Erased Data

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/10298072.

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<td>Stats:</td>
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Erased Data

by MaddieMare

Summary

Ink, creator of worlds, and Error, destroyer of worlds, fight day in night to determine the fate of AUs.
During a battle, Error glitches out, forgetting everything.
How will Ink react to the now feeble destroyer? Who is planning on creating far more chaos for all AUs?
What cute shenanigans will Naive Error get himself into?

Notes

My first fanfic ever! Please enjoy.
This is a prologue.
This was mainly inspired by this story;

https://www.wattpad.com/336703491-twisted-prologue-with-an-a-n

I recommend you read it. :)
Prologue

There has always been harmony.
Harmony in life, nature, and the AUs.

The balance of destruction and creation has existed from the very start of the first AU.

The creator and protector, Ink, has dedicated his life to protecting his creations.
With the help of allies and friends, he was able to maintain balance from the few enemies at hand.

Until he came along.

The destroyer of AUs, Error, though a glitch himself, saw AUs as errors, and gladly shattered them with disgust.

No one knew who he was, or where he came from. But within the first day of being sighted, he destroyed ten different AUs all on his own.

Usually it took much more power and LV to accomplish the destruction of worlds, but this new enemy managed to achieve it in a breeze.

On that day forward, Ink vowed to take down the murderous glitch before he wiped all AUs from existence.

He tried countless time to stop the havoc, but always succeeded in failure.

No one knew where the glitch laid hidden, but there was one thing for certain.

He must put an end to this abomination's existence.
When I said I'd write soon, I mean I'd write on the same day I posted this. This will be much more interesting.

All was calm in the void. There seemed to be no noise, except for the twinkling of AUs and the creator humming sweet tones as he worked.

"Same, same, reset, got to the surface...Yep, everything seems in check." The guardian let out a relaxing sigh. Role checks always filled him with unease. Just the though of one day checking on your creations and finding them annihilated sent dread down his backbone. Yeah, really not something to look forward to.

As he stared up into the ocean of dangling AUs, he began to make a mental note in his head.

"Error has really been bringing it down on us lately. Probably from the fact that Blue totally kicked his butt. To think Blue, out of all of us, would be the first to stop him. Heh, I bet Error glitched the funk out after that."

Chuckling to himself, he subconsciously opens his eyes back to the AUs, freezing in the process.

The AU Storyshift was slowly being closing into itself by blue strings, bits of paper freed themselves and fell to the bottomless floor of the void.

The creator stared mortified at the now frail AU. His eye lights vanished the same as a candle stick would, venom coated his words as he open a portal the deal with the pesky virus.

"This ends now Error."

-----

The first screams are always rewarding. The cries, the begs for mercy, they were all too cute really.

They were even more fun when it involved blood. The dark liquid painting the walls, the smell tainting the air. Most would be afraid of the carcass of a small child.

But he enjoyed it.

His well known strings wrapped around the child's neck, the same position many others had their last breath of life.

With a simple tug, the child's plesases were cut off with a loving crack...and then sweet sound of silence filled the air once more.

Blue strings engulfed the red soul, and was tucked into his glitching jacket. He looked back to the forest. The snow danced in the air, and landed perfectly into the deep white bundles of snow. He smirked.
Now with that pesky human out of the way, he could have some REAL fun. He'd kill that lazy Chara last, besides they'll be too lazy to protect their brain dead brother anyway.

-----

As he made his way into Snowdin, he could hear the shuffles and cries from the abominations of this town. With little effort, he summoned his gaster blaster wiped the whole town down into debris. He chuckled as he felt his LV grow. He was about to continue his chaotic genocide when he felt an all-too familiar presence behind him.

He dodged to the left before an explosion of paint could hit him. He turned to face the angry guardian. He could sense the anger boiling inside the small skeleton.

The glitch just grinned, "H-h-hey In-kky!~ Nice of you t-t-t-to drop i-n!"

The guardian winced at the nickname. "Error! This is your final warning! If you don't surrender," He clenched his paintbrush, and thousands of multicolored spears appeared behind him menacingly. "Your going to regret ever choice you've made in your life."

Instead of fear, he was replied with mockery. "O-o-oh, i-i-m SO sc-ared!" And with that, the battle began.

The spears fired from all directions, all but two were missed, digging into the leg and shoulder of the destroyer. He hissed as he ripped the tainted spear from his Fibula. The spear in his shoulder remained as Ink dove to the occupied anomaly.

At the right angle, he managed to knock Error down face first into the burnt snow. Glitchy strings tightened his ribs as he was smashed back and forth into the rummage of Snowdin.

As Error got back onto his feet, he twisted and forced the soaked spear from his now mangled Scapula. A bloodcurdling cry escaped his mouth, as well as his darken blood. By the time he could catch his breath, Ink already freed himself from the tangled strings, and was charging toward the skeleton.

On impact, both hit the harden snow. Ink wrapped the glitch in his magical paint, and began to give the destroyer the most pain he's ever experienced.

The sound of bones snapping, ice cracking, blood spilling the floor. By the time Ink finally cooled down, there was nothing but marrow and a broken skeleton littering the floor.

Error, surprisingly, survived the whole ordeal, but was on his remaining HP. Ink watched one final time as the glitch struggled to grasp the cold air into his non-existing lungs.

And with that, he left.

He left Error to suffer, to feel all the pain that he caused so many to bear in his past massacres. But as Ink entered the void, he glided over to the half-crumbled Storyshift AU. He began to heal it back to its once live state.

But little did he know, that resetting a world with a being not a part of it, would reset the being to it's very beginning.

-----

White, that was all he saw when he awoken.
What is this place? Where is this place? Why was he here?

As he looked around the white abyss, he spotted something not white.

It was him, he didn't know what color he was. He looked at his hands, they were the same. Then, an important question hit him.

"Who am I?"

Chapter End Notes

Man, Inks a savage! I can't wait to write out Naive Error. Thanks for reading, I'll write soon!
Escaping the White Room

Chapter Notes

I just want to thank everyone for reading, it makes me happy knowing that people actually like my writing. If you have any request for stories, I'll be happy to write them. Also, since Error was..."reset" his LV has gone down to 1, and has HP of 1. Just a reminder, its important for the story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"How long has it been Error? Why won't you talk to us Error?"

"Oh please, don't expect an answer. He's too brain dead to understand anything?"

"Leave him alone, Error, talk to us. Don't leave us hanging."

The voices never stopped. They always blabbered on about him being weak, stupid, and anything he didn't understand. Taunting him with curiosity that sparked interest in him. He's given up on talking entirely. Every time he would ask, they would final zip up, leaving him befuddled with the bland information given to him, or mock his lack of understanding in life.

He just wanted answers.

They talked about many things that confused him. How he once was powerful, but now was pathetic. Did he have a life before this? If so, what did he do to deserve such punishment? The voices would always reply to him being ignorant or just an idiot, wether he wanted the answers or not.

When he first awoke for who knows what, he was personally greeted by the mischievous voices, saying how "Ink" really did a number on him, and how "marrow" littered the "snow".

He really didn't know what they were talking about, but in the end, he cried himself to sleep. The white space surrounding him seemed to grow wider and wider ever time he woke from his teary fits. It seemed as if he's been there forever now, the only thing occupying him were the voices arguments and the picking on his clothes. The weird design and colors on him seemed to calm him down. Especially after his teary episodes. The voices sometimes kept him entertained, with their bickering and meaningless conversations. They seemed to have their own personalities as well. Some were clueless like him, some were snobby and some were rude. Either way, they were the only ones keeping him sane in this vacant space.

-----

"So Error, anything new?"

"No, of course not. Nothing ever happens here."

The snobby voice smirked, "Well, how am I to know, I don't even exist!"

"So, does that mean that Error doesn't exist as well?"
Error's frame froze.

"No you idiot, of course he exist! If he didn't exist, we wouldn't exist!"

The naive voice gasped, "So does that mean that Error can leave the anti-void!? We can go somewhere new! Ride on little Error!"

Error just sat perplexed, still processing what the voice said, totally ignoring the two other voices screaming to the ignorant voice.

"YOU IDIOT!"

"He wasn't suppose to know! Why can't you ever keep your mouth shut?"

"Wait," Error spoke slowly, "you mean I can leave?"

All was silent for what felt like ages, as he sat up, waiting for the voices to explain themselves.

After quite some time, the voices spoke.

"A-all you have to do, i-is open up a p-portal."

It fearfully replied.

Grunts were heard in the back of his head.

"Common shut up! There's no point in keeping him hear, he's gotten boring."

"...fine, it might as well happen."

"But I wanted to see him loose his mind. You guys always ruin the fun for me.~"

"SHUT UP!"

Error just stared at his glitching hands. He...he could get out of here. He can finally leave this cursed room. He can see other places, other people, other colors besides white!

He didn't just want to see other colors, he wanted nothing to do with the color white ever again. His mind was so caught up in the dream clouds, he didn't even hear the pesky voice call out to him.

"Hey Error bud!" The voice called out, "Before you go and fantasize everything, how exactly are you going to get out? We're waiting.~"

Oh, yeah. That's still an obstacle.

He turned his attention back to the impatient voices. "Okay, so how do I make a portal?"

Of course, his answer was laughter. "Hahaha, heh-okay. So how exactly are you planing to survive if you can even open up a portal. You've done it a hundred times before! Hehehe!"

Error felt his face heat up. "Just tell me how to open it or we'll just be stuck here forever!"

The laughter slowly calmed down. The voices soon gave him a helpful answer for once. "Just concentrate all your power on the portal. Focus and it will be there."

With a quick nod of approval, he began to, or tried, to open a portal.

He tried for what felt like hours. Grunting and sweating just to get a spark. The ignorant voice continued to give helpful advice, but was soon shut up by the other voices, wanting too see him
suffer. At this point in time, he was starting to lose hope for ever escaping the white room...But, with what little determination he had left, he sparked open a glitchy looking portal.

All he could do was stare at it, then laugh, and then cry. He finally did it, with no hesitation, without listening to the voices, he ran straight into the portal. As soon as he stepped foot into it, it despaired behind him. The only thing remaining in the white room, were the disembodied voices lurking about. And the forgotten blue string, dangling on top of the nonexistent ceiling, tucking away stolen human and monster souls, that will never be rescued.

Chapter End Notes

Next up; Error will meet Underswap
To be continued.
Cold.

That's the first thing he felt as soon as he passed the portal.

He slowly rose from the ground, he felt the softness of, something, surrounding him.

Opening his eye sockets, he was greeted by white.

Panic rushed through his bones, but he soon relaxed once he saw it was...different than the white room. It was thick and looked soft, just soft enough to sleep in. Just looking at it made him drowsy.

He felt something hit against his skull. Quickly looking up towards the sky, he immediately froze from enchantment by the small glistening specks slowly reaching their way towards him.

As one speck flew near his non-existing, he let out a kitten-like sneeze. And before he knew it, he burst into childish laughter. He had no idea what noise he just made, but it seemed to have brighten the little skeletons day even more.

He got too his feet and began running around the snowy forest floor, gazing at the tall hazelnut figures surrounding him with wonder. Were they creatures? Why didn't they move as well? Were they watching over him? He couldn't help but laugh out loud to himself. This has been the most fun he had in what he guessed has been ever! He never wanted it to end!

His fun was soon stopped when he stood face to face with a large flat, thing?

All he knew was that it was a color he had never seen. His eye sockets seemed to go against him as he found himself getting drowsy once again. As he continued to observe the imposing object, he began to cuddle into himself, the object keeping him from falling over reminded him of the comfort the white room gave him as he entered into his subconsciousness.

-----

He would always be rudely awoken from his slumber by the voices mocking arguments, (one could say like an irritating alarm clock.) but this time, he was awoken by a low knock on the object he laid against.

Jolting up from where he laid, he gave a feared gasp in response, looking frantically around him in order to find the culprit and possibly attacker. What he didn't expect, was a deep, soft spoken voice from behind him.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Did I scare you?"
Error breath hitched to a stop. Who was this? Are they nice? What do they want from me?

His thoughts were cut off by the voice, it seemed concerned. "Are you okay? Please answer me, are you alright?"

Guilt seemed to crawl up the frighten skeletons back. He didn't want the voice to worry over someone as weak as him. From what the voices told him, he was just a mistake. "I-i'm fine."

He heard a deep sigh of relief came from the voice. "Thank goodness. I'm sorry for my rudeness little one, I just wanted to ask what you are doing here. It seems awfully late for someone to be out at this time."

Error just blinked in confusion. "What do you mean?"

The voice was silent for a moment, but quickly replied to the skeletons confusion. "It's three in the morning little one. Did something bad happen to you? I just want to help you."

"Wait, they can help me?" Error slowly spoke. "Can I ask you a question?" The voice chuckled. "Of course little one, if it helps you."

Error smiled with delight, he can finally get an answer to anything he wants, but to be sure that the voice was a real creature, he asked. "What's your name?"

The voice happily answered. "My name is Asgore, caretaker of the Ruins." Ruins? He'll ask that later, for now he had an even more important question. "What is this?" He question as he tapped his fingers along the object separating the two.

Asgore slowly answered the tiny skeleton. "This is a door, it's an entrance to the ruins...do you not know-" "What color is it?" Error was so excited to finally be getting answers that he didn't bother to even listen to the old monsters questions.

Asgore once again, panic could be hear in his voice as he answered. "I-it's blue. Please tell me little one, why don't you-, I mean, have you not seen a door before?"

Error simply replied. "This is my first time seeing anything. The voices told me that I would never leave the white room, but I proved them wrong! What are the long things standing over me? What is that weird stuff on them? What are these white specks all around me?" As he continued to blabber on all the questions he had locked inside him, Error was dancing around, spinning in circles. This was the greatest day in his life.

Unaware to him from the other side of the door, Asgore was trying to stop the tears from rolling down is golden beard. What has this monster gone through that he doesn't know what basic color is? He didn't know what to do. Maybe when Papyrus comes for their daily round of knock-knock jokes, he can ask him another promise. But until then, he vowed to himself that he would protect this precious monster from getting into danger.

And with that, Asgore managed to calm the glitching skeleton down by answering all of his burning questions. He didn't mind really, it was rewarding to hear the laughter and squeals the small monster let out by each answer. Asgore wondered if this monster was indeed a child, from the way he acted it wouldn't have been a shock. After many passing of questions and replies, Asgore and Error considered each other friends. Though confused at first, Error had been honored with the title.

Though only three hours had passed by, their conversation had lasted with hundreds of daily questions answered to Error. Even though there was still much more for him to learn, at least he had an understanding of houses, nature, and the Ruins.
Both were so in depth in their conversation that they hadn't noticed the orange-hooded figure approaching the Ruins door. Orange magic flaring from his left eye.

Chapter End Notes

Yay, I sure do love that Mr. Dad Guy.
Meeting a New Friend

Chapter Notes

My first draft got deleted, this is the second one.

"...Error?"

"Yes Mr. Asgore?"

After they finished their discussion on manners, Asgore couldn't help but smile at the way the silly skeleton addressed his name. Though he wished they could talk forever, Asgore had to get this question out of the way first.

"Do you have anywhere to go? You've been here for quite some time and I know you want to stay but...where do you plan on staying little one?

Error's smile seemed to lower. He hadn't though that far through yet. He really just wanted to leave the White Room so badly and see color and everything-. He just didn't know what to do now.

"I...I don't know." Error answered honestly. "I was just want to stay with you."

That alone made Asgore want to hug the little skeleton even more. What will happen to him if he doesn't find a home? What if he can find food? What if he looses his bright outlook on life!?

Taking a deep breath too calm himself, Asgore spoke to the glitching skeleton. "I have a good friend named Papyrus. He has such a good heart. I'll ask him to take care of you. He'll take you to his home where you can live peacefully and come visit me whenever you want. He also has a younger brother. Sans, I think it is. I know that you three can live together happily, I'm sure Papyrus would love to take you in."

Error squealed with joy as he hugged himself with his bagged hoodie. A home? New friends? He still couldn't believe this was all true! By now he though he would wake up back in the voice with the voices, but he was never going to go back there ever again!

Asgore chuckled at the sound of the skeleton's squeals. "Now now, we wouldn't want to scare Papyrus away with all this energy."

Error laughed alongside the Caretaker. "Could you please tell me what Snowdin looks like now?"

"Of course Error." Asgore answered."It's mostly the same as this area, but with lots of monsters and houses for you to explore. But don't just barge into the houses though, that is called "vandalism." That is a no-no good."

Error's eye sockets were practically sparkling with wonder. Snow and houses? That's even better than just snow!

"What else i-" Before he could ask another one of his random questions, his soul lighted up bright orange. He couldn't move, both by fear and the magic entangled around his soul.
He was lifted up high into the cool air, and smashed ribs first onto the cold floor.

Error immediately began crying. His bones burned, he could feel a warm liquid exit from his injured joints. Once again he was lifted and thrown on the ground. At this point he was screaming in agony. More tears and warm liquid dripped from his trembling body. He could only hear loud ringing as he was continuously thrown back to the now red snow.

Muffled voices were soon heard by the skeleton. Were they perhaps his own screams? He didn't care anymore, he just wanted it to stop. When will Mr. Asgore and Papyrus come and help him.

And with that last thought, he entered the familiar world of darkness.

-----

This Glitch! -THUD- Thought He -THUD- Could Hurt Everyone Again? -THUD- Well- THUD -He Had Another Thing Coming! -SNAP!

"Error? ERROR!"

His attack was cut off by a fire attack, hitting the back of his skull. Though it cut him off guard, it only took away one HP.

He shot his focus on the one who attacker him, but froze once he saw the culprit.

...so, his joke buddy was actually the ex-king? Heh, he figured they would be some old hobo or something. But from what he could tell, pure rage was written all over this guys face.

"Oh hey, just taking care of the pest for you. Don't worry, he won't hurt anyone anymore, see." He let the now unconscious skeleton dangle in the air like a lifeless puppet.

"Papyrus." The old Caretaker summoned his fire magic once again. "Unhand him at once."

Papyrus stared stunned at the goat monster. What? Let him go to kill more lives? "Asgore, he'll kill everyone if I do that, don't you understand? Just let me-" "-Let you do what huh!?" The goat monster practically yelled. "Do you really think I'll just let you kill this skeleton? Papyrus, he is like a child! He has done nothing wrong his whole life! He doesn't even know what the color red is for crying out loud!" As the old goat yelled, tears crept down his golden beard. "I though you were a good monster, but you're just like her."

Papyrus stared at the snow. This glitch...what? He didn't attack Asgore? "What do you mean?"

-----

"-and we chatted for quite some time. He acts the same way you describe your brother Papyrus."

After the two monsters sat down in the snow, Asgore calmly explained everything as he held Error in his slumber. The marrow that escaped his newly opened cuts soon dried.

Papyrus still despised the skeleton as it rested, but managed to ignore him.

"Papyrus, may I ask you a favor?"

The taller skeleton clenched his hands together as he reluctantly nodded.

Turning his gaze to the sleeping skeleton, he spoke. "Promise me, that you will take care of him for me. Let him learn about life and colors, let him see the beauty in everything. Take care of him as if
he were your brother. He had gone through so much, I don't want him to suffer. I someone else took
care of him, that is fine by me. But please, let him be safe. For me? Please."

"...fine."

Asgore smiled softly. "Oh thank you Papyrus. Trust me, he will be easy to watch over. I already
taught him manners. He even calls me "Mr. Asgore"." 

Papyrus smirked. Though he wouldn't admit it, it would be hilarious to see this psychopathic
skeleton be a kind goodytoshoes like his brother.

Papyrus rose to his feet. "Anyway, my shift is over. Sans will flip if I'm late tibia honest." Asgore
chucked deeply at the awful pun. He gathered Error up in his bear-like arms. The skeleton was
basically engulfed in the Caretaker's grasp. It took Papyrus a few seconds to realize that he had to
carry the glitching skeleton all the way to his home. Looking up to Asgore, he could see the smug
smile imprinted on the old goat.

With a forced laugh, he help his arms out. "Lettuce get this over with." Causing both of the monster
to laugh during the exchange.

They both said their goodbyes as Asgore retrieved back into the Ruins. Papyrus waited for the goat
monster to leave, and then quickly teleported to the Christmas festive house.

Papyrus stood in the living room, his mind asking himself only one thing. "What have I gotten us
into?"
...wha?

Chapter Notes

I'm debating whether or not to make a Yandere Papyrus/Sans story, or a King Papyrus/Queen Sans story.
You guys can decide. Anyway, enjoy!

(This chapter seems pretty bad, I'm feeling pretty sluggish today)

As the darkness cleared, Error got a better look at his current surroundings.

First things first, he laid on something...comfortable. It was nothing he ever experienced before, it was even softer than the soothing snow!

He sat up, and immediately was filled with awe.

He was surrounded by the color blue, and other colors that were similar too blue...but different.

Looking down to the object he was laying on, it too was blue. It also looked like what Mr. Asgore had told him was a "sofa." He looked back to the ceiling with a ear to ear smile. So this is what "houses" look like. It was even better that what he could imagine.

He quickly scrambled to his feet to explore this "house", but quickly plopped back to his seat, releasing a painful cry.

His femur was overwhelmed with a burning sensation, he grinded his teeth at the sensation. Why was his joints in so much pain?

As he looked down, his eyes widened to the odd fabric-like material covering most of his arms and pained leg. What happened when he was in the in the dark space?

The skeleton's thoughts were soon interrupted by unfamiliar voices coming from nearby.

"-all your friend to take him before he wakes up."

"But did he do anything at all to hurt you and Asgore?"

"..."

Well, whoever they were, they knew Mr. Asgore...WAIT A MINUTE!

Error's face lit up with joy, these must be the friends Mr. Asgore said would take care of him. Completely forgetting about the pain still lingering through his femur.

Once again he stood up, but soon found himself face to face on the fuzzy floor. By now, the pain didn't seem to bother him. But it only got him frustrated that his leg wouldn't follow his command. So he continued to lay there face flat on the floor. He didn't know exactly how long he continued to lay there, but he soon found himself in peace.
That is until he heard the patter of feet along the padded floor.

He heard a gasp before someone quickly pulled him up from his dazed state. He instantly returned to his cheerful self as he admired the skeleton supporting him.

It was a skeleton, and for some reason he was covered in blue. This detail seemed to distract Error, for he was completely ignoring the others concerning questions.

"Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry we didn't realize you fell. Are you hurt?" The skeleton continued to baby over the other as an orange hooded skeleton just watched from the kitchen floor. The blue clothed skeleton puffed up his non-existing lips. "Papyrus! Don't just stand there! Can you at least prepare the tacos?" Papyrus gave a lazy shrug. "Sure thing bro." And he disappeared into the kitchen.

Sans sighed. This wasn't the first time Papyrus did stuff like this. In the past, he almost killed Ink! But it was understandable since he introduced the guardian after the whole "Getting Kidnapped By Error" incident. All Papyrus had told him when he came back from patrol, was to be careful. Though he didn't understand, he was determined to befriend the injured glitch. After all, everyone deserves a second chance.

Turning his attention back to the silent skeleton, he spoke softly. "Don't worry about Papyrus Error, he's just being overprotected. But I know you won't do it again!"

This comment seemed to have broken the trance of the other. He slowly looked back at Sans, his gaze never leaving him.

"W-what do you...how do you know my name?"
"...What do you mean Error? Don't you remember me?" The blue skeleton nervously replied. Was Error having those short term memory issues again?

The glitching skeleton blinked curiously at the other, running through his foggy memory to jog up any memory of the skeleton before him. "Hmm...Nope!...Am I suppose to?"

Panic immediately engulfed the blue skeleton, his eye sockets disappeared as he began to tremble.

Is this what his brother meant? Did his brother cause this to happen? A small whimper broke his state of panic. Looking back at the skeleton before him, he could tell his actions upset the other.

Error's socket were holding back droplets of tears as his frame shook from fear. Sans immediately began reassuring the other that he was not the blame.

"I'm sorry Error, I was just thinking. Please don't cry." He assured in hopes of calming the shaking skeleton. Small sniffs came from the abomination as Sans sat perplexed on how to comfort the other. Maybe he should give him a hug? But Error always hated physical contact. But does this Error hate being touched?

Brushing the consequences aside, Sans embraced Error in a gentle hug. The sniffing and hiccups calmed down as Sans brushed the top of Error's skull softly.

It was like comforting a child.

By the time Error's cries had come to a stop, he was clutching onto Sans scarf as if it were a lifesaver. A smile crept along the blue skeleton's face.

He's even cuter than me.

Sans awkwardly cleared his throat to dismiss the silence in the room. Error looked up curiously, awaiting what the other had to say.

"So...since it's our ugh, first time meeting, then I'll tell you my name! My name is Sans, but if you want, you can call me Blueberry!" This felt like deja vu all over again, but he didn't really mind too much. This could be a new chance for Error!

Error sat upright, the once sadistic smile replaced with one of pure joy.

"Hello Mr. Blueberry!"

Now he just wanted to barf rainbows.
The sizzling of meat caused more stress to the tall skeleton. If anything, more anxiety on that, \textit{abomination} in the next room with his brother.

The one that had killed and destroyed countless lives and AUs. The one that took his little brother away from him.

His phalanges gripped intensely around the wooden spoon, causing cracks to form from the pressure. Was that glitch really 'reverted' to a mind of a small child, or was he just faking it? It would't be much of a surprise if it ended up being a trick all along.

Then again, would someone as deranged as that be able to do such a convincing cover up? Maybe the abomination had split personalities or something similar like any insane person.

Other than the mental battle in his mind, nothing bad seemed to be happening. He had been keeping an non-existing ear on the two skeletons for the past minutes. Nothing seemed to be going wrong.

He pulled his attention back to the greasy pan before him, hoping for his paranoia mind to ease down.

He just doesn't want to lose his brother again.

"So this is a sofa?!!"

The excitement in the skeleton's voice was enough to make anyone brighten up. But it appeared that Blue was fueled up to the very top of the energy level.

"YES! Those are called 'cushions', and over there is the carpet!" He'd never been so eager to show anyone something as simple as a pillow, that was definitely something off his bucket list.

"The two skeletons had been blabbering on about all the furniture in the house for the past few minutes. The tacos would be ready soon, but there was so much more Blue wanted to show Error.

Before his famous dish were to be ready, he had to show Error, \textit{"The Television."} (T.V for short)

Blue basically lectured Error on the long and wonderful history of T.V, telling the successes and epics on the amazing piece of technology.

Error gave all his attention to Blue, eyes wide with reverently and sincere curiosity.

Between the two, this is the most important lecture Error will ever learn.

In the end, Blue ceremonially handed Error the magical box called The Remote. With this device, Error could use the T.V however he liked.

Though bewildered, Error soon began spazzing the plastic box with many images flashing across the screen. With every image appearing for a millisecond, it seemed to enchant the glitching skeleton vicarious wonder. Blue practically had to beg Error to slow down.

Once the images were given a chance to speak for at least five second a turn, Blue slowly made his way towards the kitchen to check on his brother. Error didn't even acknowledge the disappearance of his new friend. He instead was greeted by four multi-colored creatures waving to him while laughing in gibberish language.
The kitchen was filled with the scent of greasy meat and freshly cut vegetables. Blue had to admit, his brother sure was a great cook. (But not as great as him.) He made his way to his tall brother gathering the vermilion plates from the top shelf for the meal. Turning around, Papyrus almost choked on his breath at the sudden appearance of his brother. The two stood silently as Papyrus gathered himself from the innocent scare.

Blue winced as Papyrus sulkily made his way to the dining table. He knew his brother was hesitant about keep Error in the house, but he didn't think his brother would become a paranoid mess in the past forty minutes!

Sighing sadly, Blue finally spoke out. "Brother...he's not going to hurt anyone."

Papyrus tensed as he placed the last plate roughly on the wooden table. His voice sounding numb. "Sans...I...I just..." He collapsed in the empty chair beside him, covering his skull with his rough phalanges. "I can't lose you again."

Blue stood silent, then quickly ran over to his depressed brother. "No, no Papyrus. That's not going to happen." He said earnestly, placing a hand on his brother's shoulder, only to have it pushed off weakly.

"How do you know Sans?" He argued. "What if this is a trick, what if he?..." His rambling was soon shut down by arms embracing him in a tender love. Blue sunk his face into his brother's smoke covered hoodie. A tear escaped the tall skeleton at the sincere act of kindness.

"Brother." Blue said softly. He pulled away from the embrace to stare into his brother's hollow eyes. "I promise, Error won't hurt me. But Error needs my help, and I promised I will help him."

They sat there until the smell of tacos got to both of them. Laughing it off, they grabbed the tacos and plates, made their way to the living room.

It was there that Error was watching Teletubbies on full blast.
Lunch was...interesting. If it weren’t for the gibberish TV show it would’ve been just plain awkward.

When Blue gave Error the mexican dish, he just stared at it. Papyrus observed the perplexed skeleton from the couch as he himself gobbled down his own meal. Blue once again put on a forced smile and began explaining to the glitchy skeleton that this was for him to eat. He almost broke down there and then when Error didn’t even know what food was. Did he have no need to eat? How did that even work?! But once the short lesson was explained, Error slowly began to eat his food, and when I say eat, he began licking all over the Taco.

Blue suppressed a giggle. It really was cute, almost like a kitty-cat! While Error slowly digested his meal, Blue began chattering away. Error listened to all of it.

By the time Error coated the whole Taco in saliva, he gave up and bit a huge chunk of the shell. His eye sockets widened in awe and he straightaway devoured the soggy Taco, and politely asked for seconds.

Error and Blue were having full on conversations, though Error mostly talked about the Teletubbie’s random adventures. Papyrus tensed posture eased more and more as Error proved to be more naive than Blue. Boy, were these two friends or what?

The plate of Tacos were soon left spotless as Blue brought them to the sink. Error followed, who knew anyone would be excited to do chores?

The remainder of the day passed by quickly. The two Sanses spent most of the time hidden away in Blue’s room, probably doing puzzles and such. The door was finally unlocked by seven, but only Blue emerged from the now dark room. Papyrus looked up from the latest NTT marathon as his now tired brother made his way down the stairs.

“Hey bro, how ya hangin?”

Blue gave a lazy smile as he collapsed on the couch besides Papyrus.

“How do you deal with me? I can’t even keep him sitting for a minute! I’m just lucky that it’s his bedtime.”

The tall skeleton gave a shit-eating grin. “Let’s just say, I learned from professionals.”

As Blue rested his eyes, Papyrus turned his attention to the DJ robot on the screen, but it wasn’t long before it began to bore him, instead he fidgeted in his seat from the agitated voice in his head.

“...Sans?”

Blue peeled one eye socket opened and sluggishly turned to Papyrus’ direction. “Yeah brother?”

“Are you going to tell your ‘Star Sans friends’ about this?”

When there was no response, Papyrus turned his head to his brother.
His eye sockets were pitch black.

“Bro?”

Blue’s eye lights suddenly appeared as he shook his head. “Sorry Brother, I just...I’ll go over to them tomorrow.”

Though a bit perplexed, Papyrus shrugged it off. “Ok bro.”

Blue gave a mischievous smile. “That means you’ll have to stay with Error while I’m gone.”

“...Really?”

A giggle escaped the small skeleton. “Common Pap, it’ll be like babysitting!”

A death glare was written all over the orange-hooded skeleton.

“...Fine.”

“Thank you Papyrus! Now if you excuse me, I’d like my sleep now.” And with that, Blue collapsed face first into the cushions of the azure couch.

Papyrus sat up. “Why aren't you sleeping in your bed?”

“Because Errors hogging the blankets.” Was the muffled reply.

“Heh, figures.” Papyrus reached for the TV remote and the obnoxious drama soon died down. The tall skeleton snuggled up in himself and was soon knocked out in a flash.

The house was soon full of light snores, but the sound whimpers and cries were heard from the childlike bedroom.

Chapter End Notes

Is little Error having nightmares?
As dawn lit up the Underground, the two skeleton brothers were already up and about. The aroma of pancakes overflowed the residence in its sweet maple scent. The tall skeleton laid lazily on the couch, taking a quick smoke break as his shorter brother made his way into the living room. Stacks of golden pancakes rested neatly on one another.

As the two ate their breakfast, they had small talk with their plan of action. A creak from the stairs signaled them to look up. There descended a fatigued Error rubbing his phalange over his eye socket. One could mistake him for a grumpy babybones.

“Hello Error! How’d you sleep?” Blue cheerfully called out.

Error gave a tired nod. Taking that as a ‘yes’, Blue picked up a plate of the steaming breakfast and handed it to Error, who eagerly gulped down the syrupy cake.

The trio continued to eat silently, but few chuckles were shared when Error got his face covered in the sticky syrup. Once his face was washed and the plates were stored into the dishwasher, the skeletons made their way to the couch to explain what was to expect for the day.

“Error, I’m going to be out for a while. Papyrus is gonna watch over you until I get back.”

The glitchy skeleton tilted his head in confusion. “Why? Where are you going?”

“Umm…” Blue clenched his teeth, a drop of sweat ran down his skull. “I-Im going to bring some friends over! For you to meet!”

A vast smile stretched along Error’s face. “New friends? Can I come too?!” The small skeleton cried out as he began squirming in place. He just couldn’t help it, the thought of having more new friends made him want to run all over the house.

Blue let out a shaky sigh. “Sorry Error, it’ll take awhile to get there, and I don’t want you getting lost. That’s why you’re going to be staying with Paps”

The wide smile soon shrank into a frown, and then a pouty face. Blue couldn’t help but smile, and Papyrus just looked to the side, probably to hide his smile from the cuteness.

“But on the brightside,” Blue began, “You’ll be able to spend some time with Papyrus while I’m gone. Right Papyrus?”

The tall skeleton idly looked back at latter. “Oh yeah, sure.”
“-and please don’t put the socks in the refrigerator again, I don’t want to get the air fresher.”

The skeletons stood in the living room saying their goodbyes, well mostly rules on Blue’s behalf. Error idly played with the zipper of his jacket as the brothers exchanged lectures and awful puns. His blank state was cut off by hands placed gently on his shoulders, looking up from the metal device he was meet with a concerned Blueberry.

“I’ll be back soon Error.” He assured. “Please listen to Papyrus.” The glitchy skeleton gave a pleasant smile. “Okay!”

A porcelain-like portal materialized besides the blue clothed skeleton. He gave one last wave before disappearing into the opening. It wasn’t long before it itself closed into itself, leaving no trace of it ever existing.

The two skeletons left behind stood dumbfounded in silence. Papyrus cleared his throat after a few awkward minutes passed.

“So...you like Pocky?”

-----

In no time at all, the house was already in chaos. Empty pocky wrappers littered the household, a skeleton was sprawled half conscious on the couch, cigarette in hand, and the TV was blasting the demonic language of the Teletubbies, along side it were babblings of the small amnesiac skeleton who positioned himself in front of the machine. It was as if he were having a full on conversation with the fictional characters, it wouldn’t have been far fetched if he actually understood what they were saying.

After that outlandish episode was finally over, Papyrus quickly shut off the television, and sweet relief washed over him as the nightmarish sun-baby thing died away into the black abyss of the TV screen.

A small whine came out from the smaller skeleton as he huddled into himself, but with a bribe of a chocolatey pastry, he immediately shut himself up and proceed to wipe the glaze off the chocolate coated biscuit.

Papyrus watched the small skeleton devour the treat, though he was convinced that the little abomination was indeed, “innocent”, he still wanted to know where the skeleton came from and why he had taken the path of genocide in the past. But as far as he knew, he’d only get one of those two questions answered.

Sitting up from his laying position, Papyrus rested his body on the armchair of the furniture.

“Hey Error, can I ask you something?”

The smaller of the two turned to the other, a half-eaten pocky sticked out of his mouth.

Chuckling, Papyrus continued. “Asgore told me a bit about you earlier, but where did you come from. He didn’t really explain that part to me.”

Error returned his attention to his pocky, taking a few more bites. “I used to live in the White Room.”

Papyrus stiffened, and Error resumed eating as if nothing even happened. Did Error live in a void or something? Is that how he became all psychopath? Even Papyrus had to admit that anyone could become insane due to solitary.
“H-how did you get out?” Of course, curiosity always got the better of these situations.

Error played around with one of the many wrappers, scavenging for any chocolate scraps that might have stayed tucked away inside the packaging. “The voices helped me out.” He sighed. “Well, kind of. They were mean sometimes.” The small skeleton looked back to the now disturbed skeleton, a playful smile spread across his chocolate covered face. “But ever since I left, they haven’t bothered me! Well, at least not yet.”

After the cracking of foil calmed down, Error tiredly looked to the hooded skeleton, his eye sockets laced with sleeping dust just barely keeping him awake.

“Do you want me to go back there?” A hint of fear was heard in the simple question, and Papyrus frantically shook his head.

“No no, I was, just asking...hey, you tired?”

The small glitch nodded. Papyrus motioned the skeleton onto the couch, in which he obliged. Once seated, he curled up next to Papyrus and clutched his orange jacket. Soft snores were heard soon after.

Papyrus rested a hand on the skeleton’s skull.

“Heh, you sure do have a messed up life.”

-----

“So, any news on Nightmare yet?”

The dining table was basically a mess, stacked with mountains of reports and AU rough drafts of all kinds. The two skeletons had been going over the absence of Nightmare and his army. If there has been no word of him in days, it could only mean disaster.

The AU that the skeletons were currently in was the home of The Creator. The only time any of The Star Sanses ever held their meeting here was to go over possible threats from destroyers or important discussions.

The crowned skeleton frowned as he looked to the side. “No, nothing. What could my brother possibly be planning now?” He whined in defeat as he face planted into the scattered papers. “This is too stressful.”

The other smiled as he petted the distressed skeletons head in empathy. “Don’t stress yourself Dream, it’s only going to bring you down, which will cause Nightmare to become a powerful god.”

The latter of the two stared blankly at The Creator. “Wow, thanks for the positivity.”

“Youre welcome.”

The fun moment was halted by a skeleton collapsing on the table from the sky. Thankfully it was made with hard ink, but unfortunately, it was a rough landing from the blue-cladded skeleton.

“Blue, what are you doing here?”

“Huff, huff...I’ve been...searching through the whole AUs...to...ughh.”

Both The Creator and Protector of Dreams glanced at one another. “Uh, Blue,” The brush wielding skeleton began. “We told you to only teleport if there was an emergency, not if you capture another
huma-

“No Ink, it’s not that.” Blue interrupted. “It's...about someone else.”
When Error finally woke up, he just laid around like a lazy house cat. Probably from all the chocolaty sweets he ingested. So the small skeleton and Papyrus spent the remainder of their time watching NTT reruns, with Error occasionally complaining about the pain in his non-existing stomach. It escalated when Error regurgitated bits of soggy pocky all over the carpet floor, in which Papyrus had to clean up while Error was wrapped all snugged in spare blankets. Once that nasty mishap was dealt with, Papyrus gave the nauseous some medicine to ease the pain.

Papyrus let out a frustrated sigh as he popped the lite cigarette into his mouth. It’s been awhile since Sans had left, usually he would be back at around five hours or so, but it’s been at least seven or eight. His overprotective nature always got the best of him in times of dire, especially when that glitch kiddn-

The tall skeleton rubbed his skull tiredly. He didn’t need to add more stress into his list of worries. Who knows what Sans’ friends are going to do? He wouldn’t be surprised if they did try to attack, it was the most logical option the two would take. The only problem lingering in the back of his mind was exactly how Sans planned on explaining the matter with the two guardians. They’d just have to wait and see.

Putting out the cigarette, Papyrus casually walked back into the house. Error still remained snuggled in his fort of beddings. Papyrus gently shook the skeleton out from his slumber, though he whined, Error reluctantly opened his eye sockets. An pout clearly labeled his face from being interrupted from his sleep.

“Heh, sorry kid. How’ya feelin sofa ?” Error gave a muddled look, but shrugged it off. “I’m ok. Why did I feel bad earlier?”

“Well, when you eat too much junk food, you get kind of sick. But only for a little while.”

“What’s ‘sick’?”

Papyrus’ cursed to himself. Now he’s going to have to make a whole lecture on the monster body and probably how babies are made. I didn't sign up for this Sans!

“Ugh, it’s when you...don’t feel well…?”

Error just stared at the tall skeleton for a long, excruciating minute. “Ok!”

Sweet relief washed through the lazy skeleton as Error worked his way out of the layers of blankets. Once out, he walked over to the window and examided the small neighborhood. Error turned his attention back to Papyrus who was checking his phone. “When is Blue going to be back?” He asked in a concerned voice.
Papyrus smiled as he patted the couch, Error walked back to the tall skeleton and seated himself. “Don’t worry kid, Sans’ll be back real soon. He’s just busy.”

Error stared at the front door, and then at Papyrus. “Was he ever gone for this long?”

*For all those weeks that the sadistic glitch kept Sans in that void of a prison for, it’s almost comparable.* “Once, but you don’t have to worry about that. Are ya hungry or anything?”

“A little.”

Papyrus rose from the couch and patted Error head playfully. “I’ll make some tacos if you want, maybe next time Sans’ll give you some cooking lessons.”

Error giggled at the given affection, and absorbed his attention to the cotton blankets he now flange in the air. It was like having a one-on-one battle with himself. That skeleton sure did have a creative mind.

The tall skeleton once again got caught up in his worrisome troubles as he sliced the tomatoes in exactly the same size.

During this state, Papyrus didn’t expect to hear the sound of a body being harshly slammed into the wall just behind him. Shooting his head back, the cries and yells of his brother as well as other familiar voices could be heard arguing in all the chaos.

Guess this is how it’s going to go.

-----

Just as the ally sheets shielded soldier Error from the bomb pillows, a weird sound was heard by the front door.

Halting his little game for the time being, the self-proclaimed trooper peaked through the covers. He could see the figure of the blue-cladded skeleton standing nervously next to...some, people.

Out of joy, he erupted from the layers that toppled over him, like one of the jakes-in-the-boxes he saw on the magical TV.

“Blue, your back!” A sincere smile planted on his face as he watched his friend...freeze up? Why did he look scared? Did the surprise scary him too much?

Looking at the two other monsters, he saw one giving the same scared look. He was wearing a blanket over his shoulders, and a pretty hat-thing. But the other one, Error could sense hatred from his blank stare.

Was Error scared?

Of course not.

“Hi, I’m Error. Nic-”

A powerful force rushed through his face from the sudden movement of the blank skeleton. His face felt wet, and his cheeks. He couldn’t even describe the pain, it just burned.

The collar of his shirt was roughly lifted into the air, and his body was thrown carelessly into the nearest wall.
Error could feel tears seep through his sockets. He could hear someone yelling, and someone crying. But it sounded distinct.

He pried one eye opened, and before him stood a skeleton.

And he looked *really* mad.

Chapter End Notes

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No regrets...
Try and Get Along Please?

Chapter Notes

Please excuse my lack of work, my life had been full of other activities.

“Ink what are you doing!!?”

“Ink stop, please!”

The creator ignored the cries and begs, he only had one task on mind.

He thought the glitch died, he thought it turned to dust as he reset the AU, but it managed to escape? Even worse, it managed to enter Blue’s home, Blue’s world. The glitch could have destroyed it again. Luckily Blue was able to get to them in time, and now…

This glitch is going to pay for everything it’s done.

Ink pulled out his paintbrush, he began gathering all his paint to the tip of his brush for a deadly attack. His charge up was interrupted when he himself was launched back, but was quickly caught in Dream’s arms.

Regaining his stance, Ink looked for his attack, his pausing once the culprit was spotted.

Papyr-, Swap Papyrus, stood before the creator, a gaster blaster levitating above him as he shielded the bleeding skeleton whose cries have died down. Confusion consumed Ink, but was replaced with irritation, in a stern voice, he spoke. “Get out of my way Papyrus.”

Papyrus scoffed. “Nah, I like where I’m standing.”

Ink growled and charged toward the tall skeleton, but abruptly stopped when Blue jumped in the creator’s path, his arms spread out.

“Blue, what are you doing?!”

“Ink,” Blue began. “This isn’t why I brought you here. Error isn’t going to hurt anyone, he needs our help.”

Ink stayed silent for a moment, but fear rushed through his face. “Oh stars, Error has mind control powers now?!”

Papyrus rolled his eyes, and Blue gave Ink an “are you serious,” expression. Before the battle could commence, Dream parked himself in between the two Sanses.

“Come on guys, this is no time for violence. Lets just sit down and listen to what Blue and Papyrus have to say about Error. Okay?”

Ink groaned, but agreed to hear the brother’s story about the glitch. They took the blacked out skeleton upstairs to heal up.

Error had to be healed immediately once he was tucked into bed. Ink hadn’t caused too much
damage compared to Papyrus, but both were not good results at the end.

With Error upstairs, the rest of the skeletons sat at the kitchen table.

“So,” Ink began. “Can you please explain why Error is in your house to begin with?”

-----

Blue strings hung above him. Some had weird dolls in them, some had hearts in them. Around him was darkness. But the darkness was moving, it looked alive. There was laughter, and then nothing.

Error darted his eyes open. He was in Blue’s room again. Sitting up, he rubbed his eyes to clear, but moving his right arm caused a sting of pain to rush through his wrist.

He whimpered at the sudden pain, but instantly pushed it aside as he made his way downstairs.

Blue came back, and he brought friends! He couldn’t wait to meet them. They could eat pocky, (not too much though) watch from the magical TV, and maybe Blue will teach him some fun games to play!

The glitchy skeleton barged through the bedroom door and dashed down the stairs. Some of his joints felt sore at the sudden exercise, but his adrenaline eased the pain.

Making it down into the living room, there was no one there. Deceased blankets and pillows from his Great Bedding Battle were tossed around the floor. Blue would’ve cleaned that up right away, but he didn’t.

Muffled voices from the kitchen seemed to have answered his questions for him. He strolled across the living room and peeked into the kitchen. Sure enough, Papyrus, Blue, and the two new friends were gathered around the table. They didn’t seem to be eating, so why were they there? The boring conversation the four were having made no sense to Error whatsoever, he wanted to be a part of this conversation.

So what did Error do?

He charged full speed towards Blue and captured him in a deadly hug. A blast of air exiled out of Blue’s mouth from the unexpected force. Error giggled at the silly expressions Blue made as he tried to gather his missing breath. During the whole exchange, the three other skeletons watched the two goofballs. Papyrus chuckled at the Blue’s desperate attempt to escape Error’s grasp while Ink and Dream stared dumbfounded at the glitchy skeleton.

After Blue successfully pried the amnesiac skeleton off, Error focus was directed towards the creator, who was preoccupied with his own thoughts. Error walked over to him, Ink didn’t notice him at first, but lifting his head a bit triggered the skeleton to jump in his seat.

Error simply smiled and held out his hand. “Hi, I’m Error! What’s your name?”

Ink glanced at Error’s extended hand before reaching out to accept Error’s sign of pacifist. “I’m Ink.”

Error flinched as Ink wrapped his phalanges around his own, but relaxed once no sign of intended harm was shown.

He smiled as the two continued to shake hands. “I thought you would do the same greeting as
earlier.”

Ink pulled away from the handshake and looked up at Error with a confused expression. “What do you mean, earlier.”

“Well, your way of saying ‘hi’ is kind of...painful. But it’s okay! Blue says I still have lots to learn!”

Ink’s face began to heat up at Error’s response, but luckily Blue dropped in just in time to delay the awkward chat.

“I’m sure Ink didn’t mean any harm, Error. Why don’t we all sit down and watch some TV? There’s a new Teletubbies episode waiting for you.”

Blue didn’t have to repeat himself twice, in no time, Error bolted into the living room to his beloved show. Papyrus followed soon after, probably to keep an eye socket on the glitchy skeleton.

Blue looked back to Dream and Ink. Dream smiled at him while Ink had a distressed expression.

“Ink, you okay?”

“...he forgave me...”

-----

The remainder of the day was spent with doing fun activities, well mostly on Blue and Error’s behalf. From watching NTT reruns to solving crossword puzzles, everyone had time to have some sort of entertainment. Error even got to make small talk with both Ink and Dream, though Ink didn’t seem up for too much conversation.

But at last, night had overtaken the Underground, and the urge to sleep consumed Error.

After saying his goodbyes, Error raced up the stairs and hid himself under the warm covers. Ink and Dream themselves were just about to go on their way when Blue stopped them by the door.

“Ink,” He began. “The reason I called you over was because...well, when the human falls down, and they don’t choose mercy, what will happen to Error? He’s not from here, so would he...disappear?”

The room fell silent, Ink hesitantly before speaking. “I’m not really sure. Why are you asking?”

Blue swayed in place, but gathered his thoughts eventually. “I wanted to ask if you could...take Error with you, just in case?”

Ink stared at Blue as if he were slapped across the face. His expression was unsure as he pondered on the request. He sighed. “Blue...I...”
Error was once again woken to find himself drenched in layers of sweat. Was this normal in sleep? Do you always have dream of being trapped in surreal darkness?

Error shoved aside the questions in the back of his mind and crawled out of bed. Yesterday was fun. He wondered when Dream and Ink would come visit again.

Departing from the bedroom and to the staircase, Error heard low chattering coming from the kitchen. Must be Blue and Papyrus talking...but Papyrus usually came down after he woke up. Error’s pondering state was ceased when the familiar whiff of pancakes brushed against his face, signaling his non-existing stomach that it yearned for the batter breakfast. He made his way to the kitchen, but stopped halfway at the entrance quite confused.

At the table sat Ink, drinking from a cup while Blue tossed a stupendously tanned pancake onto a plate layered with it’s fellow golden copies.

Blue walked toward the table and greeted Error with a beaming smile.

“Good morning Error, did you sleep well?”

Error nodded, he focused back to Ink who was also watching him.

“Why is Ink here? Are we having another play day?”

Ink looked down at his cup, which meant Blue had to Error question. “We’ll tell you when Papyrus gets down. You can take a seat if you’d like, I’ll be done in a few minutes.”

Error accepted Blue’s offer and took a seat next to Ink, who was idly tapping the side of his cup.

Whatever Ink was drinking, it had a bitter stench, yet the mysterious liquid crept Error’s interest whenever the creator took a sip. Error’s staring began to unease Ink as he settled the cup back on the table.

“...Can I help you?”

Error drew his eyes away from the fluid and locked eyes with Ink. The two sat in awkward silence until Error finally pointed to the cup. “What is that?”

“Coffee.”

“Can I try som-”

“The pancakes are done! Here you two go!” Just in a nick of time, Blue placed a plate of steaming pancakes in front of the two skeletons. They’ve already learned what happens when Error ate too many sugary treats, they didn’t want to deal with a hyperactive destroying machine. Error seemed to have forgotten the cup of coffee, he was already on his second helping.

The three skeletons ate their breakfast, having small talk. Papyrus came in not too long after, and just had a bottle of honey much to Blue’s disliking.

Once the plates were cleaned and the table was cleared, the monsters began their heart aching explanation.
“...I have to leave?”

Guilt ran down Blue’s spine from the sadden tone in Error’s voice, but he pushed himself to continue forward.

“We just want what’s best you Error, and the Underground can be...unsafe at times. We just don’t want you getting hurt.”

“But if it’s dangerous, why aren’t you coming?”

“...Because,” Blue sighed. “This is our home. We need to be here. And maybe Ink will explain it to you when you understand more. On the plus side, we’ll visit you too! Ink has a better house than us either way.”

Error looked down at the table, and then at Blue. “You promise?”

Blue smiled. “Of course!”

Error couldn’t resist smiling back from Blue’s contagious smile.

The glitchy skeleton gave goodbye hugs to the skeleton brothers. One returned the friendly gesture, while the other patted his skull and smuggled him a pocky bar.

Ink watched the exchange of farewells in silence. On the outside, one would say he was okay with these sudden events. But in reality, Ink’s mind was fumed with chaos and guilt.

This was all his fault. If he didn’t leave Error to bleed to death none of this would have ever happened. There could have been other ways to convince Error that destruction wasn’t the answer, but this was nothing close to what he would ever expect. It felt like a cheap tactic. Erasing someone’s memories and having them relieve their lives on a different path. It felt wrong. Even someone as deranged and insane like Error should never be forced to live like that.

But, maybe it was for the best.

No more world were being destroyed (at least not everyday), and the Star Sanses could focus on much bigger threats like Nightmare’s absence the past few weeks.

On top of that, he had to take care of amnesiac skeleton for crying out loud, he knew nothing about ki- people who didn’t understand the world!

But who knows, maybe things will work out.

“Ink...Ink! Are you ready?”

The creator forced a nod and approached the monster trio. Blue shared one last smile to Error before Ink summoned a portal. Once the portal was up, he turned to face a hesitant Error.

He looked so helpless.

Ink held out his hand for the glitchy skeleton, trying to encourage the other that it was fine. Error urgently snatched the extended hand, desperate for comfort. Though Ink was surprised by the sudden contact, he brushed it off and actually though it was pretty cute.

Blue and Papyrus waved goodbye just before the two skeletons walked through the portal. Along with the two, the portal disappeared.
“Everything is so pretty!”

“What is that?”
“I thought all houses looked the same!”

Error’s reaction to his new home was quite the stress reliever to Ink’s paranoia. It didn’t take much to impress the glitchy skeleton short-attention span. He was even taken aback by a broken pencil.

Ink didn’t get the point of that.

But Ink did enjoy answering all of Error’s questions as he uncovered the mysterious to his new surroundings. When Error stumbled upon some drawings across the table, Ink’s eyes lights exploded in colors at the glitches request to make one.

In no time the living room floor was covered in colored pencils, crayons, pastels, erasers, sharpeners, and lost of paper.

The small drawing session was mostly peaceful, aside from crayons and used paper being tossed around and Error marveling over Ink’s stary sketch. It was near midnight before the two put down their pencils and crayons to get ready for bed.

Error was completely worn out, so Ink had to drag him up the stairs. He was much heavier than he looked. Once Ink opened the door to Error’s new bedroom, the glitch’s sleepy facade was replaced with ecstatic wonder.

From exploring all the drawers secrets, to digging into the bed’s sheets, Error quickly uncovered what the room had to offer in minutes. He stood in the center of the bedroom and turned to face Ink.

“Is this, my room?”

Ink nodded. “Of course, you live here now.”

Error already grinning face spread wider. “Thank you!”

Ink collapsed onto the tangled covers of the bed. Today was a long day. All he wanted now was sleep.

It didn’t take long for Error to eventually fall asleep after being tucked in. He looked so peaceful bundled up in the sheets, as if he were innocent his entire life…

...“Thank you!…”

Ink soon doze off after pondering this odd day. Like Blue said, everyone deserves a second chance.
Too Precious for This World

What Ink least expected when he woke up was to find a glitchy skeleton kneeling next to the bed staring at him. So much so, he fell out of bed, missing Error by an inch.

Ink steadily got to his feet, clutching his hands to keep himself from going to defense mode. “Error, what are you doing here?”

Error stood up as well, picking at his phalanges in quilt. “Blue is usually up by now, and you were sleeping. So I waited for you to wake up.”

Ink scratched his skull and looked at the clock. It was 11:53…great.

“How long have you been waiting exactly?”

“A long time.”

At that point in time, Ink considered getting an alarm clock. But right now, he had to make breakfast for the two of them.

Ink guided Error out of his bedroom and down the stairs to the kitchen. On the way, he asked Error what he’d like to eat. It wasn’t a surprise when Error requested pancakes, he’d have to teach him more foods in the future.

Aside from pancakes, Ink also made Error a bowl of fruit salad consisting of strawberries and bananas.

Once the two finished, Error begged to help clean the dishes Ink staked in the sink. Chores have never been this entertaining for Ink. Error playing with the water faucet did cause a bit of a mess, but it wasn’t a problem to clean up afterwards.

The two then entered the living room for some ‘free time’ as Error called it, which included of drawing and watching TV. Error had been drawing away while Ink was writing some notes in his personal journal.

Ink had intended to start teaching Error some writing, reading and math. The only problem being was having none of the supplies needed. And he did want to leave Error unsupervised nor bring him to a random AU for shopping. It seemed irresponsible on his case.

Ink had nearly chewed off the tip of his pencil until Error lightly tapped his shoulder, snapping him out of his focused state.

Ink closed his notebook and turned to face Error. He was holding a piece of paper, he probably wanted to show him one of his drawings.
“What is it Error?”

Error beamed and handed the paper to Ink. “I made a picture of us! I hope you like it!”

Ink accepted the drawing, by just staring at it he was paralyzed. Paralyzed in CUTENESS!

The drawing was of both Ink and Error holding hands, though the two looked as though they were drawn by a six year old. He just wanted to treasure this youth it forever!

“Ink, are you okay?”

Error waited for Ink’s response, which was a never ending hug. But Error didn’t really complain, he enjoyed the given affection.

“You’re too precious for this world.”

“Okay?”

-----

Ink decided to teach Error simple math such as addition and subtraction, as well the alphabet. But since he didn’t have any type of learning material whatsoever, he just wrote out some small problems from the top of his head for Error to solve. Though struggling at first, Error soon got the hang of it. After just teaching him the alphabet, Error learned how to write his name all on his own! They grow up so fast.

Error and Ink were peacefully reading *If You Give a Mouse a Cookie*, with Error attempting to read out the words with Ink’s assistance.

Though the peaceful environment didn’t last long for the two.

“Whatzup my Homeslice?!”

Chapter End Notes

I’ve waited so long to use that word.
A ray of neon lights blasted into the house through the doorway, along with 80’s music trailing behind a colorfully clothed skeleton on a floating skateboard. The blaring music along with the eye-blinding lights ended with a halt as the mysterious skeleton dropped to the ground. It was until now he noticed the two skeletons who were trying to regain their vision and hearing from the unexpected arrival.

Ink was the first to get out of the dazed state. Looking to Fresh who stood chillantly in the center of the living room. His skateboard had magically disappeared upon further inspection. “Fresh, what are you doing here?”

The 90’s skeleton simply shrugged. “Wah? Can’t chill with my supa fine brah pal? Haven’t seen ya ‘round lately.”

Error had just cleared his scrambled mind and looked up to face the colorful quest. Fresh seemed to be doing the same thing. His sunglasses lack the ever famous ‘Yolo’ catchphrase. He just stood there, staring at Error.

“Yo bro, how it hanging?” Fresh’s emotionless attitude quickly changed back to his carefree, quirky self. And Error was already fascinated by him, and confused at the same time.

“Are you my brother?”

Fresh’s sunglasses had ‘...’ while Ink was face palming himself in the corner. Ink did not expect Fresh to reply so quickly, and so calmly as a matter of fact. “Sure bro, what’eva ya want.”

Error’s eyelights grew wide, and the glitchy skeleton was all over Fresh with questions and a lot of hugs. That was something brothers did, right?

Fresh seemed pretty okay with Error suddenly change from being a merciless killer, to sweet child. Then again, the dude can’t actually feel anything, but he’s good at hiding it. Ink could only watch from afar as Fresh took Error for a game of tag, or whatever other games Fresh wanted to play with his new ‘little brother’.

Ink had to admit, it was cute. But now he felt like a mother.

Yes, he wanted Error to have fun, but something in his mind wanted to keep Error wrapped in the warmest of blankets, in a corner and have everything brought to him without having to see the true nature real world. No matter how much Ink wanted to yank Error off Fresh’s skateboard or kick Fresh out of the house for that manner, he knew he was being selfish. Error should have a choice in how he lives his life and what he wants to see and do. He couldn’t take that away from him.

So Ink sat on the couch, smiling yet screaming on the inside as the two skeletons...played? Ink wasn’t really sure what they were doing, but they were having fun so he let them be. From the looks
of it, Fresh seemed quite pleased to have a little buddy following him around and marveling at his colorful garment.

So, maybe this sense of power caused Fresh to get a little bit reckless. Why else would he think playing on the stairs was a good idea?

The two skeletons stood on top of the staircase, Fresh on his skateboard while Error stood next to him, perplexed on what Fresh was planning to do.

Ink had went to the kitchen not too long ago, probably making food or something. So this was the perfect time to spice things up a little.

“Fresh,” Error tapped the 90’s skeleton in order to get his attention. “What are we doing?”

Fresh looked to the glitchy skeleton, he smiled widely at him. “Well my fine little bro, we’re just gonna have some real fun now!” Fresh pushed down on the board and went straight down. The road was bumpy, but he landed down the stairs perfectly. Whether it was magic or skill, the multiverse may never know.

Error watched in awe, his eye lights twinkled like stars. He dashed down to Fresh, all his questions and begging blasted from his mouth to the skateboard-wielding skeleton.

“That was SO cool! Can I try? Please! I’ll be careful!”

Fresh, who lacked all knowledge on how to proper care for a child, or in this case an amnesiac victim, saw nothing wrong with letting Error skate down the stair with no skateboard training. He tossed the skateboard to Error whose eye lights grew wider and smile beamed brighter. “Totes bro, it’ll be legit!”

With skateboard in one hand, Error skipped up the stairs until he was at the top. He placed the board at the edge of the steps and looked at Fresh who gave him a thumbs up.

He stepped on the board sideways and pushed down on the front, and quickly found himself hitting his skull, knees and pretty much his whole body on the wooden staircase. Thankfully there wasn’t any blood, but there were a lot of crying and screaming.

Ink was in the middle of reading through a cookbook given to him by Blue a while back when he heard static cries of pain coming from the living room. Abandoning the book, Ink sprinted out of the kitchen. He saw Fresh kneeling beside Error on the ground, his permanent smile replaced with an uneasy look of confusion as Error clutched his chest tightly. His face was scrunched up in agony, the tears seeping through his shut eyes had slowed down by now.

Ink dropped next to the weeping skeleton. He brought Error to his lap to comfort him all the while reassuring that he was okay. Motherly instincts, am I right?

Ink gave Fresh a intense death stare. “What happened?”

Fresh’s dopey smile return. “We just hanging is all. Error bro wanted to skate on the steps, so I let’em. Mah bad.”

Ink could have swore his eye socket twitched. He just exploded.

“Are you crazy?! You don’t just let anyone ride down stair, and on skateboards?! What is wrong with you??”
“Well babies be skating at single digits back at mah crib.” Fresh shrugged. Ink still held a peeved look to Fresh, but looked back to the glitchy skeleton whose trembles and sniffs had died down. He casted a healing spell on Error, but immediately dismissed it when Error’s stats shown...1/1 HP?

Not only was he freaking out over Error’s extremely low stats, but the fact that he took no damage from the fall made no sense! The only way that could happen was if the body/soul was protected by a spell or had high defense. But seeing as Error had none of those things, he didn’t know what to think.

What mattered now, was that Error is okay. And now he had a certain skeleton to discipline with a copy of Babysitting Essentials for Dummies. Fresh managed to convince Ink to let him live on the couch until he managed to finish the book. One could say they became an odd family.

Ink had just put Error to bed and he himself needed some time to rest for the next day to come. Who knows what wonders will happen tomorrow. Ink face-planted on his pillow, taking as much sleep as he could.

-----

Not everything has a soul, but there is something inside those soulless creature that makes them alive, special and unique. It is something in the heart like a soul, but it's not a soul, it’s something much more powerful than a soul. The only problem is, it’s unknown.

Examples of soulless creatures stem from the creator, the destroyer and other creatures that do not reside in an AU.

The question of why the no-soul is being spoken of is to better understand what will happen in the future dear readers. (I’m breaking the fourth wall here, how ya like it?) The unsettling nightmares amnesiac Error suffers through every night is the key to his lack of lowered stats, the shield around his no-soul. For someone of pure negativity has plans for the amnesiac skeleton.
Bro Day

Chapter Notes

Before we start ANYTHING, look at these amazing fanarts from these amazing artist,
https://gallifreyan-pal.tumblr.com/post/161604900045/okay-so-theres-this-fic-with-an-amnesiacerror,
https://68.media.tumblr.com/6d4c1b18a6e054677ce28ed2dfdcc911/tumblr_orsr36Hvf41wq9bs2o1_1

I feel so special~
And yeah, I’m back from vacation, so updates will resume when I’m not feeling lazy!
Enjoy all ya thirsty vultures!
(Oh god I’m so tired, 10:52 oh god!)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Crispy bacon crackling on a greasy pan and the sweet honey scent of homemade french toast along with the hushed volume of the over joyous Teletubbies was the perfect way to set the mood for today’s morning.

Ink leisurely poked at his second helping of bacon before impaling it with his fork and sending it off on a journey to fill his non-existing stomach. The sensation of the crisp piece of meat along with the grease overwhelming his magical tastebuds satisfied his hunger with every bite.

This is the only reason he gets out of bed every morning; to make food, and then eat it instantly. And for the fact that he’s the protector of all AUs and everything can perish a torturous demise because he didn’t feel like leaving bed today. But it’s fine, he got used to the pressure by now.

Ink turned to glance at the glitchy skeleton seated besides him on the couch. The latter chewed internally on a cold loaf of french toast, all the while eye sockets engrossed to the show on the TV.

Ink never understood why Error took an interest to this monstrosity. Maybe it had secret messages scattered across the show to brainwash innocent viewers to a life of hatred. Or it was just a really good kids show.

Ink’s gaze passed by Error as he looked to the floor. Seated by the couch which he resided on contained a small pile of blankets and pillows neatly stacked on top one another. The same bedware that he’d given to Fresh for the night. Who would’ve thought that Fresh was capable of being tidy for once. And he didn’t suspect Fresh even leaving to begin with, he thought the emotionless skeleton would have stayed with his little “bro”. But what was he expecting with Fresh, the guy who cared for no one’s feeling, the guy that would cause havoc for the Star Senses whatever chance he got, the guy who would blurt out anything without a second thought, succeeding on make the matters worse or just all out cringe-worthy. The guy who almost KILLED Error! And now he just left without saying anything, talk about family drama.

And on that note, he lost his book...great.
Ink angrily chewed the remaining scraps of his breakfast bacon, the juicy meat seemingly lost its flavor by now, only leaving a raw taste in his mouth.

Error watched Ink as he finished up his plate, sadness visible in the amnesiac skeleton’s poorly dimmed eye lights.

“Hey Error, what’s with the look?”

“You’re not mad at Fresh, are you?...”

“...w-wel-”

“Is it me-”

“No Error, I’m not mad at you! You did nothing wrong!” Ink quickly insisted. Part of him wanted to punch himself in the face for stuttering like that. He wish he could just explain how Fresh can be at times, but this is Error we’re talking about. Super naive, lacking knowledge of the world around him, too forgiving. Heck, he still doesn’t seem to mind that half of the people he met have tried to kill him!

Error tilted his head at Ink’s sudden response. “Then why are you mad? Is it because he left early or about yesterday? I miss him too, but I know he’s going to come back! He’s my brother after all!”

“Error,” Ink forced out. “I know you care about Fre- your brother. But, he’s not...the best person in the world. What I’m trying to say-”

Sadly, Ink didn’t have a chance to expose Error’s emotionless brother. For the front door of Ink’s house was suddenly blasted to obliteration from 90’s earrape music blasting at full volume and bright blinding neon lights leaked into the house. Thankfully, the couch that the two skeletons were seated on was moved to face away from the door, so the two skeleton’s wouldn’t have to suffer from a 90’s stroke for the second time. Amongst all the kool kat chaos that now ensued the creators home, all the rad lights and music slowly faded, leaving a colorful clothed skeleton on top of a skateboard in the middle of the living room.

Both skeletons on the couch immediately hopped off. One held a huge welcoming smile, while the other was ready to erupt a flood of rage.

“What the funk have you done Fresh?! You destroyed my house! Can’t you walk in like a normal person for once, is that to much to ask of you?!” The radical skeleton just shrugged with a dopey smile. “Mah bad Ink, sorry. Oh, hey Error bro, what’s up?”

Ink could only stand helplessly as Error rushed towards Fresh, both chatting away as the brush-wielding skeleton scanned the demolished doorway. Now his morning of relaxation would be scheduled with cleaning and repairs. After that, a funk ing terrible day of labor.

-----

“I thought you left forever! I wanted to have breakfast with you today.” Error explained to the 90’s skeleton beside him on the couch. The two had been sharing meaningful conversations as they watched a stressful Ink swipe up all crumbled wall and door debris that littered the carpet from Fresh’s radical entrance.

“Sorrys for worrying yo head bro, been doin home crib biz. But don’t fret mah brah, I gotcha somethin!”
Fresh’s sudden surprise sparked a new curiosity in Error, in Ink as well, who just finished repairing his front door.

With the snap of his fingers, a cloud of rainbows appeared in the air before dropping to Error’s lap. “Surprise brah!” Error immediately squealed in delight, holding up his new present for the world to see.

“...a furby?”
“Not just a lame furby bro,” Fresh corrected. “A rare and limited edition rainbow furby right on 1990’s to be exact!...at least at mah crib.”

“Thank you Fresh, it’s so pretty!”

Fresh smiled proudly, blatantly ignoring Ink’s cold stare. “Ur all welcome bro! What’cha gonna name ur new dank friend?”

Error looked down at the robotic creature as it blabbered nonsense and meaningless songs, lost in thought for the name of the nightmare kids toy.

“Frinky!” Error shouted out without a warning, seeming pleased with the name choice.

“Why ‘Frinky’, Error?” Ink asked out of curiosity from the bizarre name.

“It’s stands for you guy!” Error explained. “I didn’t want to give it a name without sound weird and confusing, so I combined your names and got Frinky!”

It took Ink a moment to fully comprehend the hidden joke behind Error’s innocent name combination. Error, the little amnesiac skeleton, made a ship name with Fresh and himself.

He wanted to puke.

Glancing at Fresh, Ink could see the skeleton sitting motionlessly on the couch. But if he didn’t have does ridiculous yolo glasses, Ink was sure that the other’s eye sockets would be filled in darkness as his mind trapped him the endless cycle of agonizing screams.

An irritating alarm rescued Ink from his sinful crisis as he instantly directed his attention to the watch hidden under his left sleeve.

12:00…. Oh stars, he has to go check on the AUs! Yesterday he let it slide for one day, today he has to go! But that means leaving Error home alone…with Fresh. If only he could call Blue or something, but it’s too late now.

“Error, listen. I have to go check on the AUs for a little bit. You’ll have to stay home with Fresh until I get back, okay?”

Error nodded. “Okay, Ink!”

“And you,” Ink’s eye’s landed on Fresh. “Don’t do anything stupid. Keep an eye on Error, read the book I gave you, if you still have it, and don’t, leave the house. Got it?”

Fresh gave a thumbs up in reply.

Ink said his last goodbyes, one with a warm smile and the other with a deathly scowl, before vanishing into a summoned portal. As soon as the portal evaporated, Fresh lifted up his backward cap, revealing the book that Ink had given him the previous day nested on top of his noggin. Flipping
through the book’s pages, Fresh stopped at a specific chapter and proceed to read what the page had to offer. Through the whole exchange, Error sat awkwardly on the couch, occupying himself with Frinky, occasionally kicking his dangling feet and sneaking quick glances at Fresh. The sudden slam of a book being shut made Error jump in place and turn to a grinning skeleton.

“Ur in luck bro,” Fresh claimed. “Cuz I just found da best place u’ll have a ball time at!”

Error blinked in confusion. “Where?”

Fresh adjusted his yolo glasses before revealing his great discovery. “We mah friend, are going to Circustale!”

His reply just left more questions for the glitchy skeleton as he continued to blink absentmindedly. Once again, Fresh adjusted his glasses. “We going to a fun place.”

Error’s eye lights formed stars at the simple response, but he quickly shook his head in disapproval. “But, Ink said we had to stay home.”

Fresh smirked, rolling his eye lights that were covered by his glasses. “Well, he don’t need ta know that we left. It’ll be a bro secret. Ya’know, between we bros.”

Error was still a bit reluctant on Fresh’s idea, but...Fresh was technically right. And besides, what could possible go wrong?

“Okay, let's go!”

Fresh grinned at the glitchy skeleton’s surrender. “Yeah bro, that’s what I’m taking ‘bout! And one more thing!”

Fresh pulled off his cap, and resetting it on top of Error’s head, along with his yolo glasses which magically attached to skull.

Though mostly confused by the gesture, Error felt giddy wearing Fresh’s accessories. He had no idea how he look, but he probably looked really cool! Fresh on the other hand, looked like a completely different monster (or Sans). His eye lights were a bright violet color, making him look more mature than his actual nature. “You look funny without your glasses!” Error giggled.

Fresh shot gunfingers at Error. “And u mah bro r lookin fresh !”

The dressed up skeleton was now it a fit of childish laughter, leaving Fresh wonder to his troubled mind. Most of Carnivaltale is unaware of Error, but this lil’ disguise will be a easy b-plan. Beside, he’s too cute in ‘em.

“Alright bro, we better get movin if we wanna have a ball!” He opened up a portal beside himself. Normally he would have summoned his magical skateboard, but after the incident from yesterday, he didn’t want to risk breaking Error’s bones. The portal would have to do for now!

The two skeletons entered the portal, their little conversation cut off as the magical entrance closed in on itself. The house devoid of any more laughter or voices.

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To set the mood (also cuz I like it)

Happy go lucky music played throughout the crowded revelry. Children’s laughter soar with
carousels and screaming rows of joy were heard alongside the dashing roller coasters. The daunting smell of greasy foods and other classic appetizers lingered from the many food trailers littered the carnivals ground, luring monsters and humans alike to their trap of goodness. From pinballs knocking over, to toy guns shooting plastic bullets at their cutout targets.

All these clusters of events and excitement made the perfect diversion for the unexpected portal appearing out of the blue. Two skeletons suddenly popped out from the magical vortex, seconds before disappearing as quickly as it appeared. One of the two skeletons took a moments to pinpoint their current location as the other stood by, eagerly awaiting the said skeleton’s reaction. And it was...unexpected to say the least.

Error just froze. Not saying anything, not even flinching when people bumped into the rigid skeleton. Fresh walked over to Error, full on panic mode. He nudged the skeleton, even shook him a bit too much one his adrenaline started rushing.

“Error? Bro ya there?”

A strange beeping sound was all that warned Fresh before a bomb of energy switched inside of Error.

“OH MY GOSH! THIS PLACE IS AMAZING !! WHAT IS THAT?! SO COLORFUL!!! GLAH OH GLOSH HAHAHAH!!!”

The insane skeleton now twirled around endlessly, pointing at all the things his sockets laid on. Passerbys giving stares of concern and abash as they walked by. Poor Fresh all the while was now splayed on the unhygienic ground. Only one thing replayed in his mind.

“...forgot he reboots…”

-----

Fresh knew he would have a rad time with his bro Error on this fine bro day. But in reality, it was the diggity best bro day in his life.

They played at all the game booths and a fair share of carnival food. And even though Fresh was now currently broke, it was worth it.

All those booth games that Error played, he mostly did for fun or those sick cheap carnival plushies. Who didn’t want those?! But sadly, Error lost every single one. But Fresh was determined to win his bro some plushies, and what better way to waste all your gold on rigged carnival games?

In the end, Fresh won most of the prizes that Error craved. In return for his deeds, he was rewarded a big hug and a warm smile. That's all he really wanted.

As for snacks, Error really just wanted all the cotton candy. So he gave his angel bro all the cotton candy, plus some fun dip for himself.

On rides however, Fresh decided to go on the more kid safe attractions. Not that Error complained though, because the kiddie train was the raddest things he’s ever gone on, and quote. But, he did enjoy the ferris wheel with Fresh. Seeing the whole carnival layout and people below sparked him with a sense of familiar tranquility.

The two had just finished their fifth lunch break, Error sat impatiently in his seat as Fresh licked the rest of the cherry-flavored powder from the rather small packaging.
It was slowly turning dark, meaning that the two would have to leave soon if they wanted to beat Ink back home. Error expected for most of the people to leave by now, but more seemed to be pooling in by each minute, odd. More people meant longer lines, and both skeletons planned one more trip to the ferris wheel before leaving.

Fresh finally finished his sugary treat, respectfully throwing the plastic wrap into the nearby trash can. Error bolted up from his seat and pranced into the busy sidewalks to the ferris wheel, Fresh followed in a steady pace behind.

With the day slowly turning darker, Fresh should’ve kept in mind that sunglasses in the dark were definitely not a wise decision, especially if a so called Error was the one wearing them and running through a crowd of people.

Error plastered smile grew wider as his eyes lights spotted the outlines of the ferris wheel just a few meters away. But suddenly, he felt a sudden force slam against him as he collapsed onto the ground. He felt someone nearby stumble just as he had. He forced himself on his knees and looked over to whoever he happen to crash into. He saw a small human child, rubbing their forehead. They were in a purple and blue sweater with royal blue pants that seemed to have strapped over their shoulders. Their murky hair fumbled from the fall, or lack of care. Error now noticed the sudden brightness as he looked around. Everything seemed brighter and more colorful. Looking on the ground, he spotted Fresh’s glasses.

A soft mumble earged Error to look back up at the child. They seemed to finally opened their eyes, they were a light hazel color. Those hazel eyes slowly drifted towards Error, and abruptly shrunk upon contact.

Before Error even had a chance to speak, the small child leaped up screaming bloody murder and dashed the other direction, flailing their arms in the air. All to get away from Error.

The confused skeleton didn’t have much time processing these bizarre events as he felt someone quickly lift him up to his feet.

“Fresh?”

The other paid no attention to the amnesiac skeleton as he picked up the fallen glasses and placed them back onto his face, forever hiding his eyes from the world.

“Fresh? Whats going on? Aren’t we going to the ferris wheel?” Error continued asking as the 90’s skeleton proceeded to open a portal, pulling the other in with him.

“Fresh, what’s wrong?”

“...nothin bro, we just gotta go.”

-----

The house was dead silent, the dim light of the outdoor lamp allowed a peak of light from under the curtains. The coast seemed clear.

Fresh released a loud sigh of relief, Error slumped against Fresh his eyes fighting the yearning desire of sleep in his bed.

The living room lights were switched on without a warning, causing Fresh to face the light switch, almost knocking Error to the ground.
There leaning on the wall with hand on the switch, was Ink. Under his sockets were dark heavy bags, and his whole attire looked like a mess. His scarf dangling pathetically around his neck, everything unorganized really. And he. Looked. FURIOUS.

He raised an eyebrow at Fresh. “So, where have you two been?”

Fresh felt himself sweating. He gulped for a quick fresh of air. “W-well, Error and I had a lil’ bro day a-”

“We went to the carnival!”

“I see,” Ink scratched his chin. “And why does Error have your hat, were you two playing dressup?”

“Yes, it was fun! Fresh let me wear his glasses too!” Error answered for Fresh once again. “But then I bumped into someone and the glasses fell off. They ran away after that.”

Ink’s eye light shrunk slightly at the last sentence. Fresh flinched at Ink’s flash of demeanor, but forced himself to remain straight.

Ink walked forward to Error, he smile softly before asking. “Did you two have fun?”

Error beamed back. “Yeah! We played a bunch of games and Fresh won a lot for me! He said he transported it into my room so we wouldn't have carry it. We had cotton candy and candy dip, it was yummy! And we went on a lot of ride, and I went on a train, and we went on the ferris wheel ten times!”

He ended his story with a loud yawn before looking back up to Ink. “And now I’m tired…”

Ink smiled. “Then why don’t you go to bed, I’ll tuck you in real soon.”

Error nodded. He took off the propel cap on his head and returned it to Fresh, before turning to the stair and into his room. Once they heard the door click, Ink shot his head back to Fresh. The 90’s skeleton forced a smile, awaiting whatever punishment the creator had in store for him.

“How fun was it?”

Fresh blinked bewildered at Ink, but chose to answer the skeleton’s question than to anger him further.

“As rad as they could get. Best part the ferris wheel though.”

Ink nodded. “Did anyone else see?”

“Nah, just Carnivaltale Frisk. But it don’t really matter, only they know Error.”

Ink sighed in relief, rubbing at his tired socket before speaking again. “I’m gonna go tuck Error in a call it a night, you staying over?”

“Nah, I gotta go back to Paps. Been complain’in. I’ll see ya soon thou.”

Summoning his skateboard, he hopped on, about to skate to his AU. “Hey!”

Fresh glanced over his shoulder, spotting Ink with a genuine smile.

“Just don’t do this again, alright.”

“…Sure bro.”
Writing words for Fresh is so hard.
Skelly Dayz

Chapter Notes

Just some A Day in Life for skeletons. Mostly fluff, please. :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Just like any other Sans, Ink wasn’t really a morning person. The only thing that could ever get him out of bed were his obvious responsibilities of being the guardian of all AUs, and whatever shenanigans Error decided to toss himself into.

And due to Error devoting his time to become the creator’s personal alarm clock, Ink began to get up at the same of everyday. 6:30. And he hated it.

Opening his eye sockets, his vision took time to adjust before he began his struggle of escaping his sanctuary. As soon as he was released from the warm covers did he realized that he had been on autopilot. And Error didn’t even wake him!

With a whine of frustration, Ink slapped both hands on his face in an apathetic manner. Mostly due to his still drowsy mind, it was more of a pat on the checks to work up his mind.

But if he woke up on his own, was Error still asleep? He was probably just tired from yesterday. He did stay up past curfew.

“Hmm, better make breakfast.” With that in mind, Ink stumbled towards the exit, not even bothering to change out of his nightly garments.

Just as he departed from the stairs, the smell of burnt pancakes hit him right in the face. His dazed mind instantly shifted to motherly mode. Mostly due to his still drowsy mind, it was more of a pat on the checks to work up his mind.

But if he woke up on his own, was Error still asleep? He was probably just tired from yesterday. He did stay up past curfew.

“Hmm, better make breakfast.” With that in mind, Ink stumbled towards the exit, not even bothering to change out of his nightly garments.

Just as he departed from the stairs, the smell of burnt pancakes hit him right in the face. His dazed mind instantly shifted to motherly mode. Did someone break into their house? Were they planning to burn it down? The skeleton scampered into the kitchen, nearly tripping over himself in the process. Once meeting the doorway with his paintbrush already in hand, he was prepared for anything awaiting him.

Well...anything is an understatement. For the intruder Ink suspected to be hidden in the kitchen, was none other than a flour-covered Error with pancake batter splotched along his cheekbone, armed in-hand with a cup full of water next to the now messy electric stove with a burning pan of pancakes. It didn’t take a Temmie to figure out what Error had planned out for his current epidemic.

“Error, NO!!”

9 minutes later....

Even with the window opened and bottles of empty Freshbreze (basically febreze covered in neon marker by you-know-who) were know stuffed into the trash, the kitchen still lingered with the ever nose-scrunching stench of burnt batter. And with said batter still burnt onto Ink’s only good frying pan, he decided to just order interdimensional instead. (Cuz that totally exist in the multiverse, don’t
While the two enjoyed their short-notice breakfast, Ink took it upon himself to repeat and add additional house rules so Error wouldn't risk harming himself, the house or anyone around him for that matter.

“Never pour any more water on an electrical fire Error, remember that our stove is electrical. Asides from the stove, don’t pour water on the T.V, microwave and anything else with wires. Common Error, I already taught you what napkins are for so please wipe your face, it’s covered in grease and sauce!”

“I’m sorry.” The amnesiac skeleton responded for the 19th time without the repeated tears flooding from his sockets. He leaned over to the stack of napkins in the center of the table and proceeded to wipe his face from the stains. A total of seven helpings were taken to remove all saucy residue off himself.

“I’m sorry, Ink.” Error announced once more. “I just wanted to make you breakfast myself. I saw you do it hundreds of times before, the recipes stuck in my head!” He pointed to his skull with a tenacious smile “Mentally.”

The creator face lessoned into a tired smile. “Yeah, well next time ask me to help you. You may know how to make it, but you don’t know how to use stoves. You don’t cook everything at the highest temperature.”

“But it’s faster!” The other protested to his own beliefs.

“More like a fire hazard. Anyway, finish your pizza. We can watch one or two cartoons, but then we have to start practice.”

“Error, your D’s and B’s wrong, you switched them again! I thought you told me you got it.”

The glitchy skeleton’s only reply was a loud groan of frustration, as well as the slam on the table, indicating that the monster had enough.

Ink, however, wasn’t by all fazed from Error’s fussing, he was immune to it by now. Wait for the skeleton to tire himself from the fume burning him up, and then negotiate with him.

“Error, if you promise not to whine anymore, I’ll let you watch Teletubbies an hour longer before bed. AND, I’ll let you pick which book you’d like to start reading next.”

The multi-colored eye lights in Error’s eyes were warped into colorful stars when he shot up from his lifeless state. The paper and pencil in Ink’s hand were violently torn from his hold as the glitchy skeleton raced to complete his task. Marking each question with pure concentration like a worker bee. Pure determined ignited from the monster’s soul. Enough to appease all Frisks and Charas from all the multiverse.

It didn’t take long for Error’s quest to be fulfilled. His paper neatly written with the correct letter and form of the alphabet. Sadly, the same couldn’t be said for the pencil. It’s freshly sharpened tip had reached an inch away from the evaporated eraser. If you looked closely, you might even see smoke rise from the level lead. It was a miracle that the paper didn’t ignite in flames from the contact.

“Did I do good?”
Ink switched his gaze between the impressive paperwork and then back to a beaming Error, stars still caught in his eyes.

“Y-yeah.” He gulped. “Good job Error. Now with that out of the way, we can start drawing. Just, don rip through the paper please?”

-----

“Ink? INK!”

“I’m right here Error! What is it? Are you hurt?!”

The brush-wielding skeleton ejected from his seat at the picnic table near the outskirts of his patio. The table positioned perfectly between the slide-in back door into the house and planted overhead of it, the cool shade from a nearby oak tree blocking out any sunlight for an ideal place to enjoy the day and of course, draw without the sun getting caught in one’s eyes. And of course, these conditions always managed to engross the creator into his work. The rest of the world vanished around him as he drew on and on. But with Error to take care of, these habits needed to end.

Dropping his sketchbook and pencil on the table, he quickly rushed to where the amnesiac skeleton called from his spot in the further west side of the backyard. With enough action figures and his furby to keep him entertain, along with whatever he imagined from that point on.

Upon Ink’s arrival with endless supply of horrific scenarios replaying in his mind, Error’s location in the backyard was a partly shaded spot on the rich grass. What appeared to be a mini hand-made hole with loose chunks of dirt with various shapes and sizes filling it. Some of the dirt managed to venture out of the ground and along the shamrock field.

“Error, what is it?” Ink asked.

Error, whose back faced the latter, turned his head back. A rather distressed expression was visible to the naked eye. “I was digging a hole for the people, but then Frinky wanted to go in too! And now their dirty!” He raised the furby to confirm his testimony, and sure enough, dirty had managed to edge its way into the furby’s beak. Clumps of dirt held onto strands of the rainbow fur, and faint signs of dust coated the robotic creature in extra filth.

“Error…” Ink groaned. This was the third time ‘Frinky’, had gotten themselves covered in any substance barely possible to remove without completely ruining the robotic exterior.

“I’m sorry!” The skeleton cried out desperately. “It was an accident. I didn’t think they would get this dirty!” His eye sockets threatened to spill out salty tears, and how Ink hated them on the glitchy skeleton.

“No, no. Error, it’s fine,” He cooed. “I know it was an accident. But please be more careful from now on, okay. I’m gonna scream if I have to clean them one more time after this, and we wouldn’t want that to happen.”

“Yeah,” Error’s tears depleted from his sockets. A vocal apology was always successful in soothing in times of the skeleton’s distress. “Like the time we first met! You looked like you really wanted to scream.”

Error smiled at the ‘fond’ memory, not noticing Ink’s skull darken into a guilty demeanor.

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“Where are we going, isn’t it bedtime? You said yourself you can’t wait for bed!”

The inner clash in Ink’s mind struggled for control to keep his mouth shut before ruining the surprise he had planned beforehand. But Ink isn’t known for being the most secretive Sans when it came to surprises. So containing himself was slowly killing him on the inside. He couldn’t wait for Error’s reaction!

*Just wait Ink. Be patient.*

“We’re just going for a evening stroll Error.” Ink replied abruptly. “You know, get some fresh air!”

Ink’s response made Error raised an non-existing eyebrow in suspicion. Ink mouth instantly shut closed with an almost forced smile stretched across.

Whatever Ink was hiding, he didn’t know wether to be excited or greatly disturbed.

“All right.” Ink’s voice dropped Error back into the present. The amnesiac skeleton watched in awe as the tip of the creator’s magical brush swept in circles on the floor. Not to long after, a portal filled into the shape.

“So ya. This is gonna be a little field trip before bed. You ready?”

Ink’s smile lessened to a more genuine one when Error shook his head vigorously. And with that they both jumped into the portal. Once reaching the ground, Error instantly examined his surrounding, but when he gaze shot to the sky above him, he froze.

Microscopic dots littered the heavens unevenly above. They winked and danced around the sky to show off their midnight performance that anyone would clarify superlative.

Error never took his eyes of those stars, and Ink was fine with that. The two skeletons nested on the ground and soon enough, doze off. It’s possible that the slight tinkling of stars lulled the monsters to sleep. As well as the love in the air.

*Chapter End Notes*

What do you call a herd of Frisk? Friskesess…?
“All the AUs seem fine from what I can tell. Not one was destroyed or tampered with when I check them on my rounds.”

“I haven’t sensed anything negative feelings. Either something happened to Nightmare or he’s planning something.”

Ink bit his lips. Though nothing bad had considered, just with the report Dream had informed him with along with reports of other Sanses and AUs, he knew something bad was brewing underneath their noses. He was currently seated on the couch as Error, Frinky and an unannounced Fresh colored on the floor while enjoying breakfast with french toast, much to Error’s dismay.

Though it was only Error who was drawing in his notebook given to him by Ink, Fresh watched in silence as he stuffed his fifth helping of french toast. Most of Error’s sketches were crudely drawn everyday items, teletubbies or memories from the past.

“Even if Nightmare’s attacks have ceased,” Ink spoke into the receiver. “we have to strengthen our defence. Nightmare may be plotting something greater than our forces can hold. He might even reach Undertale if he strikes now!”

“I know Ink,” Dream spoke from the other side of the phone. “but don’t worry. Cross and I’ve come up with a few strategies and locations to be vigil of.”

Ink’s downcast demeanor was lifted slightly by the literal embodiment of positivities’ assurance.

“Thank’s Dream, we need all the support to fight against whatever Nightmare has in store. Do you think you can come over so we can discuss more privately?”

“I already made plans to come over. Cross and I will be over shortly, as soon a-

“Both of you?!” Ink’s raised voice made both skeletons on the floor flinch violently, making one almost choke on his french toast.

“Dream,” Ink whispered into the phone as he ran to the kitchen to shield his voice from the other skeletons. “Cross hates Error! He’s the reason Cross almost destroyed the multiverse! He must’ve told you that thousands of times.”

“...I forgot…”

“Can’t you just tell him to stay?”

“Ink, Cross is my guard. Well, my self-proclaimed one actually, but it takes hours for me to convince him to let me be! He already made up his mind...I’m sorry…”

Ink inhaled deeply before he answered the skeleton on the phone. “It’s fine, Dream, it’s fine! I got this, don’t worry everything is FINE !”

“I-Ink, you’re scaring me-”

Ink dropped his phone on the counter as the call ended. Sometimes he really hated Cross for his
stubbornness. But it’s fine, if Cross was going to crash in here to escort Dream, he could totally hide Error somewhere unsuspiciously before Cross and Dream come in an unknown time!

When the paintbrush-wielding skeleton exited from the kitchen, both skeleton on the floor appeared to be waiting for him. Error sat patiently, awaiting a response for Ink’s outburst. Fresh’s smile was adjusted to a frown which clearly showed an sour demeanor. He was brushing off the regurgitated crumbs of toast and saliva smeared on his face with his sleeve of his jacket.

“You were talking with Dream?” Error asked curiously. “Is he coming over?”

Ink nodded. “Him and I are just going to be talking about stuff, nothing to worry too much over.”

“Then why ya screamin like it’s the end of the world brah?” Fresh shot up to his feet, which caused some crumbs of toast on him to trickle to the floor, making a greater mess.

“Well,” Ink began. “A friend of Dream’s is also coming over and -”

“A new friend!?” Shouted an amnesia skeleton.

“NO, no. I mean...well...Dream’s friend isn’t used to strangers that much. Plus, we’ll be talking about boring stuff the whole time. We also can’t have interruptions, so I’m asking if you and Fresh could go to your room until they leave?” Ink played with his hand through the whole white lie, stopping when he placed his hand behind his back. “Can you do that for me, please?”

Error raised an eyebrow at Ink’s awful allot of skittishness, but sighed in defeat. “Okay...but when will I meet them?”

“When the time is right!” Ink answered hastily with a stretched grin. “Now go on to your room.”

As soon as Error climbed up the stairs and shut his door, Fresh turned to Ink in confusion. He was acting weirder than he had ever been. But he was met with peevied Ink.

“Don’t let Error out of his room no matter what!” He spat out. “I don’t want him getting beat up for the third time he’s met someone!”

“...U got’it brah!”

Fresh teleported away just before a portal summoned behind Ink. He violently turned to face his guest with an endless scream of suffering replaying in the back of his head telling him that this would go badly and Error would die a bloody death.

“Hey Cross, it’s been a while! You want some chocolate?”

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Fresh sat crisscrossed on the bed as he servalinced Error drawing flowers of all color in his already filled notebook. The two had small talk as the clock ticked forward. Most of the time, they didn’t make sense, and the conversations would die and then rise from the dead.

“What do you think they’re talking about?”

“Boring Einstein stuff, bro.”

“Hey, I’m smart! I should be down there to then!”

“Yeah, bro.”
“What’s your favorite color?”

“We should alert Classic Sans to be aware of Nightmare’s possible takeover, we need all Sanses on
guard. Blue and his Papyrus already received our notice, so now we should try to convince Underfell
and Swapfell to watch for anything unnatural.”

“If we can get them to stop throwing their bone attacks at us.”

“Don’t worry, I think I’m getting through to Underfell Sans. He’s almost like you, but with anxiety
and an edgy persona.”

“I’M NOTHING LIKE THAT!”

“Cross, please focus.” Dream pleaded. “Anyway, I’ve managed to make an agreement with
Reapertale. Since the gods are somewhat connected to the lives and death of other AUs, they’ll let us
know if monsters and humans from an AU is dying at a rapid rate.”

“You’ve been busy this week.” Ink imputed. He folded his hand on the table. “So... did you two
manage to squeeze a date in your tight schedule?”

“INK SHUT THE F-”

“Actually, Cross has asked to watch something called ‘Netflix’ with me. And said he wished to
‘chill’ with me while doing so. I haven’t been able to respond to him before he teleported away to his
room for the whole day.”

Cross stiffened as his cheekbones deepened to a light iris. “D-dream, can we not talk about this
now?”

“Wow Cross,” Ink shouted across the table. “I didn’t think you’d move that fast! You skipped all the
basic steps of romance. You should have read a dating manual or gotten advice from Blue.”

Cross’ already irritated demeanor was quickly updated to full rage. His glossy iris flush
overshadowed into a sickly violet over his whole skull. The poor hot-tempered skeleton clenched his
teeth together roughly to keep in the unholy rant of curses.

Ink too, covered his mouth to block the further insults his odd mind has conjured to further drive the
latter to insanity.

“Guys, please concentrate.” Spoke the only normal skeleton in the room. “You two can play when
the multiverse is safe.”

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In the room above the skeletons in the kitchen, Error continued doodling in his endless notebook. To
him, his drawings were getting gradually better than the constant empty pages with a blank canvas,
save for a single line in the center of each. Error seemed to really like that style of art.

But the amnesiac skeleton was willing to go out of his comfort zone and draw something a little
different. Ink called it ‘Still Life’.

The skeleton was currently attempting to draw a pillow that had fallen to the floor when Fresh
attempted to play ball with it. The pillow soon found its way to the floor when the 80’s style skeleton finally lost to himself and left the pillow forgotten. Error was grateful for his brother’s unplanned contribution to his new drawing.

Meanwhile, Fresh laid sprawled out on the floor bored out of his mind. Sure, he could teleport and get himself a gameboy or anything else really, but there were two things making a wall to his desires:

A: He didn’t want to leave Error alone.

And B: he just didn’t feel like it.

So on the bed he sat. He could hear the shouts and murmurs of the skeletons downstairs. Wonder why Error didn’t acknowledge the screams and possible swears.

And sure, Fresh could draw with ‘brother’, but doubt that the amnesiac skeleton had extra pencils or paper, so whatever. But he was still bored.

“Fresh, look! I finished!”

Fresh sat up from the bed questionably, but sat patiently to see what works Error has created this time around.

Error hurled himself onto the bed, it left the bed jerky on impact, but thankfully didn’t snap under the force. The amnesiac skeleton scooted over towards the latter, holding his notebook wide out for the two to see.

The drawing itself wasn’t a major failure that most would suspect. Sure, it had janky proportions and the pillow looked like a saggy bag of potatoes, but it was a good first attempt. Fresh gave a thumbs up, which Error lavished the positivity to his work.

“I wanna show Ink!”

Fresh plopped back down on the bed with a chuckle. “Sure brah. Ink will totally love it when he’s done with his biz.”

Error stared blankly at Fresh, but a darken demeanor soon formed on his face. And unbeknownst to both of them, the skeletons soul took on a darker shade. “But I wanna show Ink now!” Fresh stiffened at the latter’s sudden outburst. The rare emotion from Error quickly switched as his simple mind conjured a ploy. His soul bounced back to it’s innocent glossy white. “If I show Ink’s shy friend my drawing, then he’ll want to be my friend!”

He was acting like a Papyrus, this was not a good sign.

“Hey bro, ‘ember what Ink said ‘bout the “not coming downstairs under any circumstance?” I think he meant it, don’t ya think?”

Error pouted as he jumped off the bed and stomped his foot. “But you always break Ink’s rule and never get in trouble!”

“Cuz I got tons of warnings. Ink’s finally gonna throw me in the closet with the skeletons if we ditch his rules. I’m too fresh to die.”

Error raised an non-existing eyebrow at both Fresh’s possibly pun and his claim of skeletons in his closet. If so, why hasn’t he met them before? But his fumbled mind understood what the 80’s-styled skeleton meant by Ink’s rules. Things did tend to get heated between the two guardian skeletons
when the creator’s wishes were ignored altogether by his brother.

Error sighed as he collapsed back on the bed, surrendering over his self-proclaimed, foolproof plan in the back of his mind to spare his brother from the wrath of an blood-boiling Ink.

Fresh’s signature smile was plastered back in place when he scooted towards the dampened Error.

“Common, brah, there’re still plenty of things we can do! Like playz Duck Duck Goose, hold up we need more peps for that...but we can do a rad game Tic-Tac-Toe, or—”

As Fresh rambled on of possible games for the two to take part in, Error eye lights sank to the floor as he clutched his notebook. The skeleton’s grudge and negative demeanor still lingered as it slowly made its way crawling up Error’s soul, gradually consuming it in black. Sparks of magic glitched around the soul the more it agitatedly pinched the monster lifeform. The immediate sensation sent numbness throughout Error’s frame. He didn’t understand what had happened or why for the matter, Fresh had noticed the glitched skeleton’s tensed posture.

“Ya cool, bro?”

“I-I feel w-weird…”

“Whaddya mean?”

Error opened his mouth, but instead of an unsure answer, a cry of pain crawled out, causing Fresh to stumble on the floor in disarray. The glitchy skeleton’s soul was compressed roughly by the dark around. A pool of magic amongst the monster’s soul emploded. Error’s knelt down to the floor all the while his body began glitching briskly with bits of him disappearing and reappearing at random as the continual cord of pained screaming dragged on distortedly. The malfunction only worsened as Fresh watched helplessly on the floor.

With errors popping up in his sockets and the faint appearance of his ever famous navy tear marks streaking down his face, the skeleton’s soul finally found the right magic to summon a portal below him. The darkness coiling the soul vaporized into nothingness at once, and the unbearable pain all over Error ceased to exist.

Error’s mind was fogged for those quick seconds, but when he reopened them, he wasn’t in his bedroom anymore. He stood just before the entrance to the kitchen facing the living room. The heavily-dressed skeleton immediately shot up from his seat at the table, startling all the skeletons at once. His eyelights had taken a crimson red hue and a broad-steeled knife summoned in hand. He hurled over to table prepared to strike dead straight into the skeleton before him. But a tug on his scarf threw him back. If he had real lungs, the force would’ve likely choked him. Cross flipped his head back at the one who had halted his actions, teeth bared together like a savage beast.

Ink had managed to take a firm hold on Cross’ scarf before he could charge directly into Error just in nick of time, but he was still struggling with the knife-wielding skeleton’s persistence.

“INK, WHAT THE HELL?!?”
“Cross, please calm down!” Dream pleaded from his seat at the table. “We can explain, just please don’t hurt Error.”

The knife-wielding skeleton’s eyelights reverted to their prior colors, but took on a smaller form. His bearing teeth reverted back into his mouth, but was replaced by an expression closely resembling disbelief.

“...what?”

“We can explain, Cross, just please calm down and put down the knife! We don’t want anyone getting hurt.”

The skeleton hesitated at first, but obeyed at Dream’s request. The large weapon vanished into particles in the air. Error awed at its transition, which further meddled with Cross’ uneasiness. With the weapon gone, Ink finally released Cross’ scarf, liberating the other to breath in unneeded oxygen.

Cross turned to completely face the two Sanses with a much needed summary for this predicament. But upon them opening their mouths to start from the very beginning, the sound of a portal along with 80’s jams was heard as the summoner stepped through with quite an afflicted demeanor rather than his usual down to the bone tone.

“Ink brah, Error just zapped awayz and-oh. Sup bro!”

Error flailed his arms up in the air. “Fresh!”

Cross glared at the new arrival in disquest.

“IS THIS SOME KIND OF *FUNKING* REUNION?!”

“-so Blue asked me to keep him here incase the human in their world took on a genocide path.”

The two skeletons awaited the latter’s response, but the skeleton in question remained silent at the table, trying to process the information given to him. In the other room, Error had just gotten down the stairs, notebook in hand. Though he wanted to show Cross and Dream his new masterpiece immediately, Fresh had forbidden him from entering the room, saying that he could enter when adults were done talking. Thankfully this time, Error managed to take a hint, and the two skeletons took their seats on the couch watching a soon to wrap-up of an odd show by the name of The Adventures of Infinite-Fly. Error was rather bummed for the lack of Teletubbies being broadcasted for the day.

“...so he doesn’t remember anything? ”

Ink shook his head. “I’m pretty sure. I believe that it’s due to me resetting an AU when Error was still there. But this has never happened before, it could do much worse as far as we know. It could erase someone out of existence and no one would remember them, not even me!”

“Ink, we get it, we’ll be careful. Sheesh!...so now what?”

Dream placed a finger to his mouth. “We’ve already discussed temporary solutions for now and pinpointed AUs that may be within Nightmare’s interest. I just want to inform Ink on some of the theories you and I have come up with regarding Nightmare’s disappearance. You can go to the living room if you’d like.”
“Okay, sure.” Cross got up from his seat at the table and moved into the living room. Upon reaching the doorway, he soon came to realize the deep-seated trench he’d dug for himself unknowingly.

He’d have to sit in the same room with the most awkward Sans to date and a former psychopathic murderer of worlds that has now been reduced to clueless, amnesiac child. The one that caused Chara to take control of him, making him form an alliance with Nightmare and nearly corrupt the whole multiverse!

Yeah, no surprise that Cross still held a grudge.

Fresh’s eyes must’ve trailed from the cartoon on screen and noticed Cross in the doorway wearing a huge scowl. “Sup brah, long-time-no-see! Ya can sit with us if ya like.”

Error turned away from the TV on hearing Fresh speaking with someone else. When his eyelights met with the figure of Cross, he immediately straightened up and scooted to the right, leaving a spot dead in the middle for the knife-wielding skeleton to be seated at. Cross’ scowl only seemed to deepen as Fresh shot finger guns directly at him and Error patted the empty spot, instigating the him to take a seat.

Cross obliged reluctantly, trudging against the carpet floor until he finally arrived at the couch, in which he plopped lifelessly on. “So what’re you guys watching exactly?”

“Don’t know, but’ey, at least it’s got dope plot!”

The skeleton crossed his arms as he prepared himself to mindlessly watch whatever cringey, badly animated show played before him. But not even a minute passed before he felt a tug on his sleeve to his right. Though Cross seemed annoyed at the disturbance, he was somewhat thankful that he had somewhere else to draw his attention to other than the god-awful show before them.

As he turned to face the skeleton in question, the inside of a notebook was shoved near inches into his face. Cross had to nudge the book back a bit to actually see what Error wished to show him.

It appeared to be a sad sack pathetically left on the floor abandoned. The outlining seemed to have been heavily pressed on the thin paper, leaving large amounts of lead stuck to the surface and badly erased for the mistakes Error must’ve seen in his work. Has Ink been giving him lessons or was he going solo? And never would he have thought that the destroyer of worlds would actually have made something.

“It’s a pillow from by bed! Ink calls it a still-life.”

Oh...that made more sense...kind of.

“You pressed too hard,” Cross commented. “you made it impossible for yourself to erase anything on this, its just making more mistakes. Try lighter next time.”

Error flipped the notebook to see what mistakes Cross had pointed out. He bit his skinless lips. “I guess.” The skeleton returned his gaze to Cross. “How do you know to do it right.”

The heavily-layered skeleton’s eyelights looked to the side. “Ink taught me a while back. My art was trash back then. It still is, but less trashy.”

“Ink and I just draw stuff together. But he promised he’d teach me more soon enough, he’s just busy.”

Cross eyes fell back on Error. He dove his face deeper into his scarf. “...I could give you some tips if
you’d like, though I’m not an expert.”

Error’s mouth shot into a wide grin as his eyelight morphed into those of a classic stars, twinkling with delight. “Really?”

“Sure,” Cross shrugged. “not like there’s anything better to do.”

The glitchy skeleton hopped off the couch and up the stairs in a sprint, but managed to holler out something about “gathering supplies”, he probably meant more pencils or something. Cross leaned back into the couch’s soft cushions as he awaited the other’s arrival. To his left, he caught a glimpse of the 80’s styled skeleton wearing a far wider grin than his usual masked one.

“What?” Cross demand. He was feeling rather uncomfortable the longer the skeleton continued to stare at him with the somewhat forced smile.

“I knew u 2 would be chill! An’ here I thought i’d haveta take measures.”

The heavily-clothed skeleton curved his body away from Fresh in attempt to avoid the smoke of violet magic conjuring from his left socket. He did not want to deal with whatever plausible threats Fresh could come up with in his twisted mind. Fortunately, the bumping of Error upstairs could be heard nearing the stairs. The 80’s themed skeleton rose from the couch and moved towards the kitchen. His rousing magic ceased as he rose.

“Have fun brahs!”

Cross suppressed the instigate to unleash an avalanche of every swear known to Asgore, but it’d be pointless with Fresh’s unexplained ability to censor every word. So he sat there and await for Error to arrive for their mini art lesson.

-----

“-but I doubt that’s the case.”

Ink placed a hand to his forehead. Curse Nightmare always messing with them. For all they knew, he could be building an army of corrupted AUs right under their noses. His skull hurt from all the remote clues and plot holes Nightmare left behind for them mockingly to feebly use off of.

“Maybe we should-”

“Sup brahs, ya havin fun?”

“Oh my god, Fresh. Do you have to interrupt everything we do?”

“Yep.” Fresh helped himself to Cross’ abandoned seat as he started innocently at a rather confused Dream and an Ink 100% done with his randomness.

“Just came 2 hang out a bit.” The skeleton assured. “They’re havin an art lesson or somethin.”

“That’s nice. Maybe Cross will no longer hold a grudge if the two spend more time together.” Dream added rather pleased with his ‘guard’s’ actions.

“Okay, but why exactly are you in here for?” Ink pressed on rather sourly. “Don’t you usually stay by Error’s side when I’m busy?”

“Cross is you’re new babysitter 4 now! Plus...I have to tell you something.”

Fresh’s voice dropped to that of a classic Sans. His 80’s slangs also disappeared without warning,
making both Dream and Ink very uncomfortable, but also aware that Fresh was being dead serious at this moment.

“I think his magic resurfusus when he’s emotional. Almost glitchy-like. He was pretty upset before he teleported, wanted to come here. He also freaked out before teleporting, said he was hurting all over.”

Ink’s mouth was gaped opened as he tried to process the fact that Error’s magic was acting up out of nowhere and for the constant change in Fresh’s personality. Did the guy have bipolar or something?

Dream was the first to speak in a mumble, his voice soft as he tried pieced the words together to make actual sense. “That may be the reason why I felt negative energy for that short moment. I felt it before Error teleported in. It pinched like a thorn bush, but the pain vaporized as soon as Error used his magic.”

The other two skeleton stared wide-eyed at the guardian. “But of course,” Dream insisted, not wanting the others to panic. “It doesn’t mean Nightmare is near, it’s just that Error had high emotions of sadness and pessimism which may have triggered his magic to activate. But I’ve never felt that strong of a force before...not from an amnesiac adult skeleton at least...”

Ink.exe has stopped working.

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“You’re pressing too hard again.”

“Sorry.”

“Just draw lightly. If you like how it looks, then go over it harder.”

Error nodded and followed the other skeleton’s advice, tracing the precise line harder with the pencil. Cross drew circles all over his paper out of boredom, though the task was rather boring, the skeleton circles were slowly growing more and more accurate. If he kept it up, he’d be able to draw perfect circles without even trying.

“Hey, Cross?”

The heavily-dressed skeleton didn’t bother looking up from his paper. “Yeah?” He asked.

Error stopped drawing for a moment before answering. “Are you and Dream friends?”

The circle Cross was currently working on ended abruptly with a line sagging down to the bottom, leaving an incomplete shape. Cross could feel his face heat up and his mind boil with embarrassment. “Y-y-yeah, we are!” The skeleton managed to choke out with an coated face of violet. “But we’re closer than just friends. We’ve started going out a bit, so we’re...kinda...a thing...”

“Oh I get it...you’re really good friends!”

If Cross’ already deepend blush couldn’t get any darker, it had reached the point of a sickly dark purple wine as his face ridged in chagrin. His body curled up in itself to hide his shameful face, his voice in a cry attempt to redeem himself all the while still pitying himself for falling apart to an amnesiac’s blissfulness.

“...we’re dating...”

“Dating?”
Cross uncurled from his ball and gave Error a questionable look. Either the glitchy skeleton didn’t know what dating was or he was astounded by the two having a relationship. If it were the latter, Cross didn’t know if he had the willpower to suppress punching Error in the face for his mockery.

“You know, kissing, being with someone you love.” Error perked up in excitement. “And no you can’t just date anyone, they have to love you too!” Cross quickly explained, managing just in time to prevent another one of Error shenanigans involving miscommunication and having to take the blame for it.

Error relaxed back in his seat and went over the newly given information. “So I can date Ink or not?”

Cross could feel a smile form on him as his mind began generating ideas for a certain skeleton.

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“Ink, I don’t think an electric force field will fend off Nightmare, he enters into people’s minds when they sleep, not through the front door! And don’t even think about keep Error awake for the rest of his life just to ease your paranoia.”

“Well what if he takes over Error’s mind or something?!” Spat Ink as he paced back and force in the kitchen. “Or what if he somehow manages to convince Error to join him?!”

Fresh sprawled on his chair chuckled at Ink’s rallied mind. “Chill brah! I already told Error 2 never trust strangers. He’ll be fine!”

“Ink,” Dream calmly called the attention of delusional skeleton. “Nightmare would only be capable of controlling someone if they had an high amount of negative energy within them, and Error only had a small fit. I advice you keep an eye on him until we manage to trackdown Nightmare’s current location.”

Ink remained standing in place. A face contorted in both an dubious and drightful demeanor, a hit of the earlier paranoia  was still sensed on the skeleton. He was like a worried parent, and one could say a worried partner.

The tension in the room was finally released when Cross strut into the kitchen with Error in toll. Both seemed oblivious uneasiness of the skeletons prior to their entrance. Well, except for Fresh. He’s the chillest Sans!

Cross sat down in the spare chair at the tabe, arms folded as he watched Error dash over to the Creator with a ditzy beam.

“Ink!”

The skeleton in question forced himself to rid his mind from the far-fetched scenarios and turned to face the quiddy skeleton before him.

“Hey, Error, what’s up?” Ink asked, surprisingly with no hint of dread present. “Were you and Cross doing?”

“Cross helped me with draw better!” He explained proudly, but his face reverted to one with an neutral expression. “But I forgot to bring the drawing with me.”

Ink blinked confusingly at Error rather vacant facade. Was he acting up again? “Did you leave it in the living room?” He asked uncertainty. “You can go get it if you want. No harm done if you do you know.”
Error straightened mouth bent into a frown. “But I have to tell you something first!” He insisted rather hastily.

“Uh...okay?” Ink was getting really weirded out by the latter’s constant change in personality. “What’s tha-”

“I love you!”
The Creator could feel his non-existing soul stop in place. He looked down at Error, who smiled sweetly in return. He didn’t know exactly where that came from, though it probably from Cross, he couldn’t deny that it was one of the most heartwarming things he has ever heard.

“Oh, E-Error...that’s so sweet. I-”

“As a friend!”

Ink’s eyelights disappeared from his sockets, he looked empty for a moment. Wait...why was he shocked? He loved Error too, so why…

…

He was in love with an childish amnesiac.

Without looking behind him, he could tell that Cross was suppressing the rupture of mad laughter escaping from within him. Dream was probably sitting silently, oblivious to the clear indication of Ink’s awkward realization of both his romantic life and possibly a bit of his sexuality.

The brush-wielding skeleton could feel the glare of Fresh stabbing into his back. But he was too flustered to face him, knowing full well that Fresh had a few taunts and ridiculously bone chilling (heh) threats.

Error smile grew wider. “Cross told me to tell you by the way. He’s really good at explaining things to me. Can he be my new teacher?”

Faintly in background, Ink could hear the hushed whisper from the 80’s styled skeleton.

“dirty_sinne_youbetternotflippingdoanythingyou’llregretotherwiseyou’llhavetheworsetimeofyou’relifewouldyo”

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Dream and Cross left about four hours ago. Fresh eventually, though with much effort, returned back to his own AU in due time, with the the help of Error, who thankfully seemed to be catching on the recurring suspense in the air at time. The 80’s themed skeleton wouldn’t take his glare off Ink as if he were a child predator!

Now who was overprotective?

Error insisted on reading a book on his own tonight. He was picking up his reading skills faster than expected, and that was good to hear.

Ink walked past Error’s door and into his own. He rested his skull atop his pillow, already feeling the waves of slumber welcoming him to the darkness.

He’d forgotten all his worries of Nightmare.
The addition of special guestsans (kill me), Cross, was brought to you by Nichts, and some of the plot by Amythefangirlsfangirl55. Happy Holidays!!!
It’s Just A Nightmare

Chapter Notes

There may be some profanity in this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

He was in a dark room, or at least he thought it was a room. It was so dark, he couldn’t even see his hands.

He didn’t know how he got here, he didn’t know where Ink was.

Error looked around, still darkness. He’s never been here before, it was so empty; it scared him.

The skeleton tried to walk forward, but his feet just lifted up in the air. He couldn’t feel the ground under him, he just floated; as if hanging in the air on a string.

Or was he falling? He couldn’t tell. Either way - he didn’t like it.

Out of desperation, Error began flailing his feet about, as if the pheable act would magically free him from his mysterious prison. Of course, it did nothing but tire the poor skeleton. His whole body went limp in an instant, his arms and legs sank back down, sparking a new fear in the skeleton. The only thing he could move was his head.

Error desperately turned his head back and forth, searching for anything that might rescue him from this nightmare. A whimper escaped him as more stress ran through his soul; he could feel some glitches alter his body slightly from time to time.

The glitching skeleton looked up above, expecting the endless void of nothing to greet him back; but there was something else greeting him.

A single blue string dangled down motionlessly from the ongoing ceiling. It nearly reached out to him, but noticeably was off by a few inches.

Error seemed all too relieved for the tame object with him in this strange prison, a forced laugh echoed through the empty space.

Without warning, a second string appeared before the other, coming into existence like a fog drifting into a valley. And then another, and another, and another. The mythical strings scattered throughout the ceiling at random, filling in the void.

Error noticed something different about these new strings. First of all, they were lower than the other ones, and they seemed to have enwrapped common objects - from what he could tell.

But some of them felt familiar; he couldn’t describe it. One held a pillow, and another a notebook. He didn’t- wait was that Frinky?!

Error directed his full attention to the furry, rainbow object.
It was Frinky!...but why was he here? And why was he...broken…?

The robotic pet dangled on the string no longer held the appearance of the lovable friend given to him by Fresh, now it hanged mangled in the air, gashed apart. It’s body twisted till it’s robotic structure loosened into a spine. The now showing wires were shredded as they emerged from all places lacking the outside skin. And the fur? The beautiful rainbow fur was torn throughout the body, leaving bald spots on his presentable fur...or whatever minimum fur managed to survive.

Error’s body locked up at the horror. H-how could someone do this? Why would they do this?! Frinky did nothing wrong!

As more strings materialized in the black mist, each one held a damaged object the skeleton valued in his everyday life. His books, his pajamas, even the TV. All were ruined, destroyed, obliterated!

Error’s bones rattled as he looked on, as more and more strings appeared before him. But these ones were even lower than the rest. They too had damaged possessions tethered to them, but they weren’t objects that he interacted with, or even owned!

He saw Blue’s signature scarf, torn apart in a mess of fabric, holes large and small scattered throughout. Dream’s headpiece, dented in all directions beyond repair. Fresh’s radical shades, missing the left lenses and lacking the everchanging pop-out words. And Ink’s paintbrush, cracked all over and split in the middle, missing several strands of the tip of its hair.

W-why were his friend’s belongings here? Why were they destroyed?! Who could’ve done this?

He twisted his head back up in desperation of anything to soothe his mind, but what he saw only further pumped up his beating soul. The blue strings from high above were slowly disappearing and blending with the black void. A tar-like substance lazily climbed their way down from all the magical strings. Some of the tar broke free from the rest, falling down below into the abyss; a few nearly landed on Error, but by a miracle missed by a finger.

It was a sickening sight.

The tar-like substance engulfed everything in its path. Once complete with submerging a whole blue string along with whatever possession was held in its grasp, the now tainted string broke in half and fell down below. It was slow at first, with one or two falling per minute. But soon more and more began plummeting down into the pit below at a much faster rate. Raining down around Error, the chances of contact with the mysterious ooze increased with each flow.

In no time, the glitchy skeleton felt something cold drop onto his shoulder, soaking into his jacket, becoming a part of the fabric. He didn’t like the feeling - it was cold - it made him uncomfortable.

He felt another, this time on the top of his skull. Error went rigid as the ooze trailed down his head and on his back. It was really unpleasant. It made him angry, scared...confused?...

He didn’t like these feelings. Where were they coming from? Why was he still here? He wanted to go home. He wanted to be with Ink and his friends.

The lost skeleton looked up above. No more blue strings filled the dark void over him; some were halfway consumed by the unpleasant tar-like substance, showing off their colors before having them taken away by the darkness. More strings fell down from the tar’s viscosity, forcing them to break apart.

One was falling right over him, and before Error could react, it plopped right into his left socket.
The ooze was even colder than before, making his head numb in the process and somehow producing seer pain at the same time. Emotions flooded through his mind, unable to make anything out. The dark ooze clumping up in his skull seemed to grow heavier as if multiplying. Error could feel it moving against his skull within. The bountiful tar began to spill out from his sockets as more piled up inside. No sooner or later was it a waterfall of black ooze spilling out from both sockets, as well as the corners of his mouth.

It was disgusting - and oh it burned.

He wanted to scream, but with each time his mouth open just a little, he’d end up choking on the black tar, making the pain much worse and himself much sicker. It was suffocating - pure torture.

And for a moment, it all stopped. The ooze leaking from his sockets vanished without a trace as well as the ones he gagged and choked on. For a moment, he felt lightweight - as if he were flying; or rather falling.

Out of nowhere, the skeleton plunged down into the darkness below; it felt like he was free falling, and he expected to be stuck there forever.

But instead, he was thrown into an ocean of black tar, his body completely submerged in the frigid substance. Error had just merely been able to keep his head above the sticky ooze, but it didn’t stop the tar from entering his mouth from time to time, so screaming and begging for mercy from this ongoing torment wasn’t an available option for him. He continued his constant battle to stay afloat as he flailed his arms around and kicked his feet, he was already getting tired. His limbs ached and he felt about ready to barf out whatever ooze managed to slip its way into his nonexistent stomach.

He couldn’t do it anymore - it hurt - it wouldn’t stop hurting. He wanted it to stop.

...And it did.

Error woke up. He didn’t remember sleeping, what happened? He was back in the dark void; but this time, he was actually on the ground, not floating! He couldn’t see it, no, but he could feel it.

The glitchy skeleton got on his feet but almost stumbled back on the ground. His legs hurt so much, like being pierced with thousands of needles at once.

Why was he still in the darkroom? Why wasn’t he home yet? He really, really didn’t like this.

There was a chuckle.

It spread throughout the empty space, disappearing into nothingness as it traveled on its never-ending journey.

Error froze in place.

The sound was low, almost an octave, a demonic octave doused in a cavern of water. It wasn’t a cheerful chuckle that Ink or Fresh made, it was almost forced, but had some humor in it. A sick, twisted humor.

And what scared Error even more about the sound?

It wasn’t him.

Error shot around, his mind begging that it was simply Fresh, Cross, or anyone he knew playing a trick on him.
There stood a skeleton, much like himself and his friends. But this skeleton looked different. They presented themselves with a dark coal interior with no face. Their skeletal frame appeared to have a slimy surface, gooey-like. It looked similar to the dripping ooze from before dripping into his sockets and raining around him - choking him. But this skeleton was made from the ooze! Were they okay?!

The chuckle came again. This time, a face appeared on the figure. A single artic blue eye was placed on the left side of their face. Their right eye seemed nowhere in sight, perhaps it was concealed by the flow of ooze.

And then a smile curled up on their face.

It wasn’t a smile that made Error comfortable. The way it unraveled sluggishly into the wide grin from ear to ear sent a chill down his spine. It wasn’t a smile that Ink would give him, or Fresh, or Blue, or even Papyrus. This one didn’t look genuine at all.

Before he knew it, the skeleton’s black ooze began to rip apart, morphing into dripping tendrils coiling in the air around him.

They were like an octopus.

Error stared at the wriggling tendrils in horror. They were like separate entities, separate moving all on their own. But they were still attached to the figure.

And as if the skeleton could sense Error’s dismay, they cocked their skull to the side in a playful manner.

“Well,” they started. Their voice deep and warped. “it’s nice to see you too, Error.”

Error woke up in shock. His skeletal frame rattled all over, or it could have possibly been his rare glitching outburst causing him these tremors. Nonetheless, the sickening crawl of true terror over his bones still remained from his dream as fat tears slid from his cheekbones and fell down, dampening the covers of his bed. Even with no need to breathe, the skeleton’s body was filled with air rushing in and pushing out with each gulp he took; thankfully slowing down his soul with each intake. Not entirely, but faintly.

He wasn’t in the black room anymore. He wasn’t with the scary skeleton anymore. He was in his bed, in Ink’s house - their house.

So why wouldn’t the tears stop falling, why was his body still glitching, it was starting to hurt a little; like sitting afoot a large roaring fire, getting hotter and hotter; yet you could not step away.

The skeleton’s bedroom door was rammed opened and slammed against the wall, causing Error to jump at the loud thud. A hand was placed on his skull reassuringly. It was a soothing lullaby with no words needed, calming his soul to a steady thump and diming down the constant tears.

Error looked up, Ink stared down worriedly. “Error, are you okay?” He said. “I heard you scream; was it a nightmare?”

The glitchy skeleton opened his mouth to answer the other, but he froze. Wait, scream? What was Ink talking about? “I screamed?” He asked, confusion visible in his strained voice.
“Yeah, I fell out of bed because of it. It must’ve been a bad one, but it’s normal to usually forget.” The Creator didn’t seem all that concerned as he explained.

Error looked down on the bed. He didn’t remember screaming, not even in his dream. But if Ink said it was normal, then it was nothing to worry about. But what did Ink mean by “nightmares”? Are they like dreams but with a different name?

“So all my dreams are nightmares?” Error asked, hoping that this would give him a better understanding of the rather odd and unsettling visions he had as he slept.

Ink stared at Error questionably. “What? No; dreams are like happy thoughts or wonky stuff you see when you sleep. Nightmares are what you just had; something scary happening.” The skeleton explained, which only further gave the amnesiac skeleton a headache.

“So does that mean that I have nightmares all the time?”

Ink remained silent for a moment, blinking slowly as one would when woken up early in the morning by screams. He sighed with irritation before answer. “Error...no, I already told you; scary dreams are nightmares. Not weird or cool ones, scary ones.”

“But all my dreams have been scary, but this one was really scary. I was in a room floating and then there were blue strings holding our stuff, but they were all broken! And then weird black slime or something started falling down and it fell into my eye socket! I didn’t like the feeling. But then I fell into a bunch of it and then ended up back in the black room before any of that happened!” He finished off.

Ink was lost in thought, trying to process the elaborate dream told by the amnesiac skeleton. Wouldn’t Dream (the skeleton keep in mind) have sensed Error’s nightmares when he saw him or were they just really weird dreams. If so, he’d have to ask the guardian to check on that.

“Okay...wait, you have these kinds of dreams all the time?”

Error nodded. “But this one was different. At the end of my dream, there was this scary, octopus guy that I think was a skeleton like us; except they had the black slime all over him and a weird smile. They knew my name...I don’t know how, but they did. I don’t really like them, they scare me.”

The creator remained silent. Error felt a ping of worry in his soul as the skeleton’s eye sockets were lacking their mismatched eye lights.

Was Ink also scared by the dre-nightmares?

Suddenly, the brush-wielding skeleton grabbed Error’s ulna and pulled him off the bed and to his feet. Just as the skeleton tried to get his bearing at the abrupt action of the other, Ink had opened a portal before them and pulled the glitchy skeleton in with him without a word.

Once on the other side, Error could make out by their surroundings that they were in the living room of Blue and Papyrus. Error, of course, was flabbergasted by this change in the setting; and he was taken aback more when Blue and Papyrus were already in the living room apparently waiting for them! Blue seemed shocked at their appearance, seeming to be out of breath due to an unknown event before their arrival. Papyrus was seated on the couch, but he sat upright than his usual limp layout. He held a more serious demeanor and too was taken aback by the unexpected visit.

“Ink!” Blue cried out desperately before anyone else had a chance to say a word. “Dream just called me; apparently Nightmare is at Underfell! He sensed high negative energy and Cross saw Killer for a moment before he teleported away. I was just about to call you; common hurry!”
Error didn’t know what was going on, but by the sound of Blue’s quivering voice and more stressed Ink appeared to be, he could tell something dire was occurring.

“Papyrus,” Ink snapped. “watch over Error.”

Papyrus gave a nod of confirmation and the two star sanses hopped into a portal and vanished into thin air. The living room silent as the two remaining skeleton started idly.

Papyrus has gotten off the couch at this point, smoking a cancer stick with a more strained demeanor than his usual laid-back facade.

He looked down at the confused skeleton in the midst of all this chaos. It was like bringing a child to the New Home office and expecting them to fix all the political issues with a snap of a finger.

The tall skeleton let out a dry laugh, with intent to lighten this crazy situation.

“I’m sure they’ll be back soon.” He said confidently. “Probably some miscommunication or something.”

Error hummed in agreement, though his usual energetic voice seemed drained.

“Maybe.” The amnesiac added. “But I’m just glad the octopus guy didn’t follow Ink! But I don’t like them watching us; they have that weird smile again.”

-----

The air was dead silent; so thin that even a peep would break the tension. With the wind choosing to slumber, it leaves the barbed pines dangling lifelessly.

Blue and Ink had emerged from their portal in the deep pined forest in order to remain in secrecy from both the residence of Underfell and to the potential threats spotted here. There was no need to wait for the guardian of dreams and his guard, for they were already there waiting on the two; though their current expression seemed to dismay the newly arrived.

“Dream, where are they? Have not attacked yet or did they retreat?!” Ink demand. The creator wincing in anger and pain. It seems as if all the stress of the day was taking its toll on him mentally.

Dream winced at the outburst and gazed down at the ground cowardly. Sweat formed at the top of his brow and his mouth contorted into an unreadable shape. Cross took it upon himself to speak for the tongue-twisted monster.

"Ink," Cross began firmly, further worrying the new arrival. "I think Nightmare set up a trap for us."

Ink froze; his face taking on a mask deprived of emotion. Cross continued.

"Like Blue said earlier, Killer teleported away as soon as I got here. I looked everywhere but still couldn't find him; so I called Dream over to see if he could sense Nightmare, including Blue and you to help with the search. Only when Dream was definitely positive* that Nightmare or Killer didn’t do anything…"

Cross didn't bother finishing the sentence, he already figured Ink would be aggravated with this wasteful call, but what he didn’t expect was for the creator to abrupt lash out his paintbrush as well as a portal and sprang inside. The three skeletons, startled by this sudden course of action, rushed after him before the gateway ceased to exist.
“Ink, what are you-”

They were in the living room of Underswap. Blue and Ink were just there moments before; but now, the room was now in total disarray. The walls separating the living room from the kitchen at this point were simply gone, whatever remained of the house’s division had an abundance of bone puncturing through.

The rest of the house wasn’t any better. There seemed to be no area unchecked of bone magic impaling all in its path as well as a sprinkle of ash here and there. The TV was smashed against the hard floor, shards of glass encircled the demolished electronic as even more bone attacks were sent out on it, making it way beyond repair as it already was. The couch was flipped over forward and tore down into a mess of stuffing protruding from all sides.

All the skeletons stood in horror. How could this much mayhem occur in such a short period of time? Better question; what befell Error and Papyrus?

“Papyrus!?” Blue broke the overpowered silence with his strained shout. His frame trembled all over as he tried to keep his posture straight, but dearly failed at doing so. He could hold back the tears from pouring down his face, nor the hiccups that came with it shortly after. He was a bawling mess in no time, stuck in place and unable to conquer the overflood of emotions. Dream hurried over to the vulnerable skeleton in an effort to somewhat alleviate the burden thrown upon the latter. Cross, on the other hand, dashed toward the kitchen, undoubtedly to see if Papyrus and Error had hidden away in there. But it wasn’t long till he sped out of the room and up the stairs. Luck didn’t seem to be on their side at the moment.

Ink, finally released from his state of shock, looked about the room for some variety of comfort, for some sign letting him give him hope of Error and Papyrus okay from the attack; but there was nothing.

The creator’s body began acting up; anxiety taking its toll on him as his forehead produced a pounding sensation, overall feeling his whole body getting burned up, and his mind more and more disoriented.

Miraculously, in such a grounded disposition, his mind somehow managed to catch the groans of pain.

Ink remained motionless; even his mind came up blank as he listened this time for the sound. He heard it again not too long after, but there were gaps of sharp inhales, grasping desperately for air. Upon monitoring the groans more clearly, he could recognize them clearly; they appeared to be developing from near the over-tossed couch. However, this time around, he didn’t just hear moans of pain, he could sense far deeper of the wordless cries; torture, misery, pure agony.

The skeleton rushed over to the shredded couch, catching Dream and Blue off-guard by the swift motion. He gripped the couch’s overturned front and pulled; merely raising the punctured furniture several inches before plummeting back forward. With each heave, there occurred a strained gasp or a hiss of discomfort.

Each attempt stabbed at Ink’s conscious; knowing well that with every effort put into saving the monster trapped underneath the couch, he was implying more and more suffering for him.

But just as Ink once more put all his strength into lifting the tattered furniture, the immediate creation of a blue attack took hold of the weighty couch and flung it across the room.

Ink fell backward to the sudden attack but thankfully gained no harm from the whole ordeal. He
whipped his gaze to Dream and Blue. Cross had just exited the two upstairs bedrooms and now stood over the railings to the skeletons below. Dream stood awkwardly to the side of Blue with fretful eye lights. Both previously mentioned skeletons stared at Blue, who's eye lights gave off blue fire burning within; but his menacing was quickly forgotten when he caught a glimpse of the prior trapped monster.

"PAPYRUS!!"

There the tall skeleton laid motionless, his attire nothing but shreds from the many, many bone attacks fired directly at him.

Bone marrow pooled from his clenched jaw quivering the slightest; possibly to draw in a breath to ease the torment conflicted to his whole body. Speaking of which; was a horrific sight.

Hundreds of jagged, dark-coated bones scattered his whole frame; streams of marrow bleed through each along with sprinkles of dust mingling with the red substance.

However, the graver damage inflicted to the skeleton was the massive wound in the center of Papyrus' center. Huge clumps of dust clung together with the assistance of the overflowing marrow gathering up within the hole.

Ink managed to suppress his mortified demeanor with a simple veer to the side. Dream didn't seem any better, facing the complete opposite direction all the while gagging dryly with tears erupting from his sockets. Cross remained silent as he made his way down the stairs to Blue's side.

He was an absolute mess.

Ink never thought Blue was the type to let his anger get to him, for his emotions spiral out of control. But right now; he was outraged.

He gripped his skull mourning for his brother. The tears wouldn't stop; the screams wouldn't stop. Blue had lost it.

Perhaps so...if Cross didn't choose to slap some sense into him.

All three skeletons stared at Cross in disbelief, especially Blue, who looked ready to explode on the self-proclaimed guard's face. But Cross held onto the grieving monster tight, forcing him to comply.

"Blue," Cross spoke sternly. He looked down at the comatose skeleton. "Papyrus is still alive, but you're not going to help him if you sit here freaking out!"

Blue's glare melted into a frown, and then a puddle of sobs. Cross exchanged his focus on Ink, still obtaining his neutral facade. "We'll take Papyrus to Hotland and get back as fast as we can, Blue might want to stay with him though."

Cross paused as the blue-scarfed skeleton knelt down to his brother. Moving him gingerly to his lap all the while whimpering meaningless regrets and apologies to him. Cross turned away shortly, staring at the ground. "I never thought he'd ever go this far...he must've been planning this for weeks."

He looked Ink dead in the eyes. "Start planning."

Then the trio teleported away, leaving the two soundless skeletons to their own devices. Dream had stopped dry gagging by now, though his spine still sent a shivered now then, reminding the guardian just how hopeless he was to this whole situation: Papyrus became injured, Blue was now
traumatized, and they let Nightmare win; never gaining prior knowledge or signs of such event coming to fruition. His brother was growing more skillful in concealing his negative influences and schemes.

Dream's focus wandered off to Ink, who remained in place. His eye lights were gone.

The skeleton gradually made his approach towards the other, unsettled by his tranquil state. He stopped by a foot apart from the other, wishing to provide him his space. But with greater confidence, he spoke out to Ink, hoping he'd accomplish his friend's aid.

"Ink? Ink, what's wrong? Is it about Nightmare?"

"They took him." Ink answered abruptly. Dream's mind halted upon realization of Ink's words. How could he have forgotten? If Papyrus here, he should've been here too.

"He told me..." Ink started again, his voice strained. "...he told me he was having nightmares...all the time...Nightmare was taunting us; he planned all of this from the very beginning." A low intake of air ignited the flows of tears running down Ink's cheekbone. His whole body shook, no longer bothering to lock away his guilt, his emotions, his dignity. He let it all go.

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Was he sleeping again? Was this another nightmare? He was here a few times before, but he was always alone; the roughly carved-out columns, in addition, the cracked stone walls and flooring lacked any color polar of black and grey, leaving an unpleasant feeling in anyone. The softest of sounds if unleashed would bounce off all directions and would most definitely be heard by all absent of the vacancy. There was never anyone in it; this time though, there was someone. Or rather, two more someones...?

One appeared to be a skeleton monster much like Ink and himself, but the skeleton's sockets were a barren void of darkness; strands of lean black hue tears overflooded from said sockets as if the components within were leaking out into the real world. It reminded him of the octopus guy. The octopus skeleton that was right in the same room as Error.

Error nearly shrieked at the realization but kept himself silent. Luckily, the two skeletons haven't noticed the trembling monster, too engross in a puzzling quarrel with one another

“What do you mean he’s still not here? I ORDERED him to report back immediately! Does he perceive my threats as shams?! If I'm expected to wait any further then-”

"Chill Night," The black-teared skeleton interjected merely before the other detonated. "Dust said he'd be here after taking care of some business with his... Papyrus. I dunno, but he did mention having killer plans for the two. Heh.~"

"Do not call me with such sobriquet when addressing me." The monster directed coldly. Though it didn't faze the tear-stained skeleton with fear, most notable annoyance; like a child required to listen to their guardian's taboos for the twentieth time. "I believe I've discussed this with you before."

The slim-coated skeleton reflected momentarily, attention cast to the cobblestone tiles as he thought. He soon spoke, eyes still on the ground.

"Since Dust has yet to arrive, it's only sensible to believe the two of you planned this little
"dilemma to piss me off."

The other skeleton’s posture suddenly spruced up. His constant smile seemed to strain at the exact moment as well.

"Oh dear, did I ruin the surprise? And what a clever one at that! I didn't think you incompetent fucks could actually use your dense skulls and come up with such a pathetic joke! Having me anticipate a minion of mine that isn't fucking showing up for an event that will lead us to victory; just because you wanted to see me fucking mad?!"

Error, in the farthest corner of the drained room, couldn't help but flinch whenever the octopus-skeleton would lash out at the tear-stained monster.

Why was he so mad, so demanding? What did he mean by victory?

The skeleton used as a punching bag of emotions endured the negative monster's slander. It could've been the trick in the eye, but Error could only guess that the monster's frontal bone seemed covered with particles of sweat. But it was just a hunch.

The darker skeleton came to a stop; though a sinister smile still lingered.

"Fine, you know what? We'll commence without the presence of Dust. He can continue slaughtering whatever AU he'd like for his delusion of a brother! But we're not quite finished yet. Once we conjure all AU's, you'll both receive a punishment."

Several tendrils protruded from the dark monster's back as he took a step forward towards the latter. His mouth unhooked from its hinges, showing a row of daggered, lopsided fangs along with a snake-like tongue crawling out. The tear-stained monster's face darkened.

"A PUNISHMENT THAT'LL BREAK YOU TILL YOU BEG ME FOR MERCY; SOMETHING THAT I'D NEVER LEND TO YOU! DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR KILLER?!"

The skeleton, apparently named Killer, wasn't given a chance to answer his boss's peril. A pitched outcry reverberated through the deserted castle's lounge caught Killer in shock instead. Considering his very soul was threatened with a quarantined death wish that may only be avoided if he can get on Nightmare’s good side before then, it was understandable that he was a bit jumpy. But come on, can't Nightmare take a light joke? Heh, he could only dream.

Nightmare, however, seemed unfazed by the cry and switched his gaze to the source: Error.

He took a step towards the amnesiac skeleton's direction, then another, and another. He maintained the rhythm till he reached a walking pace, all the way to the feet of the knees-in-chest (or should I say ribs) monster.

The exchange among the pair was fairly shallow. Error gaped up at the ooze-like skeleton's only blue eye with an expression of curiosity, accompanying a sickening feeling deep within his consciousness.

The dark skeleton started him down blankly before kneeling down to eye level, taking Error aback.

Both gazed at one another in the stillness of the palace. The amnesiac skeleton wanted to run away, to turn away from the unsettling eye stamped upon him. But he didn't want to provoke the other who watched him observably, taking mental note of his eye lights shriveling whenever they crossed paths
with his own or his frame tensing up by the slightest movement on Nightmare's part.

This, of course, perplexed the guardian of nightmares. Wouldn't the destroyer of worlds have at least attempted to flee when he was clearly distracted prior? And furthermore, if the information gathered from his minions were correct, the cowardly skeleton before him would've most definitely strived to destroy him by now, or earlier when they captured him. Wouldn't he have at least fought back and not stand around like a complete idiot?

Or perhaps he genuinely didn't care for that Underswap Papyrus he slammed into the wall repeated over and over and over and over and over and over until he was just within reach of death's door.

Nightmare raised a non-existing eyebrow. He opened his mouth and spoke nonchalantly; his words clearly stunning Error.

"Do you know who I am?"

Error was still at first but proceeded to answer the demanding skeleton with a shake of the head.

No.

Nightmare grinned sadistically to himself, stockpiling more dismay onto the confused skeleton. The grinning skeleton arose from his kneeling position and turning his back on Error, drew his attention to his henchman in the dismal chamber.

"Well," He scoffed to Killer. "this shall certainly make matters much easier."~

Returning his focus to Error, the amnesiac skeleton clenched his teeth; suppressing the terror-stricken cry threatening to leap out.

The dark skeleton had unleashed a new set of tendrils from his back, now squirming in the air; all seemingly thrilled of the event yet to come. Nightmare's drawn smile had evolved to the split-demonic mouth used on his henchman, but now on him.

The skeleton's single eye radiated a blue glow as it quivered with anticipation, the tendrils following for a brief second before stiffening and lunging at full force on Error.

He was nowhere. Darkness, coldness, that's all he saw.

He was scared, confused, anxious? But, there were other things he felt that weren't natural to him.

Anger, pain, and voices.

So many voices were yelling at him.

Why? What was going on?!

He wanted to go home, it hurt! It hurt so much!

Error_Sans.chr corrupted please reload.

Chapter End Notes

*Heh, unintentional pun, get it; Dream, Positive?!

Anyway, now with that out of the way, time to go into a two-month hiatus to further torture the many readers and to get a landfill of hate comments both crying and cursing at me for this cliffhanger. I can practically taste the suffering. I’m a sadist.

Also, I’ll be posting my first one-shot of with Error shortly. I just got to put the finishing touches and I'll send it your way. It may be out late today or tomorrow, who knows! But I promise it will be out soon.
Chapter Notes

What's this? Another chapter?...
Ink watched anxiously as Cross entered another portal, only to have the skeleton hop right back out, a small shake of his head to Dream. The Guardian gave a defeated sigh before closing his eyes and took a deep breath, feeling for any shimmer of queer negative energy throughout all AUs.

Ink shot up from his seat on the ground and began to traverse around the front yard of his home. Buttercups and dandelions that he had input into the little world of his own were now trampled countless by his continuous pacing.

"Okay," Dream opened his sockets and opened a portal beside him before redirecting his attention to his self-proclaimed guardsman. "Try this one. I sense a lot of negative emotions here."

With a nod, Cross stepped into the opening. Silence was shared between the two remaining skeletons as they watched in anticipation. Finally, the portal closed behind Cross as he stepped out with a rather sour look.

"Not it?" Dream sighed. He could already tell what the answer would be. Cross shook his head in confirmation with an irritable exhalation. "No, just Gztale being Gztale."

Ink let his head drop down in defeat. They've been at this for four hours. Numerous portals laid opened along the front yard of this world, each one scouted out for any signs of Nightmare, his goons, or Error. The Creator had to suppress the anger boiling within his bones and kept silent in anticipation as Dream reopened his eyes, presumably having found another AU in their selected dwindle category. But there was something unsettling about his sudden pin prick eye lights.

"You find something?" Asked Cross, clearly uneased by Dream's expression. The skeleton nodded meekly. "Yes, but... it just came out of nowhere and so strongly..." "No doubt Nightmare's doing." Cross spat with repulse. He recalled his lengthy knife as Dream summoned a portal to the world. Ink walked over to the two with an impassive face. The Creator was well aware that this could be yet another trap orchestrated by Nightmare. But for what reason? The corrupt skeleton already had Error, what more could he possibly want? Maybe the skeleton just wanted to mess with them, play with their emotions and such. That wouldn't be far-fetched for Dream's brother.

Cross and Ink stood before the portal that was just screaming trap, but it's not like they had any other option on their hands. Dream mustered an encouraging smile for the two skeletons, though one could see that the Guardian was having trouble upholding this facade with his true feelings.

Upon passing through the interdimensional doorway, the two monsters were bestowed to a world deprived of life. The sky that should've been pure baby blue was instead a putrid pewter grey. The world overall seemed to be falling apart. Ink was surprised he hadn't felt this world dying beforehand. Maybe it was an already abandoned world he was asked to create in the past. If it was, he probably didn't remember.
The two skeletons, with their weapons in hand, walked through the land, regularly on guard for any potential attacks directed at them from the corner of their sockets. No such assaults ever encountered them, but upon climbing up a dust-covered hill, they spotted on the horizon a monumentally built castle stacked up with old, degrading stone and marble. Though, it was hard to tell considering that the materials were coated with a black substance supposedly keeping it from tumbling to the ground.

"Tsk," Cross scoffed bitterly. "This has Nightmare written all over it. Doesn't even try to hide it!"

The monster duo treads stealthily through the deserted land and to the base of the castle. The two circle around the structure before finding a low enough window and quietly leap inside. A shiver runs through Ink's spine at the interior of the old building. Scarcely any candles were lit in the barren halls and there was this deadly stillness in the air. And to think Error was trapped here all alone. Just the thought had Ink's pace quicken, which earned him an exasperated bark from Cross.

Finally, the two monsters rounded the end of the corridors which led to an indifferent ballroom. No longer used for housing noble guests for a splendid event, but rather dust and decaying memories of the fallen world succumbed by darkness and despair.

Ink and Cross sat there silently, surveillancing the spacious hall. There was no sound or any movement to be sensed. Ink couldn't tell if that was a good sign or not.

The knife-wielding skeleton beside him gripped his weapon's handle tensely, his eye lights taking on a darker hue as he took a step forward. "Let's keep moving." He said. "But stay alert. No doubt Nightmare's watching us from the sideline."

Ink followed behind Cross, both gawking wide-eyed at their surrounding. There didn't seem to be anyone present in the area, but the two monsters remained vigilant, double checking empty corners and passing shadows.

As they traveled onward, the aloof hall began to extend into what Ink could assume was a throne room of sorts. A superb, ceremonial throne toned to black coal was seated on a raised slab against the wall, seemingly viewing the stretched ballroom. Ink turned to Cross who had his teeth gritted in unease. "This is creepy as shit." Cross shuddered. "Looks like he finally nailed that gothic theme he's been aiming for."

"Not the exact critique I've been hoping for, but oh well, beggars can't be choosers."~"

Both skeletons jumped in place before hastening into their battle stance, weapons out and face engraved with determination to the monster before them.

There, on the aloof throne they saw abandoned just moments ago, sat Nightmare, stretched out lazily on the euphuistic set of furniture, mockingly eyeing the two skeletons with his visible glowing socket.

"Where's Error!" Ink demanded immediately. The sudden outburst transversed through the old castle but was left unanswered by the negative skeleton who just stared at the Creator dumbfoundedly, but that quickly switched to unsettling glee.

"Well isn't this something? Ink, the saint of AUs himself, cares for the Destroyer who has succeeded in slaying far more souls than I? Boy, you two must've gotten quite close."

Nightmare titled his head whilst stretching his vile grin.

"Personally, I wouldn't have taken it upon myself to reset my enemy; that just seems a little
cheap to me. But out of all people, I never thought you'd go that low.-""

Cross's stance faltered as he turned to Ink questionably. The latter was rigid as he continued to stare at the beaming guardian.

"T-that's not what I... I never-"

"Sure you didn't mean to, but you enjoyed it, didn't you? Playing with someone's mind, altering them from their original selves.- I bet the best part was having a break from chasing the glitch around all the multiverses!"

Nightmare released a dark chuckle as Ink's eye lights went out like a burning candle. "But hey," He managed to add in. "It was for the good of all AUs, huh? One soul could save the loss of hundreds others, including your own perhaps. But oh, if the old Error were here, I bet he would have smashed you into the ground till your bones shriveled into dust! For making him look like a fool, an infant under your care, he might have pulled out your limbs and blasted you with his blaster, oh the possibilities are endless!"

Cross growled as he took a step forward. No. He wouldn't let Nightmare feed these thoughts into Ink's head, to fuel himself with the overflowing negativity. They had to stay positive. Come on, think! Dream needs some passageway here!

The Guardian of Nightmares stifled his jeering, straightened in his throne with an expression of void previous amusement.

"I presume you don't intend on leaving without your little friend anytime soon. And honestly, I don't intend on letting you stay. So why don't we make this easier for both of us?"

Nightmare leaned his weight on the arm of his throne and pointed in the far corner of the elongated ballroom.

"I have no use of him. Feel free to pick him up on your way out."

Cross's face scrunched up at Nightmare's words. What? That was it!? Nightmare wasn't going to send his goons on them? No, this had to be a trap! And yet, as Cross looked in the direction pointed by Nightmare, he saw the silhouette of a figure undoubtedly Error's. But why?! What was Nightmare planning; what did he do?!

The knife-wielding skeleton never shared his thoughts to his ally before the latter sped forward in a sprint to the abducted skeleton.

"Error!"

"Ink, wait!"

As the Creator drew closer to the amnesiac skeleton, his mind forced out everything around him, logic and the shouts from Cross; he was solely fixated on the well-being of Error. He was just a few feet away from tackling the skeleton when a bone-chilling feeling raptured his frame. Ink was abruptly halted in his tracks which followed by a fearsome gasp from Cross far behind. Ink looked at his body to find it tangled in the ever-familiar blue strings memorized to be constructed by a particular glitch.

“E-Error?...” The entangled skeleton managed to whisper hoarsely, but all he received was an unnerving, sociopathic giggle.
"And now the fun truly begins." He heard Nightmare cackle in the background. "All those suppressed emotions, his insanity, all this time he's been a ticking bomb with a hidden surprise. Not only did I return his stolen memories, but I finally ignited all the negativity boiling up within him!"

Ink watched as Error turned from his crouched position. And upon seeing the glitchy skeleton's face, a wave of nausea stung him worse than the strings twisting around him.

The skeleton was grinning maniacally, and Ink could only guess the expression was a painful one to contain. But the compelling smile wasn't what made the Creator sick to his stomach. The overflooding of black-like tar from Error's sockets and unstable soul was enough to spark horror in all.

Ink struggled to find his voice, but once he did, it was barely even a whisper.

"E-E- Error ..."
Hello there consumers of my work! As you know, I haven't been as active as I once was on this site, you know, updating and all. But that doesn't mean I've given up on (a majority at least) my stories. I've been working on Erased Data as well as other pieces whenever I have the chance, but with high school here and the school clubs I'm in, I didn't have much time to continue my work. But now I believe I, in fact, do have more time! With the club that consumes a majority of my time now wrapping up, I believe that this will allow me to work more and update more...one can only hope. So to show that I'm in fact not dead, I'd like to share with you all a snippet of chapter 21. I would like to take this time to thank you all for your patience and interest in the story! Without you guys, I probably would have the confidence to make these stories or improve my writing! So yeah, you could say that this is a gift that I randomly decided to give at 8:15 pm on a Sunday night because of guilty for my sudden disappearance. Now I'm rambling. Anyway, here you have it: a sneak peek at chapter 21!

The world seemed to be crumbling away into darkness until Ink was crudely thrust back into a stable, yet loud world. The Creator had no idea how long he been there for, everything felt so dream-like. He constantly winced at the constant irritating glitchy cackles that would rupture after every sling of a blade against some unknown object...another blade perhaps?

SHIIIIIING!


So loud... be quiet already...

Ink pressed his cracked left socket into the cold stone floor, ignoring the numerous deep cuts that ingrained his body from head to toe. Great, more damages to repair. Now if only he had his brush at hand, but he can’t seem to remember where he misplaced it. Whatever...it always seems to finds its way to him eventually...no harm in waiting a bit longer...

The skeleton was content with laying there on the floor like that. He was even accepting the dark void of oblivion when - to his dismay - an urgent voice called out to him from afar amongst the clashes of metal and laughter.

“Ink! INK! Wake the FUCK up already!”

Ink groaned as he indolently opened his eyes. Red. From what his hazy vision could make out, there was a lot of red puddles randomly atop the stone castle floor: but not his. Ink didn’t bleed, he couldn’t. Only beings with souls could. Even in his concussed state, Ink could remember that fact...
well and clear, not why he was here or how! The Creator squinted his one good socket, concentrating hard on the rich red substance with dust floating atop. Wonder why all this bloods here?

The Creator also noticed several strangely colored bones tossed about here and there. Strange colors, all of them. A series of red bones spazzing out from existence, black goopy ones, and the ever-classic white bone attack, albeit filed rather impressively giving them all a sharpened peak...weird...who would put the time and effort into such a small detail?...heh...

Another clang of metal accompanied with the sickening howling only a true madman could vocalize met the concussed skeleton's non-existing ringing ears. Reluctantly, he turned to face the origins of the infuriating uproar.

And there was Cross, fighting breathlessly against the blade and bone attacks of Killer Sans who fought with undying vigorousness, and...

...Error?...

The glitching skeleton - Error - with pools of darkness leaking from his sockets let out a series of mismatched-mad laughter as a corrupt Gaster Blaster, similar in appearance to its master, got a direct hit from behind Cross. The skeleton bawled from the blast, and though his body bruised, slashed, and partially dusting, he fought onward. Even when he was falling apart, he was determined to win this physically and emotionally draining battle.

The Guardian of AUs couldn’t look away from the scene. He wanted it to end, wanted to put a stop to it! But he couldn’t find himself able to move. The skeleton could only watch as Error and Killer merciless tossed Cross around like their personal plaything.

“Heh... looks who's finally up bro.~"
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*N-NEO-O-O-OW-K-KAAa-a-A-AaaaA!*


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“Heh... looks who's finally up bro.~”

The voice seemed to easily drown out the battle taking place within the background, for that was the only thing Ink could focus on at his lowest moment. He was like a duck on a silver platter; his enemies could do whatever they pleased with him in this state.

There was an awkward pause after the murderer's sentence, the type of pause you'd hear when listening to a response of sorts. “...hehe, don’t worry bro. I won’t crack up any jokes…starting now.”

Ink didn’t bother to wait another second. He lurched to his feet despite the wave of nausea that overcame him and toppled away from the trail of bone attacks that erected through the old stone flooring.

“Heh...missed by a hair, aye Paps?”

Ink’s arms gave out as he tried to steady himself in a crouched position. Sweats of exhaustion decorated the Creator’s features as his frame trembled from both fatigue and the burning discomfort within his hollow bones. He had to get up, he had to fight!

“Leave him you fool! He’s not yours to finish off.”

Ink was never particularly scared by Nightmare. Sure, he had been intimidated by his army of Underfell Papyrus clones and whenever the dark guardian would receive a new minion, but Nightmare never succeeded in igniting true terror in the protector of the multiverse.

Until now.

That mocking smile Nightmare proudly wore as he stared down what little dignity Ink held. He was meant to be the hero of the story, meant to save his friends and allies with one fell swoop. But instead, oh, how pathetic he was as he lay there looking up to his enemies. He was so beaten down, he couldn’t even get up! Oh, but they haven’t even gotten to the best part of it all!

Nightmare’s vulture eye fell upon the giddy skeleton blasting corrupt blasters left and right at his former minion. Someway, his already twisted smile was able to develop into a strainer one.

"Error, leave that traitor for Killer. You still have this one yet to dispose.~"

Error snapped his focus onto Nightmare. Black sludge churned within his sockets before slipping out and dissolving before hitting the flooring. The glitching skeleton unnatural smile stretched wider as he dashed to the Guardian, simultaneously enrapturing his whole being in the coal-tainted strings.

Ink winced as the strings tightened around his already battered body. Stars, he swore he could feel his limbs digging slowly into the burning threads; he'd be decapitated in no time.

Ink screamed when he felt a revolting crack along his arm.
Nightmare’s grin stretched farther.

Error’s demented laughter became louder.

Right there and then, Ink could have very well died. He could have let himself shatter into splinters of bones, blood, and dust; it would have been so easy. Finally, him, the Guardian of AUs, a soulless abomination - as Error would say - at last rid from the world.

But, for some stupid reason, he would not let himself fall apart like that, not yet anyway. The skeleton had a job to do, one that would most definitely lead to his death. And honestly, he was okay with that, because he needed to save one last soul at the very least before he would allow himself to vanish into darkness. One soul that all Inks in the continuously stretching multiverse refused to spend a moment to save. One soul that has been through as much hell as any other Sans in all the multiverse, whose hell never even ended. That hell simply grew into something monstrous and self-destructive.

So as the glitchy skeleton continued to cackle over his creaking bones. As the knife-wielding skeleton non-endlessly fought for his very soul against a misguided Sans. As Nightmare and his fellow goon stood silently with wide smiles watching over their blatant victory, Ink called out with a sharp exhale.

“Error!”

The Creator grimaced at the soreness of his throat from his earlier screams of pain. Nonetheless, he continued on.

“I get it! You-”

He hissed as his arm snapped in two under the pressure of tensing strings.

“-gnnhhh… y-you’re a-angry and con-f-fused!”

The stinging tears blurred his vision of the tensed monster before him.

“But you don’t h-HAVE to b-be…”

The Creator’s whole hand is crushed, he can feel the dust cling to his glove.

“…you can be happy again.”

Salty tears greet his non-existent tastebuds.

“Things can go back to the way they were…”

Ink could’ve sworn he felt the strings loosen just barely.

“You won’t be alone anymore… you don’t have to be alone anymore!”

Ink can make out the figure of the darkly-shaded skeleton’s twitching frame; unable to decipher the movement as glitches or quick gulps of air.

“Error, it’s-”

The dimmed ballroom abruptly lit up as a gold portal metamorphosed along the castle’s ceiling. The aura was blinding to the naked eye, paralyzing everyone in the room and ceasing their actions. The bloody battle between Cross and Killer mid-air ended with both skeletons meeting the ground face-
first and the strings embedding themselves into Ink’s sides decapitated. Gravity worked as per usual and he too met the stone flooring.

Once the dazzling light vanished as soon as it materialized, all in the room looked towards the source, only to freeze in their positions.

Nightmare erupted in unholy screeches and curses like a soiled witch.

Dream, bow in hand a stacked with unlimited arrows, stood tall with Color Sans, with alternating flames jagged as ever, also stood aside from his titan blaster. Both skeletons held determined demeanors whilst staring down Nightmare with unfazed scowls.

“You…” Nightmare gnarred at his brother. His dangerously low voice seemed to rise in volume by the second. “Out of all shitty Sanses you could have recruited for this engagement, brother, you had to bring this shithead?!”

Dream held an unperturbed conduct by his brother’s outburst. He turned to Color, drive gleamed within his golden eyelight. “Cross cannot keep fighting his senseless battle alone forever. Will you please ease his soul and hold Killer off until it is time for our retreat? This battle may additionally give you an open opportunity of reaching Killer. I’ll hold off brother to present Ink with his own chance of reaching Error.”

Color flinched with apprehension. “Now? But Fre-”

The sullen castle was filled with seizure-inducing flashes of burning neon colors and ear rapping rap before a neon-clad skeleton stood insolently besides stunned Dream and Color. Fresh stared off in the direction of Nightmare and Dust with a snort.

“Yo brahs,” Fresh called out informally. “baby-snatching is totally not a thing that I encourage.” His shades seemed to have loosened from where they magically stayed on the skeleton’s face and single purple glowing eye that greeted the genocidal skeletons robbed away the silliness of the 80’s themed monster’s manner of speech.

“Especially when it’s my bro ya snatched.”

And just like that, multiple battles initiated in the heart of the dreary castle. Color dashed off with his titan blaster trading places with a lame Cross and continuing the battle with a hesitant Killer. Amongst the blasts of gasters and clashes of bone attacks, pleas were exchanged between the two. With Dream? He, as he stated, went up against Nightmare. The battle was filled with arrows and tendrils flying back and forth along with profanity fired from you-know-who’s side of the battlefield. Fresh had skid straight up to Dust and successfully incapacitated the skeleton with his blinding neon coloration and thundering 80’s-themed mixtape - it’s a mystery as to if the insane monster would ever recover from the attack.

Ink silently cursed to himself as he stood before an unstable Error. He really didn’t want to fight Error, especially in the crippled state they were in; albeit he himself was more crippled physically rather than mentally like Error. Perhaps if Dream and Color didn’t jump into the scene at that exact moment, the Creator might’ve been able to get a hold of the latter. He almost did - he was so close!

Second time’s the charm, right?

“Error, please! We can stop this right now! None of us are in the condition to fight!” By the stars, Ink hoped this would carry out smoothly.
Sadly, this only set off the other. And before Ink knew it, they’ve entered a battle.

Ink had barely dodged a row of bloody scarlet bones aimed right at his skull, managing to squeeze in a blasphemy as he tumbled onto the dirt-coated flooring. The skeleton had no moment of rest as he propelled himself into the air just as a volatily-glitchy gaster blaster leveled the castle’s stone ground into flaky ash.

It was a close call, but also an obtusely messy attack on Error’s part. Sure, he usually threw whatever powerful attack he had at hand, but these attacks specifically weren’t necessarily directed at him solely, they went all over the place. Error was blindly attacking him or missing him on purpose. Ink didn’t know which eased his mind more.

Get close to him and calm him down. Snap him out of his nightmarish insanity! Shouldn’t be too hard.

Ink was then plastered in the vomer by one of Error’s bone attacks when he finally managed to get into arm’s length with the latter. He heard the thin piece of bone crack and wither away into clamps of dust as he retracted from Error’s perimeter. The glitching skeleton wasn’t laughing maddeningly anymore, he seemed more focused on keeping a straight face than anything.

This needs to end now.

The Creator dodged one more row of bone attacks before planting himself onto an untouched section of the castle’s ruined stone floor. He cringed when his non-existing vocal cords tremored calling out Error’s name. The Guardian of AU’s would’ve collapsed of embarrassment right there and then if everyone in the room stopped their own one v one battle and converged their attention to him.

“Error!” Ink called once more, though not as strained. He had to resist the urge to sigh in relief when the latter halted his disordered attacks and listened. The Creator willed himself to ignore Error’s constant shifting expressions threatening to overtake his current unsteady.

“Listen and think for a second, Error! If you are in control right now, answer this: is this really what you want? Destroying worlds with monsters and humans with problems like yours, following this tyrant of a monster's orders and commands, or do you want to go back to your life as a lonely, insane, low life scum killing those who are just glitches much like yourself for all of time? Because no matter how much you destroy, those created worlds and AU’s never be gone - they’ll never end. The voices - artists and writers - beings outside of our own timeline looking into our world, heck, somewhat creating this world for us, will continue to create, extend, and revive this world - these worlds - along with many others that aren’t even a part of ours! Do you want to make a goal for yourself that you know you’ll never fulfill? Or will actually try to fix the unfortunate events in your life which lead you to what you are now? Will you actually try to find joy, happiness, and meaning all over again for the friends and family you lost so long ago? Do you want to go back to your lonely life, or embrace this blessing of an incident given to you by the universe, by the voices, the voice who opened this opportunity for you in the first place when no other Ink or any soul would?”

Ink swallowed in an attempt to relieve his hoarse throat and dry mouth (even though it makes no sense since he’s a skeleton) as he observed Error’s trembling body from afar. He ignored facing the Creator as his frame continued its uneven gasps for unnecessary air and the surge of glitches and computer-based errors emanating from his form.

But it is when the black goo that has claimed Error’s sockets slowly pour out and evaporate onto the damaged stone flooring and slowly clear out within his sockets, revealing the ever-familiar multi-colors that were Error’s eyes.
Ink felt the smile on his face grow naturally as the tears began to stream down the latter’s face. And his determination swelled when Error, on his own accord, began making his way steadily to Ink head ducked, amongst all the chaos in the castle ballroom. And Ink felt his own sockets well-up when Error, whose throat has been abused all day by manic laughter, spoke against the errors and tears.

“I-I-I d On’ T-t wa-A N t tO Be al- L-L-LoNe A-a-a-anymore…”

The events that followed were all but a blur. However, this can be said. The battle within the Guardian of Nightmare’s old castle ended with the Star Sanses and etc. escaping through a portal successfully. Those left in the ballroom were a rather beat, yet unbiased Dust Sans chatting away indifferently with “his Papyrus” of the major flop of their battle, a silent Killer Sans, and an explosive Nightmare shrieking out into nothingness as his tendrils spiraled out of control amid his temper tantrum.

Chapter End Notes

I've finally done it. Just one more chapter to go!
With the oven knob turned to off, Ink slipped the final pancake onto the stacked plate. The entire house of enchanted with the sweetened scent, yet it failed to lure the glitching skeleton in from outside.

Ink sighed. Scratching at his bandaged socket - though told time and time again by Blue not to - the skeleton, abandoning his tempting flat cakes, made his way to the front door on his search for the depressed latter. The long search he had initially guessed was quickly completed itself as Error was found leaning against the front porch’s railing, watching the small manifested world’s breathtaking sunset. The Creator let the door close shut behind him as he took his spot next to the silent glitch leaning against the porch’s rail.

The two surveyed the elaborate sunset’s multi-layered canvas in silence, both acknowledging each other with merely their presence rather than words. Ink’s gaze would flicker over to Error, his mind reflecting on the skeleton’s drastic change of character within this seemingly short span of time. From the dutiful self-proclaimed destroyer of worlds, the universe suddenly provided him a clean slate to his whole being; a rewriting of his code and soul.

And now, his past self - his seemingly erased self - was fused with his newly restarted being, presenting the now new blended soul before the Creator.

This new Error, though an amalgam of a soul with both memories and experiences from his two separate lives, was a completely different being altogether. This newly conjured soul had no hatred or innocence etched into those lopsided eye light. They were distant yet near, searching for some sort of conclusion to the soul’s inner conflict. The strands of blue that bled from the glitch’s sockets were recasted to recoil around his arms instead, branching off to each individual digit at the end.

A completely reformed soul.

Ink cleared his throat, before immediately regretting that action. He forced his head the opposite direction as Error sullenly turned waitedly. His newly acquired glasses, bright red and rather loose, reflected the sun’s wavering rays of light. This new addition to the glitch could almost successfully distract one from the heavy bags now present.

Steering his head back to its original position - gaze slightly aimed at the other skeleton - a heavy, drawn sigh escaped Ink as he poured the rest of his weight onto the porch railing.

“Error, I—” A sudden wave of apprehension hindered Ink’s speech. “You… look, I know things aren’t… it’s bad I know, but we can—” Ink forces himself to stop. This isn’t the amnesiac Error he’s gotten comfortable with, this Error has all the experience and memories from both his lives. Ink shouldn’t be talking down to him like a child and saying everything is going to be okay! It’s not! For all he knew, Error might be pissed about basically being converted from his old beliefs and kill him right here and now. And Ink’s honestly okay with that; he has the right! The Guardian has practically done the exact same thing Nightmares done. Using Error’s vulnerable state for his own benefit. In retrospect, Ink is just as bad as Nightmare for his selfish actions.

Ink curled into himself against the railing, his gaze glued onto the still grass beyond the porch’s deck. “None of this is your fault,” He grimaced. “You were dragged into this mess because of me.” The
Creator turned to gaze at Error. “We can… just forget about all of this and go back to the way things were. Return to the balance, the rivalry, whatever! Stars, I’ll let you take a free attack before going on your way; it’s the least I could this with this whole… stars…”

“Ink,”

For some reason, the total calmness of Error’s voice made Ink jump. He’d expected Error to revert to his old act first, then ask questions later ways.

“I meant what I said back there. I don’t want to be alone anymore.” Error’s grip on the railing tightened as he continued.

“I was a fucking amnesiac from the start of my fucking existence. I started out the same way as when I was reset; I didn’t know shit! I was a dumb insane amnesiac.

“Then I got butthurt by a Sans and Toriel which paved the way for my destruction of the Multiverse. I guess the lack of… memories and my impressionable ass put two and two together and thought, “this is what I have to do with my life, makes sense!”

The glitchy skeleton groaned angrily as he buried his face into his hands. Ink watched with raised brows.

“And going through that again,” Error pressed on as he let his hands slip back onto the railings. “This time actually talking to real people. I guess it gave me a new perspective on everything. I guess I wanted to destroy everything because I didn’t see any point to anything existing. No one cared about me or what I wanted before, so I didn’t bother trying to interact with anyone personally; they didn’t care. But I got to go through that again, and people talked to me and cared. I… I never went through that before and, I liked it. I didn’t feel as mad as before during that time.

“And I never want to feel like that ever again. It was bad. And I felt all that anger, disgust, and madness when Nightmare fucked up my mind.”

Error looks back up to the sunset, only to find the moon of this world shining dimly upon the land.

“I really don’t want to feel that again. I don’t want to have to experience destroying a world or a soul again. But I have to. Nightmare’s already made that clear. There has to be fucking balance! Hell, he already did my job for me. How many AU’s did he destroy again?”

Ink can’t bring himself to look into Error’s eye lights, the distraught frenzy etched in them. “... Fifty-seven.” He answered defeatedly.

“And all in one fucking day!” Error cried out cynically. “That tallies up to a good five-months worth of work. That bastards always pissed and now? We just threw fucking gasoline into the forest fire. It’s only going to get worse from there! He and his fucking minions will wipe out the Multiverse in no time! With you still healing and half the Star Sans Fanclub unable to work for twenty-four, we’re all basically fucked and there’s nothing we can do about it! Good night, nice knowing you.”

The skeleton’s rant concluded with a final curse before dropping against the railing and plopping onto the deck’s flooring. Error buried his face into his knees as his shoulders shook. Not from tears, just tired frustration. Ink cautiously joins Error on the floor. He fumbles with his bandaged socket until the tremors of Error’s frame is somewhat quieted.

“Error… I know things are bad, really bad. You want to be happy. You want the Multiverse to be balanced again. We can do that - we can fix it. I promise.” The Creator turns to Error hopefully. “We can most definitely fix that balance with your help.”
Error unearths from his shielded position with a skeptical look.

“Hear me out, you’ll get what I mean,” Ink winks with a smug smile earning him a look of distrust. The Creator, however, playfully ignores this. “From what I’ve remembered, you usually go after the main source of Determination within a world via a Frisk, a Chara, a Flowey, another human, some other source, etcetera, right?”

The other skeleton nods skeptically, still in the dark.

“You keep whatever remnants of that Determination to enter to codes to full erase a world, right?”

Another slow nod.

“Knowing Nightmare, his method of world destruction is probably the tearing apart of everything and anything until no soul physically exists. Then he moves onto another world until he gets bored. Meaning that remnants of those worlds probably still exist, but not really. Like a half-erased drawing.”

Error’s eyes widen.

“So by that logic, you should be able to gather parts of a destroyed world and with whatever pieces of Determination that still exist—”

“Could be used to rebuild the world through code!”

“Scattered codes and pieces of worlds can be collected to rebuild new worlds—”

“Recycling old material from dying worlds to create new worlds; to retain balance!”

“The destroyed world itself is like a template, Determination is like the glue - the main code. This is still a theory I came up with a while ago, but I’m pretty sure—”

“Why haven’t I thought of it like that?!”

Ink chuckles. “You weren’t exactly keen on the idea of creation in the past exactly.”

“Stars,” Error scrambles to his feet. “I’m like a game developer or some shit! I can decode Determined souls to make an AU?”

“ Weird, right?” Ink follows suit. He catches sight of dried batter clung to his pajamas and frowns at his sloppiness. “Though I think you’re more like a recycling man in that sense. I don’t know. We have to try it out first, but I think it should work.”

“We can fix this shit.” Error sighs with relief. “And I thought I would forever be cursed to be a fuckup.”

“This has really was some eye-opening journey for you, hasn’t it?” Ink cocked his unbandaged socket. “You evolved from being an insane destructive hobo, to a sweet Teletubbies-loving baby boy, to a wise angsty teen.”

“Shut up. I was impressionable .”

“I think you could even understand the language.~”

“Is that pancakes? I smell pancakes. I’m going to eat those now.”

The two enter the house with a sense of appeasement as nightfall washed over the world. A new
sense of hope and a promise for a balanced Multiverse lay promised within the coming horizon.

Chapter End Notes

It’s finally over. Hopefully, this ending isn’t too clique as the last chapter. And just, wow. Okay. I’d firstly like to thank everyone for reading and enjoying this story; my first ever story! Without you all, I wouldn’t have pushed myself to pursue writing. You all helped me improve through criticism and motivation. Seriously, this whole story is a timeline of my progression in writing.

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