to be in some kind of trance, just mere seconds before dozing off on her couch\* Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz…

Then all of sudden, while sleeping, Toriel heard a mysterious voice, startling her awake moments later and also prompting her to get off of her couch and investigate; to figure out where the voice was coming from and whether it was real or just her imagination.

???: Toooooorrrrieel...

Toriel: W-w-what? W-who's there? Who's there?!

After hearing the voice the first time, Toriel walked around to investigate. She searched the entire first floor of her home. Then right as she finished, she heard the voice once again.

???: Toooooorrrrriiieeeel…

Toriel: Eeeeeeeeek! \*squealed Toriel, nervously summoning her sword and shield to defend herself if someone jumps out and tries to attack her\* T-t-this isn't funny, you know! I'm not finding this funny!

Wow! Whoever this voice belongs to, it must be quite frightening if Toriel felt the need to summon her sword and shield!

???: Toooooooorrrrrrrriiiiiiieeeelll...

After hearing the voice a third time, Toriel was able to pinpoint its location to the basement.

Toriel: (Basement!)

And down to the basement Toriel went. Sword and shield in hand, she descended every step of the basement staircase slowly and steadily. Then once she stepped off of the lowest step, she searched the entire basement for the individual responsible for frightening her. She had no luck! Disappointed, Toriel then "sheathed" her sword and shield and sat down in a reclining chair with her feet up and toes pointed up towards the ceiling. Is she going crazy? Was the voice she heard just her imagination? Maybe, maybe not. But before going back upstairs, she needs to take a minute of her time to get a hold of herself and process everything that just happened and the only way she knew how was to just sit down in a random chair and massage her own head with her fingers. That’s her way of calming herself after a stressful situation and a lot of the time, it really helps. Except when a chair she's sitting mummifies her entire body in its thread except for her head and feet and then restrains her to itself with even more strong strands of thread. …….. WAIT!! WHAT?!?! THAT'S NOT NORMAL!! THAT'S NOT NORMAL AT ALL!! :O

Toriel: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!! \*shrieked Toriel, terrified that something bad was about to happen to her\* WHAT THE HELL?!?! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!! NOOOOOOO, DOOOON'T!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!! STOOOOOOOOPPPPP!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!

???: Hahahahahahahaha!!! \*laughed a mysterious figure ominously, frightening Toriel even more\* Worry not, my dear Toriel. I'm not going to hurt you. \*said the figure, revealing himself and looking at Toriel with an evil grin on his face\*

Out of nowhere, a black shadowy figure revealed himself in front of Toriel. He was invisible this entire time! Simply known as the Phantom, he is a paranormal creature capable of doing anything he wants in an alternate dimension that looks exactly like ours, which Toriel entered after opening the door that leads downstairs to her basement. Toriel didn't realize it at the time but when she walked through her basement doorway, she entered the Phantom's dimension via an invisible portal that pulled her through time and space itself. No longer in her own dimension, she is now the victim of a paranormal creature that claims he won't harm her in any way. Now, whether or not that's true, it's hard for Toriel to trust him after mummifying her in such a terrifying way. And with a whole bunch of thread no less! And aside from her head, the only other part of her body that wasn't wrapped in thread was her feet; her large white 3-toed feet that are too ticklish for their own good.

Toriel: \*terrified gasp\* OH MY GOODNESS!!! \*Toriel shouted, desperately trying to free herself from her thread cocoon\* WHAT?! WHAT ARE YOU?!?! AND HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?!?! \*she then asked the Phantom, in an attempt to get some answers\*

Phantom: Hahahahaha! Just someone that's been watching you for a long time now, Goat Mom. May I call you Goat Mom? Hahahaha! Oh, what am I saying? Of course I can! In this dimension, I can do whatever I want! Hahahahahaha! You hear that? \*transform into a certain strong jester for a two seconds\* I can do anything! \*transforms back into his black shadowy form, which may or may not be his true form\* Hahahahahahahaha! Anything I want! And what I'd like to do… more than anything in the entire universe is… TICKLE YOUR ABSOLUTELY ADORABLE FEET!!! Hahahahahahahaha! Coochie coo! Coochie coochie coo! Hahahahahahaha! Best feet I've ever seen in my life! So large, well taken care of, and not to mention, insanely ticklish! Hahahaha! The best kind of ticklish! Hahahahaha!

And so he did! Being the playful shapeshifting creature that he is, he transformed his 10 fingers into long claws and then scribbled them up and down every inch of Toriel's large hopelessly ticklish soles, immediately sending her into a fit of hysterical laughter.

Toriel: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!! HAHAHAHAAHAHAAHAHHAHAHAHAHHAHHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! NOHOHOHOHOHOHO!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHHAHAHAHA!!!! NOHOHOHO, NOHOHOHOT MY FEEHEEHEEHEEHEET!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! DOHOHOHOHOHOHON'T TICKLE MY FEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEET!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! ANYWHEHEHEHERE BUT MY FEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEET!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! OHOHOHOHOH MY GOOHOOHOOHOODNESS, HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHA, NOHOHOHOHOW I KNOHOHOHOW WHY YOU DIDN'T COHOHOVER UP MY FEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEET!!!! \*SNORT\* HAHAHHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHHAHAHAHAHHAHAAAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHA!!!!

Indeed she does! Poor Toriel; her big bare 3-toed feet at the mercy of one the most malevolent ticklers in existence! But a good kind of malevolent because everything he does is all in good fun. He's very playful. Especially when he's in complete control of a situation! Like the one Toriel got herself into! XD But if he loses control of a situation however, he tends to get very angry and as a result, he takes his anger out on all those around him. So, if Toriel wishes to remain on the Phantom's good side, she better not make him angry!

Phantom: Hahahahahahaha! You sure do! Hahahahaha! Now let's pick up the pace a little, shall we? \*cooed the Phantom, scribbling his fingers up and down Toriel's soles a bit faster\* Hahahahahaha!

Toriel: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!! HAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! NOHOHOHOHO!!!! HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAAHAHHA!!!! NOHOHOHOHOT FASTER!!!! HAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHA!!!! DOHOHOHOHOHON'T TICKLE FAHAHAHASTER!!!! \*pleaded Toriel, while laughing a little bit harder this time around\* HAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHA!!!! OHOHOHOH MY GOOHOOHOODNESS!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHA!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!! HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!

Phantom: Hahahahaha! Faster? \*teased the Phantom, knowing very well that Toriel didn't tell him to tickle her feet at an even faster pace\* Hahahahaha! As you wish, Goat Mom! Hahahahahaha!

Not even one second later, the Phantom began tickling Toriel's feet with his claws at full speed; as fast as he possibly could! Every single inch of her soles until they were bright red!

Toriel: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!!! \*shrieked Toriel at the top of her diaphragm\* GYAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHA HAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!! \*she laughed insanely hysterically, clawed fingers scribbling up and down her soles at the speed of light itself\* BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!! BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!! BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!! \*SNORT\* HAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!

The speed of light itself?! Jeez! Talk about insanely fast tickle torture! Surprising that the Phantom didn't tear Toriel's feet to shreds tickling them at that speed; regardless of how tough and durable Toriel's feet are! But he'd never do that though. He loves Toriel and her feet very, very much and he's planning to show how much he loves her and her feet immediately after tickling them with his claws; even if it's something that will also tickle like hell.

Minutes later…

Toriel: HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!

Phantom: Hahahahahaha! Oh wow! Look at how red I made these pretty white feet! \*teased the Phantom, acknowledging Toriel's bright red soles the moment he stopped tickling them with his claws\* Now how do they taste? Hahahahahaha! Let's find out!

How do they taste?! Oh no! That can only mean one thing!

Phantom: Hahahahaha! \*laughed the Phantom, extending his neck towards Toriel's soles and licking them from heel to toe with long licks from a long pointed tongue of his\*

Toriel: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!! GYAHAHAAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHHAHAHAHHAHHAHAAHAHAHAHA!!!! NUUUUUUUUUUUUUHUHUHUHUHU!!!! HAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHA!!!! NUUUUUUUUHUHUHU, HAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHAHAHA!!!! NOHOHOHOT LIHIHIHIHICKING!!!! \*pleaded Toriel in between frantic spurts of laughter, shaking vigorously in her thread cocoon\* EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!! HAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHA HAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAAAHA!!!!

Licking! Of course! XD Well, that's certainly one way to show a lady how much you like her feet! Even if said lady happens to be too ticklish for foot worshipping! XD Seriously! At this very moment, the Phantom is not trying to tickle Toriel at all. He can't help it that just one lick is enough to elicit all kinds of melodic laughter and cackling from her. Toriel's feet are too ticklish for their own good! They always have been. And with big feet like hers, it took the Phantom a while to worship every inch of them too; despite the fact that he could've easily grown a few extra tongues to get the job done faster. But why rush? Toriel's feet aren't going anywhere. Plus, where Toriel and the Phantom currently are, time doesn't exist. Not unless the Phantom wants time to exist. In the Phantom's dimension, one minute could last for 24 hours! It certainly felt that way to Toriel! Lick after continuous lick, her already insanely ticklish soles felt like they were becoming more and more ticklish to the point that she would no longer be able to handle being tickled at all.

Toriel: HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHA HAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!

Sometime later…

Phantom: Mmmmmmm… Yummy, yummy feet. \*cooed the Phantom, smiling mischievously while moving his mouth right next to Toriel's toes\* Mmmmmmmmmm… Now let's see if these toes are just as tasty. Hahahahahaha!

Toriel was hoping that the Phantom would let her rest for a while after licking her soles. But nope! Immediately after licking her soles, the Phantom licked her toes one by one. All six of them! Every inch from the bases to the tips as well as each of the four spaces in between them! Madness! Pure madness since her toes are more ticklish than her soles! Though especially the spaces in between her toes!

Toriel: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!!! GYAAAAAAAAAAAHHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHA HAAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHA HAHHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!! NO, NOHOHOT… EEEEEEEEEHEEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEEHEEHEE HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEEHEEHEE HEEHEEHEEEHEEHEEEHEEHEEHEE!!!!! STOOOOO… HAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHA!!!!! \*SNORT\* BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!! HAHAHHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!! \*SNORT\* BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!! \*SNORT\* GYEEEEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!!!!!

Toriel's laughter was through the roof! Laughing at the top of her lungs, squealing as if she were a tea kettle, bleating like a mother goat that can't find her child, tears running down her face like waterfalls, and unable to finish a single sentence, she was in her own personal hell. Her poor feet! Her poor, poor hopelessly ticklish feet! Again, too ticklish for their own good! Especially for a barefooter such as herself! But believe it or not, her tickle torture could be a hell of a lot worse! Seriously! The phantom could be tickling her armpits, sides, neck, and bases of her horns (her other sweet spots) in addition to her feet. But he's not! And he doesn't intend to either. Not unless Toriel gives him a reason to.

Sometime later…

Phantom: Mmmmmmmm… My, what tasty toes you have, Goat Mom. \*cooed the Phantom, smiling mischievously\* Mmmmmmmmmmm… And I believe that it's time for seconds

At that moment, the Phantom licked all six of Toriel's toes at once. Wrapping his long pointed tongue around the stems of every single ticklish toe of hers as well as scribbling his clawed fingers up and down every inch of her soles, he got Toriel laughing hard once again. 10 tickly claws and a long tickly tongue; oh boy! Not good for someone with hopelessly ticklish feet like Toriel's! In fact, when the Phantom did that, he made Toriel laugh so hard that she laughed silently on numerous occasions.

Toriel: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!!! BWAAAAAAAAAHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAHAHAHAHAA!!!!! I… HAAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!! NO… HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHA!!!!! STO… HAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!! \*SNORT\* EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!!! HAHAHAHHAHAAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHA!!!!! \*SNORT\* BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!! HAHAHHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHA!!!!! \*SNORT\* [HAHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!] \*SNORT\* BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!! HAHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAHHAHAHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!! \*SNORT\* [HAHAHHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHA HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHA!!!!!] \*SNORT\* BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!! \*SNORT\* GYEEEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!!!!!

Sometime later…

Phantom: Mmm… Mmm… Mmmmmm… DEEEElicious! \*teased the Phantom\* Hahahahaha! Say, would you boys like a taste? I know you would. Hahahahaha! \*he then cooed, three black dogs heads with long necks, like Lesser Dog's after being pet excessively, bursting out of his chest literally two seconds later\*

Chest dogs: Bark! Bark! Bark! Bark! Bark! Bark! Bark! Bark!

Toriel: \*horrified gasp\* N-noooooo! Oh… Oh god no! N-noooooooo! \*shuddered Toriel, curling her toes and scrunching her soles in fear\*

Phantom: Hahahahahahaha! "Eat" up, boys! Hahahahahaha!

Toriel: Eeeeeeeeeeek! No! Please, no! Come on! I'll do anything! Anything! BWAAAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAHHAHAHAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHHAHAHA!!!!!

At that moment, the three dog heads from the Phantom's chest licked Toriel's big feet. One licked every inch of her right sole, one licked every inch of her left sole, and one licked all six of her toes one-by-one. One dog tongue is already "ruff" on Toriel's feet. But three?!?! Now that's just asking for trouble! Especially when said tongues tickle just like Toby's (the Annoying Dog). That's right. As of now, Toriel's feet are essentially being licked by three Tobys! And lots of individuals know how effective Toby's tongue is against Toriel's big feet! XD Extremely effective!

Phantom: Hahahahahaha! You're already doing what I want, Goat Mom. \*cooed the Phantom, still finding Toriel's reactions to tickles amusing after all this time\* Laughing beautifully as my boys work their magic on your big beautiful feet! Hahahahahaha!

Toriel: WAAAAHAAHAAHAHAHAHHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!! \*SNORT\* HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!!!!! \*SNORT\* BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!! HAHAHHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHA!!!!! \*SNORT\* [HAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!] \*SNORT\* BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!! \*SNORT\* HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!!!!!

Three dogs licking her feet; one of Toriel's nightmares brought to life by the Phantom himself! And made even more horrifying due to the dogs heads popping out of someone's chest! It was torturous, that's for sure! In fact, it was the most insane tickle torture that Toriel has ever endured! Not even wiggling her toes and scrunching her soles helped reduce the feeling of the dog's tongues on her hopelessly ticklish feet! And by the time the dogs finished licking her feet; Toriel was drenched in tears, drool, and sweat and gasping desperately for air that she made several attempts to get down on her hands and knees to plead for a break despite the fact that she was still trapped in a thread cocoon. And luckily for her, she got one! :D Well, after the Phantom tried and failed to give her a foot massage. XD

Toriel: YIPE!!! HAHAHHAHAHAAHAAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA AHAHHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHA!!! NOHOHOHOHO!!! HAHAHAHAAHHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! DOHOHOHON'T!!! HHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHHA!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!! \*SNORT\* GYAAHAAHHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

Phantom: Hahahaha! What? I'm just trying to give them a nice massage. What's wrong with you? Hahahahaha!

Toriel: HAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! MY FEEHEEHEEHEET, HAAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, ARE, HAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHA, TOO TICKLISH, HAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, FOR MASSAGES!!! \*SNORT\* HEEHEEHEEHEEEHEEHEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!!! OHOHOHOH MY GOOHOOHOOHOODNESS!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

Phantom: Hahahahaha! Clearly! \*agreed the Phantom, releasing Toriel from her thread cocoon\* Hahahahaha!

After all this time, however long it was; seconds, minutes, hours, or even days; Toriel has finally been released from her thread cocoon and she'll stay out of it as long as she doesn't get out of the chair for any reason. If she gets up, then back in the thread cocoon she goes!

Toriel: Ohhhhhhh my! Mmmmmmmmm… Ohhhhh! Oh, thank you! \*said Toriel while stretching her arms and legs in the chair\* Mmmmmmmmm...

Phantom: Hahahaha! You're welcome. How are you feeling, Goat Mom?

As tempting as it was to scream angrily at the Phantom for the ways he tickled her feet, Toriel felt that she should be friendly towards him instead; to stay on his good side. Good call! Because despite his outlandish methods of tickle torture, he truly didn't mean any harm; and he made Toriel fully aware of that just by talking to her for the next while. The two of them had a lovely conversation… at first. Had it not been for Toriel inadvertently bringing up a sensitive topic for the Phantom, everything wouldn't have gone south.

Toriel: Terrific! \*lied Toriel, huffing and puffing; nearly out of breath\* You're a phenomenal tickler, Mr. Phantom! Why, I think that's the hardest I've ever laughed in my life! \*she then said sincerely, enthusiastically throwing her arms up in the air and kicking both legs\* Heeheeheeheehee!

Phantom: Hahahahaha! Really? Well, it was a pleasure to make you laugh, Goat Mom; a real pleasure. Hahahahaha! My goodness, you have such beautiful feet. Perfect in every way if I do say so myself!

Toriel: Hee hee hee. Yes, you made that perfectly clear while tickling them, my friend. \*stated Toriel, wiggling her toes and blushing at the Phantom's compliment about her feet\*

Phantom: Hahahahaha! Well, I mean it. Hahahaha! And I just find it adorable that you're always barefoot.

Toriel: Hee hee hee. Oh, not always, my friend. Sometimes around bed time, I wear a cute pair of slippers.

Phantom: Slippers? You wear slippers sometimes, Goat Mom? You shouldn't do that! Your tootsies are too cute for footwear! And on top of all that, your feet are so strong and durable that you don't even need footwear!

Toriel: Hee hee hee. I know. But my father made those slippers for me before he passed and wearing them helps me keep that memory of him alive.

Phantom: Wait! Your FATHER made those slippers?! \*the Phantom snapped angrily at Toriel, clearly triggered after something she said\*

Uh oh! Toriel just mentioned her father! Fathers are a sensitive subject for the Phantom because his own father was responsible for making him what he is today! He wasn't always an interdimensional being. Sure, he obtained phenomenal powers after what happened but obtaining those powers was a painful experience for him and his father did what he did for no reason other than to hurt him, not knowing at all that doing so would give him all of the powers and abilities he has today. So because of his father's volatile treatment towards him, the Phantom is convinced that there's no such thing as a good father. But mothers on the other hand; the Phantom's view of mothers is the exact opposite. The Phantom is convinced that there is no such thing as a bad mother since his own mother did everything in her power to try and stop his father from putting him through such a painful experience.

Toriel: \*gulp\* Y-yes. Is that a problem? \*asked Toriel worriedly\*

Phantom: YES! FATHERS ARE TERRIBLE! FATHERS ARE THE WORST! ALL OF THEM! THEY'RE THE WORST!

Toriel: N-n-not all of them!

Phantom: \*gasp\* YOU TAKE THAT BACK!

Toriel: I will do no such thing! I loved my father with all my heart and he loved me! He was a great father! But not just him! There's also Asgore, Rocco, and Mathias! They’re great fathers too!

Rather than snapping at Toriel once again and punishing her for her claims, the Phantom felt that he should at least ask her how she feels about mothers first. If Toriel lies and tells the Phantom that there's no such thing as a bad mother, he will let her return to her own dimension with either no punishment at all or half of a punishment; for not agreeing with his opinion on fathers. But if she tells him the truth and tells him that bad mothers do indeed exist, then he'll give her one hell of a punishment before returning her to her own dimension.

Phantom: I don't believe you! ...But it's ok. No worries. As long as you tell me that there's no such thing as a bad mother, then I won't tickle torture your feet until you pass out before sending you back to your own dimension. Mothers are wonderful! Mothers are the best! All of them! They're the best!

As tempting as it was to lie and get the hell out of the Phantom's dimension as soon as possible and avoid being tickle tortured until she passes out, Toriel could not lie to the Phantom about her opinion on mothers. Especially since she knows a bad mother herself! Rocco's ex-wife, Raylene!

Toriel: Um… \*sigh\* I'm sorry, Mr. Phantom, but I have to disagree with you. Not all mothers are the best. Example: Rocco's ex-wife, Raylene; she basically lets their daughter, Linzie, do whatever the hell she wants!

Phantom: Oh? And just what's so bad about that?! \*asked the Phantom, misunderstanding what Toriel is trying to tell him\*

Toriel: A lack of discipline! Every time Linzie's up to no good, Raylene doesn't do a damn thing to punish her! She's her daughter for goodness sake, not her friend! You can't just let children do whatever they want, Mr. Phantom! Especially not an ungrateful girl like Linzie! Oh, but Raylene isn't any better! She's just as ungrateful as Linzie! Wait, no! She's worse! She cheated on Rocco with three different monsters! That he knew of! And while she and Rocco were married! Oh and she clubbed him with a glass bottle and pushed him out a window too! On the second floor of their old house!

It's true, she did; during a heated argument with Rocco after he found out that she was cheating on him! Their marriage went south long beforehand but it was that moment that put the nail in the coffin! But rather than reporting her to the Royal Guard, since she truly didn't mean to assault him in such a violent manner as hard as that may be to believe and since Rocco somehow didn’t suffer from any injuries after being clubbed and pushed out a window, he just packed up all of his personal belongings, left the house, and never returned; not once. But before he left Raylene for good however, he tried as hard as he possibly could to convince Linzie to leave with him and gain custody of her when he and Raylene officially filed for a divorce. He failed; because Linzie loved Raylene more than him and favored her way of parenting more than his. Very, very unfortunate for Rocco; but at least Raylene loves Linzie and Linzie loves her in return. Sure, her way of parenting is terrible. But it doesn't bother Linzie one bit! She gets to do basically anything she wants without any consequences from her mother whatsoever!

Phantom: Asshole had it coming! \*claimed the Phantom without a second thought\*

Toriel: WHAT?! \*exclaimed Toriel, outraged by the Phantom's claim\* Oh for the love of… You can't be serious!

Phantom: Oh but I am and now I'm afraid I have to punish you!

Not even a second later, the Phantom restrained Toriel to the chair she was sitting in with wires from the walls, wrapping at least three wires around the chair itself and her torso, one around her right wrist and the right arm of the chair, one around her left wrist and left arm of the chair, and at least four around her calves, ankles and the chair's footrest. Then with several thin but incredibly strong strings, which all appeared to be invisible, he restrained her six toes and by the time he finished doing so, Toriel was unable to bend her big feet back and forth, sway her big feet from side to side, scrunch her toes, curl her toes forward or backwards, splay her toes, and wiggle her toes!

Toriel: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEK! OH GOD, NOT AGAIN! \*shouted Toriel frighteningly, struggling to free herself from her new predicament\* IS ALL OF THIS BONDAGE REALLY NECESSARY?!

Phantom: For a strong goat lady such as yourself, yes! Yes, it is! Now laugh for me!

At the snap of his fingers, the Phantom made 6 hairbrushes appear out of nowhere! Then a few seconds later, he scrubbed Toriel's large taut soles with all six of them; two scrubbing her heels, two scrubbing her arches, and two scrubbing the balls of her feet! 6 HAIRBRUSHES SCRUBBING HER FEET! That's been one of her worst fears ever since tickling was brought back into her life! And now it's finally happening to her! Hundreds of bristles scrubbing fast and hard against every inch of her insanely sensitive soles, she could not stop laughing, snorting, squealing, bleating, and wheezing at the top of her diaphragm to save her own life! And the Phantom showed absolutely no mercy this time around either! He told Toriel that he was going to tickle her until she passes out and that is exactly what he intends to do too! It may take a while, due to Toriel's impressive stamina, but the Phantom has plenty of tricks up his metaphorical sleeves if 6 hairbrushes alone aren't enough to make her pass out.

Toriel: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!!! HAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHHAAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!! \*Toriel laughed maniacally, driven to absolute madness after one second, just one second of hairbrush tickles, their evil bristles digging hard into and scraping against the flesh of her snow white soles until they turned bright red and even more after that\* BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!! BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!! \*she bleated, tears running out of her eyes like waterfalls as she made no attempts to speak through her continuous laughter\* HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHA HAHAHHAHAAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!

Torture! Nothing but torture for Toriel and her insanely sensitive feet! Those six hairbrushes were already enough to drive her into madness and the Phantom knew it too! And he didn't stop tickling her with them either! Not even for one microsecond! And although six hairbrushes were already overkill for poor Toriel, the Phantom felt that she deserved even more torture. He just couldn't let her toes and the tops of her feet go without any punishment either. So when he felt the time was right, he summoned utensils to tickle her in those places too while the hairbrushes continued torturing her poor taut soles! First, six electric toothbrushes buzzing against the tops of her feet (3 for each foot)...

Toriel: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!!! GYAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHHAHA HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!! \*Toriel laughed even harder, bouncing up and down frantically in her restraints and shaking her head in such a way that her long droopy ears continuously smacked her face\* BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!! HAHHAHAHAAHAHHAAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHA!!!!! BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* GYEEEEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!!!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* HAHAAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHA!!!!!

Then six electric polishers "polishing" the pads of her toes (one for each individual toe)...

Toriel: BLEEEEEEEEEEYAAAAAAAAAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHHAAHAHHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHA!!!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!! BAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHA HAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!

Then six mini scrub scrubbing the stems and bases of her toes (one for each individual toe)...

Toriel: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAHHAHAHAHAHA HAHHAAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!! BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!! HAHAHHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!! BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!! \*WHEEZE\* GYEEEEEEEEEEEEEHEEHEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!!!!!

And then finally, 4 combs sawing the spaces in between her toes (one for each individual space... And when the combs were thrown into the mix, tickling Toriel's absolute worst spots, it was all over for poor Toriel…

Toriel: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!!! \*Toriel screamed like a banshee, shaking frantically in her restraints like that of an insane asylum as she tried with all her might to pull her feet away from the “evil” floating utensils\* GYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHHAHAHAHHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!!! BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!!!! \*SNORT\* BLAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAHHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHA!!!!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* \*WHEEZE\* HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHA!!!!!! \*WHEEEEEEEEEEEEZE\* HAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHA HAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHA……...

For a long while; hours, days, months, years; however long it was since time functions differently in the Phantom's dimension or just plain doesn’t exist at all, the Phantom tickled Toriel's feet and only her feet with an assortment of floating utensils. Every inch from heel to toe! Until her feet were red! And for a long while after that too, not easing up on her at all and only coming to a complete halt when she passed out. After such intense tickle torture to the most ticklish parts of her fluffy body, it was inevitable. Then after Toriel passed out, the Phantom carried Toriel herself back to her own dimension at the exact moment she entered what she thought was her basement. Then beyond the entrance to his own dimension (in this case, the basement door frame), the Phantom then created a duplicate of himself to carry Toriel back over to the exact spot she was resting before luring her into his dimension; since he could not physically enter Toriel's dimension. And just in time too! Right after the duplicate left, Lydia and Monica showed up to pick up Toriel for a ladies' night out! They rang the doorbell the moment they arrived on her doorstep. But Toriel did not answer the door for some reason and when she didn't answer, they went inside her home to investigate since Toriel told the two women that she would present when they got there. And she was but she was out cold on her couch! Noticing this, Lydia and Monica then tried to wake her up; to find out if she was okay.

Monica: \*gasp\* Toriel! Oh my goodness, are you okay?!?! \*asked Monica worriedly, concerned for Toriel\*

Monica Kidman, the fifth grade teacher at Ebott Elementary; a human female, 38 years old, with long red hair that she often wears in a braid. She also has a similar fashion sense to her bestie, Lydia; often seen in ankle-length dresses (dark green especially); and has a thin build like her too. But unlike Lydia, who's always barefoot, she's often seen wearing a pair of black laced up boots with her dress. She has to since she isn't a monster with extremely durable feet. Also, since she's like a second mother to MK, MK himself often refers to her as "Momica" outside of school, which she adores to no end. X3

Lydia: Toriel? Toriel?! Come on! Wake up! Wake up! \*exclaimed Lydia, touching Toriel's left arm with her toes in an attempt to get her to wake up\*

Seconds later, Lydia stood up on the couch alongside Toriel and gently slapped her face with her tail to try and wake her up that way. But that didn’t work either! And once Lydia realized that, she and Monica were even more alarmed!

Lydia: Goodness, Monica! She is out cold!

Monica: Toriel! Toriel, wake up! \*exclaimed Monica, trying to shake Toriel awake\*

After failing to shake Toriel awake, Monica and Lydia's heart rates were through the roof due to the possibility of Toriel being in a “fallen down” state! But luckily for the two women, they have one last thing they can try to get Toriel to wake up. If this doesn't work, then anything else they try afterwards certainly won't work either!

Monica: Alright, Lydia, desperate times call for desperate measures! \*exclaimed Monica, pulling a dark green feather out of one of her dress pockets with her right hand\*

Like Lydia, Monica carries a feather in one of her dress pockets a lot of the time. As for its color; it’s dark green, her favorite color! ;)

Lydia: You're most certainly right, bestie! I was hoping to avoid this but it doesn't look like we have much of a choice. \*said Lydia, pulling a burgundy feather out of one of her dress pockets with her tail\*

Moments later, Monica, with her dark green feather in her right hand and Lydia, with her burgundy feather in her tail, tickled Toriel's feet. Practically everywhere on her massive soles! Monica twiddling her feather against her right sole and Lydia twiddling her feather against her left sole, Toriel was wide awake in a matter of seconds laughing her head off and squealing like a teenage girl! XD

Toriel: GYAAAHAHAAHHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA AHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! \*laughed Toriel hysterically as Monica and Lydia tickled her large feet with feathers\* WHAHAHAHAHHAAT THE HEHEHEHEHELL?!?! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHA!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* HAHAHAHAHAHHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHA!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!! HAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAAHAHAHAHHAHAAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHA!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!! \*SNORT\* HAHAHAHAHHAHAAHAHHAHAAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHHAAHAHAHAHA!!! HEHEHEHEHEY, HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, LEEHEEHEEHEEAVE MY FEEHEEHEEHEET ALOHOHONE, YOU CRAHAHAHAZY LADIES!!! \*she pleaded, finally noticing that Monica and Lydia are tickling her feet at this very moment\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! \*SNORT\* OOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOH, \*SNORT\* OOHOOHOOH MY GOOOOOOOD, THOHOHOHOSE FEHEHEATHERS TICKLE SOHOHOHOHO MUCH!!! \*SNORT\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

After tickling Toriel awake for a good thirty seconds (they tickled her longer than necessary to ensure that there was nothing physically wrong with her), Monica and Lydia stopped and put their feathers away. Then once Toriel was able to speak, the two women took a moment to fill Toriel in. They told her that she was out cold and that nothing they did prior to tickling her feet was effective enough to wake her up. The situation wouldn't have been such a big deal if Toriel was a heavy sleeper but she's not! Toriel is not normally such a heavy sleeper and the reason why she slept so heavily was because the Phantom really did a number on her feet! But when Toriel woke up however, she felt as if the whole tickle torture she endured from the Phantom was a dream, which in turn made her question whether or not her encounter with the Phantom was actually real; going so far as to go down to her basement to see if it looked exactly the way it did before she passed out. To her surprise, it didn't. Instead, the basement looked the way it did before her encounter with the Phantom! Toriel was so confused. Especially after noticing that her feet were no longer red! After enduring what felt like hours of relentless tickle torture, it surely would've taken a long while for Toriel’s feet to return to their normal white color. But it didn't, which only escalated the question, "Did all of that really happen? Or was it just my imagination?" Toriel pondered and pondered and so did Lydia and Monica after Toriel told them what she may or may not have gone through before they showed up. It was a lot to take in, that's for sure. But perhaps a night out with two of her favorite women will help take her mind off of it. It can't hurt to try, anyway.

Monica: Oh my goodness, Toriel, that… that was certainly quite the story you just told!

Lydia: Yeah, it sounds like you've been through a lot!

Toriel: I have. But at the same time, I feel like I haven't. Oh my god, it's such a weird feeling, my friends! Oh my god!

Lydia: Well, we don't have to go out tonight if you don't want to, Toriel. We can have ladies’ night here instead. Or, we can just sit here and talk some more. Whatever you need, just say the word.

Monica: Yeah, Toriel. Heck, we can even leave if you want. I'm sure you probably want some alone time after that "event!"

Toriel: Oh no, I still want to go out tonight, ladies! After everything that may or may not have happened, I could use a drink… or two… or three… or four… or five…

Lydia: Heeheeheeheehee! Ok, just try not to get too drunk. We don't want a repeat of what happened the last time we went to a bar with a karaoke machine!

And with that, Toriel left her home with Lydia and Monica for a ladies' night out and the three of them had such a fun time while they were out too! A real fun time! :) Slight hiccup though; that being, Toriel getting drunk again against Lydia and Monica's wishes and singing karaoke horribly like she did one other time she got drunk at a bar with a karaoke machine. But this time however, Lydia and Monica managed to get her off the stage before she started swearing like a sailor into the microphone. XD But how could Lydia and Monica blame her? After what she may or may not have been through before they showed up at her house, she deserved to get drunk and have fun! XD

Meanwhile… in the Phantom's dimension…

Phantom: Hmm… perhaps I was a little too hard on Goat Mom while she was here… \*said the Phantom, somewhat regretting his actions towards Toriel\* Oh my god, why did she have to mention her father and talk so negatively about a mother?! \*sigh\* But hey, it's alright. No worries. I'll make it up to her the next time I trick her into coming here. But first, I may have to have a little fun with that lovely armless lizard lady and that smokin' hot redhead too! \*he then said with a sly smile, definitely plotting something mischievous\* Hahahahaha!

*THE END.*