*One of the most anticipated Deltarune stories is here at last! :D Taking place during Chapter 1, Susie, feeling that she isn't cut out to be a hero, wants to be a bad guy instead. And to become one, all she has to do is pass this “simple” initiation of Lancer's. ;)*

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PROMPT 3: **ALL PART OF THE INITIATION!**

In the Card Kingdom, after venturing through its field and the Great Board before its forest, Susie, a purple teenage reptilian girl with a tough exterior, was feeling discouraged. She doesn't feel that she's cut out to be one of the three heroes foretold in the Legend of Delta Rune. Not like Kris and Ralsei. And that's mainly because throughout her, Kris, and Ralsei’s journey thus far, she feels that the only way to win battles in the Dark World is by fighting, finding all Darkners she encounters to be “bloodthirsty.” Yes, always wanting to swing her axe at the first thing she sees, she doesn't believe in Kris and Ralsei's way of battling Darkners in non-violent manners. Battle after battle, always trying to fight, and when she could no longer stand listening to Ralsei's lectures, she came to the conclusion that she’s not cut out to be a hero. But a bad guy on the other hand… Feeling that she’s better at being bad than good, she joined forces with Lancer, the son of the Card Kingdom tyrant, King. Well, better Lancer than King, because Lancer isn't really a bad guy at all. He's more of a “bad guy” so to speak and whether or not Susie realizes that is uncertain. But at this point, she doesn't care. She just wants to get away from Kris and Ralsei and if she has to join forces with Lancer in order to do so, then so be it! But before Susie can become a “bad guy” like Lancer, she first has to go through this special initiation of his, to prove that she has what it takes to be a “bad guy.” No one before Susie has ever made it past Lancer’s initiation, so to be the first person to ever do such a thing would be a great achievement in her eyes. Well, at least until she finds out what Lancer does during this initiation. Once Susie finds out what Lancer does during his “bad guy” initiation, then her viewpoint on the whole thing could very likely change…

Lancer: Ho ho ho! So, you wanna be a bad guy, eh, purple girl? \*asked Lancer, mere seconds after entering the Card Kingdom’s forest with Susie by his side\*

Susie: Hell yeah! I'm no hero! Never have been, never will be! \*claimed Susie, acting all tough to hide how discouraged she was feeling after recent events\* And you can quote me on that!

Lancer: Haha! Spoken like a true bad guy! I love that! But before you can actually be one, you gotta pass my initiation. \*stated Lancer cheekily\*

Susie: Ha! An initiation? From YOU? Haha! Oh, man, whatever it is, I'm sure it’s gonna be easy as \*bleep\*!

Lancer: Ho ho ho! Yep, that's what they all say!

Susie: They?

Lancer: Everyone else that “volunteered” to be a bad guy with me. None of them ever made it past the initiation. So, I'm kinda hoping that you might be the first… \*uttered Lancer innocently, somewhat guilting Susie into going through with his initiation, whatever it may involve\*

Susie: Heh. What a bunch of wusses! Hell, hearing that just makes me want to do it even more!

Lancer: Hehe. Great! Right this way then, please!

And with that, Lancer took Susie to the area of the forest where he does his initiations for potential recruits. A secluded area of the forest, one that can only be accessed via a surprisingly well-hidden warp door. Only Lancer knows where this door is located. Surprising, considering his poor navigation skills. And since Lancer is so secretive of this door, he requested that Susie put on a blindfold before walking through it. And to Lancer's surprise, Susie actually did what he had asked her to do. Given Susie’s generally rude behavior, he was half-expecting her to say something like, “The hell if I'm putting this on!” and then either throw the blindfold on the ground or eat it, and then maybe beat him up too. But she didn't. Instead, she played along, mostly because she wanted to be as far away from Kris and Ralsei as possible. She had gotten quite frustrated with Kris and Ralsei before leaving with Lancer so she feels that she'll need as much time as possible to cool off before encountering them again. And she should have all the time she needs to do so because Kris, a thorough inspector of many things, and Ralsei are currently busy rechecking every area of the field and Great Board to make extra sure they didn't miss anything of important value before going any further into the forest. They want to be all kinds of prepared for the remainder of their adventure, just like Susie wants to be all kinds of prepared to be a “bad guy” with Lancer. And to do that, she must pass Lancer's initiation with flying colors. But what exactly happens during this initiation of Lancer's? The suspense was killing Susie. She really wanted to know what she'd have to do to become Lancer's comrade. Well, luckily for her, it won't be much longer until she finds out. ;)

Lancer: Ho ho ho! Well, here we are, purple girl! \*announced Lancer after walking through the secret warp door with Susie\*

Susie: Woah. A secret area of the forest, huh? Neat. \*Susie commented, admiring the secret area of the forest\* Ooh, what's that red stuff?! \*she then asked excitedly, noticeably drooling at the sight of some rather delicious looking “red stuff”\*

The hidden area Lancer had taken Susie to had a different feel to it than everything Susie had seen up until this point. Because unlike most areas of the forest, this secret area was entirely black, as if Susie and Lancer had entered some kind of dark room. But not entirely dark because Susie and Lancer could still see themselves clear as day, along with this single, purple-colored path that led to a single tree with a cursive “L” carved into it. L for Lancer, of course. And next to that tree was a single tree stump with some type of red sauce inside. And out of everything in the area, the red sauce was what caught Susie's eye, because it was salsa, one of her favorite foods, which then led her to believe that Lancer wanted to see how much salsa she could eat until she threw up or something of the sort. XD But to Susie's surprise, that's not at all what Lancer wanted her to do. Instead, he dug a large hole in the purple dirt, which was surprisingly clean dirt, with a trowel of his and then asked Susie to lay down inside of it. An odd request, yes, but Susie obliged, lying down on her back inside the hole that Lancer had created, which was big and wide enough to fit her entire body inside of with the exception of her head and feet. But by the time Susie fully realized that, Lancer had already filled the hole back up with dirt and packed said dirt down so tightly that she couldn't get out on her own.

Lancer: Ho ho ho! Perfect! \*said Lancer all giddily\*

Susie: H-hey! You forgot to bury my feet, dumbass! \*Susie commented, her head sticking out of the tightly packed dirt at one end and her feet, which were still encased in boots, sticking out at the other end\*

Lancer: Ho ho ho! No, I didn't.

Susie: Oh my g- What the hell is that supposed to mean?! You're meaning to tell me that you left my feet sticking out… ON PURPOSE?! \*shouted Susie angrily, struggling to free herself from the tightly packed dirt\*

Lancer: Hehe. Yes! Now off with these boots! These r-r-really big b-boots… \*uttered Lancer, salivating as he slowly removed Susie's boots, loosening the dirt around her feet a little but then packing it back down once her boots were completely off her feet\*

Susie: H-hey! D-don't take my boots off, you freak! \*shouted Susie once more, so nervous at the thought of what might happen next she felt as if there were butterflies floating around inside her stomach\*

Really big is right! Because the boots that Susie had on weren't any smaller than a US women's size 17 footwear! And encased in those boots was a pair of feet no smaller than US women's size 17 feet, much to Lancer's excitement.

Lancer: H-holy cow! L-look at the size of these beauties! Oh, and that smell… \*said Lancer excitedly, before proceeding to press his nose into one of Susie's feet, which were still encased in socks, and taking a big whiff\* …Mmmmmmm~ Ssssooooo gooooooood~

Susie: \*gulp\* Oh h-hell, y-you're one of those… \*uttered Susie nervously, knowing of another person (Kris) that likes feet in a similar manner to Lancer\*

Lancer: Mmmmm~ One of what? \*asked Lancer innocently, prompting Susie not to finish her sentence\*

Susie: N-never mind…

For a young boy, Lancer has quite the foot fetish, having a fondness for feet of all shapes and sizes. Larger feet especially, much to Susie's dismay! Because Lancer was drooling just looking at her large feet while they were encased in socks! Yes, after Lancer rid Susie of her boots, her feet were still encased in this large pair of black socks! And to Susie's surprise, they didn't have any holes in them (other than where her feet go, of course). Not at all like the ones she wears in the Light World. In the Light World, she wears older holey pairs of socks. But in the Dark World, her socks both look and feel like they're brand new, which they technically are. And as for her feet themselves, they will likely look the exact same way they do in the Light World, just a lighter shade of purple. But she and Lancer would not know that until her socks were completely off her feet. Yes, Lancer didn't remove Susie’s black socks immediately after removing her boots. But for good reason. Before removing her socks, he wanted to know how TICKLISH her feet were while encased in socks. So he then took one finger, his right index finger, and traced it all over one of Susie's socked feet. Her large right foot to be exact. From heel to toe, he dragged his finger slowly up and down her foot, causing some rather hearty laughter to spill from the purple lizard girl's large mouth.

Susie: PFFFFF-HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! OH MY G-AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! WHAT THE F-AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! NOHOHOHO! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! NO, DON'T TOUCH MY FEEHEEHEEHEET, YOU FREEHEEHEEHEEAK! \*exclaimed Susie through her laughter, her right foot tensing up and twitching uncontrollably\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Lancer: (FLIP MY FLAPJACKS!!!! YES!!!) \*exclaimed Lancer excitedly to himself, ecstatic that Susie's were more ticklish than he had anticipated\* Heheheheh. Uh-huh. You're ticklish alright. Heheheheh. Too bad for you. \*he then teased out loud, not trying to offend Susie by any means but happy that he had her at his mercy for a change\*

Susie: HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! OH, YOU LITTLE SH…AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! OH MY GO-STAHAHAHAP IT! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! STAHAHAHAHAHAP! EEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE! FOR \*BLEEP\* SAKE, WHY ARE DOOHOOHOOING THIS?!?! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Lancer: Ho ho ho! Why, I'm testing you, of course! As a bad guy, you need to be prepared for anything! Literally anything! \*claimed Lancer, having so much fun tickling Susie that he wasn't at all phased by her yelling; probably because she looked and sounded so happy laughing that he couldn't tell that she was angry XD\*

Just one finger to one of her socked feet and Susie was already in stitches. Tough tomboyish girls tend to be highly ticklish on their feet and Susie is certainly no exception. Her large feet have been highly ticklish for as long as she can remember, much to her dismay. And while it’s been a relatively long time since she last had her feet tickled, she remembers the feeling all too well. In fact, it's one of the reasons why she wears boots. If her feet weren't as ticklish as they are, she'd actually consider being a barefooter. Yes, though highly ticklish, Susie's feet are also immensely durable. But she just can't ever bring herself to leave them uncovered, though. Because as a rough and tough reptilian girl, she doesn't ever want to show any signs of weakness. And tickling happens to be one of her biggest weaknesses, much to her horror, for she's highly ticklish on multiple parts of her scaly body, not just her feet. So, the more of her body she covers up with clothing, the better; with some type of footwear perhaps being the most important. Unless said footwear is removed of course. And if that happens, then Susie is basically done for. She literally can't stand her feet being tickled, finding the experience dreadful even with socks on. “Ugh! Why tickling of all things?!” she exclaimed to herself the very moment she felt a single finger trace against her right sole, each second feeling like minutes. And much of the same happened when Lancer traced a single finger against her left sole. And the very moment Lancer touched Susie's left sole, he elicited a squeal from Susie herself, not only because she was startled by the sudden relocation but also because her left foot happens to be slightly more sensitive than her right foot, much to her dismay. From heel to toe, Lancer traced a single finger against her left sole, directly over the sock her foot was still encased in, taking his sweet time while listening to the laughter spilling from her mouth. It was music to his ears. And then before he knew it, he found himself tracing more than one finger against her left sole, causing Susie to laugh even harder in response and also twitch her left foot uncontrollably, which did nothing but fuel his desire to tickle her feet without any socks whatsoever even further.

Susie: EEEEEEEEK! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! LAN-CAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Lancer: Ooh, was that a squeal I just heard? \*teased Lancer, giddily, knowing very well what he had done to elicit such a squeal\*

Susie: HAHAHAHAHA U-HUHUHUH-HUHUH-HUHUHUHUH, NOOOOHOHOHOHOHOHOHO! \*lied Susie, trying to maintain her reputation as a tough girl\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! WHY WOULD A BAHAHAHAHADAHAHAHAHAHASS LIKE ME DOOOOOOOHOOHOO SUCH A THING?! \*she then asked, inadvertently wiggling her toes in her black socks, which further fueled Lancer’s desire to remove said socks\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Lancer: (AHHHHHHH, MY… CAN'T TAKE IT MUCH LONGER! MUST…) \*Lancer screamed to himself, mesmerized by the movements of Susie's wiggling toes, which in turn prompted him to speed up everything else he had intended to do before removing her socks\*

Susie: EEEEEEEEEEEEEK! HAHAHAHAHAHA! HEHEHEY! HAHAHAHAHAHAHA! SLOHOHOW DOHOHOWN THERE, WILL YOU?! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! AHHHAHAHAHAHAHAH! OHOHOH GAHAHAHAHAD, TOO FAST, LAHAHAHAHANCER, TOO FAHAHAHAST! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Lancer couldn't take it anymore! After seeing Susie's toes wiggle in her socks, he just had to see what Susie’s bare feet look like! So he then did everything else he wanted to do with her socks still on within a relatively short time frame. In less than one minute, he traced more and more of his fingers against one or both of her sock-covered soles at any one time, gradually increasing the speed of his fingers as time went by. And the faster he tickled, the harder he pressed his fingers into Susie’s soles, causing more and more squealing from Susie herself until he stopped tickling entirely.

Susie: BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! OH MY GAHAHAHAHAHAD, THAT'S ENOUGH! \*screamed Susie through her laughter, Lancer scribbling his fingers both fast and hard against her socked soles, but not for much longer\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA~

Lancer: Ho ho ho! Yes, you're right, that is enough… \*Lancer agreed, right as he stopped tickling Susie’s sock-covered soles\* …Heheheh. Because now it's time to tickle these beauties without socks… \*he added, causing Susie to feel a nervous sensation like never before, like there were five times more butterflies fluttering inside her stomach\*

With that said, Lancer then proceeded to pull off Susie's socks. Starting with her right foot sock, he pulled off said sock just enough to expose her heel, which was indeed a lighter shade of purple than what it is in the Light World. And not to mention scaly, her being a reptilian creature and all. Overjoyed, he then pulled off her left sock just enough to expose her left heel and upon seeing it, he unknowingly salivated, for he found both of her bare heels side by side to be quite the glorious sight and then ended up staring at said heels for a few seconds before continuing to remove her socks.

Susie: H-hey! W-what are doing? Are you j-just sitting there g-gawking at my feet? You freak, stop that! \*exclaimed Susie both nervously and angrily, prompting Lancer to then remove her socks even more\* Eeeeeek! Wait! No, actually keep staring at my feet! \*she then worriedly requested upon feeling her socks sliding further off her large scaly feet\*

In a matter of seconds, Lancer pulled off Susie's socks enough to expose her arches; first the right sock and then the left. With her arches exposed, that meant that the only parts of her feet that were still encased in socks were her pads and toes, which Lancer was visibly drooling at the thought of seeing. Though, especially the latter. From what Lancer could tell from Susie’s toe movements alone, it appeared that she had three toes on each foot, making for a total of six toes altogether. Six plump toes! But Lancer would not know that for sure until fully removing Susie's socks. Excited to see what Susie’s toes look like, he then hastily packed the dirt tightly around her feet once more, since removing her socks had loosened said dirt once more. And tighter than ever before too! Because if Susie's feet are as cute as he thinks they are, then he does not want them moving too much.

Moments later… after Lancer packed the dirt surrounding Susie's feet as tightly as humanly possible…

Susie: Eeeeeeek! No! N-n-n-n-n-n-no! No! Please, Lancer! Don't… do it! \*pleaded Susie, struggling in the dirt, unable to move every part of her body aside from her head and feet, in one final attempt to prevent Lancer from completely removing her socks\*

Lancer: Heheheheheh… (Oh man, this is it! Holy…!) \*thought Lancer excitedly to himself, panting as if he were a dog at the thought of touching and tickling Susie’s bare feet\*

With both of his hands this time around, Lancer grasped Susie's socks where her toes go; his left hand grasping her right foot sock and his right hand grasping her left. Then slowly and steadily, he moved his hands upward, sliding Susie’s socks further off her feet in the process. And by the time Susie’s socks were completely off, Lancer's jaw just plain dropped at the sight of Susie's bare feet on full display. Right there and then, Lancer saw a pair of large, completely vulnerable scaly, purple-colored feet… with three plump clawed toes on each foot. He was right!

Lancer: U-u… Oh… m-my… g- they're even c-c-cuter than I thought! \*uttered Lancer, both shocked and ecstatic at the sight of such visually appealing reptilian monster feet\*

Susie: Y-yes, so that's~ That's what my f-feet look like you l-little weirdo……… \*uttered Susie nervously, still feeling as if there were butterflies fluttering inside her stomach\* And hey, now that you've s-s-seen them, you~ you should totally put my boots and socks back on and g-get me out of this dirt! \*she then frantically suggested, in one final attempt to trick Lancer into freeing her sooner than intended\*

Lancer: W-w-what? Y-y-you want me to f-free you? Before I find out…

Susie: Before you find out if they're more ticklish without socks? \*Susie interrupted\* Well, spoiler alert, they are! There, now you know! Now get me the \*bleep\* out of here before I reconsider biting your face off! \*she then threatened Lancer menacingly, trying to frighten Lancer\*

Lancer: Heheheh. No. Hehe. While true, that's not what I was about to say. \*said Lancer with a smile, completely unphased by Susie's menacing threat\* What I was really about to say was… “Before I find out… how they taste~”

Susie: \*gasp\* How they… taste?! Holy \*bleep\*, you can’t be se-EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!! \*shrieked Susie, her eyes widening and six toes splaying as her feet tensed up like never before, due to Lancer… licking her feet!\* GYAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! \*she laughed hysterically, Lancer's tongue tickling her far more than his fingers\*

And with that, Lancer at last resumed tickling Susie. Only this time, he was tickling Susie’s bare feet. And with his blue tongue of all things, lapping up and down her large wide soles and up, down, and all around all six of her six plump toes as if he were a dog! And in between her toes as well! And even the tops of her feet! Lick after lick after lick, not a single inch of Susie's feet was safe, and Lancer himself would go so far as to say that they're the tastiest pair of feet he's ever licked and tickled. Wow! Now that's high praise coming from someone like him, due to his fondness for feet of all shapes and sizes! And because he found Susie's feet ever so tasty and lovely to look at, he took his sweet time licking them, coating every inch of them with saliva, giving them a shiny-looking appearance by the time he took a break from licking; and all while ignoring every single one of Susie's threats and pleas as she laughed ever so hysterically, his tongue tickling her feet far more than any fingers. Yes, Lancer was so mesmerized by Susie's feet that he lost all focus of his surroundings, instead putting all of his focus into coating Susie's feet with saliva. With such large irresistible reptilian feet at his disposal, he just had to coat every inch of them with his saliva, just as Susie herself was coating her face with her own tears. Susie was laughing so hard she was crying and not to mention in so much dread, every minute of Lancer's tongue tickles feeling like hours. It was so unbearable and being trapped in such tightly packed dirt, there was nothing Susie could do to stop Lancer from tormenting her bare feet, nothing but laugh, scream, squeal, hiss, snort, and cry, which she did a great deal of with a tickler like Lancer. Especially during moments her arches and toe stems were targeted! Susie’s feet are highly ticklish all over, but her arches and stems of her toes are especially ticklish, Susie herself squealing and shrieking with laughter at the lightest possible touch every single time.

Sometime later…

Lancer: \*slurp\* \*slurp\* Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm! \*slurp\* \*slurp\*

Susie: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! GOD DAHAHAHAHAHAHAMMIT!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! \*BLEEEEEEEEEEP\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHA!!!! \*SNORT\* GYEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEHEEHEE!!!! OH FOR THE LOVE OF…HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, STOP LICKING MY FEEEEEEEEEET, YOU FREEEEEEEEEEEEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEAK!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! \*SNORT\* BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! OH MY GUUUUUUHUHUHU… HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, OH, THAT'S ABOUT A THOHOHOHOUSAND BEEEHEEATINGS YOU JUST EARNED YOURSELF THEHEHEHERE, HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, JUST SO YOU KNOHOHOHOW, HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, AND THERE’LL BE PLENTY MOHOHOHORE, HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, IF YOU, HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, KEEP GOING!!!! \*threatened Susie, trying and failing to sound even remotely threatening whilst laughing so hysterically\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! \*SNORT\* EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!! \*SNORT\* GYAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!

Lancer: Heheheheheh… \*Lancer just chuckled in response, mere seconds before proceeding to nibble Susie's saliva-coated feet; more specifically, her heels, the sides of her feet, and her toes\* Om-nom-nom-nom-nom-nom…

Susie: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!! \*shrieked Susie, Lancer's teeth repeatedly clamping down on her three right foot toes, directly against her overly sensitive toe stems on both sides\* GYAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! NOHOHOHO, NOHOHO, NOHOHO, NOHOHO, DON'T DO THAT TO MY TOOOHOHOHOHOHOHOES!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! \*BLEEP\*, ANYTHING BUT THAHAHAHAHAHAT!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! \*SNORT\* GYEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA-EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!

Just when Susie thought her tickle torture couldn't get any more unbearable, Lancer started tickling her feet with his teeth, nibbling and nibbling, his mouth both large and wide enough to fit three plump reptilian monster toes inside of. In other words, all three toes on her right foot or all three toes on her left foot at any one time… or her two innermost toes and right middle toe or her two innermost toes and left middle toe at any one time. And by clamping down repeatedly on each of Susie’s toes with his teeth, Lancer had managed to elicit even more hysterical laughter and shrieking from the purple reptilian girl herself, giving her little time to recover after coating every inch of her feet with saliva. Lancer loved listening to Susie’s laugh so much that he didn't want her to stop laughing. Not once!

Susie: HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! DAMN IT, KID!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! IF… HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, IF… GYEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE, IF YOU'RE, HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, NOT \*SNORT\*, GYAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, GOING TO FREEEEEEEE MEEEHEEHEEHEEHEE, HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, CAN YOU AT LEEEEEEEEAST LET MEEHEEHEEHEE, HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, CATCH MY BREATH?! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! YOHOHOHOU’RE KILLING MEEEEEEEEEHEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! \*SNORT\* EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!! BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!

Poor Susie. At this point, she'd do anything for a chance to catch her breath. Literally anything! But unfortunately for her, she was already doing everything that Lancer wanted her to do. That being, laugh hysterically as he tickles her feet while she's buried in tightly packed dirt. He just couldn't get enough of her hysterical laughter and large scaly three-toed feet as he tickled them all over. And finding the taste of her feet ever so delectable, he licked and nibbled them longer than every other pair of feet he's tickled in the past, much to Susie's horror. She literally couldn't believe that someone could ever be so enamored with her feet. “For \*bleep\* sake! They're just feet! Why are you doing all this crap to them?!” she shouted to herself, Lancer not only nibbling her toes but also her heels and the sides of her feet. His teeth tickled so much, tickling her just as much if not more than his blue tongue! Chomp after chomp after chomp, Lancer didn't hold back at all, acting as if he were eating two giant cookies. Two foot-shaped cookies, that is. But they didn't taste like cookies. No, instead they tasted like something that… might pair well with salsa! It took Lancer a while to realize this, a long while, being so mesmerized by Susie’s feet and all. But once he remembered that there was a stump with salsa inside of it nearby, he moved away from Susie’s feet momentarily, giving Susie the breather she longed for, much to her relief. At the rate Lancer was going licking and nibbling her feet, she thought that he wasn't ever going to stop! And while it was all too tempting for Susie to criticize and threaten Lancer for how long he had caused her to laugh at the top of her lungs, Susie felt that she should instead save her energy; what was left of it, anyway. Lancer had sapped so much of her energy just by tickling her feet alone. And to make matters worse for poor Susie, Lancer still wasn't finished tickling her! Nowhere close to being finished, it seemed. But Susie wouldn't know for sure until after enduring more and more tickles from Lancer, much to her aggravation. “All part of the initiation!” Lancer would claim every single time he’d hear Susie moan and groan about her feet being on the receiving end of more tickles, making Susie herself question if what she was going through was even an initiation to begin with. Yeah, maybe what Susie was going through wasn't an initiation at all but rather a ploy just to tickle her senseless. It makes sense. Lancer loves big feet, he loves to tickle feet, it all had to be a feigned excuse just to tickle said feet. It just had to be! But before Susie could further question Lancer of his motives, he had put the next step of his scheme into motion…

Lancer: Heh. Well, that took a little longer than I thought it would. Couldn't remember where I buried all these things. \*stated Lancer awkwardly, revealing that he was digging up some items he had buried prior to today while Susie was resting\*

Susie: \*gasp\* Oh f~ I… I wish you had t-t-taken l-l-longer… \*Susie shuddered, upon witnessing the items that Lancer was holding\*

In Lancer’s arms were four jars of salsa and a brush. In addition to digging up items, Lancer had also taken time to fill four jars to the brim with salsa from the nearby stump. And then before Susie knew it, Lancer was pouring two of those jars all over her bare feet, one jar for each large foot, covering almost every inch of them in the process. But Lancer wanted every inch of her feet coated with salsa though. So, that's where the brush comes in. Whichever parts of Susie’s feet weren't covered with salsa Lancer would then use the brush to spread said salsa, the bristles tickling Susie as they dragged against her sensitive feet. She laughed out loud, her feet so ticklish that she was losing her mind at the mere preparation for what was about to happen.

Susie: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! NOHOHOHOHO!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! OH, THAT'S SOOOOHOHOHO TEHEHEHEHEHERRIBLE!!! \*exclaimed Susie through her hearty laughter, Lancer doing nothing more than just caressing her feet with a brush\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! STAHAHAHAHAHAHAP!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

Lancer: Pfff… Hahahaha! That's just the preparation, Susie. Haha! Oh man, now I'm even more excited to tickle them with these other soft objects I have. But… First things first… \*stated Lancer, not quite close to covering every inch of Susie's feet with salsa\* Heheheh… Heh… I… I said that too soon, didn't I?

Susie: HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! OH MY GAHAHAHAHAD, JUST FINISH UP AHAHAHAHAHAHALREHEHEHEHEHEADY!!! \*exclaimed Susie through her laughter, trying and failing to sound even remotely angry about the current situation\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

It took Lancer a while but he eventually did finish coating every inch of Susie's feet with salsa. And then after he was finished doing exactly that, he made zero hesitation to lick her feet once more, giving her no time whatsoever to recover after caressing her feet with a brush. Up and down and up and down he lapped Susie's soles, his blue tongue scooping of all the salsa he had poured all over said soles from heel to toe. And it tickled like hell yet again, Susie laughing so hard she was crying. “Why does his tongue have to tickle so Goddamn much?” Susie exclaimed to herself. She really hoped that Lancer would not lick her feet a second time. And not just her soles but also her toes and the tops of her feet. Not a single inch of her feet was safe. And if licking wasn’t enough, Lancer also suckled each of her toes, all six of them, just to be absolutely sure that they were clean of salsa… before coating every inch of her feet a second time with the remaining two jars of salsa! Yes, Lancer had planned to lick salsa off Susie's feet not once but twice!

Susie: AHHHHHHH!!! NO!!!! NOOOOOOO, NOT AGAIN!!! \*shouted a horrified Susie upon feeling more salsa being poured all over her feet, seriously doubting if she has it in her to endure more tickles from Lancer's tongue and teeth, not that she really had a choice in the matter\*

Lancer: Ho ho ho! All part of the initiation! What? You don't want to be a bad guy anymore? \*asked Lancer cheekily, right as he began spreading salsa with his brush, and of course the only way to do that was go caress said brush against Susie's feet, tickling her yet again\*

Susie: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! I DOOOOHOOHOO!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! OF COURSE I DO!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! BUT COHOHOHOME ON, HAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, AREN'T THERE, HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE, FAR LESS HUHUHUHUMILIATING WAYS TO DO THAT?! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

Lancer: Mmm-nope! Nope, this is the only way! \*claimed Lancer with a wide smile, further aggravating Susie, but it was hard for him to tell due to how happy she sounded laughing and giggling with every passing second he caressed a brush against her feet\* Sorry! Hehe.

Sometime later…

Susie: HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! \*BLEEEEEEEEEP\* YOOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOU!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! OH MY GOD, I'M GOHOHOHONNA DIE!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

Lancer: Hehe. Maybe… \*teased Lancer\* But not before I eat more salsa off these feet\* Hehe. \*Slllluuuuurp\* Mmm, mmm! \*slurp\* \*slurp\*~

Susie: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!! \*shrieked Susie, Lancer lapping salsa off one of her overly ticklish arches\* GYAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!

And just like that, Lancer was licking Susie's feet yet again. Her soles from heel to toe; the tops of her feet from ankle to toe; her toes from the bases to the tips; everywhere, cleaning up every last drop of salsa he had poured all over them and eliciting more and more hysterical laughter from her while doing so, much to her dismay, her feet being immensely ticklish and all. It's times like this when Susie wishes that she didn't have such big feet because the bigger the feet, the longer the tickles. And for a young boy, Lancer is quite the thorough tickler; a foot tickling savant according to some previous victims of his. What can they say? The kid knows his way around a pair of ticklish feet, giving a thorough tickling without even having to immobilize said feet. But he can immobilize feet, though! Yeah, he just chooses not to simply because he loves seeing his victims’ toes wiggle and feet scrunch and shake about every which way as they laugh uncontrollably. He just can't get enough of it. Especially when it's Susie's feet. And out of all the feet Lancer's tickled, he not only finds Susie's feet to be the tastiest pair of feet he's ever tickled but also the best-looking pair of feet he's ever tickled. Needless to say, Susie’s feet have exceeded Lancer's expectations. Any other pair of feet Lancer would've likely been done tickling by now but not Susie’s feet! With such irresistible-looking stompers sticking out of tightly packed dirt, he'd be a fool to let the pretty captive those stompers belong to out of said dirt sooner than intended, hence why he licked her feet clean of salsa not once but twice. Twice in a row! And just as he did before, after licking her feet clean of salsa, he suckled each one of her toes just to be extra sure he had cleaned off every last drop of said salsa. But that wasn't all. After suckling her toes, he nibbled her toes, heels, and sides of her feet once more. He couldn't help himself. The raw hysterical laughter that pours from Susie’s mouth whenever he does that to her is just plain music to his ears. All of Susie's ticklish laughter is music to his ears but he finds her reactions to his teeth repeatedly chomping on her feet to be the most melodic. Well, at least until he hears how she'll react to other ticklish objects of his. Yes, while Lancer does greatly enjoy tickling feet with his mouth and teeth, he does enjoy using tools as well. And he has more tools than just the brush that he had used to spread salsa all over Susie’s feet. But before digging those out, he first felt the need to give Susie’s feet some kisses. Ticklish kisses, of course.

Lancer: Hehehe. Mwah! Mwah! \*exclaimed Lancer, repeatedly kissing Susie’s feet all over her soles, toes, and the tops of her feet\*

Susie: EEEEEEEEEEEEEK!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!! OH MY GAHAHAHAHAD, HAHAHAHAHAHA, WHY ARE KISSING THEM NOW?!?! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!

Lancer: Hehe. All part of the initiation! Haha! Mwah! Mwah!

Susie: HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!! \*BLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP\* THE INITIATION!! GAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!! \*SNORT\* GYEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!!

Lancer: Hohoho! Aww! But you're doing so well! \*chuckled Lancer, kissing and kissing and kissing some more… until suddenly proceeding to scribble his fingers against her bare feet, which he hadn't done a whole lot of after removing her socks\*

Susie: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!! GAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! NOHOHOHOHO, HAHAHAHAHA, NOHOHO, GO BACK TO KISSING THEM!!! \*pleaded Susie through her suddenly more frantic laughter, Lancer's fingers dancing up and down the lengths of her large wide soles\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! YOHOHOHOU'RE KILLING MEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!!! \*she shouted, her feet tingling like never before and so sensitive at this point that a light massage with one finger was enough to get her in stitches\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! NOHOHO MOHOHOHORE!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! NO MOHOHOHOHOHORE, PLEASE STAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAP!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

Lancer: Hohoho! Kitchy koo! Kitchy kitchy koo! \*teased Lancer, continuing to ignore Susie's pleas\* Haha!

Just as he did when he tickled Susie’s feet with his mouth, Lancer took his sweet time tickling her feet with his fingers. Scribbling and scribbling, either gingerly or rapidly, exploring all over her large wide soles and six plump toes and even the tops of her feet once more, he continued to have so much fun. Every single one of those scales he touched elicited so much melodic laughter and squealing from poor Susie, who still couldn't for the life of her free herself from the tightly packed dirt. And if it even remotely appeared that she was trying to break free from said dirt, Lancer would instantly target her arches or the stems of her toes, scribbling his fingers roughly against them, in hopes that doing so would prompt Susie not to squirm too much until her so-called initiation had reached its end. Why, Lancer had to have done that at least five times before it appeared that Susie had gotten the message. She can't stand her arches and toe stems being tickled for prolonged periods of time, but her feet are so ticklish that it's difficult for her to stay as still as possible. But she had to, though! If she wanted any hopes of speeding up the remainder of her tickle torture, she had to stay as still as humanly possible! Or so it seemed… Noticing that Susie was struggling after a while, Lancer then decided that it might be in his best interest to start wrapping things up. After all, he had tickled Susie longer than everyone that “volunteered” to be his comrade in the past. It would be a shame to lose another potential comrade. So then after one more minute of finger tickles, he pulled out two feathers, one white and one dark gray, and twiddled them against Susie’s soles and toes while she was still capable of moving her feet. Up and down her soles and toes and in between her toes he caressed her left foot and right foot with his white feather and dark gray feather respectively, eliciting more and more melodic laughter from Susie. Her feet are highly feather ticklish as well. More ticklish than tongues, teeth, lips, fingers, and brush bristles it seemed, because once those feather plumes began caressing against her soles, she instantly tilted her head back and laughed so hard she could barely form a sentence, let alone a single word.

Susie: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!! GYAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! YOU LITTLE \*BLEE…\* HEEHEEHEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!!!! OH MY~ GYAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! \*SNORT\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!!!! OHOHOH MAN, LEAVE MY FEEE~EEEEEEEEEEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!

In addition to laughing so heartily, Susie was also shaking her feet like crazy, crazier than ever before; toes repeatedly wiggling and splaying, soles repeatedly scrunching, one foot repeatedly covering the other foot, etc. She simply couldn't handle the soft feather plumes and with her feet moving every which way, she'd sometimes clench one or both of Lancer's feathers either between her feet or between two of her six toes, which Lancer didn't mind, because he'd just end up tickling her to make her release said feathers; if Susie was clenching one feather, then Lancer would tickle her with the other feather or if she was clenching both feathers, then he'd simply tickle her with his fingers. Overall, it was amusing for Lancer seeing Susie’s feet “dance” as he caressed them with feathers, so long as he was doing so with his white and dark gray feathers. But with his other pair of feathers, one blue and one black, he's very protective of those, not wanting them to be clenched by “dancing” feet at all! And once it was finally time for him to tickle Susie with those feathers, that's when he immobilized her feet. In a matter of seconds, Lancer had conjured a makeshift set of stocks in the shape of a spade, trapping both of Susie's feet in the process. And then out of the front side of those stocks came six magic strings, each of them looping around all six of Susie’s toes and then pulling her feet back until they were directly pressed against the stocks themselves. Then once Lancer ensured that Susie couldn't move her feet a single inch, he then proceeded to tickle said feet with his blue and black feathers, caressing her right foot with the former and her left foot with the latter. What followed was even heartier laughter from Susie herself, proving to Lancer that even better laughs spill from her large jaw when her feet are completely immobilized. Susie laughed and laughed, unable to move her feet a single inch let alone a millimeter, and cried and cried, until her own hair was drenched in tears, every single strand of it.

Susie: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!! GYAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA…

Oh, the dreadful feathers, every second of them caressing against Susie's immobile soles and toes and in between her toes feeling like hours to poor Susie herself! She wanted her initiation to end, she needed her initiation to end, not knowing at all that Lancer was getting closer and closer to wrapping things up entirely. Yes, after the feather tickles, there was but one last thing that Lancer wanted to do. But what exactly?

Sometime later…

Susie: Huff… huff… huff… Oh my… huff… God… just finish up… huff… already… huff… Please! \*pleaded Susie, gasping for air after all the laughter that had spilled from her large toothy jaw\*

Lancer: Hohoho! Almost done! Just one more thing! I promise!

Susie: Huff… huff… And what would that be-EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!! \*shrieked Susie upon feeling hundreds of stiff bristles scraping both fast and hard against her bare soles\* GYAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! DAMN IT!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! \*BLEEP\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! \*BLEEP\* YOOOOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOU!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEE-HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE GAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA~

Just when Susie thought she might've been in the clear, Lancer began scraping two scrub brushes both fast and hard against her immobile soles and toes, two spade-shaped scrub brushes to be exact, tickling her yet again and causing her to foam at the mouth. At this point, Susie could no longer control her saliva flow, drooling all over herself and the tightly packed dirt surrounding her head. Damn! Tears, sweat, and now her own drool! As if there weren't already enough bodily fluids her head was drenched in! But not for much longer, though. No, because after at least nine minutes or so, Lancer stopped scrubbing. But before finally releasing Susie from the dirt, he licked her feet one last time for at least one whole minute; licking up and down her soles and toes and between the toes, 30 licks per foot, making for a total of 60 licks, which he counted silently to himself after each individual lick…

Lancer: \*slurp\* \*slurp\*~

Susie: BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! NAHAHAHAHAT MOHOHORE LICKING!!! GYAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! I'LL KILL YOU!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! I'LL KILL~ EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!! \*screeched Susie, Lancer’s tongue dragging against one of her arches\* HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!

Susie was going mad. More and more licking from Lancer! If she wasn't in hell before, then she was definitely in hell at this point. But then suddenly, it all ceased! Lancer was no longer licking her feet and then she suddenly felt herself able to move the parts of her body that had been buried for so long. And then once she could stand again, the first thing she did was grab Lancer and pin him against the nearby tree, angrily like she was going to clobber him. After everything he had put her through, he had earned himself a clobbering. But then Lancer inadvertently did something to get himself out of a potential clobbering…

Susie: Oh my \*bleep\*ing God, you little freak! That was without a doubt the most evil thing anyone has ever done to me! \*shouted Susie menacingly, her teeth ready to do some chomping until…\*

Lancer: \*gasp\* Really, Susie? \*asked Lancer all giddily with child-like innocence, flattered by Susie's comment about him being evil rather than being scared of her\*

Susie: Heh. \*uttered Susie, no longer in “chomp mode”\* Y-yeah. N-nice work, dude. \*she added, gently setting Lancer back on the ground\*

Lancer: Hohoho! Thank you! \*Lancer shouted with delight, giving Susie a quick hug\* And same to you! Because you passed! You passed the initiation! Hehe. I now declare you an official bad guy!

Susie: Heh. That's… pretty cool, I guess… \*said Susie, smiling pensively\*

And with that, Lancer and Susie became an official team: Dark Jack Lancer and Violent Ax Susie! Yes, after all the hell that Lancer had put Susie through, she just couldn't bring herself to hurt him. Not that she actually would've done such a thing but thanks to Lancer's innocence, he had won her over. He’s like an annoying but well-meaning little brother to her. And for that reason, Susie feels that Lancer needs a bodyguard to protect him from any potential dangers! So, Kris and Ralsei, beware!

*THE END.*