Growing Pains

by confuseddonut23

Summary

Growing up can be excruciatingly hard to do, especially when you're doing it as a flower, this is a post-pacifist slice of life story of Asriel's life as he faces all the nagging aches and pains that come along with it, let's hope that he hasn't completely forgotten how to enjoy life too. Updates mondays or thursdays!

Notes

Hey everybody! So, straight off the bat, I'm going to say this just in case you're not into it, but this will be a one hundred and ten percent a Flowey/Frisk story, but first and foremost this will be a story about Flowey and his journey to growing up and becoming someone better.

The characters will be aged up little by little by almost every chapter, to progress things along, trust me this will really matter in the later chapters!

Also, this takes place after the true pacifist ending only, there will likely be reference fact bits from the Genocide run, but don't expect to see Chara, (whether they're still hanging on to Frisk or not, perhaps they've moved on, take your pick.)
Another VERY, VERY important note, I started writing this story November 25, 2016 and finished it June 1, 2018 (because I'm a very slow writer and have super bad habit of making tiny mistakes and not noticing them until months later)

The first few chapters will feel a lot different than the rest of the story, especially this first one, that's because I intended it to be a one off thing, so expect a big shift change with the tone and story telling around the fourth or fifth chapter.

...One more note, there will be a Growing Pains TWO that I'm currently working on (I have the entire story planned out and finished in my head) so let's hope it doesn't take me as long to work on as the first one!

Until then, enjoy!
Chapter Summary

Flowey is pulled along on a small picnic outing at the park with Frisk and Asgore, it turns out to be a soothing trip and a surprisingly nice idea, that is… until Frisk attempts to show the world to Flowey in a much different point of view.

Chapter 1 I Can Tell That We’re Gonna Be Friends

Warnings? : Bees

Inspiration Song: 'I Can Tell That We're Gonna Be Friends' by Jack Johnson

'Walk with me Suzy Lee, through the park and by the tree, we can rest upon the ground, and look at all the bugs we found, safely walk to school without a sound, we safely walk to school without a sound-

I can tell that we're gonna be friends, yes I can tell that we're gonna be friends'

"It is said all monster souls are composed of love, hope, and compassion, and when they die, their soul is lost forever…

Boss monsters being an exception, as their souls exist outside their bodies before shattering."

It had been a year since the Barrier was broken, and so far everything seemed to be going well for everyone, not entirely as perfect as some would hope, Frisk would have preferred Asgore and Toriel gotten back together, but some things just had to change . . . still it made Frisk really happy to know they both wanted them as their child, even if it meant that they had to share custody.

And after a lot of discussing, Frisk decided that while they really did want to be Ambassador they realized they weren’t fully ready to take on the job just yet, so instead, decided that their biggest challenge should be finishing school, which to most didn’t sound as exciting as being a child Ambassador, but Frisk disagreed, they were happy to live an average life with their amazing Monster family, it was more than enough excitement for them.

Besides, it turned out that giving the job to Papyrus instead had actually been a very good idea, as he turned out to be a surprisingly excellent Ambassador.
And of course, not long after the barrier had broken and despite his constant warnings, Frisk made frequent visits to Flowey in attempt to keep him company, they brought him books, Toriel’s cooking, gossip, drawings, jokes, presents, whatever they could think of, until finally, they became fed up, deciding that no one should be alone or without family, so after a lot of persistent persuading and advertising, scooped him into a flower pot covered with colorful stickers and brought him home where he belonged.

And that was the start of where their friendship officially and truly began…

Today Frisk was out in the park with Asgore and Flowey, which… was proving to be both awkward and difficult… mainly for Flowey, due to him wanting to keep his true identity hidden, only Frisk and Alphys knew the real truth, thankfully, the two knew how to keep a secret.

So, logically, things were… uncomfortable… between him and his parents as he flat out refused to have any personal conversations with either of them, or even speak to them for too long- it was to ‘keep them from getting suspicious’ or so he told himself, and spending time with them like this only made it harder to do.

Because of this, he hadn’t really wanted to go at first, until Frisk suggested that the sun and nature would make him stronger and that they would have lots of… fun, and that there was some pretty big trees or something like that.

At the time he just rolled his eyes, only deciding to go along because ‘he didn’t have anything better to’, but as soon as they arrived and he was grazed by the gentle breeze and was warmed up by the summer rays and got a good long look around at the green, enormous park- he quieted down instantly, completely relaxed, it seemed to have a tranquilizer effect on the little monster flower.

The other much fluffier and bigger monster was equally as effected, as he immediately fallen asleep on the picnic blanket, his sunglasses threatening to slide off from his nose.

Frisk’s wiped the last bit of the tea sandwich from their mouth, sitting between the two Dreemurrs comfortably, gazing at the trees, thinking amongst themselves.

Next to them, in the middle of photosynthesizing and sipping on a juice box, Flowey at the moment didn’t have much of a care in the world, he was too soothed; he considered the idea of a nap too as his eyelids begun to feel heavy, but to his dismay, he suddenly found himself being picked up and stuffed into Frisk’s magenta MTT brand book bag.

“Frisk!!”

“Shhh, you’ll wake dad,”

“Frisk…,” he quieted down, not sure why he bothered, “where are you taking me?"

The ten year old pointed to a rather impressively large magnolia tree off in the distance “you see that? That’s the old tree I told you about, I’m going to climb it,”

“Okay? And then what?”
Frisk was off, “have a nice view? Be really high up? What else is there?”

“We had a good view where we were!” he fussed.

Frisk grinned, “but this is better! C’mon, if you come along, I’ll finally plant you!”

He shut his mouth… that was a very good proposition, he had not been in real ground since Frisk had dug him up and put him in this pot back in the mountain a year ago, he hadn’t allowed to be out until he proved to everyone that he could be trusted and be non-violent.

In the beginning, he despised to be so…stuck, and being denied (almost) complete freedom- a stark difference from his lonely life back in the Underground; it was like he was in a prison cell within another prison cell.

But over time, he learned to just… adjust to the changes and deal with it, this is what his reputation had earned him after all, because he already knew what would happen if he somehow escaped and went back to his old ways…

-Which he realized was not a lot, as it became apparent that if he did decide to go back to his old plan and attempt to steal souls to take over and destroy the world, he knew that someone- most likely Frisk, or someone like Frisk would eventually take him down again, and again, and again.

There was always going to be someone stronger that would beat him, because good always somehow defeated evil in the end, so, what would be the point?

He had learned this lesson especially after their big fight and feeling all the emotions that all the other’s felt, and after having the talk he had with Frisk as his former self that- just, no, there was no way he could ever return to his old ‘evil’ ways, never again, not after everything he learned, it would be a waste of time anyway, especially when he could no longer had the Power to Reset and change time.

And while it was extremely frustrating to be stuck in a flower pot, unable to go where he wanted to all the time, he couldn’t help but notice that he was still was listened to, and when he was listened to- people helped, more than he thought they would.

Actually, living with Frisk and being raised by his parents again wasn’t as horrible as he had thought it would be, everyone always took him where he wanted to go, kept him company, always made sure he had something to do, always attempted to console him when he was upset, took him on outings on the regular (he was especially fond of the town’s library), and was even quickly enrolled into school- because as Toriel had put it, was to…’ensure a better future for him’.

Which, at first, he put up a fight, as he didn’t really see any kind of real ‘future’ for himself- but as he really thought about it, he figured he could use the knowledge and… some kind of… graduation if he ever did want to be truly independent someday, because it was easy to learn that life above was entirely more complicated than it was in the Underground, he had major doubts about his survival if he were to live alone without a house again, the world above had harsh ever changing weather, lawn mowers, and thousands of species of different creatures that depended on flowers as their diet.

So… in many ways, he wasn’t totally stuck in a prison, he was in a lot better place and condition than he had been just a year ago, so all in all, he was… content.
But now as he looked at the large field of green grass…all he wanted to do now was get out of this damn pot!

“…Okay, fine! But you have to promise! If you end up getting hurt- I don’t want you changing your mind!” he said to the weird little human that he’d recently grown just close enough to finally call his ‘friend’.

Frisk grinned, “I promise! And I have no idea what you’re talking about, I never get hurt,”

Flowey grinned as well, but it was a lot more hideous, “you’re such a dirty liar;”

They gently laughed in response, unaffected by the comment; then changed the subject, “hey, by the way…I’ve got a question that’s been bugging me for a long time, but what’s … ‘regicide’?”

There was a very confused pause in the air, “…what?”

“Back in the Underground, waaay in the beginning…when I was leaving the Ruins, you came up and tried to freak me out and you said something about… your plan not being… regicide’? But I still have no clue what you were talking about, what does regicide mean?”

“Ohhh, that!” He had to laugh “you’re right, I was just trying to ‘freak you out’, clearly, but it means ‘to kill a King’, I’ll- uh, um… I’ll let you think about that one yourself,” he explained.

 “…You kinda did kill-,” Frisk started.

“I did and I didn’t thanks to me changing your Save file, the only thing dead is that Timeline, so don’t make these things more complicated than they already are, you dummy,”

“Do you regret it?” they said softly- as if they were nervous about the answer.

Flowey was dead silent for a moment, as he had to contemplate deeply over his answer, and Frisk was beginning to worry, until finally they heard him let out a big sigh.

“Golly, why would you ask me something like that? Especially when you know I literally can’t regret . . .,” he frowned and shook his head to himself “…besides, it’s not like any of that matters anymore, everyone is happy and on the surface now, not to mention completely alive, so, can we stop talking about this? It’s dumb and pointless. Don’t you have a tree to climb? Keep walking,”

The child blinked, they hadn’t realized they had even stopped at all, feeling suddenly anxious and guilty that they had just asked Flowey these personal questions without thinking about the repercussions of risking the chance of seriously upsetting him.

Sometimes in the midst of their deep genuine curiosity they had for Flowey- they sometimes forgot about the fragility of the secrets that he always kept covered up.

In the midst of their troubled thoughts, Frisk suddenly realized that along the way… Flowey must
have hit some kind of milestone—because comparing from when they had first met to how he was now—

Flowey had definitely changed, it wasn’t very noticeable to most people, but Frisk had spent enough
time with him to notice now that he’d grown considerably more socially patient (or at least he tried),
and had become way less violent, he still was pretty rude—but that was okay; Frisk had been helping
as much as much as a nonjudgmental ten year old possibly could, especially after the eventful day
Flowey decided to talk about his dark Reset misadventures and what life was like living all alone.

Even after learning about his history, scars, and horrible flaws, Frisk had seen his true self and
because of that still continued to see the best in him, no matter what, because the fact that he had
even confided in them in secret about his past at all showed that he trusted Frisk big time, and to
them, that in itself was improvement.

And that improvement is exactly what Frisk had always believed he was capable of, even when they
had no idea when it would happen or how hard it would be for him to get there, all they knew was
that Flowey had become their friend and that they cared about him no matter what.

But at the moment, they couldn’t quite tell, did it seem like he was conflicted about his past actions?
It was hard to tell when he was acting so vague about it, and he always claimed he was literally
unable to feel guilt or regret, but even without a soul, Frisk couldn’t help but be skeptical.

Something about him had definitely changed during the past year, but they just didn’t know what
exactly, but whatever it was, they were proud either way.

They continued walking.

Still that something continued to nag at Frisk.

“Mmmm, uhhh…,” they mumbled hesitantly.

“Oh golly, you’re not going to stop talking about this, are you?” he said.

“I’m sorry! I know it upsets you, but I have to ask one more thing, is that okay? I won’t if it’s not, I
just really want to know something,” they said.

He heard them let out a short groan “fffinne, go ahead, ask your dumb question,”

“Thank you…um, okay, if you had to go back… knowing what you knew now…would you still do
it? Go through with doing all those bad things again?” they asked, they braced themselves for
whatever reaction he would have, knowing full and well that he didn’t like the subject, but this
seemed critically important.

Flowey was very quiet for a while, thinking hard over his answer before speaking; his tone uncertain
as he spoke “…I…really don’t know anymore,” he grimaced, “I don’t want to talk about this Frisk,
let’s just change the subject now, okay?”

Something akin to relief filled Frisk, they weren’t exactly sure what Flowey’s hesitant answer meant,
but they had a good feeling about that hesitance, and this was enough to settle their thoughts, still
though… they hated that they had to upset him like that.

Frisk dared to look over their shoulder at their friend, he was peering down, his face hidden, but
Frisk smiled warmly at him anyway, then walked faster to the tree.
“Hey…um…you wanna come up with me when I climb it?”

Flowey took a second to think over his answer before blurting out- “no! I’m not risking falling out of this cheap bag!”

“Suit yourself then, I’ll be having all the fun while you’ll be stuck on the ground,” they teased.

“Hmph, I don’t usually like to justify being a plant, but I’ll have you know it’s AMAZING to burrow underground, but you’ll never understand that because you’re not a flower,”

“But if I was a flower, I’d be a tree flower, so I’d still get a better view,”

“No you moron, fate doesn’t work like that; you’d be a boring weedy dandelion and be stuck down here to suffer with ME!”

“That’s not what dad says about dandelions! He’s says they’re good for you!” Frisk defended but then turned their head to smile cheekily at him “-and I’d be stuck with you, by choice, and not suffering, because I like you and you’re attractive, like a hot sunshine magnet boy,”

At that Flowey made a loud noise of exaggerated revulsion “ughhh! Stooop! You’re disgusting!”

Frisk quickly stifled their embarrassed laughter “sorry! Sorry!” yeah, even they had to admit, that flirty one liner was really bad.

Finally they reached the tree, stopping to carefully take off their book bag and sit Flowey (inside his flower pot) onto the grass.

They sat quietly and looked around for a moment before they came to a quick realization.

“Hmmm, I don’t have a shovel. . .,” but then looked down to their hands and smirked, “oh wait, yes I do! I’ve had some all along!”

And with that, they unceremoniously began to dig their tiny fingers into the grass and dirt, uncaring about dirty hands and fingernails, trying their enthusiastic best but doing a poor job as they pulled up only small clumps up.

Flowey observed quietly, impatiently until finally he spoke up, “here, just dump me in, I’ll root it myself,”

Frisk frowned “it won’t hurt you will it?”

“Only if you mess it up!” he teased meanly, putting on his nastiest smile, but he knew it wouldn’t, it would be just very briefly uncomfortable.

Then, Frisk perked up “I have a better idea, stay still and brace yourself;”

But before Flowey could protest, Frisk had leaned over close, and dove their tiny hands inside the sides of the pot, scooping down carefully until they reached the bottom, the flower’s eyes went wide in shock, and despite the warning he’d been given, he found himself closing his eyes out of fear as he was manually lifted out of the pot and into the air.

It wasn’t the sudden height change that bothered him, it was something about spending a year in the safe containment of his flower pot only to be abruptly physically taken out was what freaked him out, a similar feeling to sleeping only to have someone rip warm covers from off of you and pick you
up high into the cold air.

“There- oh, please don’t be scared,” their small voice was gentle and sincere once they caught view of his expression.

He opened his eyes to see he was now on the earth, his pots’ soil was a messy mound on top of the small hole that his friend had attempted to dig, and he exhaled a breath that he didn’t realize he’d been holding.

“I wasn’t scared,” he scoffed and lowered his roots, finding access to the different dirt, he wasn’t sure what he had been expecting it to feel like, but it wasn’t that much different from the Underground soil, except for noticeable lack of magic, but that was okay.

Frisk grinned at both of their achievements, “how’s it feel?”

He sunk his roots in deeper and wiggled them around, stretching them out, testing the temperature and softness of the dirt “just about how you would guess,” he paused and couldn’t help the genuine smile that grew on his face “roomy.”

He smiled wider, looking away “it’s good; I’m going to tunnel around….and I GUESS you can climb your stupid tree while I have more fun,”

He didn’t catch the proud smile that appeared on his friend’s face before he disappeared from sight, tunneling down.

Frisk then faced the tree, looking up into the branches that were far from their reach, causing them to be filled with Determination.

Underneath, Flowey was very fast finding out that humans had a bad habit of dropping things, which…wasn’t too much different from monsters, but some of the things he found looked like they could be really valuable; he was sure they weren’t lacking in money- but it never hurt to earn some quick bucks.

Or…maybe he could start a collection? Hmm, lots of options, maybe Frisk could have some good input on this, so, he tunneled back up, and found that somehow in a short matter of time, the small human had made their way up, and was sitting on a large stable branch, eating what looked like the big cookie they had stuffed in their book bag earlier.

(He couldn’t say he was all that surprise by the feat, he had learned a long time ago to not underestimate the short strange human, the hard way.)

…That really did look like it was fun, he should have gone up…Flowey scowled at the gnawing feeling of annoyance at himself, but shook it off, attempting to remind himself of all the other stuff he could be doing on the ground, he had been waiting do this all year after all.

He watched for a few moments more as Frisk enjoyed their cookie, the parallels of doing all this human spying was not lost on him, remembering when he’d done the same back in the Underground, plotting and excitedly waiting for them to reach Asgore.

Now he was watching for very, very different reasons. One of them being was because he had nothing better to do; another one was because…that cookie looked really good, he knew Frisk
would have probably shared if he’d gone up too and-

_Ugh! No, no, he knew better than to get hung up on something so... so... insignificant._

He was about to go tunneling again when Frisk turned and looked down, instantly grinning and waving down at him once he was spotted, “YOU SHOULD SEE THIS! IT’S SO GREAT UP HERE!” they shouted down.

He played it off “yeah, whatever!” he shouted back up, no way he was going to give this... little... human the satisfaction, and if it was one thing Flowey hated, it was someone telling him ‘_I told you so!’_

So, again, he decided to tunnel off when he noticed Frisk’s attention snap over to somewhere else nearby in the tree and they moved, and suddenly he heard them utter something horrible-

“Wow! A bee hive!”

Flowey’s eyes bugged out of his head and made a useless attempt to grow taller- but failed as he knew he would, this so called... ‘body’ of his was amazingly tougher than the average flower, and could morph into anything he so desired once he access to enough human souls, but out of all the things he couldn’t do- it was grow taller, well, at least his vines could.

But he couldn’t exactly see that well that far up, he didn’t want to risk getting himself stung.

“FRISK! DON’T DO ANYTHING STUPID!” he yelled up to them.

He nearly cussed when Frisk began to climb toward where the nest was, _clearly_ not taking his advice.

“IT’S FINE! I DON’T THINK IT’S... ACTIVE!” they yelled back down.

“YOU DON’T KNOW THAT!”

“I’M GOING TO SEE IF THERE’S HONEY!”

“THIS ISN’T LIKE YOUR DUMB BEAR MOVIE FRISK!” he was so mad right now, and not to mention afraid, he thought about using his vines to stop his dumb friend, but he couldn’t exactly see that well that far up, and he certainly didn’t want to risk getting himself stung _because said dumb friend couldn’t contain their curiosity._

Honestly, there was probably no one who hated bees more than Flowey, who had quickly relearned about them in a new light not long after he was brought to the surface, they never stung him but he knew what those little horrifying fuzzy things wanted from him, and nothing was worse than a bee that wanted to sit on your eyes or crawl in your mouth just so it could fly off covered in your body’s pollen- it was degrading and probably the seventh scariest thing he’d ever experienced.

And here he was watching helplessly as Frisk got near the very thing that was probably home to not few, but _hundreds_ of the most disgusting bugs on the planet, it also really, really wasn’t helping his nerves to know that some people died from bee stings.

Inside of him, around the upper part of his stem, a mysterious and annoying familiar ache he’d been
suffering from about a year began slowly acting up, at first he’d guessed it was from being stuck inside the pot for so long, but… he was out now, wasn’t he? Whatever it was, he didn’t have any patience to worry about it, so he ignored it.

He watched Frisk impatiently as they climbed closer… and closer, and then stop, not too close and not too far away, apparently they seemed to have changed their mind about the honey and decided to just observe instead.

But as soon as he began to think things were going to actually be ok- he saw Frisk suddenly twitch, jerkily bringing a hand to their left eye- lose their balance on the branch, saw their other arm wave in the air as they began to fall- for some reason he couldn’t find in it himself to watch, Flowey grit his teeth hard, locked his eyes closed and

forgot to breathe...

...

...

.......

But there was no hard thump on the ground to be heard.

Flowey opened his eyes and sweet relief flooded his body, his breathing shaky.

Somehow, without thinking, he had acted fast, thankfully, and was now holding Frisk high up in the midair safely with five vines, it was amazing, his pain felt worse than ever now, but who cared, he’d just saved Frisk from what could have been a fatal fall.

He heard them gasp and sniffle back a cry- okay, he added a sixth vine and supported their back more, giving his friend an awkward pat.

Very slowly, he began to bring Frisk down to him.

Down
Down
Down

Very carefully, his vines shuttered slightly from the weight, but he held tight.

When Frisk finally reached the ground, they unsteadily sat down, head hanging low, their expression unreadable, and their hand still holding their eye, their face becoming slowly red as their bottom lip pouted out.
Flowey wanted to say something about Frisk ‘being so stupid’ and ‘should have known better ’- but the words clogged up in his throat as culprit tears finally began ran down Frisk’s small cheeks.

He wanted to bring out another vine and pat their head, but it refused to leave the dirt, instead he saw Frisk pull down their hand to reveal their eye that was swelling up from the sting, and to his surprise they smiled a small, proud smile, they choked out a quiet little laugh that was mixed with a hiccup.

Then brought out a hand and gently petted Flowey’s head, fingers softly ruffling over petals, it was a silent thank you.

He was dumbfounded- and was going to try to speak when he heard Asgore’s loud running footsteps.

“MY CHILD!” he cried out, and suddenly Frisk was scooped away into the safety of their huge goat dad’s arms, it was very strange how someone could suddenly shrink like that.

Frisk hid their face into Asgore’s chest and clung to him, and Asgore in return cradled them like a baby, “there, there, it’s okay, don’t cry, you will be just fine,” he soothed.

Flowey looked down, refusing to watch, Asgore’s words burned with familiarity, reminding of him a tender past he’d never get back, the pain, which was currently yanking at him pulled harder than ever, he winced, holding his breath.

“I saw you fall from that tree and Flowey catch you,” Asgore began and attempted to get a look at Frisk’s face but to no avail, “can you tell me what happened?”

“I was…trying to look at a bee hive, a-an-and I got stung and fell- Flowey tried to warn me…but I didn’t listen, it’s my fault,”

Asgore gasped loudly when he finally got a good look at the sting, looking as if he was going to start crying too “oh no, right near the eye, we better head home and get you healed up,”

But Frisk began to scramble in Asgore’s arms in attempt to get out “wait- I have to put Flowey back in his pot, I’ll be okay! I was just scared,”

“Oh! Okay, down you go,” Asgore laughed and smile warmly as he released the small wiggly human, tears in his eyes, there was a chance he’d been the most scared out of the three of them.

Not wanting to get pulled into the conversation or hear any gratitude about all this right now, Flowey tunneled under and over to where the dumped out pot soil was. He took a moment to himself underneath the dirt, waiting for the pain to subside a bit before coming back up.

. . .

He soon found himself back within Frisk’s palms, the fear of being held up from earlier now gone… he cracked a small smile when he realized that they had both held each other up today, and as he did, he felt something pleasant shift slightly deeper within their relationship.

Frisk smiled back, adding some soil from the park and patting it down around him in the pot, “thank
you,” they said softly, almost shyly.

Flowey bit his bottom lip, thoughts deepening, finally remembering about Frisk’s ability to Save…

It was their ability alone now too, as he could tell that at some point, Chara’s spirit had left them some time ago, he hoped that his sibling had heard his last message, to ‘let Frisk live their life and let them be happy’

He hoped wherever Chara was, wherever ghost kids went, he hoped they were happy too.

He rarely talked much about his sibling with Frisk, but when they did, they listened, they had told him that there had been a helpful guide or a ‘presence’ with them during all of their adventure when they had saved the Underground, but after they left, so did the presence.

But they had also explained that they were still able to Save (they hadn’t tested anything else like Resetting and Reloading, out of fear and because, why would they?) which meant that Chara had left full control of the Power to Frisk, and he could feel it too, which was a very good thing, he couldn’t think of anyone better he would have trusted it to.

He certainly didn’t trust himself with it, neither did he want it back either.

So if they had fallen and died, it would have actually been ok, right? They would just go back to their last Save and everything would be just fine, or so they’d still like to hope, he knew they didn’t want to risk the chance of the Power being broken somehow…

He knew that would never be the case, he knew that something that great could never be infallible.

But… for some reason, when Frisk was falling… he couldn’t even bear the thought of them getting injured at all, much less dying..

He’d been scared for them…

“I wasn’t even trying-I don’t…I don’t know what this means,”

His best friend grinned big. “I don’t know either, but I know it’s really, really good,”

And the look on Flowey’s face is what confirmed to Frisk that, yes, something had definitely changed within him.

And they had a feeling it was only going to get better from now on, even if it hurt sometimes, it was nothing he couldn’t handle.
Lessons

Chapter Summary

Flowey attempts to do the right thing for a change, but it ends up back firing at him pretty badly, and a secret is revealed.

Chapter Notes

Okay, if this chapter feels a little different from the rest, then you’d be right, because while I was working on the later chapters, I realized that there was a little bit of a plot whole that needed to be fixed, so this was me, fixing said plot hole.

And OH HEY! If you recognize me from Fanfiction.net it's because I sorta... forgot to mention that I was posting Growing Pains here as well too, it's nice to have you guys here! Get comfortable while I catch everything up, once January rolls around I should have everything synced up and we can continue for real.

While I'm at it, I'm posting story related art and doodles at my tumblr artblog account at theveryconfusedartistsart-blog.tumblr.com and my deviantart account deviantart.com/twix015

Chapter 2

Warnings?: Bad Flowey behavior, intentional and accidental violence, mean kids who are also evidently bad at sports, and a little bit of blood (something you will rarely see in this fic, don’t worry)

Inspiration song: 'You and I' (original and alternate version) by Colony House

'Lately what's the problem? What's the headline, this time? Somehow, we're okay with all these differences leaving us blind, blind, blind.
I'm not scared of fighting, I'm just a little bit over this conversation, I'm not trying to hide it, I'm just thinking slow-ly.
Maybe you and I could live together if we ever learn to ease the tension.
Maybe the world isn't crazy.
Maybe it's you and I, I, I’

Flowey was smiling a horrible smile.

Mainly at the fact that he had four equally horrible children completely trapped in a circle of giant spikey vines.
Behind him were buckets and buckets of all of the school’s supply of basketballs.

Close in front of him, he dribbled one with an average sized vine, he scanned the four kids slowly, his crooked grin growing wider.

“Okay, now that I’ve finally gotten you geniuses to shut up, who wants to be first?”

The tallest of the group, a brunet boy spoke up, his face reddening in anger “let us GO YOU FU-AGH!” he was quickly silenced as Flowey viciously threw the basketball at the boy’s knee hard, watching smugly as the boy grabbed it in pain.

Flowey grabbed another basketball and held it up threateningly “the next one who wants to add insult to injury gets one to the face!”

One of the girls, a brunette, scruffy and wearing mismatched socks sneered, grabbing the misused basketball off the grass, “what’s the point? We can just throw them back at you, you’re so stupid,”

Flowey frowned and launched the next basketball as promised, but the girl dodged it and laughed, then without a second thought, launched her basketball at him.

But one of the larger vines shot out and caught it before it could reach him.

He gave the girl a quizzical smile, and then looked up to the basketball he had caught “hmmm, now there’s an idea…,” he mumbled sneakily to himself.

And then, his expression turned dreadfully sinister, and much to the group’s terror, he directed his attention back to them, the wild grin that he wore growing wider and wider “how about we all play… dodgeball? Hee hee hee!”

All four kids began to back into the middle of the circle as they watched the thicket of larger vines begin to pick up and pass the basketballs around one by one and get into aiming position, meanwhile Flowey was giggling at their terrified faces, ah, justice felt great.

Another one of the girls with black hair spoke up “oh my god! You’re insane! We can’t dodge all of these!”

Flowey stopped laughing, a deep annoyed scowl appearing on his face “YOU’RE SUPPOSED TO GET HIT, YOU MORON! THAT’S THE FUN OF IT! If you don’t want to get hit, just apologize and I’ll stop! It’s that easy!”

“APOLOGIZE FOR WHAT? We don’t know you!” the fourth kid yelled; a little boy, the shortest and youngest of the bunch.

Without any warning, Flowey threw a basketball at the boy’s back hard, knocking him over; Flowey quickly snatched the ball back before speaking again, “you don’t know? You really don’t know? Guess! It’s something all of you have done!”

Flowey grew angry as the four of the other kids only looked confused and he grew even angrier when the black haired girl began wiping tears from her face, either she was scared or she was trying to make him feel bad, it didn’t matter, because either way he wasn’t going to let her go until she or anyone else here said the magic word.

And it made him mad that these brats had the audacity to cry and play dumb when they knew exactly what they had done!
“That’s **IT! I’VE HAD IT UP TO HERE!! WITH YOU HUMANS!**” he yelled, and then, all at once without warning, Flowey began throwing the hoard of basketballs, with most of them hitting there mark.

He fumed silently as he watched as the rough basketballs rain down onto the kids mercilessly, following one that ran, continuing to pelt down on the two who huddled onto the ground, and attacking the fourth one who was attempting and failing to scrape between two of the many large vines.

The one that was running, the scruffy brunette, charged at him, flustered and angry, “STOP IT BEFORE I MAKE YOU!” she screamed, flinching as two smacked into her back.

Flowey summoned up a spikier vine to guard him, to which the girl nimbly backed up from before she could run face first into it.

“Apologize first!” Flowey snapped back.

“Apologize for WHAT?” she argued, she too was beginning to look like she was about to cry, mainly out of frustration.

But apparently wasn’t as frustrated as much as Flowey was as he lost his patience and slammed a basketball hard into the side of her head, she immediately fell to the grass. . .

He stopped everything when she didn’t get up fast enough; noticing her eyes were closed, he stared carefully, fear twisting inside of him. . .

The fear rose when the others quickly became aware of the scene, he could see the anxiety in their eyes, the hushed whispers between them as they stared at the scene. . .

He was beginning to call it quits as the sickening dread spread through him and worsened, if the others found out that he killed a human or severely hurt one they’d probably lock him back in the Underground or… worse.

All he wanted was to teach these brats a lesson they’d never forget, not *kill* them. . .

Then! To his relief, the girl suddenly groaned and rubbed at her head and shot up back to her feet.

“Done napping?” he quipped, quickly brushing the incident off as if it were nothing.

The injured girl looked confused, skipping any sort of tears or hurt, what happened instead was the rage and anger spread across her features, her eyes blazing “you know what? Kill yourself!”

The comment made Flowey’s eyes go wide in surprise, a fake grin appearing on his face “oh! Hahahahaha! Let me guess, is that what you told my friend? To kill themselves?” he joked sarcastically, his voice full of venom, and then like the flip of a coin, he dropped his smile and glared at them darkly “you’re **pathetic! ALL OF YOU!**”
Something clicked in the tallest boy’s eyes, “you’re talking about that quiet freak, Frisk, aren’t you?” he then looked down at the red head, “that weirdo used to carry him around everywhere back in Elementary school, he even had his own desk! Like he was ‘normal!’”

Flowey swiftly chucked a basketball hard at the boy’s stomach, watching in satisfaction as he doubled over in pain, he would have smiled if he weren’t so mad “THE ONLY FREAK I SEE HERE IS YOU! Maybe they’d bother to talk to you if weren’t such a disgusting creep!”

The black haired girl spoke up once again; she looked sympathetic “hey! Little flower…face… guy, I don’t even know Frisk for real, I was just trying to give ‘em…advice, I’m sorry, so…let me go?”

The short red head nodded and stood next to her, ‘yeah, me too, I don’t even remember what I said, I swear I was just playing, I’m like that with everyone, I’m really sorry,”

Flowey scoffed and rolled his eyes, smiling a fake smile “I watched all of you, and I was told everything, so that sad act is not going to work on little old me, so no one is going ANYWHERE UNTIL I BEAT ALL OF YOU INTO A BLOODY PULP!” he threatened in a grisly voice, with a callous expression painted on his flower face.

But before he could start over again, the sharp sound of a whistle rang through the air.

Everyone turned to see the two principles, Ms. Dreemurr of the elementary school, and (human) Mr. Elsorr of the middle and Junior High school and behind them stood twelve year old Frisk who was staring at Flowey with an unreadable expression.

Despite the sick feeling of being caught, Flowey was hesitant to drop his vines, he was still too angry, but as soon as Toriel’s fierce eyes stared and locked into his dark ones- he couldn’t have gotten rid of them faster.

He felt sicker as the four beat up kids ran away from him and behind the principles, next to Frisk, the irony of it all was not lost on him and it made him feel even worse.

Flowey watched as Toriel whispered to Frisk for the flower pot and the mini shovel, which were promptly handed to her, he hung his head in shame as Toriel walked to him and quietly began to dig him up.

Once he was in the pot, she finally spoke up.

“We need to have a serious talk.”

He gulped.

Thirty minutes later though, he was back to being angry.

“I’m not sorry for anything,” he said staring up at the ceiling; he refused to look at his mother and the other principle who were demanding he apologize to the children.

“I don’t think he understands the gravity of the situation Ms. Dreemurr,” Mr. Elsorr said to Toriel, his face was contorted in deep thought and frustration.

“I do! Those morons all messed with Frisk! You don’t know what they said to them! You have to
believe me that they’re all horrible! And I didn’t mean to hurt them as bad as I did, I just wanted to teach them a lesson! Don’t you understand that I’m not the real bully here?” Flowey explained, desperate for his mother to understand and to stop looking at him like that. . .

Some days it really was hard when his parents didn’t know who he really was, right now was the hardest.

Toriel looked away from Flowey, she seemed unnerved about something, thinking troubled thoughts, and then finally, she stood up and spoke “perhaps we should talk to Frisk about this,”

He was then picked up and moved out of Mr. Elsorr’s office, trading places with Frisk, who only bothered to look at him briefly, their expression still unreadable.

A few grueling minutes droned by before Frisk came out of the office, they sat next to Flowey.

“I still can’t believe you did that, *I thought you were getting better,*” they said, their voice small and full of shame.

“I *am!* I was just getting back at them, I wasn’t going to for real hurt them or kill them, I told you I wouldn’t, I promised, remember?” he said, his voice full of anxiety, desperation clawing at him, he hated that Frisk was treating him like this.

“Yes, I know, but you *did* hurt them for real, you threw basketballs Flowey! Basketballs! And *trapped* them! All of them are beat up really bad and Missy has a concussion! You *went too far!*”

Flowey grit his teeth and wilted down, wincing as the annoying familiar pain radiated through him “I’m…I’m sorry, I just…”

Then before anything more could be said, the door opened, and Toriel picked him up and took him back into the office.

He looked back at the two principles, their expressions different from earlier, but a lot more stern and collected.

Mr. Elsorr spoke up “Mr. Flowey, due to the circumstances of the situation, I’m afraid that we cannot let you attend this school any longer, I’m sorry. Your guardian will explain the rest and take over from here,”

Flowey looked to Toriel, the fear he felt was back full force.

She looked uncomfortably from the other principle to Flowey, “which means. . . you will now be home schooled by me, which, I think might be a better learning experience than you were having before, no offense Mr. Elsorr.”

“None taken,” the principal replied.

“**Good,** I don’t want to be around these jerks anymore anyway, it’s just too bad you can’t get rid of the actual bad kids who deserved to be kicked out,” Flowey grumbled quietly, the fear still there, but he had no control or filter on his mouth, not with his mood being as bad as it was now, and still desperate for them to see it *his way.*
“Are you finished Mr. Flowey?” Toriel said her tone thick with frustration and a strong hint of sympathy.

He looked up at her with big eyes, suddenly unable to find anything more to say.

Something in her expression changed and she nodded firmly, looking away “right,” she then picked up Flowey and turned to Mr. Elsorr, “we are deeply sorry for the trouble, as it were, I think it’s past time for me to take leave,”

“I understand, I’ll keep you updated if any of the children’s parents call,”

Mr. Elsorr then looked to Flowey and smiled weakly, “and you, I understand your need to protect your friend’s feelings, but violence is not the answer, violence is never the answer. Have a good rest of the day, to the both of you, and Frisk,”

Flowey nodded grimly.

The ride home was excruciating, Flowey knew he was going to get in trouble either way, he accepted that when he had promised Frisk that he would get revenge for them, still, he didn’t think they would end up being upset with him like this.

He glumly looked out the car window, then over at Frisk who seemed lost in their own thoughts, when they caught Flowey’s stare, they frowned sadly and looked away.

The bubble of anger inside him grew, he did all this for them! Couldn’t they be at least a little thankful?

He remembered the week before when they had come home in tears, it hadn’t been the first time, but this time it was worse, they had bruises on their arm because they had refused to give up their lunch money, and still, it was taken anyway, and then later that day was relentlessly picked on by other just as mean kids.

The first idea that popped into Flowey’s mind was getting revenge and justice, Frisk hadn’t been sure at the time, but after some reassuring that he wouldn’t do anything too terrible, just… ‘talk sense into them’, that seemed to get Frisk to agree, but he remembered the hesitant look in their eyes.

He shifted a bit as the annoying ache rolled through him.

No…

Maybe he was wrong, he did lie about his plan, and it wasn’t like Frisk had even asked him to beat up the kids in the first place… but… still…

Perhaps it was that ashamed look in Frisk’s eyes that was really bothering him, or the fact that they didn’t even want to look at him.

He didn’t want to think about this right now, that ache was really starting to hurt too much to think deeply anyway.
Once they got home, Toriel took him to the backyard and sat him on the decorated table and began pacing in front of him, she looked deep in thought.

“Frisk has always said a lot of good things about you, before and still after your attack on those children, it is the only reason why I am not taking you back to the Underground…well no, it’s not the only reason, I have also grown very fond of you over time,” she explained, a deep sad smile on her face.

Flowey’s eyes lit up but his mind drew a blank and his ache returning, suddenly very not sure what to say.

Toriel continued on, “Frisk has also said… that you have had a hard past, and that you lost your family… I am sorry to bring that up now, but, if it comforts you, I also lost family too, I understand what it is like,"

And then he internally panicked, did Frisk rat him out to Toriel about his true identity?! They better not have! They promised on it!

He was about to ask Toriel to ease his suspicion, but she began speaking again.

“They also explained that you spent a lot of time alone, and…and…well, you must forgive me Flowey, but I have been thinking about this for a long time, but today confirmed it. Flowey, I have decided that I will start taking you to a therapist,”

Well, that wasn’t what he had been expecting, and neither something that he wanted.

“A what?” he remarked.

“It is a professional that will talk and listen to you and help you with your emotional problems and-,”

“I know what a ‘therapist’ is! And I can assure you Ms. Toriel, I. DON’T. NEED. ONE. Trust me, I get enough personal evaluation from PRACTICALLY everyone around me! Why would I EVER want MORE of that from some professional know-it-all geek?!!”

Toriel crossed her arms “because your violent behavior today has proven greatly that we have not been enough help. You will go.”

Flowey crossed his vines back and scowled, eyes wild “I will NOT! YOU CAN’T MAKE ME!”

Toriel glowered down at him, and began speaking him to him firmly “I am your legal Guardian, meaning I can, and if I must, I will simply go ahead and officially adopt you just to make sure you get the proper help.”

Then, at the cracked open door, he finally noticed Frisk, who seemed to have been listening, their eyes were wide and all knowing, they eagerly looked back and forth between him and Toriel.

He knew exactly what Frisk wanted, and he was having none of their goody toe shoes happy endings ideology today, not now, definitely not now, he ignored them.

“I don’t care. ‘Adopt’ me all you want. You still can’t make me do anything, and if I have to… I’ll just run away one day and never come back,” he then grinned a dark toothy grin up at her, “it would
be so easy, and I wouldn’t even miss any of you,”

He chose not to acknowledge the deep sad looks in both Frisk and Toriel’s eyes.

Then, Toriel rubbed her chin and smiled weakly, “but you have not run away yet, have you? You have had more than enough access to the ground by now, but you still you stay with us, you eat and laugh with us. Tell me, have you not left yet because you do not think you have anywhere else to go, or do you secretly care for us?”

As far as knowledge went about Flowey for Toriel and Asgore, he was just a lonely child-like soulless flower that had gained the will to live after Alphys injected it with Determination as an experiment, nothing more.

That’s what him, Frisk and Alphys agreed on anyway, Flowey planned to keep it that way.

His bad mood was getting worse and worse “what are you TALKING ABOUT?! I’ve told you, I don’t HAVE a soul- WHICH MEANS I CAN’T CARE ABOUT ANYONE! This is a stupid pointless conversation! Don’t you understand that taking me a therapist isn’t going to work?! I bet you’re just doing this to make you feel better about yourself!”

Toriel remained calm though, if anything, she seemed almost intrigued “but if you do not have a soul, then why did you want ‘revenge’ on the other children that bullied Frisk?”

But stubbornly, Flowey was no longer listening, “LALALALALALALALALALA!!! I’m not talking about this anymore! This whole thing you call a ‘conversation’ is as stupid and idiotic as you are, you OLD. UGLY. HAG!!”

“ASRIEL!” Frisk gasped loudly in disbelief, glaring at him in disgust.

The air between the three of them went suddenly tense, but something was giving.

Flowey went wide eyed, and glared back at Frisk offensively- then quickly at Toriel, to his horror looked like was about to cry, her hands tightly covering her mouth, then rushed to the other child, taking Frisk’s arm and brought them close.

“What did you say?” she whispered, tears gathering in her eyes.

Frisk looked to Flowey for a moment, but he looked away and snapped closed his own eyes, scowling, feeling completely betrayed.

They looked back to Toriel, sterner now, Determination filling them, “Asriel, I said Asriel,” they paused to smile warmly at Toriel “as in, you don’t have to adopt Flowey, because he’s already your son,”

Toriel’s eyes widened and she looked back to Flowey, several tears dropping down her cheeks as she gazed at the stubborn golden flower boy, now in a new light, and many old lights as well, she brought out a delicate hanky and wiped her tears away, she then looked back to Frisk and hugged them tightly, which was returned.

Before going to Flowey, she took Frisk’s hands in hers and smiled, new tears dripping her cheeks “thank you once again Frisk for bringing family back into my life, my sweet child”
Frisk said nothing, they seemed slightly conflicted about something, likely about breaking their promise, but still smiled back, their own eyes becoming wet with tears too, they nodded to Toriel, and once they were let go, they immediately went back inside, leaving the mother and son to speak alone.

Meanwhile, Flowey was trying his hardest to ignore from the badly timed ache that was wracking through his body, and he was also mad, so incredibly mad right now.

He had told Frisk how he felt about keeping his true identity a secret, they knew how important and sacred it was to him, and then they just… just threw it all back into in his face.

He was so caught up in his anger it took him a moment to notice Toriel had sat next to him and was staring at him with emotional eyes; she looked at him with a total loss for words, this wasn’t the first time he’d seen her like this, he remembered his earliest of Resets where he’d revealed himself before, she was always rendered speechless, he didn’t blame her.

“It may…or may not come as a surprise to you…but, I always felt as if I already known you for a long time, you seemed so familiar and yet. . .,” she sniffled and shook her head and smiled weakly at him.

He couldn’t seem to bring himself to meet her gaze, “-and yet I’m so different, I know, I know…I’m not the same Asriel you used to know, because, like I’ve explained so many times, I don’t have a soul anymore, so I’ll never be… him ever again,”

Toriel was quiet for a moment, sniffling back a few more tears, “you’re still my son though, and I…,” more tears came, a lot more tears, Toriel took a moment to sob into the sleeve of her sweater.

Flowey was unable to watch, but something caused his eyes to sting and water, perhaps it was the awful pain that was currently getting worse, radiating through him, the idea he had earlier about running away seemed like a really good one right now, and seeing his mother like this was making him increasingly unsettled, and still-

“I’m sorry!” she cracked out.

He looked at her, eyes wide in confusion “wh-what?”

She struggled to speak, but forced her way through for what she wanted to say, “I’m sorry I wasn’t there to protect you and Chara, I—can’t imagine what it must have been like, to be all alone after you became what you are…to be unable t-to… and to have me protect-,”

“Protect others from me…,” Flowey finished, staring at his mother’s shaking paws, both remembering a certain fireball she’d thrown at him to protect Frisk.

A part of him felt as if he should be glad that she had…or else things would have gone in another whole different direction that day.

“Asriel, I am sorry for anything I have done, all that you need to know now, is that I love you, and that will never, ever change,” she sobbed out, and finally, not being able to take it any longer, she picked him up close to her to form the best hug she could muster for him, her free hand coming and cupping the back of his flowery head.

Flowey took a sharp breath from the pain that tore at his very core, familiar tears burned from his eyes as he allowed his head rest on his mother’s warm shoulder.
…But he wasn’t crying the same kind of tears that his mother was.

He was upset that he couldn’t feel any compassion for his mother right now, growing even angrier at Frisk for doing this to him, conflicted because…despite everything his mother had just said, while they were meaningful words, Flowey knew deep down that she actually pitied him, she really had no idea of what it was like for him, nothing that she could ever do would ever help him.

It only made him feel lonelier than before.

And now, thanks to Frisk, he was going to be his mother’s burden, now forever known as the lost son that she was never ever going to get back, not completely anyway.

And it was only going to get worse once Asgore was told, he just knew it.

He’d gone through all of this before in past resets and now… there was nothing he could do to fix it again, he knew he would never be able to get Frisk to change it.

This was it, this was what his life was going be like…

Soon enough, his mother let go and sat him back down on the table gently, he went back to looking away, downcast as Toriel wiped her eyes.

She quickly noticed his expression and grew concerned, “Asriel…Asriel? A-are you okay? I did not mean to upset you,” her tone soft and sympathetic.

“I’m fine,” he grumbled.

“Asriel…please, you do not have to hide from me anymore,”

But as she reached in to attempt to comfort him he snapped his gaze up at her, his dark eyes vicious.

“Stop. Calling. Me. That.” he demanded in a hushed voice, still his tone was threatening.

Toriel went quiet, thinking deeply for a moment, pulling her hand back and giving him space, then nodded slowly, smiling, “I understand, Flowey it is then, whatever makes you feel comfortable.”

Well that almost made him change his mind, but, no, this didn’t change anything, maybe one day he could get used to being called ‘Asriel’ again, it was his name after all, it belonged to no one else but him, it was just… he couldn’t handle be called by it, not right now, not for a long time.

Finally, his expression hesitantly softened, his body language becoming passive.

“…Thanks…,” he whispered, it didn’t feel as forced coming out as he thought it would surprisingly.

She smiled, and then brought out a clean hankie, holding it up to his face, silently asking to wipe away his tears, and doing so when he let out a sigh of defeat and closing his eyes.

As she wiped them, he finally decided to change the subject to something just a little less terrible, but still pretty terrible, awkwardly clearing his throat before he spoke again.

“So, do I still have to go to therapy?” he asked.
Toriel frowned stubbornly, “yes.”

“But-,”

“No butts, tushes or rear ends allowed,” she joked (genuinely hoping to lighten the mood.)

“Mom I don’t even have a butt, that’s a contradiction,” (which worked.)

The mother and son stared at each other for a long moment, before cracking grins and laughing lightly, Flowey feeling ever so slightly better at finally able to call Toriel mom again, to her. It just seemed like the right thing to do now, despite her pity that he didn’t deserve or want.

They talked for not too much longer, changing the subject again, this time about homeschooling, which actually didn’t seem like a unpleasant idea, it wouldn’t be too different from how he was schooled long ago, back when he wasn’t surrounded by gossipy morons that liked to stare for just a little too long, he really was glad to be away from them, the only issue was about the whole thing was who was going to come and stay and keep him company at home (not babysit) while Toriel and Frisk went off to the school- making a not so surprisingly short list that consisted of:

Asgore (obviously)

Papyrus (when he had the time)

And either Greater dog and Lesser dog (who both were not exactly the best conversationalists but were very fond of Flowey none the less and were prone to spoiling him)

After the conversation, Flowey begrudgingly accepted his punishment for his basketball attack, which was: much harder homework for two years, zero desserts for six months unless it was birthday cake/pie, bedtime moved to 8 PM indefinitely, and three hours of video game play per day for a year… and anything else Toriel could think of.

He tried to take his punishment with all good grace, knowing Toriel and her soft spot for children, there was always a chance she’d eventually ease up.

But obviously, his bad mood too soon came back.

He refused to talk to Frisk for almost two days, it would have been longer, but also unfortunately as usual, Frisk was Determined.

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“You have to talk to me, you can’t ignore me forever. We live together for fudge sake!” They said, talking to his back while he was pretending to being busy playing his zombie game.

“...”

“Look I’m sorry for outing you to mom, but you know she deserved to know you were alive, dad too, besides, you know they were eventually going to find out anyway. I know you try to hide it, but you still sort of look like yourself, I know that doesn’t make any sense but- it’s true,”

“...”

“If you’re a grumpy jerkwad who beats up people with basketballs say nothing,”
Finally, Flowey shot around inside his flower pot to look at them so hard he nearly knocked himself over, his face seething with anger. “ME?! YOU THINK I’M THE JERK?! I TOLD YOU I DID IT FOR YOU!”

For a split second, Frisk was surprised, but shook it off, Flowey wasn’t the only who was still angry about it, “and I told you that you went too FAR! You ever get hit in the face by a basketball? It hurts!”

“Yes. I know. And those morons clearly deserved it!”

“Those morons didn’t deserve bruises Flowey! And they didn’t deserve to be trapped like mice either, I know you’re trying your best to do better, but this isn’t the freaking way to do it! I wish you could see yourself when you’re like this sometimes!” Frisk explained, then, snapped their fingers signifying an idea was just had, ran over to their desk, grabbed something then ran back to him, once he realized it was a hand mirror, he grimaced.

“Like now, I need you to look at yourself,” they said, and before they could even raise the mirror, he summoned out a vine threateningly; Frisk noticed but stubbornly took another step.

“I know what I look like! Get that thing out of my face YOU IDIOT!” he yelled, not paying attention to all the sharp red spikes that appeared from his vine.

But Frisk stayed Determined, “no, you don’t! You don’t see what I see, you’re more than a flower, I know you still feel alone and scared, and I understand why you’re mad, but if you just look at your face right now and see how your acting-.”

As soon as Frisk flashed the mirror to his face, he blindly lashed out with vine, and as soon as he did, he immediately knew something was disgustingly wrong, dread filling him as he looked and saw the red spikes and the even redder deep cut on olive tan skin.

Frisk dropped the mirror and quickly grabbed at their wrist of their right hand, but he could already see the blood.

The air was tense with shock…but strangely, as soon as he locked eyes with Frisk-something inside him clicked and he panicked, fear for Frisk overtaking him.

He watched grimly as the blood trickled down their arm, the sight of it giving him a cold flashback of their fight together when he inhabited his Omega Form, but all that seemed like an odd and gruesome hazy fever dream compared to what was going on now.

Tears welded in Frisk’s eyes, surprisingly not so much from the pain, which there was a fair amount of, but from what had just happened, too many emotions running through them, their breath becoming shallow as they opened their other hand to peek at the wound, quickly covering it back as a small stream of blood escaped.

He watched grimly as the blood trickled down their arm, the sight of it giving him a cold flashback of their fight together when he inhabited his Omega Form, but all that seemed like an odd and gruesome hazy fever dream compared to what was going on now.

Now all he could think about was the fear he was experiencing and of Frisk fainting or worse…
“Oooh no…look, please don’t be mad at me, it was an accident!”

Frisk looked back him, raising their eyebrows at his response, “it’s- it’s okay, I’m not mad I just-,” they took a heavy breath, slowly closing and opening their eyes “phew, what we need to do is… just… calm down,”

He nodded quickly, gritting his teeth, he tried…
But he couldn’t calm down, unable to take his eyes off the blood.

“No! Would you take care of that?! Go to mom before you bleed everywhere and end up…end up… you know…s-sending us back to whenever the heck you last Saved!”

Frisk took another quick glimpse at the cut, their expression shifting as they slowly realized the reality of the situation, beginning to back up for the door.
“You’re right, this cut is actually really bad, but, um-” they looked at him with concern “I’m sorry I provoked you, I didn’t r-,”

“WOULD YOU SHUT UP AND STOP BEING NICE? GO TO MOM, GO YOU IDIOT!” he screeched.

Frisk jumped, common sense returning back to them as the shock wore off, but before turning and running off, they gave him a surprisingly sincere smile, it bothered him.

It reminded him again of the ‘Omega fight’, or after it actually, after the souls had escaped, leaving him alone and defenseless to face Frisk, he had hurt them so, so, badly, and yet… they smiled at him, and even let him live.

He was still so confused, like now, Frisk had been shocked… but they didn’t seem like they felt betrayed, they even said they weren’t mad, how?

Sure he said it was an accident, and it was, he had only meant to smack the mirror away…he didn’t mean to hurt them like that, he had just been so angry.

Dread filled him as he listened and waited for a reaction…

…

…

Finally, he heard the sound of Toriel muffled panicked cries, and then she arrived at the door.
“Flowey! …FLOWEY! FRISK HAD AN ACCIDENT; WE ARE GOING TO THE HOSPITAL!”

An ‘accident’? Did Frisk just lie to cover for him? Why?

He just… really, really couldn’t get past Frisk’s vast selflessness.

Flowey acted surprised as Toriel quickly picked him up tucked him away into her oversized purse, “what happened?”
Toriel sighed wearily through her teeth “they’ve accidentally cut their wrist,”

Frisk was walking quickly ahead of them now; he noticed how they held up their right arm up, seeing the large first aid gauze wrapped around their wrist, covering the injury completely, he attempted to swallow the anxious lump in his throat.

“Is it that bad?” he genuinely asked, hoping it wasn’t as awful as it had looked.

Toriel didn’t say anymore, but simply nod; she then walked further, gently wrapping their arm halfway around Frisk’s back, rubbing at it comfortingly.

The annoying ache that Flowey had been currently ignoring suddenly became unavoidable, making him cringe hard, but there really wasn’t any point making his mom or Frisk have another thing to worry about right now.

He held his breath.

…

Five hours later after what had seemed like a fuzzy nervous anxiety filled blur, Flowey found himself staring at the dark stitches on Frisk’s wrist; they were in the middle of putting on another new bandage after accidentally getting the last one damp.

He couldn’t stop staring, it was so . . . awful…

…Hadn’t someone said it was probably going to leave a nasty scar? He snapped his eyes shut, of course he was going to be forced to look at the scar he had made forever, just great.

He still just couldn’t understand why they continued to be so lenient with him, especially after everything he had told them about his past and what he was like before he met them, and how he never regretted a thing when he killed before, he had told them nearly everything, and still, time after time… they continued to forgive and trust him, he was sure that they weren’t even scared of him, or had been even scared of him at all in the beginning despite his best efforts.

He wasn’t sure if they were brave, cared for him, or was actually genuinely crazy and stupid.

He jumped when they suddenly began speaking, forgetting that he had closed his eyes.

“I’m really am sorry that I told mom about your true identity, seriously this time. It was an accident at first; I just couldn’t believe you called her an ugly hag- but then I… I decided that she should just know…but I see now that I shouldn’t have done that, I should have asked you first,”

He looked back at them in surprise, noticing in relief at the new bandage now safely covering the wound… were they being this apologetic because they were afraid he would scratch them again?

He frowned at his thoughts, maybe he was wrong.

“…Why are you so sorry now?” he asked.
Frisk shrugged lightly, “I guess… because I realized that as much and as hard as I’ve tried, I can’t ever really completely understand what it’s like to be you, like being soulless and also… y’know, being a plant- unable to really go where you want on your own all the time, I also feel super guilty that I tried to force that mirror in your face, especially after you said no, I knew you were going to hit me, but I pushed on ’cause I thought I was doing the right thing…but… I should have listened to you,”

But then they shifted away awkwardly, tensing up.
“BUT…I’m still mad at what you did to those kids though; I was hoping you would just… I don’t know… hack their grades or something, pull some scary pranks, not…physically hurt them, I guess I should have been more direct with you about the plan,”

He didn’t know what to say, he begrudgingly didn’t want to admit it, but…Frisk was right, he could see that clearer now; he had gone too far with trying to protect the only person who understood him best and had blown everything out of proportion.

His morals had been in the wrong for far too long and he realized now that he needed to get out of his old bad habits if he wanted things to stay the same between him and Frisk... he didn’t want to risk another fight like the one they had.

As well, the more he thought about getting help as Toriel suggested, the more it seemed to make sense, as awful at it sounded, he had a screwed up history and had gained a just as screwed up mind because of it.

He didn’t want anybody else to end up with scars just because he couldn’t control himself, he didn’t want to be like this anymore.

He wanted to be better.

He just had to be.

So the next part was hard for him to get out, but he eventually spoke, his voice low and tinted with shame, “…you’re… right,”

Frisk blinked, quiet for a moment, taking in his words, then, they smiled a small warm smile.
“Does that mean you’re really sorry about hurting the other kids?”

He gave a long sigh “…yeah,”

They nodded and walked a little closer until they were next to him, leaning against the desk that he sat on; they held their hands together thoughtfully, absentmindedly fidgeting slightly with the tape against their skin.

“Thank you... and, I’m sorry too, about mom.”
They then looked to him curiously “so, do you want to… umm,” they looked around the room, “play Shards of Swords?” the asked, motioning to the game console not too far away.

He narrowed his eyebrows at them, “that’s it? You’re just changing the subject like that? You don’t want to give me some kind of boring pep talk or even brag?”

Frisk grimaced and shook their head firmly, “no, I’m really happy that you’re apologizing, I’m happy that I’m apologizing too, but it’s been a really long week, and I’m super tired and so sick of arguing and talking about this, and…um, besides I… Saved yesterday- so that means the past is officially in
the past, no going back if we wanted to, so, let’s just relax for right now,”

He perked up “wait, wait, wait, wait… are you insinuating… that you would go back and change what you said to mom or…?” he asked.

Frisk dropped the frown, switching to something more shy and contemplative.
“…Would you want me to? If I could?”

Flowey thought about this for a moment, a weak smile appearing on his face that he wasn’t aware of.
“…No,” he said softly, for some reason, he found himself content with the way things were, except of course for Frisk’s scratch, but he felt there was a lesson to be learned there somewhere.

Frisk couldn’t help but smile too, walking over closer to pick him up “c’mon, let’s relax for now and finish our game,”

His eyes flashed toward their wrist as it grew close, then up at Frisk, “wait, about the scratch…I was wondering, how come you decided to cover up the accident for me?”

The smile dropped momentarily as they took him over to their usual spots in front of the TV.

“I was worried the others wouldn’t understand, especially after the last incident, I knew it wouldn’t look good,” they winced, and looked down, “I was scared that they would send you back to the Underground,”

The familiar ache twisted painfully inside him for a brief moment “Wh- Mmph…what did you tell her?”

Frisk didn’t notice his expression as they switched games in the console and handed him a controller and took their own.

“Y’know that sharp metal part on the side of my bed? I told her I was trying to reach for something, and well, yeah, she seemed like she believed me, but…I’m not completely sure, she kept asking what we were arguing about,”

“Yikes,”

“Definitely yikes, exactly why we shouldn’t fight like that anymore,”

“…Frisk…?”

“Yeah?”

“I’ve been meaning to tell you that… I’m really, really, really . . . sorry about hurting your wrist, I meant it when I said it was an accident, I actually just wanted to knock the mirror out of your hand,”

“I know,”

“Just… just don’t tell me that it’s ‘okay’, because it’s not, I screwed up really badly,”

“I know, we’ve both been acting really stupid, I shouldn’t have told mom about you or been so pushy, and you should learn to control your anger and those spikes better,”

“Trust me when I say that I definitely will,”

They shared a quiet look of agreement before going back to playing their game.
Soon Flowey spoke up again, reluctantly “uuuuh…another thing,”

“Yeah?”

“I’ll… ugh, apologize to the morons, but I won’t like it,”

“Thank you Flowey,”

“And… I didn’t mean what I said about mom… y’know, being a …uh… ugly hag…,”

“You better not, because you should know by now that you look just like her, it was kind of like calling yourself ugly, which you aren’t, you’re like, super pretty and super handsome, you’re pandsome! Heheheh,”

Frisk looked over at their best friend when he didn’t say anything after a strange moment of quiet. Usually he’d groan or something, instead they found him staring hard at the game, focusing deeply on the screen, uncomfortably so, they wondered if they had gone a little too far with that last bit.

“I’m sorry,”

He looked back at them curiously, his face still etched with tension, “for what?”

Frisk shook their head; they could tell that Flowey was clearly Done with all the stress too.

“Nothing, never mind,”

And yes, while he was Done, he was also trying to focus on not yelling or crying because the ache and pain had come back full force, really, sometimes he felt as if he should do something about it, but at the same time, he just didn’t care, and neither did he want the attention.

…

After the game, he swallowed his pride and decided to tell Toriel about his change of mind about the therapist, better to get it over with now than later.

His only exceptions was that he HAD to have a monster therapist, if there were none available, he wouldn’t do it, Toriel happily agreed, promising she make something work.

Time past by too quickly, he found himself helping Toriel dull the sharp part on the side Frisk’s bed that had done nothing wrong, being careful to avoid seeming suspicious, finding it strangely difficult to look his mother in the eyes.

..

With the help of Frisk and Toriel, Asgore was soon told about Flowey’s identity, there were more tears and emotions from his father that he also had trouble dealing with, at least the hot cup of tea made it bearable.
Later on, he apologized to the bullies that he had bullied back; he hated every solitary single second of it, fighting hard to remind himself that it made Frisk and Toriel proud of him, and that somehow, this was the right thing to do.

These all being incredibly difficult feats, but for some reason, he had a feeling that the therapy visit was going to be one of the hardest things he was going to do for a long time.

And too soon, it was time for his first appointment, he made sure to stall for every little thing, making sure to brush every tooth, wash his face—several times, eat his lunch very very slowly, getting in the car and suddenly whine about being thirsty and make his mom go back in to bring him a drink, hoping to be late, but Toriel wasn’t having any of it, especially more so now that she knew who he was.

Her leverage was Asgore, who was coming along as moral support for their son; to his surprise Flowey had to admit that it… did actually help to a degree, something about seeing his parents interact always gave him a strange sense of nostalgia, even though they still had trouble working things out.

When he was brought in to the small office, he was met with a familiar face, or mainly, a familiar eye monster, Loox.

“You’re my therapist? Mr. ‘Reformed Bully’? That’s ironic,”

Loox gave a polite smile to the flower boy, “sorry Mr. Flowey, you asked for a monster therapist, and there are only a few on the field at the moment,”

Flowey gave a long sigh, “yeah, I figured, well, let’s get it over with,”

It of course had practically taken forever for him to even start talking about himself, as Flowey decided to begin by again wasting time by having Loox about talk himself first, asking him specific questions, ones that Flowey thought a therapist would ask, making a game out of it, attempting to prolong the inevitable.

But finally, once Flowey started finally talking about himself, he couldn’t seem to be able to stop…

Actually, he hadn’t even had time to talk about his lack of a soul, which was fine, but what was fine was talking about his early life, having to explain he was the dead son of Toriel and Asgore, whom was brought back to life as a freaking flower.

Inconveniently, his annoying ache had started up during half the time he was there and even worsening when he began talking about Chara, making the situation even more difficult than it already was.

Loox seemed to noticed the pained look on Flowey’s face, “you don’t have to talk about it if it’s too hard, these kind of things take time,”
Flowey considered it for moment, but what was the point, isn’t this what he was here for? “n- no, I’m on a roll, it’s fine… I think….”

Something about talking about it like this was strangely cathartic, he hadn’t been sure what he expected, but it hadn’t been the relief he felt from just… simply talking about it, even if it was also painful, he even began crying a few times.

He was just about to get to his time he spent Resetting over and over when Loox was forced to stop him, ironically time was up for the session.

As he left the building, he found himself spent, falling asleep as soon as he was buckled up in to the car.

When he woke up, he didn’t feel much different, he was still Flowey the soulless flower, but…at the same time, he felt as if there was small weight lifted from him, and the future looked a little less bleak as he realized he had new goal to reach.

In the beginning, after leaving Mt. Ebott, there had been a half-baked goal to show the others that he could be trusted again and relearn how to be a tolerable roommate and citizen, but after recent events- he couldn’t say he even fully reached that goal, or had tried hard enough, but with his new goal he was going to do that and so much more.

He was going to become a good monster again, somehow.

Well, he knew he’d never be as good as he once was a long time ago, but he had Determination, so he knew that he could do it and turn over a new leaf…

Again, somehow.
The Most Unlikely Caretaker

Chapter Summary

Flowey wakes up one morning to find that Frisk is sick and staying home from school and that he’s going to be the one to keep them company.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 3  The Most Unlikely Caretaker

Warnings? : Super sick Frisk and mentions of throwing up (just mentions, nothing is seen or described) (also, I know, not a very flattering subject matter to first read on, my bad, sorry)

Inspiration Song: ‘His Theme (Tieff’s Remix [Chillout])’ by Toby Fox

He was partially awakened by the odd sensation of floating through the air as he was gently picked up from his usual spot in the window, feeling the soft tremor of being sat down somewhere else, not sure where yet, he hadn’t yet gain the ability to crack open his sleepy eyes.

But he began perking up at the familiar worried hushed tone of his mother as she spoke.

“-you company, I am so sorry I can’t stay, are you really sure you don’t want someone to come over and take care of you?”

“I’m almost fourteen, I can handle this, besides, I have Flowey, everything will be fine…,” a tired Frisk answered back just as quietly, their voice sounding slightly horse.

“I can call Sans and Papyrus, I’m sure they’ll-,”

“I don’t want to bother anyone from work, I’ll be fine, I promise…,”

“Okay, I will still call to check up on things, I will have your father call as well, we will be home in a snap if you need us,”

“Thanks mom,”

It was quiet for a moment except for the sound of shuffling, Flowey took the opportunity to force his heavy eyes open, slightly surprised that the room was dark and the sun was still working on coming up, find that- yes, Toriel had sat him on the nightstand right next to Frisk’s bed, he craned his head over a bit to look at the illuminated blue alarm clock...

5:29 AM, yeah, it certainly felt like it.
He looked over at the human in question, they looked absolutely terrible, their focus on Toriel as she pulled the blankets up to their chin.

When she began to turn to look at him, he shut his eyes back quickly and sagged his head down, pretending he was asleep, he didn’t want to be involved with …this at the moment.

He nearly broke concentration as she tapped softly on a petal, and leaned down to speak to him, almost whispering “Frisk isn’t feeling very well, I know it might be a lot to ask of you, but…watch over them to the best of your abilities, and please, please call me if they get worse, I hope you understand. I have also left you four sandwiches and three juice boxes in your lunch box on the desk nearby,”

She stood there for a moment longer, as if she were going to say something more, but then turned back to the younger child, “I’ll fix you some soup before I go, please eat most of it, and remember to drink all of the orange juice too, okay?”

More silence, Frisk was probably nodding back.

Flowey continued to pretend sleeping until he was sure Toriel was gone, finally opening his eyes again, instantly noticing a sticky note on the inside of his pot, it read about the same thing as what Toriel had asked of him, and then another one with a drawing of just a heart that took up the whole square, inside the heart was a smiley face and another heart.

He looked over at Frisk who was quietly staring at their soup, with a deep expression showing they clearly weren’t in the mood to eat.

“…The soup isn’t going to eat itself,” Flowey pressured, his voice low.

Frisk scrunched up their face more “I’m not hungry,”

“Toriel said you had to,”

Frisk gave him a face that looked like an attempt at a sneaky smile, but it was too tired and too warm.

“Wh- don’t look at me like that, eat your soup,” he fussed.

They smiled lazily, and they finally gave up “fiiine, but after this, I’m going back to bed,”

“You have to drink your orange juice too, all of it,”

The sneaky smile returned, and it dawned on him on exactly was Frisk was thinking about.

“LOOK YOU, she’s making me do this, it’s not like I’m actually THAT worried, so stop being a whiny baby and eat,” Flowey paused as a thought suddenly came to him, and a mischievous grin spread over his face, “waaaait, no, I bet you’re faking aren’t you?” he leaned forward tauntingly, “she is going to be really mad if you are,”

Frisk’s smile disappeared and they shook their head gently, “no, my throat hurts really bad, and I got a headache and fever too, but…it’s not as bad as it sounds, she gave me medicine,” they crossed arms and added “and for your information mister Dreemurr, just because I’m not in gross mood
when I’m feeling gross doesn’t automatically mean I’m ‘faking it’,”

Flowey’s face softened and he leaned back into his pot, his eyes glazed over as he remembered something from long ago, another sick human stuck in bed . . . but he was quick to shake it off.

Besides, this was nothing; Frisk was going to be fine.

“You should go back to sleep. I’ll be okay, I got it from here,” Frisk mumbled, mouthful of alphabet soup with extra added carrots and chicken.

He looked back at the clock…6:00 AM, hmmm, yeah; it was definitely a tempting offer.

And he was about to take them up on it when Frisk suddenly coughed and rubbed their throat, groaning, but went stoic when they noticed Flowey was staring back with a serious and unreadable expression.

“I’m fine,” Frisk insisted.

“Stop saying that and just eat already,” Flowey grumbled “get it over with,”

Frisk nodded in agreement, and looked down at their soup as they were then filled with Determination and begrudgingly began to slowly but surely eat all of their food, stifling any noises that came as result from their scrapey throat, just to keep Flowey from fussing.

Once Frisk was finished they finally looked back at Flowey, whom had been distracting himself by making tiny airplanes out of the sticky notes, catching him in the act of aiming a plane at them, one eye squinting in concentration.

The little teenager cracked an amused grin as the airplane flew off and immediately began to crash way too soon, falling to the floor between the two.

Flowey’s face went deadpan serious, “look at what you did.”

Frisk didn’t fight the giggles that came out, and it forced Flowey to break character and crack a shy smile.

This lasted a few moments before Frisk remembered the orange juice that…actually looked pretty refreshing, but they knew better, it was a cold thing, and when you had a sore throat, the cold thing would hurt the most.

Before Flowey could open his mouth again, Frisk was already downing the stuff in a hurry, quick and…sort of painless? Well, not really; but just like ripping off a band aid.

They rubbed their throat again momentarily, making a pained hiss, but was relieved that it was over, Frisk then put the empty cup in a more stable environment and sat their tray on the floor and in a quick flurry of movement and blankets, they hid underneath it all and became a small lump on the bed. The Great Mt. Frisk.

“Going back to bed?”

“Mmhm.”

“Good idea, me too, this is boring,”
Then, as if on queue, Frisk’s cellphone rang, to which they let out a little groan at, Flowey picked it up, taking a look at the screen.

“It’s mom,” he confirmed.

“Can you answer it?” they mumbled.

“I can, but you have to answer the next one,” Flowey said teasingly and went ahead and answered it, tapping the speakerphone button.

“Hello, Frisk? Is all well? This is your mother,” Toriel greeted.

Flowey grinned widely and then, altered his voice, changing it to sound just like the lump’s under the covers nearby, making sure to sound as weary as possible.

“Hey mom, I’m still feeling super-duper sick, bleeehhccck! Coff-coff! Can you come back home and make me more soup?” he said, grinning wider and wider as Frisk slowly pulled down the covers to give him a look of major judgment.

But of course they heard Toriel giggle “why hello Flowey sweetheart, I must admit, that is a very convincing Frisk impression, how are you two really?”

He let out a sigh and reverted his voice back “we’re fine, but Frisk is kind of… indisposed at the moment so I’m answering for them, for now,”

“Indisposed?”

“He means I was about to go to sleep, how are you doing?” Frisk finally said.

“Oh! Hello Frisk, I am doing well, just concerned, I apologize for bothering you, shall I still come back home for a few minutes and make you soup? I do not mind,”

“Ohh no mom, it’s okay, really, I’m not really hungry,” Frisk replied, sticking their tongue out at Flowey when he made a series of teasing faces at them.

“Well, if you insist-,”

“I doooon’t,” Flowey butted in jokingly.

Toriel chuckled a little, “okay, then I shall let you go back to sleep, I will tell your father to postpone his call for later so you can get your rest,”

“Thanks mom, love you,” Frisk said, getting ready to sleep again, pulling the covers up to their ears.

“Love you too, stay well and warm. Love you son, stay well and warm as well,”

Flowey looked up and away from Frisk, mildly embarrassed, “um, yeah, thanks mom,”

“Take care and do not forget to call me if you need anything, farewell for now,”

Click!

“Okay, finally, time for sleep,” Flowey said, but when he looked to Frisk, he saw they were completely covered by blanket again.

“I’m three steps ahead of you,” he heard them murmur softly.
At that, Flowey let out a long sleepy sigh and shut his eyes, waiting for sleep to douse him, and he did manage to nap, but after a couple hours, Frisk began to stir, the distressing noises of twisting around in blankets and whining is what woke him.

He huffed, feeling something akin to annoyance and...maybe worry...

“Frisk, you awake?”

“I wish I weren’t,” they grumbled from underneath the blankets, and turned and poked their face out as little as possible.

“Did you get any sleep?”

“Yes, but for...like...a second, I feel so bad,” Frisk’s face was contorted in frustration, and then they moved around more, until finally they sat up, and wrapped themselves up in the blanket (looking very much like a caterpillar that had learned to walk like a bipedal creature) and began to get up.

“Wh-What do you think you’re doing?” Flowey began to argue.

“I have to pee, and I want more blankets, I’m freezing!”

The flower grunted in annoyance and protest, there really wasn’t much he could do to help that, so he just glared holes into the bed, beginning to feel...aggravated with this situation and how completely useless he actually was for this job.

When Frisk came back, covered in more covers, they practically collapsed into the bed, wiggling around, making sure that there were no air holes.

“I wish you had made her send someone over to help,”

“It’ll be okay Flowey, I’m feeling bad, but...I’m not feeling that bad, besides you’re doing great, maybe should eat something too, I’m sure it’ll make you feel better; do you want me to go get your sandwiches? It’ll only take a second,”

“No, I can reach them myself,”

“Are you sure? The desk is kind of far away and it’s really no issue; I’m not completely useless right now, y’know,”

“What I want is a nice pile of someone else to come over here! With garnish!” he hissed.

“Friends are not food, Flowey.”

“Would you just shut up and sleep already?” he responded his tone surprisingly and unnecessarily firm and mean.

And to his surprise, Frisk actually stayed quiet for a while after that, but he wasn’t sure if they actually went to sleep.

Oh...just great, what if he hurt their feelings? He scrunched up his face at the possibility, it was one thing to upset Frisk, something that always got him in trouble...but it was a completely different matter if he upset Frisk WHILE they were sick—Toriel probably would never trust him with anything ever again.
Then again, what if he hadn’t? He’d be wasting his time making a sappy apology for no reason, well… it was just best to fix this from another direction.

He leaned in close as best as he could from his flower pot, his voice quiet “Frisk…uh, don’t shut up?”

“Mmm, shhhh,…it’s…fine, head hurts. . . let’s go back to sleep,” Frisk groaned softly back, their voice rough.

Flowey, now embarrassed looked down at the dirt below him, allowing silence to envelope the room again, and for a while, it stayed quiet, except for the morning song birds chirping peacefully outside the window, Frisk was hopefully sleeping now, and he, was left to think amongst himself.

He thought random thoughts for a while, maybe he should work on the rest of his home- homework but he instantly tossed the idea out into an imaginary garbage disposal once it appeared.

He thought of texting Papyrus or…maybe his one friend (more like an acquaintance so far) whom he met recently met on an online game- who also happened to be a human, which he felt was another step up for him.

...Maybe they would know what to do about Frisk?

No, for some reason, as much as he hated the responsibility, he felt this was something he had to do himself, he wasn’t sure what it was, he couldn’t say it was because he ‘cared’, especially when he lacked the very ability but… huh…

Maybe this was a good thing, at least he hoped it was, because after becoming a flower again, along with that extremely annoying pain he experienced time to time, he had also immediately noticed a very small surprising changes within himself, he didn’t know what it was.

He did know it was linked to the very thing rose up inside him and prevented him from violently lashing out at people anymore or being just horrible in general, and was possibly the very thing that caused him to rescue Frisk when they fell out of that tree or how he felt the need to avenge them after they got bullied, perhaps his ability to care had come back even… without a soul?

No.

Just no, that was probably the stupidest idea he’d ever thought of.

At best, maybe he was just ‘relearning’ how to be good again. He had to often remind himself that he didn’t start off being twisted when he was first reborn as a flower, and that he had just slowly ended up that way because of how alone and horribly miserable he had been.

Nothing had been the same for him since he’d let all those souls go and broke the Barrier, something in that moment in time had changed him somehow.

So he decided no matter how disgusting, painful, or difficult it was, he was going to keep hanging on, he was going to do whatever it took to keep whatever this change was.
Because there was no way in hell he was ever going to revert back to how he had been, he’d learned his lesson once and for all.

Yeah… as much as he hated to admit it, those therapy sessions were turning out to be really pretty helpful.

Still, there were some days where he’d find himself discouragingly relapsing, feeling nothing, not caring if what he said went over the line, those were his bad days…

“I wish you had let me die,”

“Why didn’t I just kill all of you?!”

"JUST SAY IT, SAY YOU DON’T CARE,

BECAUSE I SURE DON’T,”

“You’re horrible parents, I hate you,”

“LEAVE ME ALONE! I DON’T WANT YOU HERE!”

He remembered when he had accidentally tore into Frisk’s wrist with the thorns of his vine, he remembered the blood, and all the stitches, and yet… still they had lied and covered for him, all because they had been worried that the others might not be as forgiving.

He had felt…so bad about it, even still now, any time when he noticed that stupid thin white scar… he held on to the feeling, he held on tight to any feeling that proved he wasn’t that wasn’t that same hateful dark void that did terrible things just because he was ‘bored’ (which he wasn’t, he hadn’t been that ‘bored’ for a very long time now.)

So, he promised himself that someday…he would tell the truth about the thorn accident, and it really was an accident, because he wanted to show Frisk that WAS sorry and that he WAS improving, all the time, energy, and patience they put in helping him had to mean something in the long run.

Hopefully if he gave back that time and showed he could take care of Frisk for a change, he could then prove himself to his parents, Frisk and even himself that he was capable of also being…well… responsible? Even with his physical limitations, then maybe he could prove he could do and be much more.

But so far, he was doing a terrible job at it, as usual.

Then, at the corner of his eye, Frisk’s cellphone lit up, it was Asgore, an open opportunity.

Without a second thought, Flowey tapped the answer button before it could ring and pulled it up to
the side of his flowery head.

“Hi dad,” he said as quietly as he possibly could.

“Howdy son, why so silent?”

“Frisk is asleep,”

“My apologies son, I will make this short then, but how are you two?”

“Frisk ate all their food and said… their head and throat hurt? But I’m sure they’re fine- they said they were… I mean they were in a good mood anyway, so I think if they get enough sleep everything should be under control,”

“And how are you?”

“Peachy, I guess, I made paper airplanes and flew them at Frisk,”

“That is always fun, but why don’t you get some shut eye too? I am sure you deserve some rest,”

“Good thinking, I don’t really have anything better to do anyway, thanks dad,”

“You’re welcome, I will call again later, my son, take care,”

   Click!

   . . .

He’d taken his dad’s advice, calmed down and fallen asleep again, and was awoken by the sound of Frisk urgently getting out of bed and rushing out of the room, what was wrong now?

He waited impatiently, straining to hear something, he was about to yell for them, until finally Frisk limped back in, looking pale and pretty exhausted, they slowly got back in bed and rolled on their side, face smothered into the pillow.

“My breakfast came back up,”

Flowey bit back from saying ‘ew’ and instead brought out a vine “I’m calling Toriel,” but before he could reach the cell phone, Frisk gave him a Look.

“Don’t,”

He glared at them, “why not? Do you LIKE being sick?”

Frisk hesitated to answer “no… I just… she’s always so worried, I don’t want her to be,”

Flowey’s glare softened and he spoke softer, “that’s what moms do, you stupid idiot,”

Frisk quieted down, but…began to look as if they were about to cry, “…the other day, she tried asking why I had climbed Mt. Ebott again, and it was so hard, I just don’t remember anything, I really try to, sometimes. I get the feeling that she thinks I’m depressed.”

He thought over how to respond to that, not sure if he wanted to find out where this conversation
could go, “…I know I would be, so… are you…?"

They then flipped on their other side, facing away, and spoke very softly... "No, I’m not depressed... I’m just really frustrated, anything before I fell is... is just a bunch of flashes, but nothing to go on, I think I really hit my head hard that day...and of course I do get sad that there’s a past I have that I don’t remember... but... I don’t think it really matters anymore, everything is better now; I feel like this is where I truly belong."

This caused him to go quiet for a moment, he remembered when he found out that they had memory loss, they had always had difficulty answering certain questions, he hadn’t been surprised, the fall down was always a long one, even Chara had suffered a pretty bad concussion.

He had been impressed, Frisk had always been such a perfect goody two-shoes kid, but finding out that they couldn’t remember their past and felt grief over it, it made him see them in a different light, he felt he could relate to them better somehow.

Perhaps it was finally high time that he talked to them about it more, but first, there were more important things to discuss at hand...

“Yeah, yeah, everything is ‘better’, I guess, but it won’t be if you DIE! And who knows when you last Saved! So stop trying to change the subject and rest, I swear, if you get worse, I WILL do it. I’ll call her.” he threatened.

Frisk let out a tired defeated sigh, grumbling “okay, okay, just stop yelling at me,”

Again, time passed again before either of them spoke again, and Flowey was about to nod off to sleep again, when suddenly Frisk asked him a question that caused his insides to go cold.

“How old were you when you died?”

He looked at them to see that Frisk was staring at him, and probably had been staring for a long time for all he knew; with an expression that made him sure that they were trying to see some kind of soul that wasn’t there.

Out of all the deep personal questions Frisk had ever asked him, this one had to be the deepest, at first he expected himself to be mad or at least uncomfortable, but... he wasn’t.

Instead he was struck with the old feeling of...sorrow, it wasn’t overwhelming, it pulled at him in a way he wasn’t aware that it could, he debated on what he should say, but as he gazed hard at his sick friend bundled underneath the covers he quickly decided to be honest about this subject.

He felt they deserved to hear it by now anyway.

He let out a sigh before speaking “ten... I think? Maybe eleven, it’s been a really long time...or least I feel like it has,”

Frisk nodded, then looked down at their hands, absorbed in a introspection, “...I think I died when I
fell down, maybe at least for a second, if I did, I think something brought me back,”

“Your Power of Determination obviously,”

“I thought so too...for a while, but I’m not so sure anymore,”

“Well, I’m sure you like to fantasize, but it wasn’t me,”

Frisk smiled a sleepy smile at him, “I’m just happy that we’re even alive at all,”

And Flowey...couldn’t take the sappiness, he had to look away, finding it difficult to frown, “just get some rest, you idiot.”

And they did, sleeping loudly...until their breathing became shallow, and they became looking intensely uncomfortable, he looked closer and saw sweat beads pouring down their face, and that they were even shivering too.

He instantly began to panic.

“Frisk? ...Frisk!” he called, and then called again louder “wake up! Are you okay?!?” shouting now, Frisk was obviously not okay.

They didn’t open their eyes or speak, but their breath did catch and hiss from whatever pain they were feeling though, twisting and kicking off the sheets.

Flowey’s own pain suddenly began twisting inside him, annoyed, he stubbornly ignored it. It always seemed to come at inconvenient times like this.

He brought out a nervous vine towards Frisk, hesitating as he tried to figure out where he should check first, he decided the forehead, and yelped loudly in shock to find that Frisk was burning so hot it almost hurt to touch them.

Anger attempted to spark through him, how long had they been keeping quiet about this fever?

He was about to lose his patience when a sudden cry from Frisk kept him focused.

He brought the vine to their closest hand and wrapped around it, holding it, and Frisk latched on to it desperately, tears forming in Flowey’s eyes as he held tight to their hand, his own pain thundered through him, but he had a feeling that Frisk was doing a lot worse than he was.

“H-hang on, it’s going to be okay, I’m going to call mom, don’t worry! I’m not going to mess this up for you! I won’t let go!” he brought out another vine and proceeded to search for the contacts list on Frisk’s cell phone.

Practically shaking, he was about to hit call when the door swung open and the two Font brothers rushed in, he felt something between relief and embarrassment, the surprise causing him to forget about his pain momentarily.

He immediately dropped the phone, and would have dropped Frisk’s hand too if they hadn’t been squeezing on to him so tightly.

“TORIEL CALLED, SHE HAD A ‘BAD FEELING!’ IS FRISK OKAY?” Papyrus asked, coming closer.
“They threw up!!” He blurted, his face full of panic.

“OH!” Papyrus immediately looked uncomfortably around to find any evidence, as did Sans, but quickly decided it wasn’t important by seeing how bad Frisk looked.

“ok, time to go,” Sans spoke up with slight anxious urgency.

But before anything could be done, Asgore stepped in, his expression firm and brave, whether Toriel called him or he had the same bad feeling, Flowey didn’t care, he had never been happier to see his father.

“Don’t worry, I’ve got them,” he said and stepped forward.

“They have a really bad fever, I was about to call mom-,” Flowey said, his tone rushed and nervous.

Asgore gave his son a reassuring smile, nodding to him, but Flowey saw through it, the smile was only just a mask to hide his fears, recognizing as the Brave Kingly face he put on time to time so others wouldn’t worry. “It is alright, we have it under control, you’ve done well my son, besides, who would have thought a mere sore throat would have turned into this?”

Flowey couldn’t help but morbidly wonder if Asgore was thinking of Chara like he was now, his parents had never expected them to get sick either, but since Frisk had brought so much change, he guessed they had all let down their guard…

He couldn’t think of anything to say, silent as he watched the two brothers step aside so Asgore could proceed to check on Frisk in concern, carefully checking their forehead with the back of his large hand, his worried frown deepening by the second as he watched his child shiver restlessly in their fevered sleep.

Then, in the old monster’s eyes, something flashed, his demeanor changing in an instant.

“We do not have another second to waste, Sans, please start up the car, we are taking an urgent visit to the hospital. Now.”

“yes sir,” Sans agreed, disappearing into the air.

Without another word, Asgore begun to wrap Frisk up in their blanket until they looked very similar to a burrito, with one hand poking out that refused to let go of Flowey’s vine.

Flowey attempted to unwrap it, but Frisk was relentless, “FRISK! L-let go!” he yelled.

“NO TIME! WE’LL JUST HAVE TO BRING YOU WITH US!” Papyrus said.

Before he could protest, the taller skeleton picked Flowey up as Asgore picked up the bundle of Frisk into his large arms, cradling them like a baby, Flowey felt them pull his vine in closer and mumble something incoherently, something that sounded a lot like ‘it’s okay’. …
Frisk didn’t let go until they finally woke up during the rushed drive to the hospital, still feeling horrible but at least they were awake and not worse.

And to Flowey’s lack of surprise, he found Undyne, Alphys and Toriel all in the waiting room, unpatiently so.

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Soon Frisk was taken care of, diagnosed with a severe case of strep throat, and then loaded down with tender loving medication and sent back home.

In their room, Flowey and Frisk were soon joined by several large sequined purple and pink rose bouquets lovingly sent from Mettaton (which Flowey pushed far away from himself, trying to keep a clear mind that these things would be dead in a matter of days, instead of just pushing them clear off the nightstand like a cat)

A dozen other 'get well soon!' balloons and stuffed toys that had been sent from the others as well, all of it quickly crowding up the room.

That evening, Frisk was looking considerably a little better than they had earlier, laying back and lazily browsing through their cell phone, while Flowey pretended to watch TV.

But then he realized something and smirked an annoying knowing smile at Frisk.

“You know how you said you didn’t want them to worry about you?”

Frisk sighed and smiled sleepily, realizing immediately where he was going with this.

“They went crazy over you as usual; I don’t think you’ll ever get them off your back,” he said.

Frisk’s smile became bigger and fuzzier, “yeah, they really do love me, I don’t know what I was thinking earlier,”

“A common idiot mistake,”

Frisk looked at Flowey, their smile still sweet, “I remember you being just as worried as the others, does that mea-,”

“No, no it doesn’t,” Flowey interrupted.

“You lurve me, don’t you?” Frisk finished, their smile becoming increasingly silly.

“SHUTTUP YOU! NO I DON’T! YOU KNOW I CAN’T!”

Frisk just grinned, giggling hoarsely as they went back to their phone “its okay, I love you too Flowey, thank you for watching over me, you did a very good job,”

The flower monster grimaced in disgust, but the interesting shade of orange blush in his cheeks gave him away (his embarrassment maybe? He wondered for a moment) “Whatever, it’s not like I had a choice,”

But the suspicious orange color only grew more when Frisk’s smile grew wider at him.

Chapter End Notes
Fun fact! This was originally the very first chapter I wrote, until I realized I needed to add a little more back story, so this one became the second chapter for a while until even later when I realized I needed even MORE back story, which is how this chapter landed itself in third place.
In This Chapter Flowey Swears

Chapter Summary

Already in a sour mood, Frisk jumps in and Flowey accidentally has his flower pot broken and is further brought down into a even worse mood, and ends up saying the wrong thing at the wrong time.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 4  In This Chapter Flowey Swears

Warnings? : Angry Flowey, accidental violence (again this is usually a rare thing that happens in the story, sorry), curse words.

Inspiration Song: ‘Flaws’ by Bastille

'There’s a hole in my soul, I can't fill it, I can't fill it, there's a hole in my soul, can you fill it? Can you fill it?
You have always worn your flaws upon your sleeve, and I have always buried them deep beneath the ground
Dig them up; let's finish what we've started
Dig them up, so nothing's left untouched'

All of your flaws and all of my flaws, when they have been exhumed, we'll see that we need them to be who we are, without them we'd be doomed'

He couldn’t believe Frisk had just left him like that, glaring at the open door as anger slowly brewed inside him.

They had come back in from grocery shopping and helped Toriel put everything in the kitchen and were now about to watch a movie, when Frisk had suddenly gotten a text message that had been so ‘important’ that they had just sat Flowey on their bed and scrambled out in a hurry without a word.

He really hated when people did that, when they forgot that he obviously didn’t have legs and couldn’t follow after, *hmph*, when Frisk got back, they were going to going to be in for a world of-

A series of very exciting screams from different people were suddenly heard all the way from the living room, and then the sound of Frisk’s feet was heard bounding down the hallway until they appeared in the doorway once more, a huge grin on their face.

“You won’t believe the good news!” the cheered, and then did something incredibly…well, in Flowey’s opinion, stupid.
They ran and jumped onto the bed, the force of the bounce tossing Flowey and his pot high into the air…

…And straight onto the floor.

The resulting scream of fury and outrage that came after was something that would give Frisk guilt dreams for weeks, they immediately slunk off the bed and rushed down to Flowey, who laid out on the floor helpless, dirt was everywhere, his pot broken, and his face contorted in such anger they hadn’t seen in years, glaring up at them exasperated resentment.

“YOU…DID THAT…ON PURPOSE!!!”

Frisk was horrified, “No- I…,”

“YOU CRAZY LUNATIC!!! YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE!!!”

“I didn’t! I was just excited, I’m sorry!”

The flower tightly snapped his mouth shut, somehow holding back the curse words that flooded it, a fire burning in his dark eyes.

In attempt to pick him up, Frisk reached for him, but he wasn’t having any of that, slapping their left hand harshly as it came in first and causing Frisk to jerk their arm back in shock.

Frisk’s expression changed into an intense mixture of hurt, offended and confused “I’m trying to help you up! Please don’t hit me!”

Flowey’s eyes widened at them, not feeling the least bit sorry, why should he apologize to a crazy careless moron anyway?

“I don’t want any! So don’t touch me, I can get up myself!” he snapped, then huffed and began to bend his stem in the middle, awkwardly attempting to push his way up, but all that happened was grunting and angry hissing, his teeth grinding in the process.

He became instantly consumed by frustration and confusion; there had been a time when he use to know how sit up straight properly whenever he had found himself stranded out of the dirt; but lying stuck in the awkward and difficult position that he was in now- the action seemed impossible, it was like being a turtle stuck on its back.

“What if you tried crawling around with your vines and roots? Like an octopus? Maybe you could push yourself up?” Frisk suggested quietly, rubbing their sore palm patiently, no longer mad.

Flowey paused, looked away thoughtfully, remembering attempting something similar like that a long, long time ago, but it had been used for a short distance… but whatever, it worked before, so… he was sure he could do it again, so, with a heavy heave of his roots, vines and stem he attempted to try it, and it…kind of worked, but he still couldn’t upright himself like he wanted, because as soon as was able to right himself up- he lost balance and fell back again.

This caused him to lose all his patience in a single second, letting lose a tantrum induced yell, he felt completely stupid, he wondered if lazing around for the past few years had made him lose whatever practice and strength he had.

It was likely that was the case.

It didn’t take long for him to give up and finally stop “I can’t… I don’t have the- I don’t know…
balance? Or muscle? Besides I can’t focus when you’re watching me like that,” he huffed.

Again, Frisk offered their hands close to Flowey, hesitantly, their voice soft and recollected “look… this is all my fault, but I need you to know it was an accident, a very stupid accident and I’m sorry, I should have realized what I was doing and… I can’t imagine how hard this must be for you,”

Flowey stared at the hands, face softening when he saw the bright red sore spot he caused, “you just… left me there like I was some sort of thing, and you know I hate that,”

Frisk frowned sadly and moved their hands in closer “I’m sorry, I promise I’ll never do it again… just, let me help you, or if you want, I can look away?”

He looked upward from the new red mark to the old scar on his best friend’s wrist- staring at the wound he had made on accident… causing him to fall off the bed had been an accident too on Frisk’s part, a much less damaging accident compared to his.

Suddenly, an idea formed in his mind, summoning out his vines, proceeded to wrap them around Frisk’s hand, pulling himself closer and closer, adjusting himself until finally he was no longer on the floor, but wrapped around their wrist like a bracelet, and in doing so- he was able to get enough support and balance with his vines and roots to sit up straight again.

“Whoa,” Frisk said, fully impressed, raising their now occupied arm up and looking over at his handy work.

“Yeah ‘whoa’. Go ahead, get an eyeful,” he replied, a cocky expression spread on thick on his face.

Frisk turned their wrist around, continuing to look at the detail, staring in awe, a spark of pride in their eyes for him, and despite what he just said he found himself shying away from their eye contact.

“Oh, okay… less eyefuls, c’mon we should probably find me a new pot; I know I can be out of the dirt and all, but I’m not sure for how long,”

Frisk sat down, rubbing their chin with their free hand “hmm, or maybe you don’t need the dirt? You get all your food through your mouth and don’t really need ‘watering’, isn’t that why you don’t have any leaves anyway?”

Flowey raised an eyebrow, frowning, all this plant talk returning him back to his bad mood ‘oh whatever, it doesn’t matter, either way I’d still be independent on someone, won’t I?’ he thought to himself.

He then inspected Frisk closer and gasped, finally realizing something important, changing his tune “OH! Wait a second! What was the good news? You never jump on the furniture like an animal,”

A giddy grin took over the teenager’s face once again, “I think I’ll let Alphys and Undyne tell you yourselves,”

“Wait, what? No, just tell me now!”

But it was too late; Frisk was already out the door.

They found only Alphys in the kitchen, with a big goofy smile on her face, texting at lightning speed on her cell.
Back after it was confessed that Flowey was Asriel, Asgore had gone to Alphys wondering if she had anything to do with him being alive again, which she had very nervously confirmed, explaining that Flowey had been a surprise for Asgore and Toriel a long time ago- but had disappeared, so… she…just… kept him secret.

Flowey still vividly remembered the day back when he first found that Alphys had been responsible for his resurrection…

He’d been livid, so enraged that he actually later encountered her and killed her a few times in result, but after he calmed down and thought things over, he decided that… hey, despite not having any limbs or a soul, and being a scientific and magical abomination- he WAS ALIVE AGAIN, and he had the power to do whatever he wanted WITHOUT any consequences!’ (Well, that all changed after Sans found him out and put an end to his worse habits.)

But that took place many, many dead timelines ago, and only he remembered.

And so, ever since the day Frisk told the truth about who and what he really was, things changed big time, and he didn’t know what he hated more: the loaded pity in their eyes or them not talking about the truth altogether, their reactions had been one of the very main reasons why he had kept himself in hiding in the first place.

As for Alphys, she was going about it in a mixed emotion kind of way; she had apologized grievously about the soulless thing, promised she’d make it up to him, but for most of the time afterward- she avoided talking to him as best as she could, Flowey could only guess that he intimidated her, or even better yet… was scared of him.

He shook his thoughts away, bringing his mind back to the present.

It was clear he absolutely didn’t care for the idea of killing anymore, but the idea of coming out of nowhere and making Alphys screech with fear was hilarious (well, doing that to any one was extremely funny, but he had his reservations set on her.)

Which he had the very chance of doing now-

“Heccey!” Frisk greeted cheerfully, beating him to the punch.

Alphys yelped, nearly falling out her chair and dropping her phone in surprise, “oh!! Hey F-,” but her words were stopped short when she noticed Flowey, her eyes flickering around nervously to anywhere but at him.

Well, it was funny…for a second.

“-Frisk, don’t sneak up on me like that! Haha,” Alphys managed to say after deciding to focus her attention on the human.

“Sorry, my feet are polite,”

Alphys grinned in amusement, having the courage to look at Flowey again, her grin faltering worriedly as she did a double-take and finally realizing the obvious “is…everything okay? Flowey you’re not in your pot.”

Again he raised an eyebrow, now this was something of an improvement, not only did she just speak to him while looking him in the eyes, but she asked a question about him, to him.
“Yeah- it broke, no thanks to you and your girlfriend getting Frisk riled up, what’s the big news anyway?”

Alphys went back to grinning, her face turning red, giggling, and held out her left hand, on one of the claws, a new ring sat- (well, in this case to a human, it was basically a large beautiful shiny bracelet) –Flowey looked closely and noticed it had two long diamond shaped swords with a golden upside down monster heart in the hilt, they were lovingly crossed in the middle, it sparkled beautifully.

Flowey sat there, unimpressed, “you got a ring? That’s it?” he looked up at Frisk and glared, “YOU KNOCKED ME OVER BECAUSE OF A RING?!”

“It’s NOT JUST ANY KIND OF RING!” Undyne rang, literally back flipping into the room.

It then finally dawned on Flowey “wait…, is that an engageme-,”

“It’s an engagement ring!” Alphys blurted excitedly, wrapping her arms around a proud Undyne.

“Oh- gross,” Flowey also blurted- but then was poked at the back his head by an annoyed human finger “-gross-ly…wonderful…,” he finished, with an expression that only a few could recognize as his ‘fake smile’, like could Frisk right now, and judging from Undyne’s own twisted smile, she could recognize it too.

“You have such a way with words flower boy,” Undyne muttered sarcastically- but then a thought came to her and she lit up.

“SPEAKING OF FLOWERS-,” she looked to Frisk, “you have to be our flower kid! Kid!”

“But isn’t Frisk a little old for that?” Alphys spoke up.

“Pffft, fourteen isn’t old, they’re still teensy weensy to me,” she said, ruffling up the teen’s bangs roughly, making sure it was a fluffy mess.

Frisk and Flowey shared amused looks (and Flowey hadn’t been there when it happened, but apparently the only reason Undyne and Alphys announced their wedding today was because yesterday had actually been Frisk’s birthday and they hadn’t wanted to take away their attention.)

“Or… what about flower boy? He could be the flower kid, he literally is one,” Undyne wondered out loud.

“Actually, he’s probably too old to be a flower kid too; maybe he can be the ring bearer?” Frisk spoke up.

Flowey went quiet, his age was something he was still trying to figure out himself, because after you die- you don’t age, but since becoming a flower…had he continued where he left off? Even with all the hundreds or more resets? During that time, he had lost all interest in keeping up with a lot of that sort of stuff, what would be the point when nobody even knew you were alive?

Logically he felt like if he hadn’t died- he probably should be a little older than Frisk at least, but really? He didn’t really feel grown up at all, but after all he’d seen and done during the past years- he knew he wasn’t quite a child anymore either…or was he?

After he had told his parents who he was, they began to celebrate his birthday again, at first they
seemed so sure how old he should have been, until he told them a over simplified story about his resets and life/death issue, so, in an agreement they made, they never discussed his age, it was just too confusing.

They simply decided to celebrate what they called his ‘Life Day’.

It was annoying and difficult to think about, but if he was forced to give an answer, he’d probably just go ahead and say he was definitely some kind of… ‘teenager’ by now, besides, he felt it put him and Frisk in a familiar common ground group.

“Hmmmmm,” Undyne frowned, obviously not enjoying the idea of the angry flower holding onto such important expensive marriage equipment.

“I’m not sure, I’ll have to get back to you on that one,” she was then was distracted by her phone that rang a familiar action tune, “oh that’s-aw crap, I gotta go! Love ya Alphys!”

The younger pair watched the fish monster take her time to kiss her fiancé on the nose and run out in lightning speed.

Frisk smiled an admiringly dreamy smile “wow, you’re so lucky Alphys,”

The comment snapped Flowey out of his thoughts about his mystery age, what in the world did that mean?

Alphys beamed proudly, “I know, she’s so romantic, I really don’t think I’ve ever been this happy in my entire life,”

Frisk gasped in awe “really? Even happier than when you found out about the Mew Mew Kissy Cutie movie?”

“Ten times happier!” Alphys chimed.

At that Frisk giggled, so excited for their best friend, “that’s amazing,” until a light bulb flickered above their head and they dropped into their mischievous mode, grinning wildly, pointing a cheesy finger gun “…guess you could say… she was the best CATCH of the day! Eeeyyyyy!”

Miles away at a burger joint, Sans felt a large wave of pride wash over him and he knew exactly why.

Alphys’s bright smile beam quickly hid behind a metaphorical cloud, fading, while Flowey groaned dramatically.

Alphys then gingerly patted Frisk’s shoulder, “ah..heh..Frisk, you know you are one of my best friends, I love you, but please…one day, you have to stop,”

The words ‘I agree’ nearly slipped from Flowey’s mouth, but he held his tongue once he realized what he’d be agreeing to, saving himself the embarrassment, he knew better.

Then, something in the scientist’s face changed, and she became serious and once more, nervously looked at the flower monster, he could practically hear her swallow the nervous lump in her throat “Fl-Flowey, your… um, pot-less situation has me, I’ll admit… theorizing, is it okay if you came by my… lab… tomorrow- JUST- for a checkup? Just this… once?”

Frisk frowned worriedly as Flowey tensed up and tightened around their wrist, his mouth tight and his eyes burning at Alphys, he stayed dangerously quiet as he thought over the request.
And just when Frisk and Alphys were sure he was going to snap and say no, he grit his teeth and it was his turn to look away.

“**Fine. I’ll come by at three PM,**” he spat.

“But at-,”

He looked to her now, glaring “**I’LL COME BY AT THREE PM,**”

“Okay!” Alphys sweated, “three PM! I understand! Crystal clear!”

He then looked back into her eyes, “and don’t think I’ll let you treat me like I’m some *fucking* experiment again! Because I’M NOT AND I NEVER WAS!” he yelled, but before the other two could even react, something even more terrifying happened-

“**ASRIEL DREAMURR!!**”

The three of them barely recognized the voice until they turned around to see a very livid Toriel standing a few feet away, Frisk could see the family resemblance from the fire in her eyes.

Shame and something resembling fear rose deep inside of Flowey and he immediately had to look away, there was something about hearing his true name coming out of his mother’s mouth with such anger that he suddenly just couldn’t cope with.

Toriel drew closer, Mother Rage turned on full blast, she watched the expression on her son’s face tense up, it almost made her want to back down, but no, there was a lot that Toriel Dreemurr put up with, but if there was one thing she couldn’t tolerate, it was the deplorable behavior and language that her own son had just displayed.

Until- she remembered how the use of his name upset him, she decided to ease up on the harshness, still, it wasn’t going to take away from the fact that Flowey had still done something terrible and still needed a punishment.

Frisk looked down at Flowey, wondering what he was going to do, feeling nervous for him and hoping he would loosen his grip a bit because he was beginning to cut off their circulation.

Meanwhile Alphys pretended to focus on her cellphone, not wanting to be in the room anymore but very concerned to see what was going to happen next.

Toriel walked over to Frisk and Flowey, and held out her paws, “*I apologize for snapping the way I did,* but as long as you live under my roof, you will *NOT* talk to your friends like that! Do you understand?”

Still looking away, “yes. I understand. But *she isn’t my friend,*” he grumbled under his breath.

“But she *is* your sibling’s and my-,”

Flowey finally looked up at his mom, eyes wide from the accusation, disgusted “*Frisk isn’t my sibling either!*”

Frisk’s eyebrows raised in surprise at how offended he was, but didn’t completely question the remark, at the moment they held no strong opinions, currently too distracted by being in such close presence of two angry Dreemurrs.
Toriel was more-so taken aback, “oh-?” surprised and confused by her son’s reaction; not so much at his rude tone of voice but the fact that he didn’t see Frisk as a sibling, had he always felt this way? But wasting no time, she shook the thought away, she had some child rearing to do- but she took note to ask about this later, there were a lot of things to talk about actually.

“Do not change the subject my son. Frisk if you could be so kind?” she held her cupped hands out expectantly.

There was short hesitant pause as Frisk became conflicted, the loyalty to protect and stick up for their best friend was strong… until they remembered what he had said and how he had said it, realizing the gravity of the situation was stronger, because they knew *exactly* why Flowey spoken to Alphys the way he had, they understood, but he had *definitely* not gone about it in the right way, realizing that this was probably the moment to stay out of things.

“*Sorry Flowey,*” they whispered lowly to him before they hesitantly lifted their occupied hand to Toriel, Flowey gave a resigned sigh and snaked over slowly to her hands.

*The crawl of shame.*

“Aren’t you going to ask what happened to my pot?”

“I overheard your conversation with Alphys, so I will be fetching you a new one soon enough once we get this over with, I am assuming you will want come and pick it out.”

He sighed, at least she didn’t hear his fight with Frisk or all the terrible things he had said; he knew she’d probably be even angrier if she had.

He silently nodded.

“Before we go, I want you to apologize to Dr. Alphys,”

At the request Flowey grimaced at his mother, *no way* was he going to do that!

Toriel’s frown tightened, glaring back at her son firmly, “do as I say or your punishment will be only worse,”

Flowey held back a sneer, the devious more rebellious part of himself wanting to defy his mother further, but he knew better, it was best just get all of this over with.

With a quick turn, he looked back to Alphys and stared hard at her, she on the other hand seemed to have a little trouble keeping eye contact, looking nervous and ready to run out of the room at any second.

“I’m *sorry* for…,” he began, but he hesitated as ideas of what to say next entered his mind like- ‘nothing’ or ‘telling you what you deserve’.

But his mother gave him a warning nudge, as if she could sense his rising deviation.

“…expressing my thoughts,” he finished, earning him an small annoyed huff from Toriel and a small “*oof,*” from Frisk.

…

The taste of bar soap was a new and disgusting flavor for him, he both did and didn’t understand the
insane logic of the tactic: ‘curse words are also called dirty words, so if a child says a dirty word, they now have a dirty mouth, so you must clean their dirty mouth with soap’, yes, literally clean their mouth with actual soap for the skin, and not toothpaste instead.

But it was all a conspiracy, as saying curse words didn’t actually give a person a dirty mouth, all cursing did was offend, so in return, the offended person will often use any excuse to punish the person who only trying to express themselves or even accidentally saying a curse word out of a surge of emotion.

Toriel looked at the clock, peering back down to her son who sat at the edge of the bathroom sink “ten more minutes,"

Flowey muffled out a groan.

“I know dear, I never really understood this type of human child punishment myself, but you brought this upon yourself,"

He looked away, and began thinking to himself again, it had been five years now since they had all began living together, and still he’d have moments where it would feel so strange to have his parents back and…be treated like someone’s child again.

Sometimes he worried he would wake up one day and he’d be back in the garden, all alone, no one knowing who he was anymore again.

When he had come back into the world as a flower the first time, he had tried so, so hard to make things normal again, but what with Chara gone forever, his parents separated, and the lack emotions that came with not having a soul- it all became too much for him to handle.

So he abandoned any ideas of living with his parents, without any family, he wasn’t going to make the same mistake again, why bother try to gain something when you were eventually going to lose it anyway?

So, for a very long time, he was on his own.

But then after Frisk literally landed into his life and he was forced with more family he could handle- it was an incredibly jarring change, bringing up conflicts within himself he had wanted to forget, so, out of habit he tried to ignore his new big family…

But that was something that had been been easier said than done when surrounded by people filled with such overflowing compassion, because before he knew it he found himself becoming frightened for his friend’s feelings and health when they fell from trees and even going through the trouble of exacting revenge for them when they were bullied, and complaining when they left him alone for a little too long when in actuality was… rarely something that they did.

He also couldn’t exactly say he hated living with his parents again either, it wasn’t too bad- even if they were still divorced and that both constantly worried about losing him again and weren’t always sure how to handle him. . .

But other than that, he couldn’t lie, he had great parents, and he was one hundred percent sure he didn’t deserve them…

…But this?
He was starting to feel like his mother had just misjudged the whole situation severely, something about the way she had called him by his real name and then punishing him for cussing out the very scientist who made him like this— it **stung**, and so did that familiar pain.

He knew he deserved punishment for all the horrible things he had done, but… for **this one thing**?

Stubborn tears began to leak from his eyes and he winced because he knew Toriel was watching him, he felt more naked than he already was.

She gently removed the bar of soap from his mouth, trying her best to assess him but give him space at the same time, “**dear**?” her voice was soft and filled with worry.

The flower monster in question took a moment to collect his thoughts that were growing darker and darker by the second, his mood worsening, deciding it was time to finally explain to his mother about his hatred toward the doctor, wincing harder when his voice broke, “**you don’t understand, I don’t deserve this, I’m not the one you should be mad at this time,**”

His mother straightened up, her frown tightening “are you insinuating it is **Alphys** I should be punishing? Why is that?”

He looked down to collect his explanation in the midst of his gaining anger, attempting to approach this in a calm manner, but it was difficult “because she **MADE me like this… a soulless freak, just so she could ‘impress’ dad,**”

Toriel narrowed her eyebrows, deep worry showed, but she seemed highly skeptical “surely she didn’t realize that the process would bring you back with a sou-,”

“I DON’T CARE WHAT SHE **DID OR DIDN’T KNOW**, ALL THAT MATTERS IS THAT SHE BROUGHT ME BACK WITHOUT A SOUL, AND BE-,” Flowey was forced to stop as his voice cracked again, strained, he grit his teeth, more tears forming in his dark eyes, dripping messily down his face, he attempted to sniff them back and try again…

“**Because of HER, I did…,**” he looked off and away, letting out a shaky sigh, the dark memories intruding in his mind, he would never be ready to tell his parents the things that he did, “**…horrible things, basically almost everything that is wrong with me is all her FAULT! So… so… I don’t understand why I have to be punished simply because I yelled at her like she deserved,**”

Toriel looked at her child, wide eyed, finally after all this time fully realizing of just what type of pain her son experienced— but at the same time, she didn’t, she had no **idea** know how to respond to any of this, causing tears of her own to form as a result.

But as she watched the tears drip down Flowey’s cheeks and felt her heart twist, it didn’t take her long to come up with some advice, she wasn’t sure how much help it would be, all she knew right now was that she desperately wanted to ease her son through his pain and end his inner turmoil, she was going to try any possible thing she could think of.

“You are right, I am not sure I will ever completely understand… and I want you to know that there is **nothing** wrong with feeling angry, you are always allowed to feel as you want, but I can see that the fires from your rage has burned inside you for… such a long time, to the point of feeling like a crumbling crisp of… **nothing** … but I have learned that even from the most terrible wild fires, from the ash can emerge new life, and perhaps… in times like these where you at rock bottom, stuck in the ash… there… there can be only one way left to go,”
More tears dripped Flowey’s eyes, sadness shuttering through him, “up, I know…Loox says that, thanks mom… I know your trying to help but I don’t think that-,”

But his words dwindled into the air as he glanced up and noticed the distraught, pained look on his mother’s face as she tried to hold back her trembling, empathy for her child crushing into her, she began to cry, softly at first, trying her hardest to contain herself, but finally crumpled and gave in and began to sob uncontrollably, pulling Flowey in close, holding her flower son tightly into a warm hug.

“I wish… very much that I could have been there for you,”

Flowey closed his eyes and sighed wistfully, she had been there, so had his dad, in the beginning at least, but it had been no use, there had been no way of helping him at the time, there had been too many broken and missing pieces.

She was right, they would never completely know what he went through or everything he felt. …But in this single moment, he began to finally realize just how glad and thankful he was to have his family back, they were with him, they still wanted him around, and they were still trying their hardest to help, and because of that- he wasn’t as alone as he had thought.

More crying… from the both of them now.

After a few minutes, Toriel spoke up, almost a whisper “I know now that I can’t ever ask you to forgive Alphys, but I want you to know she regrets what she did,”

He knew that too. He’d been knowing for a very long time, but it was just too hard to let it go, mistake or not, Alphys was responsible for taking his very ability to feel positive emotions away from him.

The fact that she was sorry for hurting him only somehow made it worse.

He didn’t respond, but only continued to cry, he couldn’t stop if he wanted to, the tears seemed pour out endlessly, he wasn’t called a crybaby for nothing after all.

At some point, Flowey must have cried himself to sleep, because he found himself waking up planted in the dirt of the backyard, quickly realizing it was nighttime.

He stretched his roots, he felt…a whole lot better. Crying sessions usually seemed to do that, and at the moment he almost couldn’t quiet remember why he had been crying at all, his memory still hazy from the deep sleep.

He stared off at the distance at nothing.
Listened to the crickets that chirped nearby.

…

…No, he remembered now, still, he found his anger from earlier had dimmed considerably, he knew it would come back, it always did, but for now, he basked in the calmness of the night.

He turned to see his mother sitting in a rocking chair, reading a book by a outdoors lamp.

She quickly noticed him and smiled deeply, “you had me very worried, I was wondering when you were going to wake up,”

“What time is it?”

She checked her phone through her glasses, “2:45 AM,” she said casually.

“You-…why?” he asked, acting oblivious of their emotional mother son moment earlier.

She grinned gently, “because I love you, that is why."

Flowey pretended to gag, but couldn’t hide the softness in his eyes.

Toriel went quiet for a moment, thinking whilst she looked over her book and closed it, “you know, I forgot earlier, but I received a call from your therapist, they said you’ve been flat out refusing to talk to them as of late, so now I understand your earlier behavior clearly . . . but nonetheless, I am very happy we had our talk,”

Several emotions like embarrassment and shame took Flowey over all at once, his face turning from orange to red, he puffed his cheeks “I JUST DIDN’T-,”

“Shhhh, quieter now, people are sleeping,”

“I’VE BEEN FINE! I DIDN’T SEE THE POINT IN TALKING!” he hissed quietly.

“We talked this over, you must speak to them, you most of all know how important it is not to bottle your thoughts up,” she insisted.

Flowey grunted in a very uncivilized manner, gave up and collapsed back into the grass, staring at the stars…something that he still wasn’t able to get use to yet, and didn’t want to.

He could probably stare at those stars and galaxies forever.

“WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS RIGHT?” he groaned.

“Because I’m your mom,” she teased in good humor.

They stayed like that, quiet for a few moments before Toriel spoke up again.

“I apologize, but I must stray from our topic… but I have a question…about earlier…,”
“…Um, yeah?”

“Why are you so against Frisk being your sibling? You are as close to them as you were Chara, I was hoping you would see them as your family,”

Flowey froze; he wasn’t so sure he knew the answer to that himself.

“Frisk is family, sort of. In a different kind of way… I don’t know, I guess I see them only as a best friend? Frisk is way different than Chara was, they’re not ‘sibling material’ I guess?”

“Hmmm,” was all Toriel answered with, but it was too playful for Flowey’s liking, he snapped back up to look at his mom accusingly.

“What does that mean?”

Toriel chuckled, “It just means ‘hmmm’,” a large smiled plastered on her face, it was okay if her son didn’t see Frisk as sibling despite her hopes, she was just glad that they got along so well.

…But then she remembered something important and looked her son in the eyes, giving him a warning frown, “but I wonder… are you truly best friends? Best friends don’t hit each other like that,”

Flowey remembered the slap that he had given Frisk (now that he thought about it… it seemed like it had been more of a whip than a slap) it had left a nasty red mark, so of course Toriel had seen it.

He groaned inwardly, now this felt like something he felt he deserved a justified punishment for.

But first…

“Uhh, how do you know if it was me…?” he asked warily.

“Well dear, I didn’t pry but I did hear muffled snippets of your argument, so hearing Frisk utter the words ‘don’t hit me’ was enough evidence for me to bring up, it was another reason I was so furious with you,”

Flowey cringed and let out a long sigh “…I didn’t mean to hit them that hard,”

“It doesn’t matter, you shouldn’t have hit them at all, nor should you ever let your anger get the best of you like that, even if someone makes you mad, especially if that someone is your best friend,”

“I know, I know, it just… happened…but…no, your right, I think maybe… I’ll… do something about it, I’ll apologize,” his face suddenly contorted into something pathetic, feeling that simply apologizing wasn’t enough…

It really never felt like it was enough to make up for everything that he had done.

The pain in his insides ached, this was the very reason he agreed to get his checkup from Alphys, he hated feeling like this, it was becoming unbearable, it was like it was only getting slowly worse as time went on- he’d never felt the need to tell anyone, but tomorrow that was going to change, he was going to figure out what this annoying pain was and put an end to it once and for all.

He didn’t see the worry that washed over Toriel’s face, but he did see her get up and go to the door.
“Where are you going?!” he asked, sounding a little more emotional than he wanted to.

“Just getting a few blankets, I just remembered I haven’t been camping since I was a girl, and I don’t think I look at these stars as much as I should,”

Flowey sighed, waiting thoughtlessly for his mom to come back, not sure what to expect, and he still wasn’t sure what to expect when she did come back.

She soon laid next to him on a blanket and pillow under her head, silently watching the stars with him.

“I don’t think this is camping,” Flowey stated suddenly.

“We are sleeping outside, are we not? I think that’s the simple basic rules of camping,” Toriel explained.

“We’re in our backyard and there’s no fire, or a tent,” he complained “…or marshmallows.”

Toriel chuckled, “it is the best I could muster at two in the morning… but would you like to go camping for real sometime?”

“No,” but then he thought it over, “maybe, as long as I stay in a tent…I don’t want to wake up with a bee on my face,”

His mother desperately held back a laugh, “oh, okay, we’ll be sure to bring all the bug spray, I won’t forget,” she then yawned loudly “but for now, let’s go to sleep, my eyelids can barely contain themselves,”

…

“I’m still getting my checkup at Alphy’s tomorrow,” Flowey said suddenly, stirring his mother just as she was about to fall asleep.

“I’m very excited to see the results…,” she mumbled, he could practically hear the ‘Zzz’s coming.

“And… it’s something I have to do myself,”

“Mmm, are you sure? You do not want anyone to accompany you?”

“Yes, it’s important to me,”

“I understand, do what you need to,” she said, but then opened her eyes, and looked over to her son, her eyes warm, sleepy and sad, “and Asriel, my son,… despite not having a soul, I have to tell you that you have done so well, and I can tell you try so, so hard… and I’m so happy, because Alphys brought you back to us, and even though you may never be who you once were…” she paused to wipe a tear away.

“I will always love you no matter what, and your father does as well, we all do, never forget that,”

Again, Flowey found himself not knowing what to say, but he didn’t need to.

Toriel smiled wider at him before finally looking back up at the stars and closed her eyes, while he left his mouth agape, and turned away from her when the pain suddenly got worse, he held still for a moment, waiting for it to die down.
But it never fully did, the pain really never seemed to go away these days.

Chapter End Notes

Sooo, Flowey says a lot of stuff about Alphys in this one, and when he says ‘almost everything that’s wrong with me is her fault’ is partially him being caught up in the moment and pushing all his pent up frustrations and rage onto Alphys, which I believe he has a right to be mad, she is responsible for bringing him back the way she did, but she isn’t responsible for how he behaved after, or for the trauma that happened to him before and after he died.

Because even after all that time, he’s still technically a child and is still learning how to cope with all of his pent up anger and anxieties, and to him- the best person to put all his blame at is Alphys, and well… himself too, but in that moment he was hyper focused on her and Toriel understands that, she understands Alphys has learned from her mistakes and that neither will hurt the other, it’s why she’s allowing Flowey to get a checkup.

I’m sorry if this turned into a morally uncomfortable chapter, I understand if you don’t agree with everything in this one.
Just A Simple Checkup

Chapter Summary

It’s time for Flowey to visit Alphys for his extremely belated health checkup. Socially, things go as well as he expects it to, but what he isn’t expecting are the results of his checkup.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Chapter 5 Just a Simple Checkup

Warnings?: Some spookiness, a very mean and angry Flowey, and mentions of killing.

A Inspiration Song(s!): ‘Monster’ by Imagine Dragons AND! ‘Growing Pains’ by Alessia Cara (I wrote the majority of this story during back in 2016 and 2017, so imagine me in Aug or Sept of 2018, hearing this song for the first time, you know I flipped my lid! It doesn’t help that in the music video that there’s a bike riding, long haired brunette (Alessia Cara?) surrounded by yellow flowers!!)

'Ever since I could remember, everything inside of me just wanted to fit in, I was never one for pretenders, everything I tried to be just wouldn't settle in.
If I told you what I was, would you turn your back on me? And if I seem dangerous, would you be scared? I get the feeling just because, everything I touch isn't dark enough.
Can I clear my conscience, if I'm different from the rest, do I have to run and hide? I never said that I want this, this burden came to me and it's made it's home inside'

'Make my way through the motions, I try to ignore it, but home's looking farther the closer I get.
Don't know why I can't see the end, is it over yet?
A short leash and a short fuse don't match, they tell me it ain't that bad, now don't you overreact
So I just hold my breath, don't know why, I can't see the sun when young should be fun.

And I guess the bad can get better, gotta be wrong before it's right, every happy phrase engraved in my mind
And I've always been a go-getter, there's truth in every word I write, but still the growing pains, growing pains
They're keeping me up at night'

Flowey was riding in the family car, strapped in a seat belt and a new one and only customized flower pot that Papyrus had bought and hand decorated himself, he had delivered it not long after
hearing that Flowey’s old pot had broken.

This new one was slightly tacky and just a little too small, but it had a charm to it that Flowey couldn’t help but admire, it was way better than the backup plastic flower pot that he sometimes used.

Frisk sat next to him while Toriel drove them to (also soon to be Undyne’s) Alphys small complex building, she had attempted on making the house half and the lab half fully separate when she first moved in, but after a year or two, it all began to run together anyway.

“Are you nervous?” Frisk asked, eyeing him from their cell phone, he had become uncharacteristically quiet.

He looked at Frisk with big eyes, plastering a giant fake grin onto his face “no, why would I be nervous about being poked and prodded by the very same monster that brought me back to life without a soul?”

“…That… sounds like a really good reason to be nervous,”

“WELL I’M NOT~,” he said in a sing song voice, his grin becoming wider and more and more sarcastic.

The two then shared more series of sarcastic looks bordering full on playful and goofy until Flowey waved them off.

“You shouldn’t be nervous, Alphys wouldn’t hurt you, just like I know you won’t hurt her. I would know… she’s been promising and spamming me non-stop about it since yesterday, and I think that maybe… that there’s a slight chance that you made her a little bit nervous,” they said… sarcastically.

A proud devilish smile made its way on to Flowey’s face, and was about to brag when he saw the look on his mother’s face and decided to hold his tongue, and changed the subject.

“So I was thinking of practicing the whole ‘out of the pot’ thing more, I want to see what else I can do,”

Frisk smiled brightly “I was thinking about that too, like, wrapping you around my hair like a headband- so you can get a good view and I can have my hand back!”

“You just want to turn me into an accessory don’t you?” he said, oh good, now there was sass.

And Frisk went defensive, but smiling wide like… maybe, just maaayybee they were thinking of using their best friend as a fashion statement, but were never going to admit it.

“Noooo, I would never!”

He stared them down, “Yeah, ‘you would never’;”

Frisk chuckled, “it’s not like you would make me look ugly, because, I mean I would never, ever wear you for real without your consent, but I do think you would make a very, very handsome necklace, because you are. Handsome, I mean,”

Auuugh! Flowey’s thoughts went shy, but he refused to show it, “mom! Frisk is complimenting me and it’s gross!”
“But you are handsome!” Toriel giggled.

“BLECK!” Flowey gagged.

Of course he knew he was handsome...for a plant, there really was no denying that, he had a perfected charm, as well it was one of the few natural perks that came with being a flower, but all this mush was too much for him.

In no time soon, they were at Alphys’s, whom they caught peeking through (now) crooked blinds.

“You really don’t want us to come in with you?” Frisk asked once they got close enough to the back door that was serving as the front door.

“Yes, we are aware. But remember, no more throwing obscenities at Alphys,” Toriel reminded.

“I won’t if she won’t”

“And what is that supposed to mean?”

The younger pair stifled their giggles.

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The laughter seemed to echo through his mind now, feeling regret about going alone as Alphys walked him down a darkening hallway. But he refused to let dread get to him, he had promised everyone that he was going to be brave and behave (they trusted that his violent days were over, he hoped they were too) and he intended to keep his... stupid promise.

He had a point to prove.

“Jeez, what’s wrong with your lights? Why are they all off?” he asked, scrutinizing the lizard monster’s home.

“Oh- s-sorry, the power bill went up, I had to make a choice between being able to see, or, using my electronics. Once Undyne moves in, this won’t be a problem,”

Flowey brought out his cell phone from its case that was looped on to a belt around his flower pot; he took a quick picture...for evidence, and then brought up the flashlight, he thought about sending a text message, but he needed to focus.

Alphys spoke up “heheh, good idea, I was just about to do that that myself,“
His nerves slowly began to calm, but it was difficult to do when the dark halls were reminding him too much of True Labs, looking over he suspiciously eyed her, it was so easy to be fooled by someone like Alphys.

She was the one who taught him how to hide his darkness behind a mask of charm and lies after all, her, Sans.

But mostly from Chara.

“So, what are you going to do to me exactly?”

“Nothing bad! Promise! Just run some scans, monitor you, and if you’re absolutely okay with it, I would like to take some samples, but ONLY if you’re okay with it,”

“Sample? Like a skin sample? I can give you a spit sample instead,” he said rudely, imagining himself hocking spit at the lizard’s glasses.

The insult seemed to go over Alphys’s head, either that or she had chosen to ignore it “oh, um, that could be good too, whatever you’re comfortable with,”

Soon after taking an elevator, Flowey found himself in a small room with a makeshift bed, two business-like filing cabinets, a large computer screen that lit the room up sat nearby, he noticed a series of multicolored tubes and wires poking out from the next room over, the wires connecting to the computer seemed to follow suit.

“Where do those lead to?”

She sat him on the bed, and looked over to where he stared “huh? Oh, they all hook up to a Bigger Machine that was too big to fit in this room, if you don’t mind, I’ll have to stick them to you- with tape! To get your readings, are you okay with that?”

“You don’t have to keep saying that, of course I’m okay with it, I’m here aren’t I?”

She let out a quick nervous laugh, seeming to have trouble looking him in the eyes now “yes, I know. I’m sorry… you’re right.”

Flowey nodded absentmindedly, his frown growing deeper “y’know, this place reminds me of True Labs in a way, looks a lot like it,”

Alphys’s eyes widened and she automatically tensed up, they had discussed True Labs briefly before, once, literally for 20 seconds, simply explaining that it was where she had brought him back to life at, but at the time, Flowey had wanted to get the conversation over and done with as soon as possible, never bothering to tell her that he already knew everything about True Labs, but now seemed like the perfect time.

“‘Looks’? Uhm, b-b-but I thought you haven’t been to the Underground since…since-,”

Flowey’s eyes darkened and he sharply turned to stare back at the doctor.

“‘Whoops, sorry,’ I forgot to mention it, but… I’ve actually known about True Labs for a very loooooong time now, to make a long story short, I found it way back when it was still a secret, don’t
you think I’d be curious to know how I was alive again?” he said, attempting to hold back a cruel grin that tried to take over his face, he was saving it for later.

There were actually a lot of things he had ‘forgot to mention’.

One of those things being about the nightmares he had before waking up in the garden the very first time, but once he’d found True Labs, he realized the nightmares had actually been real memories of the amalgamates, memories he wished he could forget.

It had made him sick to find that he had been part of the very same... ‘science project’, he didn’t care that Alphys had made a terrible mistake when she just trying to save lives, he saw it as disgusting.

He watched at how Alphys’s face darkened and how quiet she became, “you must have been horrified...not to mention confused and upset,”

“-Not to mention really angry, because y’know, I found out I didn’t have a soul anymore,” Flowey added, unable to stop himself from glaring at Alphys or control his low, accusing tone.

A small shudder wracked through Alphys, no matter how much everyone, including herself, told her that it was all okay now, it seemed she couldn’t get away from the guilt, to say she was afraid and terrified to know what Flowey went through was an understatement.

“You...you have a right to be...I was careless and naive, and...there will never be enough ‘I’m sorry’s to ever repair the damage for what I did t-to you,” Alphys said, her voice terribly weak, sad, and nervous.

Then, she looked at him, she smiled, but there was no happiness to it, only guilt.

“I know I made a big apology before, but I am. I am so sorry Asriel, I want to make it up to you, please, just tell me how,” she said, her eyes wet and on the verge of letting out a flood, trying very hard to stand firmly and bravely in front of him.

He tried ignored the annoying prickle of pain inside of him, but, it was strange.

Compared to all those lost time lines ago back in the Underground, when he had confronted her before, she had said something very similar, with even more apologies, and even more tears, but he didn’t bat an eye, her words meant nothing and all the crying made him feel nothing, all he could think about was himself, and how blindly infuriated he was that she had done this to him.

And then he killed her, then went back and killed her again and once more until he realized he was just wasting his time and abandoned seeing her all together, becoming just another experiment that she failed.

Looking at Alphys now, something seemed...different this time around, even more different than the painfully uncomfortable and awkward apology she made a short few years ago, the one he had ignored because he hated the pressure of everyone knowing about him.

He decided she didn’t need to know what he did to her, actually, no one needed to know he killed
anyone. He didn’t care about power anymore, he knew better now, and he no longer needed or wanted to be feared, \textit{never again}. 

It would be too difficult to explain anyway.

But then, as he was thinking of a way to talk to Alphys properly, an inkling of a thought ran across his mind, but it was too unbelievable for him to accept, he shoved it away into a corner.

“I think the only way you can help me right now is-,” he had to pause to for a dramatic effect on this one “-if you stop crying all over me every time we talk and get this dumb check-up over with,”

Alphys instantly perked up in response, maybe taking the comment as acceptance to her apology (which Flowey really hadn’t intended) but it seemed to change the mood of the visit for the better.

“Okay! Then first of all, let me ask you a series of questions,”

“Shoot,”

“Number one, does it hurt to be out of your flower pot? How about your breathing?”

“You saw me, I was just fine,”

Alphys typed down something down on a tablet, Flowey took the time to let out a bored, long, loud sigh as he waited, which didn’t seem to speed up the process.

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“Number ques- uh, heh! Number two, even if it was painless, what was it like?”

“Hm…uhm, it was really weird at first, and disorienting. But I got used to it pretty quickly, I’m not yet completely good at crawling or sitting up on the floor, but I’m planning to practice,”

Alphys looked genuinely impressed, a look of pride for him sparkled in her eyes, “that’s amazing Flowey,”

He painted the most offended expression on his face that he could muster “…about… \textit{feeling weird and disorienting}? What is \textit{wrong} with you?”

She went back into neurotic panic mode; this really \textit{was} too easy “er- uhm, nothing is! That’s not the part I meant! I’m sorry! I was talking about-,”

“You know you’re starting to make me really uncomfortable with all these questions, and it’s scary in here. I… I think, I think I \textit{want to go home},” Flowey continued on in his best small, meek voice, attempting to back up shakily away from Alphys in his flower pot.

Alphys jolted and backing up accidentally bumping into the desk in the process, stumbling quickly to switch on the light switch nearby, anxiously speaking to him as she did this “oh-n-no- please you have nothing to be scared of anymore, I just want to help, \textit{please-},”
And then, at the drop of a hat, he finally grinned horribly “I’m KIDDING! You big Otaku Lizard! Calm down and stop being so gullible and stupid.”

Instead of loosening up, she stood there and stared at him in pure disbelief, looking more and more uneasy as she did so “uhm, haha…funny, y-yeah . . . I guess you’re right, that was… pretty stupid of me . . .” she went quiet for a moment, her weak smile drifting as she stiffly turned her back to him to collect her thoughts, then began typing again.

As soon as he noticed that he hadn’t gotten the type of response he had expected from Alphys, he realized that he had instantly messed up, but it was a good thing he didn’t care, wasn’t it?

Enough time past by for that ever annoying, ever present pain to start gnawing at him again, oh yeah, how could he forget the very reason for coming?

“Actually… I just remembered something,”

Alphys stood still, not bothering to look back, “hm?” her tone seemed… somewhat hurt, and harsh. Now, really? ‘Of all times to get offended, geez,’ Flowey thought.

“I’m… serious this time,” he said, all the cruelty in his voice from earlier was gone, all he wanted was help now.

Without bothering to look back, she spoke “hmph, how can I be so sure you aren’t going to cry wolf again? Mr. rude, wannabe, smart-aleck, sheep boy?”

Flowey’s eyes widened, he was speechless, and it was enough time for Alphys to look and go back to panicking, “oh my god! Why did I say that?! I’m so sorry, I know you were a goat monster! Please don’t tell your pare-,”

“WOW.” He uttered out in disbelief.

Alphys went into full panic mode—“OHGODDON’TBEHADUNDYNESBEENRUBBINGOFFONMEONMOREWAYSTHANONEAN ,”

Flowey laughed an incredulous laugh, “and I thought Frisk was bad at come-backs, I’m serious, that.. had to be THE most terrible one I have ever heard, but all that matters is that you tried, bravo doc,”

Alphys took a long breath, holding her tablet to her chest, leaning back into the wall now for support, letting out a tired sigh “you age me 200 years every time we speak to each other, I swear,”

“…And one more thing... gross,” Flowey added.

Alphys gave him a sideways glance, now taking the chance to put the pressure back onto Flowey, “so, what was that thing you had to say? Didn’t you say it was serious?”

Flowey blinked, pausing for a beat for he spoke “…oh yeah, well.. I’ve never told anyone this, but…
ever since we were freed from the Underground I’ve been having a… really annoying- ache? Pain? It’s inconsistent, I never know when it’s going to happen or how bad it’s going to be.”

Alphys turned to fully face him, a new more serious and empathetic look taking place in her eyes now, taking a step or two closer, it seemed he had her full attention. That was good, but also… mildly annoying.

“*Hm, that long? Where at?*”

He brought out a vine, trying to visually pinpoint the location, which was kind of difficult if you were a flower, he gestured to the area under his mouth and near the area were his head connected to his stem.

“The…center of me? I guess? It’s… surprisingly hard to put into words,”

She stared at the spot, looking just as confused as he was, “you said it’s inconsistent, but, *uh*, try to focus, can you think of anything that could be triggering it? Maybe it’s food? Something that you’ve been eating, or not eating? Perhaps it’s a vitamin deficiency?”

He thought about it, trying to think back, he never focused on any patterns or signs, he’d always just bear with it and waited for it to go away and not dwell over things, he grew frustrated with himself; he hated when he had to admit that he didn’t have an answer for times like these.

“I seriously doubt vitamins could be the issue, both my mom and dad are *gardeners*, so they know exactly what to feed me and pretty make sure of it too, but…other than that… I don’t know. . . I really haven’t been… *uh, paying attention*, all I know is that it’s been getting worse and that I’m ready for it to end,”

This got him a very firm doctor-y nod from the other monster as she typed on her tablet with more focus than before, “I think it’s time to use the monitor.”

Instantly uncomfortable again, Flowey grimaced at the strange wires that connected to the Mystery Room, “*great…*”

It didn’t make it any better that Alphys had then equipped herself with thick gloves with matching mask and outfit, even dimming the lights a little, insisting that it was to only help keep the machine from ‘noticing her’.

But then, when she brought the wires and tubes to him, he discovered that embedded to the ends of them, were smooth thin dark mystic blue pebbles, he had sworn he had seen them somewhere before, but he wasn’t sure where from exactly.

“What are these?”

“Aetherium crystals, also known as Volucite in other countries, if I turn off all the lights or when I start the test, they’ll start to glow, it’s very beautiful. They’re very similar to the shiny stones in Waterfall. Its magical properties have really helped me with my work, and the best part? It’s one hundred percent *safe,*” she said as she began sticking thin strips of tape onto pebbles and wire.

He couldn’t stop staring at them “I never found them at either of your labs,”

Alphys nodded “Mettaton came into contact with them not long after we came up to the surface, there’s actually a lot of hidden ancient magic on Earth, and *these*, were reeeaaaally hard to come by,
even with his money,"

A memory whisked ghostly behind Flowey’s eyes, a soft fragile one of his mom showing him a geology book when he was at least 5 or 6, it was one of her really old ones, the pages all worn and tinted with age, but he remembered the pictures of the same dark blue crystals, but in bigger more defined shapes, he remembered her pointing them out, he also remembered the look of hope in her kind eyes, hope for his future to grow up to be a wise and intelligent Prince, hope that was going to be thrown away, hope that would be torn all away from all of his family.

_They were never going to get that back, and it was all his fault._

_All of it was his fault._

**Everything was.**

A strong wave of pain cracked into him, causing him to bend over low and groan; he slammed his dark eyes close, resting his forehead on the hard edge of the flower pot.

“Oh- oh no, is it happening?!“ Alphys voice was thick with concern.

He hissed a breath through his teeth, “ssshhhut up!”

And she did, backing up a few paces for good measure, working at a quicker pace with the tape.

After a moment of deep breathing, the pain soon eased off, but he decided to stay still, silently composing himself.

“That…was…really annoying,” and a *really big understatement.*

“When was the last time it was that bad?” Alphys asked with a hint of concern in her voice.

He straightened himself back up, pretending he was ready to face life again “phew… last night actually,”

Alphys gave him a worried look, and then held up the first pebble, “alright, then…I guess the sooner we scan you the faster we can figure your problem out, are you ready?”

“Hit me,”

“…Are you going to keep saying things like that?”

“Yes. Fire away.”

He couldn’t help but laugh as Alphys stuck the pebble in the area where his nose should have been, she couldn’t help but snicker too, sticking the next one on his forehead, left cheek, right cheek, under his mouth, one extra small ones for all of his petals, several on the back of him, then three lining down his stem, and then resting the others into the dirt, and Flowey probably didn’t need to, but he grabbed onto them with his roots, bringing them down into the dirt, Alphys didn’t seem to have a problem with it.

“Okay, you ready?”

Usually, Flowey wasn’t one for puns or bad jokes, but he couldn’t miss this chance “I’m just _dying_ to know the results,”
“Oh my god, you really are Toriel’s child,” she mumbled to herself as she turned off the lights completely and going over to the Monitor, and right before she pressed the ‘Scan’ button Flowey blurted out “WAITISTHISGOINGTOHURT?”

A loud peaceful hum filled the room, it was almost musical, and then…

The pebbles began to glow bright cyan all over him and he was instantly put into a deep calm trance.

Alphys smiled warmly behind her mask, “nope, I test it on Undyne and me for fun all the time, even Papyrus loves it,”

“Frisk has got to try this….” he said in awe, something about the feeling the crystal pebbles gave off reminded him of them, he thought back to the sunny day at the park when he caught Frisk in midair when they fell from the tree, despite the bee sting, it had been one of his best memories after coming to the surface.

His thoughts wondered off to the kiss on cheek that he had received from them as thanks for saving them after everything was said and done, it had been really gross but really-

He winced when the pain attempted to come back full force again, but something about the crystals affect seemed to combat with it, making it more bearable.

In the distance, he heard a ding, and then “wha-? It’s not supposed to-, hold on Flowey, it’s almost finished,”

In his mind, he scoffed, of course there was something wrong. Everything about him was wrong.

Another ding, and soon, the humming died down, the glow of the crystal pebbles dimming as well their pleasant effect on Flowey, he blinked and looked at Alphys as his vision came into better clarity again, he waited for her to move.

But she just stood there, staring at the readings that the Monitor was giving her, he couldn’t see her face, but something about her posture and silence began to fill him with dread.

He then watched as she took off her mask.

And then… drop it to the floor.

“WOULD YOU JUST TELL ME WHAT THE RESULTS ARE?! THIS IS RIDICULOUS!” he yelled, shaking the pebbles off of him, and spitting them out of his flower pot.
Alphys finally turned to him, eyes big with emotion, but her was mouth slack jawed, “…I need to-check the Bigger Machine,” she said and whipped out of the room.

Once she left, he was finally able to get a view of what was on the Monitor.

At first, he wasn’t absolutely sure what he was looking at, but after focusing and tilting his head to the right, he knew exactly what it was.

It was an image…of…a very, very, incredibly small misshapen monster soul.

And…by the looks of it, it appeared to be almost…melting.

He could practically feel himself draining of all color.

But he prepared himself to scream, “ALPPPPPHYYYYSSSSS!! I’M PREGNANT?!”

In a flash, Alphys shot back in to the room, scooping Flowey and his flower pot in a tight hug, laughing and crying hysterically “no!”

She was genuinely happy, and he was genuinely now confused.

“THEN WHAT IN THE NAME OF VY CANIS MAJORIS IS THAT THING?!”

“IT’S YOUR SOUL ASRIEL! YOUR VERY ADORABLY TINY SOUL!”

In that instant, red hot rage and frustration flooded Flowey’s body, and he-

*Screamed*

Forcibly bringing out the larger, more vicious version of his vines, barely noticing as he burst free and shattered his flower pot in the process.

And, with all his might, he shoved Alphys into a corner, he himself falling back from the impact of the force, but he caught himself with another pair of strong angry vines, lifting himself into the air above the bed.

“This IS NOT A JOKE ALPHYS, DON’T YOU DARE MAKE FUN OF ME LIKE THIS!”

He saw the fear in her eyes, it made him feel helpless.
She held up her hands up in defense, just like Frisk had earlier, he flinched, and then tensed up as the pain returned, as if it was threatening him for his unruly behavior.

“I-I’m…not joking…I promised that I wouldn’t hurt you, it’s true!” she said, her voice wavering and small, uselessly backing up more against the wall, trying to avoid the spikes that pointed at her.

He looked away, down at the broken pot that Papyrus that had given him, and then the pain worsened, it was too much, it shook him back and he fell down onto the bed.

All he could think about was the disappointed look his friend was going to have, after all that trouble he had gone through just to give it to him, and Flowey just demolished it in a fit of rage, he couldn’t handle it.

“Look at it!” Alphys shouted, looking hopeful, still scared but now hopeful, she raised a shaky arm between vines to point desperately to the ‘soul’ on the Monitor.

“That’s why you’ve been in so much pain! It’s too small to handle all those emotions you’ve been having!”

A burst of tears blurred his eye sight, his vines went limp onto the cold hard floor- then tensed up as a violent shudder ran through him, the tears flooded out and beyond his control as he began to shriek, “shut up! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!”

“Why are you so upset?! This is wonderful!” she cried out, waving out to the Monitor desperately still, her tears were happy.

“NO IT’S NOT!” he bawled.

“Why?” was all she could muster back.

“I’ll tell you why!” he sobbed as he whipped the tears away with a vicious flick of his smaller vines “IT’S BECAUSE I JUST FOUND OUT I HAVE A SOUL AND IT’S COMPLETELY USELESS! TO TOP IT OFF, I’M STILL TRAPPED AS THIS THING!” he screamed, violently gesturing to all of himself before reducing himself to a convulsing mess of uncontrollable weeps and sobs, withdrawing his vines back sluggishly, appearing smaller and smaller as he did so.

“…I’m still nothing but a flower…,” he blubbered pathetically.

Alphys opened her mouth, but she had no words to say for this one, her smile waning sadly, rushed to Flowey, standing in front of him for a moment, looking down at him with unbearably sad eyes before getting to her knees in front of the medical bed to get at a better level and scooping him back into a hug.

“It’s… it’s going to be okay,” she said to him softly.

He shuttered again violently, Alphys ever so slightly held him tighter, he thought about all the times he had killed her, he thought about killing her again then and there.

But all that came was guilt and it burned.

He’d been feeling it all along, but because he was still a flower and the fact that ‘normal souls’ weren’t supposed to hurt their owners, he never once considered the possibility of a soul.

But it had been inside of him all this time, too small and defunct to process hope, love, and compassion, only causing him pain instead.
He winced as he realized that guilt is what he felt when he cried to his mom last night, and that guilt was derived from compassion, and he was stupid with it, he always had been.

The guilt made so much sense considering of all sins he had committed in those lost time lines.

And he was so sorry for all those he had hurt, and now it was his turn to hurt, with a soul that could barely handle it or anything at all...

“It isn’t fair,”
“I know, and it’s okay,”
“It…hurts,”
“I know,”
“No you don’t.”

“Yes, I do, don’t you think it hurts me all the time to know what I did to you and all those other monsters? I blocked it out for a very long time, I kind of just…went numb, like I had no soul either, but it’s okay,”

“Why do you keep saying that?”

She moved back to look at him, blinking away tears, her smile was back and strong, she pointed at the area where he had earlier, at his soul.

“Because if you have this, it means you’re capable of love again, and that’s my fav emotion, love always makes everything okay in the end,“

Ignoring the very cheesy therapist attitude Alphys was getting into, he stared down at the spot, eyes slowly widening at the realization of having such a powerful thing like love back; but his tears began to come back when he then further realized he’d been feeling love and compassion all this time, and hadn’t even noticed because it was just pain to him.

“But…but…all I feel is pain, this is just worse,”

Alphys nodded solemnly, “I guess? Not so much if you remember that you have Hope again too,”

He winced, “that hurts too,”

Alphys rubbed at her face languidly, sighing, looking pretty tired, but not as tired Flowey.

“You’re right, this is some next deep level angst,”

Flowey sagged, “you’re not supposed to agree with me,” he whined.

“I’m trying my best; it’s harder than it looks,”

He raised a tired vine to where the pain resonated from “I don’t get it… how did I not even… feel it? Other than the pain… is it that small?”
She looked and smiled lightly “not sure, but it is four times smaller than average monster soul, that’s mega chibi,”

He ignored her comment and feebly looked back at the monitor, staring at the picture “why is…the thing…doing that?”

“Dripping but not dripping?”

“Yeah, does it mean I’m dying? Because I really hope so right now,”

“No, of course not. I think perhaps… maybe it’s part of the Determination I injected you with, it seems to be in a permanent state of ‘melting’ and holding itself together, or at least the readings said something like that, I’m not quite sure myself, it’s a magical mystery how it even became into existence,”

Once more, he tilted his head and squinted, “it… kind of reminds me of the amalgamates.”

Alphys looked back at it and stared too, resting her head on a palm, “there’s a thought.”

He looked at the lizard monster, yet another realization coming over him, “I think I know how it got there, and I think it was my fault,”

“Hm?”

Flowey groaned, he honestly had no energy to put such a long story in to words, but he shortened it as best as he could.

“Frisk or whoever might have already told you this because you lost your memories after it happened, but…uh…er… I broke the barrier.…” he sighed, physically unable to look at Alphys, “I won’t clarify why, but I had… both monster and humans souls inside of me, I wanted them for selfish and dumb reasons, but as you can clearly see, I came to my senses, helped free and let everyone go,”

Alphys watched him, with the most deep, thoughtful look, making calculations in her mind, whether she already knew or was just struck speechless- he’d never know.

He continued on “so I was thinking… that…maybe, with the Determination you gave me, it… maybe picked off …soul goop? -From the others and made the… thing, because, that’s what I had been really wanting all along, you know, a real soul, and technically I was All Powerful at the time. . . so uh…,”

They shared a looked, but thinking only amongst themselves, Flowey was the first to look away.

“No, that sounds too stupid to be true,” he sighed again.

“Actually, it’s not? It’s probably really likely, because like you said, you were All Powerful, so something small probably retained, or it’s also likely the souls attempt to give you a gift in return for freeing them, they really are remarkable things,”

At that response, Flowey finally slunk over and…well…face planted the bed.

“Haha, oh that’s nice, they gave me a barely functioning malformed miniature teacup sized soul as a gift, how sweeeeet,” sarcasm strong in his muffled voice.

“It could be worse, you could be a soulless flowergoat amalgamate instead,” Alphys mumbled thoughtlessly.
He shivered slightly “ughh.”

“Sorry,”

They went quiet for a moment, staying still until Flowey finally moved again, managing to push himself back up into the dirt pile and reaching over for his phone and pulling it out of its case, brushing off the debris with distaste.

He checked it over; it was just fine thankfully; at least he didn’t destroy this.

“I don’t know how I’m going to tell them,”

“You can show them, how about sending a pic?”

His expression darkened “or…how about we never tell anyone?”

Again Alphys eyes went wide with emotion, “I follow the doctor/patient confidentially rules and all, but in all seriousness, I really think you need to tell them, this is very important…and…well…you’re also asking me to keep a very big secret here,”

Flowey grimaced, he didn’t know what terrified and disgusted him more, the idea of finally looking at his deformed soul up close or the idea of people cooing and trying to sympathize with him all over again, he looked at his phone, looking at the Contact list he had left up just in case.

He stopped at Frisk’s contact picture, which was of their own soul- and drawn over it in with an art editing app, was their signature (-_-) face.

The image of Frisk having a matching picture of his new tiny wimp of a soul on their Contacts for him popped into his mind, maybe they’d edit little flowers all over it.

“… Okay, okay…fine, I’ll tell Frisk first in secret,” he said, to himself mainly, ‘they’d understand better anyway,’

He eyed Alphys who had moved back to the Monitor, reading whatever she was reading “Unless… do you think you can remove it?” he asked quietly, weakly, his voice cold.

Without hesitation, she responded with a unapologetic firm-

“No. I no longer do my work in removing souls, or injecting things into other things I’m unsure about, and also conducting dangerous experiments, not even to fix it, I don’t want to risk killing you, but… as I’m looking at the readings here, your soul seems very underdeveloped but extremely sturdy, most likely due to the Determination, maybe… if you train your magic more, you may be able to actually feel your actual emotions instead of only pain? I think maybe you should give it a try.”

“I’m already really ‘powerful’… but if it’ll really make it ‘better’, I GUESS I could train more,” he bragged, but secretly, not being made out of magic like a real, normal, monster actually limited his magical abilities badly, he could probably do with some training.

Alphys beamed back at him with approval, “so! Do you have any more questions before you go?”

“Hmm, can that thing read my real age?”
She looked at the Monitor, “usually, it can, but your plant body is a bit of a mystery to the Bigger Machine, logically, if you had never died, you’d probably be in your late teens by now, maybe even an young adult, but… obviously, you were set back *a lot,*” she looked back at him, “how old do you feel?”

“We’ve been trying to keep track again since we came to the surface, but I’m still not sure myself, but I guess…fourte- no! Fifteen!”

Alphys grinned big, “you’re close, your Mental Age Guesstimate on here says your fourteen!”

“‘Guesstimate’- are you making that up? You said you wouldn’t mess with me! Let me see!”

“Oh no, I don’t think you’d be able to understand this, it’s veeery complicated!”

“Try me.” He said stubbornly, he never claimed himself to being super intelligent, well, no, he *had,* but of course that was a lie, though he *did* read enough books and spied on enough hidden information to know he could probably understand whatever was on that thing.

Alphys seemed to take him seriously again as she came over and picked him up between her big claws, he tied himself around one for stability “okay, if you insist,”

On the Monitor, next to the picture of his soul, were oddly shaped letters of a different language, and he found, that he indeed couldn’t understand what was written.

Well, this was really annoying.

 “…This is Japanese isn’t it?” he finally asked, not resisting one last final tease.

“NO,” she defended, “it actually isn’t, it’s…the Bigger Machine’s language,”

Flowey just stared, finding he was incapable of wanting to learn anything else new today, the shock of finding out that he had a soul was still more than he could handle right now.

“Oh…okay…I’m finished, with this whole visit. Put me back, I’m going to call Toriel to come pick me up,”

Alphys nodded and did as she was asked, “I don’t blame you, I’ll clean up while we wait,”

“Ugghhh, *I broke the Barrier and all I got was this lousy soul,*” he grumbled to himself as he dialed.

Chapter End Notes

NOTE: I know people have lots of theories about Flowey’s soul or the lack of it, and I’m not here to debunk any of them or even think of trying, heck, sometimes I’m not always super fond of this story’s interpretation, because it does get too angsty, and I’ll admit, can also be kind of complicated to think about. But if you’ll stick around, I promise this story won’t end flooding in more of Flowey’s tears.

ANOTHER NOTE: Also, one more thing; the issue about Flowey’s age, which I know
probably felt super rushed and a little forced, but I had my reasons:
The main one being is that I really, really, really didn’t want to progress the story with
some people thinking Flowey is mentally too old for Frisk (especially now with
Deltarune out!) because I do realize there could be some sort of weird age gap due to the
time from where he and Chara die, to where Flowey spends all that time alone, to the
time Frisk drops down. (Undertale’s whole history can be vague and complicated to
piece together, I’ll admit that)
Another reason is that I believe Asriel never really got a chance to ‘grow up’ or really
mature after he was brought back to life, in a lot of ways, he was ‘stuck in time’ (both
literally, mentally, and emotionally) and after the pacifist route is when he started to
change and mature again.
I think I explained this thing to death, I just didn’t want anyone getting the wrong ideas,
if you don’t agree anyway, then I’m really sorry.
Just remember for the rest of the story, that Flowey is definitely around Frisk’s age here
(and definitely NOT college age like Asriel is in Deltarune, this ain’t that type of fanfic!)
Chapter Summary

Flowey knuckles down and has a very important conversation with Frisk, telling them about the results from the checkup, and during this talk, he finds out that Frisk has some news as well.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Chapter 6  Let’s Talk About IT

Warnings?: The first paragraph contains exactly one weed joke I’m so sorry.

Inspiration Song: ‘Tiptoe’ by Imagine Dragons

‘In the morning light let my roots take flight, watch me from above like a vicious dove
They don't see me come, who can blame them? They never seem to catch my eye but I never wondered why.

I won't fall asleep
I won't fall asleep

Hey yeah, don’t let ’em know we’re coming
Hey yeah, tiptoe higher
Take some time to simmer down, keep your head down low
Hey yeah, tiptoe higher

From your slanted view see the morning dew, sink into the soil, watch the water boil, they won’t see me run, who can blame them? They never look to see me fly, so I never have to lie’

When it was pick-up time, Toriel was probably the first mother to say they were displeased to find their teenage son without his pot.

Alphys held out the teenage son in question “I’m so sorry Ms. Dreemurr, I uh, I accidentally tripped and…dropped…him, BUT he’s okay!”

He looked up at her, yet again another person who lied so he wouldn’t get in trouble, he would never fully understand why, but he guessed he was thankful, especially since the truth was 90 times worse, as usual.

Toriel held her paws out for him and he hesitantly climbed to her.

“See, it is too bad Papyrus’s hard work met an un-fateful ending so soon. . .and well, if it was an
accident and Flowey was not too mad…, I guess both of you are in the clear. How was the exam?”

Alphys and Flowey stared at each other, both thinking similar things.

“It was…quite…a learning experience? Um…Flowey decided he’s going to tell you what we found on his own time,” Alphys asked.

Toriel raised an eyebrow, looking at the both of them with suspicion; this was not what she expected to come back to when she returned, and she had been worried, but now she was even more worried.

“Is it…bad news?”

“It’s complicated,” Flowey finally spoke up.

Toriel nodded understandingly, and then smiled at Alphys, “we are professionals when it comes to complicated, thank you for all your help Doctor Alphys,”

Doctor Alphys blushed, giggling shyly, “It was no problem! Flowey was very well behaved,”

He rolled his eyes, now she was just pushing it, “no I wasn’t, I was a jerk,” saying it like it was something to be proud of, but… of course, he really wasn’t.

Alphys’s smile went nervous, “he was a very well behaved jerk,”

Toriel chuckled, “we’ll be seeing you later, thank you for your time,” and away they began walking to the car.

He was handed to Frisk in the backseat, whom was texting furiously, Flowey wrapped himself around their arm, he felt strange, knowing that he had a soul now; it felt as if he had started over again, everything was so different but still the same, it made sense in a way, since technically he had a soul all along.

Frisk put down their phone to give him their undivided attention, their expression changing into a mix of skeptical and concern “was it as horrible as you thought? No wait- where’s your flower pot? Oh no, please, please tell me it didn’t get broken too, are you okay?”

He gave a long tired sigh, “I’m fine you big dummy, I’ll tell you later, who were you texting?”

It was Frisk’s time to sigh too, “a friend of mine, from school, was arguing about what I’m going to wear to the wedding, she SAYS that I HAVE to wear a dress because the whole gender thing, but I’m like ‘WHY DO YOU CARE STEPHANIE, you’re not the one who’s going to be looking fantastic wearing a pantsuit!’”

Both Flowey and Toriel winced a little, all the social issues that humans endlessly fought about had been an alarming surprise to monster kind because obviously… they clearly didn’t have the same issues, but when it came down to it through and through they were always 100% on Frisk’s side when it came to arguments like the one they were currently having.

They didn’t always understand, but they all loved Frisk enough to try.

“Why do you still bother to stay friends with people like that?” Flowey asked.

“Because… I don’t know, I can’t just ‘stop’ being friends with them over a little argument over the topic of gender and clothes, that’s just dumb, it’s just an argument and I still love them,”

Flowey frowned, he would be forever amazed of Frisk’s ability to always see the very best in people.
no matter what, but Flowey on the other hand, had zero patience for anyone who messed with Frisk—he had made that very clear long ago.

“Y’know Frisk, not everyone deserves your patience like that,” he suggested.

They smiled an all knowing smile down at him, “I gave YOU my patience, and look at how great that turned out.”

He shook his head slowly to himself, “not everyone is going to be like me, dummy,”

Frisk shrugged, “I know, but everyone deserves love no matt- NOT LV, you know which one I’m talking about, don’t give me that look,” then they frowned, “and…are you okay? You seem… tired, and sad,”

“How perceptive,“

“I’m serious, are you okay? What happened?”

He sagged backwards dramatically and rolled his eyes “uuuuggghhh, I’ll tell you when we get back home, talk about something else,”

A few minutes later while still riding home, he received a text from Alphys:

‘take good care of your gift Flowey! don’t look at it as a burden, don’t do what I did umu’

He moved the screen away from Frisk’s view, staring at the words, he remembered how much he still wanted to prove himself to the others, and how much he wanted Frisk and the others to believe he could be a better person.

He still wanted that badly, and this seemed to be his chance, but oh god, doing the right thing always seemed to end up hurting him the most, it was almost unbearable sometimes, but he reread the words over-

Don’t do what I did.

Alphys was probably talking about how she had numbed herself to all the horrible mistakes she had made, he just knew he could easily numb himself too if he simply ignored his soul’s essential emotions, it would be so easy, but at the same time, so hard… because in doing so, he’d never change.

He peered up at Frisk, they had gone back to texting, they had gone through so much crap just to be where they were now, they had literally died countless times because they were patient with people who only wanted to fight, they were filled to the brim and spilling over with Mercy.
Frisk deserved so much better than him as a best friend, he held a vine over the area where his soul resigned at, it was hurting, well, at least it wasn’t a mystery anymore, the pain was a signal that he was feeling admiration and compassion.

He smiled, despite how much it hurt; it was good to know he was even capable again, perhaps, this pain could be a good pain.

A hole inside his metaphorical heart slowly began to refill itself.

He texted Alphys back.

‘Thanks.’-

He let out quiet sigh and then added..

‘Also, I’m probably never going to say this again... to you, or in person, but I’m sorry for yelling the way I did yesterday, and I’m sorry for everything else that I said and did to you.’-

‘And...I guess I’m glad for you and Undyne. Congratulations.’-

And of course Alphys was quick to respond...

‘Aw, thank you Flowey!! That means a lot! >m< ‘

‘Don’t.’-

‘Don’t do that.’-

Still nervous about the reveal, he put off the news until everything quieted down around the house, waiting until it was near time for Frisk to go bed and he had to be escorted out to his own room.

He had mixed opinions about it, but the story behind getting his own room was that at some point the previous year, a very... strange change had come over Frisk, and suddenly they began (very politely) demanding more and more privacy, like wanting to sleep alone and having more time to their selves, to the point to where the next door guest bedroom was soon deemed Flowey’s room instead.

Frisk, who at the time felt guilty, even helped re-decorate it to his liking, arranging and putting up all his favorite drawings and posters and buying him a video game console as an apology for tossing him out.

He wasn’t too completely beat up about it, he actually really enjoyed the solitary personal private space all to himself, he’d guessed that was partly why Frisk wanted the same, still though, he was confused by the sudden change, that was... until Toriel had to explain that Frisk was just going through a little thing called ‘human puberty’, and she needn’t say anymore, because Flowey had
stopped listening, he’d heard of puberty before and he really, really, really wasn’t interested in learning anymore on the subject than he already had.

As much as he enjoyed watching whatever he wanted on TV, there was a chance he’d gotten used to having someone there to talk to late at night, plus he never did so well with thunderstorms, so, ok, perhaps time to time he missed his roommate (not that he’d ever admit it) but he understood what he was like to be around, so, he respected Frisk’s boundaries.

After recollecting over the events earlier in Alphy’s doctor office, Flowey mentally pulled himself back to the present time; he let out a sigh and looked over at Frisk who was doodling in their notebook over at their desk.

“Okay, I’m ready to tell you the news, sit down,” he said from the end of the wooden bed frame that he balanced himself on, sturdy vines and roots holding him up, it was odd to think that just yesterday? That he hadn’t been able to sit himself up properly, he couldn’t decide if the whole thing was inspiring or embarrassing.

Frisk by now was beyond ready to hear it, especially when he had made them promise not to tell anyone yet, quick to sit on the bed excitedly, scooching as close as they could without being in his personal bubble.

“So, don’t lie to me,” Frisk started off, their stare stern “Are. You. Pregnant? Who’s the daddy? I’ll teach ‘em what for, and make that son of a gun go to EVERY doctor appointment with you!”

Flowey scoffed, but laughed, remembering earlier, he was so embarrassed to think that ‘pregnancy’ had been his first assumption out of everything else he could have literally guessed.

“It’s…uh, something even more shocking than that,” he replied, looking down, away, he was nervous.

“More shocking than a pregnant teenage flower… hmmm…,” Frisk pondered playfully, now seriously thinking about the possibilities.

“You’re… growing legs?” Frisk guessed.

“No.”

“You got a new attack that isn’t flower based?”

“…”

“You got a new attack that’s weed based?”

He rolled his eyes.

“Hmmmmmmmmmm… fire based?,”

“Oh goll- it’s not an new attack!” he finally corrected, an irritated grin plastered on his face.

“Sorry, sorry!” the apologized and began to think again, rubbing their chin as they really tried to think it through “so, it’s not a baby, it’s not an attack, what else, what else…,”

They eyed his stem “mayyyyybeee it’s something practical… are you growing leaves? No…? You really gotta tell me if I’m hot or cold Azzie because I feel like I’m grabbing at straws here”
“Maybe I should just show you…,” Flowey thought out loud, getting impatient.

Frisk looked at him, more seriously now, “show me what?”

Without a word, Flowey focused at the center of his being, and…gasped, pleasantly stunned when-for the first time in years, he was able to magically latch onto his soul, relief filled him. He remembered in the beginning when he first woke up in the garden, the cold terror when he realized he had no soul.

But now, warmth filled him as he brought it out, and then slight disappointment once he laid his eyes on it, it looked just like it had on the monitor, except, it was much, much smaller in person, Flowey watched as it oozed at the bottom, but never dripping off.

Frisk, was speechless and awestruck, they leaned forward, their hand reaching out but stopping midway in the air, suddenly, they looked as if they were about to cry.

“It’s… beautiful Flowey, but… how?” their voice was small and nearly breathless.

His cheeks turned orange at the comment, Frisk thought his soul… looked…beautiful?

Before he could say anything, he saw the puny little soul begin to rumble and shake, the melting action quickening, and then the unmistakable pain hit him and he winced.

Frisk stiffened, pulling their hands away completely “wait- what’s happening? Are you okay?”

“Mhm, it’s fine, it just…uh.. hurts is all, it doesn’t exactly work like it should,” breathing deeply, so that’s what the soul looked like when it was doing its job.

Frisk clasped their hands over their mouth, trying to bite back their own rush of emotions as the gravity of the surprise came over them “oh my goodness, I…I’m so sorry, I…I almost can’t BELIEVE this! But it explains so much! Andandand- just WOW!! Flowey you really have a-!”

“-Shhhh! Someone will hear you, and yes, I have one,“

“But…how?”

Flowey sighed “I think it formed back when we had our last big fight and I had control of all those souls… Alphys ‘theorized’ that all the other souls must have given it to me as some sort of ‘gift’,“

Frisk continued to stare at the subject of the conversation with worry etched into their brow, then at Flowey, “why is it causing you pain? …Has it been like this all this time?“

He nodded, “yeah, it’s too ‘underdeveloped’ and small to handle all the emotions, so instead of feeling what I’m supposed to- it just hurts like the dickens, and then some,“

Frisk looked deeply conflicted, as if they were ashamed, offended and confused all at the same time “should… I actually not compliment you then? I don’t want to make it worse, the last thing I want to do is hurt you…,”

He blinked at the comment, taken aback, and laughed weakly, “Frisk… don’t, don’t worry about it-it’s… okay,”

They became frustrated and began to wipe at the empathetic stress-induced tears that came to their eyes “no it’s not; it means you’ve been in pain for practically five years and didn’t tell anyone, how
could you *do* that to yourself?"

Flowey pulled his soul back, despite all the excuses he had used over the years, he suddenly didn’t know what to say, he went back to looking away, anywhere else so he wouldn’t have to see the tears that he was causing.

Frisk waited for an answer from him, but spoke up when they realized there wasn’t going to be one, they calmed their tone “…you must have been really upset,”

Heh, Frisk knew him so well, “I was, I… almost hurt Alphys in the process-,” he paused, catching the look in their eyes “don’t worry, nothing too bad happened…except for Papyrus’s flower pot getting obliterated, which…I was responsible for, not Alphys, but, yes, uh, most of the experience of the check up was actually terrible all around,”

Frisk gave him a short serious nod, smiling uncomfortably, “still, I’m really glad you have a soul again, I don’t like that it hurts you though, can’t she do anything to help?”

“She suggested that practicing my magic might help;”

“Hopefully your therapist can help too somehow, Mr. Space Jam,”

Flowey groaned and side eyed Frisk “*seriously*? You’re bringing up the basketball incident?”

Frisk side eyed him back “yeah, *seriously,*” but broke the expression with a shy slack smile, “no, I’m joking, I’m sorry,”

He changed the subject, “so, uh, I noticed you’ve been calling mom Toriel lately instead of mom, same with dad, what’s that about exactly?”

Frisk frowned deeper, scratching at their chin with discomfort “it’s not what you think, I still love them and everything, I just… I think… I’ve-um…I’ve…,”

“Spit it out, you can say it, can’t be any worse than any bad news I’ve given,” Flowey urged.

Frisk took a breath “I think I’ve been… remembering my… *real parents?* Butbutbut-! I don’t know…! Didn’t you say you didn’t want me as your sibling anyway?”

“When you spying or did mom tell you that?” Flowey asked skeptically, feeling as something very important had just gone over his head, but hm, whatever.

“I was *just* walking by and overheard, and I *don’t* spy, like *somebody* I know,” Frisk said, resting their head on their palm, looking at him at the corner of their eyes.

Flowey rolled his eyes at them “I told you! I don’t do that anymore!” he then looked away shyly, almost nervously as he got back on subject “-and it’s not like I hate the idea of having you as a sibling, it’s just…’*know* . . . you don’t fit the ‘criteria’,”

Frisk laughed, giggling as they spoke “what, do people need to fill out a job application? Meet all your standards? Do I not meet all your sibling standards? Am I not good enough for you? Can I not call you my brother? Are we not *truleeeey* family after all?"’

A wiggly smile formed on Flowey’s face, close to laughing himself, but something was nagging at him, “no-I mean… yes, you… actually don’t meet my ‘sibling standards’, but you do…meet all my
‘best friend standards’. Wait…,” he looked at Frisk, serious now “you don’t think of me as a brother, do you?”

Frisk blinked, and then had to think about it, “huh, I feel like I should, since I’ve basically grown up with you, but… I don’t? I guess you don’t meet my sibling standards either,"

Flowey was filled with… relief? He guessed that was good, but he wasn’t sure why at the moment, but then two more somethings nagged at him, it was pain- nothing he couldn’t handle, that and… sssooomething that Frisk had said..

And then, finally, the very important thing that had gone over his head finally came back to him.

“Wait a minute! Did you say you’ve been remembering your real parents?!” he blurted out in alarm.

Frisk went back to looking uncomfortable again, like maybe they weren’t sure they were ready to talk about this, which probably explained why they allowed him to pass over the subject the first time.

“I think so, it’s hard to explain… but.. my memories having been um…coming back to me in small bits for a few weeks now, but it’s not a lot,”

He leaned forward, staring at them with anticipation “what did they look like?”

Frisk was quiet, their frown deepening as they thought, taking a moment before speaking.

“Like me, I guess…I think my dad had a fuzzy beard, sort of like Asgore,” they began, motioning to their own chin, looking off to the distance “and my mom was sort of chubby and had really short wavy hair…,” they paused, “but…,” they winced, tears welding up, wiping them away, suddenly hesitating to speak, as if it was difficult to do so “but… I just…I can’t remember if…if… her eyes were brown or . . . blue,”

More pain thudded harder, enough to get Flowey’s attention, ‘hello to you too compassion’ he droned at himself sarcastically in his head, his eyes softening at Frisk, taking extra care to speak to them gently.

“You don’t have to talk about this if you don’t want to, maybe they were jerk parents anyway, maybe you’d be better off forgetting them altogether,”

Frisk finally looked back at him, focusing and thinking deeply about something.

“I don’t know… what if they’re looking for me?”

“I hate to be the one to say this, but you’re fourteen and the adopted kid of the Queen and King of Monsters, if your parents were looking for you, I think they would have found you by now,”

Frisk let out a sigh and stared down on at their legs.

“…Yeah, maybe they saw how happy I am here and let me go,” they paused and fidgeted with their fingers “still…whatever happened, or whatever they’re like, whoever they are, it doesn’t change the fact that I want to remember them, and that they’re apart of me… I mean… sometimes I feel like I’m
betraying them when I call Toriel and Asgore ‘mom and dad’,”

“It’s not like they’ll know, but… I get it, do whatever makes you feel comfortable,” Flowey answered, remembering his mother’s words.

They looked back up at him and smiled lightly.

“Thank you, I know we don’t talk about these types of things often, so, it means a lot to me that we did,”

He made a flowery shrugging motion “only seems fair after all those things about my life that I’ve blabbed to you about,”

There was a pause in the air.

“So…what do you think happened?”

“About what? You getting separated from your parents?”

They gave a small nod “yeah, I don’t remember anything, so it makes me wonder why or how I fell into the Underground in the first place,”

“Maybe you fell because you’re an idiot,” he joked with a crooked grin.

Frisk giggled “I’m serious! C’mon, you love to theorize, help a buddy out,”

He playfully rolled his eyes “okay, okay, give me a second,”

……………..A few seconds later…

“What if you were running away from them when you climbed the mountain?” Flowey thought out loud.

“What if we were camping and I simply got curious and wondered off?” Frisk reasoned back.

Flowey groaned at Frisk’s overabundance of overwhelming positivity “you really are a glass half full,”

Frisk grinned softly “you should try it sometimes, even if you do think it’s hard to swallow,”

Flowey suddenly pretended to hear something from a distance “did you hear that? I think heard Papyrus scream all the way over here, because that pun was just awful,”

Frisk nodded, chuckling weakly “I know and I’m sorry.”
The pair was quiet for a moment, but picked back up on their earlier conversation, mood shifting serious again, but not *too* serious.

“So…since you have a soul again, do you want to be called anything different or…?”

*Oh…* hm, he hadn’t thought about this, that was a good question.

He knew for a long time he wasn’t the same ‘Flowey’ *The Flower* that he had been in the Underground, nor was he completely how he was when he was ‘Asriel Dreemurr’ *The Young Prince of Monsters* either, he’d changed and then changed even more…

Who was he now?

“Flowey Dreemurr? Asriel The Flower? Flowriel? Uhh… Aloey? It’s… really weird, for a long time, I had always split those two names apart, as if I’ve been two separate creatures… but I’m not, I’m *both*, or…,” he looked away, thinking hard, “…I guess I’m someone *more*? Does that make any sense? I’ve had this soul all this time and didn’t even realize,”

“Yeah, but you *did* change, you could say you’re Flowey 2.0, the better version,”

He grinned proudly, puffing his petals up, showing them off “I am the better version, *aren’t I?*”

Frisk looked so proud of him, and without thinking, leaped forward and wrapped their arms around their best friend in a tight snug hug, pressing their cheek to his face with his petals getting clumsily in the way, but it didn’t matter, the sentiment was still clear.

“Toriel is going to get you *ssooooo* many snails!”

“Ohogghhhf,” Flowey managed to get out, not sure what he was in pain from more, the warm bear hug or the pain from the compassion from the hug rolling through his body.

Either way, he laughed and it felt *good*.

Chapter End Notes

I think around this chapter is when Flowey starts becoming more comfortable with being called Asriel again, just not all the time, he still has a long way to go, things look good right now, but he’s still growing, trust me.

Also, I sincerely apologize for how short this chapter is.
Stay Happy

Chapter Summary

After Flowey tells everyone his big surprise and things settle back down, he’s awoken one late night after Frisk has a nightmare and goes to him to talk it out.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 7 Stay Happy

Warnings?: A specific conversation that becomes very uncomfortable, the warning is here depending how you want to perceive it, you’ll see what I mean.

Also, apologies to any one named Philbert.

Inspiration Song: ‘Smiley Faces’ by Gnarls Barkley

‘C’ause I notice when you’re smilin’, out in the sun having fun and you’re feelin’ free, and I can tell you know how hard this life can be, but you keep on smilin’ for me’

Toriel was the second person that Flowey told about his soul (after a lot of persistent gentle prodding for almost four weeks, he finally gave up) her reaction had been very similar to Frisk’s, angry that it caused him pain, but was over joyed for him to the point of tears, and then made him his very own pie (that was not for sharing).

Two days later he told Asgore, who was also completely thrilled for his son, he seemed to understand why he would keep the pain a secret, giving him a big hug, and then offered him his favorite tea.

Then, then next day, he did something extremely impulsive, he sent everyone a wordless text message, only a lone selfie of himself with his soul, he made sure to keep his face out it as much as he could, but just enough for people to be able to tell it was him.

And boy oh boy, that had been a really bad idea, because his poor phone was over flooded with an overwhelming amount of response, finally after seeing the ‘67 text messages’ and ‘38 missed calls’ he decided to turn off his phone for a while and just let Frisk handle it for him (much to their dismay).

And then, not too long after a therapy visit, he found out (on accident) that Frisk was also going to
start seeing a therapist.

…At first, he was, for lack of a better word, utterly confused...

But then he remembered back when he first entered school with them, how they sometimes had to leave him alone in class so they could go visit the school counselor, it had been Toriel’s idea, and honestly at the time, he had to admit he hadn’t been concerned enough to ask why since they rarely brought the subject up.

Apparently they had never stopped visiting the counselor since then, and now that he was thinking about the Talk that they had, and about what they said about remembering their real parents and how upset they got and the way they changed the subject. . .

Come to think of it, there had been a lot of small hints that he had missed that made him realize that maybe Frisk had a lot more going on inside their head than they usually let on.

He thought it over for awhile, realizing it all made sense, he was sure not being completely able to remember where you came from would definitely cause someone major emotional issues, but from what Frisk had also explained to him before, was that they had also become very content with their living situation, happy to have Toriel and Asgore as their foster parents, they certainly showed that happiness all the time, but he didn’t need Frisk to tell him that it was still a huge mystery that they still ached to solve, but why they held that ache a secret he’d never know… at least Frisk’s therapist soon would.

After finding out… time to time, he slowly began to worry if he could have been part of the problem of why they needed a professional in the first place; the large guiltier part of him didn’t doubt this, even still after the times when Frisk had forgiven him and showed him Mercy, he still struggled to see what they saw in him.

Especially when he found out that he still gave them nightmares.

. . .

He was woken up to the sound of Frisk crying softly, all the way from the other room.

He listened for a minute or two longer, until his compassion twisted at his insides, fully waking him up, rubbing at his eyes with one vine, and bringing out his phone with another, he checked the time.

3:57 AM, of course it was.

He winced when Frisk started crying even louder. Ok, ok, okay, enough of this.

He texted them.

‘What’s with all the noise? What happened?’-

It wasn’t long until he heard them quiet down and respond.

‘sorry. had a nightmare. can I come in and talk?’

‘fine’-
With that, he switched on his lamp and waited patiently, it wasn’t like he was the one who had to wake up early for school anyway.

Once they arrived, he ached at the sight of Frisk’s puffy, tear stained face, he hoped he could fix this as soon as possible, this was just ridiculous.

Frisk stiffly sat on the guest bed, sniffing, wiping their eyes and face with a few tissues they had brought along, not saying a word, their silence already telling him a lot.

“…Wow, that bad huh?” He asked, he knew quite a bit about nightmares himself, more than he cared to admit.

They nodded, “I don’t know if I should tell you, I don’t want to upset you.”

“Let me guess, I was in it?” he sighed, they nodded again, “was I doing something really bad?”, they nodded once more, and he groaned in response, of course he was doing something ‘really bad’, that was one the very things he’d accomplished on his agenda that he’d created back when he was soulless.

1. Become a GOD!(check.)
2. Get the Souls, no matter what the cost!(check.)
3. Scare them so bad they’ll have nightmares FOR THE REST OF THEIR AFTERLIFE! (…check.)

(Stuff like that, etc.etc.)

“We’ve talked about this, you know I’m never going turn ‘dark’ again, so go ahead, tell me,” he said finally.

They rubbed their eyes, shaking their head, “I know, you’re better now… but.. it was so real.”

He rolled his eyes “I hate the vivid ones too, just tell me, I won’t get upset, I’m too tired to get upset,”

They looked sheepish for a moment, sorry they woke him up, but not sorry that they had a friend like him to talk about things like this.

“Well…okay… um, everything was fine at first, it started off normal, everyone was there… but then, something really terrible happened that made your soul hurt too much- I think it was because… Toriel and Papyrus had both ended up dying at the same time, but I can’t remember what from…,”

He watched Frisk sit there as they stared at nothing, their expression darkening slightly; they were most likely remembering the dream from the looks of it, he could feel his soul reflexively start to ache at the very thought of losing his mom and Papyrus, he tried not to think about it too much, tuning out
his imagination and focused on Frisk as they started talking again.

“-And you…just… snapped… I think your soul couldn’t handle it and it…literally ‘broke’, but instead of dying, you went on this huge rampage and… killed everyone, it was terrifying, ”

Another pause from Frisk, he finally noticed that they were looking at him now, gazing at him with concern, waiting for some kind of response to see if he was OK, he merely sighed and nodded for them to continue.

“And then you killed Sans… and then… me, but I think… Sans had gone evil? And then it got crazy, you started growing taller like a sunflower and your vines and spikes were huger than ever, and-then…,”

Frisk trailed off, thinking about something, their teary eyes drifting off again as they remembered the dream, before snapping back to reality and focusing back to him “you didn’t kill me at first, uh, it’s gets a little fuzzy around that part and…um… I don’t really remember much… so, yeah, um… you killed me in the end,”

But then their expression tightened, “I woke up crying because I believed for a… second that I had… actually died for real and ended up going to my last Save, of course I was relieved when I realized it was just a nightmare… but then, I started crying more when I thought maybe… there could be a terrible possibility that it could somehow for real happen,”

He blinked, in near disbelief of his best friend’s new fear, it seemed like that this nightmare really was bad if it had someone stable like Frisk this anxious, he couldn’t get over the miserable look on his best friend’s face, the ache inside of him pushing him to do something, maybe it was time he played Therapist for a turn.

“Okay… so, first of all, calm down because everything is completely FINE- I am two thousand percent SURE that your dream would NEVER happen, because, as I told you, I learned my lesson, no more killing. Ever. *Ego promisit.* ”

“But you snapped,”

“Listen you big baby, anyone can lose their mind, I’ll admit that, but I’ve told you, and I’ll tell you again, I made a promise, and I’m keeping it… even if ever do… some how ‘snap’, I’ve learned lessons that have been seared into my brain to know by now that killing is pointless and disgusting, you can trust me on this one Frisk, insane or not, I’m never abandoning my morals again,”

Frisk stared at him with understanding eyes, giving him a proud smile before sighing heavily to themselves “yeah, I know, I should have remembered that, it was a stupid… crazy dream, and your soul can’t just… literally break from too much emotion, can it?”

Fear from the very idea began creeping in, but he shook it off like it was something repulsive. “No, of course not, Alphys said it was tougher than it looked, you wouldn’t expect anything less from me would you?” he bragged.

Frisk cracked a smile, finally, “no, I know you’re tough,” but then the smile disappeared “it was just that… this one was a lot… scarier than the Omega form nightmares,”

Grim curiosity about this nightmare peaked, he leaned forward and gave them an intrigued and suspicious look “scarier than the Omega form huh? You remember more about this nightmare than you’re letting on, aren’t you?”

The frown deepened and they sighed again “I’m trying to forget it. You don’t want to know the
worse parts, trust me, it’ll gross you out.”

Gross? He did something gross? To Frisk? What category of gross was it? This could mean literally anything, he was conflicted.

“So… I did something ‘gross’ to you, and then killed you? Meaning the gross part wasn’t killing you?” he asked, growing increasingly perplexed.

Frisk shook their head, looking particularly anxious now, rubbing at their bangs, further messing up their already messy bedhead “no, it was a different kind of gross than what you can think of,”

Flowey winced, ok, perhaps he should stop while he’s ahead, he had a sinking feeling that he really, really, didn’t need to know about this.

“I see, well, sorry…for whatever dream-me did?” he attempted gently.

They smiled at him, “don’t be, I know you’d never do anything like what you did,”

He raised an eyebrow at the statement, as ridiculous as it sounded, it was difficult to think of something that he wouldn’t do, he’d done almost everything he could think of back during his Reset days…but judging by the look Frisk had on their face and what they said, it was probably for the best to not test his imagination.

They started talking again before he could respond, “and Sans had turned evil, can you believe? Yeah, it really would never happen, my brain is so weird,”

Flowey smiled sleepily “it really is; but are you happy now?”

Frisk smiled back, nodding slowly, they seemed just as sleepy almost.

Pain jolted at him seemingly at the sight of the smile, waking him back him up, he dismissed it “good… now can you go back to bed?”

“Yeah, right away Mr. Boss Plant sir,” they joked, getting to their feet, then walking over him, “thanks for talking to me Asriel,”

He managed a shrugging motion without shoulders, “not like I could back to sleep when you were crying like that,” he mumbled.

Frisk looked embarrassed, “it was a rough day.”

“Stephanie again?”

“No, Philbert,”

Flowey started laughing, “‘Philbert’?! What human names their kid Philbert?!! Even better, what the heck kind of name is Bert?!” and continued laughing.

Frisk could help but start laughing too, but in vain held a finger up to their mouth, “Sh-shhhhh! You’ll wake up Toriel,” hushing their voice quieter than it needed be.

He had a hard time trying to stop, when Frisk held their finger up to his mouth- he just laughed harder.

“At least his name isn’t a mash up of his parent’s names,” Frisk prodded.
Flowey stopped laughing instantly, staring at them with a raised eyebrow, “it’s not? Then what the heck are his parent’s names? No- wait, why are you teasing me for? I thought you were pissed at…,” he struggled to keep a straight face “…‘Philbert’;”

“I am, I was just trying to get you to stop laughing, you don’t want to eat soap again do you?” Frisk reasoned.

He broke eye contact, “no, I don’t… but at least I’d be eating soap knowing my name is better,”

Frisk raised an eyebrow “which one?”

A slow illustrious toothy grin appeared on Flowey’s face “all of them,”

Frisk simply smiled “I agree, all of them are pretty rad, but yeah… I think I’m going back to bed now… you want me to bring you a super late night snack before I go? I don’t mind making you quick sandwich,“

Flowey subtly winced as a spasm of pain ran through him, why were they so needlessly kind like this? Sometimes he felt Frisk almost rivaled Toriel and Asgore in niceness, perhaps they’ve just been learning from the best.

He wondered momentarily if he could ever go back to being as nice as he used to be if it didn’t hurt so much…

He was trying though, “thanks, but no. Just go back to sleep Frisk,”

Frisk’s smile sweetened, they then stepped in closer, leaning in before hesitating for a moment and- oh…no, they were going in for a kiss, ugh, too much mush!

TOO MUCH MUSH!!!

He scrunched up his face, leaning away as Frisk playfully leaned in faster and delicately kissed his forehead, a feather light touch.

Still, at the contact, a terrible wave pain radiated roughly from his soul taking him by complete surprise, he closed his mouth shut to muffle out what would have been a loud groan, noticing instantly that it hurt much more than usual from the other times of being kissed, ever.

As Frisk caught sight of his reaction, their smile dropped in horror, realizing the huge mistake they made and the gravity of it, they looked him over anxiously “sorry, sorry, sorry, I shouldn’t have done that, I completely forgot, oh my god, I can’t believe I forgot! I really am an idiot!”

“I forgot too,” he managed out breathlessly, arching down, the pain didn’t seem to want to settle down; this… was getting pretty embarrassing.

Frisk looked at him carefully and closely, he leaned away shyly on instinct, not wanting to make eye contact, it seemed to hurt more when he did.

“I really am sorry, are you going to-,”

He cut them off, instantly straightening back up, voice clear “yeah, just go to bed, nerd,”

Frisk smiled weakly at him, a hint of worry still in their eyes, not entirely convinced by his act, but they could take a hint, so they began moving for the door “it’s okay, I get it. You want your space. Good night Asriel,”
“‘Night,’” he said, holding his breath, watching them until they left, he didn’t move until he heard them settle down in the next room.

He finally collapsed into his flower pot, hissing in pain through his teeth, he rested his head on the dirt, staring up at the ceiling, this really was embarrassing, normally Frisk kisses didn’t hurt this bad, neither did any other kiss from anyone else did either.

He knew why they hurt, very platonically he loved all the people he received kisses from (which was a not surprisingly small list) so of course it was going to hurt, kisses were an act of compassion and love, when he was a kid he use to ‘hate’ receiving kisses, these days he had mixed opinions and often over reacted because getting kisses was over all just…well… embarrassing and too ‘sickly sweet’, deep down though he actually didn’t mind it too much, and if it didn’t hurt, he would mind even less.

But this one…

WHY did it hurt this much? He was still aching, thinking about how soft Frisk’s lips had been—

-It was good to at least know that their weird pricey honey based chapstick they always wore actually worked!

…He was honestly glad that Frisk was okay now.

He thought about the warm look in their eyes as they spoke his real name before leaving, he closed his own eyes as the pain began to kick up again, it pulsed all over like a heartbeat.

No, think about something else, think about something else, think about something else—

He hated that he did something so horrible to Frisk in their own dream, enough to make them cry even, it wasn’t the first time, but… it felt worse now, knowing he did something so bad that even Frisk didn’t want to tell him, something so bad that he would never think to do in real life.

Pain from the guilt joined in and he fidgeted around in his flower pot uncomfortably.

He needed to take his mind off this, he threw out a vine, and fished around for his phone, fumbling a bit before he finally hooked a line and brought it up, thankfully he’d remembered to keep the head phones in.

He listened to music, trying to focus on the words and melodies until he finally fell asleep, it took nearly two frustrating hours, but thankfully… he found some rest.

But what followed suit was a night full of guilt dreams, and also for some reason, a strange dream where sets of flying giant disembodied harmless pink lips attached to white feathery wings that fluttered and followed him around teasingly.

The next day...
Flowey was in the middle of a break from Homeschooling, sitting on the couch in front of the TV in the living room, deep into a compelling sci-fi mystery show.

So deep he barely noticed when Frisk sat next to him.

But the art diary they held in their hands is what caught his attention, that and the thoughtful expression they were wearing.

“Hi, I know you don’t like to be bugged on your break, but can we have a chitty-chat?” they asked.

He pretended to be annoyed, putting his show on mute, he turned to them, “What do you want?”

A smile appeared on their lips “Since last night, I’ve been feeling really guilty about hurting you, and I started brainstorming on how to make life better for you so you don’t have to be in pain anymore-,”

He began to wince, oh no, of course they were still thinking about his reaction to the kiss, this was the very reason why he’d always mask the pain and lie, and he would have done so last night but it had stunned him and caught him by surprise, and there was no reason to lie anymore now that Frisk knew how he was affected.

But the funny thing was, when he chose to confide in them about his soul and all the symptoms, he knew they’d be upset, but he had made the mistake of not considering the part of how he was going to deal with them being upset.

And if there was one thing that made him miserable, it was when Frisk was upset and overly worried over him, and right now it looked like they were edging into pity territory.

“My life is fine the way it is, so thanks but no thanks Frisk, I can handle it,” he interrupted.

Frisk nodded sternly “I knew you’d say something like that, but I couldn’t help but at least try,”

“And I knew you’d say something like that, you never stop trying,” he muttered.

They let out a shy laugh at that, looking down to the booklet on their lap, they fidgeted with the pages, “Well, I guess you’d be happy then, because I found out that… Well… There’s… No kind of magic spell or science experiment we could try, I’m not a super genius like Alphys, and I know you don’t want anyone to give you special treatment or treat you differently than before… You’ve made that clear, but… I just thought, maybe now that we know what’s hurting you, then maybe you can help me figure out how to avoid doing that,”

He stared at them hard, and this was the exact reason why he hadn’t wanted to tell everyone about his soul, because they were right, he didn’t want the special treatment, and neither did he want others to stress out about it, especially like Frisk was doing now.

Without a second thought, he brought out a vine and rested it calmly on their arm, snapping them out of their heavy thoughts, they looked back over at him in surprise.
“Listen, no matter what anyone does, it’s really never going to stop hurting, the only thing I think could help is if I suddenly started… I don’t know, not caring about anything again? Which I’m pretty sure that’s impossible at this point- NOT that I want you to try to help with that kind of thing, you know that the last I want is to get rid of my soul or be alienated, so please, do me a favor and don’t do anything different, I meant it when I said I can handle it, okay? Stop worrying so much,” he said gently, firmly.

They looked conflicted “are you sure? Even when I accidentally get too sweet? I know you won’t mind if I hold back on that, but it’s just… so easy to forget when we get wrapped up in our shenanigans,”

He couldn’t help but laugh quietly “yes you big idiot, I’m absolutely sure, I don’t want you to change or behave any different… and I realize… that finding out that I have a soul and what it does to me changes things a lot… but that doesn’t mean it needs to change anything between us… does that make any sense?”

At that, Frisk’s gaze softened, and they smiled sweetly, “yeah, it makes a lot of sense,”

They shared a silence of understanding, until Flowey begun to feel awkward, dropping his gaze to the diary, he poked it with his vine, “so, did you have something to show me?”

Frisk perked up at the comment, “yeah, while I was brainstorming, I had an idea,” they said and opened the book up, flipping through until they settled on something new.

Flowey leaned forward as they sat the art diary in front of him, and what he saw perplexed him. It was several sketches of Frisk themself, featuring them aggressively blowing a gust of… souls…? No, wait, hearts from their lips in every picture, at the top, they had cheerfully written- ‘My Magic Attack!!’

At first, Flowey merely stared at the drawings in pure confusion, ‘magic attack’? Humans didn’t have magic attacks, and what was this heart business? What were they even doing?

Instead of asking these questions, he only shifted his stare up at Frisk, waiting for them to explain.

Unable to hold back at a snicker, Frisk scratched the back of their head “I know, it looks really silly, but after the kiss, I was trying to figure out how I can make affection a positive thing instead of a bad thing for you, which turned into a totally different line of thought… what if I had magic? Sorry, I got distracted,”

Flowey pinched his face up, grimacing in disgrace “…your magic attack is… kissing…?”

Totally oblivious to his annoyance at the moment, Frisk begun to excitedly clarify.

“Not necessarily?” they pointed to one of the sketches “see, I’m blowing kisses, so there’s unfortunately not any lip contact- and when the hearts come out they float like bubbles but move much faster than that, and when the opponent runs into them- they forget all their problems and pain and become filled with ultimate happiness and bliss for twenty second tops, and they don’t even deal any damage! The only downside is that depending how many they’re hit with- they become loopy and really silly,”

The longer they spoke, the more disgraced Flowey looked, to him this was probably one of the worst ideas they had ever come up with.

“Are you kidding me right now?! No DAMAGE?!” he blurted out the instant they finished.
Frisk, who was well trained in taking Flowey’s brand of criticism, jumped in surprise at his sudden change in noise level, but could only laugh, they had only drawn the picture for fun and had a feeling he wouldn’t like it too much, so they had been prepared for this.

“Yeah, of course, you know I don’t want to hurt anyone,” they explained.

“But it’s a magic attack! You’re supposed to ATTACK!”

“That’s what the loopy part is for, it’s to distract them, so, I guess it’s more of a magic defense?”

“More like magic DRUGS, once everyone knows what you can do and become HOOKED, they’re neeeevvveeeerrrr going to want to stop battling you! Next thing you know you’ll be on the run, hiding in some stranger’s cellar in secret from all the happy addicts you’ve created!” he exclaimed in anger.

Barely unable to hold it together anymore, Frisk clasped a hand over their mouth, snorted out a laugh and started into a fit of giggles “I’m S-sorRY! I didn’t- I didn’t think that far into it!”

Flowey scoffed and pointed a vine at them “you really didn’t, all of this is completely terrible, the only good thing about it is the art, oh and seriously? Hearts?! Isn’t that kind of messed up? Hearts look exactly likely human souls, it’s like you’re blowing human souls at people!- and… you’re not even listening to me anymore, are you?”

He stared at his BFF next to him, who was currently holding onto their stomach, doubled over in squeaky laughter, unable to answer him.

And as he watched them, he found himself unable to stay annoyed, his disgusted frown slowly lifting at the edges, barely noticing the pain that begun to roll inside of him.

He couldn’t help but chuckle too as he came to the conclusion that Frisk didn’t necessarily need magic to make people happy anyway.

Chapter End Notes

Whatever the horrible thing Nightmare Flowey did in Frisk’s dream is 100% up to you, but I will say one thing, it may not actually be as bad as Frisk is making it out to be, maybe they’re too embarrassed?

Also, on a different note, there will always be many reasons to say Flowey is bad for Frisk, but the thing is… people can change and can be properly redeemed if you give them the chance and guidance, I mean, that unfortunately can’t be said for everyone, but for Flowey here… I think it can be, and while the past may haunt him, I think he can also learn from it as well.

This is why Frisk allows themselves to be close to Flowey in the first place, they believe in him.
This Shade Of Green Doesn't Look Good On Flowey

Chapter Summary

Monster Kid has moved back into town and hangs out with Frisk and Flowey for the first time in years, and Flowey finds himself struck by an emotion he hadn’t felt in years, or this strongly, and what starts as a fool proof plan to show off ends up collapsing on him.

Chapter Notes

When I first wrote this one, I wasn’t completely fond of it because of tropes, but after going back and reading through it again and again, it eventually really grew on me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 8  This Shade of Green Doesn’t Look Good On Flowey

Warnings?: Nothing that I can think of, this will be a pretty tame chapter.

Inspiration Song: ‘The Pink Panther Theme’ yes, I’m serious.

As serious as a clown.

A few weeks later…

“They’re having the wedding on the beach? That’s going to be so awesome,” Frisk said, pushing Monster Kid on the swing in the backyard.

“Yeah, that’s just like aunt Alphys,” MK replied, then grinned big “I still can’t believe I’m going to be related to Undyne- well, you know what I mean!”

Frisk snickered, “you think you got it from here?” they asked after another push.

“Yeah dude!” It was almost nerve wracking but impressive to watch the armless monster swing, they seemed to be able to stay on by balancing with their tail

Frisk walked over to the hose and switched on the water, and began their chore of watering the garden which consisted of both a large variety of different flowers and vegetables (which Toriel was
Flowey sat in the nearby corner of the backyard, playing with a mobile console quietly (meaning that he could only be listening to the conversation; otherwise he’d have his headphones on, and making loud colorful commentary.)

It had been four years since Monster Kid and Frisk had been able to properly see each other and talk, because sometime after leaving the Underground, Monster Kid’s dad, (Monster Dude, or to his family ‘Monster Dad’) found a better job that was several cities over, which had forced them to move, but after again finding an even greater job, they’d moved back, now living only a few houses away from each other (but only if they were staying at Toriel’s)

“So, you’re really not falling on your face anymore?” Frisk asked.

“Nope! Not for a long time actually. Man, I used to be such a big klutz,”

Flowey looked up from his game, it was true that Monster Kid had been very clumsy, but… Flowey would be lying so hard if he said he hadn’t taken advantage of that clumsiness during his Reset days.

But it wasn’t a lie that he’d actually forgotten all about all the tripping he had caused until now.

Not that MK needed to know.

Frisk laughed politely, “Yeah, you were, how’d you get over it?” they began to water a few tomato plants.

“Not with talent that’s for sure, haha!” he replied, grinning as he swung higher and higher, “I’ll show you, check this out Frisk!” they suddenly swung higher than the pole reached, and flew from the seat, and just like a cat, they landed on their feet, swerving on the impact.

Frisk nearly dropped the hose, “WOAH! You fricking nailed it!”

Flowey cringed, hard, he couldn’t deny that it had been a pretty good landing, he’d seen many, many, many human and monster children alike try the very same thing, and all falling on their face.

What he was cringing at was Frisk’s response, if he had legs again, he could probably stick that landing even better, or eh, not- remembering he’d never much for ‘rough housing’ or athletics back then, to Asgore and Chara’s dismay.

Then, an… idea crossed his mind.

He put down his game and tunneled over to the pair, “Bet you can’t do it twice,”

For a second, Monster Kid almost seemed a bit taken back, but grinned energetically, “I bet I can do it three times dude,”

Underneath the grass, Flowey put a long vine out, and tossed his console into the air high over to another nearby vine that whacked it to another vine that appeared next to Frisk, that he fortunately caught before the console could smack into them, he did this without breaking eye contact, and it looked as cool as he’d hoped.

“If you do it five times, you can have this,” he dared, wagging the portable console around playfully.

Monster Kid stopped looking impressed to frown, “I already have one,”

Flowey rolled his eyes, “you can have the game in it then,” he pulled the small cartridge out and
showed it to MK closely, waving it tauntingly.

“Holy heck! I’ve been wanting this one for ages!”

Flowey grinned slyly and put the game back in and rested the game behind him, “ah-ah Leggy, you want it, you gotta stick that landing, eight times,”

Frisk and MK reacted like he’d expect.

“You said five times man,” MK said, somehow managing to look like he was crossing his arms without any arms.

Frisk instead put their hands on their hips, giving Flowey a look that he couldn’t bear to look at for too long.

“Okay, okay, five times, I just thought you might want to… look even more amazing than you already were,” Flowey bargained slickly, for some reason, he really wanted to see Monster Kid really just… mess up that landing, not just because it was funny, but mostly because he couldn’t stand that smug smile when Frisk grinned at them, go find your own best friend you armless nerd.

And there was no way they could stick that landing twice, Monster Kid was sure to lose.

“What do you get if I lose?”

“Nothing! It’s a dare,” Flowey said, winking and sticking out his tongue in a spark of determination.

“Cool!” MK said and hopped back onto the swing and started, he didn’t seem to need the help this time, which honestly bugged Flowey more than necessary.

As MK gained momentum, Flowey finally gained the courage to look up at Frisk, whom was still giving him The Look.

“What are you up to?” they said in a hushed voice.

“Nothing, can a monster just make a dare in peace?” he said, he really didn’t need Frisk to know he was doing this out of spite.

“Not when that monster is you, something’s wrong,”

“HEY GUYS CHECK ME OUT! I’M ABOUT TO DO IT!” Monster Kid called out, grabbing the other two’s attention, and with another swing and push of MK’s legs, they went up as high as he could go, flew out, and…

Stuck the landing again, twirling dizzily around afterwards as they regained balance.

“WOO HOO!” they whooped and ran over to them.

Frisk cheered “you need to show me how to do that, seriously!”

Monster Kid nodded, “sure,” and winked… flirtatiously? At them “after I finish that game!” they added and wasted no time as they ran back to the swing, immediately starting up again.

Flowey held back a grunt, Monster Kid had STUCK THE LANDING TWICE, AND HAD THE GALL TO FLIRT ABOUT IT TOO?! Whatever that was, if you could even call it flirting. Let’s see
them try three times.

“Seriously what are you up to?” Frisk said quietly.

“Seeing if Kid can really stick the landing five times, haven’t you been paying attention?” Flowey replied, eyes glued on the monster, trying to work out how MK balanced themselves and how he could possibly interfere with the process.

“You wouldn’t give your stuff to just anyone…,” Frisk said lowly, suspiciously.

Frisk didn’t say anymore after that, instead began to cheer Monster Kid as they got higher, this time taking their time.

Flowey hoped that MK was losing their nerve.

But no, this time they actually jumped out higher than before and still stuck the landing.

“YESSSS! I’m UNSTOPPABLE!” they yelled, grinning big when Frisk clapped, “here comes number four!” and raced back to the swing.

Once they started, Frisk kneeled down close and whispered-

“Do you have a crush on Monster Kid?” they asked innocently, though very curiously.

Flowey leaned away dramatically and stared at them incredulously “WHAT THE HELL FRISK?!”

He couldn’t believe the audacity of asking such a weird and crazy thing, really the idea of him having crushes on anyone at all seemed like such an alien subject to Flowey, it wasn’t like he’d ever be able to have a ‘real’ romantic relationship anyway.

Frisk backed off apologetically, embarrassed now, “sorry, it’s just I’ve never seen you act like this before,”

This seemed to grab MK’s attention, but it wasn’t enough to make them stop, “what’s wrong?” they asked loudly.

“Nothing! Keep going!” Frisk yelled back.

“Cool!”

“I can’t believe you would even think to ask that,” Flowey grumbled.

“It isn’t that weird, I think they’ve gotten seriously cute,” Frisk grinned.

Flowey went wide eyed, looking up at Frisk in shock, “WHAT?” this is exactly the sort of thing he hadn’t wanted or expected to hear.

Frisk lowered their voice to an almost whisper, “yeah, I’ve been thinking of asking of them out, I have a really good feeling about it too, but… just so you know, if you DID have a crush on them, I just want you to know I’d let you have dibs,”

“What?!” Flowey knew now that this dare was a mistake, what was the point of risking losing his game like this when Frisk liked Monster Kid this much anyway? He had to fix this, because MK really didn’t deserve both his game and his best friend too.
Frisk frowned nervously, “Shhh! Don’t be rude! MK isn’t as bad as you think;”

Flowey attempted to regain his composure, noticing better now that his soul had been acting up, pain thrumming away harder and harder, obviously from jealousy of having his best friend stolen away, he guessed, sometimes it was really hard to tell, it wasn’t like he had a complete guide book to these ‘better’ emotions or any of them to honest, did anyone really do?

Or… no… jealousy wasn’t a ‘better’ emotion at all, was it? It was mostly a selfish and confusing feeling, it’s what you felt when someone has taken or is threatening to take what you have…

Taking things or people you care about.

And caring comes from compassion… so…

He shook his head, his stream of thoughts jumbling into a wall, looking back to MK, he had to think fast.

It didn’t take him long to think of an idea, but he decided he would let Monster Kid make or break this one before trying for Number five, which they wouldn’t win.

They of course, again won Number four with a lot more ease than the last three times, much to Flowey’s displeasure, this all might as well been unnecessary practice for the armless monster.

“You sure are ready to win that game aren’tcha?” Flowey greeted when Monster Kid ran up to the pair.

MK chuckled tiredly, but looking extremely proud “oh yeah,”

Frisk held up the hose, “want some water?”

MK shook his head “not yet, I’m saving it for when I win!”

Flowey raised an eyebrow, his fake smile widening, sure he was feeling a little guilty about what he was about to do, but honestly it was difficult to feel bad about cheating someone you really didn’t like.

“Yeah Frisk, don’t throw them off their A-game,” Flowey teased.

Frisk frowned deeply and aimed the hose at Flowey, “you look thirsty, how about a drink?” before Flowey even got to respond, Frisk pulled the trigger on the hose causing a strong stream spurt out, shooting Flowey in the face with a quick blast.

“GAAAH! HEY! YOU’RE GOING TO MY GAME WET!”

They grimaced a little “sorry, my bad, you know shouldn’t be leaving it the grass anyway,” then they turned their attention back to Monster Kid who was holding back his laughter, “go on, win this thing!” Frisk cheered.

Monster Kid grinned big and started swinging again, taking larger strides than before.
Flowey shook off the last bit of water and began to put out some vines underground, wrapping around the bottom of the swing set poles tightly, watching as MK swung higher and higher, he had to time this just right.

Meanwhile Frisk had their eye on Flowey, clearly beyond suspicious at this point.

“Whatever you’re going to do, don’t do it,” they said in a hushed voice.

Flowey had no courage to look at his best friend, the guilt was finally seeping in, “no idea what you’re talking about, Frisky,”

…!? ‘FRISKY’?! What the HECK was a Frisky? He’d never called them that before, geez, if they weren’t already suspicious they were definitely going to know he was up to something now.

But they laughed a confused short laugh “oh my god, did you really just call me that?”

“Yes, I did, accept your fate,” he said pretending like it didn’t matter to him…and it seemed to work, he hoped, going back to focusing on MK’s swinging, but it was really hard when he was embarrassing himself like this.

ANNND- there! MK was swinging high enough, it was finally time! Flowey began to push at the swing set poles, and on cue, it skewed up Monster Kid’s rhythm, but it was too late to stop, jumping out at just the wrong time, flew in the air and with a soft thud they ended up rolling into the grass.

“Woahhh…,” they groaned.

“Monster Kid!” Frisk cried out and ran up to MK and knelt down, hesitating to touch them in fear of pulling anything that might be broken “are you okay?”

MK rolled on to their side, looking up at Frisk, eyes unable to focus “everything’s good, whoa, no, there’s three of you,”

Frisk leaned in closer, inspecting MK, gentle hands lifting their head up carefully, “you’re not bleeding, guess you’re just dizzy, think you can walk?”

A blush crept over MK’s cheeks, looking a little surprised “y-yeah! Of course I can, it was just a little tumble,” and to prove they could, jumped to their feet with a push of the tail, stumbling slightly, but it wasn’t due to dizziness.

Flowey tunneled over, butting in between them, clearly he was relieved that MK wasn’t hurt for real, but he really couldn’t stand any more of the disgusting mush.

“Glad to see you didn’t break a leg, too bad you lost,” he said, half of it being genuine.

MK looked mildly disappointed when they realized, “aw, man, I really almost had that game too,”

Flowey was about to say something when Frisk cut him off, their arms were crossed, eyes now locked down at him- uh oh…

“I think you could have too if Flowey hadn’t cheated,”
Monster Kid looked confused, looking back and forth between the other two “huh?”

“He didn’t think you could stick all those landings, and didn’t want to lose his game, isn’t that right Cheatey?” Frisk explained narrowing their eyes straight into Flowey’s, it felt like they were staring right into his teeny malformed soul.

Flowey nervously looked at the two in front of him, he almost decided to play dumb, but Frisk knew him too well for him to be able to get away with it, oh well, here went nothing.

“Yeah, it is,” he took a moment to sigh and collect whatever dignity he had “I rattled the swing set at the last second to knock you off balance,” he said, eyes looking everywhere but at Frisk, the shame was too strong.

Monster Kid didn’t say anything at first, the other two expected them to be upset, but MK actually looked impressed, “wow man! I didn’t suspect a thing! You gotta teach me how to do that; I’m a terrible liar,”

Flowey was now more confused than anything “seriously? You’re not mad?”

“Nope, not really, I’m really impressed, though- now that I think about it, I’m sort of disappointed that I don’t get the game, unless- since you cheated, should I try again or… is the dare off?”

A sneaky smirk appeared on Frisk’s face, “I think you deserve the game fair and square, you were going to win anyway,”


“Yeah Cheatey, you cheated, you have to own up,” Frisk said, their frown deep.

MK spoke up, “no, it’s okay guys, I’d feel bad starting over your game and all your progress, you keep it, I’ll just wait until my birthday,”


“Yeah it’s no problem, I don’t care,”

Frisk grinned warmly “that’s really cool of you MK,”

Flowey sighed a quiet sigh of relief and tunneled away to get some space and recollect himself, though; he was feeling guilty in another kind of way now, thinking back at how he was acting earlier, seeing MK actually falling and face planting the ground hadn’t been as satisfying as he thought it would be.

He’d acted out of jealousy and was a huge prick, and… well, now he just felt guilty and was still jealous, but- there was nothing he could do, Frisk had said they were going to ask Monster Kid out, and once Frisk set their mind on something- there was no getting in their way.

He noticed the lone water hose that Frisk had forgotten… he had a feeling they were definitely going to be using it on him again, well, now seemed like a very good time to beat them to the punch…

“So, I was thinking, you want to go somewhere this Saturday? Like- AHHH!” Frisk was in the
middle of asking MK out when a sudden spray of cold water assaulted their back- they then made
the mistake of turning around, another jet of water hitting them in the face.

They shrieked, laughing wildly, swiping the water from their face, revealing that thankfully they
weren’t ‘mad’, per say, but the sheer annoyed expression and the glint in their hazel eyes told him
that they’d finally had enough of his shenanigans today.

“YOU LITTLE FUUFFER!” they yelled, charging at him, oh yeah, he was gonna get it now.

Flowey couldn’t exactly tunnel off with the hose, so instead, he continuously sprayed Frisk more as
they got closer and finally took it from him, audaciously adding fuel to the liquid fire.

Still- he couldn’t help laughing at the look on Frisk’s face, and how their damp bangs fell into their
eyes, making them look like some kind of… cute scruffy dog and-

“Run dude!” Monster Kid yelled from behind.

Frisk looked back at them, “really? You’re on Cheatey the cheater’s side?”

Flowey took the opportunity to tunnel away, as Frisk proceeded to spray Monster Kid.

\[No one was safe now.\]

A good solid nine minutes later, the three of them were completely soaked to the bone (or in
Flowey’s case, his roots?) thankfully and somehow the console had not been hit during the
waterworks.

Frisk had finally gotten back the hose from MK when they heard Toriel’s voice, they looked to see
that she had started to open the backdoor; she was talking to Papyrus whom was following behind
her.

“They are going to be so excited to see you and- oh!” Toriel finally noticed the dripping teens and
was now hiding back the smile that was threatening her, trying to keep stern and parental.

Papyrus noticed as well- or didn’t, as he walked pass Toriel “HELLO YOUNG WILD
TEENAGERS! THE GREAT AMBASSADOR IS BACK!”

If they hadn’t been so hyped up at the moment, they would have greeted him like normal people
would, but instead the group shared playfully devious knowing glances.

Frisk motioned the hose in Papyrus’s direction and looked down at Flowey with a large mischievous
but mainly playful grin “\[you dare me?\]”

Flowey mimicked the grin, though it came out a bit more wicked “that’s a wonderful idea!”

Toriel knew what was coming but it all happened too fast before she could act.

The same thing couldn’t be said for Papyrus “HM, WHAT ARE YOU-,” Frisk pulled the trigger
and the poor skeleton got a mouthful of water and a quickly soaked matching ‘#1 Ambassador’ T-
shirt.
In the end, Toriel or Papyrus fortunately weren’t too mad, but Monster Kid was sent home to dry off and the console was deemed not to be played for at least a month, so, in the end Flowey decided he would just let Monster Kid just borrow the game anyway (which would probably earn him some Frisk points . . . . not that he was trying to.)

At least the garden still got watered.

That night as he sat alone in his room, thinking over things, he realized that maybe… he was probably becoming… something of a poor influence on Frisk; four years ago they would have never treated Papyrus like they had, well, uh, in both their defenses they had been hyped up on fun and ready to spray any unsuspecting victim.

Or… maybe he was thinking too much into it? Despite their ‘softness’, Frisk did enjoy their tricks and goofy antics time to time, it was one of their better hidden qualities.

Either way, there was no way Frisk was dumb enough to start picking up on his bad behavior.

Frisk was smart, and way too perceptive for that to happen, so perceptive that they’d figured out what he was up to in less than thirty minutes, but- to be fair he wasn’t sure why he thought he’d get away using the same act he used on Frisk when they first met anyway.

His thoughts shifted, it was interesting, jealousy felt a heck of a like envy, which he was well familiar with, envy is what one feels when another threatens to take what one doesn’t have.

He’d gotten used to envy back in the Underground when his mother had tried to take care of the past humans that had fallen, which, yes, was contradicting to his plans of staying hidden, he knew that she thought he was dead, but still, it had stung every time when she walked past him to coddle a human and bring them into her warm home and feed them food that should have been for him, which sounded a lot like jealously when he thought about it, but no, it wasn’t his mother’s compassion he had wanted, it was the attention, house, and care- but no, not his mother.

He had certainly changed since then, he realized, and he was sure it was all because he had gained (sort of) a soul, and he guessed, since jealousy was both a negative and positive feeling, it was probably the reason why he was feeling it at all and so strongly.

He hated the idea of Monster Kid taking all Frisk’s attention from him, well, technically he hated the idea of anyone hogging up all of his best friend time with Frisk, but them and MK becoming a… a… ‘THING’? That was just- a whole different level of… inexplicably uncomfortable and gross.

Well… romance used to gross him out tremendously when he was younger, but now he was beginning to lean more on the ‘meh’ side of it, slowly becoming used to it and unbothered about people kissing or whatever in media, it’s just what monsters and humans did.

PDA itself though was a little different, as long as he was unable to see or hear it when it was up close. He had learned the hard way as a kid to just look away and not make a fuss about how ‘disgusting’ it was, after learning that, he came to serious realization that… who was he, a plant abomination, to judge some stranger’s relationship?
But the very image of Monster Kid and his best friend hugging and slobbering over each other made him want to... want to... do something horrific and dramatic, like, Reset (if he still had the capabilities) he would literally give up everything he worked so hard for and go back to the beginning if it meant not seeing those two kiss, ever.

Okay, no, that was too dramatic, he would never do that... but a monster could dream.

And no, he’d never ask Frisk to not date Monster Kid, or heck, even sneakily coaxing Monster Kid into saying no to Frisk. Flowey’s meddling backstabbing days were over, Mr. Bad Boy Flowey was officially... dead.

All he could do now was sit back, grit his teeth, and hope Frisk somehow changed their mind or that Monster Kid would actually say no.

His eyes lit up at the thought, oh, heh, he hadn’t considered that, what if Monster Kid wasn’t interested in dating Frisk? That would be good, that would be really good.

But then an ache rolled through him as he imagined the scenario... 

Frisk would strut in wearing obscene heels and an equally obscene dark red suit, holding out a matching bouquet of red geraniums and say-

""Hey you hot piece of lizard, would you like to be my forever Monster? Because I wanna kiss you like crazy, let’s date, I’ll treat you right, baby,""

And then grin like a True Master of Romance, glittering expectantly at Monster Kid, and then, to their dismay, the armless monster would grimace in pure disgust, and say back...

""UGH! No thanks Frisk, I’m not interested in humans! Gross! Get away from me!"

And then, Frisk’s big cheesy smile would drop like their pained heart, tears would flood to their eyes, then they’d fall dramatically to their knees, hold their geraniums to their chest, start sobbing and-

-Okay, okay, okay, he knew it would never go like that, it would be more like...

Frisk would be wearing their every day clothes because they would obviously be at school, walk up to Monster Kid in their classroom, lean casually against a desk to look Extra Cool, flip their hair back and say...

""Hey, MK, my Monster Dude, I think you’re... really super cute and stuff, but you already knew that, heh, would you like to go on a date? And you y’know, date?"

And then they would casually wiggle their eyebrows and give them that stupid smile whenever they were flirting, and Monster Kid would say back...

""Wow! Uh... um, that’s really flattering... and pretty cool of you, but I’m... not... interested, I’m really sorry man, I hope I didn’t hurt your feelings,""
And then, Frisk would still frown, look down calmly with sore disappointment and smile politely, understandably, they could handle it, always rolling with the punches, because that’s just how Cool Frisk was.

Flowey shook his head at himself, he couldn’t be sure how either of the two would act…he could be wrong on both of these scenarios (both made him uncomfortable to think about anyway)

Still, either way, he had a strong feeling they wouldn’t be too broken up about it, but then again, he could never forget the times when they were younger and Frisk would come home in tears after the other human kids had picked on them, followed by the unexplainable anger he felt.

Because Flowey understood bully logic, he’d been a bully, so he begrudgingly understood why anyone would pick on Frisk, but he also understood that Frisk was also his best friend, and no one made his best friends cry- which is how he ended up getting permanently expelled from the public school and forced to be home schooled after all.

The whole debacle had taught him many important lessons, and he swore and promised he’d never viciously plot revenge again….

……But he knew deep down that he had been lying through his teeth, he hadn’t come this far in life to not fight back for things and the people that were important to him.

So he knew there would be no stopping him from beating up Monster Kid or anyone really if they ever broke Frisk’s heart, but still…somehow, deep down, he had a feeling that he’d never get the chance to anyway, MK was too nice, so much so that they would only get more upset than Frisk if they rejected them.

MK couldn’t even hurt a fly; much less a fly’s feelings if they tried.

Maybe that was a good thing, realizing that in the end of it all, after all the tears and revenge, he would still have no idea what to do with a broken hearted Frisk or how to even console them.

……Finally, after five minutes of staring blankly at the TV, Flowey returned to the real world and turned it off.

This was stupid, he was being seriously too overprotective, Frisk was a big human now, and could take care of themselves no matter what happened.

Anyway Monster Kid wasn’t all that bad; Flowey sort of considered them something of a friend, that was…until The Jealousy had kicked up.

He had also been hoping they could even be…best friends at some point. . .

Flowey groaned to himself, he certainly didn’t want to lose two friends all because he didn’t want to ‘share’… perhaps it was best to just… quit whining and stop acting like such a grade A Jerk.
…But for some reason, he felt this was going to be easier said than done.

Chapter End Notes

You know, it was weird, I didn’t realize until I started writing this chapter that Monster Kid wasn’t canonically given a gender, for some reason I always thought they were a boy in the game, until I actually looked it up.
It’s the day of Undyne and Alphy’s wedding! Everyone is invited! Except…Flowey can’t seem to concentrate on the brides, and he finds out that he is capable of something that he never thought he could be. From this day forward, things will change, for better, for worse.

To Flowey’s major displeasure, Frisk and Monster Kid did date, but surprisingly… only for a month, and then broke up when Monster Kid confessed that they just didn’t quite feel the same way and apparently also had a crush on a slightly older teenage girl, who had ginger hair and played baseball and was something of a pro on a skate board, she was the essence of Cool in Monster Kid’s wide eyes, and, fortunately, as Flowey suspected- Frisk seemed to understand, and as far he could tell-they weren’t too beat up about it.

All was normal and right with the world again.

…Several months later…

So far, the wedding for the two Monster women was going great, despite the dark clouds in the sky that threatened an oncoming storm, which actually seemed to pump up Undyne regardless, which inspired the others not to worry about it.

‘The Flower Girl/Kid’ ended up being the shy five year old daughter of a human (a professional Boxer that Undyne had befriended) since Frisk was indeed too old, and Flowey just really didn’t
want to be in the wedding.

In fact, he was sitting in between his parents in the crowd, decked out in an very large and extremely ornate expensive flower pot and a special fitted bow tie that was tied around on his stem.

And Frisk (probably to their friend Stephanie’s dismay) was wearing an elegant, dressy suit, well, it was really a little more of a tuxedo with a large ribbon in place were a bowtie would be.

Flowey knew he should have been focusing on the two brides who were currently exchanging their vows, but his attention kept switching back to his best friend who stood attentively, trying their hardest not to cry, wiping their eyes every so often with a hanky that Blooky had generously given them beforehand.

He found himself attempting to adjust his bow tie shyly, he’d rarely ever seen Frisk so…well... . .a few ‘friendly’ descriptive words came to mind that he very seldom used: ‘cute’ being one, ‘charming’, ‘handsome’ it was the tuxedo bit that brought it out honestly, ‘lovely’…that was the ribbon, b-because ribbons were lovely.

A strong wave of pain from his soul washed over him, well, duh, no kidding, he was at a wedding, weddings are supposed be emotional, he attempted to fidget with his bow tie more, hoping it would help.

He focused his attention on Undyne, who was wearing a special eyepatch with the Royal emblem sewn on and a really nice warrior-esque tuxedo, and then of course there was Alphys, unable to stop of the stream of tears running down her face, was cloaked in an insanely long white flowing dress (which had somehow surprisingly avoided getting sand on it) the couple looked great, oh, and were now exchanging rings- Flowey noticed Papyrus glaring at Sans warningly, probably something to do with a phone pun he bet.

Then, Gerson, who was officiating their wedding, paused to clear his throat, smiled proudly and spoke up for everyone to hear “I now pronounce you married for the rest of your eternal magical monster lives. You may now kiss your monster wife,”

“FINALLY!!! I’VE BEEN WAITING SIX ENTIRE MONTHS FOR THIS!!” Undyne cried out joyfully, and firmly but gently pulled Alphys up into the air and swung her down into a dramatic dip kiss, in a trigger response everyone clapped, cheered, and roared, it was a beautiful sight.

Then they started laughing as Undyne continued to sloppily make out with Alphys longer than the appropriate amount of time, “LET HER BREATHE! YOU ARE GOING TO MURDER HER WITH AFFECTION!” Papyrus yelled out, more laughter ensued.

How cheesy, Flowey looked away, eyes drifting back to Frisk again- whom was looking pretty…pretty- embarrassed, probably from having to stand so close to the newlyweds that were still unable to un-attach their mouths, people were now whistling, and dog monsters were howling.

He watched as Frisk rubbed at the back of their neck, looking away shyly from the embarrassing public display of affection, still smiling though, he nearly jumped out of his flower pot when Frisk suddenly looked to him and locked eyes…

…and grinned brightly at him.
Wow…

They *really* did a have a beautiful smile.

Too many things then happened to Flowey all at once and began to overwhelm him.

At first it was fine as a somewhat familiar pleasant warm fuzzy feeling enveloped him, he smiled a smile that he was unable to control and his breath got caught in his throat- and…

…and…

*Oh...*

*Oh damn it no…*

He really didn’t want to believe it, but he knew now, he *finally* understood why his soul’s pain had gotten worse over the course of the year.

But then, the split second after he made the revelation, he noticed with quite a bit of alarm that his soul had reacted late because he was then sent a generous strong wave of pain that thundered inside of him, rendering him paralyzed.

But he knew now, he knew *exactly* why he had been hurting so much. . .

…It was because of Frisk.

Or…more *how he felt about Frisk*…

He had a crush, a really…*REALLY*…big crush, maybe even something more-

-No, no, no, he didn’t want to think about it, actually, he was having a lot of trouble thinking about anything at all at the moment as pins and needles shot through his plant body, all he knew was that he was scared beyond belief and that everything hurt.

He wilted himself down and shut the petals around his face closed- so no one see the look on his face, he didn’t want the attention nor did he want to distract from the newlyweds.

Damn it, this wasn’t supposed to happen, not to someone like him with all of his problems-
-Suddenly, something else hit Flowey that felt just as bad as the physical pain he was feeling.

It was a deep sadness, at the realization that Frisk could never ever reciprocate his feelings back, why would they? How could they?

“OH NO IT’S STARTING TO RAIN!” a monster suddenly cried out in the distance, he didn’t care.

And then he heard Undyne shout “HA!! I KNEW IT! BRING YOUR WORST, CLOUDS!”

“Everyone, let’s move this party inside!” Mettaton exclaimed, and then the sounds of voices mingling together and shuffling proceeded.

Flowey couldn’t bring himself to open his petals and look or even pretend to care; he sunk into his flower pot, barely noticing the hard cold rain drops hit him as it began pelting down on everyone, he knew one of his parents would pick him up and take him in at some point soon.

“Flowey- oh-,” he heard his dad say, he then felt one of his parents pick his flower pot up and gently tap at the back of his stem, his whole body jerked in response, and he curled up further, he was in too much pain.

“Somethings very wrong with Asriel,” Asgore said in a deep concerned hushed tone to Toriel.

“Oh no,” Toriel whispered, somehow he found reassurance from his parent’s voices, he focused on their voices and the noise, “Asriel, please talk to us, are you in pain?” Toriel asked, her voice was close and safe.

He nodded quickly, a weak “yes,” was all he could manage to get out, not that he really wanted to talk anyway, he just wanted to hide, and it was bad enough that this happened around all these people, at wedding even, he didn’t miss the cruel irony of it.

“We’re going inside and then we’ll find somewhere quiet for you to be, okay? Hang on my son,” Asgore said.

This wasn’t fair; this wasn’t how crushes or first loves were supposed to go.

They weren’t supposed to hurt like this or be so unfair, it just wasn’t FAIR.

This seemed to hurt just almost as bad as when Chara had died, more or less, it was just wrong that he even had to compare the two events to each other.

Tears began leaking uncontrollably from his eyes, he opened his petals ajar to let them drip out before they could gather up and drown him- which he didn’t mind the idea of, even if it was really melodramatic of him.

He remembered back when he was younger, naïve and normal and would sometimes get antsy about when he would become older and have to find someone to rule with, daydreaming of the day he’d find someone he would fall in love with and be happy with forever…

He had been sort of a lonely kid before Chara came along, due to living the royal life he never really got to go out, much less spend time with any other kids, and then he became soulless, so, he couldn’t say he ever really had a ‘crush’ on anyone before, he didn’t know what to do, what could he do?

Well, right now all he could do was curl up and just cry because everything was hurting.
Outside, Frisk ran up to Asgore and Toriel, rarely they were seen together for too long, but here they were staring at their tiny teenage son trembling in his flower pot, Asgore holding up a umbrella over them as they walked to the beach house that Alphys and Undyne had rented.

“Is he okay? I saw him, he was okay one second and then he just froze up,” Frisk paused and got close and whispered to him “what’s wrong Asriel?”

Their voice was soothing for a second but it only turned into burning that scorched him, this was just torture, Flowey only shuttered and turned away. This was too much.

“We’re taking him to get space to himself, I think all he needs right now is some peace and quiet, maybe some wedding cake too? Hm?” Toriel said softly, Flowey couldn’t see it, but he could hear how worried everyone was, but there was no way he could tell them about this, never.

He didn’t think they would understand, so how could they ever help? They were wasting their time.

“Why don’t you help the others get the reception started?” Toriel asked.

Frisk looked at her and then Flowey, hesitating for a moment, “okay, hang in there, stay strong,” they said and ran off.

His parents continued to try to console him, but after giving them a brief explanation that he wasn’t in the mood for talking, they respected his wishes and soon left him alone in what he imagined was a spare room.

When he was sure he was completely alone, he slowly opened his petals, looked around just to make sure, noticing he indeed was in a spare room, and in front of a window with a wonderful stormy view of the ocean, he would have enjoyed it better if he hadn’t been consumed with pure agony.

Flowey rested his head on the edge of the flower pot, watching tiredly as the rain poured down harder and harder, he found it surprisingly soothing despite the violence of the ocean waves.

His own rain drops continued falling from his eyes, the ache seemed to dull slightly as he watched the view, listening to the mix of pitter patter and the voices from the party outside the door.

The pain then began to pulse throughout him like a heartbeat, just as it did months ago when Frisk had kissed his forehead.

Everything made sense now, his reaction to the kiss, to their smile, how he never really seemed to mind their dumb jokes anymore, or when their compliments were a little too sweet… realizing that deep down, maybe subconsciously, he knew all along but refused to face the facts, because he knew just how much it would hurt and how unbelievable it all was.

He had gotten use to how much he loved and cared for Frisk platonically, being best friends was
more than he could have ever asked for, he’d easily accepted the annoying pain that came with it, but having a crush on Frisk- or even more than that? C’mon…

This was just overkill, pure torture is what it was.

And how could Frisk ever fall for a plant? What kind of relationship would that even be? An unfair one for Frisk, that’s what it would be. There really wasn’t a lot he could really offer, he was hopeless.

The sadness grew deeper, and he started crying harder than he had in a really long time, his shaky sobs and the sound of rain filling the room.

……

……

At some point he was able to stop, now in that strange calm you get after crying for so long, still in quite a bit of physical and emotional pain, completely exhausted, all he could do now was watch the water droplets trickle down the window as he laid his head down, no more energy to even straighten up.

Suddenly, in the reflection of the glass, he saw Sans appear in the room, he held a slice of wedding cake.

Flowey sighed wearily, despite everyone’s attempts; there was no way he was ever going to be ‘friends’ with the Trash Bag, not after the harsh thrashing he received from him all those many, many dead timelines ago back when they were still stuck in the Underground, long ago before Frisk came into the picture.

To be fair, Flowey had deserved his fair share punishment back during those days, due to all emotionless killing, black mail, and horrible meddling he had done during his misadventures, until, of course, he finally crossed that final line and Sans finally decided to put an end to Flowey’s dark habits, so the both of them fought and fought, and fought, but Flowey had lost every single TIME. After some point, his Determination dwindled and he gave up, begrudgingly promising to ‘behave’, and then . . . reset, and stayed far the heck away from him.

To Flowey, Sans was . . . a decent guy with some deep dark secrets, lazy but full of Determination that rivaled Frisk’s, and was also horrifyingly strong, stronger than Flowey could ever try to be, but despite everything that happened after and the fact that it had been five years, he still couldn’t find it within himself to want to be friends, he was kind of scared to.

Sans seemed to feel the same way, or at least Flowey guessed? They didn’t talk much, but every now and then Sans tried his best to be friendly, maybe he wanted to forgive and forget? Or maybe for everyone else’s sake…?

He sometimes wondered about just how much Sans exactly remembered, or even remembered at all, it was always so hard to tell sometimes with a monster that could be so vague and secretive.
“what’s up,” he said and walked over, and sat near him, “heard you had some kind of breakdown,”

“Why do you care?” Flowey deadpanned, not bothering to look at the skeleton, rather at the dark grey clouds that seemed to meld with the ocean, he bet Frisk could paint it.

“dunno, i just wanted to make sure you didn’t overreact, but i have a feeling i won’t have to worry about that this time,”

“Did they send you here or….?” Flowey sighed, golly he really wasn’t in the mood for this, he just wanted to get this talk over with.

Sans leaned over to rest the cake in front of Flowey, “they asked me to give this to help you feel better, but actually i’m genuinely concerned, it must be really hard to have a crippled soul,”

Flowey stared at the smooth frosting, it had intricate swirly designs… it was almost too pretty to eat, but a sudden hunger gnawed away at him, and despite his fatigue he somehow managed to bring out a vine and attempted to pick up the fork that rested next to the slice and took a bite.

Hm, just as he expected, it didn’t taste nearly as good at it looked, still, he decided he would finish it, it would at least give him back his energy.

He decided to prolong his response, slowly taking his time to eat first…

Chew, chew, chew … chew, chew, chew…

…Gulp

“Yup, it’s as fun as you’d expect,”

“at least it’s better than feeling nothing at all, that’s what most people say, but honestly kid, i have no idea how you can handle it, you really must be tough as nails,” he replied.

Flowey paused and put his fork down and finally looked at Sans “you think so?”

“if it hurts you as much as i’ve heard it does, then yeah, i’m pretty sure i’d just give up if i had your problem, but you’re not like most people, you’re weird,”


“you’re welcome. but you must have been really moved by the wedding huh?”

“What?”

“to have such an emotional breakdown like that, looked like it really hurt,”

Flowey looked away hastily, nervously he stuffed his mouth with more cake, “yeah, I was really shaken up,”

“… ‘crushed’ sounds like more of an appropriate word, or maybe even ‘crushing’;” Sans said under his breath, but Flowey heard it clear as a bell, and nearly choked on his cake.
He coughed and cleared his throat a bit before speaking, his tone was antsy but he couldn’t help it, was he that obvious?!

“What makes you say that Smiley Trashbag?!”

San’s perma-grin seemed to widen from amusement, “I was up there, and you really weren’t focused on the blushing brides”

Flowey was already in a bad mood, and San’s ‘helpful talk’ or so he guessed is what this was, really wasn’t ‘helping’, still, he wouldn’t let himself be so easily be found out, he decided it was time for a new moto, one that he was going to take to the grave if he had to, and it was-

‘Deny or die’

“I have, absolutely no idea what you’re talking about,”

“What I’m talking about is that I’m pretty sure you lilac frisk,”

Flowey stared at Sans speechlessly, stunned by the horrible pun, and at the fact that Sans had him so easily figured out, but Flowey wasn’t ready to give up the ghost yet.

“Of course I do, they’re my best friend, best friends usually ‘like’ each other,”

Sans shook his head “listen kid, I know it’s hard, but trust me, talking about thistle make you’ll feel better, if you don’t, you might go daisy one day,”

“I-you- would you STOP making flower puns?!”

“Yeah, fine, sorry, I’ve just been saving them for a rainy day- oh, well, whataya know,”

Flowey stared hard at Sans, sometimes he really couldn’t believe this was the same guy who he was unable to beat and had been practically killed by over and over. But something bugged him, “wait a second! Who told you about my pain issue?”

“Your mom and frisk, oh, and I think even your dad has been talking to alphys a lot more too, they’re all really worried about you,”

Flowey winced, looking back to the window, “of course they are…,” he sighed wearily.

The two were silent for a moment, the muffled sounds of an exciting party and rain pattering the outside filling the room, allowing a tense feeling to come over Flowey.

He then looked to San’s reflection “you don’t trust me do you?”

Sans shrugged lazily, “I’m just trying to make sure the happy ending stays happy,” then patted at Flowey’s flower pot, “what i mean is, you should let yourself be happy too, i hear you’re a real nasty piece of work when you bottle things up, so, uh, maybe work on that, see ya kid,” and without
another word, he got up and left the room in the wrong direction, ugh, *still a lazy showoff*.

But yeah, if there was ever any evidence that his mom and Frisk talked to Sans about him, that was it, how embarrassing.

Then, before he could sigh a sigh of relief- he heard the door opened and-

“Flowey? *You ok?*” and of course, it was Frisk, he only had just enough courage to look at them through the reflection, he knew he’d only make a major fool of himself if he faced them.

For a moment, he felt what he guessed the humans called ‘butterflies in the stomach’ fill him- but they were quickly transformed into… bees, *very angry bees*… or at least that’s what it felt like, fortunately it wasn’t as bad as it had been earlier though.

“Yeah, *I just… I just um… wasn’t use to being around that many people like that,*” which, was a half-truth.

Frisk carefully closed the door behind them, making sure to shut it noiselessly.

“Good to see you’re talking again, Toriel and Asgore were about to come and check on you, but got roped into something, so I’m filling in,”

Flowey stuffed more cake into his face nervously, “*mmhm,*”

They walked over and sat on the opposite side of where San’s had, and a little closer too, Flowey didn’t know whether to lean in or away, either way he didn’t mind.

“Good to see you’re able to eat too-er, slow down, you’re seriously going to choke,”

Now he was *really* wishing he had actually choked on that one other slice earlier as the heartbeat throb pain increased, the angry bees attacking him full on as Frisk curled their hand around his vine momentarily, still, he couldn’t find it in himself to shake them off.

*Actually,* Frisk could probably do whatever mushy, attentive, and compassionate thing they wanted to him right now and he knew he wouldn’t stop them, not because he didn’t have the energy, but because now that he knew he was fully capable of *every* kind of love, he desperately didn’t want to lose any of it or rebuff any that was given to him from Frisk.

It caused him a ridiculous amount of pain and grief, but there was no way he was *ever* going to reject his annoying little soul’s emotions, even if it didn’t work properly, that’s how much he was scared of becoming soulless again. …*still he kind of wanted to die a little bit right now, just a little.*

He stopped chewing and swallowed slowly, all the stress eating seemed to do was just highlight his anxiety.

He turned his head away to lick the crumbs off the corners of his mouth in privacy, now more hyperaware of his manners than ever, he continued to avoid looking at Frisk as he put the fork down back down on the plate, pushing it in their direction “you can have the rest.”

“Oohoo-hoo, thank you, don’t mind if I *do,*” Frisk took the plate and stuck it one of their Dimensional Boxes in their cell phone for later, they then shifted a little in attempt to get better comfortable.
“Sooo, guess who caught the bouquet,” they began, tone playful.

“…RG 2?” he guessed, the two Royal Guards had been…as most people liked to call it: ‘Bromancing’ since they left the Underground, it seemed almost obvious that one of them might catch the flowers.

Frisk snorted out a laugh, “close, it was RG 1; he was a huge mess, said he wasn’t ready to be bromarried yet, it was really sweet,”

Flowey managed to finally straighten himself up from his resting position, sort of, he was still hunched over, “mnhm,”

He studied Frisk’s reflection in the window, noticing how they were looking at him with deepening concern, sigh softly and…as if on que they finally quit beating around the bush and finally asked him the question he was dreading.

“I know you want to be left alone about your soul stuff, but I’m sorry, I can’t take it anymore, what’s wrong? Was the wedding really too much for you to handle?” they asked, he felt the dull feeling of their hand on the flower pot.

“You can tell me anything, this dummy won’t be bothered,” they reassured gently.

He wondered what they would say if he told them the truth? What even was the truth anyway? He certainly knew he cared about Frisk deeply, and that he now definitely knew he had a hell of a crush, but, he also heard crushes were usually a spur of a moment thing . . . and obviously he’d held these feelings for quite a long time now.

So…

…Was he IN love?

It had been kind of hard to tell when pain was a substitution and result for all those better emotions . . . and-

Flowey still had to test the theory, so, shyly, he finally looked over to Frisk, he realized they were a lot closer than he thought, growing even more nervous the longer he dared to look.

But he looked at them, really looked at them, noticing how their face was etched in worry as they waited for an answer from him, their grown out hair that they had painstakingly put up was now down again and free and slightly frizzy from the rain, their dress coat was missing as well was their shoes and socks, and they had a random pink stain on their blouse, plus a smudge of cake on their cheek, he resisted the urge to wipe their face.

They were a mess at the moment, but a… sweet, kind, infuriatingly stubborn, funny, perceptive, cute, charming, handsome, very clever but also somehow very idiotic, beautiful mess.

They’d always been this way, but there was something new, something more…

He couldn’t quite remember or pin down exactly when they had started looking like this- what was the word? Attractive? Oh yeah, that was the right word exactly, they had become attractive in a way that he hadn’t noticed until recently, they were still the same Frisk, but so, so much different now, in
a good way.

Actually, to him they’d never been ‘ugly’, he’d actually always considered them ‘ok’ looking up until he noticed their growing good looks, but that was just the thing, he’d also seen them sickly and gross, seen them in the early morning right after waking up, seen them cry ugly tears, seen them with food stuck in their teeth, seen them bleed, and knew he was going to continue to see them in those different interchanging lights for a long time to come, so, no, with those facts, he confirmed to himself that these newly discovered feelings weren’t superficial or completely based on Frisk’s appearance alone…

Or was it because of his growing feelings that made them this attractive?

“Asriel? Did you hear me? Are you okay?” Frisk asked suddenly, it snapped him from his thoughts, but he was too busy trying to evaluate himself and his feelings, besides, he wasn’t even sure he could properly answer their question anyway, his eyes avoiding anymore direct contact with theirs, timidly switching his gaze to somewhere else on their face.

He entertained the thought of kissing them back for a change, and not just on a the cheek, but on their pink human-y lips, it really wouldn’t be too difficult, especially since they were already so close and it would be so much easier to just simply lean in and kiss them than to confess that he loved and cared for them and-

-And….. Oh . . .

oh boy.

And- there it was, Flowey couldn’t stop himself from laughing weakly as the pain came back hard, not full force, but he was already so exhausted, tears in his eyes returning as he shakily collapsed into his flower pot, hah, look at him, he was a mess too.

Frisk panicked and peered in to the pot, their eyes so full of raw emotion that Flowey had to close his own, he felt bad for making them worry so much, but there was no way that he was going to tell the truth, he was just too afraid.

“I don’t know if that’s a yes or a no! Oh god, please tell me you’re not dying,”

“I’m not, it’s…it’s just…heh, this is really ridiculous,” he rasped.

“What’s ridiculous? Tell me what’s wrong, how do I help? I hate seeing you like this,”

He stopped laughing, he didn’t like them being like this either. There really was no reason for Frisk to be panicking so much- well, he did realize he looked pretty awful at the moment, but that wasn’t the point.

“I’m fine Frisk, trust me, you’re over reacting,”

“I’m not the one lying at the bottom of the flower pot Azzie, just listen to me for a second, do you remember my nightmare? I’ve been thinking about it, but what if your soul really does break because it’s too weak and you die? Maybe we should do something before it’s too late,” they asked, their voice so small that he had to look at them again, it was a bad idea because as soon as he did, the pain worsened, but at this point he could have cared less.

“Frisk, I’m…not dying and I’m not going to die, I have Determination too, remember? This won’t take me down, stop being crazy,”
Frisk wiped a few tears away from their eyes, they looked at him hard “show me your soul, I need to make sure you’re okay.”

Flowey suddenly felt trapped between Frisk and the dainty polished porcelain that kept him contained, for some reason, he felt like if he showed them his soul, it would somehow show Frisk his secret and then, and then... and then... they would surely reject him on the spot, and toss him into the sea for being so disgusting, he still wouldn’t mind drowning right about now.

But that was nonsense, right? Souls don’t do that, and Frisk was perceptive, but not that perceptive, if that’s what would take to make them calm down, then he would do it, he would do literally anything for Frisk, except tell the truth about this.

He took a deep breath and then exhaled shakily, “fine,”

Still, he couldn’t take the pressure, he took a vine out and tugged off his bow tie, that thing had been slowly strangling him since he put it on- noticing that something about the act made Frisk raise their eyebrows and back up a bit, he had no idea why, but he was low key thankful for his space back.

He focused and beckoned out the soul, the tiny thing floated up, near the entrance of the flower pot, it shuttered as it pulsed, oozing, dripping liking a faucet but never leaking off.

Flowey stared at it in fear, what was that thought he just had about his soul somehow showing Frisk his secret? Yeah, somehow he’d forgotten about how the malformed mess quaked when it processed his emotions like this.

Still, he saw how Frisk stayed silent as they observed it, they looked as much in awe as they did every time they saw it, but... something about it this time...felt...more personal, he tried not to think about it too much as he fought the waves of oncoming pain, Frisk could see it after all.

Instead, he tried focusing on ignoring them, thinking of the ocean, basketballs used as shoulder pads, grim spider based jokes, starfaits, the ancient purple halls of the Ruins, anything that didn’t involve their strong hazel gaze.

But of course, it was a really hard feat when the very person that he was in love with was literally holding his very soul, deciding that that the ceiling was suddenly looking pretty interesting too.

“Happy?” Flowey asked weakly as he pushed himself in an odd halfway sitting position and rested his head on the inner wall of the pot, wow, that really was a cool ceiling... .

“Not as much as I’d like to be...it really is working overtime...but, you’re right, no cracks,” they mumbled.

“I told you,” he said, then held his breath as he finally shifted his gaze shyly back to Frisk as they held their hands around the tiny soul as if trying to keep it safe, but they kept a polite distance, maybe they were too nervous to touch it, as if they were concerned they would accidentally hurt it.

“Here, you better take it back,” they said finally after a moment or two, noticing the tense expression on Flowey’s face, he took a breath of relief as he pulled it back.
Frisk sighed, they looked helpless for a moment before finally giving Flowey a faint smile. “You know what’s wrong with you don’t you?”

He nodded tiredly.

“You’re not going to tell me are you?”

He shook his head.

Frisk smiled a little more, they were still clearly worried, “it’s okay, you don’t have to, as long as you’re not dying, I guess you can handle… whatever… this is that has you so emotional-,” then out of the blue, Frisk’s face turned dramatic as a thought came to them “WAIT!”

Flowey leaned away shyly as Frisk leaned down and in, cupping their hands over their mouth and whispered…

“Is Toriel pregnant?”

Flowey’s emotions contorted into a mixture of shock and confusion “WHAT? NO, WHY? IS SHE?!” he yelped.

Frisk had to laugh at his abrupt answer but seemed disappointed, “no, it was just a guess- I’ve been suspicious about her and Sans lately, and when he visited you, I thought… maybe he was just trying to get your approval or-,”

Flowey could not believe what he was hearing, now completely disgusted. “Sstooooopp, please, what is wrong with you?”

Frisk grinned, laughing nervously now, feeling dumb for jumping to such a high and crazy conclusions, “I’m sorry, you know I’m a romantic… I just reeeaaallly want them to be happy,”

“You make it sound like they’re dating -not that I want them to, and what even is it with you and people being pregnant, it’s weird” Flowey grumbled, he was unhappy where the conversation was going, but silently thankful that the pain was easing up.

But the story was, Sans and Toriel had quickly buddied up and became best friends after they met, they made a really great team, and because of that, people always liked to ask if they were anything more than friends, and suspiciously enough- they never denied or confirmed it, always laughing it off as if it were some kind of inside joke, so, all in all Flowey liked to pretend that people totally didn’t ‘ship’ his mother with the Smiley Trashbag.

Honestly, he didn’t like the idea of anyone ‘woo-ing’ his mother, it was beyond disgusting.

Frisk waved him off, “it’s not the preggers part I care about, I just really like babies, they’re cute,”

Flowey huffed, “I don’t get the novelty, they’re just tiny useless squish bags that can only eat and poop, what’s so ‘cute’ about that?”

Frisk shook their head, laughing him off “you’re hopeless,”

The comment echoed through Flowey’s mind, he seemed to take it personally, “yeah I know, but somehow, you’re still here, aren’t you,” he mumbled thoughtlessly, looking down.

An upset expression came over Frisk’s face, without a warning, they grabbed the flower pot and pulled into their arms into a…mostly one sided hug, nuzzling the top of their head into Flowey’s
Flowey froze, for a moment, he didn’t know what to feel or even think, he was too surprised- but an almost inexplicable rare feeling of soft-tenderheartedness and warmth of overtook him once he realized that it was a hug, he noticed his soul was having trouble keeping up as the pain slowly rose inside him at a snail’s pace, he knew this next one was going to be bad.

Still, he took the opportunity to rest his flowery head into their cozy soft brown locks, he couldn’t place the specific smell- which he was certain was from their shampoo, but nonetheless found it was pleasant and relaxing, this was a lot better than the cold porcelain, he closed his eyes peacefully, this was really nice, all of it was.

…He realized he could probably steal a small kiss from up here and they wouldn’t even notice.

But then too soon, he felt it… he tensed up as he felt his soul catch up with his emotions; it was more than he could bare.

Immediately as soon as Frisk felt Flowey curl and hiss in pain they backed away and looked at him, watching as he immediately curled up similarly as he had at the beach, they looked closer to see his face, but he only closed his petals before they could catch a glimpse as he hid himself away from the world once more.

“Flowey? Asriel? Asriel, please talk to me, I’m sorry, I just-,”

“Don’t!” he sobbed out, taking Frisk by surprise, “don’t apologize!!” he had to stop to let out another sob and sniff back tears “just… ta-take me outside and put in me the ground, please.”

Frisk curled their arms around the flower pot tightly and quickly got up, “as long as you promise you don’t die,” they jokingly said, but they sounded more afraid than anything.

He simply nodded, it was all he could do.

For the rest of the reception, Frisk worriedly sat in a lawn chair next a pile of dirt and a hastily emptied flower pot, holding stubbornly on to their umbrella, protectively refusing to leave their best friend alone while he was upset and in pain.

Underneath the dirt, Flowey had curled up and continued to cry hard, not just because he was in pain or because of the definite sadness, but also because he was already so tired of this.

…

When he was done, he popped back out without a word, quickly noticing the sun had gone down, there wasn’t much light to see by except for the back porch lights and the glow from the windows, in the corner of his eyes he saw Frisk’s bare feet with their dress shoes that sat nearby, he prepared himself for any questions that were coming, but then… he heard a light snore.

He looked up to see Frisk lounging in the decorative lawn chair, their head propped up on their palm,
while their other hand held on to the umbrella that was no longer needed, they were fast asleep, he watched them, guilt over taking him as he realized that they had stayed with him and missed the rest of the reception, he didn’t deserve their kindness like this or-

He had shut his eyes from the annoying prodding increase of pain, letting out a shaky breath.

“Thank goodness, finally,” he heard Toriel’s voice suddenly say from somewhere behind him causing him to jump a little, he looked to her and then down at the ground pathetically.

“Sorry, it’s been a bad day,” he rasped out sadly.

Toriel smiled sympathetically, “you don’t have to apologize for anything, let’s just hurry and get back home,” she said walking towards him and held her hand out.

“Where’s dad?”

“He had to leave early, he says he’ll call you as soon as he gets home,”

Somehow, he mustered enough strength to vine his way out, clinging to his mom, who then went to wake Frisk.

Soon he found himself back in his flower pot tucked away into their car, watching the stars in the dark as Frisk fell back asleep next to him.

Despite being beyond completely exhausted, he was unable to sleep, he had so much on his mind, so much to think about, it wasn’t until he was back in the quiet safe space of his room that he was able to escape into his dreams.

Chapter End Notes

…I don’t really want to put this here after all that, but I really should, so…)

In case some people aren’t aware, in some point in the game after resetting a few times, Flowey will say: ‘(Sans) caused him his fair share of resets’ and tells you (Chara/Frisk) to ‘not let him find out anything about you’, which I’ve interpreted means that Flowey probably and most likely went down some kind of genocidal route of his own at some point before the game, and Sans found him out and put a stop to it the same way he does with Chara.

That’s my theory anyway, so I’ve decided that’s what happened in this fic. I just felt I should put this in my notes just in case someone who hasn’t seen every little thing in Undertale thinks I’m just trying to make Sans look bad, because while I think the dude can be a little bit creepy at times due to his wariness, I don’t think he’s a bad person, I genuinely don’t hate or dislike any of the characters.

Phew.

One more important thing, this is the chapter where everything in the story starts to
change in a big way, I apologize if the next if the next few chapters are too jarring.
Thunder And Lightning

Chapter Summary

After learning the truth of his feelings, Flowey feels trapped and unsure what to do now, things start to get bad and during one particular night he has a vivid nightmare of a world where he finally crumbles.

Chapter 10  Thunder and Lightning

Warnings?: So, this one mostly takes place in Flowey’s mind, and will feature nightmarish happenings, acts of violence, death and scary stuff that doesn’t make a lot of sense, so be prepared if you’re sensitive to stuff like that-some parts are harsh.


‘You’re sayin’ those words like you hate me now, our house is burning when you’re raisin’ hell. Here in the ashes your soul cries out, but don’t be afraid of these thunderclouds’

‘Whatever I feel for you, you only seem to care about you Is there any chance you could see me too? Cause I love you Is there anything I could do, just to get some attention from you? In the waves I've lost every trace of you, where are you?

Everything I feel for you, swallowed salted tears for you Is there any chance you can feel this too? Now my heart's a bid for you, you put all your quid onto, I just want you to make me apart of you’

A few weeks passed by.

Flowey continuously struggled to keep normal, attempting to pretend that he didn’t know he was in love with his best friend, because it had seemed to hurt less before he had known.

Except now that he knew, he couldn’t stop thinking about it, bombarded by conflicting emotions, like the happiness and shocking surprise of being able to feel love like this, the deep sadness of the fact that Frisk could never love him back, or the rising frustration at the pain that courséd through him whenever he began to feel the start of those mushy feelings- he was starting to think of it his soul as like a shock collar, because every time he began to think about Frisk too affectionately-
In short, he was exhaustively and utterly miserable, he knew full and well he needed all the help in the world, but at the same time he desperately didn’t want the others to know, because if they knew…well, he was absolutely sure it would just make things worse; they would worry and coddle him just as they had at the wedding, and the love and care that they showed would just make him feel even more miserable.

And then they would pull a Frisk and practically beg to know why he was miserable, and that would only worsen everything because he was never letting the truth come out.

It had been so long since he’d felt this...ultimately alone and helpless, finding the irony that again, Sans ‘knew’ the real truth… and again, there was no way on Earth he’d go to him for help, in fact, he was completely sure that Sans wouldn’t be able to help him with this kind of problem anyway, he bet all he would do was just make puns he thought were relatable and give him more cake, what in the world did the Trashbag know about romance anyway?

He wasn’t sure what he was going to tell this to his therapist either, he had imagined it would go something like this:

Flowey: **So I realized I’m in love with my best friend, whom is also a human, but I’m pretty sure they would put me in the garbage and spit on me if they ever found out, also take make matters worse- it literally hurts to love, not just figuratively, so I pretty much have depression again now.**

Loox: **Hmmmm, sounds like you need to rethink your life choices or rethink your life in general, here, have some antidepressants you weird creepy little snipe.**

Okay, no, he knew they wouldn’t say that, but he felt like it was going to boil down to something like it anyway, especially the antidepressant part.

He tried practicing his magic more like Alphys had suggested, but Frisk had been right, all of his moves and abilities were all plant based, spiky vine whips and ‘friendliness’ bullets was all he could muster, he just couldn’t seem to be capable of anything else, and once he realized that, he knew there was no way he could possibly ever train or push himself any further, so, what was the point of trying?

It was like everything was becoming harder and harder to do, he couldn’t stand it, it made him so badly want to hate his disgusting malformed soul, but, he couldn’t find it within himself to, just having a soul in general was more than he could have ever asked for, but still this whole excruciating situation was really testing his limits, especially his patience.

What was the point in trying to do anything anymore when everything single little thing he did felt like a dead end that always ended in pain and tears?

Until, finally, after almost four weeks of dealing with all this anguish in silence, the build up of pain finally made an impression in his nightmares...
In the dream, Papyrus was visiting Toriel’s house, and had decided to help with Flowey with his magic training… but it had gone all wrong… Flowey had grown frustrated to the point of anger, and had slipped up- hitting Papyrus on . . . *accident* with a few friendliness bullet, knocking his HP low, his loud cry of pain causing Toriel to rush out of the house.

She rushed to help the tall skeleton up “oh my! What happened?”

“IT WAS NOTHING, JUST A MINOR ACCIDENT, THE BEST PEOPLE ALWAYS MAKE THEM,”

Flowey frowned in disbelief, why did everyone always think it was a good idea to cover for him? Couldn’t anyone ever see how terrible he really was on the inside? That he was just as ugly as his soul was?

“No it wasn’t, I did it, I hurt him,” Flowey spoke up, he could barely contain the anger that was growing inside of him, Papyrus didn’t seem to understand that it hadn’t completely been an accident…

“Is that true Papyrus?” Toriel asked.

“Well… since Flowey insists on being the bigger monster about this, then yes, he accidentally hit me, but no hard feelings! I know he didn’t mean it,”

Flowey scowled, usually he didn’t mind Papyrus’s antics, he was one of his best friends and he admired him for his relentless positive attitude, he’d always found that relentlessness to be a great quality to have, still, best friends or not, lately it was getting to a point where Flowey couldn’t take any more of the pain, or the sympathetic glances and pep talks, unable to understand why he couldn’t just be happy.

With each and every day that came and passed, he only grew more frustrated.

A thought came to him…*no,* it was a voice in his *head,* it was almost unrecognizable, until, he realized that it was his own, but older, dark, and intimidating, the voice he had spoken with once before . . .

‘Wouldn’t it just be easier if they were miserable? *Just like you?*’

No! He couldn’t just- *but you can…,* if he made them miserable, it would destroy everything and every chance he had worked so hard to get- *but it would be so much better and so easy…,*

Flowey began to panic, it really wasn’t making any sense, if he hurt the people he loved- he would just feel guilty and it would STILL hurt, probably even more than it had before, he refused to listen anymore.

Toriel walked close to Flowey as he began trembling, “dear? Are you okay?”

He couldn’t bare her sympathy, so he lied “I’m fine mom, I was just…frustrated was all,” but when he looked up at her...
Flowey didn’t see his mother anymore… what was in front of him was a grotesque version of what… probably was his mother, he desperately hoped not.

He backed up, finally…

…he had actually finally lost it…

“LIAR,” the beast spat in a horrible deep accusing tone, and Flowey flinched, trembling harder, unable to move

“I CAN’T BELIEVE YOU WOULD LIE TO ME, LIE TO EVERYONE,”

“W-what are you talking about?” he spoke, his voice tiny, tinier than he could ever imagine.

“THAT YOU’RE JUST AS DISGUSTING AS EVER, YOU LIE TO EVERYONE, BUT WE KNOW HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT US, AND ABOUT FR-,”

“Shut up!” Flowey screamed, then behind the beast was a gigantic, twisted version of Papyrus, his eye sockets seemed impossibly more hollowed and dark than ever before, his mouth gaped open as if were stuck and unable to close, yet he spoke clearly.

“YOU KNOW THEY’RE NEVER GOING TO LOVE YOU BACK, RIGHT? UNLESS YOU HELD THEM CAPTIVE, BECAUSE THERE’S NO WAY THEY’D EVER LOVE SOMEONE WHO LITERALLY KILLED THEM OVER AND OVER,”

As much sense as not-Papyrus was making right now, Flowey couldn’t take anymore, he felt sick, what did he eat earlier? He couldn’t seem to remember. . .

The two beasts walked ever slowly closer.

“GET AWAY FROM ME!” Flowey screamed, and instinctively raising giant spiked vines up, ready to strike.

“YOU’RE HORRIBLE TO THE CORE, JUDGMENTAL, RUDE, DISGUSTING, YOU’RE NOT EVEN A REAL MONSTER ANYMORE, WHY WOULD FRISK FALL FOR YOU?” Not-Papyrus droned on.

“I’M NOT EVEN TRYING TO MAKE THEM WANT ME, LEAVE ME ALONE!” he yelled back, not sure why he was trying to reason with these illusions.

“WE CAN NEVER REALLY LEAVE YOU ALONE, YOU LOVE US, AND WE LOVE YOU, REMEMBER SWEEEEEETHEEEEART? REMEMBER THE PAIN? YOUR GOING TO WANT TO TRY TO MAKE THEM FALL FOR YOU, I KNOW YOU, MY CHILD, YOU’RE A COMPLETIONIST.” Not-Toriel said, smiling horrifyingly down at her son.
“Be quiet!!” Flowey yelled, crying now.

Then, Not-Toriel knelt down, her crooked smile now morose and pitying, tears forming in her empty eyes, “ISN’T IT SAD? TO KNOW YOU’LL NEVER BE ABLE TO HOLD THEM? OR MAKE THEM FEEL SAFE? OR MAKE THEM FEEL WANTED? I AM SO SORRY THAT YOU WILL NEVER FEEL NORMAL, I MOURN YOU, MY SON.”

That was all it took for Flowey to finally lose it, and he screamed, lifted his vines up high, and with one sharply thorned swoop, he cut right through the two beasts, and then sliced again when he realized it hadn’t completely killed them, then one more to silence a pained groan from Not-Toriel.

As he breathed heavily from the attacks, he noticed something was off-

The two beasts had returned back into Papyrus and Toriel.

Flowey went wide eyed with shock at what he had just done, an intense cold shiver running through his body, he had just murdered his mother and one of his closest best friends…all because of a dumb hallucination, and there was no way to reset.

Before he could even start crying, something crackled inside Flowey, and…for a moment, all he could feel was a searing white light of blinding pain, invoking a strangled scream from deep inside of him.

And then… it began to dim- very slowly, breathing heavily, he brought out his soul, and to his horror, he found that was in the midst of crumbling, the supposed dripping action was now actually DRIPPING off and on to the grass.

He shuttered from grief, he had just lost his mother and one of his best friends, now he was going to lose his soul, and he wasn’t sure what would happen once it finally shattered…

Would he die?

Or would he return to how he was before?

He didn’t want to face either of those fates, he panicked, he felt like he was losing his mind, and… no, he knew he was losing his mind, he didn’t feel all that surprised, this always seemed like it would have come in a matter of time, there was no way he had the patience to continuously deal with all that pain for the rest of his life.

Perhaps it was time he finally got what he deserved…if he killed everyone, maybe then… they’d all see just how horrible and disgusting he actually was all along and throw him away into a prison where he should have been put in the very beginning.

*They really should have got rid of him when they had the chance.*

There was also something else he desperately wanted to do, something he absolutely *needed* to do,
before his soul finally went to pieces, he wasn’t sure how long he had, but he had a creeping feeling it was better to get it over with as quickly as possible.

He safely put his soul back and stared at the two piles of dust that had settled onto the grass.

He was racked with unimaginable grief, but for some reason, no tears came.

‘You’re wasting your time…’

He sneered, both hating and agreeing with the voice, still, he turned away.

He tunneled until he was at the next door neighbor’s house, they were a human family, he was going need some extra power, it was necessary for what he had planned.

It was easier to do than he thought it would be, but he was only able to get four souls… he would have gotten a fifth one, but at the moment it currently belonged to a crying baby, he stared at it as it wiggled and bawled in it’s crib, the tiny human’s little face angry and pink… almost as if it knew what he had done to it’s family.

The voice in his head came back… ‘KILL IT.MAKE IT SHUT UP.’

All he could think about was Frisk, guilt squeezed at his soul, it was horrible that he had just killed four people, but he knew Frisk would never forgive him if he killed a baby, he wasn’t so sure he’d be able to forgive himself either.

‘WHY ARE YOU LETTING THIS USELESS THING GO? YOU ALREADY KILLED IT’S PARENTS AND SIBLINGS, THERE’S NOTHING LEFT FOR IT’

“Shut up,” he whispered hoarsely.

Then, suddenly, as if the world’s volume had just been put on full blast, the baby’s crying got louder, blaring into his brain, everything around him turning different shades of violent red, he closed his eyes tightly and shook his head quickly, trying to rattle it all away.

‘I SAID KILL IT!’

“And I said SHUT UP!!” Flowey screamed back- and, just like that, silence filled the room, he opened his eyes to find everything had gone back to normal, he looked to the baby- it was looking at him silently, frightened tears in it’s small bright eyes.

“…I’m…I’m sorry,” he whispered.
He swallowed with a dry mouth and turned to quickly leave, it was an easy feat now, as he was five times bigger than he was before, using his now much stronger vines and roots to crawl around like an octopus, he was so much more powerful now and he was going to get even more powerful, but...something about absorbing souls this time around didn’t seem as satisfying as it had been before when he was soulless, but... whatever, he continued on, quietly killing until he had seven souls.

Once he was finished, he went back to his home, or what was probably going to be no longer his home very soon.

Frisk wasn’t home yet, but he would wait, he would always wait.

Living above ground in a safe neighborhood he could have gotten even more souls easily, but absolute power wasn’t what he craved this time, he just needed the extra juice and Determination to be able to shape shift.

Now he was back in the form he should have been in, making sure he wasn’t too young or too old this time, but the fourteen year old goat monster he wanted to be, or once could have been.

“i can’t believe it,” said a familiar baritone voice, one that Flowey had been fearing to hear, but... wait...he didn’t have reason to be scared anymore... did he?

He turned around to find Sans standing there, wiping a tear from his eye socket, “you really did it, huh? i told you would go daisy if you didn’t get help,”

Flowey grit his sharp teeth in automatic anger, “you find the people you love dead, and all you can do IS MAKE PUNS TO THEIR MURDERER?”

Sans shook his head, “it’s all I got left now kid...unless, you intend to kill frisk too?”

Flowey smiled, but it was an odd, uncomfortable smile, it didn’t feel right, he really did feel sick.

“No, I could never,” but then he frowned, “mom...Toriel and Papyrus- killing them was an accident...i hallucinated, but after I realized what I did, my soul started to crack, so... I got more souls, I would show you, but I’m having a little trouble keeping things together at the moment, they might escape,”

The lights in San’s eyes disappeared, “you’ve just ruined everything for the other monsters; do you realize that? the humans will never trust us when they find out about this; we’ll probably be forced back in to the underground, or worse, they may even enslave us this time,”

Flowey cocked his fluffy head to the side, his strange smile back, “do you think I actually CARE? My life is already ruined, why should I worry about the others now?”

Sans sighed wearily, “what about frisk? what do you have planned for them- no, wait, on second thought, i don’t really give a damn anymore, i think it’s time you finally died once and for all flowey, and i’m going to make sure you stay dead,”

Flowey flinched, and not because of the threat “ARE YOU BLIND? LOOK AT ME! THAT’S NOT MY NAME ANYMORE! YOU OBTUSE HEAP OF TRASH!” he roared and attacked, missing Sans by just inches.
San’s eye glowed an icy neon blue and suddenly Flowey was thrown into the window, he landed outside, he got up immediately, seemingly unaffected by the few shards of glass that pierced him.

He found Sans already standing in front of him, “you may try to look like the monster you use to be, but you’ll never be asriel dreemurr, at least, not what after you’ve done today,”

Anger blazed within Flowey, and he attacked Sans once more, missing again, and again, he really hated this guy’s ability to manipulate time.

He then dodged an oncoming line of a bone attack, then another, then another.

“You can’t beat me like you used to! Why don’t you just give up, I can do this all day, trust me!” Flowey laughed.

“I thought you said you were having trouble keeping things together?” Sans replied, sweat visible on his skull.

“I am, but you’re nothing to me, and the idea of beating you? Well, you can say it’s ‘filling me with Determination’,”

Sans rolled his eyes, and on they continued, fighting and fighting.

Then suddenly, just as Flowey was about to attack, the two monsters froze in spot when suddenly they heard the front door open- and then close.

“Guys, I’m home!”

At their call, Flowey looked down at Sans and grinned a horrible nasty grin, San’s eyes looked frantically at the house in horror.

“frisk no,” Sans gasped, Flowey took this moment of distraction to grab San’s boney throat, and with a simple flick of his wrist and the work of a quick violent attack- Sans was dead.

Flowey watched as Sans turned into dust in his very paw, he dropped whatever was left to the ground, nonchalantly wiping his paw on his pants, turning around and kicking the pile away with his heel, good riddance.

“How- what happened to the window?! GUYS?!” he heard Frisk say, tone panicked, Flowey waited patiently for them to come outside, silently wishing he had mirror, he wanted to look good for them.

When they finally stepped out, he was unsurprised as they watched their face go from worry, to fear, to terror in a matter of seconds as they looked over the backyard and the three dust piles, then… at him.

For the first time ever, Frisk didn’t approach him, instead they slowly backed up- not taking their eyes off of him and retreated back into the house, he even heard the door click with a lock.

He shook his head and tsked, if Frisk didn’t want to come to him, he would just come to them for a change, he felt he owed them that much.
He walked over and glided through the broken window, “Frisk I-,” he was interrupted from a hit in the face from a heavy pan, it hurt just a little.

“WHY?!” they screamed at him, tears in their eyes.

He backed up, there was something about Frisk being this upset at him made him feel small, and somehow scared even after everything that had just happened, pain clamped on hard, he remembered his plan, still though… he felt incredibly nervous about it, but he would do it, he had to, he needed Frisk so much.

“Like I told Sans, it was an accident… but it was too horrible, and you were right about my soul Frisk, it…it hasn’t shattered, but it’s cracking, I can feel it, I would show you… I want to show you, but the souls might leave, I need them,”

Frisk held their pan close, they looked conflicted, blinking back tears, they backed away, biting their bottom lip in fear “y-you killed humans too?” their voice was weak.

Flowey looked away, he had mixed feelings about the killings, “just a few of the neighbors, seven actually…and…I didn’t kill that baby, I couldn’t…,” he almost felt as if he could cry, but no tears came.

Frisk on the other hand, was currently flooding tears, clearly having trouble seeing, aiming all wrong as they begun to swing at Flowey again, this time hitting him on his stomach with the flat side of the pan, it felt like a small shove to him.

“How could you?!” they screamed, and hit him again, again, he didn’t stop them “how could you do this to them? they were your family! And those humans were innocents!!”

Flowey looked away, as much as he felt he deserved the punishment, he couldn’t take it anymore, he was wasting precious time, and finally, he grabbed the pan from Frisk and tossed it far behind him, leaving his best friend weaponless, they didn’t need it anyway, he wasn’t going to hurt them.

“I’m sorry, after Toriel and Papyrus were gone…I knew it was too late, I just thought it was finally time for everyone to see who I truly am, after this I promise I’ll let the souls go free and then I’m going to let them take me to where I belong, locked up, I hope they throw away the key,”

Frisk was speechless for a moment, then they backed away, “wh- what do you mean by ‘after this’?…No…you’re going to…t-to… kill me… aren’t you?” they whispered, but Flowey grabbed a hold of their arm and smiled weakly, shaking his head.

“I couldn’t if I tried, you… really have no idea do you?” he asked, a shaky grin on his face, he was ready now.

Frisk started to breathe hard, “I can’t believe this is real,”

Flowey couldn’t help but laugh, as much as he disliked puns, he couldn’t help himself, he really was going crazy “you have to excuse me for this one, but…Frisk, I’m Asriel as it gets,”

Frisk didn’t laugh; they only looked hopeless, staring vacantly at his chest, probably thinking about the poor souls trapped inside.
Flowey lifted their head up gently by the chin to make them look at him, he frowned wearily. “I’m sorry…I… know I messed up everything…at…at least you still have Asgore to live with, unless, well…there’s something I have to say first,”

Frisk looked deeply insulted and confused “there’s nothing you can say that can make this better, not this time Asriel, I’m done,”

Flowey only nodded, “I know, but I have to get it off my chest before my soul breaks, I don’t know what will happen after it does, I’m saving my last few seconds for you,”

A new batch of tears erupted from Frisk’s eyes; Flowey moved his paw to gently wipe them away, he winced as the pain surged through him.

“I’m…,” he took a breath “I’m in love with you… I found out at the wedding, that’s why I was crying,”

Frisk’s mouth dropped in shock, staring at him in something between disbelief, shock and perhaps… disgust, they seemed to freeze in place.

Flowey smiled grimly, nodding to himself, “I knew it…you don’t feel the same way,”

Frisk backed away a little, pure panic growing in their eyes as they tried to keep their composure. “I loved you like a friend, but… I’m not sure I can anymore, you know…the last time I saved was when I was when I had strep throat, do you remember that? You- you were really brave- and-,”

Flowey shook his head and held on to Frisk’s arm tighter and pulled them close to him, “what would be the point to reset after all of this? Nothing will be the same ever again- besides, you promised me you’d never use the Power,”

“AND YOU PROMISED YOU WOULD NEVER KILL AGAIN!” Frisk cried out.

Flowey let out an uncomfortable fake laugh, but then grimaced at them “I guess you put too much faith in me, but that’s okay Frisk, I still love you, you’re the best friend I always wanted, and that was enough for me,” he said softly, running his claws through their hair, causing them to flinch away, he pretended to not be bothered by this.

“You know great it feels to say that? I was so scared to tell you, I just knew you would reject me, but I don’t really care anymore, because you know what? I’m going to MAKE you love me,”

Something thundered inside of him, a mixture of pain and the feeling of going numb as his soul cracked more, breaking slowly in to pieces. . .

He acted quickly as he pulled a stunned, speechless Frisk close to him, so, so, close, holding them, something that he never would have thought to do in his flower form, something that he couldn’t do as a flower.

Another crack of thunder, he ignored it, grabbing the back of Frisk’s head softly while the other wrapped around their waist, remembering and copying how he had seen his parents do when they got ready to dance, a long time ago… too long ago.
He smiled, this had been his plan, to tell Frisk how he really felt, to hold them and then finally.

He leaned in, and pressed his lips to theirs, kissing them, pain erupted in his chest, exploding throughout his entire body, he gladly welcomed it because he knew what it meant, he was so happy, so, so, unbelievably happy.

Then, louder than it had been before- the thunder was heard again, and as if Frisk heard- they ripped away from him, but when he saw the look on their face, anger, disgust, fear, and it was okay, he had… come to terms with the rejection a long time ago, just falling for someone like Frisk and being able to steal a kiss from them had been more than enough for him.

His happiness blinded him.

And for a single solitary moment, he honestly believed everything was going be okay.

…Until… the pain suddenly vanished, and all that was left was an old familiar blank numbness. .

He looked to Frisk, wide eyed in horror… and felt…

nothing… . . . . .

Just emptiness.
“It’s gone…,” he whispered, he felt like crying, but no tears came still.

Then, the room turned red, just like before, but this time…any background noise seemed to fizzle off, leaving the room eerily quiet, he couldn’t even hear either of them breathe.

And then, without any sort of warning, Frisk… disappeared, no trace of anything left behind.

But before he had a chance to scream or even fully react, something on the other side of the room caught his attention, something that made him want to desperately run away… but…

He couldn’t move.

And he felt nothing, nothing, but only fear.

Because on the other side of the room, was a looming impenetrable, black, vacant void of nothingness…but that wasn’t what he was afraid of at the moment, no, what was currently sending a cold sickening feeling in the pit of his stomach was… the… twitching and unearthly movement that appeared to be trying to find its way out from the void.

-Until, it did, he watched in stunned horror as a tall distorted bipedal shadow figure stepped out, and with slow, wide steps, it crept toward him, unnaturally taking on more defined shapes, until it settled on something unquestionably human, but to his increasing horror, it had transformed into... Chara…an older Chara, a Chara that had lived, but instead of a teenager, they were an adult, taller, bolder, and towering above Flowey menacingly, their red eyes dark and horrible and staring down at him accusingly.

Then, they smiled that old cruel smile he would always remember… and spoke with an eerily familiar voice, not just their own… but also with his voice... their voices bleeding together into something ominous and intimidating.

‘It’s better this way, you never needed a soul anyway,’
Flowey woke up with a hard gasp, breathing so fast that he felt light headed, quickly reaching over with a shaky vine to turn on his lamp- but panicked blindly when nothing happened, the room remaining dark and frightening.

He jumped when a streak of light flash through the blinds of his window, he calmed a little once he recognized it as lightning, then he finally noticed the pitter patter of rain outside, realizing that the power was out.

Just… . . . fantastic.

Panic and fear still coursing through him, he attempted to focus, squeezing his eyes shut as he reached for his soul, giving a quick shaky relieved exhale when he latched on to it, but he wouldn’t calm down until he looked at.

He brought it out and dared to open his eyes, a slow weak smile coming across his face when he saw that it was okay, without a scratch and crack free, he continued to look over it for a while, just to make sure, and then nearly jumped out of his petals when a crack of thunder rattled the house.

He trembled, pulling his soul closer to him, as if trying to hold it to keep it safe, he took one last long look at it before putting it back.

He grabbed his phone and dropped into his flower pot, hiding.

He quickly turned on the screen, the light making him feel a little bit better; there was no way he was going back to bed after that horrible nightmare, usually most left him unfazed and he would have liked to say he was ‘immune’ to nightmares by now, but this one had been one of the worst ones he had in a really long time.

It hadn’t been ‘scary’ in a normal sense, he was somewhat use to the creepy Halloween faces and reddening rooms, that was usually the norm of his nightmares, even seeing Chara was normal.

No, what had gotten to him the most and overwhelmed him- were his own actions, how he behaved, it was frightening to experience going insane the way he had, but his behavior made sense, he had lost his soul again. . .

He thought about waking up Frisk so he could talk to them about it- it had seemed…very similar to how they had described their nightmare, apparently his unconscious mind had wanted to try out the scenario as well… except for a few changes, but… he blushed, nope, nuh-uh, there was no way he had the guts to talk to Frisk right now, especially about the nightmare, not when he had done all that….stuff.

He shook his head; maybe he could talk to Toriel? Leave out the embarrassing stuff, but… no, it would be comforting, but he had to grow up, he had to learn how to take care of these kinds of
things himself.

He finally looked at the time, 4 AM, yeeeaah, he didn’t want to wake them up anyway.

So, he flipped absentmindedly through the pictures on his phone instead, thinking about the nightmare, the longer he did, the more ‘plot holes’ he poked into everything, trying make the whole thing seem stupid, but the more he thought about the horrifying possibility of his soul not being strong enough to handle his emotions and stay intact, the more terrified he grew.

He remembered the blank, numb, nothingness of being truly completely soulless, the nightmare seemed to refresh the memory of the feeling, and he shivered, realizing just how afraid he was of losing his soul, of losing everyone he cared about.

And then... Determination came over him, and he refused the blinding terror that was trying to consume him; it was time to use logic and reason.

The problem of the pain aside, there just had to be something he could do to keep the stress off his soul, and fast, he didn’t care if it wasn’t possible; Flowey didn’t want to risk the chance of becoming the monster he used to be, or almost even worse, dead.

He grit his teeth, Nightmare Chara had been wrong, he DID need his soul, and he was going to do anything he could to not lose it again.
Filled with Determination to mend his life for the better, Flowey explains as best as he can to his family of what he has in mind, but Frisk surprises him with their feedback.

Chapter 11   You Gotta Do What You Gotta Do.

Warnings?: None except for Flowey explaining his nightmare.

Inspiration Song: ‘Feelings Are Fatal’ by mxmtoon

‘I need it to stop
And I want to be able
To open up but,
My feelings are fatal
(My feelings are fatal)’

Today Papyrus was visiting, so that only meant two things, that Toriel was cooking a special meal and that everyone was going to eat at the table, no exceptions.

Which was good, Flowey had something important he wanted to share… excepted he’d rather Sans not be there, but whatever, it wasn’t like that short skeleton would have any good input for him.

Though, once he was actually at the table with the others, he found it actually difficult to say anything at all, he was nervous.

“THAT REALLY WAS BIG STORM WE HAD LAST NIGHT, HUH?” Papyrus chatted.

“yeah, it was a real rain of terror,” Sans joked.

Papyrus groaned a ridiculous groan, clashing with Frisk’s giggle.

Toriel grinned, “hey, Papyrus, what goes up when rain comes down?”

“PLEASE MISS TORIEL, I BEG OF YOU-,”

“An umbrella!” she laughed.

“heh, that’s a classic,” Sans complemented.

They continued to eat, when Sans thought of something and spoke up, “hey, you still have any more those cookies from the wedding?”
“You mean the Wedding Cookies…?” Frisk asked.

Flowey paused himself from eating to finally say something “wait… you mean they’re actually called ‘Wedding Cookies’? Undyne and Alphys really had cookies called Wedding Cookies at their wedding?”

Frisk nodded grimly, “yeah, it’s a tradition with some cultures… but…besides the cake, it was the only food they had,”

And apparently, they had so many Wedding Cookies, that Undyne and Alphys just decided to give some to everyone as gifts, it was completely nuts, just like some of the cookies had.

Toriel smiled at Sans, “do you want the rest of ours? We’ve had our fill,”

Before Sans could say anything, Papyrus cut in, “WAIT, MISS TORIEL, I WOULD ACTUALLY ENJOY SOME TOO, HOW ABOUT WE SPLIT IT?”

Toriel nodded, “hee, hee, hee, if you want Papyrus, we have plenty,”

“More than enough,” Frisk added kindly, hiding the fact that they were actually pretty tired of the powdery white crunchy cookies, though apparently the two skeleton brothers couldn’t seem to get enough of them.

“NOT TOO MANY IF YOU DON’T MIND, IT’S NOT REALLY THE TASTE I LIKE, THEY JUST REMIND ME OF HOME,”

Sans looked to his brother, his eyes softening, “bro, that’s sweet, like the cookies,”

Flowey’s current frown deepened, he was half listening, half focusing on how he was going to break the news to everyone.

“Are you okay my son? You’ve barely said a word, and you look very sleepy,” Toriel asked, pulling Flowey out of his thoughts.

He didn’t bother looking up from his plate, “I’m… fine, I had some trouble sleeping last night, the thunder woke me up and the power was out,” he gave a big sigh, “actually, there’s something I want to say, but, I don’t know if you’ll like it,”

The other four looked puzzled and worried, trading glances.

“It is fine Asriel, we won’t judge you,” Toriel said.

Flowey narrowed his eyebrows with disbelief, ‘yeah right mom,’ he thought, but he shook it off.

“Well… I was thinking that… that…I should live with dad for a while, I think, no, I believe… he can help me with my magic training, because I’m starting to think I really need it and…I don’t know, something something… father son quality time bonding?” he had lost his train of reasoning at the end there, but he was sure he got the point across.

He finally looked at his mother, he had been very concerned to see how she would feel about it, after all, he and Frisk had been mainly living with her the past five years, with making two or three weekly visits to Asgore’s home every month, sometimes maybe longer, or fewer, depending how the busy scheduling worked out (Flowey was just thankful that they lived within the same town.)

Toriel looked…not quite sad, but very thoughtful, “for how long?” she asked.
This was the hard part he had worried about, “I don’t know? Until... my magic gets stronger?” he winced.

And then Frisk spoke up, they looked distressed- Flowey wasn’t surprised, he had been actually trying to avoid looking at them during the whole day, mostly because he was still flustered from the romantic bits from his nightmare, but also because he had a strong feeling they wouldn’t take his choice well.

“That could take months Flowey! We can’t leave mom here by herself for that long!”

Flowey pulled his eyes away from Frisk and down to his plate, holding back a wince as pain from the guilt twitched inside of him, “…that’s why...I was thinking you should stay with her... while I stay with dad, I mean, you can visit all you want, but...this is something I really need to do... independently, s-sorry,”

At that Frisk stared hard at him thoughtfully before they puffed their cheeks up in frustration, looking away too, and crossed their arms, leaning back in their chair in silent protest.

Toriel patted their arm, then looked to Flowey understandingly, “If it’s one thing I’ve learned, it’s that I should never get in the way when you children have your mind set on something important, so, Asriel, I will allow you to stay under your father’s care for as long as you need, just remember that I will be making regular visits to continue your home schooling, but when I go back home I just want you to know that I and Frisk, will both miss you dearly,”

Flowey pouted, he was becoming very conflicted about all of this, he didn’t really want to leave them for that long, he had gotten very comfortable with the way things were, but on the other hand, despite the whole magic training thing, he did want to spend more time with his father too, he hadn’t been able to see him as much lately.

But he really didn’t want to leave Frisk either... he hoped that getting some breathing room between them would probably help ease his pain, so far today it seemed to be working? At least he would see them during Frisk’s visits to Asgore... or would that even be a good idea at all? Maybe he didn’t need any distraction at all...

“IF YOU REALLY NEED HELP FLOWEY, THE GREAT PAPYRUS CAN HELP YOU WITH YOUR MAGIC TRAINING!”

Flowey dropped his fork in horror as he thought back to his nightmare “NO! No, no it’s fine,”

Papyrus then held out a hand out in San’s direction, “THEN HOW ABOUT SANS? HE’S JUST AS TOUGH AS ME!”

It was San’s turn to drop his utensil too, his eye sockets turning dark for a moment, “uuh, no offense, but i think flowey has his mind set on this thing paps, ‘sides, i’m not sure what i could exactly… ‘teach’ him,”

Flowey nodded vigorously, for once agreeing with Sans.

Frisk looked at the shorter skeleton curiously, only having seen a few small examples of San’s powers.

They smiled at Sans sneakily, they never got fight Sans after all “someone seems modest, just how ‘tough’ are you?”

He merely shrugged, “eh, it’s nothing to shake a fibula at,”
Flowey shook his head and continued to eat, side eyeing the skeleton, what an understatement of the year, he knew the only reason why Sans didn’t brag was because he was horrifyingly strong, and only fought when drastic measures called for it, and when push came to shove, Sans did not know how to stop fighting.

Well, at least he did it for a good cause… Flowey guessed.

When lunch was over, Frisk silently whisked up Flowey’s flower pot and took off with him.

He was stunned, usually no one moved him unless permission was requested or granted, it was just common courtesy.

No one did this, unless they were upset with him.

He looked up at Frisk nervously, shyly, automatically sinking down into his flower pot, oh, he’d done it now.

Soon they took him to their bedroom, shutting the door behind him before they placed him on their desk while they sat themselves on the bed, their expression softening when they finally noticed that he was hiding.

“Don’t worry, I’m not mad anymore, I just really needed to talk to you in private, is that ok?” they asked gently.

He let out a sigh “yeah, I guess it’s ok…,”

“So…so…how can you just up and leave like this?”

Flowey straightened up, making himself visible again, but still unable to shake off the shy feeling, he should have seen this coming, he decided that they deserved to hear some kind of explanation after all the worrying he put them through.

“I had a… really bad nightmare, a really bad one,” he spoke up, his voice quiet.

Frisk looked at him directly, looking confused and worried, “was it that bad? I thought you said you were used to nightmares?”

He shook his head, “remember that one you talked to me about a few months ago? Mine was really creepily similar to yours, with me ‘snapping’ and everything,”

Frisk was now literally at the edge of their seat “oh that is creepy, are you ok with talking about it?”

“Yeah, I’m fine… um… let’s see….,” he blew air from his cheeks, looking away, preparing in his mind on how he was going to edit this, but it wasn’t easy, speaking slowly as he uncomfortably filtered himself “it started with Papyrus training me, and I was… getting pretty frustrated. . . until finally… I hit him, he yelps in pain causing mom to come in and see what happened. But unlike your dream- it was me that kills them,”

They furrowed their brow “what? why?”
“I’m getting to it!……Mmmm...basically.. because… I… I went crazy from all the pain, I guess? And I, uh, hallucinate and they turn into these horrific, gross things that start taunting me, and it’s… it’s too much, so I… kill them… but after I realize that I actually killed them for real, my soul… starts to crack, and I somehow I just know it’s going to finally break, so, I go out and start killing some humans to absorb their souls…because. . . I . . went, er, crazy? It gets a little fuzzy around that part,”

Frisk was in a weird sort of awe, “…geez, that does sound a lot like my nightmare, though in mine you didn’t really kill many humans, just a lot of monsters, and… it took place in a forest. So, was Sans in yours too?”

Flowey nodded grimly, “he wasn’t evil though, he was just upset and wanted to stop me, but I killed him too, also there… was an demonic evil version of Chara that showed up later, but that was nothing out of the norm, you know they usually show up in my nightmares,” he stopped there; he wasn’t going to say anymore unless Frisk asked, unfortunately he knew that they would.

…He became hopeful as they became hesitant. . . .

“…was I in it?” well, never mind.

Flowey had to think this over before answering, trying his hardest to keep track of his nerves.

“Yeah…you were, but I didn’t kill you, I just wanted t-to talk…to you…for some strange reason… uh, but I didn’t get taller, or maybe I guess I did, in a… way, because when I absorbed the souls, I turned into my real self. . . you know, as I’m supposed to look… and…um, uh, I don’t if what I said or what I did was ‘gross’, but, letssss just say that I wasn’t… exactly… ‘acting’ like myself,”

Frisk looked legitimately curious, “how did you act?”

NOPE.

This was where he stopped the subject cold, dropping back into his flower pot, hiding again.

“I don’t have to tell you,” he said stubbornly.

He heard Frisk laugh gently, but it was an understanding laugh, “okay, okay, I get it… so, did anything else happen that you can tell me?”

’No Frisk, you really don’t get it,’ he thought, but decided to comply anyway.

“Well, at the end… my soul finally broke, and I don’t know, but it made me start thinking, maybe it’s just paranoia, but, what IF you were right to be worried? What IF it can really break from being unstable? I don’t know what will happen to me, will I die? Or will I become soulless again? I don’t- I don’t want to lose my soul either way,” he sounded as lost as he felt.

Frisk had gotten up while he was talking, now standing close in front of his flower pot, they arched over to meet his eyes, worry clear in their gaze, all he could think about was how they looked at him at the wedding… but this time, he felt less trapped.

…It still hurt though, of course it did.

“Okay. first of all, you’re not going to lose you’re soul, we won’t let it happen, so, let’s stop a moment and take few deep breaths,” they begun.
He closed his eyes, agreeably doing what he was told, deep breathing almost always helped ease his bad nerves, attempting to quiet his thoughts, the first exhalces being shaky, but the more he progressed, the calmer he became.

Once he opened his eyes, Frisk gave him a concerned smile, he nodded for them to continue.

“Azzie… I was wrong to get you started on this line of paranoid thinking and I’m really sorry that I did, but, you’re right… I can’t completely dismiss that this crazy theory… might actually be a thing, and that you want to fix your pain, and so… I’ve come to the conclusion that… you want to do it by getting real help by training your magic with Asgore, so your soul won’t freak out and break? Is that right?”

A heavy hearted smile appeared on Flowey’s face, how was it possible that they knew him so well, but still not have any idea of how much he felt for them?

“Basically,” he mumbled, trying to fight the nagging rise of pain, another reason to do this, he just wanted ONE moment of peace alone with Frisk and his gross mushier emotions without his intolerable soul interrupting and distracting him.

They stared at him hard for a few seconds, before they stood back up straight and let out a defeated sigh, running their fingers through their bangs before they smiled sadly at him.

“Okay, fine, you gotta do what you gotta do, but I want you to know I’m going to miss you, I’m serious,” then, before he got the chance to reply, Frisk’s eyes lit up with hope-

“Wait a second, why do you have to stay over there? Can’t we just get him to come over here?”

Okay, never mind, the trapped feeling was returning.

“You heard what I said earlier,” he replied, fidgeting “…about the father and son bonding thing,”

Frisk began to look a little frustrated, “yeah, but I… um, I sort of thought you were just… making it up, you’ve done this sort of thing once before,”

“I… wasn’t this time, I really do wanna spend time with him, you know I haven’t been able to talk to him lately,” and as much as he had difficulties connecting with his dad, he did mean it.

They backed away, and began pacing around the room, “yeah, I know but you can easily talk to him without leaving, I’m sure he’d understand and make time to see you, I don’t get it-,” then they stopped and looked back at him, “you want space, that’s it isn’t it?”

He looked back, wide eyed, he felt as if he’d just been caught red handed stealing pricey jewelry…

“No… of course not! I just really want to practice my magic so I don’t have to worry about this stupid… thing anymore! And by staying with dad I could get more time in to practice even more, don’t you see? Plus you know his backyard is more spacious than mom’s,” he half lied, because there was no way he was ever going to tell Frisk outright that he wanted space from them, because then they’d take it the wrong way and get upset, and Flowey just couldn’t handle Frisk being upset at him, not like this anyway.

Frisk stared at him, thinking hard, then sharply looked away, and sat on their bed in a huff, crossing their arms just as they had earlier, “okay, fine, I get it… I just…,” they pursed their lips, their cheeks flushing from either frustration or embarrassment “… I don’t want you to leave okay?”

But then their eyes lit up with hope “listen, I know what you said earlier, how you said you need to do this independently, but what if I promised that I stayed out of your way? What if…,” and just like
that, they lost their steam, their idea trailing off as they thought it out “…no, it wouldn’t work, I can’t leave Toriel- mom, Momriel behind for that long.”

Flowey was flattered, but mostly surprised, managing to smile a small smile, it wasn’t as big and playful as he wanted -he was still stuck in his perpetual shy zone, “c’mon, I know you have to be just a little tired of me. Isn’t that why you kicked me out your room?”

“No! For the last time, I just wanted privacy!”

“Are you seriously telling me that you never get tired of me?”

“Rarely okay? But never so much that I wanted you out of the house;”

“Really? Not even back when I was soulless and trying to attack you?”

“No, first of all, for the hundredth time, everyone was attacking me. It just made me even more determined to make everything better,”

He dawned on a TV host persona voice, sounding like a mini Mettaton “then WHAT EXACTLY DOES make you tired Frisk?”

Frisk groaned their patience dialing down to 1 “when you won’t tell me what’s actually wrong!”

Flowey finally broke his game of 50 questions, breaking eye contact, the mood in the room becoming jarringly crestfallen.

Of course, he should have known they were still hung up and concerned by how he acted at the wedding, they had been legitimately worried that he was on the brink of dying that day, it definitely felt like he had, so he didn’t blame them, they deserved to know the truth after everything he put them through.

Unfortunately, he was sticking to his new motto.

Deny or die.

“I- I still can’t tell you, okay? It’s not that easy for me to explain Frisk…,” he gave a long sigh, trying to pull his thoughts together “I just… want some privacy too, okay?” he explained.

Frisk looked down and gave a short nod, but Flowey could tell by the look in their eyes that they were still skeptical, still worried, still wanting to help.

He spoke up, trying his best to sound reassuring “there’s just some things I can’t tell you… just like I know there must be some secrets you keep from me, right?”

The depressing downcast look that he hated came over Frisk’s face, it seemed difficult for them to speak for a moment.

“Yeah, of course- and I fully respect your secrets, and I still remember what we’ve talked about, I know you don’t want things to be awkward, but I can’t always keep pretending that you aren’t hurting, you know I…I hate seeing you in pain, I really want to help you because you’ve gotten so far… but now, I can tell you and your soul are struggling hard over something… and… and… and I have no idea what to do,”

He felt conflicted, all sad and yet still flattered, and nervous, he didn’t know what to do either.
“Listen, I know you’re really great at it, but you can’t fix everything, sometimes you have to let people handle their own problems, that’s why I’m trying to do this independently, but...um, thanks for trying anyway Frisky,” he sighed.

Then went wide eyed in embarrassment, the nickname had been a slip of tongue, but it felt right to say. The last time he’d called them that, it had felt… strange and weird and he hadn’t been sure why. . .

But of course, after he found about his...feelings, he knew exactly what it was.

It was a total ‘pet name’; everyone that ever had a crush or could say they’ve been in love was literally incapable of not making them.

But fortunately Frisk didn’t seem… suspicious, instead they gave a confused chuckle, just as they had before, “really? Please don’t tell me that’s going to stick,”

He played along “…you don’t like that as a nickname?”

“Sometimes kids at school call me that, I didn’t really think anything about it… until I realized that it sounds… kinda dirty,” they explained, looking away and shyly up at the ceiling, chuckling awkwardly, and Flowey of course scrunched up his face, almost comically so, wincing hard for at least twenty four different reasons, holding back an embarrassed horrified screech.

He tried to remember how he used treat Frisk back when he had platonic feelings toward them, what would not-in-love Flowey say?

“…Gross, but I like said before, accept your fate,” he said, in actuality he was so sorry, silently promising himself he’d never call them that again, for both their sakes.

Now Frisk was suspicious, throwing him a scandalous look.

“You’re going to call me by a nickname that I think sounds...dirty?” then suddenly Frisk smirked coolly, “heheh, if I didn’t know any better Mister Flowey, I’d think you were trying to practice your flirting, it’s surprisingly bold and a bit on the shameless side, but since it’s coming from you- I can’t say I disapprove,”

More embarrassed screeching went off in Flowey’s mind, how on this singular earth did he get himself into this mess of a conversation? This was literally hurting him-not metaphorically- actually hurting.

“NO! YOU STOP THAT!! That’s nOT WHAT I’M TRYING TO DO, YOU EGG!” he barked, his cheeks turning its nice orange shade.

Frisk laughed, smiling admiringly “I’m not so sure what you’re doing anymore either, but I’m finding it super cute,” and then quickly frowned, panicking at the realization of what they did, running over to Flowey whose face was now turning completely orange, a pained look on his face, doubling over.

“Sorry! Sorry! It slipped and-,”

“Yeah, I know, you like to compliment people in the form of harmless flirting, you can’t help it, I know, thanks,” he replied in a strained voice, sarcasm dripping down his chin.

They smiled softly; worry still lingering in their eyes “I’m glad my compliments mean so much to you, I’m just so sorry it hurts you this much,”
“You could literally kill me with kindness if you wanted,” Flowey laughed, but it was a pained one, and he wasn’t smiling, he actually looked *and felt* a little scared.

Frisk thought it was because he was scared of his soul breaking.

Flowey was thinking of that too, but also mainly of his nightmare and the memory of Nightmare Frisk’s look of anger, disgust, and fear after he had kissed them, he was afraid of never having anymore silly dumb moments like this if Frisk ever rejected him if they ever found out his true feelings.

Even if he could fix his soul problem, he couldn’t fix how he felt, he really needed to get better at hiding his feelings before Frisk figured it out, because if things kept continuing like this, he knew they’d finally find him out somehow.

But he was Determined to always deny and never die.
Like Father, Like Son

Chapter Summary

Flowey’s idea to mend his life doesn’t quite go as planned, in fact, it’s hardly going at all, his depression only worsening, so after two months, Asgore comes home from a quick grocery trip to find Flowey in a moment of dire weakness and… finally progress is made.

Chapter 12  Like Father, Like Son

Warnings?: Literal TV death.

Inspiration Song: ‘I Promise I’m Trying’ by Cavetown

‘Please, please be here for me dear
Cause I’ve never needed a friend more
And I can't stress enough how much it means to me that you're trying
And I don't mind if you can't hold me like you used to
Cause I’ve never hated myself more
But this is just a bump in the road and I promise I'm trying’

It felt like it took forever to say his ‘goodbyes’ to Frisk and Toriel, both even almost started crying, he was able to keep them from do so by repeatedly reminding them he was going to come back, eventually, definitely eventually.

His dad was thrilled to bits to have him around and was very excited to train him.

…….

……..And yet…
Two months in, **two months in and nothing progressed.**

It didn’t help that there wasn’t much time for training, despite having such a non-time consuming job, Asgore was still a very busy king, still making time to listen and help the monsters that had continued to follow him loyally.

Meaning he made a lot of trips back to Mt. Ebott to do all of his royal work, to Asgore’s disappointment- without his son to accompany him, because ever since Flowey left the Underground he had zero interest in going back to it, it reminded him too much of the darker parts of his life- which exactly wasn’t what he wanted or needed right now.

So, despite staying at his father’s home, he found himself spending more time with his mother and the ‘house’ sitters Lesser Dog and Greater Dog than with his father, only having enough time to train at least two or three times almost every week, sometimes even less than that.

Things were getting harder and harder, everyday that no progress was made weighed little by little onto Flowey’s thoughts, until, one day while Asgore went on a quick easy fifteen minute trip to the grocery store, unfortunately in that short amount of time, unable to hold it in any more with no one there to help…

Flowey finally lost his patience. . .

Asgore had finished packing all the grocery bags into the car, he was excited about the contents held within, currently there was a popular trend of cooking with both human and monster food mixed together, he hoped trying something new and interesting might distract and de-stress Flowey.

But before he could turn on the ignition, his phone jingled, he recognized the tune- it was a text from his son, he pulled out the tiny device and checked the screen, it read-

> ‘please hurry home, had an accident, broke the TV, I smell something weird, I think it’s going to catch fire’ -

For a minute, Asgore didn’t do anything but stare at the screen in disbelief, but, then, finally he reacted, as if Father Mode had punched him hard in his fuzzy bearded face, tossing the phone to the chair next to him, he started up the car and zoomed home as fast as he legally could.

He nearly knocked the two double doors down trying to get in, quickly following the alarming sound of Flowey sobbing loudly in the living room nearby, he could smell the weird scent he had talked about.
He found the room torn to shreds, but he didn’t get to pay attention to much as he instantly noticed the TV turned over on the floor all banged up with hundreds of tiny holes, it was faintly smoking.

There was anxious panic pounding in his chest as he suddenly feared Flowey might be stuck under it, but as he focused on the sound of his son’s cries, he realized he wasn’t anywhere near the TV, but he wouldn’t allow himself to relax yet-

And then he saw it, on the floor near the window he spotted his son’s empty flower pot lying on its side, far from the couch where he had last seen it...

But there was no sign of the soil- or Flowey, it was almost as if had been emptied out and then *thrown*.

He walked over, looking around worriedly until he finally found Flowey curled up in a small pile of his dirt on the carpet huddled and hidden near the side of the couch, crying his eyes out, his forehead pressed against the couch and his little face orange, pink and blotchy.

Asgore rushed to him, falling to his knees, he held his paws out to him “Asriel!”

Flowey looked up to his father, relief washing over his face, then guilt once he remembered the TV and the rest of the living room, he looked down slowly, “*sorry,*”

Worry and confusion knitted in the king’s eyebrows, “for what? Are you okay?”

“No,” Flowey uttered in a quiet hollow voice.

“Oh son, here, let me put you back in your pot, how did this ever happen?” he said, gathering the dirt and Flowey delicately in one big scoop, he got up and walked over to the pot, turning it back over with a foot, carefully setting his son back inside, to which he then propped him back onto the couch and sat next to him, waiting patiently.

Once he was comfortable enough, Flowey finally starting talking, a task that seemed difficult for him to do right now.

“...I fell over, and...,” he sighed anxiously, “I didn’t mean to destroy the TV, I just couldn’t find the remote...I wanted to turn it off, and I was already really...really mad,”

Asgore smiled tiredly, “don’t worry, I’ve done the same thing in my time,” he then picked him up, sitting Flowey on the coffee table, “are you hurt? I can go get you something-,”

“No, I’m fine,” Flowey interrupted, “you don’t have to worry about me, I just wanted you to know about the TV, I’ll do chores or...,” Flowey’s eyes began to flood with tears again, and he took a moment to toughen up and collect himself before sniffling and finishing his sentence “…whatever...whatever to make up for it,”

Asgore looked over at the smoking TV one more time before turning his full attention back to his son.
“Asriel, I am not worried about that, I can just get us a new one, it is no problem, what I am worried about is you, both your mother and Frisk say you are depressed and frustrated about your soul issue, but they also believe that there could be something else that is possibly vexing you as well, and I’m finally seeing clearly that I have not done enough to help you with any of these issues,”

Flowey looked away, if he was able to leave, he would be doing it right now.

“Asriel, please, tell me what is the matter,”

Silence.

“Have you at least spoken to your therapist about… this Thing That Which Not Must Be Spoken About?”

Flowey’s frown curled as he hesitated to speak “part of it… but… not everything,”

“Were they of any help?”

Flowey shook his head slowly, eyes thoughtful about something, “Loox gave me some advice, I guess he was understanding, but this isn’t something I can easily fix…when, I just, ugh-,” he faltered with his words, troubled by his thoughts “but whatever, he was thinking about putting on me on antidepressants or maybe strong pain pills, maybe both, but we weren’t sure how they’d work since I’m a flower and they don’t want to risk making me sick, they want me to come back in a few weeks…I thought mom told you?”

Worry deepened in the pit of Asgore’s stomach. “yes, she has….”

More silence.

“Why can’t you tell us?” Asgore asked.

For a moment, he thought Flowey was going to say silent about this one too, until he started talking, seemingly a bit nervous, “because… if I do, everyone will be disgusted with me,”

Asgore released a great sigh, and smiled tiredly, sadly, and understandingly at his son.

“My, I seriously doubt such a thing will happen since we all love you, but… if it makes you feel any better, I cannot lie that I… know the feeling very well,”

Something flashed in Flowey’s eyes and made him look, really look at his father.

“…Dad?”
“Yes son?”

“I think we may have more in common than I thought,” he said, Flowey was now thinking something difficult over in his mind, “maybe, I can tell you… if you promise me that you won’t tell anyone,”

Asgore’s eyes lit up, touched and excited that his son was finally trusting him again, “of course, I am… how does your generation say it- ‘I’m no… snitch?’”

Flowey winced tiredly, “yeah dad… they say that, but, you’re… uh… not allowed to say it,”

The big monster frowned, legitimately disappointed, “why not?”

A small awkward smile came over Flowey’s face “ah, because… it’s not ‘royal enough’ for royalty to say . . . . . ? It’s how your generation would say- ‘improper,”

“But you are royalty and you say it,”

Flowey looked away in disgust, pulling up an excuse “flowers can’t be royalty dad! Who ever heard of that?” which was the opposite of what he used to believe back when he was soulless and broken, but after the barrier was destroyed, the thought of ruling over anyone, or being All Powerful again now disgusted and repelled him.

Asgore smiled big, picking up Flowey up “my son, you are as much a monster to me as you are a flower, so you never stopped being Prince,” he explained, and took him to the kitchen, setting him down on the wooden island counter top.

“I need to bring in the groceries, after I finish them we can continue our talk,”

“What about the TV?”

Asgore was about to say something, when on que, the fire alarm started beeping obnoxiously from the living room, without wasting a second he bolted out of the kitchen.

The next thing Flowey heard was a panicked muffled “sweet merciful Cithaeron,” and then the sound of what was probably his father putting out a small fire, and then more noises of muffled bangs and shuffles.

Then jumped as he caught the quick view of Asgore rushing down the hallway, carrying the charred, dinged up corpse of the television away.

…

When Asgore came back, he was carrying a large handful of grocery bags that he had nearly forgotten, Flowey watched as the older monster stumbled around to put everything away.

“I don’t get it, why don’t you just hire someone to help you? Or get re-married? Or find a roommate even,” he asked.
Asgore was very slow to respond, he looked bothered by something “I thought I was doing just fine on my own,” he mumbled, in the midst of putting away graham crackers.

“I don’t know dad, maybe you need help, because I’m pretty sure most people would think to throw out the weird smelling TV first,"

“You were more important than the TV,” Asgore said without a second thought.

“Talking to someone is more important than getting rid of a possible fire hazard?”

Asgore smiled weakly, stopping to get closer to his son, “well no, usually I would use more cautioned logic, but you are not just ‘someone’, you are my son, caring about you and your tears was taking higher priority in my head at the time, and I am sorry if I have been over protective, or… over worried, I just… merely do not want to see you die twice, I…um, hope you can understand,” he said, his smile turning sad, and he nodded to himself awkwardly, and quickly turned away to continue to put away the groceries.

Flowey did understand, sniffling back a few more leftover tears left, wincing as pain built up inside of him, he wasn’t sure to focus on it or ignore it.

“I understand…,” he said quietly to himself, and then he looked to his dad, “we should have tea,”

Asgore smiled warmly, looking back, he seemed a little surprised “yes that is a wonderful idea!”

…

Soon the smell of peach tea began to fill the air.

“Sometimes it is still hard to believe this is all real, do you know how many types of teas the humans came up with? Thousands of choices, my chuck-it list to try all of them,” Asgore said, setting down Flowey’s cup in front of him, pouring in the hot liquid.

“You mean ‘bucket’ list?” Flowey mumbled, grabbing the tea spoon with a vine, and scooped up a good heap full of sugar, dumping it into his cup and going for more.

Asgore watched his son with disapproving frown, “yes… that is what I mean, um, do you think that is enough?”

“Nope,” Flowey said, dumping in more sugar.

“But son, all you’re going to taste is a sugary mess,”

“I like sugary messes,” Flowey mumbled, then paused as he seemed to remember something, suddenly deciding to stop, and proceeded to stir his tea.

Asgore chuckled warmly, “I like mine with a splash of milk,”
They were quiet for a few minutes, before Flowey snapped his eyes up to his dad, “can we get this over with?”

Asgore saw the anxiety buzzing in Flowey’s small dark eyes, he gave his flower pot a reassuring pat.

“Relax son, drink your tea first, do not rush it, hm, or, well, actually… you do not even have to tell me yet if you’re not ready,”

“No! I am ready, it’s just… I’m not sure what you’ll think of me after I tell you,” he said, his expression and posture becoming timid, “I know you and mom say you’d never judge me, but, I’m pretty sure that’s a lie just to make me feel better about myself.”

Asgore stopped sipping his tea to look appalled, shaking his head, “it is not! We know you better now, and clearly, I am absolutely sure you are not the same horrible creature you claimed you use to be,” then he covered his mouth, eyes wide with worry, “oh my goodness-! I did not mean to say it like that-!”

Flowey shook his head, “no, you’re right, I was as horrible as I was soulless, but…,” the small flower sighed loudly, “I guess I should just get this over with,”

Asgore put his tea down, giving him his undivided attention.

Flowey inhaled and exhaled slowly, “okay. . . here goes. . . something,”

“I-!” he began dramatically, closing his eyes tightly, bracing himself as he let the truth spill out . . .

. . . “-am in love.”

Asgore gasped happily, a gigantic smile on his face, sparkles gleaming in his eyes.

“-Wiiith… a… human,” Flowey finished, his voice tightening, daring to open his eyes and watching with dread as the smile on his father’s face slowly dwindled.

There was a moment of silence, Flowey closed his eyes again and slowly began to sink into his pot, while Asgore stared off into the distance, thinking, his expression unreadable for Flowey.


“But it’s someone you don’t know!” Flowey very quickly added, bending the truth a bit, this was his plan all along, ‘telling the truth’, but he could tell by the look on his father’s face that he had been putting together pieces, probably the correct pieces.

Deny or die, deny or die, deny or die.
Yeah, it was one thing to admit he was in love with a human, but it was whole completely different thing entirely to admit that the human he was in love with was technically his parent’s adopted child.

It was a good thing Flowey was never going to admit his feelings to Frisk anyway.

Asgore blinked, raising an eyebrow, “someone I don’t know?”

“Yeah, I met them online a couple years ago, we’ve been talking . . . they don’t know how I feel,”

Asgore leaned down closely, as if trying to be secretive “do they know you’re a…,”

“A flower abomination? Yeah,”

His father looked insulted, “you are not an abomination,”

Flowey gave a crooked smile “okay dad, how about science experiment?”

He shook his head, “you are a monster reincarnated, nothing less. But…we are getting off subject, I am starting to understand why you had wished to keep this a secret, but… Asriel! This is wonderful! You are In Love! You are IN IT!”

Flowey’s crooked smirk turned into a sad one, “yeah…,” he rested his head on the edge of the flower pot, waiting for his dad to understand better.

Asgore’s grin faded a bit as he looked over at his son, “or- is it a crush? Sometimes I know it’s…a bit confusing,”

Flowey grimaced and looked away, embarrassed, “I wish it was a crush,”

Asgore gave his son another flower pot pat, then, stopping as he remembered something important, his frown deepening “at the wedding, is that why you were… oh, oh no. . . I didn’t realize…this is what has been causing you so much pain hasn’t it?”

Flowey only looked at his dad, his expression growing sadder, silently confirming it.

“And the magic training… I see now,” Asgore said, sighing, then nodded to himself; moving to pull his seat closer to Flowey, his face stern, “Asriel, I promise you, we will train your magic, because I am not about to see love break you,”

For some reason, Flowey had a hard time to keep a straight face, he started laughing, causing Asgore to become confused, “w-what? What did I say?” he asked.

Flowey laughed again, he shook his head “I don’t know, you’re so… serious, and you make it sound so easy,”

Asgore didn’t laugh with him, now looking guiltier than anything, “I know it hasn’t been, but, I promise from now on- we WILL get through this, we are Dreemurrs after all, and we may forget it sometimes but I know we can do anything, as long as we keep the dream alive.. and my dream for you, my dear son, is that you have a very long happy life,”
Flowey’s smile stayed now, the feeling of hope stinging at him, he ignored it; his father’s inspirational talk was too strong to let the pain get to him.

Asgore finally smiled back, “Now, what is this lucky human’s name?”

Then, time seemed to pause and a blank computerized writing space appeared in Flowey’s mind . . . he really should have thought this through better beforehand, he looked around the dining room, trying to think of a name for this fictional character.

Hmm, if he erased and connected a few lines in some of the letters in Frisk’s name, he’d get ‘Drisk’! Or ‘Brisk’! Maybe ‘Krisp’! Which sounded all like cool names, he was sure all of them would fool his dad… but…no, it wouldn’t fool the others if word ended up getting out.

He continued to search around the room for anything that could help, then, his eyes landed on a box of dandelion tea, and then… for some reason… all he could think about was a conversation he had with Frisk when they were kids.

“Mag- Magnola,” he finally answered.

“Hmmm? Not ‘magnolia’?” Asgore asked, his head leaning to the side in confusion.

“No, just. . . Magnola,” Flowey answered, “and I don’t know how ‘lucky’ they’re going to be, since I’m never telling them how I feel,”

Asgore only looked more confused, “why not?”

“Dad, I’m a flower, wouldn’t that be… weird… for them? It’s weird enough that I like-like a human,”

Asgore blinked, no longer confused, “it really isn’t, Asriel, let me tell you a small story,” he said, his tone becoming fatherly, Flowey raised a curious eyebrow.

“When I was…hmm… a little younger or maybe older than you, right before the war that resulted in us all being sealed away, I fell in love with a human,” Asgore explained.

Flowey straightened up, eyes narrowing, “what?”

“Yes, it was before I met your mother, I was really good friends with this human, and then, that is when I fell in love… I was too nervous to tell them, and I never got a chance to once the war started,” Asgore looked off, remembering, looking slightly wistful, but he looked down at his son, and smiled sadly, “I regretted it, until…I met- well- you understand,”

“Did you ever see them again?” Flowey asked, quiet.

“No, I do not know what happened to them, but…they’re long gone now anyway, dust most likely too, it’s been a very, very long time since the war,”

A sad silence filled air between the two, Flowey could only nod slowly at his father to continue on.

“What I’m trying to say is, is that humans do not live very long, we only get so much time to get to know them, a lesson we have… learned the hard way before, but one I desperately want to remind you of,” Asgore finished, his expression solemn, but sincere.
Flowey understood, but he was frustrated, “you want me to tell them before I lose the chance.”

Asgore nodded, “but you are scared, aren’t you?”

Flowey grit his teeth together, unable to stop as his frustration proceeded to get the best of him.

“Of course I am dad! I’m a tiny demonic plant that bleeds chlorophyll and Magnola is this tall flesh and bone… mammal! WE ARE COMPLETE PHYSICAL OPPOSITES and because of that- humans USUALLY DON’T FALL IN LOVE WITH PLANTS, THEY CONSIDER IT UNETHICAL!”

He let out a shaky sigh, biting back returning tears “an-d- and they’d never be crazy enough to return my feelings, it’ll never work, so of course ‘I’m scared’,” he said, voice tired and little raw now, fighting the annoying familiar prickly feeling of wanting to escape that was itching hard at him right now.

Asgore gave his son a more comforting pat, he had been taken aback from the outburst, but realized it was probably a good idea to let him vent after all this time; he stayed calm for his son.

“You are allowed to hide from your fears, and… yes, you may be… painfully correct about all these things, but at the same time, you must keep strong! You must keep your hope! Forget what the humans call ‘unethical’, because you my son- are so much more than just a flower, inside you are Asriel Dreemurr! And you deserve much more than what you have been given! Let us pretend for a moment that Magnola cares about you so deeply- that they do not care what you look like…. wait, they do care about you deeply, do they not?”

A mixed expression of touched and embarrassed washed over Flowey’s face and he had to look away, his tone much softer now, he had not expected his father to come out with a speech like that, he was so glad he had a father this acceptive and supportive… even though he was pretty sure any advice for dating would be a huge waste of time and breath.

“Well, um, yeah, th- they actually really do, they’re actually pretty sympathetic and tend to like everyone, but… so what? What if I DO tell them? What if you were wrong and they reject me? Because I told you, I REALLY don’t think… Magnola is…is… insane enough to ‘fall’ for a flower!”

Asgore gave a big sigh, but an understanding one “I’ve always had the same worries, and…clearly as you have seen, I have been time and time again rejected by your mother…even after finding you, but I’ve learned that rejection is worldwide, we can all relate to it, I have heard many stories of humans rejecting other humans for very petty reasons, but what I have also learned is that…well, life goes on,“

But then, something flickered in the big monster’s eyes.

“-Hold on, have you heard of the monster/human relationships that have been popping up? Let me go get that magazine I borrowed,” he said, and got out of his chair to disappear out of the room.

Flowey blinked in confusion, monster/human relationships? He had heard about them briefly over the past recent years, but since he didn’t think of himself as a ‘real’ monster, he never thought to relate to the stories, heck, he never thought himself of being romantically capable or emotionally available until his realization at the wedding.

Asgore soon came back, frowning at the cover of the magazine, “okay, this particular one is not helpful at all, but I thought that maybe, somehow…it could help you understand,”
He handed it to Flowey, who grabbed it with two vines, immediately frowning too as soon as he saw the cover.

It was a young adult man standing protectively in front of a scared pyrope.

Below the pair, in bright bold letters said- ‘**INTERSPECIES SCANDALS ON THE RISE**’ along with the rude and very tasteless additional pun ‘*playing with fire!*’ off to the side.

Flowey grimaced, “interpecies scandals,” he grumbled quietly, the words felt wrong in his mouth.

“The writers behind this magazine are not supporters, but, there are many human/monster relationships that are rising against that type of thinking. I have actually met a few couples, they all seem very happy, I believe, if they can do it, you can do it too,”

Flower flipped the magazine over and pushed it far away, and began to sip at his tea, his face tense.

Asgore sat down, sighing loudly, “I know, you don’t think of yourself as a ‘real monster’…but-,”

“Dad? This has been...eye opening, but I don’t want to talk about this anymore, but, um, I…I’ll continue to think about it,” Flowey mumbled into his cup, he had all he could take (emotionally) for the evening, and his mind was heavy with thoughts, he hadn’t been sure how his dad would react, but him actually being *this* incredibly supportive was giving him mixed emotions and new ideas about his problem.

His father stared at him, looking as if he wanted to say more, but closed his mouth, an unconditional loving smile appearing on his face “it’s okay son, I understand, I just want you to know that…you’re not as alone and unlovable as you think you may be,”

Flowey laughed weakly, “calm down dad.”
Slipping Up

Chapter Summary

It's study time, but Flowey finds himself hopelessly missing his best friend, so instead of studying, he ends up making a couple embarrassing phone calls, it's no wonder why he's so frustrated with his life right now.

Chapter Notes

There's a new minor character, I guess you could call her a Temmie OC? I'm fully aware the Temmies are based off a real person, I just wanted to add another monster character that had their own story, if she ends up annoying you, don't worry, she's only here for this chapter only.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 13 Slipping up

Warnings: Monster fighting!

Inspiration Song: 'Closer' by Lemaitre

'I feel the shadows hanging over
They're waiting to come closer
To come and take me away
And I can feel my heart skip
Every time that I slip
I wanna run away

I, I've been working the morning
Don't get off till the night
I can't find no time to clear my mind
Oh, I dream of the lazy days
Or for one of the careless ways for me to be a'living'

The next day was an odd one, for some reason, Flowey expected some kind of great change once he told someone (other than Loox) about his feelings.

Guess it had to do with the fact that he told his dad to keep it a secret, and also lied about who
He thought about Sans, it still pissed him off that the Trashbag had him so well figured out, or not, depending how well he had believed Flowey when he had denied the accusation.

Perhaps he should feel lucky that Sans wasn't spreading his 'suspicion' around, he didn't seem like the type to do that, which was probably why Flowey wasn't all that worried... or, maybe he should have been? Whatever, he didn't really much have the energy to care these days.

Flowey did, however feel ever so slightly relieved about telling someone his problem, someone whose opinion actually mattered to him. (Not Sans's or Loox's, well, his opinion mattered to a degree, but it just wasn't the same)

A very crazy idea entered his head, what if he told Frisk? But changing things around like he had with his dad- annnd no, no, no, no... Frisk would get too curious, they'd want to meet 'Magnola' and everything.

Asgore walked over to him, sitting down a lunch box for his son to eat later "your mother called, she wants to know if you are reading your book for your Literature test?"

Flowey looked down at his phone that sat next to him, in it was a long list of books that Toriel had uploaded for him to read for his homeschooling, half of them still unread, he looked back up at his dad sheepishly.

"Yes?"

Asgore nodded, a thoughtful smile on his face, "and I will just tell her just that, well, I'm off, when I get back we are training, be prepared!"

Flowey grinned an excited wide toothy grin, "I'm always prepared!"

Asgore puffed up with pride, "that's my Kid!" he leaned over and ruffled up Flowey's top petals as if it were hair, Flowey inwardly cringed.

The goat monster began to walk off, but then turned around for a moment, "you do know where your remote is this time, right?"

Flowey rolled his eyes, "yes dad."

"Okay, love you son! See you in three hours! Eat your food! Read your book!" he called.

"Thanks dad, bye!" Flowey called, sighing after he heard the door close, resting his head against a vine, "eat your book, read your food, " Flowey mocked jokingly in his father's voice to himself, snickering.

Thirty minutes later...

"Howdy Frisk, I was just wondering...but... is 'curiouser' really a word?" Flowey asked over the
phone, talking before his best friend could answer.

It took them a moment to respond, "…what?" they sounded groggy.

"Mom has me reading Alice in Wonderland, and I'm pretty sure this isn't a real word,"

"Why don't you just look it up?"

"Didn't feel like it,"

"You sound bored and lonely,"

"You sound like you need sleep,"

"I was sleeping, I'm sick,"

"OH. . .," Great he woke them up! Apologize! Say somet-

"It's fine, how are you? I would ask how trainings been buuut…,"

"I had a… talk with dad yesterday, and I have a good feeling about things, I think,"

He heard Frisk shuffle around, when they spoke they sounded a lot more awake, "really? You think you'll be coming back any time soon?"

He felt a twinge of pain, still, he smiled, it felt good to be missed by them "I don't know? Maybe? We haven't even made any real progress yet dumb, dumb,"

"Well get to it! I'm starting to think you don't want to come back!"

Frisk couldn't have been further from the truth on that one, because heck, one of the reasons for his meltdown last night was because how much he missed Frisk and Toriel.

"I AM! Do you have any idea how hard it is to train your magic when your body isn't even made of magic?"

They laughed softly, it was like…music almost, and hearing it up close made him feel weak, familiar butterflies fluttering around, he winced as they turned back into bees.

"I know you can do it Asriel Flowey Dreemurr," they said, their voice warm.

"Auuughhhh, don't get sappy on me!"

"I am going to get so incredibly sappy, because I care about you,"

"Frisk."

"You're my best friend, and I miss you,"

"Frisk, stop,"

"Also, I bought you a really rad galaxy poster, I already put it in your room so you have something extra to look forward to,"

"Seriously?"

"What? You love star stuff and astronomy,"
"I do, but, it's just... you're being way too nice, it'sss... gross."

"Niceness and grossness aside, you deserve it."

Flowey had to re-compose himself for a moment, taking a breath, trying to ignore the pain that was trying to sock it to him in the face, "thanks."

Frisk sighed, groaning to themselves "I should have just surprised you, I don't know what I'm thinking. **Ugh,** I feel so baaaaaad."

"Go back to bed."

"Read your book."

"I don't feel like it."

"Alice in Wonderland is a good book. Keep. Reading. It."

"**Ugh,**"

"You want to keep talking don't you?"

"**Ugh,** he did, but he really wasn't going to admit it.

On the other end of the line he heard Toriel say something in a stern voice, causing Frisk abruptly start talking again "oh-! **Never mind,** queen of the house wants me to go back to bed too, like mother, like son... well, love you, talk to you later,"

"Love you too."

There was sharp pause over the phone. . .

"**Whoooa!** Never thought I'd ever get to hear you say **that! Very nice! Very beautiful!**" they then laughed magical soft sleepy laughter "ah- oops, my bad, I gotta go literally now, moms' giving me The Look, you know the one, ta-ta for now Sunshine."

Flowey didn't hear the faint beep of Frisk hanging up, he was too embarrassed and shocked at himself for slipping up so easily, just like that dumb nickname- it had just felt right to say.

He couldn't even remember the last time he had even said the 'L' word to anyone, he rubbed at his eyes, face quickly becoming completely orange, gritting his teeth and tensing up as waves of pain washed over him...

"**Uggghhh,** they're not the dumb one, you are," he grumbled to himself.

He needed to distract himself, so, he switched from his phone to the remote, and flipped the TV on, flipping channels, nearly skipping past Mettaton's TV show, but something told him to go back.

Mettaton was sitting next to his very recently introduced co-host, Temilynn (who was once your average Temmie, until they went to acting school, dyed their hair bleach blonde and came out an overnight sensation, quickly working their way up to becoming a popular monster celebrity and teaming up with Mettaton)

"-and todays we will be talking matturs of teh heart!" Temilynn said, gesturing to the sparkly pink
heart on their white blouse. "Oh yes dear, and I am ever excited for this one, because we will be also taking callers! You can tell us your juiciest of romantic problems, ask us questions, or just send out your sweetie a message on the air! Everyone adores hearing their name be called! Don't you agree…," Mettaton looked over at Temilynn, looking quite confused, "…what was your name again dear?"

Temilynn grinned a glamorous smile, giggling, unfazed "you're a doll Tonyton!" she then waved a paw below her where the show's number suddenly popped up, "now audiences, monsturs, ladiez and gentmenz and non-binary palz, call us here and we will talks to you LIVE!"

Mettaton gave a cheeky naughty grin, "now remember everyone, especially my fellow monsters, that the subject is 'love', not 'LOVE',"

Flowey stared down darts at his cellphone, and then, following his impulse, he picked it up and started dialing, so much for distracting himself…

... 

He was about to hang up when finally, they answered.

"Hello our lovely sixth caller! You're on live!"

"Hi Temilynn, Mettaton, I have a question that I desperately need answered," Flowey spoke, making sure his voice was good and unrecognizable (something he clearly needed to do when practically everyone he knew watched the robot's show.)

"Oooh, desperate?" the pair said flirtatiously in unison- then laughed brazenly to each other, fortunately though, the comment flew right over Flowey's head.

"Er- yes?"

"Just how desperate are you dear?" Mettaton questioned while a grin played on his face.

"Aren't I supposed to be the one asking the questions?" Flowey sassed, clearly annoyed.

"Ohohohoho, I like dis one Tony," Temilynn giggled.

"Me too Lynn," Mettaton whispered loudly, then looked back at the camera, "so, dear, what ails you so?"

"I'm…," he groaned a weary sigh, oh god, he was so anxious "…in… love with my best friend, but I'm pretty sure they won't feel the same way back, I don't want to ruin our friendship, and I'm… having a really tough time here Mettaton, I'm not sure what to do anymore,"

The robot lit up, smiling big, "well, that definitely does sound like a desperate situation. What do you think Lynn?"
The smaller monster was practically bouncing in their seat, "Temilynn thinks you should tell them how you feel! Nothing better than a romantic relationship built on best friendships!"

"I agree! My two biggest fans, Bratty and Catty use to be the biggest besties, now look at them!"

"But Tonyton, aren't they still just BFFs?"

"Yes, exactly my point, they dated briefly, but are still BFFs,"

"You think our caller can still maintain a good friendship with their BFF even if dating doesn't work?"

Mettaton flipped his hair dramatically as if to emphasize his point, "yes, exactly Lynn," then looked back at the camera, "also, you said you were sure they wouldn't feel the same way, what makes you think this? Are you... by chance, ugly?"

"Uh, no? Maybe?"

"So you must be... pretty normal looking,"

"Temilynn thinks teh caller sounds cute, but that's just Temilynn's honest opinions,"

Flowey shook his head, what was he thinking, this was pointless, "thanks...?"

"Well, caller, if you aren't ugly, may I ask, are you and your BFF different species? As in, a monster and a human? I know it's a controversial subject these days, which is exactly why I bring it up,"

"No worries, dis is a safe place, all anonymous," Temilynn cut in, winking.

A long sighed was heard from Flowey, "...yeah, we... we're different species, very different,"

Mettaton and Temilynn looked to each other, sharing overly tender yet sympathetic smiles and clasping a hand over their chests, 'aweing' in unison, Flowey nearly hung up.

"I for one think you should go for it, I honestly don't think things will go as bad as you think," Mettaton said, his tone a little more serious now.

"How do you know?" Flowey skeptically.

"I don't dear! I just think it's a better option than wasting both you and your BFF's precious time trying to figure out the Ifs, Ands, and Buts of it all,"

"Or the Shoulda, Coulda and Wouldas, Temilynn hates those," the little monster cut in again.

"You...actually... have a point there," Flowey mumbled.

"I know we do darling, me and Temilynn here have been called Romance Masters many, many times! Oh! Speaking of time, it's time for our Breakfast at Noon segment! Sorry to cut our conversation short! Please do call back once you stop beating around the bush and finally make your choice, lovely caller!"

"Ya! It's been a beautiful lovie talk! Boi!" Temilynn called out, blowing a glamorous kiss at the camera.
Flowey hung up, and stared hard at his phone, suddenly again frustrated, his thoughts and feelings about the whole thing even more mixed than they were last night.

…Maybe he had been wrong, maybe Frisk wouldn't actually reject him or outright stop talking to him together, they would never be that horrible...

What if there was one in a million chance that he had a chance with Frisk?

Then, suddenly the lights on the screen of his phone blinked off, forcing him to look at his reflection in the black glass, he looked as confused and tired as he felt.

He also…looked like a flower.

He put his phone away and flipped the channel, what an embarrassing waste of time.

What was the point in having hope when fate had never been in his favor in the first place?

…

A few minutes later the cellphone dinged, signifying a text message, he almost ignored it until he noticed Mettaton’s contact picture, causing Flowey's plant stomach to drop.

No, no, no, no…there was no way…

He nervously picked it up and opened the text.

- 'That was a good talk we had Azzie dear, let me guess, it's Frisk right?'

Flowey's already sunken plant stomach went cold as he stared at the message in horror, nearly dropping the cellphone several times once he finally figured how he wanted to respond, he was so nervous.

'what are you talking about?'-

- 'The call, I knew it was you the whole time! I have a voice decoder sweetheart!'

'it must be glitched, I have no idea what you're talking about' -
- 'Don't be shy! I know this must very hard, but it's not that bad, I promise I won't tell anyone'

Flowey debated over what to do for a solid two minutes, he could just not ever respond back, ever. Or keep playing dumb, ugh, but what was the point when it was Mettaton he was talking to?

'It's not Frisk, it's someone I met online'

- 'Oooooh, so we're playing that kind of game, going undercover hm? I like'

'It really is someone else, their name is Magnola'

- 'Awe, Azzie sweetie, are you in love with a tree? A magnolia tree?'

'No Mettaton, they're human,'

- 'smh! More lying. C'mon darling, you can do better than a tree, how about a nice Vegetoid?'

'How about a NO?'

- 'I'm sorry, sorry. I'll play your game, okay? I just want to help'

'you promise you won't tell anyone?'

- 'yes, of course I promise sweetheart, I'm bad but I'm not THAT bad, what good celebrity would I be if I tormented the King and sweet Queen Toriel's flower boy? I would never!'
good, because I have this under control, so thanks, but no thanks, I don't want any more help, bye.' -

'You didn't sound like you 'had it under control''

He stopped responding there, and then deleted the messages.

Sans, Asgore and now freaking Mettaton, they all knew now, or at least all had an idea of what was going on, all he could do now was continue lying and hope they could keep a secret.

What if… he told Frisk about 'Magnola'? It would definitely keep them off his tracks. But… how would they even react? Knowing Frisk, they probably wouldn't be 'judgmental', maybe slightly disgusted? Confused? Happy for him? Supportive?

It didn't matter, because it wouldn't work for that long anyway, they'd want to meet them, before he'd know it he'd be stem deep in more lies, trapped and nowhere to go but forced to face a very confused Frisk who will only have more questions that he can't answer.

Finally, he let out a loud, ventilating, high pitched angry, frustrated scream, tossing his phone to the floor, doing a double take to make sure it wasn't busted- he didn't want another Asgore talk.

A couple hours later in the backyard, he was getting, yet, indeed another Asgore talk, this time Flowey was a lot less patient than before due to Asgore changing up the training routine, purposely making things much more arduous.

The giant monster tossed a fire ball back and forth between his paws as if it were a ball, "I know I've told you about this before, but focus, remember we express ourselves through our magic,"

"I AM FOUR PERCENT MAGIC AND ONE HUNDRED AND TEN PERCENT ALL EXPRESSIVE DAD! THIS IS ALL I'VE GOT!" Flowey yelled, his giant spiked vines raised high into the air, face disgustingy contorted by ugly anger and frustration.

Asgore was patient though, he shook his head slowly, "and you do spectacular for someone who claims not to be a real monster, but you're not focusing, try your pellets, remember what you are training for."

'Fine, you want pellets, I'll give you pellets,' Flowey thought to himself, summoning them out, twirling them in the air, aiming at his father, shooting them one at time.
Each pellet just barely missing, all crashing to the grass behind Asgore.

The big monster look confused for a moment, "why do you always hold back and- OH!" Asgore was then bombarded by hoards and hoards of friendliness pellets, thousands of them as a temper tantrum took over Flowey. Asgore dodged most of them, accidentally getting hit by a few, but it didn't seem to faze either of the two.

Dodge after dodge, Asgore stepped and spun around, having a bit of hard time as Flowey's aim became more and more disorganizing and brutal.

"YOU JUST DON'T GET IT OLD MAN! YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW HARD THIS IS! I'M NOT LIKE YOU!" Flowey yelled as he slowed down, preparing himself for another round, he felt like a machine gun.

"I know! And it's okay!" he huffed and puffed, allowing Mercy, but Flowey denied him.

"No you don't 'know'! It's never going to be okay! I'm NEVER GOING TO GET THROUGH THIS AND THEY'RE NEVER GOING TO LOVE ME!"

Asgore smiled sadly, "you don't know that!" a sparkle of Determination flashed in his eyes, preparing himself as Flowey again began aiming thousands of pellets in his father's direction.

"And you don't know anything." Flowey snarled, his voice low and gravelly, and again, began attacking again, his aiming growing increasingly better and better again.

At some point, Asgore began using his trident as a bat to evade the oncoming pellets, his HP becoming lower than he would have liked.

He studied his son's angry, orangey red teary face, Flowey was too far into his tantrum to realize or care what he was doing anymore.

"As- Agh! Asriel! Stop! BE CALM!"

"WHY SHOULD I?! WHY SHOULD I LISTEN TO YOU, WHY SHOULD I LISTEN TO ANY OF YOU?!"

"Because it's going to be okay, just tr-", in an attempt to doge a pellet, he accidentally ran into another, his HP lowered harshly, causing him to fall over, landing on the grass with a heavy 'thump!', he raised a shaky paw at Flowey, his eyes were full of emotion.

"-Just trust me! Please be calm!"

Flowey went wide eyed, gasping hard, any leftover pellets in the air immediately missing Asgore on purpose.

"I'm…I'm sorry," he whispered, pain from the guilt twisting painfully inside of him, slamming a vine onto Mercy, ending the battle.
Asgore took deep breaths and sat up, reaching into his pocket to pull out a monster snack, quickly scarfing it down.

To Flowey's surprise, his dad looked up at him and… smiled warmly "as I said, it is okay."

Tears flooded from Flowey's eyes, his voice cracking amidst the crying, pain twisting inside of him "no it's not! I really could have killed you, maybe permanently this time, I was being completely stupid!"

Asgore stood up and walked over to his son, smiling proudly.
"But you didn't, and that is the important part, you held back at the last moment, for all the right reasons," he then held up a quizzical hand to his bearded chin, looking around at the backyard behind him, then back down at Flowey

"And I think… you've progressed, it is hard to make sure at the moment, but I do know something has changed about you."

What Flowey felt was tired, just really tired, so much more tired than he felt in a very long time, but he sighed, giving his dad a weak smile, "you really think so?"

"I know so,"

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was waaay shorter than I thought it was, I'm sorry! Forgive me.

And... I'll admit that I'm not the... best(?) when it comes to fight scenes and that I had to use little bit of artistic liberty with how monster encounters work compared to the Game, but I made it as close as I could, and yeah, writing this story without fight scenes would have made things easier, but that also would have been boring, so nah.

I'm very happy you guys have been enjoying the story so far, here's hoping you'll enjoy it even more!
Big Leaps

Chapter Summary

Thanks to his dad's support, Flowey is happily successful with his training, meets an awful man with a metal bat, and finally goes back to living a normal life, as normal as he can hope for anyway.

Chapter Notes

I mentioned that I took some artistic liberties, one of them is that I made up Frisk's birthday, mostly because this fic is about Flowey's life growing up, which means things have to keep moving along, so it was time for an age up.

Unfortunately, for the people who believe in astrology and horoscopes, I didn't look to see if the date matched with their personality, I kind of wanted to because I think that stuff is very interesting, but the year was ending in this chapter, so I only had winter months to work with.

I also added Flowey's Lifeday date, which you will see in the next chapter (not his real birth date because it isn't exactly relevant anymore) and it's also in a winter month, mainly because I wanted to be cute and have it close to Frisk's birthday.

Chapter 14 Big Leaps

Warnings?: Violent acts, Flowey gets attacked, don't worry it's nothing too big.

Inspiration Song: 'Epoch' by Savlonic (the original and The Living Tombstone's Remix)

'Everyone makes mistakes
I've had more than my share
But it's ok 'cause I'm gonna repair it

They say there are no retakes
But I just don't agree, no, this show
Is of my own making

Take it back to the start
I've had a change of heart
I know we can make it better than it ever was
I know we can make it better
I know we can make it better than it ever was
I know we can make it better'
After getting some much needed rest and waking up the next day, he found himself feeling the… 'something' that Asgore had talked about, it was an odd feeling, it almost reminded him of the feeling that only using magic could give him back when he was normal, still, it wasn't the same, and his soul still wasn't any better.

Flowey took a break from training after that for a while, he was just too anxious to fight, afraid his anger would consume him again, deciding to focus more on his homework instead, using it as an excuse every time the subject came up.

Soon days passed which turned into weeks and it wasn't until after everyone got together and celebrated Frisk's fifteenth birthday (December 30th) and in addition to the News Years reminded Flowey why he had separated himself from them in the first place.

"Dad, I think we should train again," he said one morning during breakfast.

Asgore grinned, suddenly excited, "I'm so happy you said that, because I have noticed something recently that you should probably take a look at,"

"If it's a new dinner recipe, I'm not interested," Flowey said with all honest good humor.

Asgore paused to frown at the comment, shaking his head, then picked up his son, "I should just show you now,"

"Hey I was EATING!" the plant yelled, dropping his spoon in his cereal before being completely whisked away.

"Trust me son, you're going to want to see this,"

"What kind of tea did you drink this morning?" Flowey mumbled, somewhat concerned.

He carried him off to the backyard, he didn't miss the new large patches of bright green grass among the faded brown dead grass.

It was winter, so this left them with only one reasonable explanation. . .

"You did this Asriel! You put life in the ground!"

Flowey stared at the greenery in awe, it was beautiful, but he was also confused, he looked to his dad with a tight uncomfortable face.

"First of all, dad, please, never say that again… and second of all, how?"

Asgore grinned brightly "do you remember our fight we had awhile back? You were showing a great display of strength and emotion, and also a great display of gardening it seems, because I have been checking the spots, and it matches the very same places where you attacked me at, your pellets have growing power!"

Flowey looked back at the grass, now even more in awe, but as he did, he began to think, an idea forming, he wasn't sure if it would work, but he just had to find out.
"Could you let me out? I need to try something,"

Asgore nodded, crouched down and sat the flower pot on the grass, and proceeded to tip it just so that Flowey could climb out.

"What do you have in mind?"

Flowey began to root himself in, "if I'm right and it works, you'll see," and underneath the dirt, he reached out with his vines to the all of the green patches and focused on them, taking a steady breath, he remembered about what and who he was training his magic for, he reached out to his soul, he winced hard and grit his teeth together as a terrible, shredding pain ebbed and flowed throughout him.

He shut his eyes tightly and focused on that pain, because he knew what it pain was hiding- his feelings, because he had finally remembered something very important

And it was that it came to magic and monsters, emotions were always the key.

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...!

As he thought back on his memories.

He began to remember and feel them as if he were reliving them in flashes.

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"I wasn't even trying-I don't...I don't know what this means,"

His best friend grinned big, "I don't know either, but I know it's really, really good."

... 

"I know what I look like! Get that thing out of my face YOU IDIOT!" he yelled, not paying attention to all the sharp red spikes that appeared from his vine.

But Frisk stayed Determined, "no, you don't! You don't see what I see, you're more than a flower, I know you still feel alone and scared, and I understand why you're mad, but if you just look at your face right now and see how your acting-,"

... 

"-You lurve me don't you?" Frisk finished, their smile becoming increasingly silly.

"SHUTTUP YOU! NO I DON'T! YOU KNOW I CAN'T!"

Frisk just grinned, giggling hoarsely as they went back to their phone, "Its okay, I love you too Flowey, thank you for watching over me,"
"You are right, I am not sure I will ever completely understand... and I want you to know that there is nothing wrong with feeling angry, you are always allowed to feel as you want, but I can see that the fires from your rage has burned inside you for... such a long time, to the point of feeling like a crumbling crisp of... nothing... but I have learned that even from the most terrible wild fires, from the ash can emerge new life, and perhaps... in times like these where you are at rock bottom, stuck in the ash... there... there can be only one way left to go,"

"and Asriel, my son,... despite not having a soul, I have to tell you that you have done so well, and I can tell you try so, so hard... and I'm so happy, because Alphys brought you back to us, and even though you may never be who you once were..." she paused to wipe a tear away.

"I will always love you no matter what, and your father does as well, we all do, never forget that,"

"It isn't fair,"

"I know, and it's okay,"

"It... hurts,"

"I know,"

"No you don't,"

"Yes I do, don't you think it hurts me all the time to know what I did to you and all those other monsters? I blocked it out for a very long time, I kind of just... went numb, like I had no soul either, but it's okay."

"Why do you keep saying that?"

She moved back to look at him, blinking away tears, her smile was back and strong, she pointed at the area where he had earlier, at his soul.

"Because if you have this, it means you're capable of love again, and that's my fav emotion, love always makes everything okay in the end,"

Frisk, was speechless and awestruck, they leaned forward, their hand reaching out but stopping midway in the air, suddenly, they looked as if they were about to cry.

"It's... beautiful Flowey, but... how? It looks painful," their voice was small.

His cheeks turned orange at the comment, Frisk thought his soul... looked... beautiful?

"I really am sorry, are you going to-,"

He cut them off, instantly straightening back up, voice clear "yeah, just go to bed, nerd,"
Frisk smiled weakly at him, a hint of worry still in their eyes, not entirely convinced by his act, but they could take a hint, so they began moving for the door "it's okay, I get it. You want your space. Good night Asriel,"

…

"What I'm trying to say is, is that humans don't live very long, we only get so much time to get to know them, a lesson we have learned before, but one I desperately want to remind you of," Asgore finished, his expression solemn, but sincere.

Flowey understood, but he was frustrated, "you want me to tell them before I lose the chance."

Asgore nodded, "but you are scared, aren't you?"

…

They laughed softly, it was like…music almost, and hearing it up close made him feel weak, familiar butterflies fluttering around, he winced as they turned back into bees.

"I know you can do it Asriel Flowey Dreemurr," they said, voice warm.

…

"I for one think you should go for it, I don't think things will go as bad as you think," Mettaton said, his tone a little more serious now.

"How do you know?" Flowey asked.

"I don't dear! I just think it's a better option than wasting both you and your BFF's precious time trying to figure out the Ifs, Ands, and Buts of it all,"

…

"You are allowed to hide from your fears, and… yes, you may be… painfully correct about all these things, but at the same time, you must keep strong! You must keep your hope! Forget what the humans call 'unethical', because you my son- are so much more than just a flower, inside you are Asriel Dreemurr! And you deserve much more than what you have been given!-""
For what seemed like ages, nothing happened, all there was, was what felt like endless pain, and very quickly he began to grow intensely upset, his patience waning, he wanted to scream.

But then

Suddenly, something…

**Shifted…**

Or…more like, *grew*, as he felt the pain ebb away, not all the way, but he felt it, like warm sunrays coming out during a heavy snowstorm, it was his hope and compassion, one would say it was barely enough, but he could have cared less, he was just so happy because the feelings were there, weren't going away and it wasn't getting worse.

While that went on, he opened his eyes and watched in heavy silence as all of the patches of grass he had been focusing on suddenly rise a noticeable few inches, and tiny little lavender colored wildflowers begun to bloom all around them.

It really was a beautiful sight, and the best part was that Flowey had *created it.*

Without hesitation, he focused at the center of his self and summoned out his soul, finding that it was still the same underdeveloped minuscule size, but it he instantly saw that there was a visual difference, it was still lumpy and misshapen, but now more recognizable as a heart shape, with considerably much less oozing.

A new batch of tears began rolling down his cheeks as he gazed at his soul, now tears of pure relief.

"*It worked…,*" he breathed out.

He looked up at his dad, his smile widening, "IT WORKED!" he laughed.

Asgore laughed too, "I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT! You just needed that extra little push!" he wiped a few tears from his eyes.

"Usually I hate when you're right, but you're right!" he chuckled tearfully, then, with a warm smile, he looked to his dad's nearby leg, and crashed his face into it, wrapping his vines around it lightly, it was the best he could manage for a hug.

"Thanks dad," he sniffled.
Asgore smiled, wiping more tears away then leaning down to give his son a fatherly pat, "you must thank yourself too, training magic when you have as little as you do must have been a hard and confusing road, you did most of the work here,"

Flowey let go, staring brightly at his soul, taking a moment to appreciate it before summoning it back into his body.

He then looked over to the nearest patch, and tunneled over to it, studying it, "I'm so glad these don't look like me," he half joked, poking at the tiny flowers gently, half of them just buds.

Asgore shook his head, "they were already there before you got to them, and they must think its spring,"

"Whoops, guess…they'll just end up freezing over, sorry guys…," he then summoned a single pellet and studied it closely, "I had no idea these were capable of doing this, they've never done anything like it before,"

"It's all your magic training, this must be like…an, what is the word…an upgrade?"

"Yeah," he said, agreeing, then looked over at their small oak tree, and shot the pellet at it absentmindedly, he had to put it somewhere, and apparently his plant based attacks didn't harm other plants, so it was ok it seemed.

"I think it's doubling as a nature only HP move now, kind of useless, but cool, I guess," he said.

"Hm, maybe if you train more, a lot more, maybe you can control other plants to do your will and fight for you?" Asgore said thoughtfully.

Flowey shook his head, a mischievous smile playing on his face, "heh, why get other plants to do what I want when I'm the most powerful plant around?"

After taking a few more minutes to admire Flowey's work, they went back inside to finish their breakfast, by then the cereal was a soggy mush.

"I think you deserve something better than cereal after that, how about…french toast?"

"Uhh, heh, only if you let me help,"

Flowey felt like he was in some kind of a cheesy 90's sitcom, but he really could have cared less, because everything had worked out so perfectly and he couldn't remember the last time that he was this excited about anything.

And as he sat down to eat again with his dad again, his thoughts casually drifted back to Frisk, he was so anxious to see them again, and now that his magic was stronger and so was his soul, he could now-for the most part- handle his better emotions…

So…

He thought about the smile Frisk would make when he got back, or how they'd probably run up to him and hug him, maybe even tighter than they did the last time they saw each other during Frisk's birthday party.

A familiar pleasant warmthness filled inside of him, pain joining it's side, but this time not drowning it
out, he slowly stopped eating his french toast and stared at his plate, his mind off in dreamland.

Frisk would also probably try kissing him again, it was bound to happen at some point, Flowey couldn't stop the excited smile that grew on his face, unaware that he was even making it at all.

What if… he turned his head on 'accident'? What if he kissed th-

Butterflies shot out from his heart in an excited flurry, and in combination of that, the pain of the bees stinging away as they joined in, and Flowey's cheeks went bright orange, he winced and quickly put his breakfast down and he sank helplessly into his flower pot.

'Oh golly,' he thought.

"What's the matter son?"

Flowey sunk in lower in response 'oh golly gee fricking willikers,' he thought more.

Asgore looked closer, noticing his son's bright orange face, and then he realized, grinning like a doofus, "thinking about Magnola are we?"

Even lower the flower sunk into his pot, almost out of sight, but then without a warning finally looked up at his dad, eyes wide, completely exasperated.

"I DON'T THINK I'M READY!"

Asgore laughed, "no one is ready for love son!"

Flowey poked his head up, "you don't get it, I can feel the…the…emotions fully, but also the pain is still there too, and now I'm starting to feel really…siiiiick," he shut his eyes.

"There there, my boy, it will be okay, you've been too use to your emptiness for far too long. Pain is tough, but you will find that love is tougher, I would know,"

"I'm going to stop talking about this now," Flowey grumbled, feeling that he was treading into 'awkward parenting talk' territory.

Asgore chuckled, "I know what will help, how about we train some more, later today? Perhaps it will help with your bubbling emotions,"

"'Bubbling' isn't really the word I would use to describe this… b-but…okay, you're probably right, let's train," ('exploding' was a much better description of what he was feeling.)

Asgore gave Flowey a hardy flower pot pat "that's my boy!"

Flowey whined louder than necessary, being jostled was the last thing he needed at the moment. "DAD! Could you not?!"

Asgore laughed sympathetically, then slowly frowned, his face stern but sad "so, do you plan on going back to live with your mother and Frisk now that you've 'fixed' your soul?"

That was right, now that his magic was stronger and had strengthened his soul, he was no longer afraid of it breaking… he thought back to how he had felt, it was actually kind of a dumb fear … No….it was a REALLY DUMB fear, but that's just how scared and irrational he had felt about
the very idea of losing his soul and risking the chance of his nightmare becoming a reality.

The only thing he was really afraid of now was losing Frisk as a friend or ties with his parents, which he was sure would happen if he would to be ever stupid enough to actually confess his feelings.

He was also now really nervous about seeing them again, the idea of never going back to face the person who was giving him a metaphorical heart attack and just living with his easy going father sounding like a really great one at the moment, but…

Ugh, if only he didn't miss them so damn much.

Also…wasn't this what he had been training for, for well over two months? To be able to live happily with his best friend Frisk in peace without the fear of losing his soul again?

So many mixed emotions, it was confusing and tiring, but he wouldn't trade them for the world.

"Yeah, I have to,"

Flowey noticed the frown on his father's face steadily become droopier and he panicked, "BUT it's not like I'll never come back! Gee whiz dad,"

...  

A few hours later…

It wouldn't be long until Asgore came back, then they could train for the last time before Flowey left, but for now… Flowey sat in the backyard, staring at his patches of green grass.

He couldn't wait to show Frisk and Toriel would he could do, they were going to be so proud.

And knowing Toriel, she would probably put his new power to good use and make him help with the garden, he rolled his eyes and shook his head, yeah, she definitely would.

Flowey tunneled over to the nearest green patch, and focused a root on it, holding his breath… and watched as it quickly and somehow slowly grew in inches, he didn't stop until the patch was nearly a foot taller than him.

He smiled at it, a small bit of relief washing over him at the fact that he was still capable of using his new power and that this morning hadn't been some sort of dream, he proceeded to tunnel into the mass of grass, then falling back into it, surrounded by the tall green thick of blades as if it were a forest, letting a rare feeling of peacefulness envelope him.

Soon, he became lost in thoughts, imagining that he was normal again, limbs, horns, white fur and everything, and that he was lying in a bed, perhaps a hammock, since he was outside.
As he stared at the crisp blue sky, and watched as the clouds glided by, he breathed all of it in, focusing hard on his imagination, he could almost feel the fabric underneath his back, or how the gentle breeze tickled his snout.

Since he was normal now he had a normal soul, it would mean that he had never had to get use to the pain every time he felt compassion, he was living a normal life.

Being in love with Frisk felt right, so that was normal too. But since he was a monster in love with a human, there were still a lot of things he worried about, some of them were still the same worries he had now.

Would Frisk ever love him back? He already knew they had a 'thing' for monsters so…

Yes!

In his world, they would, and it would be so easy to do because here he was normal and not a weird tiny abomination of a flower, in his world he would be obviously acceptable to date, really acceptable, because he'd be handsome, and tall, no- really tall, and best of all, had an entire body, he'd be everything he should have been.

He'd be able to hug Frisk properly and be worthy enough to not be afraid to tell them how he felt.

And with their requited love they'd hold each other and kiss and then kiss some more, and be together for as long as they possibly could.

He imagined Frisk and him on the cover of a magazine, a brilliant, amazing, charming human and a mysterious, striking, impressive goat monster.

Together, holding hands against all odds.

Would Toriel and Asgore be okay with it? Wouldn't it be weird and awkward?

Yeah, maybe? Of course they would be too nervous to tell them for a while, but it could be thrilling to keep that kind of secret, they already shared so many deep secrets, both bad and good.

…Apparently they also kept a lot of secrets from each other too. .

-THUNK!-

-THUNK!-
The noise insultingly ripped Flowey out of his dreamland, he straightened up and tunneled out of the patch, looking around "that came from the front yard…," he said to himself.

Without another second to waste, Flowey disappeared into the dirt, tunneling to the source of the racket, when he got there, he was met with the sight of an angry human man that appeared to be in his late thirties beating the tar out of Asgore's mailbox with a metal bat.

A strong, protective anger tore into Flowey, and without thinking, he tunneled over to the human, who didn't seem to notice him at first, he was too busy smacking into the badly dented mailbox, before he could take another whack, Flowey spoke up.

"Howdy!"

The man jumped, backing away as soon as he got a glimpse of Flowey, going from defensive to fierce in a matter of seconds, holding his bat readily, warily staring down at him "I never seen one of your type before,"

Flowey pretended he wasn't about to whip this guy straight into next year "you haven't? That's strange, I live here,"

The man looked at him, then at the mailbox, and then back at him, "are you and that big thing the ones who've been making all that noise in the backyard the past months?"

Flowey rolled his eyes, "yes sir, me and the King have been training our magic, it's what monsters do, it's part of our heritage, if it's so noisy, how about you buy some ear plugs? Or consider moving away? It's probably a better idea than destroying his property that you're going to pay for,"

The man raised the bat higher, looking well and ready to swing it in Flowey's direction.

"I'm not going to do anything weed! You two don't deserve to live here! None of you do! And you know what? I'll do it again too, seeing as you don't even respect your own property, yeah, I saw that broken TV!" the man hissed.

Flowey rolled his eyes, "let me guess, you think the King did that, don't you?" a hideous toothy grin cracked onto his face as the man suddenly frowned fearfully at the insinuation.

"That's right, I did that. The King actually would never even willingly hurt a fly," The man started to back away again, fear in his eyes, but Flowey grabbed onto his leg tightly.

"Where ya going sir? You're not scared, are you?" he teased and genuinely laughed in amusement when the man cursed loudly.

"I don't think any of you are scary, what I think is that all of you just need to go back to where you
came from!" the human growled, his fists tightening around the bat.

"*That* sounds a lot like racism, which, is actually directly derived from fear, and you seem really scared to me, nothing but a scared LIAR," Flowey ridiculed, and *apparently*, his devious grin was probably too much for the man, because he accidentally dropped his bat which then rolled away from his reach, and when he tried to reach for it, Flowey tugged back just a *little too tightly*.

"LET ME **GO! YOU LITTLE FREAK!**" the man shouted and with his tied up leg, kicked it out, connecting his hard shoe straight into Flowey's face.

"**Ugh!**" Flowey grunted, grimacing from the pain, instinctively loosening his grip on the racist's leg slightly, he rubbed at his aching face with another vine, *okay*… perhaps he had been a little too… *Flowey*.

He quickly considered the option about letting his new angry and terrified friend go, mostly because he didn't want to run the risk of getting kicked again and losing a tooth or… something even worse, but damn it, Flowey wasn't about to let this jerk free feeling justified, he just *couldn't*.

"Okay *buddy,*" Flowey began slowly, "I might have acted like a creep just now, but that's no excuse for **KICKING A KID IN THE FACE!**"

The man looked shocked, going pale "you're a kid?! You mean like a *child*?

It was times like these that made Flowey really appreciate the power of lying, and having such a cute ageless face and voice.

"**Duh!** Once I tell my flower family what you've done, you're going to be in *sssoooo much trouble,*"

At that response, the man instantly tried to run away again, pulling his leg back, but Flowey held tight as the anger boiled inside of him, wrapping his roots around the mailbox so he wouldn't get uprooted and also definitely making sure he wouldn't get kicked again.

"Look…I'm…sorry, I promise if you let me go and don't tell the…the… King what I did- I won't ever bother him or you ever again, I won't even press any charges, I'll uh… I'll even give you candy, monsters like candy don't you?" the man said, his demeanor completely changed, still trying to pull away.

"*Candy? S E R I O U S L Y ?* You kick me in the face and then try to make it up to me with **CANDY AND LIES?**"

Flowey took a moment to try to calm himself down so he could attempt to think properly and not hurt the man, but it was too hard, he was too mad, he felt his magic flow through him and he gladly let it.

"I can't believe I **BROKE** the barrier down just to have you and hundreds, *maybe thousands* of other humans treat my kind like this, and look at me NOW! Being bullied and patronized by some dumb, angry, lunatic with a bad haircut and a freaking *metal bat*, who actually thinks he's going to get away with destroying the King of the freaking Monster's property! Its complete insanity and-!"

*Wait a minute*…
Flowey silently realized he was now at eye level with the 5'7 foot man, his eyes flickered down to the ground to confirm that oh yes, he had just grown taller, he also noted the large red spikes that ran down his now elongated stem, his dark eyes flickered back to the man and pursed his lips, he had no idea what he had just done to himself, but it seemed to be working to his advantage as the man was now no longer trying to run away.

Actually the man seemed to be frozen in fear, Flowey wondered if he had gone too far, what if he had just somehow gotten his father in trouble?

"Look, sir? You're probably waiting for me to be the bigger person here and let you go so you can get away with this, and you probably might… knowing your type, but, whatever you think of us, I just hope you know that you're wrong, you're wrong about all the monsters."

The man's mouth twitched, "you're not a child are you?"

Flowey made a shrugging motion with a few vines, "I'm almost fifteen, but what does that have to do with anything you insipid moron? Anyways, I don't want the trouble, so, I am going to be the bigger person and I am going to let you go. I'm hoping you actually won't press any charges and leave us alone, because knowing the King…he probably won't press charges either, because guess what? He's a nice guy and hates the idea of sending anyone into a prison, much like the one your kind put him and his race in."

He then, released the man's leg, and to Flowey's surprise, the man continued to stand there, he looked like he might say something, hopefully something logical, that was… until Asgore drove up.

And off the man ran, metal bat and all.

Asgore nearly fell out of the doorway trying to get out, but he quickly reached his son, looking exasperated, "Asriel! You- you're tall! Are you okay? I saw Mr. Otto's bat,"

The thought of telling his dad that he had been kicked in the face passed his mind, but…ugh, no, it would probably cause more trouble than he wanted right now.

"I'm fine, I'm fine, nothing really serious happened, I was just trying to…talk to him because he smashed up your mail box,"

Asgore raised a very suspicious eyebrow at his son, looking at him closer, looking as if he was on the possible verge of becoming very angry.

"Are you sure? Is that all that happened? You look a little roughed up,"

Flowey's own anger began to fade as he focused on his next lie, and as he did, he noticed himself slowly shrinking, his spikes disappearing, looks like this was a new power activated by…anger induced magic? Well, so much for that.

"I ran face first into a huge rock tunneling over, I was in a hurry- so you can calm down, he didn't do anything serious, I'm kind of surprised though, I was sort of being a creepy jerk…uh, but after that didn't work I tried to talk sense to him, he said he wouldn't 'press any charges', but I-,"

Asgore lowered his brows sternly "why would he press charges?"

"Well, at first it was because he was angry about the noise we make when training, but then…I uh… wouldn't let him leave, …like I said…I was being a creepy jerk,"
"But you didn't...hurt him did you?" Asgore said, looking quite conflicted.

"No, you know I know better than that now, I just wanted to scare him a little," Flowey said, his voice small as he was now.

Asgore nodded firmly "I know that is your go-to method, and you were angry, but perhaps you should begin a different approach to dealing with these types of situations, don't you think son?"

Flowey pursed his lips for a second before speaking, "yeah...I guess I do now, I suppose old habits die hard..." he wasn't sure how well he could take that advice, as a flower, being terrifying was his best defense, but he had to admit his dad was right... to a certain extent.

Asgore sighed and smiled firmly "they do indeed, but it is a very good thing he didn't hurt you, if he had, well, I would have to call upon the authorities,"

Flowey looked at the remnants of the mailbox, "but, what about this? Are you going to get him in trouble for this?"

Asgore paced a little, he shook his head, "hm, I probably should, this is not the first time he has done it, but, it does not matter much to me, I am just relieved you were not hurt,"

Flowey huffed in annoyance, despite what he had said to Mr. Otto, he had still hoped his dad would prove him wrong and retaliate..."You wouldn't be this apathetic about your property if he had messed with the Underground. Shouldn't this-," he motioned to the decently large house, "be just as important? We earned all of this, right?"

"You are absolutely correct, but..." Asgore sighed, "in my eyes it is just a house, and sure, we have earned it, it's...just... how can I put this? To me, it's just a meaningless material possession, this house is only a place for me to sleep and eat, if it burns- I will not cry, I will move on and just as easily find a new place to rest- now, my real home? It is with you, Frisk, our friends and of course, The Underground, and the way I see it, no one provoked that little man but his own petty hatred, so I'm not sure why I should bother acknowledging him and stooping to his level,"

Asgore crouched down to get to better eye level, he looked extremely proud "and I'm glad you didn't either, do you still want to train? It looks like you picked up another new skill, do you want to try it out again?"

Flowey smiled lightly "no, I'm not really in the mood to fight anymore, can we just have something to eat before we leave instead?" he was slightly overwhelmed over the events that just happened.

His dad smiled back sympathetically, "of course, and speaking of food, Papyrus actually gave me new pasta to try out, and you may...or may not like it,"

...The pasta Flowey soon found out, was...flower shaped.

Of course it was flower shaped.

Still, he couldn't find it in himself to not appreciate a gift from Papyrus.

"So, what exactly did you say to Mr. Otto?" Asgore said after a few minutes of silent eating.
"Uhhh, well," Flowey chuckled nervously, "I may have insulted him, and then pretended to be a kid…to y'know, guilt trip him for… smashing the mail box, but that didn't last long, I guess he's not as dumb as he looks, I guess,"

Asgore couldn't stop himself from laughing, clasping a paw over his mouth, cracking up, "oh nohohoho son, you really shouldn't lie about your age like that, you mustn't- hohoho!"

"I told him-," Flowey morphed his face into younger horribly cuter version of his face, altering his voice to be ridiculously high, "once I tell my fwower famiwy what you've done, you're go wing to be in so much twouble'!

Flowey smiled, watching happily as his dad tried to stop laughing, but only laughed harder.

Once he calmed down, he looked back at Flowey and then took a double take, then stood up, "hold on, let me go get something,"

Flowey cocked his head to the side in confused as his dad rushed off, then came back holding measuring tape.

He went still as his dad came up and pulled the yellow strip out, pulling up to the top of Flowey's head, not counting the petals.

"Son! You grew! You've gone up one foot and eight inches!" he snapped the tape close, Asgore was completely elated.

Flowey held back his excitement "really? You don't think it's still my new growth move? I did it on accident so it might still be in effect,"

Asgore shook his head, still smiling, "who knows son, but it isn't all that strange, you are a teenager after all, it's the time for growth spurts, mind the pun,"

Flowey still hesitated "…but don't some plants grow up to only certain heights?"

"Then it seems that you're not just 'some plant' after all! If you're lucky, you could grow to be even taller than this, how very exciting!" Asgore said proudly, and sat to continue eating, though still paying attention to his son.

Flowey wasn't sure why he was being so skeptical, Asgore wasn't wrong, plants grow, and maybe that magic training helped more than just his soul, he finally grinned.

"I guess you're right again, this is actually… really cool,"

... 

Later as they drove to Toriel's, Flowey couldn't stop thinking about what it was going to be like once he got back and how exactly he was going to handle being around Frisk now that he could…well… FEEL.
"So your mother told me that Frisk has a boyfriend," Asgore spoke up.

"Mmm," Flowey mumbled, too deep in his thoughts to listen, he really hoped he wouldn't have another 'I love you' slip up, or saying anything stupid in general, hhnnggh!

"Seemed just yesterday you two were outside playing in the mud and having tea parties with me…in the mud, now it's all romance and 'drama', ah, to be young again."

"Mmm, that's great," Flowey said, now at least half listening, watching as the familiar houses zoomed by, they were getting closer, the butterflies and bees circling anxiously inside of him, he gave a shaky sigh, if he felt like this now, what was he going to be like around Frisk again? God, he knew he was just going to mess this up.

Asgore looked at his son at the corner of his eye worriedly "are you okay son? You seem… nervous,"

Flowey forcibly calmed his features "it's nothing, I just have a lot on my mind,"

"As per usual it seems," the goat monster quipped, then chuckled like he knew what was really going on, and for all Flowey knew, he probably did, and it aggravated Flowey, but he said nothing, he didn't have to anything he didn't want to do.

Before he knew it, they were walking to the front door, and to his surprise, Alphys answered.

"Oh! Mr. Dreemurr, Flowey! Hi! What are you doing here?"

"I live here. What's your excuse?" Flowey stated flatly.

Asgore ignored the comment and momentarily raised Flowey high in the air as if he were a trophy.

"We have finally succeeded in training his magic! So, I am returning him to his mother and Frisk,"

Alphys grinned looking to Flowey, she fidgeted with her glasses and stepped closer to get a better look at him "did it really work?" she said in an excited hushed tone.

Flowey crossed his vines and gave her a cheeky smile, "it took forever, but of course it did, did you have any doubt in me?"

Alphys laughed and backed up to let them in.

"It's not perfect though, it still hurts and all, but what I achieved is enough for me, anyway, where's mom and Frisk?" Flowey added, looking around quickly as they entered the house.

But then he noticed a small toddler on the floor, it looked back up at him and Asgore and squealed happily in response.

"And…what…is this thing doing here?" Flowey asked, grimacing in disgust.

"I have a better question, who's is that?" Asgore added with slight worry.

Alphys patted the top of the toddler's head gently, "this is the neighbor's super cute baby, Frisk accidentally started a mini daycare service! So far it's going pretty well, and I'm here for
babystudying! For . . . science? Oh and Toriel is checking homework in her study,"

Then, in the far reaches of the house, Flowey heard the sound of a door bang open, then the tip tapping of quick feet running down a hallway and-

-Saw Frisk slide into the room, an elated smile on their face, which brightened when they locked eyes with Flowey.

"FLOWEY! You're back!" they proclaimed ecstatically, skipping around Alphys and the toddler and instantly taking Flowey from Asgore, but also with their other arm, wrapped it around Asgore in a sweet side hug, it was happily returned.

Flowey grinned, a pleasant happy warmth filled him, by its side was an annoying pinching ache, but he could care less, he was so glad to be back with Frisk again and was pleased to see that they were just as glad.

They looked back and forth at him and Asgore eagerly "so you did it? Did you fix your soul? Are you all better?"

"Hm, half and half, it's not perfect, but I'd still brag about it," Flowey said, noticing when Frisk's smile faded in disappointment.

Asgore had to butt in "there is more! He learned two attacks and-,

"Shshshshh dad! I'll show them later, don't spoil it!" Flowey panicked, holding a vine to his own lips to signify silence.

Asgore chuckled, this one not as annoying as before, "of course son," there was a moment of awkward quiet before Asgore spoke up again, "right! I'll go get your things,"

Flowey looked down at the toddler who had crawled up to the two, and had grabbed onto Frisk's pants leg with a tiny fist, gurgling observantly at the fabric, Flowey frowned in annoyance and looked back to Frisk who was grinning and waving down at the drooling thing, attempting a conversation with it.

"Hi Annieee, hiiii, you like my purple pants? It's a nice color isn't it?"

Annie squealed back enthusiastically.

'Thrilling.' Flowey thought, rolling his eyes, "so, you 'accidentally' started a daycare huh?" waving two vines in a quotation motion.

Frisk finally looked back at him, grinning sheepishly, "I thought it would help my image when I become ambassador?"

"Yeah, like being a baby lover is really going to help, most people love babies, it's not really going to make you stick out anymore than anyone else," he said.

"Wow, this is turning out to be a great reunion," Frisk sorely mumbled sarcastically under their breath.

"You know Flowey, if Frisk does a good enough job with the daycare, and is popular enough with
parents, people will remember them better and feel more connected to them, as well to your parents, so actually…it will help their image," Alphys interjected.

Flowey narrowed his eyes at Alphys "you make it sound like Frisk is going to be doing this full time,"

Frisk's sheepish grin came back, "I… think it's time we finally take a look at your rad poster!" they said, and began walking, the look on their face silently confirming his suspicion.

But he wouldn't budge from the subject that Frisk was clearly trying to run away from.

"You're really doing this full time? Meaning there will be loud, smelly, screaming babies over here all the time?" Flowey asked, his frown deepening.

Frisk let out a long sigh before they spoke, preparing themselves to disappoint Flowey further. "Not all the time, but… maybe just enough that it might… really… start to annoy you?" Frisk said, now looking a bit guilty.

"I should have just stayed with dad if I knew you'd do something like this," Flowey grumbled.

Frisk looked at him, going quiet and staring at him hard, "…you don't mean that," saying it as a matter of factly, but also sounding pretty hurt.

Flowey broke eye contact, biting his bottom lip, he couldn't take that face or the sadness in their tone, making him realize how much of a big jerk he was being, hadn't he been anticipating coming back for ages? He guessed he had fantasized this too much and the daycare news had indeed greatly disappointed him, but that wasn't any excuse for his attitude.

"Yeah, you're right, I don't," he admitted lowly, trying to brush off his embarrassment and shame.

Frisk, who now stood in front of the door to his room, stopped moving to take a moment to smile softly at him, their eyes sparkling, effectively replenishing the mood between them and then looked off to finally open his door.

"And here it is!"

But before he saw any poster, he saw a five gallon sized rectangle shaped fish tank already filled with water, inside it was decorated with flashy colors and fake plants.

"Wh-",

"Surprise! You didn't just get a poster, you got a pet fish too!" Frisk announced, walking closer to the tank to give Flowey a better view.

He was speechless, and also very confused "I…but…where's the fish?" Flowey wondered, looking closer, and when he did, a small red fish with dark blue stripes and a long elegant tail swam into view, it stared back at the human and the odd flower in confusion with a perma grumpy face.

"It's called a betta fish! But I'm sure you'll think of him as an alpha! Hehe, fish joke. Do you like him?" Frisk asked, patiently but excitedly waiting for Flowey's response.

He cracked a shy grin, the warmth returning, this actually was one of the coolest fish he could say he's ever seen, "yeah I-",

-"Asriel!" he heard a very familiar and very happy voice suddenly say from behind them.
At that, Frisk turned around, to which of course revealing for them Toriel who stood at the doorway with her arms opened wide.

"Mom!" Flowey greeted back with a big grin.

Without another word, Frisk moved forward to give Toriel her son, instead to their surprise, Toriel pulled both of them into a hug with Flowey in the middle.

"Hey mom! Uff!" he said right as his mother further pulled him into the best hug she could muster, his face being harmlessly squished into her arm in the process.

"It is so very good to have you back!" she exclaimed, unable to resist gently swaying her children bit, then pulled him back, he was met with the same kind of proud smile that his dad couldn't seem get off his face.

"Your father has proclaimed to me of how your training went, I'm glad it has worked out well enough, he had told me you were coming back beforehand, but I could not resist surprising Frisk," Toriel said, a mischievous smile wrapped onto her face.

"Hee, hee, hee," Flowey snickered as Frisk rolled their eyes, but they smiled in shared amusement nonetheless.
After unpacking and getting settled back in, Flowey and Frisk hang out and catch up on a few things, but Frisk has some painful and unexpected news, and Flowey… well, he handles it the best way he can think of.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Chapter 15 Show Off

Warnings?: Frisk explains another nightmare that they have—it's a 'mild' description but I thought I should warn you guys anyway.

Inspiration Song(s): 'Just Hold On (Two Friends Remix)' by Steve Aoki & Louis Tomlinson AND 'Falling For You' by Peachy! (ft. mxmtoon)

The sun goes down and it comes back up
The world it turns no matter what
Oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh oh, if it all goes wrong
Darling, just hold on

I'm scared…
Of telling you, how I feel
Maybe it's better if I try to conceal the truth
For me and for you
But I'm still stuck on you I-
I'm still falling for you

After putting all of his belongings in place and saying goodbye to Asgore and wanting to avoid the toddler, Annie—Flowey soon found himself back in his room all alone, well…not completely, he had his new amazing pet fish, which happened to sit by the amazing galaxy poster, which featured an amazing supernova explosion.

While admiring the many colors, he thought about the day he had and the possibilities his life was going to hold for him from here on out, becoming overcome with several different emotions…all good ones, that also hurt at the same time, but… at the moment he felt a lot more complete than he
had in a very long time, and it was a really great feeling.

Not too much longer later, Frisk came back in, pulling him out of his trance.

He noted the odd look on their face and the way they made sure that they shut the door quietly, they smiled an awkward smile at him.

"Annie's parents came by to pick her up, so we're free to hang out all we want now," they announced.

"It's about time," Flowey sighed.

Frisk shook their head dismissively and made their way over to the fish tank and peered in.

"...Umm, so, have you thought up a name for him yet?"

"Just one, Andromeda...but I'm not sure about it,"

Frisk looked back to him, they seemed thoughtful, "that sounds pretty, isn't that a type of flower shrub?"

Flowey went wide eyed, embarrassed, "no, it's a GALAXY!! Agh! I can't believe this..."

Frisk laughed, "chill out! I think it's perfect,"

He paused at the comment, narrowing his eyes at them, almost swayed, "...hm, I don't completely agree, how about you think of another name?"

Frisk eyes lit up "really? Are you sure?"

Flowey shrugged with his vines, smiling a warm smile he wasn't aware of "yeah, I don't care, go ahead,"

At that, Frisk smiled brightly and looked back at the tank, and wiggled a finger at the colorful fish, it swam to it curiously and stared at them, Frisk stared back too, is was almost as if they were having a special connection, and knowing Frisk...they probably were.

Finally they made soft sound of pleased confirmation and looked back to their BFF.

"Orange Juice, he looks like an Orange Juice,"

Flowey perked up at the name "hmmm, 'Orange Juice the Betta Fish', it almost rolls of the tongue, I like it,"

Frisk held up a protesting index finger "BUT! I like Andromeda better, I think it suits him."

"Nah, I'm going to name him Orange Juice,"

"But-," Frisk started but was cut off.

"It's my fish, I can name him whatever the heck I want," Flowey argued.

Frisk crossed their arms and took a few steps toward him, their eyes full of Determination.

"Technically, he's my fish too, since I'm the one who picked him out and the one responsible for cleaning his tank, you just get to look at him and feed him, so we both own him,"
Flowey scoffed, but Frisk did have a point, still, he was Determined too.

But before he could give his next side of the argument, Frisk blinked and snapped their fingers as a brightly lit light bulb appeared over their head briefly.

"I got it! Let's just give him both names, he'll be known as Orange Juice to most people, but to a few, he'll be secretly known as Andromeda, because that's his True Name," they said, smiling and not missing the playful glare from Flowey.

He wanted so badly to be at least a little mad, but he couldn't bring himself to dislike their idea, "ugh! How dare you make my pet fish relatable," he joked sarcastically.

Frisk gave him a surprised grin, "you really like it? It's okay?"

He nodded back firmly… before quietly grumbling "…I'm still calling him Orange Juice,'"

A small satisfied smirk appeared on Frisk's lips as they walked over to the bed and plopped down on it, but as they allowed themselves to think, their mood too soon shifting to serious, the smile slowly disappearing.

"So…right before Asgore left, he told Toriel and I that… well… apparently you ran into some guy who was destroying his mailbox?"

Flowey grimaced, he should have seen this coming, he also wasn't really in the mood to talk about this right now, especially with Frisk but, whatever, "yeah…?"

"And he said that he thought that maybe the guy beat you up somehow, even though you said he didn't, but I thought… maybe… it would be better to ask you personally," Frisk said, their tone becoming protective and even more serious.

"Look, I told him I ran into a rock when I was tunneling over to stop that jerk, he didn't hurt me, you know how dad is, he always jumps to conclusions when it comes to dangerous humans," Flowey said, backing up his lie.

Frisk raised a stubborn eyebrow and crossed their arms, frowning with concern, staring at him as if they were trying to look deeper for something else, most likely the truth, it was likely they could tell he was lying, he didn't like it.

"Golly, would you stop looking at me that way? That's all that happened, okay?" Flowey grumbled.

Frisk raised their hands defensively, surprised at his reaction, quickly looking away; they seemed embarrassed at themselves, perhaps for prying.

"Sorry! Sorry, I'll lay off, I'm-…their not the only ones who get worried okay? And, well, I know we've had this conversation twenty something other times before, but, you know you can tell me anything right?"

"Yeah, I know, good thing there's nothing to talk about," Flowey replied flatly, and at that, Frisk shook their head and sighed in defeat, the moment was gone.

"Okay, I get it, I won't prod, but…um, there is something else I should probably tell you, I know you won't care about it though, but it's important to me, ssssooooooo… I'll just…tell you," Frisk said, getting more and more awkward as they went on.
Flowey looked at them impatiently, nodding at them to continue "uh-huuuh?"

"I have… a boyfriend, his name is Forester…a human this time too," Frisk then laid back on the bed, clicking their tongue and crossing their arms nonchalantly behind their head like a smooth Master of Romance, "and he's pretty much amazing, we've… been dating for a few months now,"

Flowey could do nothing but stare in silence, his good mood from earlier?

Brutally destroyed inside a fiery pit.

He remembered his daydream from earlier, in his mind's eye- he crumpled up the image of Frisk and him holding hands, looking at the paper ball wistfully before throwing it down the same fiery pit.

He wasn't sure how he'd managed to forget about the insanely high possibility of Frisk dating other people, it was so obvious it would happen sooner than later, who wouldn't fall for Frisk? They were always the one who not just gave but received the most gifts on Valentine's Day after all, he'd just assumed the only reason it took so long to find someone was because they held high standards.

Apparently they had finally found someone who met those high standards.

"He's really funny and really, really cute, aH! And HIS HAIR! My goodness that haaair! I met his family too, they're pretty sweet and just as funny and good looking as he is," he heard them say, for once he didn't like the bubbly smile on their face.

Sadness, anger, jealousy welled up inside him as they continued to talk, it all felt different than it had than when Frisk had dated Monster Kid, maybe because…of the oh so passionate tone Frisk was now talking in, it could only mean they were serious about this… 'Forester'.

They had definitely never ever sounded this way about MK.

"He even gave me his chocolate milk at lunch when I mentioned that I forgot to grab some, that's when you know someone likes you… but I had no idea how much until-," they rambled, Flowey tried his best to tune out the rest.

He could feel the tell-tale lump of rising emotion in his throat and the threatening sting of tears in his eyes, he took a quiet breath in attempt to calm himself, what kind of impression would that give Frisk if he suddenly started crying?

"Why didn't you tell me about this earlier?" he said, almost too monotone, fortunately they didn't seem to pick up on it.

Frisk sat up and gave him an odd look, still confused by the question anyway "I…I'm sorry, I really didn't think you would care… I mean, every time I tell you that I 'like-like' someone you get all weird, but I get it now, romance grosses you out, so the way I see it, I saved you from a really boring phone call,"
Yes, romance grossed him out—back when he was eleven and soulless! But obviously he wasn’t about to tell Frisk that.

He had trouble answering as his mind raced to respond, his emotions mixed.

"I don’t care! Or…I don’t know! Maybe I do care, how do you know this guy is some disgust-,

He was then cut off by an irritated Frisk "-he isn't like that! He's super cool and sweet, and funny, the only 'disgusting' thing he's done was give me mono!"

"Mono…? Isn't that the kissing disease…?" Oh… oh.

…Oh no….

Flowey ducked his head down, trying to keep it together.

"Yep, the one and only. . . remember when you called me about Alice in Wonderland and woke me up and I said I was sick? Mono was the culprit. I was actually kind of mad beca- are you okay?" they asked, looking concerned when he began to tiredly rub his downcast eyes.

Flowey straightened himself up, forcing his face to be Normal, "no! I mean, yeah, I'm fine. It's just… did you even know the jerk had mono before you two slobbered all over each other?"

Frisk's gaze softened slightly "I was actually about to say that I was mad, because no, I didn't, but he didn't know he was sick with it either… so-,

But they were cut off as Flowey's eyes went dark, a sly and bitter grimace wrapping around his face, he couldn't help himself as he spoke.

"Oh, so he didn't 'know' he was sick? How do you know he wasn't lying? Maybe he's just using you, maybe, just MAYBE he wanted to-,"

At that, Frisk shot up from the bed, their face tense with anger, frustrated tears shining in their eyes as they stormed up to him and pointed an accusing finger at him in which he instinctively backed away from.

"Oh no you don't! I can handle most of the bad boy stuff you do, but I draw the line here, I will NOT allow you to meddle with relationships! Including mine!"

The poison in him stirred and he struggled with it, fighting against his old bad habits, his eyes were stinging again, sometimes he hated it when Frisk forced him to wake up and realize his wrong doings.

He hated it when they were right.

And he loved it at the same time, because they had helped him become who he was today.

But he just… couldn't stand the mental image of Frisk kissing some...some…
As he stared at Frisk's upset face, realizing that no, as much as wanted to, he couldn't just… sabotage Frisk's relationship with this 'stranger' that they clearly liked a lot, maybe even loved, he couldn't hurt his BFF like that, not anymore, it wasn't like it used to be when he could easily excuse his bad behavior with lies, he couldn't get away with being soulless and bored like he used to.

Still, the selfish longing to rip Frisk away from their love pulled at him…

But that wouldn't be very fair to them, now would it?

But… if he had to be honest…doing the right thing didn't always feel fair to him, and this was just another unfortunate thing to add his list of unfair things in his life that he had to knuckle down and get over.

Frisk wasn't his, and never would be and he just had to give up and accept things as they were.

He looked them in the eyes for a moment, and swallowed his pain down, then looked away once more because he really couldn't stand the way they were looking at him.

"..Yeah, you're right, I'm sorry,"

Frisk did a double take, staring at him with surprise "really?"

"Yeah 'really', look, can't we just talk about something else? I'm... I'm glad you're happy, but your lovey-dovey talk was really... really grossing me out- or...," Flowey had begun to look down at his dirt when he remembered his new abilities, he looked back up, forced out all thoughts of any best friend stealing boyfriends out of his head and gave Frisk a big toothy grin.

"No I got it! Let's go outside, it's time to show you guys exactly what I'm capable of now!"

More than ever at this moment, it was definitely time to show off, because even if Frisk could never be 'his'...they could still always like him better as a best friend.

And then, he remembered an old saying that inspired him...

'RElationships come and go...but true friendship lasts forever'

He knew he'd never be fully content with the way things were, but he'd remembered the realization he came to when he had been troubled over them dating Monster Kid, that dealing with the heartache was better than not having Frisk at all.
Half an hour later…

Toriel, Frisk and Alphys stared in awe at the beautiful mini forest that consisted of hundreds of wild flowers, tall grass, natural vines, and vegetables that now took up part of the backyard, in front of the view was the sentient flower responsible, he looked exhausted, but excited non the less.

"These are… the first real plants I've grown… what do you think?" he said between pants, a sliver of disappointment rising within him, a part of him had hoped all this hard work would trigger another miracle like it had that morning and his soul would be completely fixed, but no, nothing magical had happened this time other than super growing plants.

"Well…?!" he finally spoke up after a moment of stunned silence.

The three others finally grinned and broke out in cheers, running up closer to get a better look, Flowey watched them in equal awe as they admired his work.

"This is amazing!" Frisk blurted, gazing up at the extra overgrown sunflowers, and then looked over their shoulder at Flowey, "wonderful job Totoro!" (With Alphys gasping softly in the background at the reference.)

"Heh…," the shy laugh was all he was able to manage to get out, unable to contain the small orange blush that had already been working its way onto his face.

Toriel yanked a carrot out of the ground, it looked pretty good, she beamed down at her son "it is definitely amazing, looks like I don't have to worry so much about grocery shopping or garden maintaining now."

Flowey gave his mother a smug smile, rolling his eyes "I knew you'd say that,"

"Did you know that I would also call you brilliant?" Toriel smirked.

"Mooooooom," he whined bashfully.

Alphys peeked at him through a few other tall flowers, "she's right, this is pretty brilliant Flowey," she looked over at Frisk, "didn't Asgore say that he learned two moves?"

"Oh! Uhh, yeah… I just learned these today, and I think I can only do the second one when I'm angry, it happened on accident," Flowey explained "unless… does anyone want to make me mad so I can show you?"

The other three looked at each other before looking back to Flowey, they seemed skeptical, he suddenly realized his question had come out more threatening than he had intended, he inwardly cringed.

"Maybe you should- should just tell us," Alphys spoke up, thankfully.

"…I just… get really tall and spikey," Flowey said, looking away awkwardly for a moment… "uhh, explaining doesn't really do it justice, it's probably a lot more terrifying in person, but… hopefully none of you have to see me like that," he added, all the attention was really start to get to him.
Frisk was the first to crack a smile, which surprised him, especially since they were the one to see him at his scariest after all, "I don't know, I've got a feeling that we're going to see it anyway when you get back to playing your rage games again,"

Toriel shook their head, "now, now, I'm sure he-"," then suddenly she remembered something and perked up "ah! Wait! How could I forget! Asgore has also told me some other good news," then walked over to lean over and hovered her palm over Flowey's head "-that our Flowey has actually grown taller- naturally!"

Oh yeah… somehow in all the excitement he forgot about this too.

Frisk dropped their mouth open in a perfect 'O' shape "I knew it! I knew something was different about you! I just couldn't put my finger on it," then, they walked over to Flowey and actually did put a finger on him, gingerly resting an index finger on his forehead.

"-And now I am," Frisk confirmed, unable to keep a straight face.

Toriel then stepped over and rested a gentle claw on top of her son's head "oh, and now I also am!"

Alphys was too busy looking at her cellphone to join in, apparently she had a measuring app open.

"He is now two feet tall and two inches-,

"Yes! I can see Asgore has been feeding you very well, you have gotten a little wider too, Asriel!"

Alphys grinned brightly "all this progress probably means more than we think it does, especially with his soul involved and his magic increased, I think we can expect more interesting changes to come,"

"Like what?" Flowey asked, playfully swatting Frisk and Toriel away.

"Like…growing even more taller- maybe almost as tall as these sunflowers, and perhaps being able to heal others, and grow other plants even faster than you can now," Alphys explained, eyes bright with excitement and the same proudness his parent's had.

After that, Toriel made a celebration dinner consisting of most of the vegetables that Flowey had grown, to his relief, they tasted pretty decent, he had gotten paranoid that they would taste awful, or worse, be rotten on the inside or even poisonous, but no, they were all pretty average, and had a nice color.


That night, he realized it felt good to be in his old room again after so long, especially now with the ambiance of background noise from the fish tank filter, which he noticed was surprisingly soothing.

Yes, despite the terrible things that had happened today, he couldn't exactly dismiss the wonderful things that had happened either, because, after finally fixing his soul- he knew something like that would definitely outweigh all these terrible things in his life in the end of it all.
It just had to, he couldn't allow himself to believe anything other than that anymore.

He was able to use that line of positive thinking to distract himself from the fact that he was still miserably crushed over Frisk dating, he could deal with his heartache later, right now he was finding himself more and more exhausted, the long day finally taking it's toll as he allowed himself to relax.

. . . .

When he woke up though, the first thing he saw with his sleepy eyes was the sight across from him was Frisk in the dim dark, lying in their own bed, their face illuminated by the light of their phone.

A few years ago, being moved around from one room to another in his sleep really use to piss him off, but now, given the circumstances, he was feeling more concerned, confused and a lot more shy than he cared to admit.

But they noticed him staring before he got the chance to speak up, to which they put down the phone, switching to lay on their side facing him, to which he quickly noticed their tired eyes and distant expression.

"Sorry I moved you…I was just…having a hard time sleeping," they said in a just as tired voice.

He quieted his voice to a near whisper "nightmare?" he asked.

Frisk was a little slow to respond, "…yeah,"

Flowey was also a little hesitant to ask, this one seemed like it was bad "you wanna talk about it…?"

They sighed silently, wearily looking down at the bed . . . "you died."

". . . Oh," it was all he could to say, mentally kicking himself hard for not being able to think of anything comforting to say, the air between them becoming thick.

"It started with me getting a phone call from you, saying you were in trouble, so…I ran out of the house, and then I finally see you, and…you’re on the road, lying there motionless without your flower pot and…and…it seemed like it took forever to reach you… but…by the time I got there, you were just…this…withered up husk, it was horrible," they finally looked at him with wet eyes "…I thought it was real."

*No, Frisk, no, that was all fake, only a nightmare.*

*He was here with them now, alive.*

*And there was no where else he’d rather be.*

Without thinking, Flowey brought out a vine, holding it out close to Frisk's hand.
In return, they reached out gingerly and took it, a slow weak but sweet smile appearing on their face as Flowey began to wrap the vine around their hand, holding it, Frisk responded by firmly tightening their grip on it, and wiping away the new tears that had begun to make it down their face with their other hand.

Flowey's breath then got caught in his throat as Frisk pulled his vine occupied hand to their chest and hugged on to it tightly, protectively so, closing their eyes and hiding their face downward to their crossed arms.

They stayed that way for a while in the dark still room, the silence between them turning into something tranquil and beautiful.

Flowey was completely paralyzed, unable to do anything but watch them in amazed silence as he felt their warmth and slow breaths, gazing at the face he couldn't quite see, but he could tell they wore a passionate expression, observing the way their long hair splayed over the pillow.

He was overwhelmed by the several emotions hitting him all at once, it was both wonderful and painful at the same time.

*He imagined what this would be like if he was normal again, he closed his own eyes and envisioned that he would be kneeling next to them at the side of the bed, waiting patiently with concern as they held his hand, just as they were doing now.*

*Then he would softly brush back the bangs out of their eyes, get up to lean over and hug them, wrapping his arms around them lovingly, holding them close to him and giving them all his warmth, kiss the temple of their head and will away the nightmares, until they felt better...*

*Inhale...*  
*...Exhale...*  
*...Inhale...*  
*...Exhale...*  
*...*  

After a few moments he soon shook his heads out of the clouds, beginning to wonder if Frisk had fallen asleep... which... he wouldn't have minded, but to his slight disappointment, they soon enough pulled their arms away from their chest and opened their hand to release their grip on the vine, he took this as a clear sign to pull back, opening his eyes, feeling relieved when he saw that Frisk seemed a lot more relaxed and content.
"Sorry, was that too much? I just…," they sighed, looking a mix of embarrassed and concern "I just…missed you a lot, y'know?"

"No, no, I get it…," he replied, a little surprised he was even able to talk at all, he swallowed down a lump in his throat and continued, his voice quiet "…it's…it's okay,"

Frisk gave him quick sweet smile, the mood in the room lightening up as they did so.

"Sooo, I've… been meaning to ask, but what do you want for your lifeday present Mister Dreemurr? It's only less than a week away,"

"I have no idea, I've been kind of busy lately if…if you, um, haven't…noticed," he said, half absentmindedly, his mind still on the hug.

"What about that one new shooter game coming out? I can't remember the name but-" Frisk suggested.

"You mean the one where you play as a Monster? 'Freeland'?"

Frisk nodded.

"Yeah I've been wanting that one for…or, wait, are you asking me this because you haven't gotten me anything yet?" he asked, his tone mischievous.

"Actually, Orange Juice was supposed to be a lifeday gift, but then you came back, so…,"

"Was the poster one too?"

"Nope, I just wanted to get you something nice because you're awesome," they said, giving him a cheeky grin.

Normally right now he'd say something like 'stop.' Or 'ugh', but at the moment, his heart just wasn't in it, well, actually, his heart was probably in the right place.

Instead he said "…thanks Frisk,"

Frisk looked surprised for a moment, then chuckled quietly, "wow, you really did fix your soul didn't you? But don't thank me, I think you deserve this stuff, and you know… you've really come a long way,"

Once again, Flowey was unable to think of anything sincere to say, he merely looked down and blushed.

The human sighed "yeah, sorry, if I had known this was going to turn into a Feels Trip I would have told you to pack for it,"

Flowey snorted out a laugh "you're so dumb!"

Frisk laughed too "now I know you don't mean that,"

He smiled wildly, his expression more compassionate than he realized, "yeah…," he rested his head down on the edge of the flower pot and gazed at them warmly, "you're right… you idiot, heh,"
A few minutes later, the duo was almost asleep when Flowey had a sudden idea.

"Hey I just remembered something,"

"..."

"Frisk?"

"Mmm?"

"Whenever it gets warm again, do you...I don't know...want to go camping? Me and mom were making plans to go...but then we found out I had a soul and...yeah, it uh...got postponed,"

"Hmmmmmmm... sure, sounds lovely, I'm imagining the lightning bugs,"

"I knew you'd like it, g'night Frisk,"

"Night, night, sunshine,"

Chapter End Notes

I know, I know, the 'my-unrequited-love-is-dating-someone-else-and-I-am-filled-to-the-brim-with-jealousy-and-overwhelming-grief' trope is awful and overused, I'm not always particularly fond of it myself, so I apologize greatly, just stay and bare through with it, the end result may... or may not surprise you.
The Game Changer and A Question Of Maturity

Chapter Summary

Alphys presents Flowey with a wonderful and amazing gift, until jealousy interrupts and ruins what should have been a great day for him, and instead of enjoying his new present, he ends up having a petty fight.

Chapter Notes

I was going to have another apology here about the incoming flower jealousy, but a very nice and very awesome commenter (you know who you are, thank you, and thank you to all the other commenters who have been just as supportive) made me change my mind, but still, for the ones who are still turned off by the subject, trust me when I say to not worry too much.

Chapter 16 The Game Changer and a Question of Maturity

Warnings?: I guess none, this will be a light chapter, unless you don't like jealous and emotional flowerboys.

Inspiration Songs: 'I Don't Care' by Fall Out Boy AND 'Cry Baby' by The Neighborhood

Say my name, and his in the same breath, I dare you to say they taste the same
Let the leaves fall off in the summer, and let December glow in flames

I don't care what you think, as long as it's about me
The best of us can find happiness, in misery
I don't care what you think, as long as it's about me
The best of us can find happiness, in misery'

'I know I'll fall in love with you, baby, and that's not what I wanna do
I hope you won't ever lie to me, and if you do, I know I won't be your cry baby

I think I worry a lot, I need to take it easy
I got this anxious feeling
But it goes away for a minute when I'm with you breathing

I can taste it, my heart's breakin', please don't say
That you know, when you know
I can't take it, I'm impatient, tell me baby
Now I know, you should go

The sun's coming out but I'm feeling colder
I can't wait 'til the drought is over

Cry baby, cry baby, I need to cry, baby
Cry baby, cry baby, you need to cry, baby
Cry baby, cry baby, we need to cry
And if we do, I know that would be alright'

"And then they said- you won't believe this, they said I remind them of their boyfriend! ME! What does that even mean? Ugh, humans are so weird Orange Juice," Flowey grumbled.

He had been trying to focus on reading a creepypasta for the past thirty minutes but his mind was stuck on a conversation he had with Frisk the previous night.

Somehow he had ended up deep in a one sided conversation with his pet fish.

It had been awhile since he'd gotten back to living with Frisk and Toriel and a few days after his lifeday party (January 20th) meaning he was technically fifteen now, and he was trying his hardest to maintain the maturity that was now expected of him, but such things were difficult to deal with when one is in love and also incredibly jealous, as both these things were often known to make a person do ridiculous things.

"So much for being able to handle Frisk's relationship…"

"They've been acting kind of weird lately too, have you noticed? You think it's the Corkscrew's fault? Hmm," he sighed deeply, "no, you're right, Frisk would be too smart to stay in a relationship like that,"

Then suddenly, he narrowed his eyebrows at Orange Juice, "of course I would treat them better, I mean, yes, I KNOW my personal record isn't the cleanest, but I treat them better NOW, don't I? Better than I bet that Corkscrew does," he then listened to his fish's silent response and gasped, shocked, but grinned devilishly "hahahahaha! Language Orange! What would Toriel say?"
Then, there was a knock on the door, causing Flowey to jump, startled.

Toriel's muffled voice was heard "Asriel, it is mother, Alphys is here as well, she has a surprise for you! May we come in?"

He grimaced at Orange Juice before responding "uh, yes? Come in,"

Toriel was the first to come in, she looked curiously thrilled, she giddily motioned Alphys to enter, who on the other hand, looked nervous, she seemed very hesitant to move from the doorway.

Flowey raised his eyebrow, craning his head trying to see Alphys "what kind of…surprise is this?"

Toriel grinned "the best kind! Do not worry!" she assured.

And then, finally, Alphys appeared, pulling a large something concealed by a white sheet, Flowey looked down, it seemed to be moving on just one wheel that looked exactly liked Mettaton's wheel, for a second he thought it was Mettaton and that he was going to do something crazy and spontaneous as usual.

But, as he looked closer, he realized the size was all wrong… so it was…

*Something else.*

"S-s-so, I was going to…I was going to give this to you on your lifeday, but it wasn't finished yet, but today I did it, Asriel I made you-," and with a quick theatrical grab and pull, Alphys ripped the sheet off, "a body!" Alphys finished theatrically, but grew increasingly nervous again as Flowey just…stared at it.

They had revealed what looked almost like Mettaton's rectangle robot body, minus the square lights and knobs, this one simply had few decorative lines in the middle, giving it the appearance of having been welded together (which didn't look as bad as it sounded.)

But as he looked at it longer, he realized that it basically a large mobile rectangle flower pot with metal tube arms and gloved hands.

He opened his mouth to speak, "it's…," -until he caught his mother's warning glare, who mouthed the words *'Be. Kind.'* to him.

"It's a body…," he echoed, rubbing his chin skeptically with a vine, unable find any words, he guessed he should have been excited? But the thing didn't really *look* like anything he wanted to put himself in, he wasn't disappointed, just…underwhelmed.

Alphys sighed and dropped her shoulders, she seemed defeated, "I know, it looks like a cheap copy, and it's nothing compared to what I created for Mettaton, or anything compared to what you use to have before, but it could be the first trial run for something better… and…and least you won't feel stuck anymore,"

He raised his eyebrows, "was it hard to make?"

Alphys adjusted her glasses "surprisingly yes, it's the result of three years of work, that was until…"
we found out that you had a soul, knowing that really helped progress things along, even then… I still had some…technical difficulties…and…um…complications,"

*Three years?* Alphys thought about that much of him that she'd bother putting her time into something that took *that long?* He was flattered to say the least.

"Okay, let's test it then," he offered, giving in, he had to now, maybe the thing might actually be useful.

Alphys looked almost surprised, "really? Now? Okay, *um…*" she looked over at Toriel, then back at Flowey, then back at Toriel nervously "*should I move him or-*?"

Toriel shook her head politely, "I will do it,"

.. As soon as Flowey burrowed his roots into the new soil he immediately recognized something, nostalgia washing over him, "hey! This is dirt from the Underground!"

Alphys smile was ever so slightly smug, "yes, the magic and minerals from there was *kind of* needed for it to work…is…uh, I hope that isn't a problem,"

He shrugged, "doesn't matter to me, it was just-,"...

Flowey stared at Alphys and Toriel who looked suddenly very excited.

He looked down at his robot arms, his mouth dropping open as he looked back at the others.

". . .Did this thing just shrug?"

The other two nodded enthusiastically.

Again without thinking, he raised his left arm to get a better look at it, and gasped loudly.

"Alphys, you're amazing!" both Flowey blurted.

Toriel covered her wide smile, "I was just about to say that,"

Alphys grinned shyly, "awe, th-thanks,"

Flowey was now trying to move the wrist and fingers, but they wouldn't budge, he frowned at it, the frown then grew deeper as he tried waving the arm around, but it still wouldn't move.

"Ugh, it stopped working I-," he stopped talking as the hand suddenly formed into a fist.

"Sorry, I guess I should have explained how it functions before you were put in," Alphys said, embarrassed, "it's supposed to work a lot like a real body, you know how you don't have to really think about moving to move? It's best not to force it too much or it could lock up, also, there may be a few bugs here and there,"

"That's a really…," he looked over at his mom for a split second "*poor explanation,*" he said, his new arms surprising him when they flung out and crossed in annoyance, "wow, I am never going to get use to this,"

"I know, sorry, boy it is a *lot* easier to work and write this stuff down than it is to explain it out
"Just tell me it doesn't run on emotions," he grumbled, and then looked at the back of the gloves, finally noticing his family's emblem etched deep into the tough fabric, he had to admit it was a nice touch.

"No, not completely, it reads from both your soul and your mind, like you said, you may never completely get used to it due to its... weirdness, just remember to not think too much about it," she paused for a moment, "...or, or, or wait, I got it, imagine it as if it is your body, or at least an extension of your body," she then held out her own arms as an example, "you use your vines as your arms don't you? Instead of your vines, do that with the robot's arms,"

Flowey raised an eyebrow quizzically at the lizard monster as he took in the information, thinking about the instructions, quickly an idea formed in his head- maybe he should test something out...

So he brought out a vine, which immediately and abruptly caused both robot arms to drop hard back down to its sides, as if some sort of connection was just lost.

"Yup, just as I thought, you were right doctor," he said, withdrawing the vine, noticing how the arms subtly perked back up, the connection back, it was time for the second test… well sort of.

He looked back at Alphys, he was thinking about shaking her hand, which... he actually felt was necessary for all the things she had done for him, despite the many downsides and drawbacks, thanking her was something he felt he should have done a long time ago.

Maybe she even deserved a hug, but ehhh, he really didn't want to. Too awkward.

He watched expectantly as his left arm raised out toward her, his hand splayed out in position for a handshake.

"Thanks," he murmured quietly.

She looked at it with slight surprise, but smiled happily, taking the robot hand and shaking it momentarily, "y-you're welcome, but it was no problem,"

"It took you three years Dr. Alphys, I disagree, you deserve our gratitude and so much more," Toriel spoke up, she looked just as thankful as her son, maybe even more so.

"Yeah, what mom said...," Flowey added, giving her an appreciative smile.

Alphys's smile grew a little wider, her eyes full of emotion "awe guys, you're going to make me cry."

Flowey frowned, that sounded awkward too, he decided to change the subject, "don't do that, tell me how much can this thing lift instead,"

"Errr... around three hundred pounds if I remember right?"

"Hmmmm, can it jump?"

Alphys put her hands on her hips at the question, looking ever so slightly offended, "of course it can, about four feet high if you do a double jump,"

"Nice," he then thought of another important question, "so, anything else I should know about? Any glitches?"

Alphys looked at the robotic body, thinking about it, which... to Flowey was a bad sign, if she had
to think about it, maybe this thing might not work as well as she thought.

"Stay away from fires, large bodies of water and direct contact to electrical plug ins,"

Flowey frowned "ugh! All that stuff is common sense, could you not patronize me?"

Toriel shook her head at her son and put her hands on her hips, "she is just making sure you remember to stay safe, do not whine,"

Alphys laughed nervously, waving her hands quickly in defense "nonono, it's fine Ms. Dreemurr- I oh! That reminds me," she walked over to Flowey and pointed to something on the inside of the robot flower pot, something Flowey hadn't noticed yet.

He turned and noticed it was a small switch.

She beamed at him and flipped it on "I forgot to mention that this has a break switch, just in case you need to get out and the robot is on unleveled ground, so it won't roll away. But it's on now, you can go anywhere you want,"

He waved her off, unable to look away from the robot hand when it did so "I get it, I get it… so, doctor, how do I get it to move?"

"Hmmm, same with your arms, just think and go,"

Flowey raised his eyebrows at Alphys now, he'd never been able to go anywhere on his own indoors, and now that he could do that and more now… it finally dawned on him that with this body, that there were so much more possibilities in his favor now!

He grinned and looked to Toriel, "mom, I want a cookie," he said and before she could even say anything back, his grin grew wider, "never mind, I can get it myself," and-

The robot body began to move, it turned for the door and out he went, Flowey laughing loudly as he zoomed down the hallway, a wide and wild toothy grin on his face "I CAN DO ANYTHING! THE HOUSE IS ALL MINE NOW! AHAHAHA!"

Toriel followed suit, giggling in good humor despite trying her best to be serious "noooo it is not! Be careful not to crash into anything!"

A proud Alphys trailed behind, wincing as she heard a muffled crash and burst of laughter that verged on maniacal from Flowey.

... 

Not too much later, Flowey was excitedly munching on cookies, listening to his mother and Alphys chatting away, mostly about him- then- they all stopped when they heard the front door open and the faint sounds of Papyrus and Sans bickering about something.

They had all gone to a fancy party that Papyrus had been asked to give a speech at, casually Frisk had been invited as Papyrus's protégé, and Sans because of his crowd pleasing skills, and for some reason Frisk's boyfriend tagged along too.

In a motherly reflex, Toriel took off to go greet them home.
Flowey quickly looked to Alphys, "did you tell the others about my robot body?"

She gasped audibly "oh my god! No- no I didn't! I wonder what they'll think!"

They heard the voices of the others get louder as they walked up the hall, "this must be some surprise tori," he heard Sans say, and on que, everyone walked in.

The looks on their collective faces was priceless, especially Papyrus, who… at first looked utterly confused, and then utterly thrilled.

"Hey guys, look what Alphys made for me," Flowey said casually, waving his gloved hand at them.

"THIS IS WONDERFUL! MY BEST FRIEND CAN OFFICIALLY DO WALKING ACTIVITIES!" Papyrus cheered.

Flowey grinned, "I can also officially do hand things too, like…," he said and held up the peace sign, the thumbs up sign, and the ‘A-OK’ sign all in a row, slightly amused and amazed that the simplest thing like making random hand gestures were something to show off "-and some others too, one of them being getting another cookie," he said and casually did so.

"AMAZING, YOU MUST FEEL FREE LIKE A BIRD, A VERY ROBOTIC BIRD," Papyrus said.

"yeah, that thing is actually pretty cool," Sans spoke up.

"WHEN ARE ROBOTS NOT COOL, SANS?"

"always never not,"

As everyone began to talk and brag, Flowey looked to Frisk, who had been very quiet, they were looking at the robot body as if were a complex puzzle, he wasn't sure if this was good or bad.

And then… it took him some a few difficult seconds trying to pry his eyes off of Frisk, who, like the three other boys, had been required to dress up for the event, and good golly, Frisk looked amazing in their dress (sky blue, obviously) and curled pulled up hair, somehow managing to look several years older (in a good way… which momentarily brought him back to his old question, when DID Frisk start becoming so attractive?)

Flowey was sure if his body had a heart- it would be pounding . . . so, for the moment, maybe it was okay that Frisk wasn't giving an opinion, becoming afraid that if he spoke to them right now that he'd just embarrass himself again like he had before they had left earlier.

He bothered to look over at Forester, who stood awkwardly beside Frisk.

Forester was a… tall, goldish blond shaggy haired, green eyed, pale, teenaged . . . person…thing, Flowey had already had the time to size him up earlier before and he still didn't like the results, the fact that the human wasn't all that horrible looking like Flowey had hoped just made him dislike him even more.
"I said it before, but I really mean it, your family is really awesome Frisk," Forester said in awe, clearly he'd been beyond entertained by everyone's antics.

Frisk looked over at Forester, looking puzzled as they were brought out of their thoughts, showing that they hadn't been completely paying attention, but a pleased smile came over their face as their brain caught up, "I couldn't agree more,"

Flowey rolled his eyes as everyone else laughed happily, scowling as he reached for another cookie, but Toriel took it from him, "that's enough for now, you will spoil your appetite,"

"Fffiiiiine, I gotta go feed Orange Juice anyway. I'll be back in a moment," he said, it was a half-truth, he was just using it as an excuse because the kitchen had suddenly become a little too crowded for him, especially with the Corkscrew there.

On his way out, he thought about 'accidentally' roughly bumping into said Corkscrew, or 'accidentally' knocking him down, but too many people (witnesses) in the room knew him too well, so it was probably best not to be a jealous jerk at the moment, at least not yet.

...  

Once he was alone back in his room, he found himself hoping Frisk would come back and tell him how much they liked his new robotic body, and that they didn't say so sooner because they didn't want make the Corkscrew feel as boring as he actually was.

...  

But after feeding Orange and waiting around awkwardly for a few minutes and testing the robotic fingers by fumbling around on his phone, he realized that Frisk wasn't going to come.

His emotions very soon turned bitter, both at himself, and at the Corkscrew.

He wasn't sure why'd he ever expect Frisk to give him attention all the time, especially now since they had a boyfriend, a normal, human, boyfriend.

He was really was beginning to hate jealousy and what it did to him, no matter how much he told himself he was better than that now and that he was never going to be with Frisk, the intruding feeling just continued to rear its big ugly green head at him, maybe it was just best to just stay in his room until the Corkscrew left, he wasn't sure what he would do or say if they as much did something romantic, or even something harmless, like hug, or talk.

He. was. pathetic.

So, he went to the door, and shut it, and rolled over to his mirror, observing his whole self for the first time since being put into the flower pot machine, his expression growing dark as he continued to
scrutinize himself.

He realized that he looked so stupid sticking out on top the big clunky rectangle piece of metal, Frisk was right to stare like that.

"Be glad you're not capable of complex emotions Orange, they suck." he said under his breath.

Then- there was a familiar pattern of knocks at his door, he recognized them as Papyrus's knocks.

"BEST FRIEND FLOWEY, WE ARE PLAYING CATCH WHILE WAITING FOR TORIEL TO COOK US DINNER AND I REQUEST A TEAMMATE,"

Flowey opened the door and looked at Papyrus questionably, "What about your brother? Or Alphys?"

The tall skeleton shrugged "HE IS HELPING TORIEL COOK, SUCH TYPICAL BROTHER BEHAVIOR. AS FOR ALPHYS- SHE HAD TO GO HOME,"

Flowey grinned mischievously, "so it's monsters vs. humans huh? The never ending battle continues,"

At some point in the past Papyrus might have laughed at the comment, but his years as ambassador had made him a wiser Monster, so instead he wagged a skeletal finger at Flowey, "NYEH-EH-EH, THIS IS MORE LIKE A FRIENDS VS. FRIENDS WHO ARE WAITING FOR DINNER BATTLE,"

A thrill passed through Flowey at the thought of getting the chance of 'accidentally' 'lightly tossing' a ball at the Corkscrew's face and then a bigger thrill passed through him as he also thought of impressing Frisk which he was sure he could do, but he shook it off, mentally scolding himself, he really needed to put an end to this nonsense.

Still though… a small game of catch and some fresh air was probably what he needed to clear his head right now.

The mischievous grin grew ever so slightly "hmm, friends vs. friends…it's not exactly exciting, but it's good enough, let's win this thing buddy!"

"NYEH HEHEHEHEH! I KNEW I PICKED A WORTHY TEAMMATE!"

... 

During the game… (which Frisk had logically changed back into their average clothes for) it quickly turned into something of an actual battle due the combination of Flowey being unable to fight his resentment, Frisk's raw Determination and Papyrus's usual zealous attitude and never ending energy- it was easy to say that poor Forester had trouble keeping up-

So, naturally, Frisk decided to tone down the game for their boyfriend's sake, starting up a new round just before Flowey and Papyrus's were just about to win

This grated on Flowey's nerves more than it should have, he began to act up.
"So, you haven't told me what you think about my robot body, just tell me, you hate it don't you?" he finally asked before he threw the ball in Frisk's direction, he meant for it to be a casual question, but was unable to hide the grouch in his tone.

Frisk caught the ball, grimacing slightly from the force, "no, what in the world made you think that?" they said, tossing it back this time in Papyrus's direction, who nearly missed it due to also being bothered by Flowey's question, but he caught it, and threw it to Forester.

"Do I really have to spell it out? You were looking at it really weird and you didn't say anything to me, so obviously you must think it's strange and ug-," Flowey then completely missed the ball as it whizzed by past him "agh…dang!" he quickly rolled back over to get it.

"That's eight points for Team Purple," Forester called out.

Flowey scowled as he tossed the ball back and forth between his robot hands. "I hear you Mr. Mathematician," he grumbled and threw the ball back at him, purposely aiming for straight over the human's head, and to his surprise, he caught it, the ball was then thrown to Papyrus this time.

"Listen, Flowey, I don't dislike the. . . robot body, I just thought you looked… different… in it," Frisk finally admitted, catching the ball and gently throwing it to Flowey, now a little more interested in the talk than the game.

Flowey caught it, he looked slightly defeated, almost angry "I knew it, I knew you thought I looked weird," he tossed it back.

Frisk looked at him with alarm, taken back, they tossed the ball back with a bit more vigor "I didn't say that! Come on, would you love yourself already?"

Flowey grew irritated, his tone low and accusing "yeah you didn't say it, but your definitely insinuating something, so tell me Frisk, what exactly does 'different' mean?"

Papyrus held his arms signaling for a time out, "NYEEEEEEHHHHH, SEEMS IT'S PROBABLY FOR THE BEST WE HAVE A BREAK NOW BEFORE THINGS ESCALATE AGAIN,"

Frisk nodded at Papyrus, handing the ball to him, "yeah, we can continue this after dinner, I'm sure everyone will be in a better mood then,"

Papyrus smiled, "GOOD IDEA, I WILL GO CHECK TO SEE IF SANS IS DOING EVERYTHING EFFICIENTLY, AND YOU TWO-" he pointed to both Frisk and Flowey "PLEASE DO NOT GET INTO ONE OF YOUR SQUABBLES, OR AMBASSADOR PAPYRUS WILL HAVE TO USE HIS AMAZING POWERS OF PEACE,"

He then skullteleed back inside.

"I don't really want to have this conversation while Forester is here, can we just talk about this later?" Frisk sighed.

"If you hate it, just say it Frisk," Flowey pressed on tauntingly, his voice low, his eyes daring them.

Frisk looked at him with such disbelief that they nearly started laughing, it was ridiculous "wh- I do not! I just think you look a little silly up there, there, are you happy?"
"No! Because now you're CLEARLY lying to me! You're too 'nice' to tell me the truth!"

"OH MY GOSH! You're being impossible right now, you know that?"

Meanwhile Forester had moved over to the backyard table and sat down, pretending to look at his phone, he spoke up half hazardously "if it means anything, I think you throw and catch pretty well for a guy who just got new limbs today,"

Flowey bit back a few mean remarks that bombarded him, it there was not enough anger for him to go that far yet, he decided to opt for ignoring the Corkscrew instead, but as he begin to speak to Frisk again, his emotions grew and that's when his anger and poison began to get to him, his fake smile sneaking it's a way onto his face once he started, slowly twisting into something awful-

"It's funny of you to call me impossible Frisky, because I was just thinking the same thing about you, since you haven't said one nice thing about my robot body, actually, you're the only person who didn't say anything at all in the kitchen, you just STARED at me- like I was a FREAK! I thought I could expect more from The O' Great, Kind, Merciful, and Fantastical Frisk! But I guess they're just a horrible, ugly, liar just like the rest of the whole ENTIRE stinking human race!"

-He inwardly cringed as soon as the words left his mouth, he had NOT meant to get carried away like that, oh god, what was wrong with him?

Frisk looked as confused and insulted as they should have been, stunned silent.

And then… he saw it, the rare spark of anger that flashed in their eyes, jumping when they then stormed up to him, stopping once they were two feet away from him.

Thanks to the height of the flower pot bot, it made him technically as tall as Frisk now, which had (until now)been very exciting, but as their bright freakishly beautiful hazel eyes pierced into his dark anxious ones, all he wanted now was to just sink into the ground and tunnel off, or just as easy- he could just roll away, and he tried, but the robot body refused to budge, what an awful time for a glitch.

Fortunately, as they looked into him and read the apparent regret on his face, they attempted to calm themselves down before talking, taking a deep breath and slowly exhaling, still, he noticed how they tightened their fists by their sides.

"Okay… first of all, can we call it something else instead of 'robot body'? It sounds just odd."

He meant to nod, but he wasn't sure he did.

They continued "second- I AM happy for you, you big stubborn lemon! I am incredibly, amazingly, unequivocally happy for you, and you're right, I should have said so, but I…I… forgot, okay? And do you want to know WHY I was staring? It wasn't at all because you're a 'freak', it was because I was distracted, thinking to myself: 'holy gosh! My best friend has limbs again!' And yes, I thought it looked 'silly', but that's why I told you later, you honestly think I was about to say any of that in front of Alphys? And heck, now that I've gotten time to get used to it, I changed my mind! It's not silly at all, I think it looks really nice, it suits you even!"
Frisk smiled at him roughly, but quickly returned to frowning as they began to speak again, their tone becoming tired and slightly sad, "look, I have no idea why your upset over something so small like this, you know I think you're awesome... but, you know what? I will apologize because I see where I could have gone wrong to start this mess... I'm genuinely sorry that I stared, because you were right, it was rude and I should have said something sooner,"

Pure embarrassment and guilt washed over Flowey, the inside of him twisting painfully, still, his thoughts still stubbornly ran back to the memory of Frisk looking him over, as if they were trying to figure something out, almost confused, it just hadn't really screamed: 'I'm so happy for my BFF and his new silly looking robot flower pot body!' to him. Still, as Frisk stood before him, he could tell that they were, for the most part, being honest and was clearly upset at his dumb behavior, he knew now that he had blown things out of proportion, clearly he still needed a lot more work on wrangling his stupid emotions.

Whatever was going on inside Frisk's head, the argument didn't seem worth it anymore, he decided to just let it go.

So, he let out a resigned sigh "...ugh...you know what, you're...right, I'm sorry too, I really am sorry, so, uh, b-besides... it wasn't like I made this thing in the first place. Can we just shut up and forget I said anything?"

Frisk crossed their arms, looking off to the side for a moment before back at him, puffing their cheeks up stubbornly before exhaling deeply, "I don't know, can we? You've been a really big cactusass this week,"

Then, the pair stood in awkward silence Forester cracked out an obnoxiously silly snort, and attempted to hide the loud laughter that he was now unable to contain, they finally turned their attention to him.

"I'm sorry for laughing Flowey, I can't help it man!"

Frisk couldn't help the smirk that appeared on their face, "I knew I should have asked you to go inside,"

Flowey found himself rolling his eyes again, and took the chance to get away, but as he began to move, Frisk suddenly grabbed at his robot arm, hinting that they weren't done with him yet... but something else nagged inside him -and he quickly found that just like real prosthetics that they were very handy, the only downside was that you couldn't feel with them.

Forester grinned sheepishly, scratching behind his ear "yeeeaah, it's my bad, I couldn't help but laugh, not so much at the cactusass thing, you two just really reminded me of my grumpy grandma and her crazy boyfriend. It was really uncanny,"

The comment seemed to send a shocked jolt in both Frisk and Flowey, he didn't notice how they sharply pulled their hand away as they moved away back toward their boyfriend, now holding their hand out for him to help him up.

"I swear, the things you say sometimes, c'mon, let's go see what my mom and Sans are cooking," Frisk said.

Forester took their hand, an amused smile on his face, he looked back at Flowey curiously who now had his back turned to the so called stinking humans, pretending not to care.
"By the way, did you really call them 'Frisky' earlier?"

Flowey felt the ever intruding embarrassed blush cross his face, in the heat of the moment he had barely noticed that he had even said that, inwardly scolding himself, he had SWORE he wouldn't use that word again.

That being the case, he didn't bother to check back to see the looks on their faces, he didn't want to, and neither did he want them to see his.

"Nope, you must be hearing things!"

Frisk shook their head, sighing one more time, fidgeting slightly- then, after thinking something over in their head they seemed to change their mind, and smiled big to their boyfriend.

"Yeah, I don't know what you're talking about either, I never heard him say that," they said to him.

This time Flowey had to look back, raising a confused eyebrow at Frisk.

Forester looked to the others quizzically, he knew they were messing with him now, he just wasn't sure why, "is this an inside joke thing?"

Flowey finally caught on, slowly rolling to them now, his embarrassment waning "golly, I don't think so Forester,"

Frisk was unable to stop them self from snickering, "yeah, 'you must be so confused',"

The blond smiled awkwardly back at them now, "yeah I am, you two are really weird best friends, you know that? Not! That it's a bad thing, weird is good, weird is great, I love weird,"

Frisk seemed to be pleased with the comment, their smiling growing wider, getting a surprise yelp out of Flowey when they casually pulled him over and wrapped an arm around the metal flower pot proudly.
"You bet your cute booty it's a good and great thing! I wouldn't trade my wonderfully weird BFF for the world!"

Flowey stared at Frisk in dreamlike awe, unable to look anywhere else, even when they turned their attention back to Forester and hugged on to him with their other arm "and I'd never trade my cute weird boyfriend for the world either!"

Then, Papyrus popped his head out of the door, "FRISK, WOULD YOU KINDLY STOP FLIRTING? IT IS TIME TO EAT! I'M NOT EVEN SURE IT'S EVEN POSSIBLE TO DO BOTH AT THE SAME TIME,"

This seemed to pull Flowey back out of his trance and he rolled away before the others could respond "yeah FRISK! No PDA in the house! It's disgusting!" he said way louder than necessary.

"GOOD TO SEE THAT EVERYTHING HAS BEEN WORKED OUT . . .," Papyrus observed under his breath as the first teenager rolled by.

He leaned down to Frisk, a gestured hand covering the side of his mouth "HAS EVERYTHING BEEN WORKED OUT…?" he asked, sounding unsure.

Frisk stood there for a moment, their eyes Determinedly locked on Flowey who soon disappeared into the next room inside the house.
"Not yet, but I promise this, that someday I'm going to figure out the great enigma that is Asriel
Dreemurr and why he does these silly and frustrating things that he does," they then flashed a smile up at Papyrus who gave a agreeing smile in return.
After a thorough appointment to his therapist, Flowey realizes that he has to move on, or at least try and takes up a time consuming hobby. A few busy but lonely months pass by, until, finally he and Frisk make a real connection again.

Notes: Surprise! Happy Valentines Day! Because I was very excited to get this chapter out (it's one of my favorites) and because I love you guys dearly, I decided to update a second time for this week! I hope you enjoy it!

A more important note: I should mention that there is a bit where Flowey talks to his therapist, who gives him advice, I myself have not had any professional work in what therapists are trained to do, I was just attempting to write Loox as both a therapist and something of a friend, so, uh, I don't exactly recommend Loox's advice to anyone in a similar situation to Flowey, even if it sounds like good advice... what I'm trying to say is to listen to a real life professional.

**Chapter 17 Little Changes**

**Warnings?:** Hmmm, none?

**Inspiration Songs:** 'Still Feel.' by and 'Issues' by Julia Michaels

_I can feel a kick down in my soul_  
_And it's pulling me back to earth to let me know_  
_And this heart that beats inside of me will show_  
_It will show_  

_Floating in outer space, have I misplaced a part of my soul?_  
_Lost in the in-between, or so it seems, I'm out of control_  
_Floating in outer space, have I misplaced a part of my soul?_  
_Lost in the in-between, but it can't keep me asleep for long, 'cause_  

_I still feel alive_
When it is hopeless, I start to notice
And I still feel alive

Cause you don't judge me
’Cause if you did, baby, I would judge you too
No, you don't judge me
’Cause you see it from same point of view
’Cause I got issues
But you got 'em too
So give 'em all to me, and I'll give mine to you
Bask in the glory of all our problems
’Cause we got the kind of love it takes to solve 'em

Yeah, I got issues
And one of them is how bad I need you

Three weeks later…

Things had not gotten easier for Flowey since he had his ridiculous argument with Frisk in the backyard, but the more he thought about it, the more he realized his frustration from that day wasn't just from the strange way Frisk looked at him…

It was frustration at a lot of things, it was at his growing jealousy, his annoyance at Frisk's daycare service and all the literal stinking slobbery babies, how much they were either going out on dates or bringing Forester over, at himself for not being able control how he felt, how he had a body now but couldn't fully enjoy and be excited about because of all these issues with Frisk.

For the past month, he suffered, growing angrier and sadder all at the same time, forcibly stopping himself countless times from starting what he knew would cause a heated argument or even a fight.

Except… stopping himself was getting increasingly difficult to do when he felt all these mixed emotions all the time, it was eating away at him and he was losing focus.

It was like every time he hit a milestone, he'd look up and there would be yet another rocky mountain in the way of his path, that's what his entire life seemed to be like, a never ending path of treacherous mountains, and, in times like these… he was finding it increasingly hard to be happy again.

Fortunately, this is what he told Loox when it came time to make his therapy visit...

The response however…had been hard to swallow.

"It is okay that you are in love Flowey, you are more than allowed to feel love, but it is not okay that you are stressing over someone else's relationship like this, if you obsess on it for too long… I'm afraid there is a chance your jealousy could become dangerous for all parties, you may tell yourself that it won't, but I've known you long enough now to know that you can become pretty poisonous when negativity rules over you…,"
There was a painful silence in the room as Flowey stared hard at the edge of the desk in front of him, he knew Loox was right, he just didn't have the strength to admit it.

"I will not tell you to throw away your feelings, but, maybe, if you wish to stop your frustrations, maybe you need to not focus on Magnola's life, but on yours, think about OTHER things that make YOU happy, find something new to do, perhaps a hobby, because I can assure you, if you let things continue this way, there might be a…possible chance that things could blow out of proportion and you will not only not just make yourself miserable… but Magnola as well,"

"What do you expect me to do? I LIVE with them!"

"Yes, I will admit, that could be the hard part, I won't tell you to close yourself off nitty gritty or even go back to hide away at your father's home again, but do what you must, you know? It is your choice, it is your life. You want to be better?"

"Yeah…,"

"Do you want to be better?"

"Yeah."

"DO YOU WANT TO BE BETTER?!"

"YES!" Flowey snapped angrily.

"Good! Do you want to stop the jealousy?"

"YES."

"Then you have to work for it! And I mean REALLY work for it this time, you have to force yourself to forget Magnola for a while and remember YOURSELF! Because I should remind you that they are not just the only important person in your life- but YOU are, you are the most important person in your life and now comes a time of focus!"

Some point afterward…

Flowey opened the door and rolled his way over to his mother who sat in the waiting room, giving her best encouraging smile as she always did and got up, the both of them making their way outside to the car.

"How did your session go?" she spoke up.

Flowey didn't quite meet her gaze as he answered "Loox suggested I should try uh… a new hobby, so… I was thinking we should make a trip to the music store next,"

Toriel looked momentarily excited and surprised, "you want to get into music? That's wonderful,"

He sighed briefly before speaking "yeah…it seemed like the best next thing to try…,"

Flowey then lowered the flower pot, hiding the metal pole and wheel down within itself, becoming once again portable so Toriel could pick him up and prop him on the passenger's seat, almost strapping his seat belt for him out of habit before he gently batted her away and did it himself.
Once they began on the road, Toriel seemed to notice that Flowey looked deeply bothered by something, which he sometimes did after his therapy appointments (due to deep reflecting on subjects that made him feel bad) but this time he seemed extra put off than usual.

...  

After his sixth sigh in the past few minutes, his mother decided to say something.

"What is the matter? Have you changed your mind? Do you wish to have a different hobby?" she asked.

"No, it's just the talk I had with Loox…well…, he just made me realize I need to try harder with my problems, and I know it's not going to be easy," he explained.

"Then it was another tiring session was it?"

"It was," he confirmed in a sleepy mono tone voice, watching the world zoom by outside the window, on the brink of zoning out.

They were quiet for a while before Toriel flicked on the radio, the song currently playing catching Flowey's attention instantly, he tried his best to memorize the lyrics so he could remember to look it up later.

'…Oh and if there's any love in me  
Don't let it show.  
Oh and if there's any love in me  
Don't let it grow ….'

And not long after it finished, his mother finally spoke up again "I was thinking, that perhaps when we get back home, you can help me make dinner, or at least dessert, we haven't done so in a very long time and I think you do a very fine job at cooking."

When Flowey didn't respond immediately, she changed the offer "…or…would you rather go 'out to eat'?"

He blinked, "er- no, fixing dinner sounds better, I'm not really in the mood to sit in one spot and be stared at for an hour, I got more than enough of that from Loox today,"

Toriel seemed to understand as she changed the subject, "so, what instrument will you plan on learning?"

Flowey grinned weakly, "well, I actually… should confess that…uh, I already know how to play the piano. I learned forever ago back when we were living Underground, but to make a long story short- I got burnt out on it, so, I was thinking of trying the guitar this time since I have the right equipment for it now," he said wiggling the robotic gloved fingers for emphasis.

The long story was that during one of his earliest Resets after getting to know and befriend Undyne,
she eventually taught him how to play, it had been a lot of fun and it had kept him entertained for a long time, one could say he was a little bit talented, but after hitting a creative block, the whole thing lost whatever spark it had, too soon becoming boring and he got real sick of it real fast, which ensued a bad fight with Undyne and the painful ending to their friendship and the beginning of a Reset.

He was glad he could say he was friends of some kind with her now, being enemies with Undyne

The Undying was never a good idea.

"You do not think you could have learned with your vines or a guitar pick?" Toriel respond, trying to sound as polite as possible.

"Mom! Compared to me, guitars are huge and awkward to hold, it wasn't going to work,"

"You could have tried a ukulele, they are just mini guitars- or, a child sized guitar!"

Flowey gave out whiny groan, "you don't get it, it's hardly the same thing,"

To Toriel's surprise, they were in and out of the music store a lot faster than she predicted, Flowey instantly growing attached to a glossy black classic guitar the second he saw it across the room, his matching eyes practically glittering when he approached it.

So after buying his new precious guitar and the starter kit that came with it, unable to stop staring at it in amazement in the car, Flowey immediately found the idea of learning more and more exciting, that by the time they reached home he quickly zoomed off to his room with it in hand, not even noticing that he had knocked over a few things in the process.

But he was too soon interrupted by Toriel who had finally caught up.

"You promised you would help with the dinner, your guitar can wait, my son,"

Flowey held up said guitar defensively, "technically we never promised on anything, so the way I see it,-"

"I said the guitar can wait, come along Asriel," Toriel interrupted gently yet firmly.

"Fffffffine," he grumbled, an carefully sat the guitar on the bed, which- seemed like the perfect place to keep it at since he couldn't use it for himself, still, he silently made an imaginary to-do list to get a guitar case.

... 

After collecting freshly magic grown vegetables they moved them to the kitchen where they began chopping away.

Unfortunately, as they sat together, Flowey's silence returned, so Toriel attempted conversation, which was not surprisingly difficult to do...

"I have noticed lately, that you have been struggling with something, do you perhaps want to talk about it?"
"I already did. During my session,"

"Hmm…I will take that as a stern no,"

"You're correct, it is a stern no,"

"…Have you not wondered where Frisk went off to?"

Ever so slightly, Flowey's frown deepened.

"I have."

"…Well…will you not ask where they are?"

Flowey stopped chopping to look at his mother for a moment, not sure if he wanted to know the answer, because he was pretty sure he already knew what that answer was, but because it was Frisk, he couldn't help but be invested and curious.

"Okay. I'll bite. Where are they?"

"They had a surprise visit from Forester and they went off on a date, oh, and also texted that they will be going on Mettaton's show again, it's very exciting don't you th-,"

"Mom, what do you think of Forester?" Flowey interrupted bluntly, putting his knife down firmly, long having finished cutting his group of vegetables anyway, there were times when he really hated being right.

A skeptical look appeared on Toriel's face, she was on the verge of figuring out part of her son's bad mood.

"I think he's a very kind boy, I trust him, but I have been suspicious that you do not agree, what do you think of Forester?"

Flowey shook his head, giving up on something silently, "he's… okay… for a human…. never mind, just forget I asked," he then took a vegetable from his mother's pile and began chopping at it, "by the way, what kind of dessert are you going to make?"

It took a few seconds before Toriel spoke as she looked over at her son with deep concern, "lemon squares… Asriel, my son, are you okay?"

Again, Flowey stopped, this time by how his name was spoken, it was in a tone his mother rarely used anymore "…yeah, I guess, I just have a lot of stuff on my mind lately, don't worry so much mom,"

"I have to, it is my job. Are you truly okay? I know you don't like it when we pry, but clearly something is still deeply bothering you,"

Flowey blew out a resigned sigh, trying to think of an answer that will calm his mother down so he wouldn't have to talk about this right now, but if he had to be honest, he was starting to get sick of lying to her…

"Okay, you got me, something is bothering me, well… no, something is always bothering me- and I would explain, but I am tapped out on being psychoanalyzed today, thanks for trying though, I appreciate the effort."

Toriel continued to gaze at Flowey with deep concerned before she silently gave up and smiled
comfortingly at him, "then… I hope you don't mind if I ask again next time?"

"I'd be disappointed if you didn't mom."

Toriel gave him a small silly grin before relaxing back in her chair "now, is there anything else you want to discuss before I let you go practice? I think you have helped enough by now,"

For a moment, the idea of telling his mother about his issue with 'Magnola and their boyfriend the Corkscrew'- but he quickly shook the thought away, Toriel was just ever so slightly better with reading through the lines than Asgore was, he couldn't take the risk.

He opted for a less dramatic issue to talk about…

"Hmm…can we move the history test to Friday?"

"Certainly not."

Flowey shrugged and hopped off from his chair, extending the wheel out in time before landing. "Worth a shot, well, see you later."

"I will call you when it dinner is ready," Toriel called to her son who was already at the exit of the kitchen.

He waved his hand up, "k, love you mom,"

Toriel grinned widely, calling back to her son, "I love you too son!"

And as she began cutting vegetables again, Toriel found herself suddenly tearing up, not because of sadness or onions- (since she wasn't cutting any) but because it had been the first time in a very, very long time that she and her son and said that to each other.

Flowey grinned, happy and pleased with himself at his achievement, for a long time, when he thought he had been still soulless, he just didn't see any point in telling people he loved them, it just wasn't something he did and wasn't in the habit of doing, what was the point lying?

And then when he did find out he did in fact have a soul again, it still seemed pointless, especially more so when expressing something like that was physically painful, it just wasn't going to happen.

But since he had been able to strengthen his magic, he had decided to make a point to normalize those special three little words, he was able to fully feel emotions again and damn it all he was going to show everyone that he could! No matter how much it hurt, it seemed like a no-brainer to tell his family how he felt, he missed those old gross nostalgic goopy emotions he had for these people.

…As for Frisk… he had no idea how he was going to be capable of telling them he loved them and be able to keep it sounding platonic, and no, saying it accidentally over the phone didn't completely count, and nor was it enough.

He knew he had to do more to make them know he cared, and he promised himself he would, later, somehow, someday…. once he had the real courage.
Which was fine, Loox had told him to forget about Frisk after all, hadn't he? It was going to be really uncomfortable and most likely difficult to put the one eyed monster's talk to the test.

But for now, as he entered his room and spotted his guitar, he knew that wouldn't be too hard to do at the moment, because right now he just wanted to not worry about anything at all and have time alone to himself, so he started by practicing with his guitar.

Day after day...

...Week after week

He played… venting all his stress and troubles through the strings of his guitar, there was rarely a day when he didn't practice.

He became totally, utterly, thoroughly absorbed.

Loox's advice had worked…

At the same time, Frisk also found themselves very busy with juggling school, daycare, dating and studying to becoming the next Ambassador and socializing with everyone… all except for their best friend who they lived under the same roof with, since whenever they tried to- he was either too busy with his own hobbies to hang out, or vice versa.

The only instances that they found time to talk was either at the table or passing each other in the hallway, or when it came to clean their fish's tank, but even then Flowey often found himself doing the chore for Frisk instead.

Asgore and Toriel were becoming concerned, yes, but it was hard to be when Flowey was finally quiet, relaxed and content and Frisk was happily busy with life, the both of them flourishing in their own way.

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Before anyone knew it, February, March, and nearly April passed them by all too quickly due to that occupied productivity…

Meanwhile, as Toriel watched them from afar, she could tell they were not only starting to grow apart, but the whole family was too, and that was NOT something she was going to stand for.
So, near the ending of April, Toriel finally put her foot down and demanded the three of them have a
day out... even if it did basically consist of errands.

"MOM! Not only do I have a fat stack of homework to do that YOU assigned me, but there's also
this song that I have to learn!" Flowey begged, not in the mood.

"Right now?"

"Yes, RIGHT NOW!"

"I apologize, but it is time to take a break from all of that today my son, all I ask of both you and
Frisk is to spend time with me, at the same time! Besides, you are missing the lovely spring weather!
You especially need your vitamin D and the warm air, it will be good for your health."

Flowey rolled his eyes, "okay, okay, you've made it clear I don't have a choice,"

Toriel smiled at him happily, her tone cheerful "you do not."

Finally Frisk came walking down the hallway, joining them, except for the cellphone they had glued
to their ear, looking genuinely conflicted, "I'm really sorry Mrs. Mihn, my mother is having a family
emergency, I just can't do it today," they grimaced as they listened to the mother on the receiver
"okay... next Wednesday, same time as usual, got it, send little Percy my love, bye, bye,"

"Percy? The one that likes to throw rocks at people? Sounds like you should be thanking mom,"
Flowey quipped.

Frisk frowned and stuffed their phone back into its holder "hush you, if you'd come out of your room
more you'd see that they don't do that anymore, Percys' sweet now,"

Toriel began to move, motioning the other two to follow her lead, "that reminds me, if you two can
avoid any arguments on this trip, we will all go somewhere of each of your choosing,"

A crooked grin appeared on Flowey's face, "a bribe mom? Wooow,"

Toriel giggled as well, "what? I am assuming it will work," then looked to them with uncertainty "or
will it not?"

"It will, I have practice with handling babies," Frisk teased, smirking with pleasant surprise when
they saw the teasing didn't bother Flowey too much, as he merely rolled his eyes.

"And if it does, where would you two like to go?" Toriel asked, genuinely interested.

"To the movies, you know the one mom, I've been talking about it for weeks," Frisk answered
playfully.

"And I want to go to the aquarium... it's fine if we can't go today, since it's a long drive, I just want
to go at some point- soon?" Flowey said, making sure to look extra hopeful.

Toriel smiled sweetly, "you are correct, by the time we are finished with the errands it will be too late
to make it to the aquarium, but if you two can keep argument free, I promise we will go next week,"
The first place they went to was out to eat at a diner, then to the bank, then to the school to pick up a few papers, the shoe store and then, the grocery store…

Things had been going smoothly, and so far no one argued as promised, and it wasn't something they could technically label as a 'fun' trip, a large chunk of it had been certainly boring, but Flowey had to admit it had been. . . nice to hang out with both his mother and Frisk again after so long at the same time, and he could see that they felt the same way.

They were currently in the middle of the frozen food section when Toriel slowed to a stop, "I need to go to the restroom for a moment. Take things from here will you? I'll call to find you when I'm out," she said to the younger two.

"Got it," Frisk said, taking the reins of the shopping cart.

Toriel stopped and then turned back to them, "do not hide any junk at the bottom again, also, cross off the peas, I just remembered that we already have some,"

Frisk laughed, waving off Toriel "I got it, I got it! You can go already!"

As they walked together, things soon felt… awkward...

"Soooo, when's the concert?" Frisk asked out of the blue.

Flowey blinked in confusion, "what?"

"You've been practicing with your guitar for practically forever now, I have to admit you sound really great,"

Flowey held back his smile, but was unable to hide the slight orange blush that invaded his cheeks "it's only been three months, give me a few more months and I'll sound even better,"

"And then you'll play us some of your beautiful music?"

He stiffened uncomfortably "no, it's just a hobby that I'm trying to get good at, I'm not really interested in playing for anyone,"

Frisk didn't pout, but they were definitely disappointed, "not even for Toriel or Asgore… or me?"

Flowey thought about it for a millisecond, but the idea of being watched while he bared his emotions out in song form only made him nervous, and he shook his head stubbornly and unsympathetically "nope, I play for me and myself only,"

Frisk didn't share his opinion, but let him be, "well, that's fine, as long as it makes you happy, I guess we'll all just have to keep continuing to listen through the wall,"

Flowey's frown deepened and he looked away from Frisk, saying that he didn't like that people could
hear him play would actually be a little bit of a fib, he'd never admit it, but there was a large part of himself that still loved to show off.

He wondered if he'd ever put Frisk to sleep during practicing one of the lullaby melodies...

As they walked, a familiar man came into view in the far distance ahead of them, it took Flowey a few seconds in to recognize him.

It was Mr. Otto.

Anxiety flooded into Flowey and he grabbed at push bar of the cart and attempted to steer it away, but Frisk wasn't having it, holding tight to the cart "what's wrong? Oh- wait a minute, that guy looks familiar…,"

"Yup, over familiar! So let's go this way!" Flowey offered tensely, continuing to push, but Frisk didn't budge.

"Wait a sec, that's the mean guy Asgore pointed out to me- the one who you had a 'talk' with," Frisk said, their eyes glued on Mr. Otto.

"Uuuuuhhh yeah, and it was a bad talk, so let's go-," but his words were stricken cold in his mouth when Frisk finally looked at him as if they just figured out a terrible mystery.

He leaned back a little as they leaned in to speak more privately.

"He did beat you up didn't he?" they asked, voice hushed and their expression bordering on upset.

Flowey had to laugh nervously, backing away from their face, "no, I just don't want us to get near him, we might risk catching his stupid,"

Frisk pursed their lips stubbornly, Determination filling them, they let go of the cart and looked at him firmly "sorry to do this, but if you won't tell me, I'll just have to ask for myself."

As Frisk began to move away from him, fear choked at Flowey and he panicked, his hand shooting out and grabbing the back of Frisk's shirt, dragging them back successfully, and zooming around in front of them to block the way, his voice quiet and desperate.

"No, please don't get near that jerk, I'll promise I'll tell you if you just stay away from him,"

Frisk looked back at him with genuine concern and worry now, sighing, "okay," and proceeded to turn around and walk into another aisle, specifically an empty one so they wouldn't be seen or heard.

Then they stopped and looked at him expectantly, patiently with kind eyes.

He momentarily wondered how he'd ever been able to say no to them before, and cleared his throat "ahem, so… basically… uh, you know how I explained that I wouldn't let him go? Well, I guess I freaked him out too much… so. . .he kicked me in the face, really hard,"

Frisk gasped, their kind eyes widening in shock and anger "kicked you? In the face? That's most of you!"
Without thinking, he rolled in closer and gently grabbed their shoulder, with the other hand held out an index finger between their faces.  
"Yes, which is why I can't let you -or mom and dad near him, he'll probably try to smack you with his bat for all we know, but you have to promise me you won't tell anyone,"

Confusion and more anger spread over Frisk's features "what the heck, you sound just like Asgore, neither of you want to report this guy who's basically a criminal, I just don't get it,"

Flowey put his hands down and scowled at himself, "I know, we should do something about him, but I've had time to think about things, and I just don't want to put us through all that trouble with court and all that stupid nonsense, I just want to forget about it. Besides, he's not defacing dad's house anymore...so..."

Then as soon as Frisk put their hands on their hips, he knew that they were about crush his side of the argument (not that it was a good one anyway.)

"You'd would want to report him if it had been someone else instead of you, I know you would."

Flowey wasn't very quick to respond to that one, his frown only deepening, he already thought this scenario over long ago, he knew his parents could protect themselves from someone like Mr. Otto easily, and Frisk was brave and all, but he knew full and well that their kind words and dodging skills wouldn't work everywhere.

"I know. You're right, and it's exactly why I pulled you back," he said quietly, but then he shook his head, "but...no, I'm still not going to say anything about it, I just... I just can't."

Frisk blew out a very, very frustrated sigh, "okay. I have a strong feeling that I won't be able to change your mind, so, how about this, if you ever run into him again and he tries to hurt you...god forbid, will you promise me that you take it to the authorities? Please?"

Flowey was about to say no, until Frisk uttered two words in a small desperate voice that he just couldn't resist..

"-For me?"

He let out a tired groan, snapping his eyes shut as he felt his soul rattle around in conflict while simultaneously sending out painful pangs across his body, urging him to listen to Frisk.

"Ugghh, okay, fine! Fine. You win."

The mix of fluttering and pain worsened as a light smile appeared on Frisk's relieved face, he was practically putty in their hands and he knew there was nothing he could do about it anymore.

But then Frisk thought of something "no wait, you have to really promise it to me, I know what you're like," and proceeded to raise their hand and held out their pinky finger.

"You have to pinky promise me," they said with all seriousness.

He stared at the tiny little appendage and back to Frisk's face, "seriously? That's so juvenile,"

Frisk shrugged laxly, "what, do you prefer to sign a binding contract instead? Just gimme this one thing, it's all I ask,"
"Fine, I'll humor you," Flowey said and brought out his gloved robot hand, promptly sticking out the pinky finger.

Frisk pursed their lips together and pushed the hand back, "not with that, that's not you, give me a vine…. stop making that face, it has nothing to do with the way you look on the robot,"

"You know it's not a real pinky promise this way, right? If you haven't noticed over the past six or seven years that you've known me, I don't seem to have any fingers," Flowey explained sarcastically as he summoned out a considerably smaller sized vine making sure to match the width of his BFF's pinky, ignoring the familiar annoying thump as the robotic arms lost connection and went limp.

Frisk smiled back in amusement "it's real as long as you can manage it," they held their pinky closer for him, their smiling widening warmly as he wrapped the vine around it shyly.

They stood there that way for a moment, looking at the intertwining of vine around finger.

But the moment was interrupted when Frisk's phone suddenly rang.

They quickly grabbed it with their free hand and answered it, holding a giggle back as Flowey absentmindedly continued to twirl the vine around Frisk's pinky finger further, seemingly lost in his thoughts already.

"Hiya mom, okay…yes, we're still in the frozen section… no, not much, we're in the ice cream aisle right now…no, we didn't, we remembered what you said, 'no junk' . . . okay, see you in a moment… love you too lovely lady,"

But after hanging up Frisk couldn't help but smile again and pause as they watched the slow process of Flowey finally come back to his senses and then look quite embarrassed when he realized he hadn't been listening to the conversation… or maybe that he realized that Frisk had been watching him, quickly unwinding the mass of vine from their finger.

Once they got their hand back, they began looking over the grocery app on their phone as they spoke "we should hurry up and get some stuff on the list before she gets back, I kind of want to hurry up and get it all home so we'll have plenty of time for the movie, speaaaking of which, why did you want to go to the aquarium?"

"I don't know, I guess having Orange Juice has made me more interested in learning about fish… and- wait, a second! Wasn't that conversation we had a moment ago basically an argument?" Flowey asked, referring to Toriel's rule.

Frisk smirked smugly and began pushing the shopping cart once again.

"Basically, someone might say it was, but it doesn't have to be an argument if we don't want it be one. Besides, Toriel wasn't here to hear it, so it wouldn't count anyway, ya feel me?" then handed him their phone, "here, you can check the list while I push,"

He took the phone, his eyebrows narrowing when he remembered something and grimaced, "ugh, golly, I was right, I have definitely rubbed off on you,"

Frisk raised their eyebrows, surprised "huh, you think so?"

"Yeah, I do think so,"

Their surprise expression turned thoughtful, considering his realization and smiling gently in agreement "now that you say it…I think maybe your right,"
"I am right, you've lived and been around me too long, I've rubbed off on you and now you've got some of my… *what's a good word, uh, 'quirks' on you,*"

They giggled quietly "doesn't sound like such a terrible thing to me, but, it's funny, I was starting to think the same thing, but the other way around,"

"OH, you mean like you think you've been a 'good influence' on me? Or that you've gotten me into one of your 'odd' habits-like eating donuts with a fork and knife?" Flowey said, looking around the new aisle for a particular something on the list.

Frisk snickered, "both I guess, and you know I started doing that as a joke right? I was pretending to be fancy,"

"No, I'm pretty sure you started doing it so you wouldn't get your hands sticky? Never mind. But really, seriously, when did you start getting like this? When did my infection start?" he asked as he open a door and pulled out a mixed bag of veggies.

They shook their head in conflicted laughter "why are you making it out to be so bad? I just didn't see any point in us losing our fun over a conflict that we *resolved,* sooo… I don't think it should count, sometimes being sneaky can be a good thing,"

He scoffed "*should have known that only you could turn one of my traits into something positive,*"

A hint of playful mischief crossed their expression "actually, maybe it's something we have in common, because now that I'm *really* thinking about it, I'm pretty sure I've always been sneaky, hey-maybe I was *so* good at being sneaky that *neither of us* noticed, that's how having a talent can be sometimes,"

As Flowey rolled back to the cart to put the frozen food away, a squinty, daring look coming over his face, "is this your convoluted way of saying that you're 'sneakier' than me? Because I'm sure I could surprise you Frisky,"

Frisk waved a defensive hand at him, pretending to be intimidated, "*oh no, no, no, definitely not,* I *know* you're the Master of Sneak, a.k.a. Mr. Stalks A Lot. Don't think I've forgotten about you following me around back when we were tiny,"

Flowey rolled his eyes hard, scoffing again, "yeah, can you do me a big favor and go ahead and forget? I'd like to go on living without constantly being reminded how much of a crazy and strange twerp I was,"

Frisk's smile dropped as soon as they realized that they had accidentally offended Flowey, and rubbed the bridge of their nose tiredly, ashamed "you're right, I'm sorry, that was a bad joke,"

Flowey sighed slowly and rolled over closer, "no, you don't have to be, you're right to still call me out on all the psychopathic stuff I did, I deserve it. I *just* really hate being reminded of… what I use to be like,"

The best friends gazed at each other for a few quiet moments, both thinking and remembering the same thing.

"*Well…,*" Frisk began, the small and warm smile appearing on their face, building up gradually as
they spoke "can I just start off by reminding you of good things, like that… to me, you've always been amazing? No one else I know can make me laugh like you can, or shape shift their face like you can, or shoot electric rainbow blasts like you can,"

"Shocker Breaker…," he sighed wistfully, yes as much as Flowey hated all the terrible things he had done to Frisk and everyone else, he couldn't stop himself from still being proud of the attacks that he had long made up before he became a flower.

But his eyes widened when finally realized the gravity of Frisk's compliment, a blush coming to his cheeks and his posture becoming shy "…you know what?"

"What?"

"Shut up,"

Frisk's smile became sheepish "was that one too much?"

"Way too much," Flowey said under his breath, rolling away, still he heard Frisk stifle a pleased giggle anyway, always glad to compliment people.

.. Not too much later, Toriel finally found them and they continued shopping, went home and then off to the movies, all in all, it had shaped into a pretty nice day, and a good change of pace.

. . .

That night though, was what officially made Flowey think that maybe, just maybe he had underestimated Frisk just a little bit about their being 'sneaky' comment . . .

He was busy scrolling down an astronomy website on his tablet around ten PM when a light tap was heard on his door and in a very swift, quiet fluid motion, Frisk flew in and carefully closed the door, then tipped toed over to him, but what struck him first was their appearance.

Their long hair was in a lazy, yet striking bun while their long bangs were swept off to the side dramatically, meanwhile they wore a partially unbuttoned thin blouse that was showing a considerable amount of skin that they didn't usually bothered to show, all topped off with their favorite show-offy leggings.

"Woah! You… look like… you look…," oh god, he was too flustered to even make a coherent sentence.

Frisk didn't seem to notice though as they paced his room, they spoke very quietly "yeah, I look like I'm going somewhere important, I know, it's why I'm here," This response was what brought him back to his senses, "what? What is that supposed to mean? You can't go out now, it's late,"

Frisk finally stopped pacing to walk up to him, their face the very picture of anxiety "I have to, there's a party I really have to go to, and if I don't, I'm going to regret it badly, I just know I will,"
Flowey gave Frisk a critically judgmental look, "a party? You're this worked up over a dumb party?"

Frisk grit their teeth and rubbed the back of their neck, and got closer "it's not just the party, I would explain better, but I'm in a super big hurry, and I need you to do me a huge favor, just this once,"

Flowey narrowed his eyebrows, he was on to them "wait a minute… let me guess… mom didn't let you go, so you're sneaking out and you want my help? I have to admit, I really did not see this one coming…,"

He could see the guilt in their eyes, they seemed to have trouble looking back at him now "…I- I'll never ask anything like this from you ever again and I'll explain everything after I get back, I just need to do this, okay?"

He didn't know what to say or do, he wasn't in any place to be judging them, but he was worried, he'd rarely ever seen them worked up like this and it was starting to make him anxious too…and something about the look in their eyes began to make him feel obligated to help them, after all, didn't he owe them big time?

But at the same time, it was late… what if they ran into trouble?

"…This party…it's not too far away is it? You'll call if something goes wrong?" he asked slowly, putting a stern hand up, stopping Frisk as they started to smile and their eyes began to light up.

"Don't! do that with your face, I'm not agreeing to anything just yet, just answer the questions first,"

Frisk was now currently fighting hard to keep their smile down "it's not far away at all, just a four minute bike ride away, and you know you can always trust me to act fast, don't worry,"

Flowey thoughtfully tapped his two robotic index fingers together "…and…how do you expect me to keep mom from finding out you're not here?"

"She's asleep and… I'll definitely be back sometime before twelve AM, but I made a little makeshift me-lump on my bed just in case she decides to check, but of course. . . I wasn't sure how well that would work, so I was thinking maybe you could stay in there, pretend to be asleep and throw your voice to sound like me or something,"

As he gazed admiringly at them as he listened, he wasn't sure who he wanted to laugh at more, Frisk for their silly but daring ideas or at himself for becoming such an easy love sick pushover.

"You know you're taking a really big risk here, you know that?" Flowey said with a lazy smile on his face.

Frisk flashed him a big shiny grin, "I guess you could call me-," they then snapped on some cool dark sunglasses "'-Frisk the Risk',"

Flowey's lazy smile grew wider, "didn't you, mom, and Trashbag wear out that joke years ago?"

Frisk shook their head dismissively "nope, you can't get rid of a joke that good," they then took a quick look at their phone for the time and grimaced at it but the displeasure didn't last long.

Pushing their the sunglasses up to their forehead (somehow not ruining their bangs) without warning Frisk began to quickly move into the space between them, pressing themselves close to Flowey to
wrap their arms around his robot body, resting their warm cheek against the side of his flowery head.

"You know you're the best right?" their voice quiet and sweet, the closeness of their voice stunning him, it was like being stuck in honey.

Too soon they backed away before his brain knew how to react.

They looked down to their boots for a few seconds, as if mentally preparing themselves, then looked back to him, smiled warmly and turned away to walk over to his window proceeding to unlock and open it up, but before they left, they turned back to him one more time and pointed at him for emphases.

"Love you. Call me if Toriel busts us, I promise I'll take all the blame, I'll text you when I get there and right before I leave,"

He opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came, so he just nodded firmly and waved.

Once they were gone, he was unsure of what to do, his mind in a daze.

But once he looked over at his phone in his robotic hand, things clicked back in place in his mind, quickly he rushed out of his room to Frisk's, if he was doing this, he was going to do it correctly, no way was he going to mess this up for them, after all, he felt he at least owed them this and so much more, especially after everything that they'd ever done for him.

…As he entered the room and thought about it, he soon found that he actually didn't have a lot of reason to be nervous about messing up, his mother was something of a deep sleeper, but still, it was probably a good idea to take precautions just in case her strong mother senses woke her up.

But . . . actually . . . why would Toriel check anyway? It wasn't like Frisk was known to pull these types of stunts anyway…unless, have they been sneaking out all this time without him knowing too? No…no, why would they come to him for help if this was something that they practiced?

He found himself feeling a weird combination of being both impressed and concerned.

He rolled over to the other side of the room near the window, it was the first place he slept at for a while after they first brought him from the Underground- that and the night stand next to Frisk's bed.

He couldn't help but remember how the two of them had started a bad habit of talking to each other before bed until it was late into the beginning of the AM hours, and it hadn't been Frisk's fault, it was just that he had so many questions and thoughts that he needed to get out, his mind always buzzing after a long day, which was no surprise after spending so much time alone and seeing the same sights all the time over and over again.

The world above had been really amazing and a lot for him to take in at the time back then.

He shook his head gently at the soft memories, things weren't quite like they use to be, they both were teenagers now and up to different things, and as confusing as everything tended to be, it wasn't as horrible now as he had suspected it would be when he was a kid.
…Still, as he sat there, patiently covering and waiting for his best friend to come back, he could only seem to think of the good moments that they shared, he wasn't sure why, maybe it was because he was finally giving back for a change.

Finally, his phone lit up, notifying him a text from Frisk, all that they sent him was a little green thumbs-up emoji, ignoring the fact that it had took them 10 minutes instead of 4 to get there, at least they were there.

'you **better** have fun' - he texted with warning.

Two minutes later- 'I will flower boy ;)))))

After twenty minutes of doing nothing but keep his guard up, he heard the very faint sound of his mother's muffled snoring, he decided it was time to relax, allowing himself get absorbed in one of his app games.

But at precisely 11:57, Frisk sent him a very odd text.

- **nvermind, i'm coming hme now**

  *What happened? Did something bad happen? -*

  - **no,notinh like that dont wrry**

  *Hard not to be when you're typing like that -*

  - *it's fine Ill tell you everythng when i get home, i cant text and ride a bike at the same tme*

  Flowey curled his lips in a deep frown and zoomed back to his room, and waited anxiously.

  . . . . . . . . . . . . .

Once he saw Frisk's dark silhouette at the window he rushed for it and opened it for them, holding out a robotic hand to help them in, but the both of them hesitated once their eyes met.
Frisk's eyes were pink and puffy from tears, their face matching, even though they were expected, they looked as if they had just been caught red handed.

Flowey looked back at them with the utmost concern, sickened by all the suspicions that flooded his mind, he looked at them closer to see any bruises or scuffs, maybe some kind of rip in their blouse, but there were only tears in their eyes, which, in his mind, were just as horrible.

Finally, Frisk took a hold of the robot hand and hopped down inside, awkwardly stepping back and rubbing at their arms slowly in attempt to comfort themselves, they smiled at him- but it didn't quite meet their eyes.

"I know this looks bad, and I know I said to not worry, but…," they sighed and rubbed at their wet eyes, "I should tell you the truth," they then pulled their hairband lose, not paying attention to how Flowey watched as their long dark chestnut brown hair came cascading down over their shoulders like a river, a distracting sight, but he snapped his attention back.

He cleared his throat before speaking "do whatever you need to do…," "Um, actually… can we head to the kitchen and talk instead? I'm thirsty," Frisk said, fluffing up their bangs sleepily as they rubbed their forehead and kicking off their dark boots.

"Yeah, sure, anything, take your time," Flowey mumbled, noticing his best friend's tired eyes watering up once more.

On que they realized how he was staring and wiped their eyes again "sorry," they whispered before walking out of the room, not caring so much about being inconspicuous anymore.

He followed them out, neither of them saying a word, even after they entered the kitchen and Frisk downed half a cup of water which only prompted new tears- as if it had refilled them.

All Flowey could think to do was stay with them and wait patiently, gently patting their shoulder for a moment until he finally thought to hand them a tissue, to which Frisk glanced at and smiled sadly as they looked up at him and stared back deeply for a few seconds before taking the tissue, trading it for their water.

"Thanks, so… um, I guess I should just get this over with or else we'll be in here all night," Frisk said, their voice a little shaky, which eased up as they continued…

"The reason I had to go to the party was because of… please don't be mad- … Forester, but, he's also why I… um…left the party too," Frisk cringed as Flowey's frown deepened, quickly looking considerably angry, his robot hand tightening around the glass of water, "don't tell me that stupid, dopey Corkscrew is responsible for making you this upset! What happened?"!

They wiped another tear that came, "yeah… he… he ended up breaking up with me, things have been hard since he moved away two months ago, so we weren't able to see each other as much. It's why I just had to go to this party, but as you can see… it turned out to be a big waste of time,"
Flowey was confused, his tone softening "you never told me he moved,"

Frisk sighed again, rubbing a hand through their hair, fidgeting "I didn't, did I? I've been too busy… I must have forgot," then they looked back over at him, a hint of bitter crossing their features "and… I guess… I didn't think you would care, you never liked him in the first place, did you? You must be happy that we broke up,"

A crooked frown appeared on Flowey's face "yeah, I would be happy, but you're making it very difficult to be, I don't like it when you cry like this, so if you can stop doing that and give me the directions to the Corkscrew's house so I can pay him a visit and 'break' his-," he had to stop due to Frisk pulling him and his robot body into another hug, to his surprise, they began giggling tearfully.

"Hahaha, no, no more breaking anything, you have to stay here and do what you do best," they said softly, leaning away slightly so they could wipe the last tear away.

"And what would that be?" he asked, his voice quieter than he wanted, in daze again from their closeness, with no general idea what to do with his hands as they continued to hug him.

"Being… 'the best around, nothing ever keeps you down~'," Frisk said endearingly in a sing song voice, quoting the lyrics from a particular song, probably in an attempt to lighten up the mood, or to distract their best friend from being mad.

Flowey let out an embarrassed groan, "oh golly no, please don't start singing."

Frisk's grin grew and they chuckled quietly, pulling back a little, "fine, I'll just save it for later,"

He shook his head, a hint of a smile threatening his mouth for millisecond and handed Frisk their water back, "whatever, at least you're okay. You are okay… aren't you?"

Frisk sipped at their water, silent as they thought over the night they had, then they slowly shook their head, "I don't think I'll be okay for a while. It hurts you know? I was never sure how serious we were…. but I still liked him a lot, but I guess it makes sense that it didn't work out… long distance relationships are the hardest,"

After a few seconds, Frisk realized that Flowey wasn't going to respond, they sat the cup down, turned back to give him another deep look that he couldn't read, before looking down and away.

"I, um… I didn't just leave the party earlier just because of him… but also… because of you," He blinked, "me?"

Frisk ran a hand through their hair again almost nervously, smiling awkwardly, "yeah, you. I started feeling guilty after I left you like that, especially once I figured out that Toriel could have easily blamed you for letting me leave, I really risked getting you into big trouble, I should have just brought you along for the ride instead,"

"Ugh, no, it's fine, you did the right thing leaving me at home, and I can handle getting in trouble. Besides, you know I owe you big time, right?"

"What? For which thing…?" Frisk asked, frowning, unsure of where he was going with this.
"Well… for everything, but let's be specific and say your…." he motioned down at their wrist without looking at it "…stupid scratch for instance, you could have told the truth to mom and let me face the consequences like you should have, but no- you lied just because you were scared she'd send me back to the Underground, and… I… don't know, I just wanted you to know that it meant a lot, and it still does."

Frisk attempted to swallow a lump in their throat, holding their hand up and looking over at the faded scar, and peered back at their best friend carefully.

"Thanks, but you know you don't owe me a thing, right? Lying like I had that day had been a no brainer, and depending on the circumstances, I'd do it for you again,"

Flowey felt a rush of strong emotions run through him, unable to stop his eyes from stinging from threatening tears, but he stubbornly blinked them back "golly, are you really serious?"

A shy sweet smile appeared on Frisk's face, "yeah, you know I'll always have your back Asriel, because I know you'll have mine…,"

As they basked in the moment, Frisk looked down at them self, and noticed their clothing, instantly remembering what time it was and what was going on, zapping away the mood in the kitchen instantly.

"Oh gosh, I forgot what I was wearing, I need to change pronto before no-party-momma conveniently wakes up and catches me," they said and slipped out of the room quickly, leaving Flowey alone.

He stood there, staring at nothing like an idiot for nearly a minute before his phone lit up and he looked at it-

'-Thank you so much Asriel, you really are the best around, I'll never forget what you did for me tonight, and I'm so happy we spent time together again, it was nice, anyways..I'm bushed, night night sunshine'

A lopsided smile curled on his face as he read the message, sighing softly to himself, deciding it was probably a good idea to do get some sleep himself, but he wasn't sure how well he was going to do that after the conversation he just had with Frisk, his mind was buzzing.

…Mostly over at the fact that Frisk was single again…

He shook his head roughly, attempting to rattle the thought away, growing disgusted with himself, not allowing himself to get excited over an opportunity that he definitely WASN'T going to take advantage of, especially when Frisk was in pain about the whole thing and the wounds were still fresh.

In fact, he wasn't going to think about this anymore, he flat out refused to think about it, he was
going to go asleep, wake up and continue on with his life with zero romance involved.

And he did just that, rolling back to his room, closing the door, turning off the lights, forcing himself to sleep.

...

Hours later, he was half woken up to the sound of soft shuffling, and in the sleepy haze of his mind he confirmed that someone was in his room and he didn't like it.

He cracked open an eye and flinched a little when he was met with light shining from behind the blinds on his windows, so someone was in his room... in the morning? Why?

As he finally opened his eyes, albeit half lidded, he relaxed as he was met with the sight of a dressed for school Frisk who was staring back at him...they seemed almost... intrigued by something, but in an entranced, curious way, but he was too sleepy to really think much of it.

They then smiled at him sheepishly, waving at him slowly, embarrassed that they had been caught "sorry, sorry, I came in here for my boots that I forgot, and uhm, I have no excuse for staring, sorry, go back to bed,"

"You're so weird," he mumbled out, closing his eyes... trying to think back to the dream he had been having before he was woken up, it had been... warm, soft and pleasant, but nothing specific was coming back to him.

Oh well.

More good dreams were always welcomed.
Chapter Summary

Flowey and Frisk get back into the rhythm of hanging out, spending more and more quality time together, until Frisk begins to see through the slip ups and Flowey is faced with another deny or die situation.

Chapter Notes

Personal note: THANK you so much again for the comments guys! I still and will probably always get excited when I see a new one pop up, they mean a lot, I hope you continue to enjoy the story!

Another note: Here's also where I'll finally mention that I will be using song lyrics not just before, but during the fic every once in a blue moon throughout the story, and that there is a scene where Frisk hears a song playing in public and WILL dance, so, if you're not a fan of pop music and/or sensitive to secondhand embarrassment then…I'm sorry, it's going to happen.

Chapter 18 Everything Is Going To Be Okay

Warnings?: Not much except for an attempted at-home haircut and harmless non-descriptive mentions of nausea.

Inspiration Song(s!): 'Alone Together' by Fall Out Boy

'I don't know where you're going
But do you got room for one more troubled soul?
I don't know where I'm going, but I don't think I'm coming home
And I said, I'll check in tomorrow if I don't wake up dead
This is the road to ruin and we're starting at the end

Say, yeah
Let's be alone together
We could stay young forever
Scream it from the top of your lungs, lungs, lungs
He didn't know when it started, maybe it was after they finally made time to go to the aquarium, or that day when Toriel finally got them out of the house or the night the Corkscrew broke up with Frisk, or that they decided to take a short break with their daycare service for a while, maybe it was simply because spring was still thick in the air and it was having a primal effect in his weird plant body-

He couldn't be sure, all that Flowey knew was that 50% of his anxiety was gone, and that he felt good enough to start making a habit out of hanging out with Frisk again.

It was just like the old days again, except now Frisk was distractingly stunning (seriously, when did they start looking like that?) and Flowey knew he had a partially working soul with the ever present annoying feelings of unrequited love.

But if Flowey closed one eyed and cocked his head to the left like confused dogs do sometimes, he found it very easy to pretend that they were more than just best friends...

...

Today seemed like it was going to be a lazy day for a change, but that was okay, he still somehow always managed to find things to do.

In fact, he had somehow found himself getting caught up in making a big cake with Toriel, it was her idea to celebrate her children for all their achievements lately, and Flowey…uh, well he just liked the process of mixing things together into a mush.

"I have another joke," Toriel spoke as she greased up a cake pan.

"Hit me," Flowey said as he cracked an egg.

"Knock, knock,"

"Who's there?"

"Lettuce!"

"Lettuce who?"

"Lettuce in! It is cold out here!" Toriel said in a ridiculous high pitched voice, stifling back her own giggles, looking over her shoulder to see her son's reaction, and to her satisfaction, she saw that he was fighting back a grin.
"That was an awful one mom," he chuckled.

"Then why are you laughing?"

"Because it was hilariously bad. Can you hand me the frisk?" he said, holding out a robotic hand patiently, and then looking back at her when she grew quiet and saw that she was now holding back a grin of her own.

"What?" he asked, narrowing his eyebrows at her.

"Do you not mean whisk?"

"Yeah, isn't that what I said?"

Toriel's was unable to hold back her grinning, accidentally letting out a quick giggle "no, you said 'Frisk',"

Flowey's eyes grew wide and he dropped his mouth open in embarrassment, but quickly regained composure and snapped it back closed and continued to hold out his hand out, "yup, what a very easy mistake to make, may I have the whisk now?"

Her grin became polite and she nodded, handing him the cooking utensil.

"It is fine, I understand, I am just happy you two are 'hanging' out again like you used to, and I have to admit, I am proud of you for not bragging or teasing about Frisk's break up, I know how much you did not like Forester,"

Flowey shrugged as he mixed up the ingredients, just barely registering his mother's words, he was still reeling in embarrassment from his word slip up, "uh, it was nothing? I didn't really see the point of making it worse for them,"

Toriel frowned stubbornly "it was not just 'nothing', my son- I believe you are maturing,"

Flowey blinked, finding the comment surprising, turning to look at her "you think so?"

She nodded, her smile returning "no, I know so. Now, I see you are finished with your part, so, you are allowed to leave if you so wish,"

Instead of doing that, he picked up the bowl of mix with one hand, waving her off with the other "nope, I don't wish, I'll take it from here, you can go nit or something,"

Toriel's smile widened and she took the bowl from him "furthering my point are you? You do know this was supposed to my gift to the both of you? I will keep it that way, now shoo my son, and be free,"

Flowey snickered "whatever you say mom," and proceeded to roll back to his room, but stopped before he reached the door as heard Frisk chatting away- to Orange Juice it sounded like... 

"-and I said back to your dad, 'if you think you can beat me in a mud fight, you've got another thing coming buddy', but somehow that resulted in a mud tea party with him and your granddad... I'm still figuring out how it happened to this day,"

Flowey finally rolled in, catching them off guard, "what did you just call me?"
Frisk jumped in surprise, a surprised blush appearing over their face, but they immediately shook it off and became defensive "what? We are technically his parents, we both take care of him just like parents do,"

Flowey rolled further into the room and scrunched his face up "yeah… of course we 'take care of him', we can't just let him die, but there is no way in hell am I going to be anyone's… 'dad',"

Frisk pouted playfully, still, there was a hint of disappointment "awe, why not?"

Flowey rolled his eyes, "because one, I'm a flower, and two- I've played house with you too many times to know that I'm completely over the whole concept, and…," he paused, unsure if he wanted to flip the subject, but he really needed to get this over with "… uh… speaking of parents, I've got a question that I've been meaning to ask you,"

Their pout turned into a frown, the atmosphere in the room growing serious "is it about my real parents?"

He spoke up hesitantly "…it's been awhile since you said anything about them, and I don't know, I thought maybe I should ask,"

Frisk sighed sadly, gazing at their fish's tank "no, I haven't remembered anything else, I've kind of long given up on trying to anyway, it just always ends up making me feel miserable when I do. . . I appreciate your concern though,"

Flowey didn't bother to say anymore, he did however, roll over closer and reached out to gently pat at his best friend's back, hoping it might make them feel better.

And then, he had a wonderful idea.

"Hey, I was just thinking… do you want to… I don't know-go to the river and skip some stones? Or go to the fair that's coming next week? They do always set up right next to it, so maybe we can do both, just you and me?" he asked, keeping his tone casual and cool.

Frisk looked at him, a thoughtful smile coming across their face, "you bet your flower petals I would, you know you sure have been adventurous lately, but I can't complain, I like fun-Flowey,"

A pleased toothy grin spread over his face, "good, that's what I like to hear,"

Frisk laughed "…does that mean you like fun-Frisk?" they said giving him a hopeful but glamorous shiny grin that they definitely learned from Mettaton.

Flowey looked at them skeptically for second, his own grin becoming lopsided and silly beyond his control, "yeah, sure, whatever that means,"

They mimicked his smile, their eyes warm "nothing serious, it just means we like to have fun, and I'm glad that we've been doing stuff together again, it makes me really happy,"

"I have to agree with you on that one," Flowey said, and then watched as Frisk brushed their bangs to the side when it fell into their eyes and completely blocked their vision, and he had to admit, their overgrown bangs used to be cute, but now it was just getting ridiculous.
"Sooo, when are you going to trim back that overgrown mess?"

Again Frisk pouted, their hand reaching back to cover their bangs defensively. "I don't know, I was just sort of letting my hair do its own thing, you know, you sound just like Papyrus sometimes,"

"You ran straight into the stop sign the other day Frisky, you either gotta clip 'em or snip 'em,"

Frisk frowned thoughtfully before smirking flirtatiously and crossing their arms. "Fine, if you want my bangs trimmed so badly, why don't you do it for me?"

Flowey grew flustered, he wasn't sure if it was from their smile or at the fact that Frisk trusted him with grooming them, "you're kidding, right?"

They shook their head, "I'm as serious as a beat drop, but you don't have to if you think you'll screw it up, I get it," but then…they gave him a side eye glance, rubbed their chin daringly, their flirtatious smile becoming a little bit mischievous "but I do have to admit, I'm pret-ty curious to see if you're capable of cutting in a straight line with those wibbily wobbily silly robot hands,"

And that was all it took for Flowey to give in.

"Fine, meet me in the living room with everything you need to get this done and I'll show you exactly what these wibbily wobbily robots hands can do," he said with a small sly smirk, and with that, rolled out of the room, making his way to their meeting point.

Fortunately, they didn't make him wait too long as they soon came in, balancing a small fold up chair on their head and a bag slung over their shoulder, they looked excited.

He watched patiently as they set the chair up and sat down in it and handed him the bag, when he looked in he found mainly what he expected to see, which were the basic essentials: a pair of scissors, a small hair tie, and a brush.

"You look nervous," Frisk finally spoke, looking up at him.

And he was, but that wasn't something he was ever going to admit, "I'm not! It's just a little bit of hair, it's nothing compared to what my parents or… uh, what… I had to deal with,"

Frisk didn't say anything at first but simply give him a short nod, "…don't worry, I trust you,"

Without another word, Flowey brought out the brush and lowered his robot body so he'd be in better level to see Frisk's bangs properly, then rolled himself closer, took a deep short breath-pushing through the sudden burst of entanglement of nerves that attempted to stop him- and exhaled.

With one wibbily wobbily silly robot hand, he loosely held on to the entirety of Frisk's bangs, and with the other silly hand, began to gently brush and smooth everything out with the hairbrush.

The action was surprisingly soothing to him and he wasn't sure why, but something about the process began to cause him to zone out. . .
"Purr," he heard Frisk tease, abruptly zapping him back to the real world, and making him stop and look at them with a puzzled but mostly annoyed frown, all while Frisk gazed back at him with a sweet amused smile, unhindered by his judgement.

"Hush," he ordered grumpily, trying his hardest to hide his embarrassment.

They laughed, their tone relaxed and pleased "what? It was nice, it's been awhile since I've had my hair brushed for me like this,"

His frown lightened up by a few centimeters, a hint of a smile "whatever, just… stop distracting me," he then looked over at the hair tie, and held it to them, "what's this for?"

"Don't know, thought it might come in handy if you get creative," they replied swinging their feet together playfully.

"By 'creative' do you mean like how when you use this to put your bangs in that weird backwards ponytail thing that you do?"

"No, that's not creativity, that's just me being bored, and I call it a front ponytail, a frontytail if you will,"

"Well it makes you look like a complete dumbbell," he lied.

Still, they gave him an unsure smile, "I've been wondering something for a long time, but, why do you over use words like that?"

"What, you mean like stupid, moron and idiot? I'm just calling it by how I see," he said.

Frisk's smile became even more unsure "…and…what do you think when you see me? In general?"

Flowey grew nervous again, but he held strong, "in general… I don't really think you're dumb at all. If I thought you were actually as stupid as I often say you are… then… we probably wouldn't be here right now, ah… um… basically, what I'm trying to say is… that…you mean a lot… to me."

He didn't quite notice the touched expression on Frisk face "I…thank you, after everything we've been through I was always sure you felt that way, but it's…really nice to actually hear you say it, it's surprising, you mean a lot to me too Asriel,"

The wavering mix of heartfelt emotions and pain pushed at him, he had to make an end to this conversation if he didn't want to convulse and mess up Frisk's hair.

"Thanks. Good. Don't expect me to say anything like it ever again, now…don't move," he said grabbing the scissors raising it to a few locks of hair that he held with the other hand, but as he did, something about the action triggered an old memory….

It was back during the same week before Chara told him about their ultimate plan that involved the flowers and their death, they had been acting strangely, and especially more so than usual when one day- they suddenly walked up and asked him to find a pair of scissors, preferably the extra sharp ones that Asgore kept hidden in his desk.

They didn't explain much, they usually didn't have to as Asriel was usually agreeable, but something
about the look in their eye made him really think it over and ask "how come you can't get it?"

But when Chara crossed their arms stiffly and replied with "I tried, but both mom and dad won't let me have them."

It was then that he knew in his gut that if he gave the scissors to Chara that something bad would surely happen. . .

So he made up an excuse, not having the courage to tell his sibling 'no' directly, and in the end, Chara called him a "useless wimp" and walked away.

The memory made him pause and pull the scissors away in hesitance.

He still really hated to think of Chara in a bad light, they were and still was very important to him, but he couldn't deny there had been a deep stalking darkness inside his sibling that they'd struggled with, it was a darkness that had been provoked by their past, and it had caused them to be a bully in the worst of ways- but not all the time, and in those moments, Chara showed a deep understanding of their brother's loneliness- and with that shared loneliness, they built a close trusting friendship.

He also hated to compare Frisk to Chara, the two were almost like polar opposites, the only reason he ever thought he saw Chara's spirit inside of Frisk was because of their same overwhelming amount of Determination that they shared… that and the fact that he had been . . . projecting at the time, but thankfully after he grew close to Frisk, he never once confused the two ever again.

And as he stood in front Frisk who trusted him with something as mundane but also personal as cutting their hair, and thought about the changes and parallels in his life, something important occurred to him…

"I was never a wimp," he uttered out loud to himself.

"Um…no one said you were- are you okay?" Frisk replied, staring at him through their bangs, bringing him out him out his thoughts as usual.

"…No, no, I'm fine, I was just… remembering something from when I was a kid," he said quietly.

"Was it.. about Chara? You always get such a sad look on your face when you do," they asked, concern etched deep in their expression.

Flowey gave a resigned sigh, "you know me too well."

And then, just as he was about to attempt making the first cut again, he heard a familiar chatter in the distance, it was Monster Kid and Sans.

… And well, that was all it took for him to give up, there was no way he was ever going to be able
to cut Frisk's hair without messing up when MK and Smiley Trashbag were going to nerd them to death.

Frisk looked off to the hallway where the talking was coming from and gave a look to Flowey, "you want to postpone this? I know how much you don't like an audience these days,"

He rolled his eyes, the words 'you know me too well' repeating in his mind.
"Yeah, sure, whatever, or… I don't know, maybe you should just get mom to do it instead, or a professional like you're supposed to,"

Then, finally, Monster Kid walked in, their face always the picture of enthusiasm, while Sans poked his head around the corner, "i was just on my way over when i found this one here going in the same direction, so i thought i'd be a pal and let them in,"

Frisk got up from their chair to walk over to them "thanks Sans,"

Sans winked, "no prob rob," and with that, he disappeared from the room.

Monster Kid looked around at the hairbrush and scissors, "a haircut huh?" he looked to Frisk and gave an amused smile, "looks like you need it big time,"

A stubborn smile crossed Frisk's face, looking from MK to Flowey, "it's funny that I keep hearing this from people who don't have any hair at all,"

Monster Kid simply laughed "yo, are you still getting those secret admirer messages?"

Frisk's smile widened, "yeah, but not any today… or let me check," they then brought out their cell phone and brought up their blog, checking their messages "nope, nothing yet, but it's normal, they're usually active at night,"

Flowey scowled, "it's so creepy. I don't understand why you keep talking back,"

And this was… an actual curious legitimate question, seeing as Flowey was the one sending Frisk the messages in the first place, apparently he found that he still had a bad habit of sending weird secret messages.

It had started two weeks ago when he had been doing an innocent curious check on their blog, when he had accidentally clicked the 'send private message' button in a frustrated click-frenzy when the screen froze.

He had almost clicked off, when it was then that he had another one of his notorious 'slip ups', not being able to resist sending a simple anonymous message, that said..

'not to be weird, but I kind of... think you're cute? ?????'

He regretted it, hard, that was… until Frisk actually responded not too long later by saying…

'imao, it's not weird, it's sweet, for all I know you're most likely cute too, thanks pal'
"After that, he couldn't stop himself from sending more messages and well... the rest was history."

"It's not creepy, it's kind of... endearing, besides, it's not the first time I've dealt with shy people on the internet who had little crushes on me, if it gets into weird territory I just ignore them, or block 'em," Frisk said, and they were right, lots of people online seemed to be drawn to the charming determined teenage human as much as the people did in real life, minus the occasional school bully or rude adult.

"Dude, you sure it's not some sort of troll?" Monster Kid asked, not as 'disgusted' as Flowey, but definitely skeptical.

Frisk waved them off, "nah, the strange message this guy ever sent was this one where it was just... uh like an eyeball and smiley face emoji... and nothing else, but I'm thinking it was probably a mistake."

Flowey inwardly cringed, he knew exactly which message they were talking about, it had started off as his own secret way of telling them that he loved them (because he had needed to desperately vent) but after he put in the eye emoji and started looking for the heart emoji- he began to suddenly panic, falling into a black hole of his own paranoid ideas of Frisk figuring out that the weird anon with the crush was actually him...

So, instead of sending a clever romantic message, he panicked further, clicking a random smiley instead and hitting send.

That had not been a good day for him.

"Who knows, if this guy ever gets off of anon I'll most likely consider taking him seriously," Frisk said, sighing.

"Ugh, Frisk, you aren't actually thinking of giving him a real chance, are you?" Flowey asked with a legitimate large amount of concern.

"To date? No, no, nooo... of course not, I don't think I could ever get into online dating. But to befriend...? Sure I guess, could be a little awkward if he still has a crush though," they shrugged and began to put the hair cutting equipment back in the bag, then looked to MK, "so, what brings you over today? Studying? Games?"

Monster Kid grinned sheepishly, "both, I guess? I just thought the three of us could hang out today, I'm up for whatever. Oh, yeah, that reminds me, the fair is next week, are we all going?"

Frisk looked over to Flowey then back to MK, shyly frowning, "um, I don't know about that, Flowey and I literally just made plans to go together, just the two of us...", then they smiled, "but... you can meet us there and go on a few rides if that's okay?"

As usual, Monster Kid didn't seem that bothered, though just a little surprised, "really? Okay, whatever, it's cool dudes," and then, for the seventh time since they'd entered the room, they stared hard at Flowey with the oddest expression.

"Okay that's it! What is it?! Would you stop looking at me like that? If I have something on my face just tell me already and stop gawking!" he barked, aggravated.

MK shook their head firmly "oh my bad, it's just... dude, I think your voice is getting deeper- you can barely hear it, but it's there,"
Frisk gasped audibly "I knew it! I just knew it! I knew something was different about you again! Wow, you really are going through magical flower boy puberty."

"Flower puberty!" he dropped his jaw once again, and then snapped it close as he finally now too heard and took notice of the change, which forced him to think the concept over...

'Flower puberty' didn't seem like a too far fetched thought, though it did sound really ridiculous out of context, he begrudgingly accepted the theory, even if normal flowers didn't have a 'puberty' he couldn't exactly be called a normal flower, or a normal monster for that fact now could he? And it did seem to make some sort of sense considering all the change he went through...

In his opinion, his voice still sounded odd and alien, but now that he was paying full attention, it was definitely less squeaky and boyish than it used to be and had become more grown up, mature even, technically one could say it was starting to sound a lot like his God of Hyperdeath voice, well, hm, maybe that was just wishful thinking.

Either way, this was good news, this was really good news, better than his height change.

He forced himself to be stay cool, even sighing "okay, you have a point, my voice has changed and it's kind of fascinating, actually, it's really fascinating, but can we call this something else? Anything other than 'puberty'?"

Frisk grinned "nope, I'm calling it what it is, and you know, you're lucky, most guys…at least human guys go through voice cracking before their voice get deeper, but you probably already know what I'm talking about,"

"Y'know, I was actually thinking that Flowey was messing with me again, not that I think your voice acting skills aren't the tightest thing ever, because it is," Monster Kid complimented.

Flowey laughed, not just from MK's comment, but at everything in general, he felt great.

He felt so great that, that evening, for the first time, he decided to let Frisk hear him play his guitar, a short simple song, it wasn't as bad as he thought it would be, except for when he had to take five when his soul started to overreact from all the emotions of letting his best friend hear him.

But it was okay, he was happy and he couldn't have cared less about the pain.

"So you have your money?" Toriel asked, concerned

"Yes, may we go?" Frisk asked, a little more impatient than they were letting on.

"Are you sure you'd rather want me to drive you instead?" she asked handing her child a light coat.

Frisk took the coat and slipped it on "no, it's fine, it's not as far away as you think, besides I've got
Mr. Sure Shot McPellets here to protect us if a stranger decides to get capture-y," they then looked over to Flowey who was busy typing a message on an online forum on his cell phone, "isn't that right Sure Shot McPellets?"

He glanced over at them for a second, "yeah, no one's messing with us, I'll make sure,"

Toriel finally smiled, "also, I believe all should be well knowing that a few of our friends will be at the fair tonight as well, I know they will keep an eye on you two for me and your father,"

"Mom, Frisk and I are nearly sixteen . . . well, no were not, but I think it's high time we go out and do things ourselves more, so how about a little breathing room?" Flowey griped without looking up from his phone, but looked up alarmed and confused when Frisk gave his robot body a light shove with their arm then shook their head at him sharply.

"...Sorry, what he meant to say was... thanks for caring, but we'll be fine on our own, you can trust us," Frisk said with a slight hint of annoyance in their tone- but that was aimed at Flowey.

_Ah, of course, he had been too rude._

Flowey warily looked to his mother, but calmed when she shook her head slowly, mildly amused.

"I understand, I will indeed give you both your 'breathing room', I just wanted to make sure you have a safe trip, speaking of which, one more thing," she said and brought out a hair clip, pushing Frisk's bangs off to the side and clipped them in.

"There, now you will not run into anymore stop signs," she said, pleased with herself.

Flowey was still laughing at Frisk by the time they reached their bicycle.

"I wonder what she's gonna be like when you start _driving_, hahahaha!"

"Oh be quiet mister, if it'll make you all feel any better, I'm getting my hair trimmed this Sunday, so yeah, take that," they said as they pushed the bicycle up the driveway.

"How much off?" Flowey asked as turned on a song from his playlist on his phone, the music was loud enough to hear, but not enough to distract from the conversation.

"Not much," Frisk said as they sat down on the seat and got into position, "just enough to calm everyone down, why? You wanna see me with short hair again?" They asked their tone genuinely curious.

"Actually, I think you could go even longer with it, you look . . . really nice with long hair," he said, instantly regretting his compliment, his cheeks blushing into that pleasant orange shade in embarrassment at himself.

Frisk couldn't help but blush as well, "thanks Flowey, I know you'd look nice with long hair too,"

The duo looked to each other in a silence, the image of Flowey with long blond golden flowing
luxurious hair simultaneously popping into their minds, causing the both of them to crack grins and start laughing.

"'O' Asriel, Asriel, let down your hair!' Oh that's it, I gotta start getting you to wear ribbons again," Frisk joked innocently.

Still considerably embarrassed, Flowey's laughter died down abruptly, "over my cold dead zombie plant body."

Frisk began pedaling, "ohhh, that's right, I remember now, you're too serious and grown up to dress up and look cute anymore," and made a 'tsk-tsk' sound.

Flowey said nothing more but speeded up to match with the bicycle's increasing speed- a very easy task with his robot body.

It had been a something of a disappointment when he first learned that his new metal body couldn't fly like Mettaton's, but was very pleasantly surprised to find out that what it lacked for in aviation it made up for in speed, so he was easily able to roll side by side with Frisk as they pedaled, both zooming down the side walk.

He breathed in the fresh air, looking out at sky, it wouldn't be long until the sun set.

Bring on the night.

...

Near the narrow river that was a mile walk from where the fair was being held, was a big patch littered with overgrown bushes, shrubs and trees, and the place where Frisk decided to park their bicycle, making sure to hide and chain it to a small skinny tree.

"Once we're done with all the excitement of the fair, we'll chill by the river if we still feel like it, which I have to admit, was a nice idea you had," Frisk said giving their bike chain and test pull.

Flowey looked out at the distance where the never ending line of cars zoomed off to the parking lot, "c'mon, we should hurry before we get trampled by a crowd at the entrance,"

They looked over their shoulder at the cars too, "mmm, I don't think it's going to be as bad as it looks, still, you're right, time to go have fun," they said and began walking with Flowey following in suit.

An hour later…

"It's getting worse every year Frisk! I don't know why I ever keep bothering to even get in these lines when they won't let me on! It's discrimination! FLOWER discrimination! You never see Mettaton
dealing with this kind of...kind of...what's the opposite of robot discrimination?" Flowey ranted, taking big stress eating bites out of his hamburger.

Frisk sipped on their soda, "metal love? Robophilia? Lovotics? But, I have an idea, what if you got out of your robot body and I hid you underneath my jacket? Y'know, sort of like two kids in a trench coat,"

Flowey considered the idea for a few seconds but scrunching up his face and looked away, "er... uh, I'm not sure about that, I don't like the idea of leaving of this thing alone by its self, someone might run off with it, uuuhhhmm, anyways, have you noticed that all of the workers here are all human? Or do we call them carnie? Where are the carnie Monsters Frisk?"

Frisk let out a relaxed chuckle, "no idea, maybe at another fair? Geez Azzie, I knew I shouldn't have let you have my cotton candy too, where on earth are you putting all that food away at anyway?"

Flowey looked down at his hamburger, to his stem, then back at his best friend, "I have no clue, if you haven't noticed, not a lot makes sense about me," he then took another bite.

Frisk sighed and rested their head in their hands and looked over at the rides, "there has to be something you can do that's not a fun house or includes winning a prize."

"Maybe the Ferris wheel?" said a very young male voice behind them.

Both Frisk and Flowey turned their attention to the owner of the voice to see a cute pudgy boy around the age of eight with big bright eyes and short brown curly hair, behind him was Sans who waved at them.

Frisk immediately smiled at them, getting up to lean over to give Sans a hug, it was still funny to know they were the same height when they first met "hey kid, i'd you like to meet my mini-me, arnold,"

Frisk stepped back and gave the boy a small wave, "hey Arnold,"

"Howdy," Flowey said from the other side of the table, also giving a cheeky wave.

"What's up," Arnold greeted back giving a cheesy grin.

"You're right about him being a mini-you, are you sure you haven't been keeping a secret spouse from us, have you Sans?" Frisk joked.

The short skeleton dug his hands in his pockets, "nope, arnold here caught me at one papyrus's ambassador parties, said he wanted to be like me when he grew up, so i said 'cool, you and your family and a few friends wanna hang out with me at the fair?' so that's what we're doing right now," Sans then motioned to a ride across from them, "said family are all doing their own thing if you we're curious,"

Frisk smirked proudly at him, then turned their attention back to Arnold, "has he asked you to pay for everything yet?"

Arnold shook his head, "nah, he said that you had everything taken care of,"

Frisk looked at him with disbelief until they realized it was a joke, giving the boy an admiring smile, they then turned to stare at Sans accusingly "did you teach him that?" they asked.

Sans's grin widened, "me? no, of course not,"
Arnold turned his attention to Flowey who still hadn't bothered to get up yet as he was still chowing down, "hey, your name is Flowey isn't it? How come your robot body looks like Mettaton's? Are you related?"

He raised an eyebrow at the child, "…no? Dr. Alphys, the monster who made Mettaton also made my robot body, it's basically like a wheel chair, but 'cooler', it goes fifty miles per hour," he bragged.

"No man, it's \textit{way} cooler than a wheel chair, no one ever catch me ever again if I had one," Arnold said, clearly impressed, then he looked back and forth between the two teenagers before speaking to Frisk "…are you guys married?"

The surprise from the blunt question made Flowey drop his hamburger, causing it to fall to the dirt below him, he didn't even notice.

To add to his surprise, Frisk blurted out "yes! We are best friend married," then held out their left hand with playful fake disappointment, "we have no rings or legal documents to prove it-yet, but you'll just have to believe us,"

Sans and Arnold laughed, Flowey merely shyly looked down and groaned when he finally noticed his soiled hamburger, picking it up and hopping off the bench to throw it away.

"Also, about the Ferris wheel, we already tried that too, they wouldn't let him on," Frisk said, "they \textit{used} to, but that was back before he got his supersweet robot flower pot body,"

Sans shook his head, "don't worry, i'll get this fixed for you guys, i know a few of the folks who work here, just follow me,"

"Now?" Flowey said wiping grime from his gloves with a complementary wet wipe.

Sans and Arnold already had their backs turned and were beginning to walk away as they lead the two teenagers.

"Yep, you heard the big man, he's got your back!" Arnold chirped.

Frisk walked up to Flowey, smiling at him warmly before taking his arm and began walking with him, "c'mon, ready to ride the gigantic rainbow glow wheel of joy?"

"Gee, now I do. You really know how to make boring things sound magical," he said, somehow sounding both genuine and sarcastic at the same time.

Frisk frowned, "since when in the friggity heck is the Ferris wheel 'boring'? It goes up so high-which is a thrill for most people with a fear of heights,"

"It's been boring since I figured out that it's just a boring carousel that's been flipped on its boring side," he explained.. not boringly.

Frisk looked at Flowey, raising an eyebrow at him "I swear you get harder to please every year,"

He rolled in closer to Frisk's side as they walked, covering the side of his mouth with the back of his robotic hand, speaking very closely to their ear so only Frisk could hear him "\textit{that's because I get}
Frisk looked a mix of surprised and bashful for a split second before snorting with an embarrassed laughter that was a little louder than necessary, their entirety of their face turning an interesting shade of coral pink. "ohmygoodness! You get a lot more something every year, that's for sure!"

"What's that supposed to mean? Are you messing with me?" Flowey asked, but Frisk continued to giggle, shaking their head at their thoughts- then as they looked up, they blinked in confusion and sighed when they caught sight of Sans and Arnold up ahead cut through the line to the Ferris wheel.

They watched as he began talking to the woman at the controls, then point to the two of them.

"I hope he doesn't think we're going cut ahead of all these people just because he's buddies with the workers," Frisk said.

"Why not? It sounds like a good idea to me," Flowey replied.

"Yeah, but it's so rude, especially to that sweet old couple over there," Frisk explained, pointing to two much, much, much older humans further down in the line that looked as if they could barely stand, they were holding hands.

"Ff**ine, we'll do it your way, as usual. It's not like it's a big problem for me anyway, you're the one who has the legs," Sans said.

So they got in line, which was actually moving faster than they thought, very soon Sans and Arnold came back to them.

"suzanne up there has got you guys covered, and basically apologized for not letting you on before, they just have to be extra cautious since the accident they had a few months ago involving someone's leg," Sans said.

Frisk and Flowey paused, both looking different stages of concerned, alarmed and a tiny bit morbidly intrigued.

"yeah, they said the leg got stuck and just 'popped'! off on a tilt a whirl, flew the air and landed in someone's empty baby stroller," The younger three stared at him with big horrified eyes before Sans shrugged.

"did i forget to mention it was a prosthetic leg?" and winked.

Arnold broke down in hysterics while the other two groaned in semi-humor, they were joined in by a few of the people in line who had overheard.

"Uuum Sans, I know you know that I love you and all that, but you know I can't stand it when you make those kinds of jokes," Frisk said, but somehow still begrudgingly smiling.

"huh, guess I should be a sit down comedian instead," he replied, his grin growing even more in triumph when Arnold laughed even harder.
"Or a stop-before-you-make-this-kid-throw-up comedian," Flowey quipped, edging away slightly.

Once they got onto the Ferris Wheel, both Frisk and Arnold were both mildly disappointed when Sans didn't get on, pulling away at the last second once the two teenagers got on.

That's when he heard Arnold say "wait- are we not going up with them because they're married?"

"yeah kid, I think they want their alone time," Sans said, snickering.

Flowey looked away just as Sans switched his gaze in their direction, his good mood completely ruined, he had forgotten all about Smiley Trashbag 'knowing' about his secret, looks like he was still trying egg him on about the whole thing.

**But why? What would Sans gain by trying to get Flowey to confess his feelings anyway? Did he really think it would help somehow or was he trying to ruin his life?**

"Wow, this really never gets old," Frisk said at the other side of capsule, they were gazing at the view below them as the ride glided up, taking them higher and higher.

His thoughts however slowed to a complete stop as Frisk looked over at him with such an enchanted expression, the colorful lights from the Ferris wheel dancing across their face, hair, and body in such an ethereal way that he almost forgot to breathe.

"I know you said it was boring, but you should really look, it might change your mind," they said.

"…Golly," he gasped, his cheeks becoming increasingly more orange by the second "I- I mean, what? What's boring?"

Frisk gave him the same thoughtful look they did when he had asked them to the fair, but shook it off and pointed the whole ride, "the Ferris wheel, you said it was boring. But now I really have to ask, are you okay? You've been… really distracted lately, and you've been going 'orange' a lot more too, you're not sick are you?"

He froze, but his thoughts scrambled to work up an excuse while he shamed himself, the slip ups were getting worse and he wasn't even noticing anymore.

He was pathetic…

**Pathetic.**

**Pathetic !**

He let out a sharp cynical laugh, "I'm fine Frisk, stop being so over sensitive, it's getting to be really annoying, just because I have a lot of my mind doesn't mean somethings wrong with me every time,"

Frisk frowned, looking away and back down at the view quietly before responding "yeah, yeah, you're right. But um, you really should take a look at this; it's gorgeous down there," their voice was softer now and noticeably less enthusiastic than before.
The guilt pinched at Flowey viciously and refused to let go and he didn't fight it, saying nothing as he tried out Frisk's suggestion, making a point to move over next to them and peer over the edge.

It always looked the same every year, the carts, tents, rides and people and monsters alike always looked like ants, but he couldn't say that Frisk was wrong, it was a beautiful view.

What made it different this time was that he was alone with Frisk, and something about the quietness between them as the fair glowed extra bright beneath them in the dark of the night, made everything about the whole situation even more beautiful.

All of it made him feel like he was in a dream, his bad mood long forgotten once again.

…

After they got off, they had found Sans had worked his persuasive skills on a few other carnies, so they were able to finally get on a few more rides, having a blast until... Flowey unfortunately grew nauseous.

But not too long after was when they finally ran into Monster Kid, whom Flowey decided to switch places with so Frisk could go on more rides, while he waited- taking pictures of their dumb faces as they were swung around by the machines.

That was… until Frisk also became nauseous, more so than he had been.

Flowey grimaced as they bent over the trashcan while he held their hair back, watching with concern, ready to help them if necessary, fortunately for all of them, nothing came up.

"'K, I think I've had enough rides… and food…," Frisk grumbled out trying to recollect themselves as they began to walk away from the trashcan, "you wanna try winning some prizes?" they asked as they rubbed their eyes with their palms.

Monster Kid's eyes lit up, "heck yes, every year since we've come up I've always tried winning a gold fish, and I think this is my lucky year!"

Frisk looked skeptical, "oh boy...I don't mean to put a damper on your spirit MK, but I won one once, and the poor thing was already really sick and didn't make it past two months… are you sure you don't want to just buy a goldfish at a pet store instead?"

MK smirked "yeah dude, this is something I always wanted to do, and I'm not giving up until I run out of every single penny I have!"

"That's the right attitude!" a carnie called out from one of the prize booths.
Flowey let out an amused scoff, unsure if his friend was Determined or just needed serious help with managing their money.

"It's been fun, but I don't know how long I'll be, so you guys can head off without me," Monster Kid said as they nudged open their nap sack and pulled a few dollars with their teeth.

"Okay MK, may sexy lady luck be on your side before you reach twenty bucks." Frisk said with a hopeful grin.

"You're going to need her!" Flowey blurted out, looking sheepish when Frisk threw him The Look.

... 

After sixteen minutes of winning a few stuffed animals that Frisk had hidden away safely in their backpack, they passed a ride that was playing a particular bouncy pop song loudly.

That's when, out of the blue that Frisk slowed down to a stop and started dancing in time with the beat, they definitely weren't bad at it, but there was a time and a place for everything, and this wasn't one of them.

Flowey raised his eyebrows, growing highly embarrassed, making some distance between them and looking around at the crowd that passed by them- most not paying attention, but the few who did, looked at Frisk with amusement, some not bothering to hold back their snickers.

"What do you think you're doing?!

he asked loudly over the music.

They shrugged their arms as they shimmied their hips "what's it look like I'm doing? This is song is sooo gooood, I gotta dance!"

He rolled back over so they could hear him "now? Here? Everyone can SEE YOU!"

In response they looked at the few people who stared, smiled brightly and gave them a quick wave and continued on with their groove, it seemed that nothing could break their stride right now.

Flowey cringed and rolled back into a spot where he and his orange cheeks could be less noticed, holding up a hand over his face, pretending not to watch Frisk through his fingers, he wasn't about to stop them from having fun, and he couldn't help but begrudgingly admire the way they didn't care what these strangers thought.

But he couldn't exactly relate to Frisk's level of confidence at the moment...

'I never worry, life is a journey
I just wanna enjoy the ride
What is the hurry? It's pretty early
It's ok, we'll take our time'

And then, among the mixed sounds and noises, he was able to hear them as they began to sing along with the chorus, "- the night is still young, the night is still young, and, so, are, we~;"
Then, stunned Flowey when they strutted over to him and held out their hand, beckoning him in.

"How dare we sit quietly, and watch the world pass us by?" Come on! Don't let me look like a dumb-dumb alone!

They stood motionless there like that for a few seconds, Flowey's eyes slowly looking from Frisk's gentle hand, up their arms, to their chest that was breathing in big breaths, to their face that wore the warmest welcoming expression, their eyes bright and cheerful.

"Please? Just this once?" they asked, grinning their beautiful grin of theirs.

He gulped, his face flushing completely orange now from different emotions running through him at once, one of them still happening to be the embarrassment, but he was too drunk on love now to be able to resist his favorite human.

He took their hand with his robot one, a small bit of disappointment rushing through him again when he noticed and remembered he couldn't feel the contact, but that was instantly forgotten about when Frisk pulled him in with one simple pull.

He held on to their hand, staying still as he shyly watched them began to dance again and twirl around.

"I don't know why you want me to do this, I don't know how to dance in this thing!"

They gave him an incredulous look, stepping in a little closer so he could hear them. "Mettaton can dance in his rectangle form, just start swaying back and forth,"

"I'm not Mettaton though! Or you! I'm not going to start randomly dancing whenever the mood stri-,", he stopped talking when Frisk suddenly moved even closer to him, took his free hand…and put it on their waist, and their free hand on the top of the metal lining of the flower pot, while keeping their other hands still linked.

They began to slowly side step widely, causing Flowey's robot body to follow the lead, back and forth, keeping in time as the music slowed down to a romantic beat.

"Good, because I haven't seen Mettaton slow dance yet. And guess what? You're doing it now, you've beat him to the punch," Frisk said quietly and winked at him.

Too flustered to give them any kind of response at all, it was almost too much for him, so he looked down at their feet and his wheel, studying the motions… it didn't seem all that complex, maybe he could do this…
'We're just getting started, yeah, yeah... we're just getting started, yeah, yeah...

can't you see the night's still early

and we're gon' get it wild and crazy...'

As the tempo picked back up, a wonderful combination of groove and Determination took full control of him over and Flowey let go of Frisk completely and began to focus on the beat of the music, feeling the rhythm roll up and down his entire flower body, he started to sway the robot body in time, rolling back and forth and twirling repetitively, and to his pleasant surprise-

He found he could dance like this, and it was actually just as, if not more fun than trying to dance without the robot body!

"Yes! You're runnin' it Azzie!" Frisk cheered and began to join him, even following his movements and adding a little bit of spice to it as they swayed their hips.

Flowey let out an excited laugh, and took back both of Frisk's hands, gazing at how their fingers intertwined, entranced by the rhythm flowing through the both of them, and how it was coming into near perfect sync the longer they danced.

They would have continued to dance to the next song, but once the current one finished up, the pair found that they had gained an audience that were now clapping for them.

Frisk laughed in disbelief at the crowd, taking the opportunity to take a bow while Flowey's eyes bugged out and he went in panic mode, proceeding to look for the widest opening between people and went for it, zooming through the crowd as he yanked Frisk along with him, who yelped in surprise.

"Time to go!" he blurted and with a quick turn, they disappeared, jumped over a short fence and began to head out of the fair's boundaries...

They began to slow down once they reached the edges of the parking lot, well, Flowey had to so Frisk could catch their breath.

"That was... so much... fun!" Frisk said happily between pants.

"Yeah, I have to admit it was," Flowey said looking out at the small forest and river up ahead.

"You still wanna hang out by the river? Or are you done?" Frisk asked, and judging by the spark in their eyes, Flowey could tell Frisk was still amped for anything.
Who was he to disappoint them?

"...Yeah, let's stay a little longer,"

... They walked quietly by the river now, calmer as they listened to the soft splashes and the far off music that blasted from the fair, Flowey noted a familiar song that came on, one that he hadn't heard in a while, soon recognizing it as the song he listened to on the car ride home from the therapist visit, the day he got his guitar.

_Oh when I look to the shape of my heart._

_It's separated only by scars that cut in and cut out_

_Oh and leave me without, oh a heart that functions at all._

_And when I look to the shape of the sky_

_I give thanks for this hollow chest of mine_

_That I no longer feel the great weight of ordeals that can make this life so unkind_

That's when Frisk slowed to a stop and finally spoke up "we're on a date...aren't we?" their voice small and nervous.

A sudden anxious chill ran down Flowey's stem and he couldn't seem to make himself look at them, but he painted a fake smile on his face anyway, ignoring the feeling that something big was about to happen . . . "h-heh... what makes you think that?"

_Oh and if there's any love in me_  
_Don't let it show._

_Oh and if there's any love in me_

But finally he looked when Frisk held up their _still intertwined hands_, as if it were evidence.

"Because you haven't let go since our dance, and you've been nicer than usual lately, really nice, and- and-_ please... if there's anything you want to say... just say it,"

_Don't let it grow._
Something sparked inside him as he remembered Chara's words echo through his mind 'useless wimp', and that was when Flowey finally decided to give in, he was absolutely terrified, but he was sick of being a 'useless wimp' and even more was he so, so tired of holding his feelings back.

This was going to hurt so much.

…But he hoped desperately the truth would set him free.

"Okay, you want me to say it? Here it is," he couldn't fight the tears that welded up in his eyes "I… like you, a lot, okay?" he swallowed a lump in his throat, his eyes searching the night sky nervously, looking at it for answers.

But then he narrowed his eyebrows, "or… no, no, no- 'like' would be a… gross understatement for what I've been feeling," his eyes began to sting and he shut them tight, his voice growing weak as he spoke the next sentence...

"I'm… in love with you…,

And as the tears dripped down his cheeks, he found himself again unable to force himself to look at his best friend, terror running through him as they didn't say anything at first. . . were they nervous? Anticipation and cold fear twisting harshly through him as he waited for their answer.

Oh when the wild was all covered by snow

I forgot the colors that the grass tend to grow

Oh the trees were all leafless and lifeless and black

And I wondered if the leaves could grow back

And to his surprise, they laughed oh so shyly and so delicately, no hints of disgust, just… gentleness.

"I…I… know I asked if it was a date, I could tell something has been going on with you… but… I didn't- I never expect that you were feeling like this…b-but now that I think about the times how you reacted to my flirting-.

He shook his head viciously, their words sounding more and more worse to him than they actually were, the pain of it all getting the best of him and with a slip, accidentally let loose a traitorous sob that abruptly stopped Frisk's words in alarm, but he no longer cared anymore if his cries were 'melodramatic', he was in so much pain.

"Please don't- don't talk about it like this! Do you have any idea at all how hard any of this has been? For me?!

Frisk stared at him with their mouth gaped open, taken aback.
For your heart is like a flower as it grows
And its the rain, not just the sun that helps it bloom
And you don't know how it feels to be alive
Until you know... how it...feels to die

"..At the wedding… how you acted…," they began, their voice drifting off warily as they thought back, something akin to deep realization and increasing worry appearing behind their eyes.

Oh and if there's any love in me
Don't let it show.

"That's the day I found out about my feelings, I was upset because I ju- just knew it would never work," he replied, his voice wavering as a new batch of tears came to his eyes which he quickly wiped away roughly.

Oh and if there's any love in me
Don't let it grow.

"How do you know it won't?" Frisk asked their tone still gentle but now wary, stepping closer, but Flowey only backed up.

"Because I just do, okay?! Just look at us you idiot! It'll NEVER WORK!" he yelled, trying to see through his wet eyes, backing away more as Frisk took another step.

Frisk attempted to open their mouth again to speak, but he stopped them, completely unwilling to listen, too scared.

"You know what? Just forget it, forget everything I said, we both have better things to do…than…than this," he said, his tone bitter and dark.

Oh and if there's any love in me
Don't let it show.

"No, Flowey, it's going to be okay, let's talk this over, please," Frisk spoke up, their voice soft but brave, raising their hands out to him, still trying to reason, but Flowey only continued to back away, fear gripping so tightly around his throat.
Oh and if there's any love in me
Don't let it grow.

"Stop!" he bawled painfully "stop saying that! Leave me alone!" he screamed, attempting to back up, but something inside the robot glitched and jammed up, causing him to grit his teeth in frustration, cry out and try again, begging and willing his machine to move, and it did, right at the cliff of the very, very deep slope that hung right over the river.

And…then, before he could piece together what Frisk's sudden terrified face meant, Flowey's world began to tip backwards as the lower portion of the robot body lost connection completely, and with his balance gone, realizing that he was falling. . .

Oh and if there's any love in me
Don't let it show.

It all seemed to happen in slow motion as Flowey reached out for Frisk's outstretched hands, their hands just barely missing each other as he and the robot disappeared over the edge.

Oh and if there's any love in me
Don't let it grow.

Flowey heard Frisk scream in terror before the robot body smacked first into the water on its back, the water instantly forcing him lose from the dirt of the robot flower pot, rendering him instantly helpless in the sweeping forces of the water.

When he had changed his motto to 'Deny or Die' he had not meant it this literally!

Due to his obvious light weight, he was able to stay afloat, but unable to do anything as the current forced him down the river, he held his breath and closed his mouth as water soon threatened to enter it in attempt to drown him, he watched in dread as the robot body floated further and further away until it disappeared, and then, he heard a voice cry out from above, it was Frisk's-

"ASRIEL! HANG ON! I'M COMING!"

Relief came over him, and then… shame, but he wasn't able to think why, he was too busy trying to catch his breath between keeping his head and mouth out of the water.
He tried his hardest to catch a rock or root himself into the bottom of the river, but the current was too fast—pushing him wherever it wanted, the dirt was too soft and the level of water too high, he couldn't focus.

Very soon, as promised, Frisk came into view sliding down the deep grassy slope ahead, running as fast as they could to get into the water until they suddenly slipped too and fell in completely, he watched in pure horror as they went under, disappearing altogether, the few seconds that they were gone feeling like ages until they came back up and started swimming to him.

*Please, please, please—!

When they finally reached out with an arm that was close enough, he threw out a vine, desperately clinging to and wrapping around the solid warmth of skin as soon as it touched down.

He reeled himself in toward Frisk, as if the vine was a reverse fishing pole, closing his eyes and shuttering from the cold and leftover adrenaline, filled with breathtaking relief as Frisk put a comforting hand over him.

"*I got you, it's going to be okay,*" they said in a close, low, gentle voice, he merely tightened his eyes and nestled his face further into the safety of Frisk's arm, it was all he could manage for a thank you right now.

He held on tighter as he felt Frisk attempt to get out of the water and at the same time keep him out of it, once they started making their way up the slope, he hesitantly opened his eyes to keep watch and make sure they didn't fall in again.

Once they were back to safe grounds, he loosened up on his grip and still avoiding looking at Frisk's face, he was able to catch view of their feet.

"*You lost a shoe,*" he spoke up as he observed, his voice weak, almost a whisper.

"*You lost your robot body,*" they replied in a weary voice.

He wanted to say something else, anything, but every suggestion died away as he thought of a new one, his mind in a strange haze, watching almost vacantly as Frisk walked over to where they had thrown off their book bag, take off the single wet shoe and hid it inside one of the compartments, then picked the bag up and slung it over their shoulder the opposite side of Flowey.

That's when the haze from the shock of the incident finally began to wear off, and Flowey's pain and emotions from earlier began to rush back to him all at once.

"*Put me down.*"

Frisk didn't do anything, they only continued to walk in the direction of where they left their bike.
Frustration and anger shot through him "did you hear me?! Put me down Frisk!" he yelled, tears reforming back in his tired eyes.

They stopped and raised their arm to proper eye level, they looked at him and he was stunned to see that there were tears in their eyes too, he also saw fear, and definitely not missing the way their bottom lip trembled, he had to fight viciously at the sudden instinct to kiss it better.

"I…I don't want to… I'm afraid you'll leave me," they said and wiped their eyes with their free hand.

He was taken back, unable to say what he wanted, it was too hard to "…I…I won't…I just… I can't-,"

More tears, "remember the day when I accidentally told Toriel your true identity? You had threatened that you would run away and never come back, and never miss us, I still think about that sometimes and it still hurts, I saw the look in your eyes, it was the same. . . and I don't- I'm scared you're going to do it now,"

He looked at them with caution and worry "that was just a lie Frisk, I always lied about things like that back then, remember? I was so-so-so stupid. I was a mean, pathetic, stupid kid. I'd never leave you! I have no where to go anyway! N-now please, put me down, I just want… my space, you understand don't you?" he begged pitifully, because being out here, stuck to them after all that. . .

It was too much to bear right now.

Frisk stared at him with a troubled unreadable gaze, "…you promise you won't run away?"

More incoming tears blinded him but he wiped them away stubbornly, "I promise!"

His best friend seemed to believe him, not bothering to ask for a pinky promise this time as they pulled off the bag, knelt down and zipped it back open, making sure to open the compartment where they kept their prizes and not where the wet shoe was held, though he felt he deserved the latter.

"…Here, you can hide in here, it's better than following around in the dirt and dark," they mumbled.

It hadn't been what he had in mind, but they were right, almost anything was better than hiding in an unfamiliar passage way of dirt along with the worms right now, especially right now when they needed to go home.

He looked over at the toys they'd won, the memory somehow a faraway distant one now, and without another word, he slid down off from Frisk's arm and into the bag, latching onto one of the more softer variety of prizes.

He looked up to see them zip up the bag halfway, catching one last glimpse of their face, guilt scraped away inside of him as he saw one of the most solemn of expressions he ever saw them make.

It urged him to almost ask if they were 'ok', but somehow, it seemed pointless now.

As he felt himself being lifted up and being put on Frisk's back, he took the opportunity to think things over.

As far as he could see, he had been wrong, Frisk didn't reject him, nor were they disgusted by him, but that was just it, Frisk was kind and would never hurt his feelings on purpose… and he didn't
want to find out the truth of what they could really be thinking.

He was too afraid and too much in pain, he just wanted to forget any of this happened, go home and get back to his simplistic normal life, as normal as it could get anyway.

He rested his cheek on the stuffed toy and closed his eyes, sitting there for a while, thinking about sleeping, until there was a sudden jolt and frustrated shriek from Frisk.

Alarmed, he poked his head out of the bag, climbing up to look over Frisk's wet shoulder.

He nearly tumbled back down when they suddenly kicked at the grass hard with their dirty bare foot, causing another jolt to be sent to the bag, he winced in confusion and worry.

"What's wrong?!" he yelped.

"Everything! Someone stole my bike! You lost your body! I'm wet! I'm cold! And worst of all, I almost lost you to a river!" they cried out, covering their face with their hands as they broke down in sobs, having to lean against one of the nearby trees for support.

As he felt their trembling through the bag, he couldn't help but tremble too.

Frustration and anger instantly sparked inside him, threatening to light a fire, except- as he tried to think of some way to fix this, he found that there wasn't much he could do about the bike, not like this, if only he had been watching where he had been going he'd still have his robot body and would be able to give Frisk a lift and not be shoeless and freezing wet.

But no, he had been too afraid and ran away, and now everything was his fault.

He stared hard at Frisk as they continued to cry- damn it he had to try something, anything!

So he pulled out a vine to pat at their shoulder awkwardly, but gently, "just... just call mom...," he suggested, his voice thick with concern but weak, too weak, he felt absolutely pathetic.

Frisk smiled a humorless smile through their tears "...I forgot my cell at home. I didn't realize until I got nauseous earlier, still, like the idiot I am, I thought it would be okay! I didn't consider that someone would steal the bike or that you'd fall in a river and lose your body-!"

They paused and suddenly gasped "-oh NO! Which means you lost your cell phone too! Damn it!" they said and abruptly kicked at the grass again, new tears streaming down their cheeks.

At that moment, Flowey forgot all about his own pitiful feelings as he stared at Frisk with a strong gaze, robot body or no robot body there was absolutely no way in hell he was going to let them walk home while they were soaked to the bone and upset like this, there had to be something they could do.
"Let's go back to the fair, maybe we can get someone to give us a ride," he said, his voice small, but surprisingly somehow confident.

This seemed to get Frisk's attention, they gazed over at the glimmering lights from behind their drenched bangs that had come loose from the clip (that also happened to be missing now) wiped their face with their rolled up sleeve and nodded, sniffing for a moment before they spoke.

"Yeah, you're right. Seems like that's the only thing we can do now, thank you Flowey," and began walking back towards the fair, rubbing at their wet arms in attempt to conduct some warmth, without a word, in a sad attempt to somehow make them feel better Flowey handed them one of the better prizes, a very soft silly unicorn, they gently took it and latched onto it, hugging it tightly.

Still... both of them soon slipped into an uncomfortable silence, and after deciding that Frisk was going to be 'ok', Flowey slid back into hiding in the bag once they re-reached the fair, hiding further in guilt when Frisk soon found Sans.

"oh- oh no kid, what happened? where's flowey?" he heard him say in alarm.

"We had a... fight, he fell in the river and lost his robot body- don't worry, he's ok, he's resting in my bag, and he's really upset right now, so if you could leave him be, that'd be great," Frisk explained wearily, "anyway, someone hijacked my bike and I forgot my phone at-,

"speak no further kid, i gotcha, i'll send you home safe and sound, no need for those tears," he said.

"Thanks Sans, you're a huge help,"

"what kind of friend would i be to you guys if i didn't? could you imagine if i let you walk home like this? toriel would literally roast me, kid."

Frisk managed a weary laugh, but all Flowey could think was 'I'd roast you too Trashbag!'

After that, Flowey didn't bother with speaking or coming out the bag at all until they were both safe in the house and Frisk left him to Toriel while they went to go get cleaned up.

He finally peeped out and looked away sadly as he saw his mother gazing down at him expectantly, she was waiting for an answer he wasn't sure he could give the answer to.

"...I'm not sure anything is ever going to be okay, ever again," he finally answered solemnly.

Toriel blinked in concern, all she had said was 'that she was glad to see that he was safe, and if he was okay', she had not been sure what to expect from him after tending to Frisk, who hadn't been too keen to go into deep details, they merely allowed their coat to be taken, hugged her tightly and left to go shower off the river water and muck.
"This must have been a very ground breaking fight between you two if it ended up with you falling into the river, which again, I am so thankful you made it out of safely, I'm sure it will not stay this bad between you two forever," she said and knelt down, giving her son a light loving pet on his head, then giving the entirety of the bag with him inside a warm hug, holding him for a moment before putting him back.

"Thanks. But… I…I… really messed it up this time mom…," he mumbled, looking more forlorn by the second, as if he were about to cry again.

Toriel stood back up, smiled sympathetically to her son "no more worries for tonight, okay? All will be okay, I will go fetch you some warm milk and go set up one of your flower pots so you can go to bed, you look like you're in dire need of rest, how does that sound?"

He merely nodded, sitting in the silence as he waited, basking in old self-hate, feeling the old familiar pain of not being able to go wherever he wanted to anymore, thinking about what his mother had said about being sure that he had 'matured', he was starting to think she had severely misjudged him.

It was strange, he had told the truth…

. . . But he was still in denial and he was nowhere near being set free.

In fact, he somehow felt more trapped than he had before.

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Songs used: 'The Night Is Still Young' by Nicki Minaj and 'Shape Of My Heart' by Noah And The Whale
Chapter Summary

Fearful of Frisk's honesty, Flowey can only think of one person who can help him now, but apparently it isn't 'help' that he actually wants, and what he wants... is to run away.

Chapter Notes

Hi guys... I apologize for dropping that bomb on you all in the last chapter without much warning, but it's all okay, because now, this is the part where I drop a thank you bomb once again for the love, I'm probably going to keep doing so for every chapter if I have to!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 19 Going Back into Hiding.

Warnings?: None except for a moody and depressed Flowey.

Inspiration Song: 'Ultimately' by Khai Dreams AND 'Lonely Hearts Club' by Marina and The Diamonds

Ultimately I don't understand a thin g

I try to do the best I can

I know you try to do the same

We're just so bound to make mistakes

You could call it a disposition

I apologize for all your tears
I wish I could be different
But I'm still growing up
Into the one you can call your love
I don't know if I'll ever be enough
I'm throwing in my chips
I guess I tend to push my luck

Laugh track on a TV show echoes in the dark alone
I go to bed feeling bad that I'm the reason that you're sad
January to December, do you wanna be a member?
Lonely hearts club
Do you want to be with somebody like me?
Lonely hearts club
Do you want to be with somebody like me?

As Flowey woke up the next day, in the haze of his sleepy mind he temporally forgot about the night before, that was until he attempted to move from his spot to say hello to Orange Juice- becoming confused as to why he wasn't going anywhere, until he looked down and saw he was in a normal wheel-less flower pot.

His expression darkened as he remembered.

That's when he knew instantly that there was no way he could be around Frisk anymore, he was so sure things would only get worse now that they knew.

He thought of how childish he had acted, ashamed and embarrassed, his mind replaying and back tracking over his stupid actions, the mixed looks of worry and shock on Frisk's face twisting in his mind, his self hatred worsening, wincing as he thought about the way his voice had cracked, how profoundly helpless he felt, and how he shouted at them, he had taken a chance and jumped to finally free himself of the silence- instead he fallen, crashed, and burned in the process.

Then he remembered the sheer horror in Frisk eye's as he had begun to fall, if he hadn't kept backing away he wouldn't have fallen, or remembered the break button hidden inside, he wouldn't have lost his robot body, he wouldn't have risked his life, or… or…Frisk's life either for that matter.
Well actually . . . they hadn't been in too much danger… the water had only come up to their belly-

But he couldn't get the image of them falling in to the water out of his head, in different scenarios, on a better day- it would have been funny, but at the time it had only increased his terror.

And then, after all that and losing their bicycle, all he could do to comfort them was give them a stupid measly toy, as if that could fix anything.

These were more reasons to add why he didn't want to find out how Frisk felt about his feelings, he didn't deserve their compassion, especially when he was so horrible at expressing his own.

...

Later that day, after sulking and avoiding everyone, he fished out his replacement back up cell phone and finally gained the 'courage' to talk to Frisk, by texting them, who… surprisingly was either still giving him space, or avoiding him too.

'I forgot to thank you for saving my life again, and I'm sorry for putting you through that last night,'

- 'Never be sorry, I'll always be here for you Sunshine. Are you okay?’

He took in a long breath and shakily exhaled, blinking back a new batch of tears.

'I think I'm going to go stay with dad with again'

There was an awful twenty something minute wait for a response.....

- 'For how long?’

'Don't know.' -
He stared at the text for a little while, yes, he already knew Toriel wouldn't be happy, but how did Frisk feel about it? The more he thought about it, the less he wanted to know.

'I know, I'm sorry' -

...A different kind of pain rolled through him, it was a tenderer, more emotional type of pain that he hadn't felt in quite a while, not since the day he realized his feelings for Frisk, it brought fresh tears to his eyes that overflowed and splashed onto the screen of his cell phone.

Later, when Toriel came to check after calling her, he told her the news about leaving, she definitely didn't like it.

"Oh dear... this really was a ground breaking fight," she then narrowed her eyebrows, "and yet...I have not seen either of you two speak this over, or speak at all, I suggest you do so before distancing yourself, I will not allow you to leave until you do so,"

Anxiety rose inside Flowey, "I... I... can't mom, you just don't understand,"

Toriel let a short frustrated laugh "neither of you want to talk about it, how can I understand?"

Flowey looked off as he remembered something "well, actually, me and Frisk did text each other. They seem okay with me leaving, is that good enough?"

Toriel groaned, rubbing at her temples, "no, no it is not," she then shook it off, "here, I will go get them myself, you two will talk this out,"

Before Flowey could protest, his mother turned and left.

With a baited breath, he anxiously waited.
Surprisingly, and to his relief, his mother soon returned without a Frisk, she looked defeated.

She walked over to the bed and sat down, she blew out air from her cheeks before looking at Flowey with eyes fresh with understanding.

"So, it seems Frisk has also refused to fully explain the reason for the fight, but was generous enough to inform me... that this is a delicate matter that can only be worked out with time and patience, and that you are hurting deeply right now, and that... it was 'their' fault, yet I have a strong feeling that this is clearly not the case, but I also have a strong feeling that you did nothing wrong either, what do you think?" she asked.

He grit his teeth, "it isn't their fault!" he then lowered his eyes, "ugh... but they are right about needing time, I just... need space- to think things over," Flowey looked to his mother and forced a smile on his face, in attempt to make her feel better, to bargain "I'll train more with dad, maybe it'll help my soul more?"

But by the look on Toriel's face, he could tell she was seeing right through his words, but still, a weak smile appeared "okay my child, I will let you leave, as long as you promise to come back at least before three months have passed, maybe more or maybe less- depending how Frisk and Andromeda feel,"

He nodded sternly, unsure if he should thank his mother, "don't worry, I'll come back," he said, but he had no idea when or if he'd ever be ready to talk to Frisk again, much less feel normal around them at all.

... 

He left the next day, only able to manage only a few nervous, awkward words to his best friend, mainly just more 'thank you's' for saving him and brief 'I'll miss you's.'

He was unable to stop himself from watching them in the exterior side view mirror as Asgore drove them farther away, guilt twisting painfully inside him as he stared at Frisk's disconsolate downcast expression.

He wished he had never confessed.
When he finally reached his father's house, he let out a breath of relief, he still felt guilty for leaving, but at the same time, he didn't have to worry about accidentally running into Frisk, well . . . not until it was their time to visit Asgore too, but he could just do what he did last time and avoid them, like a plague, a black plague.

Thankfully, staying with Asgore meant he could also finally speak to someone about the incident, well …sort of.

Which is what he did that afternoon, they sat in the living room this time, drinking chamomile tea, which wasn't one of his favorites, but it always worked to some degrees when it came to calming him down and mellowing him out.

"Wait, so, you 'texted' Magnola your feelings? Why didn't you tell them, with your voice?" Asgore asked, displeased.

Flowey looked at his dad with sad eyes, "because, I'm a wimp, that's why. I was too scared to tell them any other way. . . but yeah, it doesn't matter, I told them to forget it, that… that… it, um- wouldn't work, especially with the. . . long distance issue, and especially with me… being a flower."

Asgore knitted his eyebrows together like he was trying to mull over something difficult, "and what did they say?" he asked.

"Nothing yet, I think I really upset them…," he said and sipped his tea, hoping it would push back his miserable emotions.

"Well, son, I'm happy you were able to finally tell them your feelings… but like I have said before, how do you know it won't work? You never know until you try," Asgore said with a big hopeful smile.

Flowey merely stared vacantly into his tea, "it's a good thing I lost all sense of curiosity huh?"

Asgore had to stop himself from groaning in aggravation "oh my son, we will return to this subject later, trust me, but now I must ask about your fight with Frisk, what happened?"

He bit his bottom lip before he spoke, "well, I wasn't in a very 'good mood' after texting Magnola and I guess. . . I took it out on Frisk- I didn't hurt them, but they kept asking questions I didn't want to answer, I was too scared to, so I kept backing away from them… next thing I know I was falling into the river, heh,"

"Wait- does this mean Frisk knows about how you feel about Magnola too?" Asgore asked.

Flowey paused, an awkward sad smile coming over his face "um…. y-yeah, they definitely do now."

Asgore surprised Flowey with a sudden gasp, "I wonder if they are jealous? Perhaps they are afraid they'd lose your friendship and attention somehow,"

The comment made Flowey's eyes grow wide and he nearly spat out his tea from laughing so hard,
the thought, no, the very concept of Frisk being jealous at all, especially over him, was just too unbelievable, it was so ridiculous.

No, if anyone was going to be jealous, it was Flowey, not Frisk, never Frisk, they were too sensible, too trusting to be that moronic, his father had the wrong teenager pegged down.

Asgore cocked his head in confusion, "I take it that you do not agree,"

After a few moments of trying to talk without laughing again, he was able to respond "no, no I don't agree, why would Frisk have a reason to be jealous of all things? They have everything they could ever want."

The bigger monster scratched at his beard in thought, "you have a point… I suppose. Then, what exactly were the things they were pressing you on about?"

Flowey grew uncomfortable, he didn't like thinking back to the moment, and as well, he hadn't thought this far into his story, so he was forced to wing it "they were basically asking the same questions that… Magnola and you did, actually, they were upset over how I treated Mags, and you know how Frisk is, heh, they're always trying to get me to do the right thing…";

Asgore nodded, closing his eyes as he took strong gulp of his tea, "yes I do know, they have helped us both in those respects . . .," then he smiled proudly to himself, "no, they've helped us all, we wouldn't be here today without their help and Mercy."

Flowey pursed his lips as he continued to stare into his teacup "dad…?"

"Yes?"

"Do you think I'm a horrible friend? For turning my back on them?" he asked, his father not missing how lonely and miserable he sounded.

Asgore frowned sadly at his son, "no, of course not, you just made a mistake in a moment of fear, one that does not sound too unrepairable, to me, it sounds like you weren't yet ready to confess your feelings. I believe you, Magnola, and Frisk simply need time to clear your minds;"

Flowey thought over Asgore's words, taking them in, he slowly began to feel slightly better, for now.

And then he remembered something.

"Dad, just how mad do you think Alphys is going to be that I lost something that took her three years to make?"

Asgore took a wary sip of his tea "oh . . . um, hopefully not too much?"

"Golly gee, that's encouraging," Flowey said tiredly under his breath.

Asgore tried again "really Asriel, she cannot be too mad when she finds out how you lost it, Dr. Alphys is a very understanding and an incredibly patient monster,"

"I'll take your word for it, but only because I don't have much else to lose," Flowey muttered.

His father looked down at him with big, sad, heavy eyes "my goodness son,"

He looked back with a slight bit of confusion, then gave him a sad half smile, "calm down dad, I was
talking about the flower pot body," he covered.

... The Next Day

"... The robot body is... in the... river?" Alphys asked her eyes wide with disbelief.

Flowey grinned an anxious toothy grin, "yep! Just floating around somewhere!"

The lizard woman smiled weakly "did you try at all to get it back?"

His grin died down to a fake smile, "I think if I had tried... it would have just pulled me along with it? By the time Frisk got there, it was gone and it was too late to search,"

There was a hint of hysteria in Alphys's eyes now, "gone? Really? Just like that?" then she began chuckling.

Flowey leaned back as Alphys started walking toward him, silently wishing his dad was in the room right now, "yes? Maybe we can get it back... if- Alphys are you okay?"

Alphys continued chuckling, but there was absolutely no humor in her tone, she took off her glasses and rubbed at the bridge of her long nose while wincing.

She then stopped chuckling and took a long breath, exhaled through her nose and put her glasses back on, dropped her smile and looked at Flowey very sternly.

"I- I really... really... wish...you hadn't done that," she said in a struggling voice, Flowey could tell by the look in her eyes that she was probably holding back a lot more colorful words.

He winced, "me too," he then attempted to reason with her, "-but trust me! I'm as upset as you are! Do you think I like being hauled everywhere again?"

Alphys exhaled through her nose again, her patience draining the longer she talked "of course you don't. I'm sorry Flowey, I really am, I know you didn't mean to lose it, it's just that... didn't I say not go near any large bodies of water? It was on my list of things to stay away from! And what do you do? You fall right into one!"

Flowey winced harder, he couldn't remember if he'd ever seen her this mad, or even mad at all "I'm sorry Alphys! It glitched! It's not like I MEANT to fall in, I... wasn't looking where I was going..."

As she stared at the golden flower with wide angry eyes, but as she watched his helpless face and listened to his apology... empathy washed over her, and she looked to her feet, her anger hesitantly leaving.
"Maybe… I should explain why I'm mad instead of yelling, it- it's just that… your robot body had… some Aetherium crystals embedded within it,"

It was Flowey's turn to be mad at himself, well, again, remembering how she had mentioned just how expensive they were "the Aetherium crystals?! Are you serious?!"

Alphys rubbed her temples, her anger wavering back "yes, I know! I really should have told you, gosh, those things are so insanely expensive and heavy with magic, it's another reason why I was mad, I was going to recycle them into… well… err… your new body that I'm working on," she then took the moment to put her hands down and smile weakly to Flowey, who attempted to smile back too, but the situation of things took the joy out of the surprise.

She then sighed wearily and continued talking "I'd hate to find out what would happen if it were to ever get found and dismantled by the wrong person,"

This worsened his guilt and self-hatred, "someone kill me already," he groaned, covering his face with two vines in shame, getting ready for the tears he felt coming.

The lizard monster blinked in surprise at the comment, "…ah, I forgot… your fight… look Flowey, um, Asriel? It's not that bad, hopefully we can find it before someone else does, everyone makes mistakes,"

Flowey looked at her with one uncovered eye, then put his vines away, his expression going from guilt ridden to Determined as he thought something over.

"You know what? I'll help you look for it," he declared.

Alphys blinked in surprise, "r-really? Aren't you going through a traumatic time? Don't you want to be alone?"

Flowey held back a laugh, "wh- 'traumatic time'? You make it sound like someone died, the whole thing wasn't as bad as you think,"

She scratched at a spot behind one of her horns, "you had a big fight with your best friend and fell into a river, lost your body and technically almost could have gotten lost yourself or even drowned. I dunno, it sounds pretty traumatic to me,"

Flowey looked around awkwardly, unable to come back with anything witty to say, because she was right, and it was hard to prove her wrong when he had literally just asked for 'someone to kill him' in a tone that hinted that he wasn't being completely melodramatic this time.

"Okay, I guess you have a point…. but uhhh, I'm fine! Completely fine! And I AM going to help and there's NOTHING you can do about it,"

Alphys gave him an equally awkward smile, but there was a familiar look in her eyes, one that he often saw in Toriel's when she was concerned about him, he ignored it, "um, o-okay, if you… insist. I guess I can't stop you if this is what you really want…,"

"It is what I really want, but, I only have one rule, and that is that Frisk can't help, or… be there at all," Flowey informed.

"Why not?"
"…," he only grimaced, hoping that he wouldn't have to spell it out for her.

Then it dawned on her "oh…OH yeah, right, you guys are taking a break, I remember now, my bad,"

He sighed to himself and rubbed at his eyes, why did she have to say it like that?

Two Days Later . . .

Flowey sat in the dirt, not too far away from the rushing waters, meanwhile he had a series of vines searching around at the bottom of the river.

Next to him was Alphys who was holding out a tracking device, pointing it at the water and moving it a little every time it made a low beep, she stared at it hard.

In the more shallow sides of the water itself, was Papyrus and Undyne who were currently doing more talking than searching.

Then, for the eighth time in the past three hours, Undyne accidentally stepped on one of Flowey's vines, this time pushing it roughly into a rock.

"OWW!" Flowey shouted and flicked the vine swiftly out of the water in reflex, accidentally splashing the taller monsters in the process.

Undyne cringed apologetically, but this time looked slightly annoyed, "sorry kid! I know you really want to find this thing, but c'mon! Watch where you're putting your grabbers!"

Flowey frowned as he studied the damage, visibly it wasn't as bad as it felt, and with a sigh he stuck it in the cool soft dirt to help ease the pain.

"Yeah I know," he said under his breath, he was anxious and had a lot on his mind, it was hard not to when they were in the very area where he'd confessed his feelings to Frisk, and he-

"You know, I'm getting pretty sick of your attitude," Undyne said suddenly.

He looked up at her with big, surprised, and vulnerable eyes as the red headed monster clamped her hands on her hips, Flowey found himself unable to look away from her sharp glaring eye that burned into him.

"UNDYNE!" Papyrus gasped, completely shocked.
In response she held up an index finger in the skeleton's direction, putting him on verbal hold, her attention and eye locked completely on Flowey now.

"I know your upset and all, and I get it, but I gotta admit, you are the whiniest whiny baby I have ever met! All you've done since we got here is feel bad for yourself! You do it every time you do something wrong!"

"Sorry but not sorry, but, uh, Undyne, dear? Flowey has been dealing with a lot of emotions and he's been in quite bit of pain, h-he can't help it," Alphys spoke up defensively.

Flowey raised his eyebrows at her, wow, was Alphys of all monsters, really defending him to her wife? To Undyne?

Undyne raised her arms up dramatically, then dropped them just as dramatically "SO DOES EVERY FRICKING ONE ELSE BABE! We ALL have our own hangups! We've ALL been in pain!"

She then walked to Flowey and knelt down to talk him even more up close and personal, her expression softening a little, just a little.

She prepared herself by letting out a frustrated huff before speaking.

"Look, whatever terrible big bad fight you had with Frisk, whatever it was about? The both of you HAVE to buck up and stop avoiding each other, put on your almost-grown-up pants, AND TALK IT OVER! You and them may have everyone else feeling bad for you two, but certainly not me. So get over it, kiss, hug, make up- do whatever you need to do because there's no way in hell that I'm letting you brats burn down your friendship over something so idiotic,"

Flowey stared at Undyne speechlessly, finding himself… mostly agreeing with everything she said, but at the same time, he didn't like her tone or how she was talking to him, and what did she know about how he felt? She wasn't the one with the malformed soul that barely worked, she wasn't the one who had to be trapped inside a flower, she had no idea what it was like to be in love with someone she had no chance with.

She didn't get just how hard every single little thing was for him, and she never would.

He felt his face in the beginnings of contorting into something terrifying and devious, ready to argue back, to yell, to maybe fight- or no- he definitely wanted to fight, but as he glared at her, and remembered where he was, remembered who else was there, remembered just exactly what Undyne was capable of-

He held back…

He frowned tightly, and nodded a small barely noticeable nod, unable to force himself to say anything nice.
"I THINK THAT MEANS HE AGREES WITH YOU? MAYBE?" Papyrus said in an unsure tone, who by all means wanted to help Flowey, but he didn't quite have enough information to take sides.

Undyne gave Flowey a suspicious smirk, still not taking her eye off him, she knew a fighting stance when she saw one. "I'm not so sure he is Paps. But it's whatever, I don't care if you don't listen to me, as long as you quit moping around, it's a waste of time, it puts you in a worse mood and it won't solve anything."

"Okay!" blurted Alphys a little louder than necessary, "there's nothing here other than change and bottles, should we go a little further or… um…call it quits for today?"

"I SAY WE CONTINUE TO LOOK ON WARDS!" Papyrus chirped.

But Undyne got up and turned to Papyrus, "as much as I like a good hunt and splashing around in water and getting completely covered in mud, I'm starving, let's go get lunch and we'll regroup tomorrow."

"Uh, I've got a bunch of errands to run with my dad tomorrow… so… . . . .," Flowey spoke up awkwardly, attempting to forget the recent tension.

Undyne snickered and shook her head, "I know that Dreemurr. Since you big babies don't even want to be in the same house or even the same street, Frisk is taking turns with you in looking for your robo-pot,"

"WHICH IS VERY GOOD, WE'LL FIND IT IN NO TIME THIS WAY! NYEH HEH HEH!" Papyrus added.

"Oh…," was all Flowey could say, he should have expected that they would want to help, but he wasn't sure why after upsetting and leaving them, still though, he was flattered to say the least.

"IT'S OKAY! WE WILL BE SURE TO TELL THEM YOU SAID 'THANKS',' Papyrus said.

"And that 'you miss them!'" Undyne said in a teasing tone.

"Do NOT! Just leave all that extra stuff to me!" Flowey said, growing embarrassed.

"-And that you want to hug them! It'll be sho shweet!" Undyne continued, her grin widening, enjoying herself.

Okay, enough was enough "can we STOP TALKING ABOUT ME NOW and get lunch already?! Or would you rather I start lecturing and bothering you about your personal life? See how you like it, huh?"

Undyne let out a hardy laugh, "now that's a much better attitude! Yeah kiddo, I'll stop, just don't let me catch you being all sad again, or I'll really pull out the big guns on you because if you thought that was embarrassing, then kid, you got a big storm coming."

Flowey halfheartedly awkwardly smiled back, he did not want to find out what the big guns entailed.

"DON'T WORRY, SHE'S DONE THIS TO FRISK TOO, YOU AREN'T ALONE I ASSURE YOU," Papyrus said.

Err… oh… Papyrus's assurance wasn't reassuring.
Once Flowey got home, he found himself thinking over what Undyne had said, she really did have a point, but at the same time, the more he thought about facing Frisk, the more he wished he could just go back, so far back that no one could remember anything, and then he began to feel guilty for even thinking something like that, and back before he knew it, he was 'moping' again.

Later on the next day…

Flowey couldn't stop himself from staring at his guitar that sat all alone in the corner of his room.

When they were packing away his stuff, his mother had mistakenly put it in the car, forgetting that he no longer had the fingers to play it with.

Right now, he really, really wanted to play it.

He couldn't get a particular melody out of his brain, it was on constant loop and it was tormenting him, he even knew all the notes, ugh, he could just almost hear the twangs of the strings.

He let out a frustrated grunt and turned away from it, fishing out his tablet to preoccupy himself.

. . . . . .

But after a few minutes of thinking and more thinking, Determination began to fill him gradually, until he could no longer take it, and finally, he put down the tablet and looked over at the guitar sharply.

He COULD do this! He WAS going to do this!

It was all in his head on how he could accomplish this, and he felt so incredibly dumb that he never thought to try it before, and with a quick snap, he had several vines raised out and reaching for the instrument.

Grunting quietly at the weight as he raised it into the air, Flowey propped the guitar awkwardly in
He then directing his gaze to five raised vines, he focused hard as he twirled and rearranged them, wrapping and twisting a them together to make makeshift fingers for his nonexistent hands... which retrospect, ended up looking really, really **weird**, but no one else was here, so there was no reason to care.

Raising another five vines into the air, he attempted to copy what he had done with the first set and settled them around the upper handle of the guitar, adjusting the position.

Then, with a strong, fluid motion, he experimentally brushed them past the strings, then again, and again until he grew confident with the feeling.

Finally, he began to play for real, it didn't sound *completely* right, but it was still *something*, and the more he meticulously adjusted the vines to accommodate, it started to sound ever so slightly better.

He grinned crookedly and let out a loud, obnoxious laugh at himself, he really was dumb, did he really waste *all that time* not playing because of his idiotic uncertainties and avoidance issues?

"I've got to be the biggest moron ALIVE!" he shouted to himself enthusiastically, unable to stop laughing, both at himself but at the same time, in triumph.

... .

Four hours in, he was interrupted by a proud Asgore who came in to tell him that dinner was ready, and that he sounded wonderful.

... .

His life continued on this way for two more weeks: go out and look for his robot body which was always followed by moping afterwards when they didn't find anything, when the moping got too much he would read Creepypasta, mope again later anyway, sometimes run errands with his dad, mope, avoid any more parental conversations, mope, practice guitar to make himself feel better and then consider getting a guitar pick after getting sore vines, then mope about his sore vines, finally finish his video games, mope, check up on his astronomy forum, mope, do his homework, mope, etc. etc. etc.

He did anything he could that didn't involve thinking directly about Frisk, but it was impossible when everyone else was pestering him about getting them to talk and reunite, and then, at some point he realized it was useless to even *try* when he began to dream of them more frequently- except all of them were usually nightmares these days, *what a surprise.*

.....
But on the third week though…

They had reached pretty far into the river, and everyone was really starting to lose steam for the search, even Papyrus was beginning to lose his faith in finding the robot pot body, not that he would ever admit it.

Still, for the sake of how outrageously expensive the crystals were, they continued on anyway.

Right now though, Flowey wasn't even bothering to search, he simply stared vacantly at the river as it flowed past him, while Alphys stood next to him with her tracker as usual, at the moment they were alone as Undyne, Papyrus and for some reason Sans were way up ahead.

He was completely spaced out until Alphys let out a long fake sigh in attempt to get his attention, but it didn't, so she just spoke instead.

"So… um… do you have any requests for your new body? It won't be done until sometime next year, so yeah… plenty of time to add your personal touches,"

He blinked, his expression shifting of something genuine pleasant surprise.

"Oh! Yeah! I've been working a request list that I've been building onto, you better get your tablet out for this,"

Alphys beamed down at him and brought said tablet out of her bag "okay, I'm ready,"

He nodded "okay… number one, can you give it…ugh no, how do I word this one…? Can you give it 'wireless connection'..but to me?"

She looked down at him "you mean like… actual wireless connection or…'making it move even when you're not in it' kind of wireless connection?"

"Mm, I meant the latter, sort of, but both sounds good too? Anyway, basically I want to be able to summon it and have it pick me up and put me in so I don't have to get someone else to do it," he explained, frowning at a few memories that prodded at him "also, just to makes things extra clear, I also want to be able to use my vines at the same time and still have connection too while in it," he added.

Alphys typed in what she guessed was his request, "I think I can do that, but… don't be surprised if I ask for a skin sample one day,"

He gave her a grimacing side glance before going on to his next request, "number two, I want it to be able to bend over somehow, I can't tell you how many times I almost fell out of the other one learning how to get on and off a chair or attempting to reach down for something when the arms wouldn't extend far enough,"

A guilty look passed over Alphys's face, "sorry about that! I might have been working off of
Mettaton's blueprints, but not everything was the exact same and it was just a big magical and technical nightmare, and- and- yes, I'll add all of that to the list," she said and proceeded to type it in.

"It's fine…where was I? Oh yeah, number three, can I get different colored gloves to wear? Like black or green? Maybe red?" he asked.

Alphys grinned as she typed it in, "of course! I'll make them in every color I can think of, oooh, this reminds of a new anime I watched where the main character gets her powers through new dresses that are from another world and-,

"-AND I'm sure it's a VERY thrilling saga! Okay, number four, I'd like to… be able to…to…uh, feel through the robot… at least the hands, or…yeah, just the hands," Flowey said, wincing more and more as he spoke.

Alphys paused pensively, her claw hesitantly hovering over the tablet before she looked down at him, "I'm sorry Flowey, I…I… don't really think I have the capabilities or knowledge to fully sync you to it like that,"

Flowey's frown returned and deepened, disappointment settled in his eyes "really? …You can do everything but that?"

She nodded, a strong sadness and sympathy shown in her eyes as she watched him pout and droop, "I'm sorry Flowey, but I'll make sure this one will definitely have much better equilibrium, with ninety eight percent less glitches,"

Flowey sighed, and then began to awkwardly play with the water "it's… okay. Just forget I said anything about it,"

He then noticed that Alphys was the only one who hadn't bugged him about talking to Frisk yet, he opened his mouth to ask about it, but then realized that it might actually lead to Alphys doing just that, and if it was one thing he was sick of hearing- it was getting more lectures of what he should and shouldn't do.

"Flowey?" Alphys said suddenly not looking from her tablet.

He looked up at her "yeah?"

"I don't think we're going to be able to find your robot body," she said slightly solemnly.

He sighed again, "I figured, again…I'm… sorry,"

She smiled down at him apologetically, "it's fine, don't worry about it okay? It's not really your problem anymore. Besides, I think I'll just use my tester Crystals instead and buy more when I have the money… besides…if we can't find the robot body, who else can? So… I think everything will be alright,"

He looked at her with hesitant eyes "you really think so?"

Her smile widened, "yup! I'm one hundred percent sure,"
Three days later that evening…

He twangled at the strings of his guitar slowly, playing a familiar melody that had been haunting him for weeks now, he hummed to himself as he sat alone in his room.

Until there was a sudden knock at the door.

"Howdy? Son? May I come in?" he heard Asgore ask.

Flowey paused his movement and rolled his eyes hard, glaring at the ceiling, "yeah, sure, whatever," he grumbled, staring at his father accusingly as he stepped in, already impatient for him to leave, forgetting his manners, he really wasn't in the mood to talk.

"What do you want?"

Asgore said nothing but close the door and pull out a chair and sat in front of his son, "we need to chat,"

Flowey blinked at his father dismissively and looked back to his guitar and continued to play, "I don't really feel like it," he said.

Asgore's frown deepened, "I had figured you would say such a thing, then… let's go out and practice, it'll be good for you,"

He began to change the melody "I don't really feel like fighting either dad,"

"Then, let's go out to the store, there's a few things we need for dinner tonight,"

Flowey began humming again, sticking out his tongue in reflex as he focused deeply on the tune, watching the strings carefully to make sure he played the right ones, it was clear he was no longer listening or paying attention to Asgore and had no plan to.

He didn't even notice when Asgore stood up and walked over, close in and pull the guitar away, even holding it away from Flowey when he reached for it in shocked distress.

"HEY! GIVE IT BACK OLD MAN!" he yelled, looking confused, angry and a little betrayed all at once.

Asgore simply turned away and disappeared with the guitar out the door, causing Flowey to immaturity scoff in disbelief.

A few seconds later he returned without the guitar, looking slightly smug, dusting his hands, "there, you can have it back after we talk,"

Flowey frowned and gave his father a weak glare, "I told you I don't feel like it!"

Asgore sat down, leaned forward and crossed his arms, "you don't want to talk, you don't want to
fight, you won't even listen, are you really going to hide like this all your life?"

Flowey narrowed his eyes suspiciously, scowling "...have you been talking to Undyne?"

Asgore raised his arms, "I have been talking to everyone my son! Even your mother! I've been trying to get all the help I can on how to help you, but I'm not sure I can when you won't take any advice, and I know you said you wanted time and space, but I am thinking your time is up son."

He furrowed his eyebrows more "and what's that supposed to mean?"

Asgore sighed and ran a hand through his blond hair, and smiled sympathetically "it means, I am sending you back to your mother's tomorrow, you have had your time to think things over, and I think the only way you can ever feel better is if you talk it out with Frisk and Magnola,"

Flowey's mouth dropped open, his anxiety creeping back in, "no! Dad, I told you I'm not ready!"

Asgore shrugged, "I am not forcing you to talk to them, you can continue to avoid them at your mother's house, but I will no longer help in holding you back from being brave,"

He grit his teeth as he struggled to think of an excuse, he knew his father was right, but the anxiety was wrapping around him now and getting tighter by the second, "I... I... don't know what to do! Do you think this is going to be easy for me?!"

Asgore's smile grew sadder, "no, I really do not, love is never easy, and we both know that. But I do know what you should do, you should buck up, be brave and listen to what Magnola has to say about how you feel, and how they feel about you, even if the truth hurts, and perhaps once that is over with, Frisk might want to start talking to you again once they understand,"

Flowey grimaced, horrified "that's a terrible idea,"

Asgore laughed politely "that's a terrible idea,"

Flowey looked down at himself and the dirt that his roots rested in, "...what if everything goes wrong? What if... Magnola doesn't have any feelings for me at all? What if they pretend to be nice when their actually disgusted by me? What if things just get too awkward and they don't want to be friends anymore? What if they never speak to me again? Or if by some miraculous miracle things work out but it causes my soul to hurt too much and I die? Or worse- become soulless again? What THEN dad?!"

Flowey found himself in tears by the time he was finished speaking, but was momentarily stopped when Asgore suddenly picked him up and pulled him into a snug but careful hug, patting the back of his son's head.

"I said son- love, is not easy, it never is, but haven't you noticed something?" Asgore asked in a comforting earnest curious tone.

Flowey looked up tearfully "no?"

"That love is worth it of course! Things didn't work out with me and your mother in the end, yes, but before all the terrible things that happened, our love brought us you, I mean- without love... none of the wonderful things world would exist, and I am so immensely glad that you have it, but what I am afraid of most is if you waste it by missing an great opportunity,"
Asgore then sat Flowey back down and did so himself, scooting closer and continued speaking.

"If it does not work, then that is fine, we will help you work it out because we love you, you won't be alone…and if you ever do somehow 'lose your soul' again, then I hope you will go on, and be happy and remember that you even loved like you did at all, although, after all that training, I do not think that will ever happen."

Flowey wiped a few tears from his eyes, taking a big breath "okay, okay! I get it! 'Love is the best thing ever!' and 'I need to talk Magnola and Frisk or else I'll regret it', I get it, can you stop being embarrassing now?"

Asgore laughed again, louder this time "yes, of course, I am so very, very sorry son! I will not be 'embarrassing' ever again," and then, he held up a sudden index finger, "only-! If you promise me you will talk to them,"

Flowey grit his teeth, wincing, "…ugh, sorry dad, I can't promise you anything… but…," he let out a defeated sigh, he had to admit his father's talk had eased his anxiety for the moment, the guy really knew how to give his pep talks "I'll…I'll… definitely think about it,"

The King flashed a pleased grin, "and that is enough for me! Hopefully Frisk will ease up and give you some pointers on how to win them over,"

Flowey's eyes grew big and wide and he let out a loud anxious laugh, before laughing more and more, going into near actual genuine hysterics.

"Wh-what…? What is so funny?" Asgore asked, growing instantly concerned.

But Flowey never answered the question, he just continued to laugh until his father changed the subject and gave him back his guitar, which shut him up quickly.

That night, Flowey stayed awake until the sun came up, too nervous to be able to sleep, his mind running a mile and minute, distracting himself by playing his guitar to ease his stress until his vines became too sore.

"The night is over and dead, the night is over… and… dead, and so… am, I…," he sang to himself sleepily before he finally closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Six hours later…

Asgore had kept true to his word and had brought Flowey back, who was met with a happy Toriel, who was being extra careful about saying the right thing, it made him wonder if Asgore told her about Magnola or not, either way, his plans for the day was to be brave enough to be able to look Frisk in the eye, say something like…'hi' and go hide in his room so he could then figure out how to
live with a person without having to look at them at all, and blinding himself was not an option.

He was talking to Toriel in the living room, as Asgore went to take all his bags and belongings back to his son's room, fully distracted, that was… until Frisk walked in.

And for the first time after a month, the best friends finally looked at each other—

_and froze…_

And then… Flowey finally noticed the (new?) purple baseball cap on Frisk's head, it was on backwards, and it was a surprisingly good look on them.

An uncontrollable admiring smile sneaked its way onto his face, "nice hat idiot," he blurted out.

Frisk cracked a shy grin, a hand coming out to touch the cap in reflex as they remembered it, and let out a small laugh, "thanks, I really like it,"

As he gazed at them, caught off guard by their sweet grin, the cold dread that had been sitting in the pit of his plant stomach for weeks on end finally eased up.

Maybe it was because he'd missed them, or just maybe… he just realized that living with them again wasn't going to be as world ending as he had deduced after all.

_Ultimately it's a beautiful thing_

_Like flowers blooming in a lonely field_

_The petals drift through crossing winds_

_They find their way to river streams_

_That scent the water beautifully, it takes me back to you_

_It takes me back to you_
Chapter End Notes

I've been concerned that I wrote Undyne a little OOC in this one, due to the way the narration works I feel that I didn't get a chance to make it completely clear that she did see and understood that Flowey was in pain (she also saw how conflicted and troubled Frisk was about the whole situation too) and she was also the first one to see that he was hiding from his problem, she was just trying to show him some tough love to help snap him out of it, but... in the end I still feel that I kind of wrote her a bit too mean in that scene.
Chapter Summary

After an attempt to talk about their 'fight', Frisk and Flowey make a bold decision, and everything is fine until the next day when Frisk starts acting ridiculous, trash talking, and pulling pranks left and right on Flowey, leaving him to wonder if there's a method to their madness or if Frisk is just going through a Mood.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Chapter 20 Mysterious Human Behavior

**Warnings?:** Bad, bad, bad, immature jokes and teasing.

**Inspiration Song:** 'Roll Up' by Fitz And The Tantrums

*Can I get a witness in the darkness? Cause there ain't no love at all to be found*
  *Feeling like a freight train, trying to break chains*
  *Everybody needs somebody, no doubt*

*Sugar just step into your sneakers and step behind the speakers*
*Your heart will keep me beating and make me a believer*
*Don't you want me?*
*I need some mercy in my soul right now*
*Give me what you got, oh oh oh*

*I said, roll up, roll up, roll up, yeah come get your love*
*I don't care, I don't care why you're dancing tonight*
*Just as long as you're there in the break of the light*
*I said, roll up, roll up, roll up, yeah come get your love*
*I don't care, I don't care, if I'm losing my way*
*I'll be waiting for you as the night fades away*
It was a very slow start, despite their surprisingly happy but short reunion, they didn't get to talk as much as Flowey thought they would, not just because he was still nervous, but also because Frisk had school and still had their plate full of a busy schedule.

In the piece of time he had alone, Flowey had taken that time to try to think things through as positively as he could, realizing that at some point Frisk would definitely talk to him about what happened, deciding that yes, when that time came, he would be brave and talk things over like he should.

That didn't mean he wasn't still nervous and scared beyond belief, but he found if he kept his thoughts off of it, then he was fine… for the most part.

He found it surprisingly easy to pretend that the night at the river didn't happen, maybe because Frisk was continuing to treat him the same as before, they were still best friends at the end of the day, weren't they?

Yes, it was still painful, and he didn't want to find out how they felt, but he was starting to think that he was finally coming to terms with his unrequited love, as long as he had Frisk by his side, he was happy.

So fortunately, it wasn't too long until one day he found himself alone with them after dinner, sitting in the living room in front of the TV that they began to have an actual conversation again.

"So I'm basically thinking about getting a different job, preferably something cleaner, daycare paid really well, but to be honest, as much as I love kids, I was getting really sick of changing diapers," Frisk said, smirking laxly when Flowey laughed at them.

"I told you you'd get sick of it, didn't? Tell me I'm right, say it," Flowey said smugly.

Frisk rolled their eyes "I said- I got sick of diapers, not kids,"

"Mmmhm, keep telling yourself that, you'll see things my way eventually," Flowey said with a crooked smile.

Frisk chuckled dismissively, then frowned at the TV, "oh heck no, not this episode again," and began flipping channels until something piqued their interest, when they did they shifted their attention back to Flowey.

"So, um… I was talking to Toriel, and she thinks it's best if we go ahead and go camping during my week off from school, and then she started telling me that we… should… talk about the 'fight',"

Despite the beginnings of peace he had found, sudden familiar dread and fear hit Flowey like a ton of bricks, he had known that this was going to come at some point, but after a week of nothing happening, he had let himself relax, looks like that time was over.

And he didn't want to, but he pushed himself, looking at Frisk with wide eyes, unable to hide how terrified he was this time, what would be the point when they knew how he felt anyway?

Frisk wore a hesitant expression, and fidgeted a little at first.
He still had no idea how to expect them to act about all this, but it was both somehow comforting and worrying that they seemed to be nervous too, or…

…was that a bad thing?

Before he get a word out, they continued speaking "-but I was thinking…that…if you're this uncomfortable even talking about… the 'fight', that I think that you shouldn't have to until you're absolutely ready," and then they looked around the room quickly as they thought something over before they looked back at him, giving him a big cheesy grin, "in fact, we can pretend as if nothing even happened! How's that sound?"

Flowey was silent for a while, taken aback before a slow relieved smile made its way onto his face.

"That goes against everything everyone has been telling me, but it's probably the best idea I've heard in weeks," then he frowned, nervously, "…unless…you're not joking are you? I really thought that you would want to talk…,"

Frisk frowned and looked at him warily, "talk about what?"

Flowey blinked, "about the-," and then he finally caught on and grinned widely at the reprieve, nearly laughing, "oh, okay I get it, clever, clever,"

They smirked and turned back to the TV, "thanks, I've been told,"

He was quick to change the subject "so uh, when are we going camping? Like next week or…?"

"After tomorrow,"

He groaned and rolled his eyes hard "it's just like her to do this so soon, she'll probably think it'll help us 'fix our friendship' or whatever, I've had enough of going out and doing stuff."

"Yeah, like our friendship needs fixing, besides, camping was your idea in the first place, you have to go now, plus we're going to be staying at Ebott forest," Frisk said and pulled out a bag of healthy veggie but surprisingly tasty chips from one the dimension boxes of their phone, "chip?"

"Yeah, sure, thanks," he said and took one, and began munching on it, "does it have to be that forest? Bet it's going to be full of weird freaky monster loving tourists,"

"No need to worry, Toriel worked everything out, she got a large chunk of the area reserved just for all of us. Trust me, you'll like it- oh and also, we cut holes in the bottom of a few of the tents, so you can tunnel through and talk to everyone and sleep without having to worry about bees," they said and crunched on a chip.

He looked at them with soft eyes, and then looked away and at the TV when they caught his stare, ignoring the ache inside of him, only paying attention to his strange fuzzy emotions, Frisk was so thoughtful.

"Thanks …and you... .um…you know, it wasn't my idea? To go camping? It was mom's first,"

Frisk chuckled softly, and then grinned big "right, I should have known better, like you would willingly throw yourself into the wilderness where the bugs can go and get well acquainted and
huggy with your face,"

Flowey gasped in disgust at the very mention "OH MY GOD, don't say things like that!"

Frisk cupped their giggly smile with their hands, "sorry! Sorry! I didn't mean it that way!" and then shook their head, looking as if they really wanted to say something else, but dismissed it.

Flowey merely raised an eyebrow at them "yeah, I bet you are. How would you like it if you woke up to find that there was a bee on your face?"

Frisk crunched on another chip "it depends, unless…am I flower like you too in this hypothetical question? Because I don't think bees sting flowers, or… has a bee stung you? Because man does it hurt,"

"No…a bee has never stung me, but- ugh, whatever, you get my point so don't forget to bring the bug repellent and give me another chip," he said and held out a vine.

They held one out, "what's the magic words?"

"Please and thank you?" he questioned.

They shook their head "try again,"

"Abra cadabra?"

"Nope,"

He pulled the vine in closer and closer as he threw out a list, growing impatient.

"Alakazam? Hocus pocus? Pascere monstrum excors?"

Frisk finally cracked and laughed, tossing him a chip, which he caught with his mouth, "close enough,"

... 

The Next Day...

The three of them were getting ready to eat brunch together when Toriel had suddenly received a text that made her jump to her feet.
"Oh! Oh no, I forgot! Papyrus is having a very, very, very important ambassador speech and I've been ordered to attend! And if I don't leave now I will be terribly late! I am sorry you two will have to eat without me!"

Frisk gasped "oh ho-ly crap! Was that today?! You better hurry! Do you want me to save your food?"

Toriel smiled and gave Frisk a quick hug, "yes, or either of you may eat it, thank you Frisk," she then hurried over to Flowey and gave him a pet on the head, "I will be back around three PM, or sooner depending how well it goes, fare the well, do not fight," she said.
"We won't, see you later, love you mom," Flowey mumbled sleepily and proceeded to shovel a piece of egg into his mouth, completely unphased by the commotion.

"Yeah! Love you! Text me how it went, have fun!" Frisk said waving.

Toriel smiled and blew them both a kiss, which Frisk caught happily and Flowey attempted in vain to avoid but it tracked him down and landed on his forehead anyway.

"I will," she said and with a turn of a heel, she was off.

...

After that, the pair settled down, until Flowey looked up to see Frisk was giving him a thoughtful and contemplative stare, for how long- he would never know.

"…What?"

"You… um, still look sleepy, do you want some coffee?"

He smirked "hmm… since mom isn't here to say no, then, sure."

They gave him a quick wink and got up and walked off to the kitchen, then poked their head around the corner, "hey, do you want cream with that?"

"Yeah, just a little though."

"K" they said and disappeared, but too soon they then appeared, frowning, "-er, uuummmm, Flowey, I'm really sorry, but we're out of cream,"

"…then use regular milk?"

"We're out of milk too,"

"Okay? I'll just drink it black,"

Frisk grimaced "really? Well, okay. You want any sugar?"

"Yeah, seven spoonful's,"

They nodded firmly and disappeared, and then quickly came back, wearing a regretful expression.

"We're out of sugar too?!" He asked in disbelief.

"Yeah, uh, guess we're due to go shopping," they said looking away.

He sighed "well, fine, just give it to me anyway, I've never had it plain black before;"

"Gotcha boss boy," they said, and then… after a few minutes they returned, biting their bottom lip, "we're… out of coffee," they informed him.

Flowey pointed a fork at Frisk accusingly, "are you messing with me?"

Frisk frowned at him, "no, of course not, why would I mess with you over something so…silly," and slowly went back to their seat and continued eating, meanwhile Flowey continued to stare at them suspiciously, there was no possible way they were out of all those things so quickly.
After a moment of his staring, Frisk finally looked back at him, "I can take you in there if you don't believe me, unless you're trying to get into a staring contest, which I can assure you, you won't win, my good buddy,"

He swallowed his food and put his fork down, "take me then," he answered audaciously, searching their face for any sign of worry, he was on to this little trickster.

Instead they shrugged nonchalantly, "okay," and got up and moved to pick him up, and proceeded to take him to the kitchen, showing him the counter where they kept their general coffee supplies, and sure enough, it was all cleaned out.

"Wow, guess you weren't lying," he said, both surprised and confused

"What?" they asked.

"I said, 'wow, guess you were not lying',"

"What?"

"I SAID, 'GUESS YOU WERE NOT LYING'!"

Frisk cracked a grin, "a little louder this time?"

He smirked and rolled his eyes, "let's just go finish eating, you weirdo."

Frisk said nothing more and did so, after that they continued to eat peacefully in silence, that was… until they finished and Frisk took him back to his room.

But right before they left him, they uttered the words-

"See you later pothead,"

Then proceeded to blow a raspberry at him and hustled out of the room.

Which caused Flowey to blink in surprise before he snorted and started laughing hard, what was that about?

... 

And it didn’t end there, because a couple hours later they were playing a melee game, fighting against each other, and for a change it was Frisk who was spitting comebacks left and right.

"Take that, and that! Oh-ho-booooy, I'm gonna turn you into an actual Corpse Flower!"
"Frisk, did someone hurt your feelings again at school…?"

"Um, no? I'm just trying to beat your silly lil' plant butt up."

Then, out of nowhere, they pulled out cheap shot in the game which killed Flowey's character instantly, causing both him and the character to groan in defeat.

"YES! Take that vase face!"

Flowey raised an eyebrow and let out a laugh, "what is it with these insults all the sudden? I thought that was my thing."

Frisk smiled halfheartedly "don't know, thought I'd try it out…," then dropped the smile to a deep frown, usually the one they wore when something was weighing on their mind, then switched the game off and got up, scratching underneath their cap thoughtfully.

But Flowey scoffed and wagged the controller at them, "what are you doing? I wanted to play another round!"

They paused and looked at him, "too bad wenis fly trap, you lost fair and square, besides, I need to study," but then, took another step closer...

Looked him straight in the eye and added-

"Wait, did I say 'wenis'? I meant to say 'penis', penis flytrap."

"WHAT?!" Flowey shrieked, disbelief and rising outrage clear as day on his face.

Frisk bit their bottom lip, holding back nervous laughter, "you heard mE!" they blurted out.

And in a flash, high tailed it for the door much like they had earlier, escaping in the nick of time before Flowey could shriek at them again.

But he did anyway, "FRISK! WHY WOULD YOU SAY THAT TO ME?! COME BACK HERE RIGHT NOW YOU NASTY, FREAKY, LITTLE HUMAN! I CAN GET OUT OF THIS ROOM IF I PUT EFFORT INTO IT, YOU DO KNOW THAT RIGHT?! FRIIIISSSSK! FRRRIIISSSSKK! WHY ARE YOU LIKE THIS?!

"I'm sorRY!" he heard Frisk call from their room.

"You're so lucky that you're so stupidly cute," he hissed under his breath and switched the game back on, coming from anyone else, the comment would have pissed him off and he would have attacked
them, there would have been no holding back, but coming from Frisk… it didn't really hurt as much as it did both annoy and completely confuse him, and disturb him a bit.

But after he settled down and the anger and embarrassment passed, he found himself snickering, he had to admit, *it was kind of funny.* . .

. . .

Later, after Toriel came back home, she took him out and put him in the living room so he could talk to everyone easier, on some of his usual moodier days he would have whined about staying in his room, but Frisk's teasing had put him in a curious and surprisingly odd good mood, as if there was a mystery to solve.

"Hey, by the way mom, how did we run out of sugar, milk, and coffee so fast?" He asked as she passed by holding blankets for the camping trip, the question made her stop in her tracks and look at him.

"We are not out, what are you talking about? Or wait, is this the beginning of a joke?" she asked, narrowing her eyebrows in deep confusion.

Now Flowey was confused too, "no, it's not a joke, we're out, Frisk showed me, there's nothing," Toriel blinked, "I was in the kitchen not too long ago, and we are not missing anything, do you want to see?"

His mouth dropped open as he thought back, and finally, it clicked-

"*Their phone!* They must have put everything in one of their Dimensional boxes! I can't believe it! Frisk DID prank me!"

Toriel was unable to hide their amused smile, "oh! It seems they did! But either way I am glad, you know coffee makes you wild, I really do not think it is good for you,"

"Whatever you say mom," he said with a sigh, going from being curious about Frisk's teasing to slightly concerned, sure they liked to bother him every now and then, but not quite like *this*, not like today, he needed some thinking food, maybe some cookies would help.

When Toriel passed by him again, he waved a vine at her for her attention, "mom, can I have a few cookies please?"

"Just a few, oatmeal with chocolate chip?"

"Yes, thank you," he said and gave her an extra polite grin for Toriel points.
And then she went off to the kitchen, but returned with peanut butter cookies instead, he took them and looked up at her quizzically.

"I'm sorry Asriel, I looked and looked but I could not find your cookies, and *I* am not pranking you, I promise, perhaps Frisk has struck again?" she said with a small smile and continued on to packing up the car.

And then… as if they had been summoned, Frisk sluggishly walked into the room from the hallway, they held a familiar bag in their hand and they looked pretty sick, but at the same time, satisfied.

He looked closer to see tell-tale crumbs on the corners of their mouth, again, his mouth dropped open.

"Yo," they said with a sneaky grin, leaning against the wall for support.

"You hate oatmeal cookies! Why would you eat them?! Why not hide them?" he asked, waving a concerned vine at them in disbelief.

"H-heh, you know, I thought of that too, but why would I? You'd still end up getting them," they said, hobbling over to sit on the couch next to him.

"Or, you know, you could have just GIVEN them to someone else?" he said with a tight frown.

"Nobody I know likes oatmeal cookies except you, or as much as you do," they said and curled their legs up and laid on their side, gathering their body into a fetal position.

"You know, I found out that you did prank me, are you mad at me?" he asked, growing increasingly worried.

"Mmmm, no, I'm not mad… I am pretty full though," Frisk said and raised an eyebrow up and eyed him without moving, "are you mad?"

Flowey smirked slyly and rested his head on a vine, "slightly annoyed and slightly impressed, but not mad, but it's ok, I have all these delicious peanut butter cookies," he then held one up to them, "want one?"

Frisk groaned in protest and pushed it away, "ugh, no thanks;"

"I thought peanut butter was your favorite, are you sure?" Flowey teased, waving the cookie in the air.

"I'm very sure, maybe later though, after I digest all of your favorites first," they said and flashed him another sneaky but uncomfortably ill grin while patting at their tummy.

He smiled tightly, pain striking him down as he was amazed by their all efforts to… 'inconvenience' him like this, chuckling softly at their joke, because yeah, it was funny, but at the same time, chuckling in sympathy, all of this only worsening his concern for the whole situation, it just didn't make any sense why they would do this to themselves just to play a small prank on him or whatever this whole thing had been.
And then… Frisk silently got up and hobbled out of the room

He didn’t see too much for the rest of the day much to his dismay, adding to his worry, guessing that they needed a more comfortable place to rest their full tummy at.

..

That was until that night when they sent him a text.

- ‘I hope your soul steps on a lego’

’LOL, what?! Are you sure you're not mad at me? because I have no idea what I did wrong out of everything else that I usually do.’ -

- ‘Yes i'm sure! I said I just wanted to try out insulting for a change, see what it's like ’

‘Yea, but you're being really relentless about it, it's like you're really trying to upset me, but if you are, it's not working, because you're really bad at making fun of people, and it's just really, really, really funny. your efforts were fruitless’ -

- ‘Whatever pot head, by the way, have you fed your son? ’

’Wow, you really ARE mad at me, and yes.’ -

- ‘I'm not mad! If I was mad at you and REALLY wanted to upset you, I'd tell you that I actually really thought you looked like a weird weenie in your robot flower pot. Or ..... that I hoped that your guitar breaks. Or that you eat way too much food. ’

‘ …Do you really think that?’ -

- ‘ n O! Of course not , you paranoid noodle! Though, I do sort of think you eat a lot, you're like a bottomless pit, but I think it must mean that you're a growing boy , ha, flower pun, haven't done one of those in a while, feels good, feels organic ’
‘…Yup. Very hilarious. Remind me to start making human based puns.’ -

- ‘Looks like you wanna make sarcastic based puns instead ;P ’

Finally, in the silence of his room, his thoughts returned a subject he had been avoiding thinking about for the entire day, and began to wonder if his best friend’s weird behavior had anything to do about his confession, becoming worried again, because it sounded very likely, he thought of asking, but… he didn't have the guts to, he expected Frisk would most likely deny it anyway.

So he began typing again…

’Soo, you're really ok?’ -

- ‘Yup, I really am, are you really ok?’

‘Mmhm, I'm great.’ -

’tThat's great, goodnight Beansprout.’

‘Goodnight Idiot’ -

Chapter End Notes

You can tell this was a very fun chapter to work on, deciding to give Teen Frisk a wide-ranging ridiculous and immature sense of humor is still one of my favorite ideas and I was really happy to highlight in this part!

Also, if you can figure out or have a general close idea of just why they were acting out, I'll give you a gold star cookie!
The Long Awaited Camping Trip

Chapter Summary

The gang finally go on their camping trip! Everyone has a fantastic time, they explore a beautiful forest, go hiking, tell stories by the campfire, eat marshmallows, then bedtime soon comes and Frisk sends Flowey a text, it seems they have something to discuss…

Chapter Notes

I'm just going to leave this fresh batch of Gold Star cookies out here for you guys, even if you did... or didn't figure out why Frisk was acting so strangely in the last chapter, I think you'll enjoy them as a snack for this part of the story anyway.

Chapter 21 The Long Awaited Camping Trip

Warnings?: Nothing too bad, but there is a small scene about a mysterious magazine that people sensitive to second hand embarrassment might have an issue with (NO, WAIT, COME BACK, IT'S NOTHING FREAKY! I PROMISE!)

Inspiration Song: 'Glad You Came' by The Wanted

The sun goes down
The stars come out
And all that counts
Is here and now
My universe will never be the same
I'm glad you came

You cast a spell on me, spell on me
You hit me like the sky fell on me, fell on me
And I decided you look well on me, well on me
So let's go somewhere no-one else can see, you and me

Flowey was sitting in the car watching sleepily as Papyrus, Sans, Toriel and Frisk went over the list of things they needed for the trip.

…It had been at least fifteen minutes since they started, at least it felt like it.

"CHIPS?" Papyrus questioned as he read from the checklist.

Frisk peered in the trunk, "got everything except ranch flavor,"

Papyrus checked off the list, "…ACCEPTABLE, THOUGH WE WILL NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT FROM UNDYNE," he shook his head and continued on, "VEGETABLE TREATS?"

Frisk looked embarrassed, "sorry, I couldn't help myself, I ate the last bit for breakfast this morning, but we still have ranch,"

"heh, maybe we can use it on the chips," Sans quipped, this gained a few snickers from Toriel and Frisk.

"AS I SUSPECTED, NO MATTER, I BROUGHT BACKUP VEGETABLE TREATS BECAUSE I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU ADORE THEM," Papyrus said.

"Aw! Thank you Paps!" Frisk said cheerfully.

"YOU ARE QUITE WELCOME, NOW, SLEEP BAGS?"

Frisk patted at the fabric of one of the sleeping bags, "got all four of ’em plus an extra one just in case,"

Sans suddenly yawned loudly "if you don't mind bro, i'm just gonna go ahead and get in the car," he said pointing to the passenger seat with his thumb bone.

"I DO MIND, WE ARE NOT FINISHED AND YOU MUST PARTICIPATE," he then smiled at his friends as he looked over the next check box, "TOOTHBRUSHES? DID EVERYONE PACK THEM?"

"Yes, of course," Frisk said.

"Sure." Flowey called flatly from the car.

Before Sans could respond Toriel gasped suddenly, "oh! I do believe I forgot! I will be right back!" and scurried off back into the house.

Papyrus scribbled something on the checklist "TSK-TSK. AS I KNOW YOU HAVE YOUR
TOOTHPREUSH SANS, AND I HAVE MINE... AND...HMMM...,

Flowey poked his head out the door, "what? Are you done?"

Papyrus chuckled, "NO, OF COURSE NOT, I WAS JUST TRYING TO REMEMBER IF I BROUGHT MY HANDY DANDY PORTABLE OVEN SET AND- SANS WHAT DID I SAY? OUT OF THE CHAIR, ACCORDING TO THE LIST IT IS NOT TIME TO GO YET,"

Sans merely turned around in the car chair, with his legs hanging out of the doorway, "how's this?"

"NO SANS, OUT,"

"my legs are out,"

Frisk started giggling, watching as the brothers did their usual back and forth shenanigans, the show soon ending when Toriel came out with a toothbrush in hand, pleased with herself.

And then, Papyrus with one small scratch to a check box, his face lit up, "OKAY, WE HAVE EVERYTHING, LETS A-GO CAMPING FRIENDS!"

Everyone let out simultaneous breaths of relief.

Then, sitting in the middle of the two teens, Papyrus looked over to Flowey, "I AM VERY HAPPY YOU AND FRISK ARE TALKING AGAIN, THINGS JUST DON'T SEEM RIGHT WHEN YOU TWO ARE AT ODDS WITH EACH OTHER,"

Flowey smiled lightly up at him from his phone, "thanks, Paps, I agree,"

"SO, NOW THAT IT'S OVER, WHAT WAS THE FIGHT ABOUT? NEITHER FRISK NOR YOU TOLD US, AND IT WAS VERY DIFFICULT TO GIVE ADVICE FOR LITERALLY SOMETHING YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT," he said.

Both Flowey and Frisk in question frowned, if one looked closely, they'd be able to see panic deep in both their eyes.

"Yes, I would also like to know," Toriel said from the driver's seat.

"ditto," Sans said.
"What fight?" Frisk blurted, attempting to look oblivious, causing Flowey to let out a nervous chuckle.

"THE FIGHT YOU TWO SAID YOU HAD AFTER YOU WENT TO THE FAIR, THE ONE THAT CAUSED FLOWEY TO LEAVE TO ASGORE'S FOR A MONTH, YOU KNNOOOOW, THE ONE THAT CAUSED YOU TWO TO NOT TALK, AT ALL, THE GREAT PAPYRUS SIMPLY MUST KNOW,"

Frisk raised their eyebrows as if they finally remembered, "ohhh! That fight!"

"YES. THAT FIGHT." Papyrus said lowering his eyes.

For a split second did Flowey and Frisk lock eyes before Frisk shrugged, "can't say, it's a special human and flower only secret, we can only talk about it with other flowers and humans."

But Toriel spoke up, "but Flowey is-," then sighed in defeat and shook her head, "no, I don't think it's no use asking Papyrus dear, if they want to keep it secret, then it's only right it should stay that way,"

Papyrus nodded firmly, "YEAH, NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT, YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, A SECRET IT SHALL STAY UNLESS ONE OF THEM OR BOTH FINALLY DECIDES TO CONFIDE IN US, AND ON THAT DAY, I WILL FINALLY BE ABLE TO GIVE THE RIGHT ADVICE."

"And we will be sure to take it with open arms, O' Great Papyrus," Frisk said with a warm smile, then was very quick to switch the subject, "soooo, mom said the speech went really well yesterday, I still wish I could have gone,"

Papyrus beamed, "WE HAD IT RECORDED! ONCE I GET IT BACK, I WILL SEND IT TO YOU A.S.A.P," he then turned back to Flowey, "THAT REMINDS ME… I HAVE BEEN THINKING, FLOWEY, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP?"

Flowey blinked, unpleasantly taken aback "what do I want to be when I what now?"

"DON'T WORRY IT WAS NOT A PUN! I SAID: 'WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP'! I ASK IT ALL THE TIME WHEN I VISIT THE SMALLER HUMAN SCHOOLS, FOR EXAMPLE, FRISK WANTS TO BE AN AMBASSADOR LIKE ME, OR HOW UNDYNE IS BECOMING A POLICE OFFICER, OR, HOW METTATON BECAME AN EVEN BIGGER, FLASHIER ENTERTAINER THAN BEFORE,"

Flowey frowned, always becoming deeply troubled whenever asked this particular question, for such a long time as a child he had been so absolutely sure royalty and/or ultimate power was going to be his future, but after Frisk entered his life and changed everything, he had no idea what he wanted anymore for himself, he'd been pretty much a directionless mess since he left the Underground and still was one.

"Mmm, uh, I don't….really… know?"

"IT'S FINE IF YOU DON'T, YOU STILL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT, AH-HA! I KNOW, MAYBE YOU CAN BECOME A GREAT ROCKSTAR? I'VE BEEN TOLD YOU HAVE TALENT WITH MUSIC,"

A crooked smiled appeared on Flowey's face, still troubled, but now was mostly flattered, there was only a small handful of people who could have told Papyrus something like that.
"Thanks buddy, but what Frisk has told me about their adventure with Shyren, I don't think the rock star life is for me."

Frisk pulled on their dark shades, and looked out their window dramatically.
"Yeeeeaah, it isn't an easy road, that's for sure. Nothing can prepare you for that sort of lifestyle, trust me boys,"

Not too long later they switched the subject and continued talking until they made it to the forest, who they met up with Undyne, Alphys and Asgore, who all helped them bring in their bags and supplies.

Undyne pointed everything out as they walked, giving them a brief mini tour.

"Over that way, if you walk a ways there's a hidden pond, it's worth taking a looking at, last year Alphys and me took the best picnic ever, ever. " she then pointed to a wooden shack as they passed it "washroom, toilets, whatever, it's in surprisingly good condition and clean so there's no reason to be a complete wuss and avoid it."

"Any snakes or bears?" Flowey asked abruptly.

"Not in the bathroom, but outside? Well I'm sure there are snakes, maybe small ones, I think I saw a medium sized wildcat once, it was really cool," Undyne answered.

"I think it was called a bobcat," Alphys spoke up.

Undyne snickered, "yeah, I thought it had a hilarious name, thanks sweetheart,"

"Are they dangerous?" Toriel asked worriedly.

"Um, I think not to us? There aren't there many in this area, so I don't think there's much to worry about, I brought different types of repellent just in case," Alphys answered.

And then, finally they reached the telltale sign that they reached their campsite by the looks of the Asgore sized tent and an average sized one not too far away with a few gadgets scattered about and three fold-able chairs set up.

"Okay! Looks like we're here! You can put me down Papyrus," Flowey said to the taller skeleton that had been carrying him.

"Now you're excited?" Frisk asked with an amused and curious smirk.

Flowey grinned cheekily at them as Papyrus knelt down and sat him and his flower pot onto the ground, "yeah, I just realized how much good junk there has to be lying around here! It's time to add to my collection," he looked up at Papyrus, "just tip me out a little, this is fine, thanks,"

Papyrus did so, carefully tipping the pot over until Flowey began to move his roots out to the forest dirt, "JUNK COLLECTING? THAT REMINDS ME!" he looked up to Undyne, "DID YOU BRING MY METAL DETECTOR THAT YOU BORROWED?"
She held it up the entire thing effortlessly, "sure did buddy!"

Flowey then transferred his roots fully into the dirt, wiggling them out deeper into the earth, it was always an oddly refreshing feeling, he looked up at Papyrus, "does that mean you want to go with me?"

Papyrus smiled in agreement but held up a boney index finger "YES IT DOES, BUT FIRST, WE MUST BE RESPONSIBLE AND DO OUR DUTY TO HELP THE OTHERS GET EVERYTHING SET UP,"

Flowey sighed, forcing back his excitement to explore the vast forest "of course."

…

After everything was done, Undyne began to change into her hiking boots.

"You see these Frisk? I'm going to climb the mountain, I've have to see just how tough you were as a puny little baby brat to make it all the way up," she said with a determined grin.

Frisk smirked back, looking impressed "too bad I don't remember much about it to give you any advice, good luck,"

Asgore perked up, "I will go with you, I am also interested in the trek, I also want to see how well they covered up the hole that Frisk fell through,"

Flowey looked over at his dad in surprise, "what?"

He nodded firmly, "yes, recently I hired a few monsters to cover it up so no one else could fall in and get hurt again, it took us quite a long time to find it,"

"I'm glad. That is probably one of the best choices you have made in a long time," Toriel said genuinely, she seemed proud.

He thought about Chara's grave site, saddened it would no longer get that beam a light that had always shined down warmly, it always grew the strongest flowers, and it was the spot he would always go to on his loneliest of days.

Then he looked over at Frisk, who looked lost in thought.

Without that hole, he wouldn't have met them either, but then again… Chara was long gone and no one was stuck in the mountain anymore, despite his saddening nostalgia, he guessed Asgore was right, it was for the best that the hole was patched up.

Maybe one day he'd have to take a look at that patch himself as well.

"It sounds like all of you are gonna have a blast, but I think I'm going off alone to go take pictures,
this forest is super gorgeous," Frisk spoke up.

"Huh? you don't want to come with us?" Flowey said, now disappointed.

Frisk frowned, going momentarily silent as they mulled it over, then smiled awkwardly, "sorry, I need quiet if I want to get the really good shots, but I will def catch up with you two later, I've got an eye for finding hidden objects,"

"NYEH HEH! GOOD IDEA FRISK," Papyrus said, giving them a supportive pat on the shoulder.

"Oh!" Toriel chirped and went over them "are you sure you do not want to go with Sans and I? We are going snail collecting, and you are well aware that we are fairly quiet, so I am sure you will get very beautiful shots if you come with us,"

Frisk giggled, "no mom, don't worry, I'll be fine by myself,"

"Don't let the bobcats eat your legs kid!" Undyne called, waving as she and Asgore began to walk off in direction to the mountain.

"I won't!" Frisk called back, waving back cheerfully.

Toriel rubbed at her left temple, "I very much wish she had not said that," she said in a low concerned tone.

After a few minutes of reassuring Toriel, everyone broke off from the campsite, with Alphys following Papyrus and Flowey at the last minute, looking up their more mysterious finds on her phone.

. . .

A few hours later…

"-and I just don't think the fandom understands just how great and beautiful this couple is, so I feel it's my duty as a die hard Kissy Cutie fan to ship them until the end of time, they deserve it," Flowey heard Alphys firmly say as he popped up to the surface, he brought out a dingy rolled up magazine.

"WHAT'S THAT?" Papyrus asked, readying open the loot bag.

Flowey grinned enthusiastically, "I don't know yet, I found it under some leaves at a nearby abandoned campsite and took it without really looking through it, usually I'd ignore this sort of stuff, but something about it just seemed… mysterious?" he proceeded to unroll the magazine, the cover was faded and caked with dirt but he could tell there was something else was hidden inside, it looked like another magazine, so he flipped it open…

-and then immediately closed it tightly, his eyes now wide with shock and out of focus.
Both Alphys and Papyrus grew increasingly curious as Flowey's entire face quickly changed color.

"...Is...is that what I think it was?" Alphys asked suspiciously, scandalized, holding a claw over her mouth.

"IS WHAT YOU THINK IS WHAT?" Papyrus asked innocently.

Flowey said nothing but merely sternly roll the magazine back up and fiercely stuff it back it deep into the dirt where it belonged, free from the prying eyes of the older monsters.

"Yup, it was definitely what you thought it was Alphys," a familiar voice said from directly up above them.

...OH! Oh boy...

The three of them looked up to see Frisk, whom was caught in a net hanging from high up in a tree, with one leg sticking out, swinging it back and forth playfully, causing a few dirt and leaves to flutter down.

"OH NO! YOU'VE BEEN CAUGHT IN A TRAP! NOT AGAIN!" Papyrus cried out, reaching up toward them to help, but the net was too far up to even touch.

"Yeah, I've just been haaanging around," they said in a sing song voice, swinging their leg in time.

"Are you okay?" Alphys asked with concern.

"Oh yeah I'm fine, I got stuck in here like ten something minutes ago, I'm preeetty sure I can get myself out, but I noticed how nice it was, so I decided to stay for a while," they said.

"Seriously?" Flowey asked, slightly amused.

Frisk let out a sigh and attempted to stretch, shifting around a little, they were most likely getting pretty uncomfortable in there.

"...No, the rope is all gunked up and I dropped my phone when the net snatched me up, so I didn't have any gadgets to use, but I knew I would eventually get out sooner or later, still... it is pretty nice up here, I even saw a humming bird a few minutes ago, it was beautiful,"

Papyrus looked around and perked up when he finally noticed Frisk's phone and picked it up "FOUND IT! IT IS UNDAMAGED,"

"Thanks," Frisk said as Papyrus managed to hand it back to them.

"How come you didn't say anything sooner?" Alphys asked.

Frisk shrugged nonchalantly "I was, but you know I don't like to interrupt you when you get that passionate,"
Suddenly, stricken with an idea, Flowey raised a spiked vine, "here, Alphys back up, Papyrus, hold out your arms, Frisk…brace yourself, I'm gonna cut the rope."

"What?!" Frisk blurted.

"OKAY!" Papyrus replied and did as he was asked, holding his arms out readily.

"No hold on, wait a minute!" Frisk cried out, but it was too late, Flowey was already lashing at the rope with his vine like a whip, it only took three quick slashes before everything came lose and Frisk, plus piles of leaves, dirt and twigs tumbled down on top of Papyrus, bringing them both to the ground with a loud thunk!

Papyrus and Frisk groaned in pain, Papyrus groaning even more as Frisk rolled off his arms and flopped onto to the dirt on their belly.

Flowey grit his teeth in embarrassment, watching in worry "oh! Golly, are you two okay?" this really wasn't how he envisioned his rescue to go.

"Never better," Frisk replied from the dirt, giving him a thumbs up, letting out an exhausted laugh.

"AND I AM DANDY. THIS MEANS NOTHING THOUGH, I WAS SIMPLY UNPREPARED FOR THE SUDDEN WEIGHT THAT WAS DROPPED UPON ME, FRISK IS A LOT HEAVIER THAN I REMEMBER THEM BEING," Papyrus said flicking a twig off his sleeve, looking disheveled but thankfully not mad, and neither did Frisk.

Alphys ran over to them and proceeded to help the two, patting the dirt and debris from their clothes as they moved into more comfortable sitting positions.

"Are you sure you're both alright? That was a pretty long fall," Alphys asked looking them over.

"I have a few scratches, but it's nothing some ointment and few band aids can't fix," Frisk said as they examined their thankfully tiny wounds.

"SAME." Papyrus said and the pulled at the old broken net and rope below them, "HMMMMM. A HUMAN CAUGHT IN A HUMAN TRAP, HOW IRRONIC!"

"Yeah, I think I've gotten rusty, I wouldn't have fallen for this when I was little," Frisk replied and carefully stood up, helping Papyrus up as well before they began dusting their clothes one last time.

"NO, THIS IS A GRADE A DOUBLE PLUS PLUS TRAP, IT LOOKS AS IF IT HAD BEEN HIDDEN FOR A VERY LONG TIME, I MAY HAVE GOTTEN TRAPPED IN IT TOO IF I WERE A HUMAN,"

"Sorry guys," Flowey finally said guiltily.

Frisk smiled warmly down at him, "don't be, it's okay. You did good."

Suddenly Alphys let out a horrified gasp, causing the other three to instinctively turn to look to her.

"Undyne and Asgore fell down the hole!" she cried out looking down from her cell phone.
"OH NO! WAIT . . . I THOUGHT IT WAS PATCHED UP?" Papyrus asked, alarmed.

Alphys ran a claw over a head horn, "it was, but apparently they broke it after giving it too many test stomps, causing it to crack, and, um, Asgore said that they're fine and so is the flower bed,"

Flowey let out a relieved sigh, "that's good, and bad. Or no, mostly bad . . . .so... they're stuck down there for the rest of the trip?"

Alphys nodded unhappily, "Undyne said that they won't be back until at least late tomorrow since they have to go through the whole Underground to make it to the exit and then make the trip to reach us again,"

Frisk blew out an impressed whistle and brought out their phone, "I'm going to send them moral support texts,"

Papyrus brought his out too, "YES! LETS ALL SEND THEM EMOTIONAL SUPPORT!"

Flowey, the only one without his phone, smiled tiredly as he watched the others, "you guys want to take this back to the campsite?"

Alphys let out a loud sigh of relief, "I thought no one would ask!"

"...SO INQUIRING MINDS NEED TO KNOW, WHAT WAS IN THE MAGAZINE?" Papyrus asked the split second before they began walking again.

Flowey exhaled roughly through his teeth, switching his eyes back and forth between Papyrus and Frisk, "...uhhmmmm...boring...human...things...?" he answered as innocently as he possible could, his root system re-finding the magazine and smashing it further and further down into the dirt.

Frisk seemed to be having a very difficult time holding back a stupidly giant grin, "yeah, super boring human stuff,"

That was when Flowey couldn't handle anymore embarrassment on the subject and disappeared into the dirt, no one seeing him again until they reached they campsite.

... Later

Alphys looked up her from her phone "okay, um, Undyne says 'to stop giving her moral support,' and that 'she's had enough to last her the rest of her life', she also says that 'seriously, all of you are going to keep Asgore up all night trying to respond to all of the messages',"

Frisk smiled sheepishly as they continued typing on their phone, "just one more,"

Meanwhile, Toriel was busy gathering up the logs for the camp fire, she shook her head "they will be fine. Undyne and Asgore are extremely tough Boss monsters, although... I wonder how far they've gotten since they fell... I know! Alphys, ask Undyne at what time they fell, I believe I shall
"Okay Ms. Dreemurr," Alphys said with a slightly nervous smile.

"This ought to be interesting, good thinking mom," Flowey said as he looked through the loot pile with Papyrus.

"i was just thinking that," Sans said, walking over to sit next to Frisk.

"You were thinking of calling her mom?" Frisk asked with a silly grin.

"yup." Sans replied.

"SANS YOU CAN'T…," Papyrus began, but then paused, changing his mind, "NEVER MIND, I SUPPOSE TORIEL IS LIKE EVERYONE'S MOTHER, SHE IS THE QUEEN…IF YOU WANT TO SEE THAT WAY,"

Flowey shook his head dismissively, holding back a crabby comment, not enjoying the idea of sharing his mom with Sans, or the entire Monster population for that matter.

"Um, she says that they just made it to Snowdin, and that they fell an hour ago, she also sent me the first message about falling at 4:44. I guess you can go on that," Alphys spoke up to Toriel.

Toriel smiled politely, "thank you Alphys," she then dusted off her hands before pulling out her phone, "I shall now pull out the Timer App that Undyne showed me and. . . there!" she walked over to Alphys and showed her the phone, pointing to it, "do I leave it running or…?"

"Yup and… wait a second- I wonder if the River Person is still working there? Your idea might not work as well if they use their services," Alphys said.

Toriel shrugged, "it is fine, it's still quite a expedition with or without the River Person,"

"Okay, whatever you say Ms. Dreemurr…" Alphys said, and then with another device, plugged it into her phone.

"What is it that you are doing now?"

"Seeing if I can make the signals stronger, I have a special system for texting, but trying to make a call from here to the Underground is…um…very, very difficult, and I was thinking that… maybe if I can get it to work, we can talk to Undyne and Asgore on speaker phone, I really hate that they had to miss out,"

"Awww, that's so sweet Alphys," Frisk gushed.

"IT REALLY IS," Papyrus added.

Alphys smiled shyly, "thanks."

. . .

The sun was in the midst of setting, lowering its self slowly but surely while the stars were beginning to show themselves, a few twinkles at a time.
Meanwhile as Alphys worked on her phone, Toriel finally started up the camp fire, causing Papyrus to jump up and gather the food, over eager to start cooking, he of course, wasn't the only one to cook, Toriel soon joined him, with Sans dodging around and between them to help out.

At some point during the fun, Flowey found himself popping up next to the chair that Frisk sat in, he couldn't have been less obvious if he tried.

They didn't seem notice him at first though... they were busy scrolling through their phone, they had a tense expression on their face.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

Frisk jumped in surprise, quickly hiding their phone in their bag, "nothing! Just… reading through some old texts… from ouuurr not-so-old pal Florencer?"

He stared at them suspiciously, "you mean Forester?"

They stared back, and then let out a short nervous, embarrassed laugh at themselves before quickly settling back down, "yeah, him, that guy,"

Flowey frowned, obviously Frisk was lying to him and was also doing a terrible job at hiding it, but… from the way they were acting something told him it was best to ignore it.

"...Are you still 'hung up' on him? You look kind of upset," he genuinely asked, going along with their lie.

Frisk looked at the others, whom had gone mostly quiet and were trying to hide the fact (and failing) that they were side glancing at the teenagers, Frisk then looked at Flowey and motioned at the rest, whispering down to him.

"We'll talk about it later, we have an interested audience at the moment,"

Flowey blinked and looked at them, growing embarrassed… for Frisk.

"Yeah, gotcha," he whispered back.

"I got it!" Alphys announced suddenly holding up her phone as if it were a magical scepter wand, and then quickly shrinking back when everyone turned their attention to her.

"THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR! LET'S CALL THEM!" Papyrus cheered.

. . .

"So, what did you guys make?" Undyne asked.

"S'MORES AND WEENIES, IT'S GREAT," Papyrus piped up happily.

They heard Undyne laugh "alright! Weenies eatin' weenies!"
"They also surprise grilled some veggies just for me," Frisk interjected, smiling admiringly at their family.

"Sans and I are eating escargot, Asgore, do you wish I save you some?" Toriel asked.

"That would be lovely Toriel, thank you," Asgore said.

"Dad, what are you guys eating?" Flowey asked.

"Cinnamon bunnies, I had forgotten how much better they taste down here than they do up above, I am still very glad the Shopkeeper did not give away the original recipe," Asgore replied, "I know, we should buy a few more, and once we reach Old New Home, I will fix us tea and we can eat them together,"

"YEAH!" Undyne cheered.

Frisk sighed glumly, "I miss the Shopkeeper, she's so nice and pretty, mom, we should really go back for a visit some time,"

"Of course Frisk, oh and that reminds me, Flowey, when will you visit the Underground again? It's been so long since you left, don't you miss it at all?" Toriel asked.

Flowey licked a bit of marshmallow from the side of his cheek, "nope! Hahaha."

Toriel paused at his answer, leaning forward to get a clear, careful look into his eyes "...dear… just how many s'mores have you had?" she asked with a skeptical frown.

"Just one, I think I need- s'more!" Flowey replied with a giggly toothy grin.

Toriel and a few others giggled, but Papyrus gasped, "YOU NEVER MAKE PUNS, WHAT HAS GOTTEN INTO YOU MY FRIEND?" and then, as he looked closer, he noticed a small plastic bag that Flowey was hiding behind a blanket close by, and with a quick snatch, he held it up in the air.

It was a second bag of back up marshmallows, and by the looks of it, Flowey had managed to eat half the bag while no one was looking.

"lots of marshmallow by the look of it,"Sans quipped.

"Golly, not my marshstash!" Flowey said in a sudden surprise, but was unable to hold the frown and started laughing hard; the second pun causing Frisk to finally crack and join him in his laughter, unable to resist his silly behavior.

"Oh Flowey no! You know what too much sugar does to you! You are going to regret this later when that headache hits mister," Toriel lectured.

"TSK-TSK, HERE, PERHAPS THIS WILL BE IN BETTER HANDS WITH YOU," Papyrus said to Toriel, giving her the bag of marshmallows, which she firmly took.

"Thank you Papyrus," she said.

Meanwhile Flowey was trying to focus on feeling guilty, which he was to an extent, but he was just too hyped up to really stay focused on anything really.

"Do not worry son, you must think marshmellow thoughts," Asgore said, causing half the group to
groan, with Flowey surprisingly laughing the loudest among them.

"Do not encourage our son with bad puns Asgore, it did not help," Toriel said, displeased.

Undyne spoke up "I know what will help! A swift child friendly smack in the-,

"-I have an idea! Let's stop talking about me," Flowey interrupted, and then flashed a sudden flashlight from out of nowhere up under his face, and grinned a horrifying toothy grin, "-and tell horror stories instead! AHAHAHAHAHA!" flicking the flashlight on and off repeatedly, making his face even more horrifying for spooky emphasis.

Almost everyone seemed up for it until Frisk interrupted them "let's not," they said, causing Flowey to look up at them with major disappointment.

"And why not? Isn't this what people usually do when they camp?" Flowey asked, confused.

"It is," Toriel said quietly, looking almost as disappointed.

"Sorry guys, I don't really want to hear any right now, and you guys know Papyrus can't handle them," Frisk said, waving and arm over in the skeleton's direction for helpful emphasis.

"...PLEASE FRISK, NO NEED TO CODDLE ME, JUST BECAUSE I JUST HAPPENED TO HAVE A NIGHTMARE AFTER WATCHING ONE SCARY MOVIE, DOES NOT MEAN IT WAS BECAUSE OF SAID SCARY MOVIE,"

"ok, then, how about i tell the scary story? mine won't be too terrifying, promise," Sans offered.

Frisk shook their head, "you always say that, but the next thing I know, someone in the story can't find their dog and suddenly the world is being taken over and being eaten by giant sharp toothed aliens,"

Flowey scoffed loudly "that's nothing! I can think of something one hundred times scarier in a blink of an eye," he then cackled deviously, but lost his enthusiasm quickly when Frisk threw him a Look.

But then, over the phone they heard Undyne speak up "I have an idea! I'll just tell you guys a few of my adventures from my Royal Guard days, this way you'll be scared, but also inspired!"

Everyone looked at Frisk expectantly and hopefully, who had only to think it over under a few milliseconds before they grinned sheepishly "works for me!"

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Twenty Minutes later…

"And then, finally, standing at the cliff with my enemies crowding behind me, my armor badly cracked, the lava exploding in front of me, I thought I was going to be a goner… until-," but due to increasing static from the receiver, they couldn't hear her, everyone stared at the phone in grueling anticipation.

"Undyne? Undyne? You keep cutting out," Alphys said, but they only heard more static, she waited a little longer, silent...
But nothing happened.

"They must be getting too deep into the Underground, guess I'm going to have to hang up,"

"Jeez, cliff hanger of the century, literally," Frisk grumbled, poking at the fire with a stick before tossing it in.

"you're telling me kid, i think we all would have gotten more sleep if we had just told a horror story," Sans sighed.

"I KNOW WHAT WILL MAKE THINGS BETTER! FLOWEY, PLAY US A SONG!" Papyrus said.

Flowey's current frown deepened, "I hate to disappoint you, but I didn't bring my guitar,"

"AW, WHY NOT?" Papyrus said, who was in fact disappointed, as most of the group now was again.

Flowey grimaced when he caught sight of their faces, "I… didn't… want to?"

Toriel pouted, "but you play so beautifully, it's such a shame that you don't want to let the others hear,"

But Frisk jumped into the conversation defensively "while you're completely right, Flowey is still working on his skills, I'm sure when he's ready- it'll be even more amazing than if he had brought his guitar!"

Flowey smirked bashfully up at Frisk, and they smiled back down at him warmly.

"Thanks," he said quietly.

"WOWIE, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DISPLAY OF FRIENDSHIP!" Papyrus said wiping a tear from his eye, earning him a grin from Frisk, Flowey simply nodded in shy agreement.

"it sure is. and i agree, it's no issue if the guitar player doesn't want to play, we can just go the lazier route and just play some music from our phones," Sans spoke up from his laid back chair, he looked like he was on the brink of having a really good nap.

Alphys gasped with joy, excitedly holding her claws together "I am so glad you said that Sans! Because there's this beautiful anime theme song that I've had stuck in my head all day, and I really think all of you would love it,"

"Oh boy." Flowey quietly said under his breath unenthusiastically.

"Don't listen to him! Go ahead and play your song Alphys, I want to hear," Frisk said, motioning her to go on.

"I also would like to hear, I am sure it will be lovely," Toriel persuaded.

Flowey sighed guiltily, 10 points go to Frisk and Toriel for their award winning subtly when it came to putting him in his place. . .
Alphys’s expression and attitude changed to shy in a blink of an eye, embarrassed from the sudden attention "uuhhm, thank you, but um… Papyrus! How about you play a song first and I go second?"

"I WOULD LOVE TO!" Papyrus said and began to look up his list of songs, narrowing his eyes as he scrolled through, becoming indecisive "SO MANY TO CHOOSE FROM…I KNOW! I SHALL HIT THE MYSTERY CHOICE BUTTON!"

.

The group continued to listen to music, having fun, chatting, telling jokes and relaxing around the warm camp fire, watching the stars until it grew late.

And too soon, it was time for bed.

Flowey was one of the first ones in the tents, he had been unsure where to sleep, at first he considered Frisk’s tent, until he realized that there wasn’t going to be too much space between them… which made him particularity skittish, which was more than he could handle at the time especially with the mysterious limbo their friendship was at.

So, he then took Papyrus’s tent into an option, it was a lot bigger, but once he remembered that Papyrus talked in his sleep- he backed off and liked to toss and turn, either way, he knew he wouldn’t be able to get any sleep.

But then, in a fortunate strike of luck, after over hearing his mother say that she was going to sleep under the stars, leaving a perfectly empty tent for free, so without question, he went for hers instead, how perfect.

The downside to it was that he was unable to sleep due to the headache that was rearing its ugly head, he opted for closing his eyes and focusing on the gentle sounds outside, the slight shifts of everyone’s slowing movement, quiet conversations he couldn't quite make out, the peaceful crickets, hushed giggles coming from Alphys that insinuated she was probably texting Undyne.

His mom had been right about camping, it really was nice.

They had to do this again.
He was almost asleep when suddenly he heard his cell phone buzz, he almost ignored it when it buzzed again, causing him to crack an eye open curiously and notice Frisk’s contact picture that illuminated in the dark.

No, he changed his mind instantly, no ignoring this one.

He rubbed his eyes with a vine as he picked up the phone and checked the messages.

-‘we need to continue our conversation about Forester, meet me at the pond’

And-

-‘I’ll be the cute human sitting next the water sausages, behind that huge azalea bush’

For some reason, he became nervous, Frisk was continually acting stranger and stranger and he-

...Oh...

A familiar, deep, sadness crept in and overtook him, how could he have been so blind?

He understood now, Frisk still had feelings for Forester, but was feeling guilty because they knew how Flowey felt, no wonder they had wanted to act like his confession never happened or why they had been acting so off around him. . .

He didn't want to go, he didn't want to talk them, he knew it would only hurt… but they needed him right now, and he couldn't ignore them, not anymore, never again.

So, laying his phone down, he sighed deeply and tunneled down, he knew the place Frisk had talked about, they had passed by it on the way back to the camp, they had joked about it like they always did when they saw the typha plant (or water sausages, cattails, whatever).

. . .

Finally, he reached the surface again once after he spotted the azalea bush’s roots, knowing exactly where he was.

He stared up at it, gazing at the many bright pink flowers, anticipation looming over him as he
thought about who was behind it, he took a moment to himself, taking a big breath and slowly letting it out, he really didn't want to do this.

But he shut his eyes tight, temporarily willing his anxiety away and tunneled again, around the bush, popping back up, the first thing he saw surprised him.

It was the pond, it was lit by the moonlight and all the stars diamond clear in the night, and it was gorgeous.

"...It's nice isn't?" said a quiet familiar voice.

He looked over, his breath catching when he caught sight of Frisk who sat nearby with a blanket wrapped around them, the moonlight also shining down and glinting off their hair and eyes mystically, the pond becoming instantly the second most gorgeous thing in front of him.

"Y-you...wanted to talk?" he said hoarsely, ugh, come on, his nerves were really acting up, he took a moment to compose himself, briefly clearing his throat "...about Forester?"

Frisk smiled weakly, brushing a few strands behind their ear, "yes...and no,"

And then, they scooted over next to him, pulling the blanket around him until it was tented around behind Flowey, making sure that he was warm.

"I hope you didn't get a headache," Frisk said with concern.

"I did, but it's not that bad, don't worry about it," he said, avoiding eye contact, staring at the water.

They were quiet for a little while, the sound of the water and crickets filling their silence, he wasn't going to push Frisk to talk, it wasn't like he wanted to hear about it anyway... besides, he didn't really want to break the trance that his best friend had just put him under.

And then, too soon, it was broken anyway as Frisk took a deep long breath, and exhaled.

"I have to be honest... I...I'm not hung up on Forester anymore, I'm actually hung up on a different person, well... a monster actually, you know him,"

Flowey held back his grimace, dread filling him, not really wanting to guess who this monster could be.
He heard and felt Frisk shift and look at him, they let out a sad chuckle, "gosh, doing it this way was a really, really bad idea… Asriel, don't… don't be upset, can you look at me?"

He looked over at their leg hesitantly, that was all he could manage, his frown deepening "to be honest, I don't really want to,"

They made a soft empathetic sigh.

"I understand, so I'll… I'll just go ahead and tell you straight out… that… you should know you never have to worry about getting jealous over Forester, or Monster Kid or anyone else ever again, because the monster I'm hung up on. . . is my closest best friend,"

Flowey snapped his wide eyes up at them in pure confusion and shock, finding them looking back at him, their expression full of emotion and Determination.

They had to be talking about someone else because there was no possible way they were trying to say what he thought they were. . .

No way. . .

He tried to speak and found it difficult, "you… you… what are you saying Frisk?"

Frisk's smile tightened and they looked away briefly before back to him, he realized in surprise that they were nervous, really nervous. . .

"What I'm trying to say is…," their smile widened and eyes glittering with telltale sign of tears "that I love you Asriel, I… really… really, love you, as a best friend, yes, but also so much more than that,"

They then briefly wiped their eyes "-I love you, romantically,"

It was like time seemed to stop. . .

All he could do was stare at them with a slack jaw as he became overwhelmed with only more confusion and shock, but also… happiness, unbelievable, unequivocal happiness-
And then he had to wince as he was hit with pain, a lot of it, it had not been this bad in a long time, it caused him to shutter and shake, but the feeling happiness was just as strong, it made him lightheaded, tears came to his eyes and he let out a dizzy laugh, it was just too much for him to handle, was this what being on drugs was like?

Frisk pursed their lips worriedly, turned their body to face him and held onto him with both hands, holding him, "ssshhhhh, easy, easy, I just knew this would happen, are you okay?"

The warmth and touch of their hands was so nice, he laughed again softly, shuttering.

"Am I 'okay'?! Gosh, Frisk you really are an idiot!" he laughed again, god he was so happy.

Frisk smiled, chuckling softly, rubbing away one's of his tears with their thumb "see, this was one of the reasons I was afraid of telling you, I didn't want to hurt you, until I realized that… you were going to hurt no matter what I did,"

He stared at them as they spoke, logic and reason returning to him, as happy as he was… he was still incredibly confused, his smile dropped, causing Frisk's smile to drop too, worriedly.

His thoughts started to slip out "…how…?"

"'How' what?" Frisk asked.

"How…is this even possible? How could you have feelings for me? F-for the longest time, I was so sure you'd never be crazy enough to ever feel the same way, how could you like a… a flower? Especially one like me? Or…wait… I must be asleep or in some kind of coma, or… do you think I'm dead again?" he couldn't seem to stop himself from rambling, this was just too wonderful to be real, he felt so strange.

Frisk looked at him with a deep saddened expression, "no, I do think you're in shock though."

They pet the back of his head soothingly, which quite helped to keep him rooted in reality.

"…I guess I should explain this the easiest way I can think of… do you remember all those times when I was just 'flirting' to compliment you? Well, now I want to flirt with you because I'm also in love with you,"

At that, they had to take a moment, temporarily removing their hand to bring it to their chest, smiling hard, closing their eyes briefly "goodness, that feels so good to say," they said under their breath, chuckling silently as Flowey stared, stunned with large sparkling eyes.

They opened their eyes, gathering their full focus back on Flowey and continued on "...and all of those times, all those things I've ever said were true, and I've had to refrain from flirting for awhile, but just case you've forgotten…I've…I've always thought you were genuinely handsome, both as a flower and as your inner self,"
"Inner sel- YOU HAVE?" he blurted, if his cheeks weren't already orange, they were now.

Frisk laughed tearfully "yes, of course I do! And… this is going to come as a further surprise, but… I also find your personality attractive too, and when I look at you… I don't see just a flower, I see a beautiful person inside, and I've come to realize that I really, really, really want to hug and smooch that beautiful person, no matter what he looks like,"

For the second time that night, the breath got caught in his throat, tears flooding his eyesight, completely overwhelmed, he grinned big "Frisk, you… sappy idiot,"

Frisk laughed breathlessly, "call me names all you want, but I mean every little sappy word,"

Flowey gave them an emotional wiggly smile and wiped away a few tears "s-so… how long…?"

Frisk hesitantly removed a hand to fidget and rub at the back of their neck shyly, "how long since I figured all of this out?"

He nodded slowly.

They looked off at the pond, a particularity sentimental smile appearing on their face as they thought back, then gazed at him.

"Well, remember when you went away to stay at Asgore's to train? I was trying to figure out why I was so upset that you were leaving, and why I missed you more than I usually would… and it hit me that my tiny little childhood crush on you grew into something way bigger than I could have ever anticipated,"

Flowey leaned into their palm, no longer able to hold himself up, "childhood?! You-you-you… you had a crush on me for that long?!" he blurted in a loud hushed voice.

They giggled and rolled their eyes, "Asriel, how could I not have a crush on you when you were showing off left and right? God of Hyperdeath? More like God of Hyperhotness, oh, and saving me from falling from the tree? Making me laugh and holding my hand when I was sick that one time? It's never surprised me how easily and hard I fell for you, I never stood a chance,"

"Wow." Flowey uttered, his face completely orange now, practically glowing.

"I also have another confession to make…," they started.

"I'm not sure if I can handle another…," Flowey half joked with a tired but happy smile.

"Don't worry, this one is nothing too big… it's just about my excuse for how weird I was acting yesterday, see, when you told me your feelings, I was so relieved and happy… but then I remembered your soul and saw how much pain you've been in, and I thought… maybe you were right that it wouldn't work, so I let you go, I stayed quiet, but, it was really tough for me too, you know? I tried my hardest to pretend like everything would be okay…,"

Flowey nodded understandingly, feeling more and more like a moron as he watched and listened, finding the energy to hold himself up again as he did.

"But then I got fed up with all of it and I said to myself 'I got it! I'll just make him hate me instead! That way I can't cause him any more pain! That way he'll never feel physical pain for me again! Frisk you're a genius!' and so…I tried that, but like you saw, it… didn't really work," Frisk said,
shaking their head at themselves.

He let out a short laugh, gosh they were so cute "that was your way of trying to make me hate you?"

Frisk sighed, and shyly smiled at him.

"It didn't work because I just couldn't bring myself to do anything worse than pull pranks on you and call you names, I had basically zero Determination to hurt you or lose you, our friendship is too precious to me to throw away,"

Flowey stared at them lovingly, completely touched and unable to think of anything else to say, a comfortable silence settling between them again.

Then, with a leap of courage, he summoned out a vine and began to wrap it around the hand that still held him, a satisfied feeling bubbling within him when they enclosed their fingers around it, he felt wonderfully complete knowing that Frisk felt the same way.

And yet… he also felt somehow still incomplete, there was always that lingering feeling of wanting to be more…

"I wish I could hold your hand for real," he said quietly, more sorrow showing through his voice than he wanted.

"But you are holding my hand," Frisk informed him softly.

But not the way he wanted to, still, he smiled, it was okay, this reality was more than enough for him, so much more.

The words Frisk had said once echoed through his mind…

'It's real as long as you can manage it'

It made him feel better…

With another burst of courage, he began to uproot himself from the earth and crawl a little closer to them "here, pick me up,"

And they did without question, and smiled in pleasant surprise when he reached out with two vines as if they were arms and wrapped them around Frisk's torso, with a slight nudge he attempted to pull himself towards their chest, but he needed help.

Immediately figuring out what he was trying to do, Frisk pulled him in closer and wrapped their arms around him as well, forming a much needed and deserved hug.
There had only been a few times when the duo had hugged like this, but now it all seemed to mean even more than before, so much more.

Flowey pressed the side of his head close into the warmth and softness of their chest and closed his eyes, he could hear their heartbeat loud and clear… and… \textit{wow}, it was thumping away really fast in there.

"Are you okay?" he asked without looking up.

They laughed shyly "\textit{yeah}, of course, it's just that… I was… really, really, really nervous to confess my feelings, and well that and you give me heart flutters like crazy,"

He moved back a bit to look at them, again shocked, "I \textit{do}?! You \textit{were}?!"

Frisk had to laugh again, they couldn't help it, "yes, do I need to repeat myself about how handsome you are Mr. HyperHotness?"

Flowey just stared at them unsurely "\ldots\textit{maybe}?"

Then slowly, a sheepish grin appeared on his face.

He was then pulled back into Frisk's arms as they wrapped him back into their cushioned chest, both giggling as if they were little kids again.

Soon the giggling faded and Frisk moved back to lay flat on their back onto the grass and sighed slowly, the peaceful calm returning.

Flowey stayed there, enveloped in Frisk's warm safe arms, he wasn't sure he could have been any happier than he was now, he barely even noticed all the pain he felt, it was if it all been pushed into the background, as if his happiness had purposely snuck it into a fog to get lost.

.. When Frisk's heartbeat began to calm, he turned around on his back, he attempted to look up at their face, but at his angle all he could see was the view underneath their chin, so he opted for staring at the stars with them instead.

He then heard them swallow, "\textit{s-so… do you want to date?}" they asked him in a small, quiet voice.
The question repeated itself in his mind . . . 'do you want to date?'

'Do you want to date?'

Another burst of courage came over him, that and Determination.

He narrowed his eyebrows, pushed himself up, turned around and looked down at Frisk's face in desperate confusion, "you say that like I don't want to, of course I do Frisk!"

Frisk blinked, "but at the river… you seemed so scared, and after what you said about it not working, I thought-"

"I said it wouldn't work because I WAS scared Frisk! Scared and STUPID because I was so absolutely sure you were going to reject me! I wasn't joking when I said you'd never be crazy enough to fall for me!" he explained, and then paused when he finally noticed how close he was to their face, instantly becoming anxious, he quickly shimmied off of them and rooted himself back into the dirt.

He stared at them closely with contemplation, holding his breath.

Frisk gaped, their turned to be stunned, taking a long time to sit back up, staring back with deep emotional eyes, and then cracked a very embarrassed smiled.

"Do you want to hear something really funny? Before you confessed at the fair, I…um… was also afraid that you would reject me if I said anything. . .but only because I thought you still despised romance, and then after your confession-? Oh boy, it's a miracle I was strong enough to text you tonight,"

Flowey exhaled and laughed in disbelief "so, are you telling me . . . that we were both scared of confessing because we both afraid of the rejection?"

"Yeah!" Frisk blurted, their embarrassed smile growing bigger.

He leaned forward "and that we wasted all that time acting like idiots and suffering for over a year when we could have been like this all along?"

"Yep," Frisk answered, sounding ashamed of themselves for being a said idiot.

"And… you really did just asked me if I wanted to date you?" he asked warily, he knew what he said earlier, but he just needed more clarification, just to make sure.

Frisk smiled warmly at him now, any hint of nervousness that his best friend had before seemed gone now and they were back to their usual self.

"Yes, yes I did, but we don't have to make a big deal about it if it hurts you too much, we can go about life like we usually do, but with tons of love notes and a lot more hand holding,"

"You sound like you've been thinking about this a lot," he said, pleasantly taken back.
"Daydream actually," they corrected, blushing.

His eyebrows raised and a shy small grin appeared on his face.

"Me too," he admitted, his voice a near whisper.

_The best part about it though was that daydreams usually never came true... yet here they were._

And then, with that line of thought, something dawned on the both of them at the same time.

"...Frisk?"

"...Yeah?"

"Maybe, we should hold off from telling everyone else about this... us... for as long as possible," he said nervously.

Frisked looked down at him slowly, "as much as I think we need to quit hiding secrets like this... I couldn't agree with you more, I don't think any of the others would give us a break, or... can you imagine what Toriel and Asgore would say? Or do?"

"I have, and nothing I keep coming up with is good," he said in a wary, low voice.

He thought about telling them how Asgore, Sans, and Mettaton already _sort of_ knew but not really(?), but perhaps it was best if he saved that story for another day, he didn't want to ruin the mood any further.

"You do know what _is_ good though?" Frisk asked, their tone mischievous and flirty, instantly flipping Flowey's mood from nervous to well, a different kind of nervous, a pleasant nervous. Giddy perhaps.

"No, what?" he asked shyly smirking.

"Kissing," they whispered, leaned down to his level, closed their eyes and slowly leaned in... .

His eyebrows shot up and his entire face turned bright orange, and in his mind he _screamed_, this is what he wanted to do for a long time, but now that he had the opportunity, he couldn't have been more unprepared and less ready.

Anxious and staring at Frisk's face as it came in closer like a freight train, he panicked, he didn't want to let them down, but at the same time, he was absolutely 150% sure if he did this now, he'd end up doing something that would embarrass them both.

And then... he had an idea, most likely a bad one, but it was all he had right now...
As soon as they grew too close, he summoned out a vine, raised it in the air and pressed it gently but firmly against Frisk's lips, which were, still amazingly soft as he remembered, in his mind's eye he slapped himself hard in the face with regret for not being brave enough.

"Mwa." He uttered quietly for sound effect before pulling the vine back, wincing slightly at himself from the high levels of regret he was feeling.

Frisk opened their eyes, absolutely perplexed for a brief moment until they caught sight of the vine and gave Flowey an odd look as they put two and two together, and then quickly covered their mouth when they realized that they might have been too forward "oh good god! I'm so sorry, was that too much?"

But for the first time, Flowey smiled back, albeit shyly "no, just too soon," and then, it finally dawned on him that nothing was holding him back anymore now as he again remembered Frisk felt the same way, the shy smile turning daringly flirtatious as another wave of courage hit him.

"But next time... I'll be ready,"

Frisk's covered their mouth with their other hand as their face lit up and they grinned, pleasantly surprised, taken aback in the best way.

And then they pulled out a finger gun and pointed it at Flowey, "and I'll be waiting, babe," they said in flirty tone, and flashed him a cheesy grin, to anyone else watching, Frisk looked ridiculous, but Flowey was in absolute love.

Another fit of giggles came over them, once they began to calm down again, Frisk grabbed their cell phone, "we should take a picture, this is practically one of the best nights of my life, I need proof,"

But once they switched the screen on they gasped in mild horror, "1:50? Cripes we need to get to bed, Papyrus said he wanted to go on an early morning hike and agghhh, I knew waiting until everyone was asleep was a bad idea," they groaned.

"You don't have to tell me twice," Flowey said, once again uprooting himself once again, reached out and climbed onto Frisk's right arm, "here, it'll be faster to the campsite if we do it like this together,"

Frisk chuckled quietly and flashed a flirtier than usual grin at him, they didn't say anything but he could tell by the look in their eyes that they were thinking of a lot of one liners that would embarrass him and make him blush.

-Which he did anyway, he gently prodded at their arm with a vine "stop looking at me like that, you... you... human, and lets go,"

"Waitwaitwait, not so fast, Fastey, I still want a picture," Frisk said as they pulled out the camera app on their phone, it was then that Flowey thought to climb up to the side of their shoulder so it would be an easier picture to take.
Frisk seemed to approve as they lean their head to the side toward his, their smile becoming warmer and happier than he had seen it be in a very long time.

They took a few pictures, and then quickly looked over them, all of them showing just how excited both of the best friends were to finally be something even more.

"You need to send those to me," Flowey said suddenly as Frisk was in the middle of picking up the blanket off the grass and flinging off any debris from it.

"Of course baby," Frisk said slickly and wrapped the blanket over their shoulders (and around Flowey) and began to walk.

Flowey blinked, taken back by the comment and the way it was said, "okay, that's too much," Frisk grinned sheepishly, "yeah, I know, but I can't promise I won't say it again," He had trouble fighting back the smile that tried to take over his face, "it's fine I guess, I've faced worse fates,"

Not long before reaching the campsite, Frisk spoke up, "so, do you want to sleep in my tent with me?"

Flowey tensed up, remembering the lack of room there would be, but at the same time… it shouldn't have to be such a big issue- should it? They'd slept in the same room tons of times, they even took naps out in the backyard, heck he had even dosed off a little on the walk there.

Clearly they were used to each others closeness by now… or... no, not completely, not when he didn't have the metaphorical guts to kiss them.

"Sorry, um, there's a… lot of… stuff I need to think about, I'll just end up keeping you awake," he said, making an excuse, but it wasn't exactly a lie either.

"It's no problem, I get it, there's not a lot of wiggle room in there, so I understand if it makes you feel awkward," they said, quieting down as they entered the campsite.

He thought back to when they were kids, comparing the differences, and yeah, not being in love was a lot easier, but still, just like his soul, he wouldn't trade the feeling for the world and it was times like this that convinced him to keep these special things despite all the new painfully awkward experiences that went along with love, especially romantic love.

Soon they slowed to a stop and gently scooped him from their shoulder with soft hands, leaned in as if they were going to kiss him again, but instead pressed their forehead to his and gave him a nuzzle, he reciprocated, nuzzling back, playfully and purposely messing up their bangs.

Too soon they bent down and planted him back to the ground, he looked up at them with warmth, he could almost feel himself adoring them even more.
“Goodnight Asriel,” they whispered to him, their smile really was beautiful.

He wanted to say goodnight back, but the words ended up getting jumbled up in a flustered mess in his throat, instead he smiled back bashfully and nodded.

And despite what he had told Frisk, he ended up sleeping like a baby that night.

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**Secret Inspiration Song**: ‘Venus’ by Sleeping At Last

The night sky once ruled my imagination.
Now I turn the dials with careful calculation.
After a while, I thought I'd never find you.
I convinced myself that I would never find you,
When suddenly I saw you.

At first I thought you were a constellation.
I made a map of your stars, then I had a revelation:
You're as beautiful as endless,
You're the universe I'm helpless in.
An astronomer at my best
When I throw away the measurements.

Like a telescope,
I will pull you so close

'til no space lies in between.

And suddenly I see you.
Suddenly I see you.

I was a billion little pieces, til you pulled me into focus.
Astronomy in reverse, it was me who was discovered
Flowey and Frisk get in the swing of the new twist of their deepening relationship and experience handling the rush of butterflies together, later things almost get too uncomfortably awkward until a conversation opens up a door to for Frisk to get more things off their chest and Flowey finds that they have more in common than he had realized.

From here on out, is where the story becomes about both Flowey and Frisk as they work together on their relationship, it's still told from Flowey's point of view and it's still His Story, but Frisk has a bigger part in it now and things are about to become way more romantic~!

This was always the plan, I just wanted it to be as much as a fun surprise for you guys as it was for Flowey, so, this was never actually a 'one-sided attraction' story at all! Or, it kind of was, seeing as neither of the two had any clue.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

**Chapter 22** Brand New Day, Brand New Butterflies

**Warnings?**: None, except for a little bit of drama, but everything will be fine.

**Inspiration Song**: 'Brighter Than Sunshine' by Aqualung

I never understood before  
I never knew what love was for  
My heart was broke my head was sore  
What a feeling

Caught up in ancient history  
I didn't believe in destiny
I look up you're standing next to me
What a feeling

What a feeling in my soul
Love burns brighter than sunshine
It's brighter than sunshine
Let the rain fall, I don't care
I'm yours and suddenly you're mine
Suddenly you're mine
And it's brighter than sunshine

He didn't hear the sound of his tent being zipped opened or the young teenager who crawled in and sat next to him or how tender their gaze was, Flowey was fast asleep.

"Floweeey," they whispered.

No response except for a light snore.

Frisk leaned in closely, their lips inches from the side of his face, where they suspected he could hear from, whispering even quieter now.

"Assrrrieeelllll, this is your conscience speaking, it's time to wake up so you can eat forest waffles and go fight evil by moonlight and continue to win Frisk's love by daylight,"

One of Flowey's eyebrows deepened in confusion and he began to stir, that didn't sound like his conscience at all. . .

Frisk sat back up, stifling a soft chuckle as they watched Flowey…very…slowly…wake…up…?

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

But after a moment or two, they realized he'd gone back to sleep, ah well, time to actually put effort into this.

"Floweyyyyy," they called a little louder now.

No response except for Flowey sluggishly turning away from the source that was trying to pull him away from his precious sleep.
Frisk leaned back in toward him and brushed at a petal "Aaaazzzziieee," they called in a sing song voice, "wake up, we gotta eat breakfast so we can go hiking, remember?"

"Mmmmm," Flowey responded, he was now vaguely aware Frisk was talking to him, he didn't really care about hiking or eating right now, their soothing tone and touch was really, really nice though… it was almost enough to lull him back to sleep, he really wouldn't mind continuing that fantastic dream he was having.

"I'm not going to quit talking until you open those eyes," they said sternly.

"Mmm," Flowey murmured again, his eyes staying shut.

"C'mon Asriel, the last thing you want is Papyrus calling you lazy,"

"Hmm,"

"I would get him to help me wake you up, but he's too busy trying to wake Sans up right now, it's still pretty dark out right now. . . I bet the sunrise looks really beautiful at the pond," and then they sighed and scooted a little closer, "c'mon, don't you want to see it? I'm sure it'll look just as pretty as it did last night,"

Wait a minute, 'as pretty as it did last night'? The sleepy clouds in his mind drifted away as he began to think, the cogs in his mind turning, he finally cracked his eyes open, finding the only light in the tent was the flashlight that Frisk had turned on.

"I see that got your attention," Frisk said, smugly pleased with their accomplishment.

"Yeah…," he mumbled back sleepily, he wanted to ask about the pond, but he was too slow as Frisk started talking again

"So, don't go back to sleep, sleepy boy, I'll see you outside," they said and began to turn around and move for the exit. . .

They were almost out until they paused, "oh wait a second, I almost forgot something important," they said before they crawled back over to him, lowering their head in close again and whispered-

"Good morning, boyfriend,"

They gazed at each other momentarily in surprise and near fascination by the mere use of the word, a loud silence filling in between them before sharply Frisk turned away again, and crawled out quickly, almost excitedly.

All traces of sleep were now gone from his mind, memories fully returning him and he realized in wide eyed panicked excitement that last night wasn't some crazy miraculous dream.

-And that he was Frisk's boyfriend . . .

Actually, he couldn't even believe he was even in a real romantic relationship at all if he had to be
honest, it really was too good to be true.

And yet, here he was, awake and saner than he thought he would be in this point of his life.

...And then, suddenly a strong feeling of being highly unprepared and nervous anxiety struck him down like lightning, the courage he had felt last night were all gone and... now...? He had no idea how he'd ever have the strength to even make it out of the tent, he'd have no idea how to act, he was sure he'd slip up, and ruin everything for the both of them.

And then, in the midst of his inner panicking, he stopped when he heard Toriel and Frisk talking, he almost couldn't make it out, but...

"I woke up Asriel, it took forever...but...heh, um, he's finally awake, he should be out soonish,"

"Oh good. Are you okay Frisk dear? You look... not troubled, but hmm- antsy?"

"Yeah! It's the ants. I fed them a marshmallow, and then the usual happened,"

...Was...was Frisk just as nervous as he was? At best it sounded like they were definitely excited about the whole thing, he did give them 'heart flutters' after all.

He wondered if these heart flutters felt like how he felt when he was around them...

Before he knew it, he had tunneled under the ground- but before he could reach the surface, the anxiety came back to him and he stopped cold- his mind racing as he sat alone in the dark dirt, he shut his eyes tight, his body tense.

Yes, so it worked out, but what if Frisk came to their senses and realized that this wasn't going to work between them, what if it turns out that their feelings for him are nothing but just a tiny forgettable crush and nothing more? What if he fails them as a boyfriend? What if he never gains the courage to kiss them? What if-

Suddenly he heard soft muffled voice come from up above, it was Frisk "Floowwwweeyyy, c'mon, Papyrus is cooking!"

"Yes son! Will you not help?" he heard his mother call out as well, followed by calls from the others.

He let out a frustrated screech, he did not want to do this right now while he felt like this!

But-
But-

Whatever! He was Asriel Dreemurr, the monster that got to live twice, he’d even reached literal god mode once! He had touched the stars and twisted reality itself! So he could easily handle a romantic relationship right? Right! Just bottle it all up for now and stew over it later when he was alone again, just like old times!

So he shoved his insecurities to the far reaches of his mind, or at least tried, forced his body to move and popped out of the ground with a sleepy pretend smile, his mood slightly rising when he saw how pleased everyone was to see him.

"Howdy, you called?" he greeted, trying to not let his eyes linger at Frisk for too long, who also seemed to be pretending to look distracted, they had their bad acting face on.

…

During breakfast, he continued with his act, pretending to be distracted by his food (which in all honesty was really good) while he listened to the others chat, but inside he was grueling over his thoughts and was trying his hardest to keep his eyes off Frisk and be inconspicuous, contemplating if anyone would get suspicious if he attempted to sit any closer to them or even farther away, noticing how his new and first ever significant other seemed to catch his glances every time, it was obvious now that Frisk had no idea how to act either.

Frisk kept fidgeting, grinned nervously and laughed a little too much whenever someone made a joke to them, paying extra attention to their food, it was surprisingly comforting to know they were nervous too, even though he wasn’t sure why, they had no reason to be.

…It slowly dawned on him that he rarely ever saw them this nervous, especially over romantic situations, should he be scared that they were possibly having regrets…?

If they acted like this now, he wondered what their life was going to be like when they… got … back… home…

Oh…

Oh boy.

-And that was it all took for him stay distracted for the rest of trip, putting himself in a zone of deep contemplation and worry, imagining and daydreaming what life was going to be like after this, there was nothing he could do to help it, he had never once considered that this would ever happen to him, that he would end up in a romantic relationship with his best friend, whom also happened to live under the same roof as him, wondering about what kind of rules would have to be made.

Soon, before he knew it, breakfast was over and it was time for the big hike, he stayed stuck in his daydream state, helping the others clean up absentmindedly, his thoughts finally broken when Frisk
walked over to him and knelt down, a ridiculous wiggly smile on their face, they held out their arm.

"Want to ride on my shoulder?" they offered.

"Do you even have to ask?" he blurted out quietly.

An elated secure smile blossomed onto Frisk's face, reaching out their hand closer to Flowey, watching him closely as he uprooted himself from the ground and crawled onto their palm, roots and vines curling over their slender fingers and wrist delicately, pausing, taking the moment to surreptitiously hold their hand, but soon climbing up their right arm and finding his place on the top side of their shoulder.

... Soon they were all walking through the woods again, stopping to look and rest when they reached the hidden pond, the sunrise had already begun, but Frisk right, it was beautiful.

But Flowey wasn't sure where to keep his eyes at, the pond or on Frisk, he had to chuckle at himself at how ridiculous and stupid he was acting, but he couldn't help himself.

"FRISK, DO YOU KNOW YOU LOOK JUST LIKE A PIRATE WITH A PARROT FLOWER ON YOUR SHOULDERS ADMIRING THE POND-LIKE SEA?" Papyrus spoke up.

Frisk burst into laughter at the comment, meanwhile Flowey's current smile turned more stubborn, embarrassed, the image of Frisk in a pirate's outfit and him on their shoulder with a beak mask on popping into his mind, the both of them standing on a grand ship, and admirably looking out to the sea, he could unfortunately see the resemblance, he felt silly now, but at this point he refused to move.

"Oh but what if they had an echo flower parrot instead? Wouldn't that make more sense?" Alphys said, then quickly realizing how it sounded and backed it up with "-not that Flowey isn't a better choice or anything."

"He's the ultimate choice! And I mean, yeah, echo flowers are neat and all, and you're right, it would make more sense, but Flowey's the only flower I know who I can hold a meaningful conversation with," Frisk said, giving their now flattered boyfriend a secretive smile.

"SO A NICE PIRATE AND THEIR GRUMPY MAGIC TALKING PARROT INSTEAD?" Papyrus said thoughtfully.

"SqUAwkw! Super intelligent magic talking parrot, squawk!" Flowey echoed jokingly, earning him a few laughs.

"Yes, hee-hee, my very intelligent bird son," Toriel complimented teasingly.

"If Undyne were here, she'd let you borrow her spare eye patch," Alphys said and sighed sadly, "I miss her,

"I missed you too nerd," said a very familiar voice from behind the group.

There standing in all their glory was Undyne and Asgore, the rest of the gang immediately rushed to them, especially Alphys and Papyrus who hugged onto Undyne tightly, almost everyone hugged the two boss monsters actually.
"Oh! Fourteen hours and forty six minutes!" Toriel announced looking up from her phone, showing it to her ex-husband.

"Pardon?" he asked, half amused but mostly confused.

"That's how long it took you walk from the underground to here, she was timing you bro," Sans explained.

"Exciting isn't it? I wonder who will beat your time," Toriel said teasingly, gleefully.

"I can't believe this! If I had known you were timing us I would have speed ran through the whole thing!" Undyne whined.

"Toriel, I couldn't happen but notice how competitive you've become," Asgore said with a half-smile.

Toriel nodded firmly, raising an eyebrow at him "I use be extremely so before we were betrothed, don't you remember?"

"Aw yeah, that explains all the pie competitions and new trendy outfits recently," Frisk mumbled to both themselves and Flowey who nodded in agreement.

Soon after the reunion, the gang continued their hike as planned, with Undyne telling the rest of her amazingly thrilling story from the night before.

... 

Later as they were making their way back to the campsite, all seemed to be going all well and good when suddenly Toriel gasped loudly, stopped dead in her tracks and held out her arms so the others closest to her couldn't pass.

Sans was the first to speak up "hey, what's the mat-," but was cut off when Alphys let out a shriek.

"It's the bobcat we saw!" Undyne blurted out, pointing off to Asgore's tent where a larger than usual sandy colored cat with dark spots, extra pointy ears and short tail stood, it was currently clawing and tearing up the fabric of the tent, but it wasn't just the bobcat that was alarming, it was the surprisingly monumental mess that the bobcat had made, nearly everything at the campsite had been torn up and chewed up.

Undyne let out an excited laugh, "ALRIGHT! I just knew that was a cool cat!"

Frisk backed up slightly, tensing up as the bobcat let out a terrifying growl at the gang, looking at them with wide eyes, but Flowey merely patted their back reassuringly, "everyone else here can roar way louder than that, don't freak out, no one is getting hurt,"

"Indeed, no one is going to come to harm," Toriel said protectively.

"except for the food," Sans mumbled, sounding disheartened.

"Yeah! I LOVE IT!" Undyne said getting pumped up and spun around to look at Alphys, "we
HAVE to take him home with us!"

"Don't you think he'll miss his home Undyne? What if he has a family?" Alphys reasoned.

"Pshh, guy cats like him don't worry about that stuff," Undyne said and looked to Asgore hopefully, "I know you'd take him home, wouldn't you big guy?"

Asgore took a moment to respond, thinking over his answer after noticing Alphys, Frisk, Toriel and Papyrus giving him different looks that all meant the same thing, "yesss...? But only if he was injured, Alphys is right, he would miss his home here,"

"Besides, I am sure there is a law about taking wild animals out of their habitat," Toriel said.

"couldn't take him now if you wanted, he ran away," Sans said motioning to the spot with his head where the bobcat had taken the opportunity and escaped the situation.

"WHAT?!" Undyne yelped and spun back around to look, her posture drooping in disappointment.

Alphys, Papyrus, and Frisk (plus Flowey as he was stuck on a shoulder) came to comfort her.

"IT WILL BE OKAY UNDYNE, THERE WILL BE MORE BOBCATS TO RANSACK OUR CAMP IN THE FUTURE," Papyrus said, patting her shoulder.

"Yeah, but none of them will do it as passionately as Bobby did," Undyne sighed.

"How do you even know it was the same cat?" Flowey spoke up.

"I just do, okay?" Undyne said her utter disappointment turning into utter pouting.

"It's in the eyes," Alphys interjected quietly, with the others nodding, understanding.

"It's going to be alright Undyne, you can merely just get a regular house cat that has the same rowdy spirit, can't you?" Toriel called, trying to be helpful as she, Sans and Asgore began cleaning up.

"Yeah, but why get any regular normal cat when I can just have a giant majestic one like Bobby instead?" Undyne said, looking off to the ground grumpily.

"Well, I dunno about that, sometimes the coolest, most amazing gifts come in small packages," Frisk said gently, which, seemed to strike a silent chord with Undyne as she looked at them, a sudden smile appearing at the comment.

It struck a chord with Flowey too.

. . .

After what felt like ages of cleaning up, the gang soon agreed that due to their food being either eaten or ruined, that it was probably best to just to pack up and go home.

And Flowey knew hanging out with Frisk alone would be difficult once they got home, but he had no idea just how difficult it would be. . .
It had been five hours since they got home and Flowey had never been so unsure how to talk or react to a person in his whole entire life.

Frisk was sitting cross legged in the computer chair across from him in his room, they were doodling something in their sketchbook while he had his eyes locked on the screen of his tablet, trying his hardest to think of something to say, *anything*, if it weren't for the background noises from the TV he knew he'd be doing worse.

"S-so… uh….urgh, *what are you drawing?*" he struggled to ask.

Frisk paused to look up at him with what he could only label as 'innocent puppy dog eyes'.

"…I'm practicing hands," they held up the sketchbook, it indeed showed a bunch of doodles of hands, some a little better drawn than the rest, some not, there were some that had been tensely scribbled out.

He gave a shy smile, "um, those are good… have you practiced 'the bird' signal?"

Frisk looked confused, "the 'bird signal'?

*Ugh! Gosh golly damn it, why was he so bad at talking to them right now?!*

"I mean um… the…'flipping off' finger?" he asked, lightly grimacing at all the awkward in the room.

Frisk blinked as Flowey's words slowly got through to them and they snorted sharply and started laughing, and then trying to quiet themselves down, but that only made them laugh harder, the subject of flipping the bird (if done to be non-offensive) was always funny to them, well, they had always enjoyed their share of immature jokes if someone were to be painfully honest.

"Hahaha, um, *no-* do you want me to?" Frisk asked with a silly smile once they were calm enough to talk.

Flowey shrugged his vines, his smile returning without his notice "um, yeah *sure,*"

"Okay!" Frisk chirped enthusiastically, twirling their pencil around in their fingers- which almost slipped for a second but they managed to catch it, they giggled shyly under the breath, quickly looked down and began drawing again, Flowey watched as they concentrated, his gazed trained especially on the silly smile that didn't quite leave their lips.

*YOU SHOULD HAVE KISSED THEM LAST NIGHT, YOU WIMPY GOLDEN MORON.*

Flowey silently huffed at his thoughts and he looked back to his tablet, concentrating on reading a forum message, or attempting to.

Suddenly, Frisk raised the sketchbook up again, a sweet smile painted on their face, but what Flowey saw on the paper confused him.

"I... *soul* you?" he said out loud, reading what Frisk had wrote.
Their smile turned into a tight comical frown, "no, not 'soul', heart! As in I 'heart' you!"

Flowey smacked himself in the forehead with a vine in realization, it was embarrassing how he still continued to get the heart and soul symbols mixed up... boy, he really had spent too long obsessing getting those souls as a kid.

But once the embarrassment wore off, did he quickly also remembered what Frisk wrote him, he couldn't help but begin chortling shyly, looking away bashfully when Frisk's sweet smile returned.

"Uh, heh, so what happened to the middle... signa- finger you were going to... draw?" He asked, failing to recollect his nerves.

"I got distracted okay? I thought I'd draw you a 'soul' instead," Frisk joked with a wiggly smile.

They laughed for a little while which was too soon followed by a long painful silence that filled the room, that was until Flowey felt the urgent need to apologize for his idiocy.

"..I'm sorry, it's...been a long two days, I don't... I don't really know what to say..."

"It's okay, sometimes I still confuse turtles with tortoises, kind of like the jelly and jam situation ... and-," Frisk paused, their smile dropped, looking as embarrassed as he felt "-that's not what you were talking about, was it?"

He nodded slowly, "...I... feel like I don't know what to say or do around you now, or even how to talk properly, I don- I don't really get it,"

Frisk looked down at their sketchbook, their voice quiet as they spoke "do... do... you want to go back to being just friends again? Would that make you more comfortable? I don't want you to be in pain,"

"No!" Flowey said just a little too quickly, causing Frisk to look up at him sharply- he could see the relief in their eyes, but something in their body language told him that they were still concerned.

"It's okay... I really want this to work Frisk, trust me, I can handle the pain now, remember? I just... feel...," what was that word he heard earlier? "...antsy? And nervous? Really, really, really nervous?" he smiled anxiously at them.

Frisk smiled back hopefully, their eyes lighting up with validation "I know what you mean, I really do, because you want to know why I didn't draw the middle finger for you? It's cause I couldn't concentrate and my hands were getting super sweaty, so I just gave up and drew something easy and sweet for you instead," they laughed shyly, "but, y'know, I...think... it's probably a good thing that we're both so nervous,"

Flowey eyed them suspiciously, "you do?"

"Definitely, it could only mean that we're really excited to be together, right?" Frisk questioned both at Flowey and themselves.

"You think so? I thought I was nervous because I was worried that I would scare you off," he
blurted, wanting to erase himself from existence the second he said it.

Frisk gave him a particularly sassy look that he should have seen coming "Flowey…after everything we've been through…you're still nervous that you'll scare *me* off? Pal, buddy, chum, baby, honey, doll face, you couldn't get rid of me now if you tried."

For the first time in a very long time, Flowey remembered his nightmare of his soul breaking, he'd come a very long way since he had it, but it made him wonder…

"Even if I . . . snap?" he said hesitantly, warily, but suddenly very curious as to what Frisk would say.

Frisk's playful look dropped and an expression crossed over their features that told him that maybe they were thinking of the same thing, but then, to his surprise, they smiled at him gently.

"It all depends on the situation," they began, their eyes deepening in thought, "but I think that… no matter what you do or say… I feel like... no- I *know* I'm always going to love you, and I know that sounds like something I'd usually say to just about anyone, because… well, you *know* me, I like nearly everyone I meet, but I really mean it."

…And then, they looked up at him, as if they were coming to some sort self-realization themselves.

"But if you're talking about you snapping like you did in the nightmare… which I think at this point has little to no chance of happening, but if it *somehow* did- then, no, you still wouldn't be able to scare me off, because I will stay and help put you back together, and you may say it's not my job, but you've gotten too far to let me see you fall again."

Flowey had been rendered speechless, filled with warmth and love, a painful sting buzzing through his body but he barely acknowledged it, their name a whisper at the edge of his lips.

But his words were lost as he watched in dismay as Frisk began to lose composure and rub at the tears in their eyes that had been welding up, "*yeah*, I'm sorry that I've been so sappy like this, I just- *I've* . . ." they were unable to finish their sentence as they suddenly burst in to tears.

Flowey raised a helpless vine out to them, "what? Nononono, don't cry, what's wrong?"

They looked up at him with watery eyes, laughing softly, "*nothing!* I'm just- *I'm jusso happy!*" they bawled, "it's like how you were last night- it's all hitting me at once, and I'm happy and relieved because this feels so different from the others,"

He reached out another vine, boy what he wouldn't give for his robot body back right now, he desperately wanted to hug them, or at the very least hold their shoulders, *something*, but then he paused quizzically at their last bit of words, "the 'others'?" he questioned.

Frisk finally seemed to notice the friendly grabby vines and pulled the chair over to him, sitting close, in turn the vines rested on the closest arm and twirled around it lovingly.
They sighed and continued the conversation "…the other relationships, Monster Kid and Forester, plus Papyrus- even if it did literally last less than 20 minutes, I've come to realize something really super annoying about myself, that um…," Frisk scrunched up their face and wiped the last tear from their face, "…that I don't take rejection very well."

Flowey lowered an eyebrow and tried to keep polite, "Frisk, most people don't take rejection well."

"I know, but… you haven't been with me at school, Flowey… you may not like this, but I get crushes very easily and I've asked out other people in the past, eleven total over the past…four or five years, all of them not interested, stopped talking, dumped me in less than two days, didn't take me seriously, or were too shy because I'm so forward, especially with my feelings, the only people who ever 'like-liked' me back and reciprocated so far have been Kid, Forester, and best of all- you."

Flowey didn't know what to say to this, but he understood in his own way, boy did he understand. With another vine, he wrapped it around Frisk's free hand, which they tightened their fingers around.

Something egged at him though "you said…um… that you've been having…emotions-,"

"Feelings, you can say it now, it's okay," Frisk interrupted softly, smirking.

"That you've been having serious… feelings… for me…since last year, then…is that why you decided to date Corkscrew? Were you trying to forget me? Because you really thought I'd reject you?" he asked, sounding a little more upset about it than he meant to.

Frisk looked suddenly very, very embarrassed, "gosh, and you call me perceptive," they huffed to themselves, pausing to gather thoughts for their next explanation.

"'Forgetting' about you…wasn't something I was actively trying to do- at first, when I first realized my feelings for you, I wasn't sure what to do about it, since I…believed that you didn't 'do romance' and that it might be weird since we live in the same house, it almost turned into a problem, but… then I met Forester, and what I had with him was… wonderful, but also surprisingly oddly complicated,"

Flowey reflexively cocked his head to the side in confusion, "complicated?"

Frisk fidgeted, not sure if they wanted to talk about their past feelings about an ex to Flowey, but he persisted, giving their hands a reassuring gentle squeeze, sure this was awful to hear, but he genuinely wanted to know what they went through.

"Well… I had a pretty big crush on him, and he was my first kiss, and he really was nice, he was also…a distraction from my feelings for you- but I didn't realize that at the time, for awhile it was a good and simple relationship…until it wasn't when I figured myself out,"
They gave him an awkward, uncomfortable smile before looking back down.

"He was my safe place to go when I was confused and scared about my feelings for you, and… I gotta admit Asriel, I never let anyone see it, but when I was alone- I became a complete wreck because I was so mixed up, I didn't know what to do and or who to talk to….."

Flowey was split between jealousy and sympathy, again, no words came to him, so he slowly rubbed at Frisk's wrist in attempt for a comforting response, it seemed to help as their breathing slowed.

They exhaled deeply, "…and then I don't know what happened, you got your silly robot body and a cool guitar and became cuter and hotter, I mean- by that point I was able to keep it all under control and focused on the other things… that was…until Forester moved away, and then that's when things got difficult, including school and my studies, plus the daycare, I want to say all of it kept my mind off you, but do you have any clue how hard that is when you were playing your guitar day and night?"

Flowey stared at them deeply, he would never let them know the reason he started playing guitar was because he was trying to forget them… still, surprisingly, the parallels wasn't what was on his mind.

"I still can't believe you were even thinking of me like this at all,"

Frisk laughed abruptly at his comment "how do you think I felt at the fair?"

Flowey snickered, "we're such a mess,"

They smirked at him, and sighed happily, looking down, "yeah, but we're a good mess."

Frisk then cleared their throat "Ssooo…! Is it okay if I continue my story?"

He didn't have to think twice about his answer "go ahead, I already know it's going to have a good ending,"

They grinned brightly, and nodded, and cleared their throat once more to work back into the serious mood.

"As I explained, I was having problems, since I thought you were a lost cause when it came to dating, but it was just getting worse, it was confusing- I was trying my hardest to cling to Forester, because… well, um… while my feelings for you have always been stronger, I did have feelings for him too, and I really did want things to last with him, but that night when he broke up with me… I was so broken hearted… it was then when I finally realized that I had been partially …gosh, I hate this word…'using' him to distract me so I could…um… forget about you, I felt so bad and so guilty for so many reasons that night,"

Things felt awkward and tense until Frisk gave him a slow ridiculous smile, the tears in their eyes
returning as they spoke again.

"But then the way you acted when I came home… it made me feel so much better, and when we had that talk about having each others backs …I realized it was okay if we didn't date, because I was just glad to have you with me, you know what I mean?"

He stared into Frisk's bright hazel eyes, the tears in their eyes catching the lighting from the nearby lamp making it seem as if they were sparkling.

"Yeah... I do,"

Frisk held Flowey's vine tighter now.

"Toriel and my therapist have both told me that because of my Determination to never give up that I have an annoying- my word, not theirs- habit of giving a little too much in relationships, both platonic and romantic, so that's... maybe why I guess have such an issue with rejection? Um, yeah, like I said... it took a lot of courage to send you those text messages to talk last night, but I kept thinking about how brave you were when told me how you felt- it... inspired me to put myself out there one last time, even if after what you said about it not working,"

The odd pair stared into the others eyes silently and thoughtfully, their faces close and Flowey's vines intertwined with Frisk's hands.

This could have been a perfect time to kiss, but somehow, as he looked deeply at his best friend, he thought of doing something else, something just as special to show them how he felt.

He uprooted himself, pulled himself closer to Frisk, pushing away the flower pot with the bottom of a few roots, Frisk reciprocated, helping by enveloping their arms around and under him as his vines climbed up their arms, resting them on their shoulders, he snuggled his face into the crook of their neck.

Just as Frisk began to pull Flowey in closer, the door flew open and-

"HELLO DARLINGS!" greeted a familiar flamboyant voice.

"AAAAHHHHH!" both Frisk and Flowey screeched loudly in unison.

"OH yes! That's the kind of response I LIVE for!" Mettaton exclaimed.

Never in Flowey's life had he ever moved so fast or so eagerly back to his flower pot, albeit with some trouble as it caused his vines to tangle up with Frisk's arms.
Mettaton rolled in, looking amused judging from the posture of his arms, "I apologize for breaking up such a beautiful embrace, but I simply just had to see my favorite human and flower duo,"

Frisk grinned brightly at Mettaton while working with Flowey to unwind themselves from each other, once they did, Frisk rushed to hug their metal friend.

"Oh it's fine, I would barge through doors to see you too, it's been too long," Frisk said.

"It has, hasn't it? Which is probably why I'm on a much needed vacay- I thought I needed a bit of… what's the word? Prospective? So I'll be in town for a little while until I can think of somewhere better to be," Mettaton explained, then, clasped his gloved hands dramatically with Frisks-

"So, I was wondering, if it's not too much trouble, can I whisk you away for three hours or so? I know you and your family had such a busy day, but I hear it is a proven fact that hanging out with the rich and famous really livens your spirits and cleanses your skin," he said.

Frisk's smile only grew, "of course I'll hang out with you! Is it okay if Flowey comes?"

Flowey in question frowned tightly and panicked, it wasn't that he didn't want to spend time with Frisk and Mettaton, he just knew that whatever those two were going was definitely not going to be any interest to him, besides, he was certain he didn't have the energy or even know how to hang out with both at the same time yet without losing his patience.

"-NO, it is not okay if Flowey comes! Flowey is good right where he is!" . . . Flowey blurted out.

The other two turned and looked at him with some disappointment.

"And why doesn't Flowey want to go?" Mettaton asked, his arms drooping.

"Flowey…," his eyes trailed off to his tablet as he tried to think of an excuse, "…has homework, er- I mean, I have homework!"

Mettaton pouted "you- fine. But we will hang out this week Flowey dear, believe you me, we will."

Flowey gave Mettaton an odd amused look, "okay, we will, but only if there are no boring shops or overpriced pink cafes involved and- oh yeah and either Papyrus or Frisk has to be there. Or both. Also, no surprise game shows, I really mean it this time."

Mettaton let out a frustrated sigh, "fine, we're not at a restaurant that will not be named, but have it your way,"

Flowey met Frisk's eyes and nodded secretively to them, they finally smiled back and nodded as well, they seemed to understand, or at least he hoped so.

To be honest, he was slightly relieved, despite the talk they just had and everything else, he had to admit he was still reeling in the aftershocks from Frisk's confession, and he needed time alone to adjust, acclimate and wrap his head around the fact that he was actually for real…dating Frisk, and neither did he currently have the courage or ability right now to ask them to leave him alone.

And after a few more quips and goodbyes, he was finally able to stew on his thoughts.
His worried and anxieties attempted to kick in, he thought back to the brief serious text conversation he had awhile back with Mettaton…(which he had completely forgotten about until now) but…for some reason, he trusted the robot's promise to not tell, Mettaton was yes, a definite wild card, but Flowey just couldn't help but shake the feeling that Mettaton wasn't going to bother him about it or do anything sinister, because if he was, he would have already done it by now.

Well, perhaps barging in on them hugging like that probably didn't help any suspicions he still might have had, but…him no, if Mettaton wanted to bring it up, then Flowey would know what to do, just lie some more.

No, what took top priority in Flowey's thoughts and feelings was the news that was Frisk's side of the story, about their own troubles and anxieties… he felt compassion, contemplative, and an odd sense of… relief??

Of course he hated that they had suffered at all, but… that was just it, it was in the past, both their troubles were gone and none of it mattered anymore, the suffering was over and he was relieved and thankful that it was.

Now, he felt a great solace to know he could relate to them about it at all, he felt less…alone about it.

Thinking back to it now, Frisk was a person he felt he could always talk to without being judged too hard, and sometimes even relate to- obviously not about the worse things he'd done, but… relating to some other profound subjects, like experiencing deep losses, them with their forgotten memories of their real family and old life, and him with his body, soul, and Chara.

Most of the time they just seemed to just get it, and even when they didn't completely, they always tried their hardest to understand him, they never wanted him to feel alone.

He thought back to the very first week he had come to stay with them…

How after a particularly rough conversation about 'how no one would ever know what he went through and how hard it had been by himself', he and Toriel later found Frisk in the backyard standing absolutely still with their arms raised out and fingers splayed out, it had been especially sunny and hot that day so they were sweating profusely and surely getting sunburned, pretending to be a plant (or perhaps a tree?) explaining that they had been there for at least three hours.

They had been trying to figure out what it was like to be him.

Of course, at first he thought they had been trying to mock him and make fun of him, but then he realized that they were just trying… to empathize, that they wanted to understand his hardships, they were looking for another way to make him feel less lonely…

Which of course caused him to feel that ever annoying mystery pain, his eyes stinging with confused tears, telling Frisk 'to be a human again or else he would have Toriel spray them with water like a real plant'.

And then they refused, further explaining that they couldn't change back, that they were stuck that
way, and also had a mouth so she could just give them a glass of water instead.

Toriel at the time didn't know why Flowey had begun to cry or why Frisk was being so stubborn, so she brought them both a glass of extra icy lemonade and a bottle of aloe vera, and with the gift of make believe, 'magically' turned Frisk back into a human and urgently rushed them all inside.

He would have never in his entire life guessed that they would ever relate on… love, but after thinking about that day, it didn't seem so unbelievable now.

Perhaps…this relationship could actually work? Perhaps he wasn't dreaming after all…

Slowly, the sense of curiosity that he swore he had lost, began to come back.

Chapter End Notes

The moral of this chapter (more like the entire story) is 'always be honest, talk things out, and don't bottle up your emotions!'

Seriously, take it from a person who's done this too many times, don't allow yourself to be crushed under the weight of your anxieties and emotions, getting out from under it will hurt but at least you'll be out, you know? Things will get better.
Settle Down Sunshine

Chapter Summary

Flowey deals with the ups and downs of learning how to be a good boyfriend and all the emotions it entails, and just as he suspects, not everything will be easy.

Chapter Notes

I didn't think about it when I posted this fic, but I realized that a 'secret relationship' between Flowey and Frisk might not be everyone's slice of pie, but because Flowey is a giant tangled mass of insecurities and anxieties and Frisk wants the both of them to be as comfortable as possible, that's pretty how it's going to pan out for them in this story.

On another, less serious note, I wanted it to be a fun subtle hint, but nah, the game that Flowey is playing is Portal (the first one) and it, including Portal 2 are one of my top favorite games, next to Undertale ;p

Also, if anyone finds a baseball hat just like the one Flowey gets- please tell me because I would own it and I don't even wear hats.

Chapter 23 Settle Down Sunshine

Warnings?: None

Inspiration Song: 'Nonsense' by Madeon ft. Mark Foster

Well, you said before
To let down and close my eyes
Well I am here
Grabbing at my chest with a broken heart, yeah, and I'm filled with fears
I've been ripped up and tossed like a mouse, wrestled with the heavens and the devil himself
Your voice can break my bones, when you speak a force rushes in and slowly
Rips me to pieces, yeah

I would give my life to another, just to prove I'm not a runner
I'll be coming with my guns up, shooting at the moon to bring the sun up

Fall back and close your eyes
I'm at the bottom, we can hide and be forgotten
Come closer, say my name, say it forever, we can run away together
And keep on crushing on our love like this
On our love like this, on our love like this
I'll keep on crushing on our love like this
We don't need to say the words cause we're speaking nonsense

The next day Mettaton came over and again swept Frisk away once more, and didn't bring them back home until six PM, making it just in time for dinner.

During the time they were gone, Flowey didn't think too much of it, but now as he listened to Frisk talk a mile a minute about the 'wonderful day they had with Ton-Ton' stubborn bouts of jealousy trickled its way through him.

"I mean it, he really went all out, he bought me at least twenty new things I don't need, except for the new bike," Frisk said, beaming, then brought out a new very expensive looking pair of heart shaped sunglasses, "oh and these babies, I definitely need these,"

Flowey stabbed at his roast beef, side eyeing the sunglasses as if they were disgusting, "sounds like he really wants to spoil you rotten huh? I wonder what for?"

Frisk blinked in surprise at Flowey's sudden attitude, but they visibly ignored it, "yeah… I…actually know why, you see, it turns out when he heard that everyone went camping without him, he got really upset, he told me he felt left out and was…a bit… envious,"

Toriel gasped in realization, guilt spreading across her face, "oh no! I must tell him how sorry we are! I didn't even think of asking him to join- I just thought since he has been so busy that… oh…now I am upset as well,"

Frisk frowned, "I know, that's what I told him, and…he understands, that's why he's visiting, I think hanging out with him really helped though, he just needed someone to talk to," their eyes flickered to Flowey, and gave him a knowing smirk, he only stared back thoughtfully, his mouth drawn in a tight frown "-that's also why he also wanted me to re-remind you that tomorrow he will be taking you and Papyrus out, I'd come along too, but I've got a ton of errands to do,"

Flowey awkwardly looked away, his feelings of jealousy slowly crawling and retreating back to the worst reaches of his soul, embarrassment appearing in its place, and…then he realized, that the jealousy hadn't been jealousy at all, it was envy. Just like Mettaton had felt, it seemed.

It was envy because he hadn't been afraid of Mettaton 'stealing' Frisk, that notion was ridiculous, it what was Mettaton did for Frisk that had made him mad, because Flowey was Frisk's (new)
boyfriend, and then there Mettaton had been, intrusively spinning into the room with his shiny rectangle robot body and rudely interrupting their private moment and then having the AUDACITY to whisk Frisk away and showering them with gifts no thanks to his shiny rectangle money.

Doing things Flowey felt he should be doing . . .

He sighed, he couldn't believe he would have to wait a year to get his new robot body, perhaps he should make a To Do list while he waited, a very, very long To Do list.

"Azzie? Did you hear me?" Frisk asked in concern, snapping him out his thoughts.

"Sorry! I was thinking about . . . future stuff . . . uh, and yeah, thanks for the memo," he replied, feeling a bit awkward, he hoped Frisk could tell he wasn't mad anymore.

"Hmmm, yes, I believe I shall call him after dinner, I want to rendezvous as well," Toriel said more to herself than anyone else.

Flowey grinned and rolled his eyes, "let me guess, there's an expensive ingredient you want huh?"

Toriel's current smile shifted into a shameful frown at her son, "no, I just want to have a day out with a friend is all, it has taken a very long time for me to 'click' with Mettaton, and I dare not waste my chance to spend time with him. Buying 'things' matters to me not, you know I am not a materialistic monster,"

Flowey hid his amused smile behind a vine, believing her to a degree, it was best just to nod and smile, what was the point in getting trouble "you're right, I'm sorry mom,"

Suddenly Frisk's face suddenly lit up, almost as if they were trying to mimic fireworks in the night, Flowey almost had to look away "speaking of money! That reminds me, Mettaton gave me a job at his burger place as a cashier! He said I'll have to work my way up like everyone else, but I don't even have to take an interview and I can start whenever I want! Isn't that awesome?"

Both Toriel and Flowey attempted to look happy for Frisk, they'd never understand their interest in working such a mundane job, or much less under a strict boss like Mettaton.

Toriel smiled tightly "that's . . . wonderful Frisk dear! But there is one thing, if you said you were looking for experience, perhaps it will be best to take the interview. Interviews are very important if you want to learn how to get a complete stranger to accept you, despite how nerve wracking it can be," and then she paused, an amused skeptical smile crossing her face.

"But then again, you seem to have no issues in that department, do you? You have always done very well with strangers. . . but . . . hmmm, I digress, taking an interview could still be a very good learning experience either way," she mused.

Frisk's smile raised a little, just a little, they seemed to understand, but was not super keen on the idea of going through with an interview, their eyes drifting over to Flowey in interest for his opinion.

"And . . . what do you think?" they asked, their tone surprisingly soft and concerned, it always use to be satisfying when Frisk asked for his opinion, but now, it freaked him out a little, especially now that he had good idea of how much he meant to them.
But he was going to be honest, he was their BFF before anything else, clearing his throat before he spoke "I think… you're going to regret this, but, hey, um… whatever makes you happy, and…I guess… take the interview, it'll be good for experience too, like mom said,"

Frisk smiled softly at him, and at Toriel, grinning to her when the goat mother reached out a patted at their arm reassuringly, "thanks guys, I know I must sound crazy, but it really is what I want to do,"

Flowey took a bite of his food and shrugged with his vines, smiling a ridiculous warm lazy smile at his best friend, "hey, we aren't going to stop you, we know we couldn't if we tried,"

A few hours later, just before bed, Frisk stumbled into Flowey's room with their phone in hand, they had a stupendously giant grin on their face, one they always had when they were at their most excited and giddy, but strangely enough, he noticed that the edges of their eyes were pink- had they been crying? Flowey was genuinely both interested and concerned. . . until they started explaining.

"So, I was sitting there right? Watching TV and still thinking of the great day I had with Mettaton, and then, I remembered something that happened a year ago, he had sent me a text asking if I watched his show that day, and I said no, so he sent me a link and said to pay very close attention, but that was it, he didn't say anything else about it, and the whole thing seemed very suspicious until today, when I thought about you…and I was wondering, my beautiful boyflower-,

Frisk walked a little closer and showed him the phone, and pressed play "if you recognize this video?"

And he immediately did, backing away from the screen slightly in reflex due to the instant overwhelming grueling embarrassment as he heard his altered voice speak from the phone speakers.

"I'm...," a groaning weary sigh was heard "in love with my best friend, but I'm pretty sure they won't feel the same way back, I don't want to ruin our friendship, and I'm… having a really tough time here Mettaton, I'm not sure what to do anymore,"

He winced, that had been… an especially hard day for him, still, he continued to watch until the part where Mettaton and Temilynn start to awe at him, that was when he attempted to push the phone away, but Frisk only backed it away safely.

When it was over, Frisk closed the video, but when Flowey looked at them he was surprised to see that their expression had become soft and their entire face had turned pink due to the tears that they were attempting to hold back, but it wasn't really working.

"That was you, wasn't it?" they asked gently and attempting to snuffle back their waterworks.

"No, clearly that was some other…guy," Flowey said, unable to look them in the eye, gritting his teeth.
A few quiet heated seconds passed until Flowey groaned loudly, one similar to the one on the video, looking up at Frisk pitifully, "okay, you perceptive idiot, it was me, please stop crying, you know I can't stand it when you cry,"

Frisk laughed, letting out a quick sob, and lunged for Flowey, wrapped their arms around the entirety of him and his flower pot, almost hungrily he returned the hug, vines wrapping around their back lovingly, and comforted by their warmth as they hugged him tighter to their chest.

He closed his eyes, and was in awe when he heard them chuckle underneath their breath, how their voice sounded so close even though they spoke so quiet.

"It's funny, at the time, I was kind of scared he knew my secret about my feelings for you and thought maybe he was trying to help by showing me something I could relate to… when all along I think he was just trying to help you by trying to get me to recognize the voice of the caller…which I did…a year too late, which makes me wonder, how did he figure out that it was you talking?"

He turned his head to the side so he could speak clearly.

"He texted me and told me he had a voice decoder or something like that, and guessed correctly that I was talking about you, but of course… I tried to deny everything and told him I liked someone else, I didn't say who,"

Frisk chuckled quietly "now I know that won't stop him, what else did you do?"

"I also made him swear to keep it a secret," he then sighed regretfully, and continued talking "I guess he didn't listen and sent the video to you in attempt to play 'matchmaker' or whatever. But I wonder… maybe he did know about your feelings?" he explained, thinking out loud.

"I'm starting to think so, maybe he knows more way than we think and was trying to help us both out…," Frisk added thoughtfully, clearly on his thought process wavelength now, perhaps that's just how close they had become and the hug was boosting the signal between them, it was an incredibly silly thought, but Flowey didn't immediately dismiss it.

Finally he cracked open his eyes, finding himself in a dark cozy cave of Frisk's long chestnut brown hair, it was really nice, plus, he could hear their breathing and slowing heartbeat, and in combination of their pleasant humany Frisk scent, it all seemed to soothe him and distract from being worried about Mettaton knowing, like he should have been.

They were like that for a moment before they heard Toriel walk down the hallway outside the room, causing one of Flowey's vines to twitch in surprise and Frisk to shift their arms tensely, still, they hung on to each other stubbornly, both making sure that this embrace was going to last as long as it possibly could.

"I think…I think that was the same day you called me when I was sick with mono, wasn't it?" Frisk said quietly, pulling back a little to look down at him, their eyes searching his worriedly, still clearly bothered by the fact that he had been in pain for that long, both emotionally and physically.

He looked at them with a small smile, while meanwhile an uncontrollable warmth and love threatened to nearly burst from him.

"Mmh, but… don't worry about it anymore," he patted their jaw with a vine, instantly regretting the next string of words that escaped from his mouth "the only thing you and I should worry about now
is this hug and staying away from people finding out about us and becoming controversial,"

Frisk's eyebrows shot up, opening their mouth to speak, temporarily breaking the hug to run an
anxious hand through their bangs, "'controversial'? Oh my gosh, I completely forgot all about the
monster and human issues going on, I...I was only concerned about you and the the parents...I...I
didn't really think about what other people would say... we really can't tell anyone, can we?"

Maybe it was time to tell them about the others who sort of knew...

He looked at them, and then looked over at his alarm clock, maybe not... he knew they'd never get
any sleep if he told them right now.

He would do it later, when they were less upset, and way less worried, which, he probably would
have been too now if he hadn't already stressed over this subject long ago, now, he'd long since
accepted that all humans and monsters that dated were going to face controversy, especially Frisk
and him, since he technically wasn't a 'real' monster.

Uhhm, time to say something helpful and reassuring.

"Only if we're prepared for the insanity of everyone knowing," he said with a concerned
frown, okay, that wasn't helpful or reassuring, but it was the only thing he could think to say.

Frisk frowned, "you're right, and I'm not ready... at least not yet," they then sighed and their features
beginning to relax again as they looked him over, a gentle smile appearing on their lips "all I really
want for us is just to be happy together;"

Flowey smiled too, glad that Frisk felt the same way, and to be honest, if it were up to him, them
dating would be a secret forever, suddenly realizing to himself that he would protect Frisk from the
cruel people who would want to tear their relationship apart if the secret ever did get out.

Well, actually, he would protect Frisk from anyone and anything no matter what... which that part
wasn't really a new realization.

He gazed at them, a deep intensity burning in his eyes "me too;"

At that Frisk's smile turned into a beautiful grin and they gave Flowey another big hug, this time it
was much briefer, hesitantly pulling away entirely, sighing a very, long, thoughtful sigh.

"So, whatever he thinks he knows about us, let's just pretend that Mettaton was just suspicious and
gave up trying to play match maker... even though it actually...worked," Frisk said and suddenly
cracked a huge ridiculous smile at him and snorted an excited giggle at the craziness of the situation.

Their giggling was infectious and he couldn't help but join them.

Then- in the middle of their giggling Frisk sharply gasped as they suddenly remembered something
else, turning to look at Flowey with a deep, passionate, sparkly gaze.

"What?" he asked, raising his eyebrows, watching as Frisk's expression became more and more
emotional as they spoke.

"That same day you called— it was also the very first time you said that… you… loved me," but then, their smile dropped as they remembered another something else.

"…And I didn't even realize how much you meant it," they said, sounding as if they were on the brink of tears again, which they were, somehow managing to look both very guilty and very happy at the same time, running through a complete mixed bag of emotions.

Flowey looked alarmed for several different reasons at once, his face still completely orange, he didn't know where to start, "I- we- were both having a really bad day that day, okay?! You were sick because your dumb, stupid, moron, loser boyfriend gave you germs and I was slipping up left and right, and… and- I don't know! Just- please don't start crying again, everything is fine now, just… please relax,"

This seemed to visibly calm Frisk to calm down, wiping their wet eyes with a palm "are you sure?" they asked in a small voice.

"Yes Frisk, I'm more than fine now, let's just forget all that dumb stuff, okay?" he said, reaching out with a vine, swallowing a lump in his throat as he curled it around Frisk's closest hand.

Frisk squeezed it gently, "I don't think we should, you always kept saying to 'forget it' before, but I'm starting to think that's why we were so miserable in the first place, we didn't talk about how we felt so the consequences kicked us in the knees… and hearts, metaphorically,"

Flowey frowned, thinking for a second, "…yeah, I guess you're right, I just really, really, really don't want to remember how idiotic I acted, it's like… I couldn't understand or see how simple things could be, I've always been like that… and you know what else?"

Frisk looked at him eagerly, they must have gone through twenty different emotions tonight.
"What?"

Flowey leaned in as close as he could, peering straight into their eyes, purposely drawing in more of their attention, completely serious.

"You should go to bed." He said bluntly, as much as he liked talking to Frisk, he was tapped out of energy for continuing this kind of conversation, and well… it was one in the freaking morning and the both of them had a lot to do tomorrow.

Frisk's expression tightened between slight disappointment and embarrassment, "fine, I'll go, but we're continuing this talk later buddy,"

Flowey let go of Frisk's hand, lingering for a moment before withdrawing it back, "I wouldn't expect anything less from you Frisky,"

He watched as they headed for the door way, and then stop to look at him, their expression silly yet timid "by the way… heh, um I really like your slip ups. Slip up all you want now okay? They're my favorite," they said, their smile turning warm and fuzzy.

His face began to change color again, looking away shyly, "okay, I will."

Glancing back over, he returned their warm smile and winked, a spark of Determination rolling
The 'Boys Day Out' as Mettaton liked to call it, went surprisingly well, at least a lot better than the last few times that Flowey had 'hung' out with him.

He ended up getting fourteen new video games, a pair of Frisk inspired star shaped sunglasses (no, of course he didn't want to match! Who said anything about matching? Matching was for grandparents!) a couple interesting books on astronomy, a few old classic horror movies, and not surprisingly a holographic baseball hat that said 'cool kid' on it that Papyrus got for him.

Mettaton kept his promise on Flowey's rules, except… they still ate at an overpriced café with Mettaton explaining that it didn't count because it wasn't pink, but instead- lime green- and further explaining that it was 'okay' because it was one of Flowey's 'favorite colors'.

Fortunately, as boring, overly sterile and dull as the café was, he was kept surprisingly entertained by Papyrus and Mettaton who had a heated back and forth conversation about what was and wasn't acceptable to be put in a crepe, with diamonds being a rare exception. . . and sometimes sapphires.

And another surprising thing was that both Papyrus and Mettaton avoided any more awkward questions about his and Frisk's 'fight' (he guessed Frisk already told Mettaton a cover story) so, all in all, the 'Boys Day Out' wasn't as horrible as it could have been.

The next couple days seemed to drone by slowly, Frisk left with Papyrus to go on another one of his big Ambassador trips, making sure to send Flowey plenty of warm fuzzy texts and scenic pictures.

Meanwhile at home, Flowey made good use out of his new stuff because he definitely wasn't going to spend the last few days of this break being both bored and sad, finding himself missing them more than he thought he would, but thanks to Mettaton, he now had fourteen new games and bunch of horror movies to distract himself with.

And then… when Frisk did come back and the both of them were completely alone again, things felt oddly more awkward than it had before, well, not at first anyway. . .

They had visited him in his room while he was busy in the middle of a game, greeted him with an easy going joke, sat down and continued to casually lounge next to him and switching back and forth between watching his gameplay and toying around with their phone, chewing bubble gum that smelled really good, better than it usually did actually.
This was fine, sitting like that felt just like the old days, he was completely happy… until twenty minutes of silence passed until the ever annoying feeling that he was doing something wrong began to creep inside of him.

"So… are you okay?" he asked.

They glanced at him from their phone "yeah, I'm feeling pretty good, why? Are you okay Sunshine?"

"Uh, yeah, I'm fine, it's just that… you're really quiet, I thought maybe you'd want to talk about, er, I don't know, us?" he asked, nibbling at his bottom lip shyly.

They immediately put their phone down at his answer, turning to fully look at him.

"Of course I do, I always do, but I really can't think of anything right now except how the heck you're ever going to finish this level, chamber nineteen is looking pretty rough," they joked, motioning to the TV before giving him a serious look "why? Do you have something you want to talk about?"

He gave them a shy, nervous smile, "yeah, I guess? Or…," he groaned, "I don't know, I never dated before, I told you I don't know how to do any of this, what are we supposed to do?"

Frisk lit up, "we could do what people do when their dating and…you know, go on a date… a real official date, that is… if you're ready for one,"

Flowey's cheeks brightened, his nerves pinching at him "I'm ready! We'll go on one, trust me, but uhhh, I just don't know about… today, but we'll go on one Frisky,"

Frisk's warm growing smiled only made him blush more, "great, I'm glad, and it's ok, I'm not in any big rush,"

"Ok," he said hesitantly.

"Okay," Frisk said, their eyes wondering off across the room before landing back on him, their smile becoming goofy and unbearably flirty "but… do you think you're ready for kissing yet?"

Flowey's eyes bugged out his head, it was crazy, no one else but Frisk could make him blush like he was now, he began to stumble over his words before he could manage out a coherent sentence, "y-yeah! Ye- Aghh! I mean, you… ugh! I mean… no! Frisk I- … we'll do that on the date, okay?!"

Frisk held out their hands, motioning peaceful gestures to him, "yes, it's okay, stay calm-,

"I AM CALM! You just took me by surprise!" he snapped, frustrated with himself.

Frisk pulled back their hands, guilt clear on their face, realizing what just happened "oh- oh, you're right, sorry. I'm doing it again, right after I talked about not being in a rush, that was way out of line, I'm sorry," they eyed his controller "do you want to go back to playing?"

He twisted his face in further annoyance "no, I want to talk to you, you giant idiot, you need to stop apologizing so much, it really gets on my nerves sometimes you know that?!" he said, his tone more vicious than necessary.
Frisk stared at him, their body going stiff before they exhaled through their nose, looking frustrated themselves for a moment, as if they were busy trying to figure out if they should say 'sorry' or not or even if they wanted to say sorry at all.

Then, suddenly a bright light bulb appeared over their head and they smiled at him.

"I got it! You know what we both need? Some fresh air, you want to go with me while I test out my new bike? We can talk out there, we could even meet the new kid down the street,"

But he was still too irritated, too irritated now to even be swayed by their kind words and sweet smile ",no, I don't want to go anywhere, maybe later," he muttered, looking away.

Frisk's smile dropped and they nodded to themselves firmly, "okay, later then, but…." they paused, looking a bit conflicted "I know you said you wanted to talk…but um… I'm starting to think perhaps maybe we need a little time to ourselves to cool off… I don't want to make things worse than I already have…;"" He pinched his face at them "you didn't make things 'worse', just stop over apologizing already you big moron!"

They let out a stressed sigh at his anger "but I did make things worse Asriel, I messed up and was too forward and you're too nervous…we're obviously still having new relationship jitters and talking isn't working right now, we should take things slow and…um, well… you may like staying in this room, but it….. it isn't helping me relax, it's…. getting uncomfortable for me and I need to move around, I need some air;"

Flowey narrowed his eyebrows, even more frustrated now, frustrated that he had upset Frisk and frustrated because he didn't want them to go, but he wasn't about to ask them that now, especially after just snapping at them the way he did, all he had wanted to do today was to laze around in peace in the privacy of his room, so it was easy to say he didn't care about going outside or talking to some random brat.

But no, they were right, they were still having new relationship jitters, it was clear that they both weren't completely used to handling and sharing all of their feelings out loud just yet.

As much as he ached to spend time with them right now, it seemed he needed to accept this screw up and let them have their space to breathe, the last thing he wanted was to make them feel uncomfortable or worse, trapped.

"Fine," he grumbled "you're right, we'll talk later… go if you want;"

They frowned in concern "…are you absolutely sure though? It's no pressure, we don't even have to talk to the new kid- I just want to go-.;"

"No Frisk, just GO if you're going go! I already made up my mind!" he blurted out, he couldn't take anymore of the confrontation and just wanted this argument to be over and done with.

Frisk was silent for a moment before they sighed in defeat, "okay then…I love you Flowey, I promise when I get back we'll talk as much as you want, for now just… chill and take a breather and I'll take mine, and… enjoy your game.. if your still doing that," they said, and then, reached out to gently caress his cheek.
He froze as he carefully watched their hand, but melted as soon he felt their touch, his thoughts crashing to a stop, his eyes fluttering to a close as they slowly smoothed their palm across the side of his cheek, their fingers tips softly gliding down one of his petals with such relentless love and sweetness… realizing that if he tried, he knew he wouldn't be able to speak at all.

He was pretty sure Frisk had just unknowingly found one of his 'shut up' buttons… but of course that was information he wasn't ever going to share.

Too soon they withdrew their hand and without another word, walked out, leaving Flowey to open his eyes to find that he was disappointingly alone again. . .

And then regret slapped him hard across the face as he suddenly realized that he had missed the opportunity to say 'I love you' back to Frisk, feeling worse, worrying if he had just messed something up badly.

He had even called them an idiot, and a moron! When was the last time he had done that? It felt like months, and it had come out so easily, ugh! Damn it, why was he like this?

After a few minutes of groveling in self-hate, he finally picked up his controller and began to play his game again, but his heart really just wasn't in it.

Half an hour passed by until there was a knock on his door, "Asriel, may I come in?" he heard Toriel say.

"Sure," he grumbled.

He didn't notice the look on his mother's face as she walked in and shut the door behind her, she picked up the nearest chair and moved it near Flowey and sat down, and this seemed to catch his attention, he paused his game and looked at her.

"I…believe there is something…very, very important we should talk about, it is… imperative," she said in a quiet voice.

He raised a skeptical eyebrow, "yeah…?"

"Ever since the camping trip, I… have been over hearing… snippets of conversations between you and Frisk . . . talking, I have not been able to hear very much, but I think I heard enough to understand what has been going on between you two," Toriel said.

Oh no, oh no, no, no, NO!
Once again, Flowey's eyes bugged out, but he tried his hardest to keep strong.

"What exactly do you think you know?" he asked, hopefully he was wrong, maybe his life wasn't about to be ruined.

"Well . . .," she smiled a small timid smile, her eyes unreadable "that you and Frisk are… in love,

Flowey stared hard at his mother, his face stoic, but in his mind he was screeching in unholy terror, silently panicking, and trying to think of what to say and do all at once, unprepared and completely ok with if he were to instantaneously die right now.

"That's a weird thing to say," he blurted out, a nervous and terrible toothy grin on his face.

Toriel nodded firmly, "I… had a feeling you might say something like that and I th i n k-,"

Suddenly, as if someone had switched off the lights

The world around him went

silent

and

black.

All feeling was lost in Flowey's body as he entered the dark void, and with a sudden force, he was pushed backwards. . .

..........

.......

...
Soon the giggling faded and Frisk moved back to lay flat on their back onto the grass and sighed slowly, the peaceful calm returning.

Flowey stayed there, enveloped in Frisk’s warm safe arms, he wasn’t sure he could have been any happier than he was now, he barely even noticed all the pain he felt, it was if it all been pushed into the background, as if his happiness had purposely pushed it into a fog to get lost.

Suddenly he heard Frisk gasp sharply and felt them quickly rest a gentle hand on the back of his head, at the same time that they did, his memories began flooding back to him, the physical week that they had lived after this point of time now forever erased, only existing now in their minds.

It took him only a few seconds to realize what had happened.

"You died," he said softly.
Love, Trust, and Deja Vu

Chapter Summary

Frisk has Reloaded for the first time in years, and Flowey gets to have that talk he had wanted, of course this wasn't he had envisioned it going, but everything will be okay, won't it?

Chapter Notes

Oof, I hate posting extra short chapters like this one, this one was originally part of the next to the next two chapters but it was all too chunky for my liking, so I had to split them apart, and the natural cut off point just so happened ended up making this one a little shorter than I would have liked, I apologize, don't be surprised if I post chapter 25 a little earlier than usual!

Chapter 24 Love, Trust, and Deja Vu

Warnings?: None

Inspiration Song: 'Rather Be' by Clean Bandit

'If you gave me a chance I would take it
   It's a shot in the dark but I'll make it
Know with all of your heart, you can't shame me
When I am with you, there's no place I'd rather be
   N-n-n-no, no, no, no place I'd rather be

We staked out on a mission to find our inner peace
Make it everlasting so nothing's incomplete
   It's easy being with you, sacred simplicity
As long as we're together, there's no place I'd rather be'
Speaking of songs, I'd like to announce that I have a Growing Pains Playlist on Youtube, I made it for fun, but if you're curious, come listen! Here's the link!

Suddenly he heard Frisk gasp sharply and felt them quickly rest a gentle hand on the back of his head, at the same time, his memories began flooding back to him, the physical week that they had lived after this point of time now forever erased, only existing now in their minds.

It took him only a few seconds to realize what happened.

"You died," he said softly.

He could hear Frisk's heart thumping away at his accusation…

…Or maybe it was because they had just experienced death?

Slowly they began to speak, sounding as if they didn't want him to believe it "how do you know that I didn't just go back to my last Save manually?"

He shifted and raised his head to look at Frisk, finding that they were staring critically at the stars, with one hand on the back of him protectively and the other running their fingers through their bangs, their thoughts weighing heavy.

"Because I know you, you promised you wouldn't use the Power unless something really bad happened," he said softly, his emotions a really strange odd mix of relaxed and worried at the same time, but that was increasingly changing as his head continued to clear and his memories recollected themselves.

His statement caused them to finally look at him, their frown changing into something unreadable.

And then, they sighed, closing their eyes and began to sit up, gingerly placing him on the ground nearby as they did so.

"Okay, you're right… I… kicked the bucket," they grumbled, looking anywhere but at him.

But he stared at them in disbelief, despite the accusation he had made- something about them actually confirming it caused him to become upset and anxious as brief collection of memories of them hitting zero and dying years ago passed behind his eyes, he shook it off, it was easy to do because he couldn't help but be relieved that the Power still worked for them at all, since this was the first time ever since they used it after leaving the Underground and a first time in a long time that they had
experienced dying.

But something else bothered him, they seemed... 

"So... what happened? Are you okay?" he asked cautiously, attempting to prepare himself for the answer, he knew full and well by now that life above was different than it had been Underground, anything could have happened to Frisk.

He held his breath.

Frisk's bottom lip poked out and they shook their head slowly, screwing up their face as they grew upset, tears welding up quickly in their eyes, bringing up their hands to wipe them away, "no, no I'm not okay... ohmygoodness, that poor kid! She didn't know what she was doing! She was just excited to fight was all," they cried.

He narrowed his eyebrows in confusion, letting his held breath go free "huh? What kid?"

Frisk made a desperate motion with their hands "the kid! Garbine! The new neighbor kid, a monster, she was really young and didn't know how to battle yet and I just wanted to help teach her was all, but she was too strong and got too excited and-,

"You got taken down by a normal kid?" Flowey blurted in deeper disbelief "after fighting me?"

Frisk's expression grew firm, "we were kids when we fought."

Flowey fought the instinct to roll his eyes "I said a normal kid,

Frisk rubbed at their eyes, visibly growing more embarrassed and even more upset, "no... Garbine is more than just a normal kid, and... and... my dodging skills are rusty okay? It's been awhile."

He looked at them, his expression softening. "so, just how powerful was she?"

Frisk sighed, "I think she's a Boss monster in the works, I have a feeling she's going to be like Undyne, or even the Big Guy, she moves really fast and her attacks just... phew! I literally didn't make it out alive," they began to wring their fingers together anxiously, "but... all I can imagine is her face once she found out I was dead, she was having so much fun... she didn't mean to... ,"

Again, Frisk began to cry again, more so now, with Flowey staring with wide eyes.

It still blew his mind just exactly how much Frisk cared about people, even after getting hurt by them, literally they had just come back from death, and the only thing they could think about was how the child felt- even if they wouldn't even remember the incident.

A flashback of a much younger Frisk struck his mind, the both of them badly roughed up, but him more so than the small and frail human in front him... who yet... somehow managed to stand so tall and brave, staring at and not down at him with relentless warm golden eyes, making him feel so, so, so cold and empty in comparison.

He remembered the frantic anger, frustrating confusion, and fear of not being able to understand just why they wouldn't take opportunity to do the intelligent thing and finish him off after he had just brutally and unimaginably hurt them in so many ways, showing them that he was a killer to be scared
of and that there would be no stopping him ever, it didn't make any logical sense at the time.

But now, he was so, so, so glad that they had seen any semblance of potential and had spared him, without their Mercy, he would have never had healed or figured out that he could become so much more.

He curled his lips unhappily as the tears ran down Frisk's face, watching the droplets as if they had horribly wronged him, it was time to put an end to that idiocy.

"She- Garbine will be fine Frisk, that timeline is gone forever, she'll have no memory that it even happened, remember?", he said calmly, summoning a vine to reach up and gently brush a few stray locks of hair behind their ear, an action he realized he had never done before, it felt strange and new but...very right to do all at the same time.

They sniffled, uncovering their hands from their vision enough to look at him, their eyes deep in thought, trying to overcome their distressing emotions with the logic, and after a moment collecting themselves, they smiled tiredly at him, letting out a leftover shaky sigh when he reached to brush away their remaining tears.

"Thank you, I know I wasn't making any sense... It's just...I don't know, it's been a long time since that's happened to me...death... it... hurt more than I remember...", they said quietly, then gazed over at the pond languidly "I guess it could have been worse, I could have gotten hit by a eighteen wheeler truck," Flowey gave Frisk an odd look, "what would an eighteen wheeler truck be doing in our tiny neighborhood?"

Frisk looked down at Flowey, something in the air between them changing and out of the blue, both began giggling, not just at Frisk's absurd comment, but at everything in general, and very quickly the giggling turned into full on laughing, attempting to hold back, trying not to be too loud in the quiet of the night, but it was no use.

After the laughter subsided, Flowey finally attempted to relax, taking a long look around the familiar scenery, his cheeks turning orange as he finally remembered the original events of this moment.

He cleared his throat before speaking, "s-so, you Saved here?"

Frisk nodded, "I always try to Save on extra important moments like these, remember?", they stared at the stars above them in wonder, as if the night sky was magic (in his opinion it was).

"And boy, am I ever glad that I did...", Frisk said to themselves in an amazed hushed tone, a slow, proud, magnificent grin spreading across their face.
He smiled automatically as he watched them, he was glad too, if he had to pick a place to come back to after dying, this would definitely be the place.

After what seemed like a long time of peaceful silence, Frisk shifted around to pull out their cell phone, their features growing tense with annoyance and disappointment as they looked over something.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"All our pictures from this night haven't been made yet, I loved those pictures, they were unreplaceable," they pouted.

Flowey wasn't as bothered by this as much as they were, but to say he wasn't disappointed as well would be a lie, but if it was one thing he learned from his deep history with Resets, is that when you could redo something, you had a chance to do it better.

-Well, except when it involved certain things like taking pictures and creating things- Frisk was right, you couldn't quite redo things like that, but, whatever, here they were.

"Yeah, it won't be the exactly same, but...uh, this is still a memorable night, so we could take some again if you want? I am a pro at resetting after all," he offered, raising a vine to their hand, ready to uproot himself, he just knew they'd agree to this.

Frisk gaped and slowly smiled down at him, pleasantly surprised and impressed by his behavior.

"Oh yeah, I do want," they said and pulled out their right arm closer for him, watching carefully as he climbed up and made his way up to around the side of their shoulder.

With a quick reach and tap of a vine, he activated the camera and made the dumbest face he could create, the comedic timing of it all causing Frisk to almost fall over with a loud outburst of laughter.

After a few moments of hushed down giggle fits and teasing from the both of them, they managed to take way more pictures than last time.

But then, while they were in the middle of taking one, Frisk turned their head to look at him, without thinking he turned his too, personal space diminishing in a instant, a sudden exciting jolt running through the both of them at the closeness of their faces, both thinking the same thing as they gazed into the other's eyes.

All it would take would be either of them to lean forward a few inches... .

But Flowey's nervousness and the pain from his soul crept up from out of the dark and lunged at him and he tensed up sharply, clenching his teeth, it was almost too much, he still wasn't ready.

Frisk quickly picked up on this and turned their head away.

"It's okay, I remember our argument, you don't have to force it for me, the last thing I want to do is
make you uncomfortable,"

The nervousness began to fade but in its place guilt appeared, he winced, he'd nearly forgotten the fight… *the very stubborn one sided fight*, he tried to think of what to say, his thoughts passing through his mind in a worried flurry.

"I know… I'm sorry, I didn't mean to yell at you before. I just- *ugh*, I told you I have no idea what I'm doing and I hate it, and I know when we were here before I said that I'd be ready next time, but technically this isn't next time because now it's still last ti-," but Flowey's wound up apology was caught trapped in his throat as Frisk turned their head back to face his, a warm flirty smile brightening up their face as they began to lean in. . .

He didn't *dare* move, his breath now also caught in his throat, closing his eyes as Frisk closed the space between them...

An indescribable old familiar softness pressed against dangerously but welcomingly *close* to the corner of his mouth.

Giddy happy excitement bubbled through inside of him in a flurry, joined at its side was a deep sharp pain that radiated and emanated from where the kiss was planted at, both feelings spread across his body in waves and mixing together, causing him to feel familiarly dizzy, the same pleasant dizzy feeling he'd felt when Frisk had confessed.

The kiss was short, sweet, and simple, but to Flowey… it felt like ages until Frisk pulled away, his mind stuck in a fuzzy cloud, as if they had cast a spell over him, words failing to come to his brain when he opened his eyes again and saw Frisk looking at him closely, a dazed smile growing on his face.

A slow, relieved, shy expression reached Frisk's features as they noticed Flowey wasn't doubling over in pain as he had last time, becoming more and more pleased with the state they had put him in, still they were concerned none the less, they were always concerned.

They held up a protective hand near him, just as they had the last time he'd gotten this dizzy, but he seemed to be able to hold himself up well enough as he clung to their shoulder and arm.

"*Are you okay?*" they asked softly.

"*No~,*" he said in an amusingly dreamy tone, a stupid grin forming on his face.

Frisk froze, frowning, their confusion clear "*No'? What's wrong?*

"*What's wrong is that I just realized you *really are* legitimately insane for liking me and dating me, but… you know what? I could care less about how bonkers you are, I'm happy, I'm really, really happy,*" he said, absentmindedly lovingly twirling his roots further down their right arm until it wrapped around their hand, holding it.

A grin that nearly matched Flowey's bloomed onto Frisk's face and they started laughing, smiling gleefully at his comment, grazing their fingers over their own lips at their equally mushy thoughts before looking back to him.
"That makes two of us then," Frisk stated.

... Soon a peaceful quiet settled over the pond. ... not much to be heard except for the chorus of songs from the crickets and frogs hidden in the forest.

The pair gazed at each other for a little while before Flowey let out a pleased relaxed sigh, playfully brushed a vine through Frisk's bangs and slid his way down their arm and settled back into the grass, giving his best friend some space.

And as soon as he did, Frisk laid back down on the blanket and turning to lay on their side to face the pond. ...

"I'm sorry you have to redo the week over again," they mumbled.

Flowey tunneled over to see Frisk's face better, he quirked an eyebrow at them "please, it's nothing I can't handle, nor you, it's no big deal,"

They smirked at that, and then, as they looked at him, something shifted in their expression as they suddenly remembered something important, they bit the bottom of their lip and looked away and up at the stars.

"Hey, uh, so, I guess there's one more important thing I should tell you ...," they began shyly.

A quizzical, mischievous smile appeared on Flowey's face "hm?"

"Okay, do you remember the morning after the night I snuck off to the party?" they asked.

He narrowed his eyes as he tried to remember, but it was a memory just a little too far back to place out from all the others, "uh, no?"

They tried again "I came in to your room looking for my boots and accidentally woke you up? You caught me staring at you and called me weird,"

Oh- oh yeah, he vaguely remembered now... "sorry, did that bother you? I thought you already knew you were weird, the both of us are, remember? We're the Protectors Of Weird," he said, quoting their title they made up for their club when they were 12, with him only allowing the name to stick because the initials were POW.

Frisk snorted and let out a short chuckle, "no, that's not it, it's just-," they groaned to themselves, "-you talk in your sleep,"

Flowey's smile dropped and he stared at Frisk with serious eyes, "I what?"

Frisk looked back at him and held up a defensive palm "it's nothing to be worried about, it's just...," their eyes trailed off and their features became timid "you said something that morning that really... really caught me off guard, I had to stare,"
Flowey winced, a telltale orange sheen coloring cheeks "it was another 'slip up' wasn't it?"

"You said I . . . love you . . . 'just...just like that, I was too much in denial to think anything of it, but it was really sweet though," Frisk explained, imitating how Flowey spoke in a soft emotional voice, too shy now to look him in the eyes.

Flowey winced harder and made a long, whiny, groaning noise, never had he felt embarrassment quite like this.

"And then one time you told me to- 'shut up and give me your hand, you idiot' I was pretty sure that one was about me, it was very tsundere, and then, one time in the middle of the night you just flat out screamed 'IDIOT!' ...it spooked me pretty good," they said, unable to hold back another timid chuckle.

"Frisk?"

"Yeah?"

"How long have I been talking in my sleep exactly?" he asked hesitantly.

Frisk paused, having to think about it for a moment, "you, um... always have, but it happens rarely, I never told you because I didn't want to embarrass you, but this seemed really important, and I just wanted you to know... that it had really helped with the sting from the break up,"

Flowey let out a defeated sigh, the flustered embarrassment fading from his face as Frisk finally looked at him again and he noticed their hopeful smile.

Every now and then since leaving the Underground, he had moments where he couldn't believe the existence he was living was actually a real reality and he wasn't hallucinating, this was one of those kinds of moments, in the best way possible.

"H-heh, you're welcome, I um, just... promise me you'll continue keeping my sleep talk to yourself, unless, you know... I say something threatening?" he said bashfully.

Frisk smiled sleepily and merely nodded, closing their eyes, their body visibly relaxing...

This made him remember where they were again, he glanced to their phone, pulling it over to him and checked the time, it was nearly 2 AM, no wonder Frisk was zonking out.

He thought about the bugs, lizards and frogs that would come and probably crawl on them if he let them stay and fall asleep there, but as he looked at Frisk once more, he suddenly didn't have the heart to bother them about anything, they just looked so... peaceful, it seemed exactly what they needed after what they just went through.

He hated and dreaded the idea of waking up finding bugs on himself too, he could very easily leave and ditch Frisk and go back to the safety of his tent- but that thought process was very quickly shut down as a mental picture of Frisk lying out here all alone and unprotected in the wilderness hard
stamped itself into his mind, remembering that there was a bobcat, plus bitey snakes and spiders running around out here somewhere, or even worse- *creepy humans.*

Still, he waited for them though at the hopeful possibility of them waking up and deciding to go back to the safety of the campsite and its tents. . .

. . . After a few quiet minutes he suddenly heard a snore, he again sighed in defeat and gave up, *outside it was then.*

He summoned out two vines and grabbed the blanket from the other side of Frisk and wrapped it over them, tucking them securely in until he was satisfied that his best friend was comfortable and safe.

"Goodnight Starshine," he murmured sleepily, withdrawing his vines and closing his petals to protect his face.

Seconds later, sleep wrapped him up as well.
It's the next morning, except Flowey and Frisk quickly find that this version of the camping trip is going to be very, very, different from the original and a huge learning experience to boot, hopefully they can get it right.

See the end of the chapter for notes

**Chapter 25 The Misadventures of The Chicken and The Village Idiot**

**Warnings?:** People with the fear of bugs… specifically… parasitic-like bugs, *or aphids*, might have a little trouble with this one- but I don't think it's too horrible, I just wanted to give you guys a heads up because rereading this makes ME itchy-but that might be me, I think I have a mild fear of swarms of bugs/parasites.

**Inspiration Song:** 'Thank You' by Dido

'My tea's gone cold, I'm wondering why I got out of bed at all  
The morning rain clouds up my window, and I can't see at all  
And even if I could it'd all be grey, but your picture on my wall  
It reminds me that it's not so bad, it's not so bad

I want to thank you for giving me the best day of my life  
Oh just to be with you is having the best day of my life  
Push the door, I'm home at last and I'm soaking through and through  
Then you handed me a towel and all I see is you  
And even if my house falls down now, I wouldn't have a clue  
Because you're near me and

I want to thank you for giving me the best day of my life  
Oh just to be with you is having the best day of my life'
The next morning Flowey was rudely awoken by the sounds of chatter and bushes rustling.

"NYEHEH HEH HEH! YES! RIGHT EXACTLY WHERE THE TEXT SAID THEY'D BE!" he heard Papyrus say happily.

"Aww, that's so sweet," Alphys commented in a hushed tone.

"It is a shame we have to wake them," Toriel mumbled, a sharp twinge of panic rolling through Flowey for a split second when the memory of his mother talking to him about the sacred secret flashed through his mind, but he brushed it off when he remembered that that particular moment in time was (thankfully) gone forever, she didn't know about them yet.

And this time, he was going to make sure that she'd never find out again.

Officially awake now and his face still hidden safely behind his petals, Flowey cracked open his eyes regretfully, he felt heavy and sluggish but that was no surprise after being woken up like this.

Looks like they had been found, and… wait a second… did Papyrus say 'text'?

He was just about to peek through his petals and investigate the subject when he heard Frisk shift around and make their usual sleepy noises and shuffles that they tended to make when being woken up.

"Oh . . . hi guys, what brings you to the pond?" they greeted playfully and slightly sheepishly, their voice masked by drowsiness.

"Do not give me that, you gave us all a frighten, why did you and Flowey not text me of where you would be?" Toriel scolded firmly.

Flowey tensed up, guilt over coming him, and against his more selfish judgment, he opened his petals, wincing as the dim morning light invaded his blurry eyesight.

"My fault," he croaked, bringing a vine to rub at his eyes, finally noticing the small prickly painful headache that had formed at the back of his head and down his stem, he could tell it had nothing to do with his soul, this was completely different . . . but whatever, it was the least of his problems at the moment.

All of them looked at him quizzically, some with more concern than the others, he uncomfortably eyed them back until he was able to think of a coherent enough explanation.

"We were talking, but Frisk accidentally fell asleep . . . and then so did I- so it's my fault, uh, you're
right though, *I should have left a message,*” he explained, the drowsiness in his voice rivaling Frisk's.

Toriel, who had her arms crossed disapprovingly, looked over at the sleepy teenagers thoughtfully, her expression softening slightly, "*okay, as long as you know what you should have done- just do not let it happen again, you both had me very worried that something horrible happened,*” she said, then dropped her arms to her sides.

"Now that we have found you, I will go start up breakfast, we have a long day ahead of us,” she added, bowing her head politely before turning and walking back to the campsite.

Everyone stood there awkwardly before Alphys perked up, "er- I'll go that way too," she said and quickly trotted off in Toriel's direction.

"*IT'S TOO BAD YOU TWO GOT IN TROUBLE, BUT I'M GLAD YOU'RE ALRIGHT, WE WERE SKILLFULLY ABLE TO FIND YOU BOTH USING MY BRILLIANT TRACKING SKILLS, NYEH HEH, HEH,*" Papyrus said proudly.

"he snuck into your tent and looked at your phone, basically he saw a text from frisk," Sans explained.

At the mention, Frisk let out an embarrassed sound under their breath, meanwhile Flowey was unsure if he should be angry or not, what if he had a personal conversation with someone that he didn't want anyone else to know about? But then again… he usually erased ones like that for that very reason.

None the less, he decided it was probably high time to put a password on his phone.

"USING THE INFORMATION, I, THE GREAT AMBASSADOR DEDUCTED THAT THERE WAS A GREATER CHANCE THAT YOU TWO WOULD POSSIBLY BE STILL AT THE POND," Papyrus said, but then something passed over his expression, something akin to guilt.

"AND…I SINCERELY AND THOROUGHLY APOLOGIZE FOR GOING THROUGH YOUR PHONE FLOWEY, I KNOW HOW PERSONAL YOU ARE, SANS IS THE SAME WAY,"

Ugh, who could be mad after an apology like that, especially from Papyrus? Besides, Flowey didn't really have the energy to be angry anyway, or even care about the comment about being similar to Sans.

"It's fine, don't worry about it," he mumbled and yawned.

Then, Frisk pushed the blanket from their form and slowly got up and as soon as they began to show signs of walking away, something inside Flowey grew antsy.

"Where are you going?” he asked, embarrassed by the slight alarmed tone in his voice.

Frisk did a double take and smirked sleepily, "the little human's room, I'm pretty sure a cricket bounced off my face last night, I just found an ant on my leg, and I smell like grass so I'm just gonna go ahead and stop beating around the bush-;"

"heh, good one," Sans said.

"Thank you- and-,"
"you're welcome,"

"No, you're welcome - and go get cleaned up, you guys go on back to the camp, I'll meet you there in a bit," they said pointing over their shoulder with their thumb.

"Oh, yeah, um, okay, we'll do that," Flowey said, feeling pretty awkward now.

The three of them stood there silently for a few moments after Frisk was out of eyesight, with Sans being the first to speak up.

"that must have been a heck of a conversation last night," Sans said, bringing Flowey out of his thoughts.

He turned around sharply to look at the skeleton and gave him a skeptical look-

Oh- oh that's right! He wasn't sure how he forgot that Sans was aware of the time traveling Power and possibly remembered the unsaved timeline, Flowey and Frisk weren't the only two who had to redo the week over…

But of course, Papyrus would have no clue what he'd be talking about if he explained, so, he decided to cover, Frisk would probably tell Sans later anyway.

"Uhh yeah, no, we were just making plans of what to do for the week once we got back home," he said.

"HM, I THOUGHT YOU TWO WERE DISCUSSING FORESTER?" Papyrus chimed, confused.

Flowey blinked, and gave Papyrus a sneaky side grin as he abruptly remembered what Frisk's text message said, it seemed like such a minuscule thing now, of course he'd forget about that… it was no issue though, he could make up something for this too.

"We did, they just wanted to tell me that… they found someone… new! And then- we changed the subject," he said, technically this wasn't a lie, but then, at the back of his mind he started to think that maybe he had just messed up… somehow, but his tired mind dismissed it.

The skeleton brothers looked a cross between proud and slightly protective, as they usually did when the subject of Frisk dating ever came up, just as if they were Frisk's real brothers… or uncles, bruncles.

"that's cool, so who's the new creature that they found this time?" Sans asked curiously.

Flowey stared at Sans hard for a few seconds, damn it, he had to be careful, because if Sans remembered the erased timeline, then he could easily call Flowey out on his lie, but then again… Smiley Trashbag was never there to hear the conversation (both times) or visited much after they had gone back home from the camping trip, so he really had no idea about anything going on, so, this was okay, Flowey could nearly make up anything, in fact, it would probably help keep Sans off his (correct) hunch about Flowey's feeling for Frisk in general, so this was... okay, he was free to lie as much as he pleased.

Phew.
But then again, it was best to play it safe, "I have no idea, because that's when I changed the subject, I didn't want to hear any of their disgusting romantic talk," Flowey explained.

Papyrus let a laugh that sounded awfully patronizing, a bad habit he had picked up since becoming Ambassador "NYEH HEH, HEH, HEH, OH MY LITTLE FRIEND, YOU HAVE A LOT TO LEARN,"

Flowey gave his friend an honest smirk, wondering just what Papyrus knew about romance, becoming legitimately curious on what type of tips he could give him.

"Do you think so?" he asked.

"I KNOW SO," Papyrus grinned.

"and what have you learned little bro?" Sans asked teasingly, just as curious.

Papyrus paused for a second, wearing what looked like the face of a guilty, embarrassed person who... actually maybe didn't exactly know that much about romance and was just saying things to sound cool, and then abruptly pointed to the direction of the camp, "THAT I DO NOT WANT TO BE LATE FOR OUR MORNING HIKE!" and bounced off, "COME ON SLOW POKES," he called.

"Slow pokes?" Flowey grumbled, without another word tunneled off, it didn't seem like it took him that long, but by the time he got there, Sans was there and already deep in helping Toriel with the cooking..

... 

The morning continued on as it had before, with some subtle changes this time of course, like Flowey's headache- which was getting worse, all of him was feeling worse actually, especially his fatigue, but he was too tired to really worry or care about it, only concerned with not letting it affect him, there was no reason to spoil the morning.

Frisk on the other hand was doing great through and through, they were a lot more talkative and cheerful this time around, their 'antsy-ness' and nervousness about starting a brand new relationship having worn off, now they were excited about getting to redo the camping trip, and Flowey was glad, at least one of them was feeling good.

Later, not long into the hike, Papyrus strolled over to Frisk and Flowey (whom was of course, sitting on Frisk's shoulder) with a hand on the side of his mouth, as if he was trying to be inconspicuous.

"SO, FRISK, FLOWEY SPILLED THE BEANS THAT YOU FOUND SOMEONE... NEW, IS IT SOMEONE WE KNOW?" Papyrus asked, he looked excited.

Flowey grinned just a little too big as Frisk looked at him with confused, surprised, skeptical eyes.

"Yeah, remember our conversation last night? You said you liked a new person, but I wasn't
listening? Because you remember how I feel about romance right? It's disgusting. Can't stand it. Never want to be a part of it," Flowey explained, finally realizing there could be some kind of consequences to this lie of his, but Frisk was a quick thinker, he trusted them to be able to come up with something and not accidentally for real spill the beans.

Frisk threw Flowey a strong split second Look that read 'I can't believe you've done this', but smirked stubbornly and turned their attention back to Papyrus.

"Oh, yeah, I only just met her, but she's sweet and I think she really likes me, who knows what could happen," Frisk covered.

Papyrus gave Frisk an unsure look, as if maybe he could tell when his best friend was lying, or maybe was just unsure about Frisk dating someone new, but for whatever reason, shook it off and smiled proudly.

"I AM SURE IT WILL ALL WORK OUT, IT ALWAYS DOES," he said, and patted them on the head.

A few minutes later after Papyrus walked on ahead, Sans replaced him, walking by Frisk's side.

"so… you ok, kid?" he asked, concern evident in his usual lazy tone.

"Of course I am, why wouldn't I be?" Frisk responded, admiringly looking over and studying a big oversized leaf that Flowey had plucked from a tree branch and given to them.

"I think he's asking about your redo," Flowey said to Frisk under his breath.

Frisk blinked in realization and looked down at Sans from their leaf, their expression becoming apologetic, nodding firmly, talking quieter now "yeah, I'm fine, I'm sorry, I really am, I nearly forgot that you're affected by this too, it's just been a really long time, y'know?"

Sans shook his head, holding up a calm skelehand "its cool, i gotcha. it's just a few days,"

They were silent for a moment until Frisk decided to sway over, leaning down to give Sans a side hug as they walked, which was returned, with Flowey pretending to look unfazed.

"I'll text you the deetz later, okay? I think it's going to be important," Frisk said. 

"understood boss." Sans said, giving them a firm thumbs up, then looked over at Flowey.

"what about you?"

Confused, Flowey looked sluggishly off to either side of him before pointing a vine to himself "...me?"

"yeah, you kiddo. you ok too?"

Frisk frowned and eyed their boyflower, "you do seem pretty exhausted, did you sleep okay last night? Did you hear any bobcats?" they asked, concerned.

He furrowed his eyebrows, "of course I didn't hear any bobcats, I would have woken you up if I did, wouldn't I? But . . . I did have a few nightmares, I think- but that's normal, I always have
nightmares, I'm use to them," he mumbled.

Frisk's frown deepened, as did their concern, "'always'? You don't have any good ones?"

Flowey poked Frisk's fluffy head, "of course I have good ones," he said, letting out a little more tenderness in his tone than he meant to.

Frisk chuckled quietly "do you always exaggerate in those dreams too perhaps?"

. . .

Soon, on their way to the pond, they ran into Asgore and Undyne and happily reunited, with Toriel still teasing them about their time and everything.

It was all going well until Flowey was woken up from a deep nap that he hadn't even realized he'd taken.

It was the feeling of fingers gingerly touching at the back of his head where that annoying pain had been bothering him at that awoken him first, it stung badly, causing him to flinch on instinct.

"Aghhh! Quit it!" he groaned, hissing a pained breath through his teeth, wincing his closed eyes tighter.

"Sorry! Oh my gosh- I'm so sorry! I can't believe I didn't see these earlier, it's in such a discreet spot," he heard Frisk apologize anxiously.

"What are you talking about?" he managed to drone out.

And then he heard Asgore speak up "Asriel, son, I… we… have terrible news for you."

He groaned again and opened his eyes to see that he was now being held securely in Frisk's arms facing them, he peered over and noticing the others staring worriedly and hovering back warily, he craned his head over to the other side and saw that his parents were standing behind him, looking intently back at him, he couldn't ignore the old familiar look of anxiety heavy in their expressions.

"Dear, you have . . . aphids," Toriel explained gently.

"I have what-?" he droned, confused, the word not ringing a bell for a moment…

But then after a few seconds of thinking, it finally clicked and he remembered as much as he needed to, the sharp image of the plant lice appearing in his mind and sending a wave of panic through him.

"No- wait- get THEM OFF!" he blurted, immediately regretting his outburst, leaning back as he grew dizzy, weak from shouting, his headache worse than ever, but the pain wasn't as distracting and terrible as the thought of the aphids were, he wondered if should have counted himself lucky that he couldn't see them, the pests had obviously found their new homes on the back of his stem near his head, perhaps hiding out securely in the corners of his petals.
Unfortunately he had a perfect mental picture of what was on him and it was beginning to freak him out.

"Calm down, calm down, you will be fine, trust me my son, we will get rid of these horrible bugs, I promise," Toriel soothed.

Flowey looked at his parents, who both looked concerned, but at his panicking, confident reassurance spread across their features, he looked at the others as they followed their leaders, smiling bravely for him, it helped calm him down a bit, but he still shivered at the thought of those disgusting parasites feeding off of him.

"Should we use the bug repellent?" Undyne asked worriedly.

"No- that will not work on these… the aphids have leached out some of my son's magic and have gained his strength- and with the new found strength they have latched on too tightly, so bug repellent will not do much and it'll be too much of a bother to pinch them off, especially to Flowey. We will have to go home and remove them manually with a mixture of stronger medicine and water," Toriel said her tone tense.

Flowey rubbed at his bleary eyes, growing moody "can't we do that here? Or pinch them off, I can take it,"

Toriel shook her head firmly, "no dear, I do not want to risk making things worse for you, I need to make sure we do this properly and all my supplies are at home, I know it is hard, please hang on and be patient with us, we will hurry as fast as we can,"

Great, just great, he had just ruined the trip for everyone, the guilt built up inside of Flowey, making him feel even worse.

As everyone begun to hurry their way back to the campsite, Flowey could do nothing else but lay as deadweight in Frisk's arms, he imagined it would have been pretty nice if his body wasn't weak and racked with pain and unable to see them clearly, but nevertheless, he could still see them, finally fully realizing what 'a sight for sore eyes' meant.

As they walked, he noticed how hard they were staring at the ground, their thoughts obviously somewhere else, but smiled sadly at him when they finally caught his gaze.

No- they weren't just sad, he recognized that look, Frisk looked guilty too.

"Stop it," he grumbled.

"Stop what?" Frisk asked, now confused.

"You know what I mean," he said, sounding more annoyed than he meant.

"No, I really don't,"

"HE MEANS 'DON'T FEEL BAD, IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT HE GOT ATTACKED BY THE PLANT LEECHES,'" Papyrus explained.

"Thanks Papyrus. Because clearly, it's my fault," Flowey corrected.
"Oh my god," Undyne groaned under her breath, as she clearly she did not agree, and by the looks everyone else, they didn't agree either.

"It not your fault either son," Asgore said, with Undyne nodding at this, obviously speaking her thoughts.

"Yeah, it is. If we..." he winced as his headache worsened, but he stubbornly pushed on "..if we hadn't slept outside without a tent last night... I wouldn't have aphids and...and... we'd be able to continue on with our trip," Flowey said as if it were a matter of fact, he knew, he had his proof.

"How about, it's no one's fault but the aphid's because they literally and figuratively suck, so let's get back to the camp and pack up already?" Undyne said, motioning her arms in a big exiting motion.

Suddenly, as if they had remembered at the same time, Frisk and Flowey looked back at each other, thinking about a certain rowdy bobcat, both quietly realizing that the trip was always going to end early anyway.

... 

A hour or two later, Flowey found himself in the backyard of their home, inside a large bucket of warm water filled with a cocktail of several different plant essentials, vitamins, and pest control, as Toriel scrubbed him down and Frisk rinsed him off using a smaller bucket, freeing her son from the awful aphids- to whom learned their collective lessons as they were all effectively washed away.

And if Flowey had to be honest, just like being carried, he would have genuinely enjoyed the bath if he wasn't feeling so terrible and lacking so much energy, even the water felt like it was weighing him down, it only added to his fatigue and thick, heavy fog in his head.

All he wanted to do was sleep.

"Frisk, when we're done, I need you to throw out Flowey's plant soil into the garbage, some of the fuller aphids may have fallen into it on the ride home," Toriel said as she scrubbed away.

"What about me? What do I do?" Flowey asked sluggishly.

"We will plant you back here where you can get some rest and photosynthesize your energy back, that is the only thing I require of you, do you think you can handle the responsibility?" she asked, pretending to be stern, smiling a motherly smile at him.

"Not sure, sounds difficult...," he mumbled back jokingly, nearly half asleep.

... 

Sometime later

When he woke up, he found the fog in head was gone and he felt...considerably better, a little sore around the edges, and slightly groggy, but the heavy weight of fatigue was gone.
"Oh good, my sleeping beauty, handsome face, sunshine boy is finally awake," he heard a comfortingly familiar voice say.

He rubbed his eyes and looked up and over to see Frisk (who was now dawned in sunglasses, their purple cap with their hair pulled up into a pony tail) had sat a blanket down on the grass and made themselves comfortable next to him, their notebook open, and their cellphone playing a cool, slow, jazzy song -which he finally noticed had been playing.

"How long was I out?" he asked, taking note that it was still daylight.

"A few hours, four or five maybe? Six? Are you thirsty? Toriel made some lemonade earlier, just for you… or… do you want something to eat?" they asked, concerned.

"You've been sitting out here with me for that long?" he asked, raising a perturbed eyebrow at them.

"Of course, you were sick Asriel, I had to make sure you were okay and keep any more bitey bugs away from you, speaking of which, you may notice the unpleasant smell of the bug repellent that we should have remembered to use in the first place," they said, turning to face him as they did so.

He couldn't help but smile, but a thought passed his thoughts "wait…what about Mettaton? You're supposed to go out with him today," he asked.

Frisk smirked to themselves and shook their head, "well, he did come by…but because you had been attacked by the aphids- he decided to postpone the adventure for tomorrow, I was surprised he didn't wake you up, he was really concerned about you and put on some serious theatrics,"

He stared at them in wonder and still a slight bit of confusion, before finally remembering he should say something.

"Thanks… for all of this,"

Frisk frowned, taking off their sunglasses, studying a smudge then wiping the lens with their shirt as they spoke to him, "you're welcome, but I'm not sure why you're so surprised that I stayed with you,"

-and then, they paused to look him in the eyes with such a tender expression that it made him weak in the roots, he almost had to look away.

"...Or did you forget that I love you? C'mon mister, I thought you knew me better than that. Because you always get worried when I get sick, don't you think it'd be the same the other way around?"

Flowey nodded shyly, flustered now by their devotion and serious sincerity, "…I- I know, but, uhm, it wasn't like I was going to die or anything, you could have gone,"

Frisk scrunched up their face at his answer "are you kidding me? You literally fell off of my arm on
our hike and were just barely functioning when you were awake after that, you had me worried sick, so the way I see it, if I had gone with Mettaton, I would have been too upset to shop and all that stuff,"

Before Flowey could respond again, Frisk stood up, "which now that I'm thinking about it, I'm definitely going to get us some lemonade, you need it, plus I need to tell Toriel you're awake, she's been coming out to check on us every ten minutes or so," and strided off into the house.

He watched them as they went in, awestruck.

And then the guilt came back, pouring itself on thick this time, this really was his fault, if he had just woken up Frisk and went back to sleep in their tents- none of this would of happened.

But he sighed, looking over at Frisk's phone, listening to the music that flowed from it. . .

'I want to thank you, for giving me the best day of my life
Ohh, just to be with you, is having the best day of my life~'

It happened, it was over now, and Frisk seemed to be doing okay, and he felt okay too, everything was okay now.

So, no reason to dwell on stupid things from the past, right?

Right.

Frisk soon came back out, two ice cold glasses of lemonade in their hands with Toriel by their side, whom was quick to check his health, overjoyed that he was doing much better, then proceeded to rush back inside and make some important phone calls of the good news, wanting to reassure everyone that Flowey was going to be A-OK.

Meanwhile, as soon Flowey received his lemonade, he downed it in seconds, realizing that he was way thirstier than he thought

It was safe to say he got a refill.

On his fifth refill, he was feeling much better, and his mind was back into its usual clarity.

Actually, he was feeling pretty great, sitting there, absentmindedly talking to Frisk as they sat on the blanket while they doodled in their notebook next to him. . .

That was, until something came over Flowey that made him grimace and become visibly anxious, Frisk picked up on it immediately.
"What's wrong?"

"I just remembered something very, very, very important, we have to talk about it right now," he said quietly, looking back behind him at the house for a moment nervously.

Frisk narrowed their eyebrows in confusion, but understood, lowering their head in a secretive manner, "okay, let's talk."

Flowey looked back at the house one more time before shaking his head, "no, not here, let's talk at the swing set, it's further away,"

Frisk stared at Flowey in surprise and curiosity, quickly complying "wow... this really is important, okay, I'll meet you there," but then they stopped and smirked, "or do you want me to carry you?"

He looked tempted for a second before frowning deeper, "no, it's probably not a good idea right now,"

Still slightly confused, Frisk accepted his answer and moved to get up, grabbing their phone and glass of lemonade before walking to the swing set, where Flowey already waited impatiently.

"So, what's the big deal, why are you suddenly so serious?" they asked curiously, after sitting down, and began swaying gently in the swing, sipping periodically on their lemonade.

He grit his teeth, "it's... about mom," he started.

Frisk stilled their movement and looked at him, becoming tense "...what about her?"

Flowey took a deep breath and let it out, "okay, so, do you remember the fight we had before you were sent back to your last Save?"

Frisk grew even stiller, "mmhm...,"

He stared at the grass now as he spoke quietly, studying the blades of green closely, he almost envied their simplistic insentient lives "well, some point after you left to go meet the kid, mom came in, and said she had heard parts of our conversations, and- and- basically she knew, Frisk, she found us out,"

Frisk nearly choked on their lemonade, almost dropping the glass in the process, gawking at Flowey in shock, embarrassment, and horror, wiping their mouth but leaving it there to cover it in the midst of the terrifying news.

"I can't believe it- what did she say? Was she upset?"

Flowey tried to think back, "I don't know, she was acting sort of awkward if I remember right, she seemed like she was trying to understand, but she didn't say much- she didn't get to, because that's when you died- reloaded, and sent us back,"

Frisk narrowed their eyebrows in deep thought, "so- so... she doesn't remember now, we're okay,"

"Yeah, basically, as long as we're extra careful this time," Flowey mumbled.
But then Frisk leaned down to frown at him, their eyes anxious "why did you wait so long to tell me this?"

Flowey frowned back deeper, "you died and sent us back in time for the first time in years, and then I got the life sucked out me by creepy little plant lice and then later slept for maybe six hours, excuse me if I've been a little distracted okay?"

Frisk stared at him, unpleasantly taken aback from his snippy attitude, but they nodded slowly as they understood his stress, arched over in their seat, putting their drink down to rub their face with both their hands languidly, sighing roughly.

"I'm sorry, I'm so, so, sorry, that just… really freaked me out, I just can't believe it was that easy for her to find out," they then looked back to him sadly, "this is going to be way harder than we thought, isn't it?"

He gazed back at them apologetically "yeah, I'm afraid so Frisky,"

They stared at each other like that for a moment, before finally, a spark flashed in Frisk's eyes and a slow smile returned to their face as they thought of something and leaned over towards Flowey.

"But, I do like the idea of being even more secretive, this could actually be a lot of fun now that I think about it," they said, their slow smile turning into something undeniably silly.

He raised an inquisitive eyebrow at them, "…we are sneaky, aren't we..." he answered back, a sly smile appearing on his lips as well.

"Aw yeah we are, and once I get my new bike we can go all sorts of secret dates! Oh my gosh, it'll be so much fun, I can't wait," they said, grinning excitedly.

Flowey held up a vine to his lips, "shhh! Quiet you idiot, not so loud," he said, despite unable to stop himself from smiling, watching as Frisk began to swing back and forth happily.

They continued to swing a little more before settling back down to a stop, giving Flowey a Look.

"Y'know, this just almost excuses you from making me lie to Papyrus this morning," they said narrowing their eyebrows, pointing to him accusingly.

Flowey grinned sheepishly, that was something else he'd nearly forgotten all about, he would have liked to blame the aphids again, but no, the idea to lie had been 100% his idea.

"I'm… uh, I'm sorry about that, I don't like lying to him either, it was just the best thing I could think of at the time, him and Sans were asking questions and were getting really suspicious, but you DO know we're going to have to do a lot more necessary lying if want to continue keeping this secret…"

But then, an increasingly mischievous smile appeared on his face, almost bordering on flirtatious "..but... it wasn't actually a real lie once you think about it, you… did find someone new after all," he explained.
Frisk pursed their lips thoughtfully, trying to ignore his face, slowly failing.

"Fine, I guess you are right... to a degree..." they mumbled, trying hard not to give in to his smile.

"Hey, why did the chicken cross the road?" he started, grinning.

"I can't believe you're trying to change the subject with a joke, that's not your thing, that's my thing," they said with an amused pout.

"I said, why did the chicken cross the road?" he repeated, narrowing his eyebrows, motioning to them to answer correctly with a vine.

Frisk shook their head and smiled at him, crossing their arms "I don't know Flowey, why did the chicken cross the road?"

"To get to the village idiot's residence," he answered, then quickly added "knock, knock,"

Frisk's smile became ridiculous, as they realized where the joke was heading "...who's there?"

Flowey's grin grew annoyingly big as he attempted to hold back his laughter.

"The chicken,"

The Village Idiot and The Chicken started giggling together hard, taking them awhile for them to regain composure, but once they did, Frisk started up another one.

"Knock, knock,"

"Who's there?" Flowey answered.

"Honeydew," Frisk said, now barely hold back a new set of giggles.

"Honeydew who?" Flowey said, raising an eyebrow.

"Honeydew you know how fine you look right now?" Frisk finished, their voice breaking slightly with laughter and their entire face turning a deep coral pink as Flowey audibly gasped and started laughing shyly, looking away, his own face matching as it turned goldfish orange.

"That's literally the worst thing I have ever heard you say," he mumbled, embarrassed, but definitely in a good way.

"Then why are you blushing?" Frisk teased.

"The same reason you're blushing! You... you... gargantuan softie," he said, prodding Frisk's leg gently with a vine.

Frisk giggled softly, and then looked at him curiously, hopefully "you want to come up and swing
with me? I'm sure Toriel won't get suspicious by that,

Again he looked tempted, but this time gave in, silently nodding and began uprooting himself, smirking timidly when Frisk winked at him as they extended their right arm down for him like a ladder, which he climbed up, heading straight to the side of their shoulder, which seemed to be turning into his Signature Seat.

But before Frisk could start swinging again, Flowey did something they'd never forget.

"Hey, I think I figured it out," he started thoughtfully.

"What?"

"How I got you to fall for me, all my flower pots must be made out of boyfriend… material,"

Frisk gaped open their mouth in shock and stared at him, their entire face becoming rosier by the second.

"Did you just for real flirt joke to me?" they asked, bewildered.

He nodded, his face the very picture of smugness.

Frisk dramatically held a hand to their chest where their heart resigned, trying to contain their heart flutters, grinning and biting their bottom lip, "boy oh boy, us being secretive is going to be way tougher than I thought, because I have no idea how I'm gonna be able to contain myself anymore, let me tell ya baby,"

Flowey looked up at the sky shyly, too bashful now to look at them, wondering what exactly Frisk would do uncontained, he was certainly interested because a contained Frisk was sometimes more than enough than he could handle at times.

"How did you manage? Your feelings I mean, before you confessed," Frisk asked, both curious and possibly looking for some advice to help them contain themselves.

Flowey gave them a crooked smile, "not very well, remember?"

Frisk's expression saddened, "but other than that, what did you do?"

He twisted his mouth in pensive thought, and sighed wearily "you were there to see most of it... anyway, I don't really feel like talking about it right now, okay?"

They sighed as well in agreement "I completely understand, it's fine, you're fine~,

Flowey was quiet for a few confused seconds before he spoke up…

"Are…are you validating me or flirting with me?"
Frisk grinned cheekily at him "both!"

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**BONUS! The flirty joke Flowey had originally wanted to tell, and why he didn't :D**

But before Frisk could start swinging again, Flowey did something they'd never forget.

"Hey, I think I figured it out," he started thoughtfully.

"What?"

"How I got you to fall for me, all my flower pots must be made out of boyfriends."

Frisk gaped open their mouth in shock and stared at him.

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Chapter End Notes

I'm still on the fence about a few parts of this chapter, especially with the aphids part, I kept thinking 'how did anyone NOT notice them earlier? Especially Frisk?'

Well, I've come up with a few excuses like- 'the aphids were well hidden' and 'Flowey doesn't like turning his back to people (much like Mettaton)' and 'once the aphids became magic, they gained the power of camouflage'
Keep Breathing

Chapter Summary

After a long day of going back in time and healing from the aphids attack, Flowey goes to bed and is struck with another terrifying and twisted, vivid, nightmare of his distant past, but… when he wakes he finds recovery to be much harder than usual.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Chapter 26 Keep Breathing

**Warnings? Yes, BIG ONE!**: Flowey will have another big nightmare, depending how you look at it may be worse than the last one as this one will contain violence and angst, in my opinion it's probably the darkest chapter in the story, fortunately, all the worse bits take place in his nightmare! I just wanted to give you a fair heads up, because (again) in my opinion the first half of the chapter is somewhat anxiety inducing if you're emotionally attached to Flowey's character.

**Inspiration Songs**: 'Waterfall' by Toby Fox, 'Umbrella' by J2 feat. Jazelle and 'Guillotine' by Jon Bellion

*These fancy things, will never come in between
You're part of my entity, here for infinity
When the war has took its part, when the world has dealt its cards
If the hand is hard, together we'll mend your heart
Because when the sun shines, we'll shine together
Told you I'd be here forever, said I'll always be a friend
Took an oath, I'ma stick it out 'til the end
Now that it's raining more than ever, know that we'll still have each other
You can stand under my umbrella*
Sleep on me, feel the rhythm in my chest, just breathe
I will stay so the lantern in your heart won't fade
The secrets you tell me I'll take to my grave
There's bones in my closet, but you hang stuff anyway
And if you have nightmares, we'll dance on the bed
I know that you love me, love me
Even when I lose my head
Guillotine, guillotine
Even when I lose my head

"Did you just for real flirt joke to me?" they asked, bewildered.

He nodded, his face the very picture of smugness.

Frisk dramatically held a hand to their chest where their heart resigned, trying to contain their heart flutters, grinning and biting their bottom lip, "boy oh boy, us being secretive is going to be way tougher than I thought, because I have no idea how I'm gonna be able to contain myself anymore let me tell ya baby."

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"How did you manage? Your feelings I mean, before you confessed," Frisk asked, both curious and possibly looking for some advice to help them contain themselves.

Flowey gave them a crooked smirk, "not very well, remember?"

Frisk's eyes saddened, "but other than that, what did you do?"

He twisted his mouth in pensive thought, and sighed wearily "you were there to see most of it, anyway, I don't really feel like talking about it right now, okay?"

They sighed as well in agreement "I completely understand, it's fine, you're fine,"

Flowey was quiet for a few confused seconds before he spoke up

"Are...are you validating me or flirting with me?"

Frisk grinned cheekily at him "both!"
The rest of the day went fairly well, the pair avoided any more stressful subjects, talking away about silly things instead, flirting and giggling, and then, when the sun finally set, they went back inside and finally parted ways.

But after Flowey went to bed, he found the weight of the day had not yet wore off as he went to sleep and a horrible nightmare crawled and crept inside his mind.

He... he... had not been sure where he had been before, he couldn't really... remember, but apparently he had been whisked away by an old familiar void of darkness, finding himself in an almost as dark cave.

And then, as if a red alarm went off in head, it hit him that he was back in the Underground.

But not just anywhere in the Underground, but the Ruins, he was certain as he studied the purple rocky walls, but there was... something slightly different about it...something strange... he just couldn't...place what though.

That was normal wasn't it? To come back to a place you haven't been in a long time only to find that it was still the same, but so much different at the same time.

No, no, no, wait! How did he even get here?

And then... he froze.

A terrible shutter ran down his plant body as the horrifying realization of something painfully obvious cracked and shattered into him.

...Frisk had reset.
And then- jumped in surprise when he heard the pitter pattering echo of small boots tapping against the ground, his nerves already on edge, he shot around to look.

Only to see a weird little child dressed in a light blue and magenta striped shirt and matching pants that were snuggly tucked behind their boots, their short brown hair was messy with golden petals, their eyes full of curiosity, but he could see that sliver of fear.

"Frisk...," he breathed out, staring hard at them as many conflicting feelings hit him all at once, anger and rage at them for resetting and forcing him into the past, inexplicable confusion as to why they would do this, ...a deep sense of loss that he couldn't quite piece together yet, and then obviously worry- because he knew Frisk, they would never, ever do this unless...

Unless ...they had a very good reason.

Which probably meant that they had been in danger . . .?

"Are you okay? What happened?" he asked, fear twisting painfully inside of him, pulling out a hesitant vine.

But something was off about them, especially so as he quickly noticed that they were looking at him- but not really, it was almost as if-

... -they were looking through him . . .

"Howdy!" he heard a horrible high pitched and overly enthusiastic friendly voice say abruptly a few feet behind him.

A chill ran through him and his petals drooped as he instantly recognized the voice, but he refused to look, he only continued to stare at child Frisk, who looked past him.

He could watch with depressing guilt as his best friend hesitantly smiled at the owner of the voice.

The voice then proceeded to introduce himself on que, "I'm Flowey. Flowey the flower!"

No! Wait a minute! Why was he introducing himself? Why was this other version of him not sho-

Then, finally, it struck him, that- Flowey was now somehow invisible, inaudible, and also weirdly enough, out of time with himself, what was going on?!

"Hmmm...," he heard the horrible voice say, "you're new to the Underground, aren'tcha?"

He watched as the child version of his best friend nod slowly, looking at the terrible creature timidly, as if they had never seen the likes of his kind before.
With a deep breath, he turned around, and saw what appeared to be a small hideous golden flower with the most fakest and phony smile he had ever laid his eyes on, looking closer, he noticed—

Yes, this little twerp was absolutely soulless and full of horrible and gruesome ideas.

He took a quick moment of odd pride when he finally noticed the height difference between them, it was only a few inches, but an impressive few inches, he really had grown, hadn't he?

He was about to look closer when the twerp began talking again, causing him jump, jerking back, startled, giving him an abrasive reminder that he needed to stay focused.

"Golly, you must be so confused,"

"I sure am!" Flowey shouted, leaning away in disgust, highly displeased when his complaint went literally unheard, and finally, decided to test something, and quickly summoned a vine, and lashed it at the twerp.

But to his further confusion, the vine merely went right through him.

With a quiet tremble, Flowey then decided to move out the way, backing up until he could observe the two from a less disturbing and more watchable distance, and think over what the hell happened to him.

"Someone ought to teach you how things work around here!" the twerp said to child Frisk, whom only politely listened, they had no idea that they were standing in front of such a terrible beast.

"No Frisk, no, no, no, he wants to KILL YOU!" he shouted again despite all his common sense of the situation, he couldn't help himself.

"I guess little old me will have to do." the twerp said sweetly.

"NO! Shut up!" Flowey yelled, his nerves getting the best of him, he really didn't want to see what was coming next, becoming uncontrollably anxious as he slowly realized that Frisk really wasn't remembering their past before the Reset as they should have, their memory had somehow been set to zero, and right now, there seemed to be no logical or possible way to do anything.

"Ready?" the twerp asked, seeming extra pleased when Frisk nodded, with Flowey groaning loudly in the background, trying his hardest to drown it all out.

"Here we go!" he cheered and immediately summoned out Frisk's soul.

Flowey didn't want to watch, but a strong sense of protectiveness built up inside of him, it pulled
hard at him, he decided to tunnel over next to Frisk, not caring if they couldn't hear, see him, or even remember him, he just couldn't bear to see them all alone, even though he knew they would be okay at the end of this horrible act of manipulation and attempt at murder.

"See that heart? That is your soul, the very culmination of your being!" the twerp explained.

Flowey stared at the child who stared in awe at their own soul, it was something unexplainable seeing it all from this angle. . . it was then he had another realization, and it was the worst one yet. . .

He finally understood why he was feeling such a deep loss, the fifteen year old Frisk he had known for nearly seven years and was deeply romantically and platonically in love with- was… permanently physically and mentally gone.

All that stood next to him now was a childhood memory.

He grit his teeth together, he had forgotten how painful it was to be completely forgotten about. . .

"Your soul starts off weak, but can grow strong if you gain a lot of LV." the twerp said, the comment grabbing Flowey's attention, narrowing his eyes in hatred at the awful little flower.

"What's LV stand for? Why, LOVE, of course! You want some LOVE don't you?" the twerp said, his plastered on grin growing ever so slightly wider.

Flowey attempted to swallow a lump in his throat and forced himself to re-focus, memory or no memory, he'd always care for Frisk and he knew his mom would come, she would save the day and stop this terrible twerp and get them out of this situation- this is what logic told him, but every inch of his body and mind screamed at him to protect his small defenseless best friend no matter what.

. . . He just wished it wasn't from himself right now.

"Don't worry, I'll share some with you!" the twerp said, and winked, playfully sticking out his tongue, and summoning out a row of pellets, "down here, LOVE is shared through-,

Flowey ignored himself, refusing to listen anymore, and leaned close toward Frisk, staring at them hard.

"Listen, Frisk, I know you can't hear me, but somehow, if it's possible that deep down you can, I need you to avoid those 'pellets' he throws at you, okay? Just avoid the annoying talking yellow flower, he's not going to like it, but just do it, okay?"

He remembered this moment, well… he remembered this meeting a few times over during Frisk's 'adventure' during the Underground, they had Reset a total of four times, innocently having so much fun and trying to see all they could see, curious to see if they had missed anything- before they slipped up and he was able to finally trap them in True Labs, which, if he had to be honest, those four Resets had been The Most frustrating four Resets he had ever experienced in his life.
But he remembered the very first time they met, Frisk had been too skeptical of him, too wary of the overly friendly talking flower and cleverly dodging the literal bullets, and in his outrage, he mistook them for already knowing what was going on.

He continued to stare at Frisk, looking for any signs that they might have heard him, but... no, they only seemed responsive to the younger counterpart, still, he hoped.

"Move around! Get as many as you can!" the twerp said as he unleashed the five 'friendliness pellets' lazily in Frisk's direction, when in actuality, all he needed was one to hit them to do the job, no thanks to his overwhelmingly high LV, it was complete overkill.

Flowey held a baited breath as Frisk stepped back at first, he could see them thinking it over, and then, accident or not, ended up side stepping right into one, causing them gasp sharply— the sound echoing off the walls and causing Flowey to tremble in fear.

It was instantaneous, as the force of the pellet caused Frisk to drop to their knees, they looked up at the small golden flower in shock and confusion, their mouth gaped open as they struggled to breath, their HP standing it's last leg.

The pair stared at the golden flower as his fakey friendly façade instantly dropped, replacing it was his toothy twisted and devious wild grin, looking down at Frisk excitedly.

"You idiot." the twerp giggled, barely unable to contain himself, "in this world, it's kill or BE killed."

"DON'T." Flowey growled, his own face becoming twisted in anger, moving in front of Frisk, but it was no use.

"Why would anyone pass up an opportunity like this!?" he declared, summoning a large circle of pellets around Frisk threateningly.

"Die." The twerp commanded and began cackling as the circle began slowly moving in closer and closer.

Flowey turned back to Frisk, watching as their breathing sped up, looking around frantically as if trying to find a way out of the circle, tears beginning to form in their frightened eyes.

Is... is this how they looked when they first met? Had they been this scared?

Guilt burned at him from the inside, but that didn't last too long when he noticed something-

The pellets were still drawing closer, too close to be exact, Toriel should have come and deflected them all away by now, he looked around the room fearfully, frantically just as Frisk had done a second ago, but he saw Toriel nowhere-

And then-
Frisk abruptly twitched as the pellets finally hit the mark all at once, causing them to let out another pained gasp as their final breath was knocked out of them, collapsing to the floor in front of him, Flowey jumped in shock, overwhelming guilt returning back full force, almost unable to believe that he had been too distracted with looking for his mother when he should have been trying to rescue Frisk himself.

"FRISK! NO!" he screamed out, summoning out two vines to touch their arm, and then screamed again in horror and frustration when they phased right through the small child helplessly, uselessly. In front of them, the tiny golden flower began cackling even harder, in a way that Flowey never heard from himself before, coldly realizing that his younger self's EXP had just risen.

"YES! YES! I DID IT!" he shouted, his expression even more menacing than before, "finally, seven souls, hee, hee, hee, I'm FINALLY going to be the most powerful being ALIVE!"

Rage, hatred, sadness, and confusion flooded throughout Flowey's body, where was Toriel? Where was Toriel?! She was supposed to be here to protect-

Flowey turned to look at himself, staring daggers at the child flower "you KILLED her, you killed mom," he uttered in a low voice.

But he went on unheard as the flower seemed to be stuck in a laughing fit.

"YOU KILLED HER, AND NOW YOU'VE KILLED THE ONLY PERSON WHO CAN SAVE YOU, THE ONLY PERSON WHO WILL EVER-," he couldn't even finish his sentence as his voice broke and he stared with loathing, dark, wide eyes, and let out fierce ear piercing scream that only he could hear, tears began to flood from his eyes, pouring down his cheeks as his body followed suit and began fully trembling.

He was scared, he was so scared and in so much pain.

And then he jumped when the laughter died down and the younger Flowey disappeared into the ground, instantly tunneling up near Frisk's body, staring at their lonely soul that had risen up above them, detached, ready to go to wherever human souls go next.

Still crying, rage and even more hatred burnt through Flowey, "that's NOT YOURS TO TAKE!" he screamed out, and with everything he had, he began to attack his younger counterpart, with large spiked vines, hundreds of pellets at once-

But they all went through the flower, leaving him untouched and unaware.

This only worsened Flowey's rage, the frustration driving him crazy, upping his attack as the flower beckoned to the warm red glowing soul, selfishly grabbing on to it, observing it for a moment with twisted pride- it was his next words that made Flowey finally give up on fighting.
"It looks just like Chara's…," the little flower said, his voice oddly soft, somber and far away.

Flowey narrowed his eyes, glaring hard in pent up silence, "stop it . . .," he rasped pathetically.

The younger version looked up slowly, then around, his expression becoming full of sad wonder, "you're still here, aren't you? I bet with all my power and magnificence, I could bring you back- I could give you this kid's body, and then… we could be together again,"

Flowey winced, remembering his old sadness, remembering how desperate he had been to feel anything at all back then, his sibling being one of the exceptions- that and the Determination to live and become all powerful had been the only things keeping him going.

Laughing again, a little quieter now, the younger Flowey finally absorbed Frisk's soul.

Flowey couldn't do anything but sob, shaking as he closed his eyes, arched over in pain as his darker counterpart reveled in his false victory.

"Oh! HAHAHA! It's more powerful than I thought! What even was that little freak?!" he cackled, his voice becoming darker and increasingly demonic.

And then- Flowey felt the ground suddenly rumble loudly beneath him, shaking him, followed by more hideous laughter, when he looked, another cold shudder ran through him, his fear turning into dread.

His younger counterpart had grown ridiculously big and tall, gigantic even, towering over him like a building, his eyes wide and round, glowing bright white and glittering gold like two beacons that lit up the Ruins wherever he looked, his petals- now enormous and elegant, were an even more golden in color, and his smile- his smile…

He could see Frisk's smile in his own face, but it was now hideously tainted and twisted.

Disgust, followed by an odd pang of envy shot through Flowey, or was it jealousy? The second he noticed the feeling, he felt sick with himself.

"This is wonderful, I should definitely be able to get past dear old dad by now," the younger Flowey declared proudly.

But as he began to move, something seemed to catch his eye, grabbing all of his attention and he
looked over, causing Flowey to look as well with deadly curiosity, and what he saw made him want to scream again.

It was… a… small floating translucent body, a child, they wore a striped green and yellow shirt, their hair was short and neatly brushed…

But their eyes, their eyes were completely jet black, blackness dripping from them like tears, down their cheeks, and from their mouth it all continued on the same, oozing down their face and chin, while their cheeks jarringly rosy and sweet.

They stared at the giant beast silently, slowly floating closer to him as he stood paralyzed.

"Chara, I just knew you'd come back, you could sense this human's soul couldn't you? Their Determination matched yours perfectly, but boy were they stupid," he said, a hesitant smile curled on his face.

Flowey was completely shivering now, watching the scene, he wanted to run away, warn the others-

Chara floated ever closer and slowly held out their hand, fingers unfolding to point at the giant, they seemed unable to speak, but their overpowered sibling seemed to have no trouble understanding.

"You… you want in? That's incredibly clever of you, together like this- we will be more unstoppable than we were before, but do you really think that could work? You're a ghost."

At that, Chara grinned horribly, the black ooze dripping faster from their mouth, without hesitating, torpedoed themselves at and into the giant.

At that- younger Flowey screeched in something akin to pain, resembling his older self as he shut his eyes tight in pain and trembled, causing the ground to rumble and shake once again.

Flowey backed up as the giant began to transform once again, "moron, you MORON! What HAVE YOU DONE?!" he cried out, tears flooding down his face as he watched in horror.

The giant Flowey's scream increased, until, it slowly melded into screechy laughter, horribly familiar laughter, petals becoming an even brighter golden, brighter until the edges turned a burnt red, and the sides of the now spiked stem splitting up and pulling away- forming arms and hands with sharp red fingers.

And then- they opened their eyes, once white, now jet black and oozing.
"I apologize my dear Asriel, I cannot risk you having any control at all this time. This is my journey now." Chara spoke with their own voice once more, instead of younger giant Flowey's deep booming voice, Chara's was hushed, whispery, and near demonic.

Flowey stared, anxiety and a deep sadness over taking him, he had said goodbye to his sibling a long time ago, but this was too much for him, too many memories coming back as he heard Chara speak.

"I don't understand, I j- I just don't understand," Flowey began to sob weakly.

Suddenly, Chara looked down at his direction, putting their giant plant hands flat on the ground and lowered themselves down in front of him, appearing much like an Egyptian Sphinx statue.

"Have you really not understood yet? You are dead, brother. A ghost, just like me, just as it should have been. And this is your Hell."

Flowey stared wide eyed at his sibling in shock, his shivering increasing as his fear did, "y-you can see me?!

"I have always been able to see you, I have seen everything that you have seen," they said, pausing, "I am a phantom after all."

He was confused by his sibling's wording, but didn't linger with his thoughts, he didn't have the time.

"I don't- I don't remember dying, what happened? Do- do you know?" he asked, wanting to disappear, but his body was frozen in place.

"The way you did last time, you were selfish. Frisk wanted your help, and you gave it to them, yes, but when push came to shove... you only thought of yourself, and ended up getting you both. KILLED."

Flowey searched his memories, but he couldn't remember, narrowing his eyebrows in anger.

"You're LYING CHARA! How DARE you accuse me of that sort of garbage now! I'VE CHANGED!" he shouted, unable to fight the tears.

A low demonic growl emanated deep from Chara's throat, "you are right Asriel. Your childish and deceivingly powerful love for Frisk has changed you in many ways since you've received your minuscule soul, but I personally think it has also made you an oblivious coward, it's worsened your tunnel vision, making you even fear expressing yourself around others, it's made you stronger, but at the same time even more pathetic than you used to be, so much so, you couldn't even love Frisk correctly,"

Flowey grit his teeth, looking down to the small body for a moment before back to Chara, his expression becoming painfully desolate once more, he swallowed a lump in his throat, his eyes burning from the tears.

"Maybe. Maybe you're right about all of that. But at least I was happy... isn't that what really matters?"
Chara was quiet for a moment, but grinned terribly.

"It does not matter anymore. I told you, you are in Hell now. You must pay for all of your past crimes and sins, just as you always felt you should have, and I will be more than happy to guide you through it brother," they said, and without another word, grabbed up Frisk's small corpse in a single scoop.

"What are you doing?!" Flowey screamed.

Chara tilted their head in amusement, "there goes your tunnel vision again Asriel, did you not just hear what I said? This. Is. Hell."

They then, without warning, opened their dark mouth wide, held up the body and dropped it in, and chewed.

"F-F-FRIENDS A-A-AREN'T FOOD, F-F-FL-FL-FL-FLOWEY"

Flowey jerked back, his eyes went wide in horror, disgust, and rage, the image of himself literally eating his best friend's corpse too much for him to handle, letting out a painful scream of anguish, he summoned several giant spiked vines and thousand more pellets, not thinking clearly among the indignation, began to attempt attack at Chara.

Chara's grin widened at this, barely flinching as the attacks now seemed to finally land.

"Wonderful, I had been very worried that you had lost your inner fight, even though you are nothing compared to me now, it is okay, since you're already dead there won't be an issue, we can fight forever, if you want,"

"SHUT UP CHARA! JUST SHUT UP! LEAVE ME ALONE, THIS ISN'T HOW I WANTED TO REMEMBER YOU!" Flowey cried out, tears running down his cheeks.

Chara hissed "do you think I ever enjoyed seeing you as a fallible, piteous, pathetic little flower? Knowing what you and I could have been, should have been? It's bad enough that you got to live again and I didn't, when it was ALL YOUR FAULT THAT WE DIED!"

And with that, lashed back at Flowey, immediately and violently throwing him out from the dirt and smacking him into the Ruin's wall, without hesitation, roughly picked him up and threw him heavily back down at the ground.

Now broken, paralyzed, and full of agony, Flowey let out another scream, Determination ripping through him, managing to attack back blindly, red spiked vines swiping wildly every which and
way, ripping and tearing at Chara's petals, still, they appeared personally unaffected by it.

So, again, Chara simply responded by throwing their sibling to the wall, picked him up, and threw him back to the ground like a rag doll, the strange noises the escaped from his throat in response and the soft thud of his body echoing uselessly across the deep, empty caverns, ricocheting off the walls and back to Flowey's senses, overwhelming him, burning him inside and out, like pins and needles.

It was an unfair move, so simple, but so effective.

And then, without a warning…

Chara did it again.

And again.

And again, it was if the Phantom Child had gotten stuck on a mental loop.

Finally, unable to take anymore, Flowey burrowed his roots deep, deep, deep into the ground right before he was picked up again, preparing his body to speak if it was able just as the hand shadowed over him once more.

"M-m-MAKE IT STOP, MAKE IT STOP, JUST STOP! I just want Frisk back! I'm SORRY I hurt you! I'm sorry I hurt everyone!" he sobbed out.

Chara chuckled lowly, "you're begging for Mercy so soon? This isn't even the worst I can do. Maybe I should try a different approach…," they said thoughtfully, and then, without hesitation, raised their plant hand high above Flowey, and brought it down on him hard.

Immediately he lost all conscience, the world around him going black.

... And then- not a moment later, his conscience slowly returned to him, and he felt-

*He felt-*

Amazingly, terrifyingly, unbelievably and familiarly *Powerful.*
When his vision returned, he found he had grown tall, very, very tall and that there was so much more of him now, and then.

He made the mistake of looking to the ground just a few feet in front of him, his insides turning cold.

It was Frisk again, still a child, alive, but badly battered, with a pan held tightly in their hands, they looked back up at him with frightened, tearful, but locked and loaded with highly brave Determined eyes, their precious soul glowing bright and blood red in front of them like a practicing target.

And then, without his control, he began attacking them, wild yellow and red lasers and thick vines burning through the atmosphere at them as they attempted to dodge, with Frisk doing partly well, but still getting hit every now and then.

He panicked, couldn't stop himself, he tried to speak, but it was no use, he wasn't in control of his own body.

"You did say you wanted Frisk back. So I have been kind enough to give them back," he heard Chara's voice say inside his head, he looked around, but he couldn't see them.

'Are you making me do this?!' he thought incredulously, watching panicked as Frisk currently attempted to avoid a rain of bombs.

"No. I simply placed you behind your past self's point of view, you are a passenger to his ride, I'm not sure why you aren't grateful or why you are so scared for this Frisk, they are not real here, besides, they obviously survive your fight, hm, or... maybe... that could be changed down here? Maybe in this version of the fight, the souls never retaliate and you could get to kill Frisk forever and ever until you finally destroy their Determination and Mercy," they theorized, cruelly teasing him.

'I don't want to hurt them! I don't care if they're real or not! Please, PLEASE don't make me do this!'

Chara scoffed, groaning in annoyance, "'o', have the mighty have fallen... in love, hm.. you really have changed Asriel, though, I have heard a teenager's brain changes in the most disturbing ways before they become an adult, sometimes I'm actually glad I'll never get to experience that, but now, I think it's best if I just leave you be, just be glad you even have your precious Frisk back at all,"

'No, no, no, no, don't leave me like this!' he cried out in his thoughts.

But there was no reply, the only thing he heard was the earsplitting shriek of Frisk as they were killed off by the powerful blast emitted from his second narrow toothy mouth.
As the fight continued on, Flowey tried fighting against himself, but it was no use, he had no control.

Frisk was dead.

He was dead.

This was it, nothing mattered anymore. . .

. . . . .

. . . . .

He began to give up.

"Asriel! It's okay, it's fine, you're fine… shhhhh~ c'mon, wake up!" he heard a sweet, far away voice say suddenly from nowhere.

"Please my son, it is just a nightmare, it. Is. Not. Real. Fight it," he heard another kind voice say, both of them so familiar, causing something inside of his head to click-

That was when world around him faded into darkness and his thoughts melded away. . .

. . . . .
"I think he's waking up!"

"Oh thank goodness!"

. . . He gasped loudly, as if he had been holding his breath, opening his eyes wide to find himself on the floor of his room, met with the faces of Toriel and Frisk who stared down at him with wild concern, looking deeply disheveled and exhausted.

As his eyes trailed, he quickly noticed his red spiked vines, which were spread all across the room, with the two in front of him attempting to hold onto most of them, their clothes ripped in some places, further noticing some faint scratches and grazes shown on both Toriel and Frisk's arms and hands, finally realizing he must have been attacking in his sleep.

But knowing that definitely didn't ease how he felt right now.

Forcing himself to relax as best he could, he took a deep, heavy, shaky breath and let it out slowly, trying his hardest to calm down and will the spikes away, and immediately as he could, he withdrew his vines, noticing the way his mother and Frisk visibly relaxed with relief at this.

"Did I...did I hurt you guys?" he rasped, finding his voice was almost too raw to speak, as well noticing how his eyes stung and his face wet.

Toriel laughed in disbelief, tears forming in her eyes and pulled her son into her arms, "only a few very small scratches, but we will be okay, we will be okay," she informed him sweetly.

He wrapped two vines around his mother, desperately hugging her back, he was in so much pain, his anxiety and fears from the nightmare still not gone yet, he was still scared out of his mind.

"Sorry..." he whispered.

Toriel gave him a gentle pat, beginning to softly rock him back and forth "there, there, you have nothing to apologize for."

He didn't know what to say after that, sighing, he closed his eyes- and then instantly reopened them when flashes of the gigantic flower that stared at him with two oozing black voids intruded his mind, the memory still fresh.

He turned his head and looked over at Frisk, who had gotten up to pick a few stacks of important books that he obviously must have knocked over (it was like a vine tornado had hit the room) they quickly caught his stare and smiled warmly at him, their eyes still filled to the brim with concern and many questions.

He was so unbelievably glad to see them, and so, so, so relieved that they still had their Power to cheat death.
"Is it okay if I ask what your nightmare was about?" they asked, then looked down at the book sheepishly, "you uh, did mention my name a few times, and mom's... and... Chara's," they added, attempting to be as delicate as they could about the subject.

Flowey sighed deeply, rubbing his wet eyes tiredly, "of course I did," he grumbled to himself, embarrassed.

But he shook his head. "yeah, um, I don't really feel like talking about it, I can't really- I can't really remember a lot of the details anyway," he said hoarsely, lying.

Toriel loosened up her hug to give Flowey some breathing room, looking down at her son with such deep sadness in her eyes, he couldn't bear to keep eye contact.

"You have said many times that you have nightmares and are used to them, but I have to admit... after what we just experienced, I am very afraid myself to know what you dreamed of this time," Toriel said, and then, gave him a small smile, "so, I am exceedingly glad you cannot remember,"

"Me too," Frisk added quietly, nodding to Flowey, then turned away to continue picking up the rest of the things.

The strangest thing about the nightmare was that... he had actually dreamt worse and more horrific things, well, Frisk had died plenty of times in them, with Chara showing up every now and then, both alive and as a ghost, even once as a zombie.

But the situation... being trapped back in time, unable to do anything or interact with anyone or protect Frisk- from himself no less, then having Chara torture him in such a personal way... .

It had been too much and he had felt it too much, still, he thought he was tougher than this by now.

"I know that look, that is your deep thinking look, what is on your mind?" Toriel asked.

"The nightmare, obviously it was bad, but, like you just said, I'm used to them, why did I freak out like this?" he grumbled.

"Well, I have a theory that might explain it, stress and exhaustion will make you raw and more easily susceptible to bad moods, making your normal bad thing worse than it actually seems. Which I am not at all surprised you acted the way you did during your nightmare, those aphids really did a number on you, they must have sapped away a lot of your magic," she explained.

Flowey nodded quietly, it made perfect sense to him, maybe that was it.
Soon, Toriel got up and went off to go fetch two warm glasses of milk for both her children, a first aid kit for Frisk and another flower pot as Flowey had cracked the other one to the point to where it was unusable, she made sure to put him in a more comfortable spot before she went off.

As he sat on the pillow of his useless bed, he watched Frisk as they moved around his room, cleaning up and putting everything back, their expression and whole body tense, their eyes deep in thought, silent.

"Did I scare you?" he spoke up, unable to hide the worry in his tone.

"Yes, but not for myself- if that's what you're thinking," Frisk said not looking back.

He thought about all the spiked vines that he had unleashed into the room, he forced himself to finally look at the several tears in Frisk’s pajamas again, Toriel had been right, it wasn't all that bad, but the longer he looked, the worse he felt about it.

"Why not? You should be, you're obviously hurt- besides, it could have been worse," he said quietly, thinking about the old scar he'd inflicted on their wrist.

Finally Frisk looked to him, their eyes full of emotion and walked toward him "you don't understand, I woke up to the sound of you screaming in terror, a sound I have never heard you make before- it's even worse with how you were acting, you were fighting so hard."

His eyes softened, at a complete loss for words.

Frisk looked down at themselves and at the scratches and rips and tears of their clothing, and sighed before looking back to him, "so these scratches...? These are basically nothing to me, we were just trying to stop you from hurting yourself and demolishing your room or even knocking over the fish tank... but your...screaming? It... it... was the scaredest I've felt since you fell in the river,"

He still didn't know what to quite say at first, "I- um...don't worry, I won't be doing that again," he mumbled, and then tiredly smirked at them, hoping it would get them to cheer up.

Frisk smiled back weakly, he could still hear the worry in their voice as they spoke "right, let's keep you away from any more large bodies of water and aphids for the rest of your life, sounds like some kind of plan,"

The pair looked to each other for a moment with their matching tired, exhausted faces, and finally, without a word, Frisk closed the gap and sat on the bed, leaning over to hug him, whom was fully ready to reciprocate, wrapping his vines around their arms, resting his face into their shoulder, the combination of their closeness and scent of them making him feel indescribably better.
"Thanks for putting up with me, I'm sorry I scared you," he said, his words muffled, but Frisk heard him loud and clear.


Twenty something minutes later, he was sitting in a new flower pot, in his dark empty room with an equally empty cup that sat nearby, staring back and forth from Orange Juice, the alarm clock (2:45 AM), and his TV that he had put on mute.

His thoughts were on the nightmare, and every time he attempted to go to sleep, his thoughts only got worse, seeing Frisk's tiny little corpse every time he closed his eyes, it didn't help that he hadn't been able to get them to cheer up before they went back to bed, their worried and fearful eyes only reminding him more of the nightmare.

God, what if... what if this wasn't real at all?

What if he was still in Hell and this was another cruel trick all devised by Chara?

What if the aphids really had killed him? What if what Toriel said about his sapped out magic was a hint?

What if he had drowned back at the river and nothing that happened afterwards actually happened? It would make a lot of sense considering how strange it still was that Frisk held romantic feelings for him back.

And if that were true then... that meant... Frisk didn't truly love him, what if they were somehow being manipulated to return his feelings in this 'false universe'? What if it was him or Chara that was doing this to them?

What if they secretly hated him for all the things that he did to them? Being tortured and forced to pretend to feel things for the horrible creature that had once wanted to repeatedly murder them.

What if everyone secretly hated and was afraid of him? What if they were just being nice and patient with him all these years because they were too scared of him?
His breathing picked up harshly as he thought all of this, paranoia, anxiety and pure self-hatred twisting and growing inside and feeding off of him like an parasitic infection, igniting a panic attack, he recognized the feeling instantly, he hadn't one in a very long time and it was still terrifying as ever, tears returning to his eyes and temporarily blurring his vision, he rubbed at them, but more only flowed out as he did so, his breathing getting even worse.

"No, no, no, th- that's not true, it's not true, not true, not true, not true," he whispered to himself in a mantra.

He shook his head, trying to rattle his thoughts away, stared down at inside his pot, looking down at the soil, attempting to distract himself, trying to think of something else, anything else.

…The soil, the soil… his roots in the soil… he hated that it felt natural to be in it, and he hated the weird, cold, naked feeling he always temporarily experienced whenever removing himself from the dirt, but it wasn't natural.

He wasn't natural.

He was an abomination.

How could anyone really love him? It didn't make any sense.

He shuttered, his body began to hurt inside and out and he became dizzy, he closed his eyes tightly and rested his head at the edge of the pot, wheezing as his breath struggled within him.

The memory of his giant self- Chara- dropping Frisk into their pitch black mouth jumped behind his eyelids, causing him to let out a strangled, upset, frustrated yell.

He opened his eyes wide, leaned fully on the inside of the flower pot as everything worsened, feeling sicker by the second, he stared at nothing, he had no choice right now, trying now to focus and force himself back to normal, but that only seemed to make things worse.

He shivered and sobbed, he wanted to scream, but after hearing how he scared Frisk- he just couldn't, he was so sick of frightening them.

The dark feelings of dread and impending doom strangled at him until- he remembered how Frisk
had texted him that one night when they needed to talk about their nightmare, or even bringing him to their room when they had the other nightmare of him dying.

Those hadn't been the only moments, numerous times growing up had they sought him out to talk about their nightmares, and every time it worked to make them feel better.

He hoped desperately that they wouldn't mind to return the favor, because he couldn't deal with letting his mother know what was going on his head.

With a weak and shaky vine, he managed to pick up his cell phone, but found it was too difficult to text them, leaving him with only one choice, and he really wasn't sure he could manage that right now either, but he needed Frisk right now, more than anything.

He hit the Call button and waited impatiently, wincing as his dizzy spell got worse, causing him to slide down into his flower pot, unable to hold himself up.

"Please pick up, please pick up, please pick up, pleasepick up, pleasepleasepleaseplease-

"Asriel?"

"I-I'm sick, I need you," he managed out in between breaths, his voicing cracking miserably.

"I'm coming, hang on," was all that was said and hung up, not a second later, he heard a door open in the hallway, the sound of light footsteps and the next thing he knew, the most beautiful blur he'd ever seen appeared in the doorway.

He shakily rubbed at his eyes, and smiled big as the blur turned out to be the most beautiful Frisk he'd ever seen.

They were alarmed for a second as they saw the state of him, but shook it off and rushed over to him closely.

Before Frisk could even think of a sentence, Flowey wrapped his vines fully around their waist and pulled them in to a hug while simultaneously pushing and uprooting himself out of the flower pot until he was completely out and fully clinging to them as if his very life depended on it.

Frisk wrapped their arms around him, one handed supporting his roots and one comforting hand resting at the back of his head, fingers rubbing gentle circles against the petals.

"You're safe Asriel, everything is okay...," they whispered.

He let out a choked muffled sob in response, glad to have Frisk with him, their presence and comforting touch already helping, but his overwhelming fear and dread had already claimed him first and was stubbornly holding on, he wanted to believe so badly that they were right, that he was safe
and everything was okay-

But, what if-

**What if-**

"Breathe slowly," Frisk spoke, "you're going to be fine, I promise, you can kick this panic attack in the butt, it won't last forever, I won't let it, just breathe,"

Obediently, he did so, turning his head to the side, his cheek rested against them firmly so he could gain easier purchase of air, which turned out to be a good idea, as he was also able to hear their heartbeat closely at this angle.

He found it was difficult to breathe slowly, but he focused on the rhythmic drumming of Frisk's life sign, he could tell they were nervous by the speed it was going, but not too fast, he decided to follow along with it.

"I'm here for you now, is there anything you want?" Frisk asked gently.

He knew what he wanted to say, but had to wait and collect himself before he could attempt to start talking or else he'd be unintelligible "th-the nightmare," he rasped, "I lied. I didn't forget. It was just... bad."

"You want to talk about it?" they asked in a hushed whisper.

He shivered in their arms, slightly tightening his grip on them in response.

"Not yet?" they questioned, guessing correctly, "it's fine, just do what you want, I'm here now,"

He then felt them move, watching from his side view as they walked over to the bed and sat down.

He noticed the way they changed the patterns of their fingers on his petals as he listened to their heartbeat, which he noticed began to slow down, *that was good*, it meant they were relaxing, and soon, he found his breathing begin to slow and start to normalize as well.

He looked up at them, only to see them looking back down with deep concerned eyes.

They smiled comfortingly and moved the hand that was petting him and used it to gingerly wipe his tears away.
"Do you want to go get some water? You must be tapped out by now," they suggested.

He shook his head and looked away, sighing, resting his head back against them . . . it was best to get this over with . . .

"In my nightmare...," he began, "I dreamt that you reset and that we were all back where we started; except… there were so many things wrong."

Frisk restarted up their petting, it was the circles again. He liked those.

"I would never reset again, I could never do that to any of us again, it's been too long."

On their back, with one of the vines, Flowey pet them in return, mimicking the circles in a slower pace.

"I know. But I didn't in the nightmare. I thought maybe you reset because you were in danger, but it turned out you couldn't even remember me, you forgot everything… maybe it was because you were a child again."

"A child? Back when I was little and stubby? Was I cute?" they asked with a light laugh, attempting to joke now to help ease his mood.

Flowey scoffed gently, smirking at the question in amusement, "yeah, sure. Whatever. Can I continue?"

They chuckled, "of course."

Hesitantly, he began again, and once he did, he was unable to stop, telling them every detail that he could remember, not even skipping the part where Frisk was eaten or when he was forced to relive fighting them.

Once he finished, he noticed that Frisk had gone quiet, he looked up to them and saw that they were looking down without really looking at anything, their eyes tense with emotion and like earlier, deep in thought.

"I think… your nightmare was triggered by me reloading," they said in a near whisper.

Confusion etched across his face, "what? You can't honestly think that, this wasn't your fault."

They shook their head, a sadness crossing their features when they looked to him "it could have been if I had been more careful...didn't you tell me not to use the Power for a reason? All those Resets that you said you did and all the horrible times you had when you were a kid obviously did a psychological number on you, maybe… me Reloading affected you more than you thought and brought back some of those bad feelings,"

He thought about this, he didn't want to admit it, but in a way, they were right, and he had said he
hated to be reminded of his past, hadn't he? Still, Frisk was trying to take the blame and that wasn't right.

"Maybe, it's been too long to really know, but me losing my head wasn't your fault, you were just trying to stay alive,"

He narrowed his eyebrows as he remembered something important, Determination coming over him, maneuvering himself up so he could talk to Frisk closer and more seriously.
"Please tell me you're not fighting that kid again,"

Frisk tensed up, their eyes saddening, "don't worry Asriel, I won't let myself be knocked out again so easily, I promise, I know what to expect now,"

He began to grow angry, "that's not enough, you said she was fast and tough, how can you just promise me something like this? Why can't you just avoid the situation and let someone else teach the brat?"

Frisk shook their head stubbornly, "because no one else has the same Power that I do, I don't want to risk someone else's death just because you were too afraid to lose me to a temporary one, it has to be me,"

His anger rose, but not so much that it caused the spikes to come back.

"You know, sometimes you're so- you're such a- I want to just-," he started, frustrated as he had trouble coming up with an insult before finally settling on what he knew best-

"STUPID," he barked, squishing both of their cheeks with his vines as he assured this.

Frisk held back an understanding laugh, gingerly taking one of the vines from their face into their hand and holding it, giving him a small sympathetic smile "I know, I'm very stupid and I'm sorry, but I have to do this, I have to teach Garbine how to fight, she's just too strong and uncontrollable to fight anyone else,"

Flowey took a long deep breath before letting it out, "okay. Fine. Be that way. But I'm coming with you this time, I'm not letting you get yourself killed again, do I make myself clear?"

Frisk looked suddenly very worried, "what if she-,

"It won't happen, we'll practice fighting beforehand if we have to, we'll do this the right way," Flowey ordered.

Frisk's features finally softened in acceptance "okay. We'll fight together,"

He gave them a stern smile "that's right."

Then, slowly a big excited grin grew on Frisk's face "ohmygoodness, we're going to be just like Dogaressa and Dogamy," they said in a gleeful hushed voice.
Flowey rolled his eyes, smirking, reaching out to softly and harmlessly smack Frisk's cheek with a vine, which only made them chortle ridiculously.

When they finally calmed down, they looked over at the clock (3:29 AM) and sighed, picked up the entirety of Flowey and sat him on the opposite side of the bed next to them, then proceeded to climb under the covers and lay down next to him.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

They did a double take "oh, my bad, do you want back in your flower pot?" they asked.

He raised an eyebrow "that's not what I meant, why are you sleeping in here like this?"

They rolled onto their side and faced him, "because I'm not leaving you alone with your bad thoughts again tonight, and well, why are you even asking? You've never had any problem with sleeping in the same room with me before,"

"Yeah, but this is the first time you slept in this bed, this is the guest bed, you don't look like a guest to me," he stated, raising an eyebrow and pointing to them with a vine, but even then, he felt as if that wasn't the real reason why he was confused.

Frisk let out a soft short laugh, "what, you wanna sleep in my room? Do you like it better in there?"

He shook his head gently, "heh, I don't know. It's just weird is all."

"That's the name of my game baby, and.. hey, you didn't answer my question, do you want back in your flower pot or...?" they asked, motioning their head in the pot's direction.

He stared at the flower pot, then at Frisk who watched him with sleepy eyes, waiting for his answer, there was just something about the situation and the idea of sharing a bed like this causing a strange, embarrassed and shy feeling to come over him, one that he couldn't explain, similar to the feeling he had when they asked him if he wanted to sleep in the same tent.

And then it finally clicked- It was romantic.

He realized something like this wouldn't have bothered him years ago, but... since they've started dating, things were different now, a lot different now, in a lot of ways he couldn't quite put a figurative finger on... but he knew it was romantic and that there were certain rules that went along with dating and he wasn't-

"Or are you still freaked out? Because everything is okay now, okay Asriel? You're safe now, I promise nothing else is going to hurt you today, not bad memories, not aphids, not stress, not even nightmares, it's just you and me, safe in this room, nothing can bother us now," Frisk said, catching him off guard.
He smiled graciously at them- for several reasons, feeling as if he had just overreacted, because if sleeping in the same bed as him wasn't a problem for Frisk, why should it be for him? At any rate, this could be really nice, a part of him even beginning to wonder why they hadn't tried this before.

"Thanks Frisk, and yeah, um… I think I'll stay here…," he said, and pulled himself up onto the free pillow nearby.

If he had to be honest, there was not much difference of comfort to him compared to being on the bed vs. being in the flower pot, because if he thought about it, this weird plant body of his was built to be in soil and standing up straight- but he would not be contained, in any sense of the word.

No, the comfort he got was from the closeness from resting so close to someone he liked this much.

Frisk chuckled drowsily and pulled the covers up to the top of their shoulders, yawning "it's a good thing I don't have school tomorrow, so you know what that means, we can talk for as long as we want,"

He rolled his eyes, "except you still have to hang out with Mettaton tomorrow, you gotta get your new bike and he's gotta give you that job, I think you should go to sleep,"

"Ah yeah, that's right, I forgot all about that, you want to come with us this time? Show him that you're okay?" Frisk asked.

Flowey thought about it for a second, but scrunched his face up, "no, that's fine, it's not that I don't like Mettaton, I just still have no idea how I'm going to handle spending time with the both of you at the same time for that long without getting exhausted,"

Frisk laughed sleepily, their eyes already shut, the picture of perfect sleep, it seemed that listening to Flowey talk always had that effect on them; he just hoped it didn't mean he was boring.

He watched them for a while, his thoughts tracing back to previous more depressive ones. . .

"Why do you love me?" he whispered.

To his surprise, they stirred and opened their eyes and looked at him in deep, deep confusion, whoops, not yet asleep it seemed. . .

They stared at him for a while, as if Frisk was trying to work out if he had actually asked them such an insane, incredulous thing.

Finally, they reached out with their right hand and tenderly touched his cheek with the tips of their fingers, he automatically leaned into their touch without thinking.

"I've told you before, I love you because basically- you're you, I know, that's the most cheesiest and
cliché thing I could ever say, but… it sums it up, besides, why wouldn't I love you? You're super smart, dedicated, patient, brave, reserved, creative, talented, passionate, you've also become so sweet like I can't believe,"

Flowey wrapped a vine around Frisk's hand, his bottom lip trembling, their sincere words and the combination of their peaceful tone of voice was just too much for him, causing his eyes to tear up again, which Frisk in turn wiped away with their thumb.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to make you cry- but it's the truth, I just regret not telling you about my feelings years ago, you've obviously needed to hear it," they said, their voice a near whisper, with their eyes also beginning to water as well.

He gave them a tight stubborn smile, trying to force back his tears, trembling slightly from the burst of pain "hush you, this is just leftovers from the panic attack talking, I'm fine,"

They wiggled over a little closer to him, looking quite unsure of his answer, "but it's not the first time you've questioned my love for you either, which I will put an end to, I will literally compliment the crap out of you every single day if I have to because I can't have my favorite boy keep asking me this wackadoo question."

His smile grew, attempting to snuffle back more oncoming tears, thousands of butterflies gusting inside of him, a beautiful and also painful feeling erupting inside of him.

"…You want to know why I called you here? It's because you always seem to make everything better when you're with me, it's as if… nothing around us matters anymore, it's just like you said…it's just us, and we're safe," and then, he looked down to their hand that he still held with fascination.

"But sometimes, it's like… you're so…so… wonderful and high above me that it still confuses me why you even bothered to take me from the Underground, after everything I did, and I know you said you've forgiven me, that you've forgiven everyone who hurt you, but… I just don't get it, I still can't understand, you have to be at least a little afraid of me or…or… have some shred of hatred,"

He stared wide eyed as Frisk brought out their other hand and cupped it over the vines that covered and held the other hand, they stared into his eyes intensely.

"You're right, I was scared of you once a long time ago, but that didn't really last long- and you want to know why? It's because I believe that not everyone is completely evil, I know there are thousands of abusive people out there Asriel, I know… and I know some people thoroughly enjoy putting others in pain without any regret. But I believe, deep down, that everyone has some goodness within them too, and can still change for the better, even those abusive people-,"

They were stopped when Flowey burst into a new set of tears and rested his face down against their hands, supporting himself against it, their kindness too much for him, he just couldn't stand it, but before he could attempt to voice any kind of disagreement, Frisk continued on..
"I know, 'don't kill and don't be killed'. You still think I'm stupid for having too much Mercy, but it's my belief system, and what I believed is that if I continued to be kind to you and forgave you, that you would finally understand that the world wasn't as horrible as it lead you to believe and that you'd finally stop, and I was right, wasn't I?"

He glared at them weakly, more tears pouring messily down his face, tightening his grip on their hands more and more, but not enough to actually harm them, just get their attention.

"But what if you were wrong about me? What then Frisk? Some day you might actually meet someone who you won't be able to get through to, someone who might want to hurt you worse than I did and I-someone won't always be there- and I… I just want you to be safe, you moron, I don't want someone to ruin you just because you didn't give up on them,"

Frisk said nothing to this, but he could tell they understood him loud and clear, watching as a deep soft sadness of their own came over them, and also… a deep love, it urged Flowey to keep talking...

"I want to… no- I…I'm going to try to be there you from now on," he began.

"But you have been there-," Frisk spoke up, urgent to let him know.

"But I wasn't there when that kid took you down, I should have gone with you like you wanted- and then look what happened after Frisk, I screwed it all up, for both of us,"

"We didn't know that would happen, you can't let one mistake bring you down Azzie," Frisk said in concerned hushed tone.

"You don't understand, I can't…I can't afford to make mistakes, not with you, even dumb rare mistakes, I made a mistake once with Chara and it led to their death, I let them die, Frisk, it... it was the worst possible mistake I have ever made," he sniffled back some tears and taking a moment in attempt to recollect and calm himself, moving a vine until it reached their old scar, delicately tracing over the offending result of his dumb anger, he absolutely hated that scar.

"I mean, I know this isn't the same, not anywhere close, you can cheat death and I'm glad you can, but the honest truth is that I'm afraid of seeing you get hurt again at all, and… I don't doubt you can handle yourself, but I just… I just don't want you to lose yourself like I have," he had to stop for a moment again, feeling himself on the verge of sobbing.

"Whatever, I should just do what I should have done in the first place and say… I love you Frisk," he said, his voice tight and emotional.

A slow beautiful passionate smile grew on Frisk’s face, their shoulders shaking as they held back a sob, still a few tears escaped and made there way down their cheeks, their face beginning to flush with more color, "I love you Asriel," they paused to snifflle and collect themselves "an- and I really mean it, s-so just...don't you ever dare let yourself think for once I won't do the same for you either, okay? I'm always here for you and I'll protect you too, always," they whispered tearfully.
He nodded, caressing Frisk's scar for a few more seconds before finally letting go all together, resisting hard against the urge to kiss their fingers- mainly because he really needed to sleep, and knew he never would be able to if he did- so, begrudgingly, he pushed their hands away.

He watched as they took their hands back, clasping them together, looking down and studying the delicate appendages for a moment before finally resting their own face against them, just as Flowey had a couple minutes ago.

"What's wrong?" he whispered.

"Nothing, I'm just a little overwhelmed, it's been a really long crazy day... but, can I say one more important thing before we go to sleep?" they whispered back, almost unable to hear with their face covered.

"What?"

They then move their hands down just enough so they could look at him, more tears evident in their hazel eyes.

"Promise me, you'll learn how to love yourself as much as you love me," they said.

Flowey's mouth gaped open, taken aback, and suddenly very afraid to answer them.

They moved their hands from their face fully away now, revealing a reassuring smile to him "don't worry, I'm not going to be one of those people who say 'I can't love you until you learn to love you yourself' or 'you can't truly love someone else until you learn to love yourself', that's not how I see it, those are terrible reasons."

He narrowed his eyebrows, his expression hesitant, "how do you see it...?"

"I see that I need to give you more and more proof of my feelings until you finally understand that you really are lovable, so lovable that you'll finally love yourself too. So, promise?" they asked, unclasping their hands, moving their left arm back out to hold out their hand, sticking out their pinky finger.

He stared at their pinky hard for a second before looking to them with serious eyes.

"Are you... are you... psychotherapeutically flirting with me? At nearly three thirty in the morning?" he asked, narrowing his eyes at them.

They merely pushed the pinky finger closer to his face.
"Of course you are, you're Frisk," he said and sighed, finally complying, summoning out an equally skinny little vine to match Frisk's skinny little finger, wrapping around it.

But then, they pulled the occupied hand back over to themselves, leaned in and gently kissed the wrapped vine, looking back at Flowey to smile happily and sleepily back at him.

On cue, his face turned orange, becoming flustered over several things at once "are you- can you... can you read my mind? Are we psychically linked?" he blurted.

Frisk smiled, pleasantly surprised by his response "I don't know, what, were you thinking of kissing my pinky?"

Flowey, exhausted, closed his eyes and let himself fall over onto the pillow, letting the silence answer for him.

Frisk gasped in awe, "my romantic boyflower..."

He laughed tiredly, bashfully, his orange face just almost glowing in the dark, "go to sleep Frisk,"

They seemed to agree with this suggestion, the sounds of covers shuffling and then silence.

... But a few minutes of being unable to sleep, Flowey had one last thing to say.

"Frisk, are you still awake?" he asked.

"I am now...," he heard Frisk mumbled.

He dropped his voice back to a whisper "sorry, I was just thinking, that maybe we are... linked, it would make sense about our dreams, and about our shared thoughts. I thought maybe it was because we got so close as best friends and know each other so well, but a long time ago I once read that monster souls are... that they...um...'reach out' and try to 'link up or...sync' when becoming close enough to another soul, in either a platonic and romantic sense... so I was thinking... that... maybe...mine...did that...with yours...?"

He felt something gently pull at him, confused, he looked to see that he'd forgotten to let go of Frisk's pinky finger, and that they had pulled that occupied hand closer to their person, their face beyond sleepy, but he didn't miss the hopeful adoration in their eyes as they looked at him.
"Literal magic soul mates?" they asked, their voice so tender.

"Yeah, it's... a thing, but... it never said anything about human souls, or under grown monster souls, and it was a really old book, and everyone experiences it differently, so differently that I don't really think everyone believes in it that deeply- just like with human soul mates, so I... I don't know, but it does make some sense, doesn't it?"

"I hope so," Frisk said dreamily, closing their eyes back.

He hoped so as well too, but knowing full and well it would never change how he felt if it didn't.

Chapter End Notes

When I was working on this, I couldn't get the thought of Flowey hating and being highly embarrassed of his younger self's actions out of my head, and 'what if he met his younger self?' So I knew what I had to do when coming up with the nightmare scene.

Also, as for the way Chara speaks was extremely inspired by the very ending of the Genocide route, yet, I have this headcannon that they didn't always speak that way when they were alive, I've always liked the 'Narrator Chara' theory, so my headcannon is that they talked like any other regular kid with a dark sense of humor, but when angry, upset or troubled, they'd become serious, impatient and withdrawn, feeling the need to speak as concisely as they possibly could.
Nothing Holding Him Back

Chapter Summary

Flowey and Frisk prepare for their meet up with the infamous Garbine, and despite Frisk's warnings and training, Flowey is still overwhelmed and he begins to have second thoughts as he realizes that they may have tried to take on more than they could handle.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Chapter 27 Nothing Holding Him Back

Warnings?: Monster fighting and (very) light violence!

Inspiration Song: 'There's Nothing Holding Me Back (NOTD Remix)' by Shawn Mendes

Oh, I've been shaking
I love it when you go crazy
You take all my inhibitions
Baby, there's nothing holding me back
You take me places that tear up my reputation
Manipulate my decisions
Baby, there's nothing holding me back
There's nothing holding me back

'Cause if we lost our minds and we took it way too far
I know we'd be alright, I know we would be alright
If you were by my side and we stumbled in the dark
I know we'd be alright, I know we would be alright
During the next few days, Frisk and Flowey managed to make the most of the repeat.

The first change was the amazing and way cool Faux Leather Motorcycle Power Shoulder Jacket that Mettaton had dismissed, claiming Frisk could find better, most likely one that was real leather, last time Frisk had regretted not getting it, but not this time around, no, this time, they got their amazing and way cool black jacket, in the end, it turned out to be a fantastic investment.

The second change was that all personal conversations and flirting between the duo were all strictly now only had at the swing set when Toriel was inside, or whenever she (or anyone else) was out of the house, and even then, they still had to be careful if they factored in Sans and his ability to appear anywhere, quickly finding out that practicing their inconspicuous skills was a stressful task, just as they thought it would be, but it was worth it.

...And well, that was mostly it, not else much really changed, except for of course Flowey and Frisk's long conversations with each other as they took their time, they were in no hurry to get through the week as they knew what would happen at the end of it.

The day before Frisk had to leave with Papyrus on his ambassador trip, the duo decided it was time to train for the fight with Garbine . . .

They stood before each other in the backyard, with Frisk patiently waiting as Flowey seemed to be brain storming something important over in his head.

In actuality, he was a little anxious and was attempting to psyche himself up, but he knew Frisk had plenty of monster food ready if they screwed up their footing, even then, he'd obviously opt out of the fight if they got hurt bad too fast.

"So, late question, but what kind of attacks does Garbine have?" he began.

"Wind and water, which you think wouldn't be all that harmful, but nope, it's just worse when she's so fast, she basically knocked the wind out of me and slapped me in the face with water, it felt like doing a belly flop from a high diving board," Frisk admitted, "it was really disorienting, I'm pretty sure she's is a hurricane in disguise,"

Flowey cringed, "yeah, we are definitely going to work on your dodging,"

Frisk smiled and jumped into a dramatic yoga like pose, "great, I know I need it! Ready when you are!"

He held back a laugh, and summoned out Frisk's soul for the battle.

They started off slow, with Flowey throwing a few pellets their way, easy, with Frisk Acting by joke flirting, very basic stuff.

...That changed very quickly.
Because soon Frisk was running across the yard, back and forth as Flowey slashed quick (spikeless) giant vines in their direction.

"PELLETS! PELLETS! I said more pellets!" Frisk yelled after he was finished with his turn.

"NO! I'm not turning the entire backyard into a jungle just because you want to surprise mom! We'd get lost back here! Never be to seen again, do you really want that?" he explained, despite the excited grin stuck to his face.

Frisk laughed "obviously you do! You're the only one who can make them grow like that!"

Flowey chuckled to himself, "yeah, you're right," and began to attack again, summoning a flurry of pellets in Frisk's direction, who leaped away from, and then leaped again from another, swaying this way and that way from the pellets.

"Frisk, I've been meaning to ask for a long time, but, why do you always look like you're dancing when you're dodging?" he asked.

They smiled and shrugged, "well, it was never a thing I intentionally started to do but-,

He rolled his eyes and interrupted them "intentionally' I should have known,"

They made a face at him and continued speaking "but- with the way the other monsters did their attacks in the organized way that they tend to do, it was kind of hard not to start 'dancing', it really helps make dodging easier, mainly I do it for fun, keeps a good flow going,"

They then wiped the sweat from their forehead and tied up their ponytail into a bun, "and I guess, if I don't want mighty Garbine taking me down again, I should learn how to break dance to keep up with her," and held their fists up readily, Determination flashing in their eyes.

"So I need you to hit me with all you got, don't hold back on me sunshine boy," they said, grinning big and winking at him.

"Golly...," he rasped out.

He was flustered and practically orange now over Frisk's rising attitude, bravery, and Determination, it was like their attractive levels had gone up in a matter of seconds and it had him absolutely stunned and awestruck, he didn't know what to do with himself, he knew all of his defenses were down now though and if this was a real fight- he'd be taken down in a millisecond.

But he gulped and shook it off, not giving Frisk the chance to figure out that they had this kind power over him, and in turn he grinned a mischievous toothy grin at them.

"Okay Frisky, you asked for it, get ready to DANCE!" he announced and in a combination, began to swing and swish vines at them from down below and pellets raining from above.

Frisk shrieked excitedly, almost giddily as they did a cartwheel dodge across the lawn.
They continued this way for a little while longer, one upping the other until finally, Flowey got ahead of himself and caught Frisk by the legs with two larger vines, securely wrapping around the appendages.

"Whoa!" they yelped in surprise as they lost balance and fell, cringing and bracing themselves as they approached the grass, but they never did as Flowey raised the vines higher and higher until he had Frisk dangling upside down five feet off the ground.

Frisk laughed excitedly, tickled by the change of the situation…or maybe it was the blood that was beginning to rush to their head.

"You…! Insane noodle!" they managed out between their fit of giggles, instantly securing their tank top in place as gravity sneakily attempted to pull it off them.

Obviously any thoughts of training had left Flowey's brain as he grinned up at them, snickering wildly to himself, "wow! I caught a REAL genuine human, it's a wild one too!"

And then, they heard the backdoor open, both looking to see Toriel, who stared at them back- but that didn't last too long as she reacted fast, rushing out, shock and anger clear on her face.

"Asriel! What on earth are you doing?!"

Flowey stared wide eyed up at his mother as he continued to hold Frisk up, his eyes flicking back and forth between the two, silent as he tried to think up an excuse for this, whatever... 'this' happened to so be.

"I'm making…a… . . . piñata…?"

Said piñata accidentally let out a burst of tense laughter, "yEAH! But don't worry! There won't be any bats! Just pillows, he's going to smack me really hard with really soft pillows until the candy from my pockets comes lose. This is the revised idea, the other one involved me eating a lot of candy- b-but… aheh… we realized that it wouldn't end well for either of us and was just really- ah, it was never going to work, boy you did NOT want to see those blue prints, it was wiLD!"

Flowey stared at Frisk in bewilderment, believing in this moment that they were his godsend, his very ridiculous, very idiotic yet very clever godsend.

He looked back up to his mother and gave her a cheesy grin "we call it the piñata pillow pulverizing!"

Toriel stared at the two, her fierce expression fading as she saw through the duo's silly excuse, but was relieved that things were actually okay, still, she wasn't completely happy with her sons
behavior.

"Whatever the real reason is, it is still not a very good one for this impropriety, I want you to put Frisk down this instant," Toriel said pointing down at the ground for emphasis.

"Please don't be upset, we're just having some innocent fun," Frisk backed up, even swaying back and forth for emphasis, "see? WEEEE!"

It took Flowey all he could not to laugh.

Toriel shook her head, "I do see, but one does not dangle humans like piñatas, it is unsafe for blood to rush to your head for too long, I know you may disagree and say I am being too overprotective, but please, humor me on this one,"

Before Frisk could say anything else, Flowey carefully turned Frisk right side up in the air and lowered them back down until their feet reached the ground and they were stable, patting them on the back for emphasis.

"Won't happen again," he said looking to his mother with shared understanding, realizing that maybe, he'd gone a little overboard, if he hadn't been as careful he could have as easily made a mistake and hurt them when he had caught Frisk's legs or lifted them up.

Pleasantly surprised with her son's gentleness, Toriel smiled, "I am glad, but now I am also curious, what actually did inspire this sudden act of absurd behavior? You two haven't act this way since you were children,"

"We were practicing my dodging skills and attempting to strengthen his magic, but I guess we were feeling…absurd, heh," Frisk explained, dusting off and straightening up their clothes.

Toriel chuckled lightly "why did you not tell me this in the first place?" she shook her head in amusement "well, if that is all, I will leave you two to your training, you know where to find me," she said and turned and walked back inside where they could see Sans waiting, wearing a jazzy pinstriped hat and suit, in his hand was a stack of playing cards.

Once the door was closed again, Frisk turned Flowey and wiped the sweat from their head again, "phew, it's a good thing she wasn't the one who found me caught in the tree trap,"

Ten minutes later after more training…

Frisk stuffed a leftover piece of a caramel Cinnamon Bunny in their mouth after accidentally getting smacked in the arm by a couple of pellets, perking up as the magic healed them.
"You good now?" Flowey checked.

Frisk nodded "yeah, much better, my arm feels like a normal arm again,"

He gave their shin a little pat "great, let's continue,"

But Frisk hesitated, "wait, I was just thinking, we've been fighting each other, aren't we fighting Garbine together? So shouldn't we be practicing…y'know…together?"

Confusion etched across Flowey's face, "yeah, isn't that we've been doing? Together, you're practicing your dodging and I'm practicing my aiming,"

Frisk shook their head at him, "but this isn't going to be what it's like, we're going both going to facing Garbine at the same time, side by side. Remember what I said about Dogaressa and Dogamy? Or even RG 1 and RG 2? Or… yeah, any team for that matter?"

Flowey's eyes lit up, finally understanding and remembering "their attacks are combined!"

Frisk grinned and clapped their hands "yeah, now you're getting it!"

But he frowned as he thought about it further "but you don't have any magic, and I know you're not going to attack her, so how are we going to combine our power if you don't have…uh, power?"

Frisk smiled a sweet cheeky smile for him, "compared to Garbine, you don't necessarily have a lot of magic power either, but our limitations never stopped us before! But ah…hm, you do have a very good point pretty boy, so, what I was thinking was… maybe if you let me be your legs, then maybe… you could be my arms?"

Again, Flowey lit up, a big sly toothy smirk appearing, "I really like the way you worded that Frisky,"

Their smile dropped, "no, no, that wasn't a pun, I didn't mean actual firearms,"

He snickered, his expression going a step more devilish, the old tiny sliver of bloodlust that he still had beginning to act up "I did though. Because the happy flower has friendly toys, and the happy flower loves to make noise, hee, hee,"

Frisk crossed their arms, their frown deepening at him, "you can rhyme all you want but that's not funny,"

Flowey's grin faltered, his common sense quickly snapping back into place "you're right, it's not. I couldn't help it though... I don't exactly 'like' this kid okay? This little twerp had a lot of nerve knocking you around like some kind of chew toy,"

"Yeah, being overpowered and hyperactive while having zero experience can make a child act like that, which is why I want to teach her, not hurt her, do you get me now?" Frisk explained firmly.

Flowey stiffened as an unwelcome amount of guilt came over him, but he pushed it at the back of his mind, but not too far back, "yeah, yeah, I do now, I'll behave. Okay, uh, so, now that we got that cleared up, how about you show me exactly what you have in mind,"
The next two days as Frisk was away with Papyrus on the trip, Flowey spent either half of his time restarting/replaying his video games or the other half of it getting himself ready for the fight, if it was one thing he didn't want, it was letting Frisk down, he knew he wouldn't be able to handle it if he accidentally let them die again, especially after telling them how he swore he'd protect them.

... 

And then once Frisk got back home, it was time to begin the not so cleverly named- 'The Day of the Fight'.

Frisk was on their bike pedaling down the street, on their head sat Flowey who overlooked the neighborhood.

"Mmmm, d'you remember that touching talk we had awhile back and I showed you those drawings I did for my magic attack idea, and you got super pissed?" Frisk asked out of the blue, in attempt to distract both themselves and Flowey.

"Yeah, I was pissed because it was a dumb attack, if you could even CALL it an 'attack'! All it does is turn your opponent into some loopy high on euphoria mess!" he exclaimed, getting annoyed all over again at the very mention.

Frisk snickered, "you know sounds a lot like how you acted during the camping trip, right?"

Flowey shut his mouth, embarrassed, remembering his behavior.

"Hm, maybe I had magic inside me all along and didn't even realize," Frisk joked, giggling softly to themselves.

After a few moments of cycling down the street Frisk spoke up again, their tone low.

"We're getting close,"

"Did you remember to Save today?" Flowey asked, his tone low too, wishing it was a question that he didn't have to ask, hoping greatly that he was just wasting his breath.

"Mhm."

And then, down at the end of the street stood an old house, noticeably recently renovated, sitting all alone, surrounded by not much else but field and plenty of trees, a definitely a good place to have an uninterrupted fight since there were no neighbors to disturb.
But then, playing in the front yard was when Flowey saw her, an incredibly orange teeny tiny tabby cat monster child, they wore a striped pink and maroon dress and on their head was a toy tiara, they were chasing a butterfly.

An awful feeling came over him.

Maybe he was wrong, maybe that wasn't Garbine… maybe it was her…sibling…?

"There she is. She's a sweet kid isn't she?" Frisk commented suddenly.

Okay, maybe that was Garbine.

The awful feeling got worse and worse as they got closer, until finally he realized what the feeling was, he didn't want to fight Garbine, something about attacking a child like her sent a large wave of disgust through him.

He took a deep breath and exhaled. . . no, he had make himself remember that they weren't here for a real fight, all they had to do was hold on and train this kid until she got it all figured out. Simple.

He curiously watched Garbine as Frisk rode in closer, that was, until finally Garbine looked up and noticed the duo herself, her eyes lighting up in excitement, and to their surprise, Garbine leapt up, her tiara falling off without her notice and proceeded to run up to them, meeting them in mere seconds.

"Hi! Your flower has a face! I like it!" she greeted, pointing up at Flowey.

Frisk pulled the breaks and smiled cheerfully at the monster cat "thank you, I like his face too, let me introduce ourselves, his name is Flowey, he's my BFF, and my name is Frisk, nice to meet you,"

"Howdy," Flowey greeted simply, now having a hard time not smiling, especially so after being complimented out of the blue.

Garbine gasped and giggled excitedly, all eyes on Flowey now, "you're like the echo flowers!"

Flowey smirked, making his way down until he was on Frisk's forearm, "yup, few know this, but I'm actually echo and golden flower hybrid, and I'm way smarter too,"

This caused Garbine to squeal in amazement, absolutely taken by Flowey's charm.

"So what's your name?" Frisk asked grinning in polite amusement at the little cat's unfiltered joy.

"My names' Garbine, me and my mom and my dad and my toys just moved here from the Underground, do you wanna come play with me?" she asked.

"Sure, that sounds fun, lead the way," Frisk said, a warm smile spreading across their face.
"Yay! Okay, follow me! It's just me and my toys right now!" she said, turning around to run back to the yard.

Frisk obeyed and began pedaling, with Flowey who silently gave them a reassuring squeeze to their hand momentarily.

Once they reached the yard, Garbine eagerly had Frisk sit down and began to introduce them and Flowey to her toys, who all had names, ages, and professions, one stuffed bear was even an eleven year old Space Goblin Queen.

"You have a lot of toy friends, have you made any real ones yet in the neighborhood?" Frisk asked finally when the introduction was over.

For the first time, Garbine frowned, her eyes trailing off to her feet as she began picking at the grass, her tail twitching uncomfortably.

"Not yet, you guys are the first ones. I only had one back in the Underground, but I didn't see him much. Mom said that back when I was baby, that there use to be a lot more kids, but after we were all set free that a lot of monsters moved to up above to here,"

"..A baby? So, what, that makes you five? Six?" Flowey asked, thinking about all the monsters souls he had taken, it was still really bizarre to think he had taken baby monster souls too, it made him uneasy.

Garbine nodded quickly, "six,"

"Why didn't your family just move here earlier?" Frisk asked.

Garbine shrugged lightly, "dad said something about learning about it being safer, and mom just liked it better there I guess, but I like both my homes, but I sort of like the surface a little better, there's lasagna here,"

"Yeah, I love both sides equally myself…I like lasagna too. Did you know I was the eighth human to ever visit the Underground back when I was a kid? It was right before the Barrier was broken," Frisk said.

Garbine gasped, "wooaah,"

Frisk motioned to Flowey, "and Flowey here was born in the Underground like you, he was the first monster I met when I visited, but…we had our differences and fought a bunch….fortunately we got passed all that and quickly became best friends,"

Garbine looked at both of them in amazement, "did you fight for real like- like- monsters, or did you fight like humans? Or did you just yell-fight like my neighbors?"

Flowey and Frisk shared a knowing look with each other before giving Garbine her answer.
"We fought like monsters, and let me tell you, it's dangerous. But it can be a lot of fun if you know what you're doing," Frisk explained.

"Key word, dangerous," Flowey added.

"My school doesn't allow real monster fights, instead we're reading about them, it sounds really, really, really, really, really boring- but this one time at the park, I saw a bunch of other monsters doing it, it was sooooo cool- except, I… didn't get to see all of it,"

"And now you know it's not actually boring anymore, huh? What do your parents think?" Frisk asked.

Garbine looked down at her feet, "I don't know, I don't really get to see them much anymore because they're always working now, it's just me and my human nanny most of the time, and she's old as rocks," Frisk nodded, "you sound really interested, maybe…Flowey and I could show you some of the basics…?"

Garbine's eyes widened, looking back and forth between both of them in sheer excitement, looking as if someone had just asked her if she wanted their two hundred dollars that they didn't want.

"R-really?! You'll teach me how to fight?" she gasped.

Frisk grinned hesitantly, "yeah, of course, but just the basics,"

"Yay!" Garbine cheered and jumped to her feet and twirled around as Frisk slowly took their time, in no rush.

But then Flowey suddenly began speaking as he thought of an idea to stall the fight.

"Hey, Garbine, now that I'm thinking about it, we have a best friend who is craaaaazy about making pasta, maybe we can get him to come over RIGHT NOW and we can have a pasta party with lots of lasagna," Garbine paused mid twirl to look at him with big eyes, "really?!"

"How about after the fight? I know we'll probably be really hungry after," Frisk interjected, giving Flowey a mixed look, welp, there was no way out of this now.

At that, Garbine grew even more psyched and switched from twirling to hopping around.

The duo stood and watched as the tiny cat monster continued her hyper celebration, they were in no hurry, both hoping she'd burn off some of that extra energy before they started.

But soon she stopped and turned to face them, "okay.. so I know we stand like this, and…ummm, and then we… um.. en..counter? Encounter.. like…this?"

With another step and no effort at all, Garbine pulled Frisk and Flowey into the encounter, the world around them shifting as the little monster's magic took over the area.
Frisk smiled, "yes, you did it! You're a natural."

Garbine grinned big, "yay! So what next?"

Frisk looked down at their choice boxes, "well, first of all, there's Fight, and then there's Act, then Item, and then finally- Mercy."

"Let's learn Act first," Flowey suggested quickly.

Frisk smirked at him, "oh yeah, you're right, that one is really important."

Garbine frowned "I already know Act, it's when you Check the other person or do something to make the opponent not want to fight anymore or encourage them to fight more, my teacher says it's another way to make friends too,"

Flowey raised his eyebrows, "hm, okay, how about Item?"

Garbine pulled out a piece of candy from her pocket, and showed it to the duo, "yeah! I know this one too, it's when you're low on…um…HP? Or need a boost,"

"What about Mercy?" Frisk asked.

Garbine scratched at a place behind one of her kitty ears, trying to remember her teachings, "…mmmmf…sorry, I can't remember that one very well, and we haven't learned Fight yet, so…,"

Frisk and Flowey looked to each other firmly, it was finally time to get serious.

They looked back to Garbine, "don't worry! This what this we're doing now aren't we? So get ready, because your about to have a lot of fun," Frisk reassured.

"YAY!" Garbine cheered, jumping up with her hands raised high above her, another wave of excitement building inside her, and in that excitement, a burst of magic shot through her and in the process accidentally attacked, sending a blast of strong wind at Frisk and Flowey.

Frisk was able to stand their ground, but making a small noise as Flowey also accidentally gripped onto their arm a little too hard, struggling to hold on.

"HEY! Do you have any idea of what you just did?!" Flowey yelled once it was over, a mixture of angry and shocked.

Garbine dropped her arms and froze, surprised, "what?"

"You attacked us!"

Garbine looked at her hands in awe, then back at the team, "I DID?! That's what that was?! THAT'S SO COOL!" they shrieked, sending out another blast of wind, which this time Frisk was able to dodge just in time.
"NO, it's NOT 'cool' Garbine! You have to learn self-control or... the opponent will... you know... fall down?" Flowey informed his tone dropping from angry to weak in a matter of seconds as he remembered who exactly he was talking to.

Garbine tilted her head in confusion, "'fall... down'?

The duo tiredly sighed simultaneously at that, "well that makes a lot of sense," Flowey mumbled.

"It's a monster term for... when someone... dies, Garbine, you do know what dying is, don't you?" Frisk explained gently in a soft voice, hoping strongly that they wouldn't have to be the one to explain death to a six year old.

Garbine narrowed her eyebrows in further confusion, quiet as several expressions passed over her features in a matter of seconds, thinking hard, until she shook her head, "yeah, kind of, my nanny said it's when you get so weak and tired that you go to sleep and never wake up, but... you two are nuts, this isn't a real fight, that won't happen!"

Flowey looked to Frisk, "can I tell her?" who nodded to him.

He looked to Garbine, "every monster battle is 'a real battle', remember when we said it was dangerous? It's probably why their making you guys reading about it first...,"

She stared at them, her face going deep into thought, "s-so... wait, I can actually hurt people?"

Frisk spoke up next "yes, if you're not careful enough, but that's what Mercy is for, if your opponent doesn't want to battle anymore or you don't want to hurt them, you can just stop and let them go free, or, if you don't want to battle anymore, you can simply run away... but that doesn't always work if your opponent really, really, really wants to continue,"

Garbine listened, nodding slowly as she did, she seemed to understand.

"And when you blew that gust of wind at us, it was actually a fighting attack, so, you know what I think we should do? Test your dodging skills!" Flowey said, a confident grin spreading across his face.

The little cat's mouth opened to a perfect 'O' shape, and grinned too, "okay! I should be good at that!"

Frisk looked to Flowey with a stern warning frown, "alright, you better behave, don't you get crazy either,"

Flowey's grinned widened, waving them off "I know, I know."

Then, just as they'd practiced, Frisk raised their arm out in front of them, to which Flowey moved to the end of until he was perched to the top of their fist proudly.

"I don't have any magic and I don't like to fight unless I really have to, but Flowey here has flower power!" Frisk explained, and watched with mixed emotions as Flowey proceeded to shoot ten pellets
in Garbine's direction in a largely spaced out V formation.

And like they had said, Garbine was good, dodging the attack in a combination of hyper jumps and twirls.

"Yes! You did it without a scratch! Yay Garbine! Now, attack us back! It's okay this time, we're ready now," Frisk said cheerfully.

Garbine perked up, jumping up and down in circles, "YAY! Alright guys! I'M GONNA DO MY BEST!" she shouted and summoned an attack.

And to Flowey's shock, an enormous magic water attack was created, it was as if Garbine had summoned a wave right from an ocean, with barely any room to dodge, bracing himself as Frisk yelped and literally bent backwards in an impressive display of flexibility- as if they were playing a game of limbo, letting the sparkly wave of water pass over them safely.

Frisk nearly fell back trying to rebalance themselves, grinning big at Garbine when they regained their footing, their mouth wide in awe, "that was so amazing!" they exclaimed, still impressed even after having seen all this before.

"Yeah, pretty impressive if I say so myself! But don't get a big head yet, let's see you dodge more than before! " Flowey added and without another warning, began to shoot at least twenty pellets this time, shooting several in a zig zaggy lines, it was an iffy attack and slightly more difficult than the last one, but easy enough to get through if you went the right way.

The duo watched in slight surprise as Garbine somehow went the right way, giggling wildly as she danced around the pellets with ease, and then seconds after finishing- gasped, her eyes going big in increasing enthusiasm "ooh, I just had an idea! Water blasts! Because I'm a water gun now! PEW PEW! POW POW PEEEW!"

As the small cat started her sound effects she began to shoot alarmingly powerful strong jets of water at Frisk like some kind of super mech water machine gun, they seemed to have a difficult time dodging and keeping up, barely managing to keep safe from Garbine's explosive wild aim, even having to dodge from the icy water droplets that bounced from the attack.

But eventually, and fortunately, they made it out without taking too much damage.

"Hhholly guacamole..." Frisk panted out, wiping sweat from their forehead, taking a water bottle out from one of their Dimension Boxes and taking muchly needed drink.

"GOOOLL-Y! You really are impressive! Did you even know you could do any of this?!!" Flowey
asked, now fully getting an idea of what Frisk went through the first time around.

Garbine laughed gleefully "no! It's just coming to me!"

Flowey looked to Frisk, who gave him a knowing look, they turned back to Garbine.

"You remember what I said about self-control? You NEED to keep that in mind, you have a lot of magic, and I mean A LOT, and that's good but it can also be bad, so you need to contain yourself, Frisk is human, and humans are made out of different stuff and if your attacks aren't controlled enough, you could really hurt them, or make them fall down," he said.

"Same goes for Flowey too, he likes to talk big, but he's just as fragile as you or me," Frisk added.

Garbine and Flowey looked at Frisk thoughtfully, both thinking obviously different things.

"So, do you think you can handle all that?" Flowey asked, narrowing his eyes at Garbine.

"YES! I can do it!" Garbine exclaimed, pumping her fists in a show of enthusiastic readiness.

Flowey looked back to Frisk one more time, nodding to them before directing his attention back to the six year old, he grinned cooly, "great, because it's my turn!"

Then, the grin twisted, and he proceeded to summon out a flurry of pellets, which he arranged carefully, it looked like a really difficult one, and it was, but if Garbine took the time to be careful, she'd be able to get through it.

Still though, despite his attempt, Garbine tried too hard and ran too fast, accidentally smacking into a pellet, which disoriented her, and caused her to spin around and accidentally run into a few more, falling onto her butt once the attack was all finished, her face stricken with more confusion than hurt, barely a tear was had.

"Ooh! Are you okay?! Quick have a piece of your candy," Frisk suggested worriedly, while meanwhile Flowey watched apologetically, but also stubbornly, if this over super powered child could attack like that, it only made sense that she learned how to take an attack too.

As sweet as she was, he wasn't about to baby this kid.

Fortunately they didn't have to worry too much as Garbine obeyed and did as she was told, happily surprised when the candy did its job, returning her HP back to her, and in an instant she was back on her feet.

"All better? Think you feel like trying another attack at us?" Frisk asked.

"Yeah! But, um, I have a question, how come you don't like to Fight, Frisk? It's fun," Garbine asked curiously.

They shrugged, "I don't like hurting people... or any doing any kind of violence actually, it hurts my feelings to see others get hurt- but I can totally see where you're coming from, having magic looks like a ton of fun,"
"IT IS! I'll show you! Maybe someday when I learn everything I can teach you how to use yours too! LIKE THIS ATTACK!" Garbine hollered happily and summoned out another wave of a magic water attack, the same water wave move from before…

Except… this wave was *seven times larger*…

At least that's how big appeared to the duo.

'Ooh…my…god…,' Frisk mouthed as they stood under the colossal wave that rose up high into the air, casting a large shadow over them.

"MOVEMOVEMOVEMOVE!" Flowey chanted, yanking on Frisk's sleeve urgently, because from his point of view, this particular attack wasn't something Frisk could easily just side step.

Alarmed by Flowey's distress, Determination sparked in Frisk's eyes, his panic giving them focus they needed, and effectively move out of the way just in the time, but as soon as they did, a wild gust of wind blew in from seemingly nowhere-

The duo gasped as the air was knocked out of them, the force sweeping Frisk back off their feet, falling onto their back with a hard thump, hitting their head causing them to wince in pain and groan, but thankfully for Flowey, Frisk had kept him close- leaving him unharmed and just slightly woozy.

Easily able to shake it off, he acted quickly by moving over and checking Frisk to find that the fall had made them dizzy and disoriented and by the sound of the noises they were making and the look on their face, he could tell they were in a fair amount of pain.

Before he could speak to them, something in the corner of his eye grabbed his attention and he looked up to see that Garbine wasn't finished, and seemed to have gotten distracted by her magic, playing with it, sending it in random directions, but of course, a few attacks were coming their way and clearly Garbine was not realizing that their human opponent was stunned and was in no condition to get up yet.

Without a second thought Flowey summoned a few vines and shoved them at Frisk's back, successfully moving them out of the way just in time, this action bringing Frisk back to their senses and climb back to their feet, but as soon as they did-

Screamed in alarm as they were blown back and relentlessly thrown and smacked around by wild gusts of wind that were combined with water droplets that stung on contact due to the force, while meanwhile all Flowey could do was cling to the entirety of Frisk's arm, his face half buried into their skin, he knew he would have been thrown off by now if they hadn't been protectively holding and hiding him with their other arm.
They spun around back and forth in abrupt random directions faster and faster, until finally Garbine shot the duo with a large blast of water that felt like an icy punch, spinning Frisk back and tumbling harshly into the grass, landing precariously close to the rough pavement.

But by now, despite what she had been told, Garbine was too overloaded and distracted with hyper excitement, bouncing and cheering for herself in amazement at her power, but Flowey, who was now growing increasingly angry and had managed to get the least damage (again, thanks to Frisk), took the opportunity to Act, speaking to Garbine as Frisk was too busy trying to shakily pull themselves together and get a treat to heal, urgently trying to raise their HP back up from being a dangerously low 2.

"What the ff-! Garbine! What did I SAY?! That wasn't self-control! LOOK AT WHAT YOU DID!" Flowey shouted, his patience lost and face contorted in fury.

Garbine paused mid-cheer and looked at the duo in stunned confusion, backing up slightly and tensing when they saw Flowey's expression and the wet grass stains and red marks on Frisk's face, arms and legs from the cold water blast and hard landings.

She visibly drooped, backing up a few paces "b-but…I thought I did good?"

"NO! You did bad! That was too much! Self-control means holding yourself back!" he said, trying his hardest not to yell or swear, practicing his own self-control.

Then, finally, Frisk stood up, their health now renewed as well their patience, their clothes stained and their hair a mess, but they looked as Determined as ever.

"You have to really focus, because you really had us on a limb back there, try using your magic in an organized pattern, like the one's Flowey showed you, you can even make designs if you want, because if you're in a friendly battle- you're going to want to avoid attacking in big chaotic bursts like you just did, or else… it.. won't be a friendly battle anymore,"

Garbine looked at them with big droopy apologetic eyes as she slowly pieced it together and realized the damage that she had done, "I'm… I'm sorry! I didn't- I didn't know-,

Frisk smiled and spoke calmly "I know, you were just having too much fun, I understand," and then, they grinned goofily and jumped into their dramatic yoga position.

"But it's ookay! I'm super tough and super sturdy! Let's try again!"

Flowey narrowed his eyebrows and leaned in towards Frisk, speaking quietly, almost to a whisper "are you sure Frisk? Maybe she needs…I don't know, a real professional?"

He was hoping that all this had been enough information for Garbine to understand her problem, but to be honest, he mostly really wanted this to just be over, he knew that they were fine now, but Frisk had just taken a really big hit, if he hadn't pushed them out of the way- they would have been a goner, Garbine was really strong and Frisk couldn't keep counting on their HP snacks- not with the way this wild child fought.

"If you think about it… with our history, we technically are professionals," Frisk said back to him, smirking with good humor, but he could see a slight look of uncertainty in their eyes that they were
trying to hide, noticing how they kept looking back to their pint sized overpowered opponent.

He looked back to Garbine to see she was looking pretty uncertain herself, and full of guilt, her cheerfulness completely gone, critically debating whether or not if she wanted to fight anymore or ever again... And then, something finally dawned on him that caused him to smile.

He saw what Frisk was doing now, they were trying to be encouraging and brave for the afraid small six year old, trying to get her excited about fighting again, and not scared of it, because the last thing Frisk wanted to do was make a child frightened of something they were obviously passionate and talented with.

His smile brightened as he gazed at his human, watching as Frisk continued to show the very best of themselves, he wasn't sure if was possible, but if his worsening pain meant anything, he swore he felt his love for them grow even more.

He turned back his focus to Garbine.

"What do you say, do you want to try again?" he asked.

She looked to her feet shyly, "maybe... you promise you won't yell at me again...?"

He raised an eyebrow at her, "as long as you promise to be more careful, I'm serious here, you really hurt my friend, you have to calm down, or...! Ha! I know-", he turned to look back at Frisk "how about a demonstration?"

Frisk's eyes lit up at that, "what a wonderful idea!"

Garbine then backed up and sat down with her toys, and proceeded to watch as Frisk took the second to check to see if Flowey was okay enough to fight, after a bit of fussing and quietly and quickly talking their fight plan over, they soon put Flowey down in the grass and began their own battle... 

Without looking, Frisk spoke up to the audience "okay, Garbine? And toys? I'm going to be pretend to be a monster so you'll have a reference. Flowey you just... hmmmm... play along and be yourself."

Flowey snickered, "okay, but I gotta say, you look like the most human-y monster I've ever seen, not bad though,"

Garbine giggled among the audience, positioning her toy friends better so they could see properly.

They began with Flowey shooting an arrange of pellets at Frisk's direction- similar to the first attack he'd thrown at Garbine, all easily dodged in a cool jazz-dance movement.
Frisk then pretended to attack Flowey with a kissy heart attack, with fake pink and red hearts fluttering toward him, which he dodged by tunneling around like it was a game of whack-a-mole.

"Psst, get hit by one, just one, please?" Frisk whispered shouted to Flowey, who rolled his eyes.

"I will on your next turn, you insipid cupid nightmare!" he said with a teasingly bashful grin, then looked to Garbine and frowned, "that's… uh… that's not usually how that bit works, don't count that part, if someone ever actually asks you to get hit by their attack- they're just being a violent grade-A jerk."

Garbine giggled more, "I know, I know! Keep goiinnng!"

Frisk turned to Garbine "and let me just start by saying, my magic attack doesn't harm, just temporarily stuns, you'll meet a lot of monsters with different types of magic and magic attacks, everyone is different, so you'll have to take the time and learn how to avoid each one,"

Flowey started up his turn, snapping vines at Frisk, missing until finally he wound one around their waist and spun them wildly away like a yo-yo, aiming them at four pellets that awaited a few feet away... ...then catching them just seconds before they collided with the pellets, spinning them back safely.

It was an attack that the both of them had come up with together and it made him nervous like crazy, but he had to admit it was one heck of a great trust exercise.

Now dizzy and laughing giddily, Frisk started up their magic attack again, blowing the hearts everywhere, but since they were so unsteady, the hearts ended up being scattered everywhere in a random flurry.

Still, as promised, Flowey pretended to be hit by one, gasping dramatically, wobbling around, and putting together an exaggerated silly love struck expression, counting down in his mind from twenty so he'd know just how long he should be acting like a looier moronic version of himself.

"Oooh! Everything is so beautiful! Wow! So many colors…," he said looking around him slowly in pretend amazement, causing Garbine to instantly crack up in hysterical laughter.

He looked to Garbine and gasped loudly, "OH MY FIFTY THREE MOONS, do you have any idea how…how… orange your fur is?!" he then eyed the toy tiara a few feet away and gasped in an exasperated surprise.

"Oh! Garbine! You didn't tell me you were a princess! Let me fetch you your crown, your royal highness!" he said while underneath the dirt began to send out a vine which popped out near the crown and took hold of it, then raised it high into the air until it hovered over Garbine who was in complete awe.

Delicately, he sat the tiara on her head, in which the tiny princess clasped her hands together tightly, just barely containing her happiness.
Meanwhile, as Frisk waited, they held both hands clasped tightly to their mouth, holding back their amused but impressed giggling, not wanting to distract Flowey from his acting, but it was a feat that was more difficult than it looked.

They were then caught off guard when Flowey looked to them and an untamed grin spread across his face, not able to help how his cheeks turned orange when he spoke.

"And Risky Frisky! You always look great but I cannot believe my eyes right now, when did you start looking so stunning? I swear, lighting could strike me down and paralyze me and it wouldn't have the same effect as the spell you put on me,"

Frisk let out a rather interesting happy flattered high pitched noise, and no longer able to contain them self- finally let out of their laughter, their face turning ten different shades of pink.

Their happiness and laugh too infectious caused Flowey to temporarily forget the fight and what he was supposed to be doing and started laughing with them.

When the giggle fit died down, Frisk shut down the 'battle', took back Flowey onto their arm and turned their attention back to Garbine.

"Ok, so we got a little carried away-,"

"A little?" Flowey interrupted under his breath, smirking at them.

"But I think you get the picture, so what did you think?" Frisk said, clasping their hands together hopefully.

"I LOOOOVED IT!" Garbine shouted as if she'd been holding the comment in for ages.

"Good! So, do you think you can handle fighting again without exploding at us?" Flowey asked.

Garbine nodded enthusiastically, jumping back to her feet readily, again not noticing when the toy tiara fell from her bobble head.

He looked back to Frisk, "how about you? Think you're ready too? Or...?" he asked.

The teen had to think this over for a split second before responding.

"Aw yeah, I'm ready, but I think this next one should be the last battle for the day for her, if she does well- we can introduce her to dad, if not, we can come back another day until we figure this out, either way we're still having that pasta party,"

Garbine watched the team, trying to be as patient as she could be, bouncing from one foot to the other.

"Right. Okay, one more battle," Flowey mumbled.
"C'mon, don't be like that, just imagine- if Garbine is *this* great now, imagine what she'll be like when she's older!" Frisk said, turning their gaze to the cat in question who giggled wildly at the compliment.

This time, Frisk re-started the battle, encountering Garbine.

"By the way, have you checked us out on Mercy?" Frisk asked curiously.

Garbine looked and cocked her head in confusion "Flowey's name is in yellow, but yours isn't, what does that mean?"

Flowey flashed a sheepish grin when they looked to him, they simply smiled back reassuringly.

"A highlighted name means that Flowey isn't so keen on fighting anymore, and I'm not highlighted because I still want to train you, and all that means you can choose to give him Mercy so he can step out of the battle- if you want, but not me, not yet," Frisk explained.

Garbine looked to Flowey in still bit more confusion, "you don't want to fight?"

He sighed, "I guess I don't, but I'm not going to leave my friend alone, so you can throw as much Mercy at me as much you want, but I'm not going to go,"

Garbine smiled big at his confession, "you're really nice,"

Frisk grinned in agreement, "yeah, he likes to talk mean sometimes and be sour, but inside of him there's a big soft sweet center,"

Flowey rolled his eyes in embarrassment, "okayokayokay! OKAY! I get it! Let's continue!"

He began first by throwing the same complicated arrangement of pellets that had messed up Garbine earlier, it caught her off guard at first, but as she started something clicked and she figured it out, dodging them all successfully.

"Nice! Ten Flowey points goes to the hyper tangerine!" Flowey complimented, earning him a smirk of approval from Frisk and a very happy cheer from the hyper tangerine herself.

"Okay Garbine, your turn, remember- Self-Control and Organized Patterns!" Frisk reminded.

"I remember!" Garbine said, closing her eyes, focusing, and then opened them and sent out several jet burst of water in a row, almost mimicking Flowey's pellets.

Frisk looked impressed as they swung and stepped around the shots quickly, running as the shots got faster, but just as they were afraid Garbine was going to act out again, she surprisingly soon stopped.

"Yes! That's it! That's what we're talking about! Go girl!" Frisk said proudly, it was their turn to get excited.
Garbine let out a squeal of happiness, doing a tiny dance.

"Don't get too excited yet! It's my turn again!" Flowey interrupted, causing Garbine to instantly and comically stop her dance and snap stand up straight, trying her very best to do well for her trainers.

He turned his head toward Frisk, and whispered, "I'm thinking of trying the star move on her, is that okay?"

Frisk raised their eyebrows at the mention, hesitating for a few seconds, thinking it over, "...yeah, ugh, oh boy... just... be very careful," they whispered back, then pursed their lips, "and then after that, we can have her make her last move, except... I want to test her,"

He narrowed his eyes at them questionably, "test' her? Wasn't this whole thing a test?"

Frisk's eyes flickered to Garbine for a moment, smiling and nodding at the child reassuringly before looking back to Flowey, "yeah, but- never mind, you'll see. Go ahead with your move,"

Flowey frowned skeptically at their answer, becoming instantly worried, "you're lucky I trust you," he whispered back, and finally, turned his attention back to the tiny opponent, moving back to the end of Frisk's raised fist.

"Okay! Prepare yourself for his next move Garbine, because you're about to become starry eyed!" Frisk forewarned in a tone that sounded like it was inspired from a 1970's superhero cartoon.

Flowey blinked, perplexed, looked back at Frisk who was grinning like a doofus, when they noticed his expression their grin only grew bigger.

"What? I can't show you off? I'm proud of you," they said, the admiration was definitely strong.

Finally he smiled, blushing, trying to shake off the sudden shyness coming over him due to the increasing levels of flattery "yeah, fine. Thanks. But really... 'starry eyed'?"

Frisk snickered, "you like?"

Flowey snorted out a laugh "hahaha, yeah- no. It was terrible Frisky! But I guess I'll give it a chance to grow on me," he then, for the second or third time, he turned his attention back to Garbine- whom, was still surprisingly standing straight, not having moved an inch, the only change was that her cheeks that were now puffed up in anticipation.

"Okay, no more distractions, time to attack!" he announced.

"Ho-ly cow, was that a plant pun?!" they blurted out behind him, their mind still on Flowey's earlier comment, he could hear their muffled giggles that he knew that they were covering up.

He didn't look back, but he did roll his eyes, unable to hold back his amused grin "wow, looks like Garbine isn't the only one who needs practice with focusing!" he then nodded to the little cat monster, "okay, enough messing around and monkey shines! Three-two-one let's go!"
Flowey then shot a large star shaped formation of pellets in Garbine's direction, each little individual pellet moving so fast that they blurred, giving the attack an almost glowing appearance.

And then, he shot the star forward at the highest speeds he could manage, burning through the air.

Garbine was alarmed at first, hesitant, but she instantly figured out what to do, running toward the attack and jumping through it successfully, letting out a little whooping cheer as she did so.

But it didn't stop there, he shot another star formation of pellets, a little quicker this time, again Garbine jumped through the shooting stars with ease, amazed at both herself and the attack.

Flowey continued, repeatedly shooting stars everywhere quickly three more times until Garbine was in a excited, enthusiastic loop of running and jumping, like a lion through a ring of fire.

By the fourth time, the formation began to noticeably get smaller.

Fifth time- even smaller.

By the eighth time was when Garbine began to freak out and shriek and almost trip as she jumped out of the formation.

"Th-there isn't enough room!" she cried out when the ninth star formation burst forward toward her.
"You can do it!" Flowey blurted.
"Yeah! Just keep running! If I can do it, you can do it!" Frisk added quickly.

And she did, jumping and leaping into the star-

...But it was too late, she had jumped to late and in the end result, the pellets crashed into her and she tumbled onto the grass roughly, much like Frisk had earlier, lying flat on her stomach.
"Are you okay?!" Frisk blurted out.

Garbine didn’t move at first, the team went dead quiet in fear.

"Garbine…?" Flowey warily called out, swallowing a lump in his throat from the rising anxiety.

. . .

. . . .

After a few seconds, the two let out a shared simultaneous breaths of relief as the small cat suddenly turned her head over facing the team, both instantly noticing the hurt upset look on her face, eyes wet with tears that were trailing down her face in a messy trail, not in too critical health, but still very hurt in more ways than one.

But Flowey wasn't having any of that, making sure to sound equally friendly, encouraging, and tough at the same time.
"Hey! What's with all the waterworks? Get up! There's one last star and it has your name written all over it! I know you can do it!"

She slowly sat up and looked up at the team with her big teary eyes, revealing her fur and dress that was all scuffed up, matching with Frisk's green grass stains.

"But…I… can't…"

Frisk and Flowey looked to each other, shared Determination shining brightly in both their eyes.

Frisk smiled big at Garbine, "yes you can! Do you have another piece of candy?"

She dug into her pockets, sniffing as she took out a piece, "I have one more… but what's the point, I'm just going to crash again,"

"The point is to get that strength back up, because you got this Garbine! We believe in you! You won't crash!" Frisk encouraged.

Flowey grinned at Frisk, following their lead as he looked back to the kid.
"yeah! And if you do somehow mess up and 'crash', which I know you won't, then at least you
messed up and 'crashed' knowing that you're still super powerful enough to knock around someone several years older than you!"

The small cat raised her eyebrows at that, sniffing back a few tears.

Flowey smiled bravely to her, his next comment coming straight from his heart. "Trust me when I tell you that I've been through a lot to get where I am now, it was really hard, traumatizingly hard, and I believe that if I can survive everything that I went through... then, you can too. So don't let one little fall keep you down! Because you're going to fall a lot more in the future, and all of the landings will hurt, but you can't continue and have fun if you never get up and push on!"

Garbine's pointy ears perked up at that and the faintest hint of a smile returned to her face, without a word, she ate the piece of candy, her smile growing as her HP was restored.

And finally, she stood up, wiped her tears away, brushed the grass from her bright dress and jumped in the same ready yoga position that Frisk had done earlier, her smile now wild and uncontained.

"You're right! I'M GONNA DO IT! I CAN DO IT!" she shouted bravely.

"THAT'S MY GIRL!" Frisk cheered, unable to stop themselves from doing a happy Garbine twirl.

"One last go, you ready?" Flowey asked.

"YEAH! I'M READY TO BLAST OFF TO THE STARS!" Garbine announced.

Flowey had to hold himself back rolling his eyes at the continuation of the star themed jokes, his smiling widening as Frisk proudly giggled at Garbine's enthusiasm, the two really seemed to be learning a lot from each other, he could tell they had easily just made yet another best friend, no surprise there.

He took the opportunity to concentrate on the last part of his move... he was going to need it.

First he summoned out a large shooting star formation, but didn't stop there, summoning out more rows of stars, slightly smaller, fitting inside the bigger one.

He did this again and again until he had several shooting stars all lined within each other, pellets spinning, moving frenziedly in different directions, glowing and blinking like neon lights in the night of a city.

He watched his opponent carefully, she stood readily, but her gaze was lost in the spinning stars,
nearly hypnotized, something kind and merciful inside of him wanted to snap her attention back in place or else she would really mess up again, and the last thing they all wanted was more tears.

But another… tougher, rough edged part of himself wanted Garbine to figure this out on her own, to make the mistake and get back up and remember where she went wrong; to learn how much it hurt when you weren't careful enough, just like he had back when he was an innocent kid like Garbine.

He breathed in slowly…

And remembered who he was with, and wondered what Frisk would do if they were in his place instead. . .

. . . Well, they would want to do as least damage as possible, even if they were teaching a child how to monster fight

. . . Fighting a child. . .

He suddenly felt like a grade-A moron, as he realized there was a better way to go about this.

. . .

. . . And breathed out.

And gasped dramatically and cried out "OH GOLLY NO! LOOK! FALLING STARS! COMING YOUR WAY!"

Then, finally, attacked, shooting the stars one by one quickly at Garbine, whoooshing down in her direction.

She shrieked excitedly, her eyes large and dilated, full of focus and adrenaline, tail flicking back and forth, bent down and pounced up, running toward the stars in one giant long magnificent leap.

It was an amazing sight, both Frisk and Flowey's jaws gaping open into perfect 'O's at the scene that unfolded in front of them, it almost felt as if it were going in slow mo.
It looked as if Garbine the six year old was almost flying through the row of stars, gliding inside of them mid jump as they whizzed around her, bright and brilliant, the situation becoming more intense and nerve wracking as the sizes of the last few pellet shaped stars became increasingly smaller and smaller.

They were all almost sure she'd never be able to do it.

Flowey almost didn't acknowledge Frisk as they pulled him close to them in anticipation, their chin resting on the top of his head while meanwhile he clung to both their arms.

But when it almost seemed to close, Garbine let out a fierce yell, squeezed her eyes shut as the last star formation that... just barely grazed her at the last second, coming out the other end unscathed, shooting through the air and doing a perfect roll on to the grass.

Flowey cried out in surprise as he flew up into the air as Frisk shot their arms in the air in victory, nearly losing his grip as they did this, but it was fine, everything was great!

The both of them laughed and cheered for the small cat monster who sat dazed and starry eyed across from them, she wore a dizzy smile.

"Oh my goodness! I wish I had caught on that on my phone! That was fantastic! The both of you!" Frisk said, running their spare hand through their bangs.

"So... I really did that?" Garbine asked with all seriousness.

"Yeah! You nutso little hyper tangerine!" Flowey exclaimed, grinning big and proudly at... heck, his new best friend too.

Frisk finally ran over to Garbine, getting to their knees and hugging her, with Flowey joining in, Garbine gleefully reciprocated, giggling happily.

When the hug was over, Frisk gave Garbine a comforting shoulder pat and moved back a few paces, their smile stubbornly fading as the next part began, Flowey was still very curious to see what their 'test' entailed.

"Okay Garbine, the floor is yours and it will be the last move, then afterwards we will have our pasta party," they explained.

But before Garbine could cheer, Frisk held out a suspenseful index finger up in the air.
"BUT! It will be a test, your final test. If you pass my very important test, you will get to meet someone very important to us. If not, we'll just have to continue to come back and fight until you do pass it," they said, their eyes locked onto Garbine's.

Flowey wasn't sure he liked the sound of where this was going.

"The test is… that I want you to go all out and Fight us with all of your power, no holding back like your last move- which, was very good, because it showed us you are capable of controlling yourself, but I need to see you be able to control yourself while using your magic at its best,"

"You want her to do WHAT?" Flowey blurted out, tensing up automatically around their arm.

Frisk frowned apologetically at Flowey, "I'm sorry Azzie, but I need to see her do this,"

They then turned their attention to Garbine and gave her small polite smile, "do you understand what I'm talking about?"

She locked her fingers together thoughtfully at the question, fidgeting a bit "you… want me to attack you guys with all my power like I did at first, but you want me to…um, be like Flowey and be really careful and organized?"

Frisk thought over that answer "not quite, I want you to attack like Garbine, because there's a big part of this lesson that we haven't gotten to yet that…we…uh, really should have talked about in the first place…, and it is that your magic is deeply connected to your emotions- it's the most important thing that I learned from watching Flowey and my other monster friends, emotions are crazy fundamental, especially the happy ones,"

Inside Garbine's head, something visibly clicked as her ears perked up and she gasped "that's why I can't attack right!"

Flowey quirked his head to the side, smiling hesitantly, unable to stop himself from adding a tidbit. "I wouldn't exactly say you did it wrong either, you can be excited when you fight, it's actually preferable when you want to do a good job, all that matters is that you have control over both sides of the coin, like Frisk said,"

"Can I practice real quick?" Garbine asked suddenly.

Frisk blinked, "huh? Oh yeah! Of course, do what you need to do,"

Garbine stood there for a second, looking around at the grass, shifting her weight foot to foot awkwardly, pursing her lips before finally speaking up "um, um… can you turn around? This won't take long,"

Frisk smiled politely, "take your time," and did as they were told, giving Garbine her privacy.
Chapter End Notes

I had major writers block back when I worked on this chapter, because I've said it before and I'll say it again, writing fight scenes is definitely not my forte, I realize some scenes are kind of rough around the edges, I apologize thoroughly, and I've been worried for a long time that people may be put off by Garbine as a whole (she only appears for two chapters, by the way) so this isn't one of my favorites, I just hope it doesn't show through too much!

But, then again, I very much like the next part that takes place in the next update! You'll see what I mean...
Finding Harmony

Chapter Summary

Garbine performs her final test, and once again, she blows the duo away, afterwards Flowey performs something special for Frisk.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 28 Finding Harmony

Warnings?: More monster fighting- so more (very) light violence, and if you have issues with second hand embarrassment- then you might have a problem with one scene.

Inspiration Songs: 'Symphony' by Clean Bandit AND 'Hopes and Dreams' by Toby Fox but on acoustic guitar!

And now your song is on repeat
And I'm dancin' on to your heartbeat
And when you're gone, I feel incomplete
So if you want the truth

I just wanna be part of your symphony
Will you hold me tight and not let go?

Symphony

Like a love song on the radio
Will you hold me tight and not let go?

I'm sorry if it's all too much
Every day you're here, I'm healing
And I was runnin' out of luck
I never thought I'd find this feeling

'Cause I've been hearing symphonies
Before all I heard was silence
A rhapsody for you and me
"Okay Garbine, the floor is yours and it will be the last move, then afterwards we will have our pasta party," they explained.

But before Garbine could cheer, Frisk held out a suspenseful index finger up in the air.

"BUT! It will be a test, your final test. If you pass my very important test, you will get to meet someone very important to us. If not, we'll just have to continue to come back and fight until you do pass it," they said, their eyes locked onto Garbine's.

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Frisk smiled politely, "take your time," and did as they were told, giving Garbine her privacy.

...Still, Flowey attempted to take a peek, but Frisk gingerly pushed his face back around.

"She can do this, trust her," Frisk whispered.

"…After what I seen her do, I don't doubt you, but…," he whispered back, swallowing the anxious lump in his throat, he closed his eyes and shook his head stubbornly, "-no, we can do this,"

Frisk let out a long exhale of air and looked down at Flowey.

-And despite it all, grinned reassuringly at him, their growing smile beautiful, the sun shining and glinting off their messy hair.

A memory of the same grin flashed in his mind, a flashback from the wedding. . .

With crystal clarity, he remembered how he felt that day, the realization, the pain, and then all the fears that followed after, and all the tears that he cried as it rained outside, drowning in so much of the self-loathing he had accumulated over the years that had blinded him to the point where he couldn't fully see the obvious love that his friends and family had for him.

...So blind he couldn't even imagine that anyone would ever feel the same way back.

He would have never imagined that day that he would have been brave enough to get where he was now, or that someone could ever love him so strongly, it was baffling, but here he was, he was finally clearly seeing what he couldn't a year ago.

A genuinely bright grin crossed Flowey's features, tears welding up in his eyes.

Of course, he was still filled with the same pitiful self-loathing, but it appeared that his walls of hatred weren't as thick as they use to be, apparently some idiot had been kicking at it while he hadn't been looking, perhaps they were trying a find a way to reach him.

"You okay?" Frisk whispered to him suddenly, catching him off guard, realizing that he had started
crying.

He sniffled, wiping the tears away, his grin closing to a thoughtful smile "yeah, I'm great. I was just remembering something important is all,"

Frisk looked him over curiously, wondering if they should be concerned, but that smile of his convinced them otherwise, realizing those tears running down his face were happy tears.

"What were you remembering?" they asked.

Flowey chuckled softly, almost shyly "…a certain wedding,"

Frisk was silent for a moment, a little confused until they got the gist of what he meant, a small smile reappearing on their face because they knew what that day meant for Flowey, still, they weren't completely sure how to respond.

"That's an interesting thing to recall at a time like this," they managed to answer.

Flowey nodded, unable to take his eyes off Frisk now, "I know, let's just say something made me do a comparison check on myself from then and now,"

Frisk's small smile rose, as they slowly understood what he was talking about, "big difference?"

He nodded once more, "very big,"

They reached over and gave him a brief petting caress behind his petals, they would have lingered, but it wasn't the time or place for the gentle public display of affection at the moment.

"I agree, I'm glad it made you happy," they said warmly.

"I'm almost done!" Garbine called out from behind the duo, making them jump.

"Okay!" Flowey and Frisk called back in unison, and then looked back to each other in the amused surprise.

They stood there for a little while longer, quiet and waiting in anticipation, trying to ignore the sounds of Garbine shuffling and running about as she practiced, the both of them were so ready to get this over with, the thought of pasta getting stronger and stronger in their minds.

And soon enough, Garbine called to them again, giving them the OK to turn around and that she was ready.

When they looked, they were met with the sight of Garbine, and in front of her in a row were her toys.

"I hope I can use my friends for the battle, I thought it would help," she asked timidly.
"Yeah, of course, as long as they don't mind," Frisk replied with a playful smile.

Garbine smiled brightly, "then I'm ready for my test!"

Frisk nodded firmly and stepped forward, encountering Garbine for what they hoped would be the last time AND with them living afterwards.

"Remember what I told you, don't hold yourself back," Frisk reminded.

"But don't get out of control!" Flowey added quickly.

"I'll remember!" Garbine said, and finally, she attacked.

Frisk and Flowey watched as Garbine started up what looked like a tiny tornado, still, despite its size it moved threateningly fast, she then tossed in one of her toys into it, the brave Goblin Queen bear.

"That's it?" Flowey blurted out, instantly regretting his words.

"Um, no, sorry!" Garbine called back, then pushed the tornado forward, it moved in a quick zigzag formation, back and forth like a ping pong ball, never leaving the fighting area, and right after that she sent out a series of paced out shots of icy water, a bit clumsy and fairly fast, but it was a very big improvement.

Frisk was able to dodge the tornado, almost running into it a few times due to trying to avoiding the water blasts- which they did get hit by, but it wasn't too bad.

Cleverly they spent their turn eating a snack to heal their HP while Flowey spent his talking.

"That was really good, but I'm guessing you're going to use your toys for your other attacks?" he asked.

Garbine smiled a small smile as she made sure her stuffed bear wasn't too scuffed up, "yeah, they're all going to help so I don't get distracted like before,"

"Smart thinking," he commented.

In the next turn, things were the same but this tornado was bigger, which Garbine threw two toys into, a doll and a panda bear.

"Good luck guys!" she cheered as she dispersed the tornado, making this one twirl in wide circles, and shooting the icy blasts in zig zag motions.
Frisk, whom had begun to get an idea how to get around these attacks, started confidently dodging, which ensued their dancing, hips swinging, arms swaying, and playfully spinning around until then, in the midst of it, they faltered and gasped.

Flowey blinked in confusion and looked up at Frisk- to see that they were staring off at the street, he narrowed his eyes and leaned forward to notice that nearly hidden behind a tree, was a familiar red car, and in that car, was Papyrus, Sans, Undyne and Alphys.

They were all staring back in different levels of shock and/or excitement, totally absorbed in the scene, there was no telling how long they had been watching.

But the duo wasn't able to fully react to their discovery when they suddenly heard Garbine yell at them in frustration and fear and then suddenly…

The world around the both of them whizzed around them as the tornado smacked right into them, picking them up and sucking them into the windy force of nature.

Flowey heard Frisk scream first, and then, to his horror-

They were separated.

Below at the ground, the moment the duo had gotten stuck in the tornado, Garbine started to freak out, standing there in petrified horror, becoming increasingly anxious, causing her magic to become even wilder, accidentally worsening the attack, causing the tornado to grow larger and becoming more ferocious.

It was Flowey's turn to scream as he was blown around in to the air.

His only source of protection was now gone from him, he wanted to close his eyes as the force of the strong freezing gusts stung his face, but he fought against the instinct, a fear of heights he realized he'd been harboring suddenly coming into effect as he managed to get a view of the world below.

Among the flurry of the wind, he swore he could hear his name being called by Frisk- he looked around wildly to find them.

The search didn't take too long as he saw Frisk directly below him, they had curled themselves into a protective ball and also looking around frantically, most likely looking for him as well.

"FRISK!" he screamed out, and shot out a quick vine, whipping it into the air, aiming for their ponytail that was on its way to coming loose, feeling sick to his plant stomach as the wind blew the
vine off-course, still, he tried again.

And again.

A-and a gain-

But there!

On the fourth try- he stuck the landing, the vine curling and tightening around their ponytail firmly, but at the same he did this, a large painful icy shot of water blasted him in the face and he screeched.

All of this got Frisk's attention, looking up and was overwhelmed to see Flowey had made his way back to them, but was distraught to see he had gotten hurt, their hands flying up to grab the vine and pull him toward them, not stopping until he was safe back in their arms.

But before they could think of a plan to free them from the situation, their breath in their throat was abruptly caught as an icy shot of water found them as well, smacking hard into their back with such powerful force that it dislodged them from the tornado's wind cycle.

On their way out, they were hit by a few more blasts as they fell seven feet down from the air, landing and tumbling hard with a few thick thuds onto the grass.

Both were incapacitated and shivering, with Frisk with 1 HP left and too dizzy and racked with pain to move, Flowey doing a little better at 12 HP but freezing and unable to see at the moment, groaning as he lied next to Frisk.

As Garbine stood there, watching her new friends lie there, completely helpless as the treacherous tornado began to unapologetically edge near them again, and building in suspense.

And for a few seconds, feeling completely helpless and lost, she accepted it, what was about to happen.

For a dreadful moment, there was just . . . . waiting....
With their eyes cracked open and head dizzy, Frisk was able see it too, could feel the wind rising again, the team had well prepared themselves for either fate, reluctantly ready for the worst, but Hope still held tight within them, there just had to be another way than this.

So instead of holding their breath, Frisk held their fists tight and turned their focus on to Garbine.

"Hold on Asriel…," they whispered breathlessly "…I think we can do this…,"

Scared and paralyzed, the young monster noticed their new best friend's gaze, shocked when Frisk smiled encouragingly back at her as they locked eyes.

"C'mon Garbine…,"

And… something sparked inside the small monster child as she remembered something crucial and forced herself to stop and think, she knew what to do, but doing what she wanted felt impossible when everything felt so chaotic and out of control. But then, she remembered how Flowey had deep breathed before he'd shot his star pellet attack, mimicking the memory, the world around her slowing down as she let the oxygen flow through her, focusing hard.

As she exhaled, the situation seemed a little less terrifying, regaining control of her emotions and magic, tears coming to her eyes as she smiled back.

And pressed Mercy.

And then, just like that, the encounter was over, and now no longer held back, Garbine ran over to the duo as fast as she could, falling to her knees beside Frisk.

"I'm sorry!" she cried out, tears coming to her eyes.

Frisk blinked back their own tears, their smile now proud "look at that Flowey… she did it," "Can't. Face… is… frozen," he managed out, sighing noisily in tired relief as Frisk was quick to comfortingly move their warm arm around him, ushering him in close to their side.

Before Frisk could attempt to check him or say anything more, familiar shouts were heard in the
"WHAT IN THE ENTIRE FREAKING HECK!" Undyne yelled, "THAT WAS AMAZING!"

In no time at all, the gang made their way into the yard, soon standing around the younger three.

"Oh my god…," was all Alphys could say as she was the last to approach the duo, stunned by the fight she had witnessed, but even now more stunned now that she had closer view.

Obviously the same was said for the others as well.

Undyne didn't waste any time as she spoke up "I can't believe it, we were all hanging out, but then I look up ahead and what do I see? You two weenies fighting this little kid, I thought I was going to have to beat your butts up, but nope, looks like Storm here already had that covered. We would have come sooner, but… I didn't have it in me to stop a fight that brilliant,"

Despite their bad wounds, aches, and pains, Frisk grinned sheepishly, "guess we have some… s'plannin' to do."

Flowey, who had been rubbing at the ice stuck to his eyes, grimaced, "a little…uggghh… first aid would be a good idea first, ouch, ouch, ouch,"

"Don't worry… I'll," Frisk began but winced as they tried to reach for their phone, "I'll get you something, just hang on… a sec…," a difficult feat as they were almost too weak to even hold the device properly, their fingers wet and nearly frozen.

"DO NOT OVER EXTEND YOURSELF MY FRIENDS, I WILL HELP," Papyrus said with a great amount of concern, pushing Frisk's hands back down and proceeded to get his own HP treats out.

As Papyrus smothered the two teenagers with tender loving monster food, Garbine took the opportunity to speak up.

"Are…are you Flowey and Frisk's friends?" she asked nervously to the new group, looking guilty.

"Nope! We're their best friends. Are you really the impressive kid who just single handedly summoned all those tornadoes like some kind of super mini mega weather wizard?" Undyne asked, crouching down to fully get on Garbine's level, inspecting her.

Garbine's eyes went big and her voice going small, becoming shy, unable to take her eyes off of Undyne's eye patch "um…yes…?"

"Her name is Garbine," Frisk spoke up, who's HP was back to normal and now sitting up, still, despite being healed, from head to toe they were a complete and utter mess "and she may have just kicked our butts, but she's a very good kid, and she just passed her test,"

The little cat monster's ear perked up in surprise, "I did!!?"

"when did you two become teachers?" Sans joked.

"ALL THAT WAS A TEST?" Papyrus blurted.

"When can I enroll?" Undyne joked as well, half serious.
Frisk laughed "you guys will be surprised but…Garbine didn't know how to fight when we met her, so logically…we decided to teach her the basics, but then-,'"

Flowey, now also completely healed and able to see again, continue for them. "-We discovered that she was really powerful, just as powerful as dad, but wasn't really in total control of herself, so…uh, we took it upon ourselves to train her," he then looked to Frisk and raised his eyebrows.

"-and you said she passed? You want to explain that for me?" he asked skeptically, unsure if Frisk's judgment was correct or not.

Frisk smiled proudly in Garbine's direction, "she stopped the fight and got control over herself, she even showed Mercy," shaking their head to themselves, "I'll admit it wasn't what I expected, but dang, that was a lot of progress made for just- um, what time is it?"

Half the team began to shuffle to check their devices.

"Four twenty," Alphys said, who already had their phone out in the first place.

"That was a lot of progress made for just two hours," Frisk said.

Flowey thought about it, and changed his mind, Frisk was right, that really was a lot of progress, as hyper and energetic as Garbine was, she was a really fast learner…he then remembered he had learned the very same lesson a few months ago with his dad, and boy was he was glad that someone like Garbine had learned it as early as she had.

He smirked, "yeah, I agree, she passed The Test…although…it would have been really great if you have stopped the fight the second we got stuck in your cyclone of terror,"

Garbine, who was barely holding back her emotions quickly looked down with guilt, "sorry, I got scared,"

Feeling that he was about to be scrutinized for upsetting their new little friend, Flowey quickly backpedaled, smiling bigger now, "it's fine, all that matters is that you did it,"

"YEAH, AND FROM WHAT I WITNESSED, IT WAS QUITE IMPRESSIVE, WE ACTUALLY STARTED TAKING NOTES," Papyrus added.

She looked back up, gazing around at everyone with unfiltered joy, and then she remembered something, looking to Frisk "didn't you say I would get to meet someone important?"

Flowey and Frisk grinned at each other with anticipation before looking back to Garbine.

"Yup! My dad, King Asgore!" Flowey announced.

It was then that Garbine gasped exaggeratedly loud and made a series of noises and squawks of excited disbelief and glee, mainly at the fact she was going to meet not just a King, but THE King of the Monsters, and also at the fact that she just made friends with a *Real* Prince~

It wasn't long until Garbine's nanny came outside to see what the ruckus was about, (it seemed she had been taking a deep, deep, very deep nap) and was taken aback to see what awaited her on the front lawn.
The group of monsters plus Frisk quickly explained what happened—cutting to the chase to ask if they could throw a pasta party, the nanny not really getting much of a chance to speak during the excitement as they all traveled down the street to Toriel's house.

A lot happened after that, the nanny fortunately understanding the situation and going along with ride, staying in the corner as she talked to Garbine's parents on the phone.

The party was a success and by the end of it, Garbine was sobbing happy tears, she had made so many new friends and found the most amazing powers within herself that she had no idea she possessed.

All thanks to the wonderfully strange duo that bravely didn't give up on her.

...Later that night...

Frisk entered Flowey's room, looking thoughtful.

"Hey, is everyone gone?" he asked gingerly, quietly.

Frisk nodded, "yeah, Toriel is out with the skelebros," they walked over to the aquarium to Orange Juice, wiggling their finger to get the elegant little fish's attention and begin to feed him. "By the way, I got to talk to Garbine's parents, they were grateful that we helped, but basically don't want us fighting Garbine anymore, aaand that Asgore is def going to train her,"

Flowey smirked, resting his plant head on a vine, watching them admiringly "but you don't regret a thing, do you?"

Frisk chuckled, "nope! I know we did the right thing, I just know it," they said as they watched Orange snap at the pellet with all the fierceness and spirit of a shark.

"Yeah, I agree, I still would have liked to see if dad could have taken her on, y'know, in a different timeline, but no, ugh, we wouldn't want to have risked that. Speaking of which… did you Save?" he asked.

Frisk turned around to face him, leaning against the desk looking pleased "I sure did, our crazy amazing fight is now forever stuck in time,"

"That's good…," he said, his tone soft, still gazing at Frisk with the same admiring look.

They raised their eyebrow at him curiously "what is it?"

Flowey looked down, his smiling widening ever so slightly, his cheeks beginning to glow. "It's… um…well…," he started, but his words faded in his throat as he looked back up at them, unsure how to put his thoughts into sentences.
Something occurred to Frisk and a slow flirtatious smirk appeared on their face, "oh, I see, it must be Flirt Time."

Flowey couldn't help but grin, becoming quickly bashful, they were right- it was indeed Flirt Time, because he had something very important and special show Frisk and it seemed like the perfect time to do it.

So, still unable to say what it was, he pointed to his guitar "can you hand me that?"

Frisk's mouth gaped open in surprise, not moving an inch "are…are you going to play for me?"

He snickered, his cheeks becoming brighter "just hand me the guitar,"

Frisk wasted no more time, rushing over to the instrument, grabbing it and gingerly handed it to Flowey, who drew out several vines, twisting them around each other to make his strange green makeshift hands, holding onto the guitar.

He knew the vine hands looked awful and weird, it made him feel self-conscience, strange and ugly, and this was the second time after a long time that he was going to play in front of Frisk, but he shook it off, there was no other way he could do this without the vine-hands.

Besides, he knew better now that even when he didn't accept himself- he knew Frisk always would.

With another vine, he slid it into the inside of the sound hole of the guitar, ripping off some tape and pulling out a now unhidden piece of paper which he then proceeded to unfold.

Frisk, who was currently ogling, began to blush, "Asriel…did you…,"

Feeling even more bashful, he didn't attempt looking at the human who he felt staring hard at him.

"I did. I… uh…," he had to swallow a lump in his throat, "I started writing this after you reloaded, mostly to get things off my chest, but after the fight today I decided to finish it, because… I still had some insecurities left over about dating, but us working together as a team like that… it… showed me that this relationship can really work, we can work,"

He then braced himself and looked at Frisk, "and also, I realized I never actually explained of just how much I like you, so sit down and listen, because I'm only going to sing this once…after that, I'm just going to tell you from then on like I should have, like a normal person,"

Frisk gasped, becoming increasingly emotional "you really wrote me a song," saying it as if they could hardly believe it.

He bit his bottom lip, "yes, and I can't play it until you sit down, Frisky,"

They nodded eagerly and pulled out the computer chair, sat down and folded their legs up in front of them, holding onto them in excitement.
Flowey smiled a nervous wiggly smile before exhaling a long sigh, "give me a second, and…um… don't expect anything spectacular, this is more of a love note than a…uh… song."

Frisk gave him a thumbs up and winked.

He focused his attention down at the guitar as he played with the melody for a moment until it sounded right, starting slow, mentally and emotionally preparing himself for what he was about to do.

Raising the sheet of paper in front of him to read, he cleared his throat and finally began.

He began by humming along with the tune, he was a little shaky, but as he winged it, he worked into something melodic. . .

"Because you idiot, listen to me,"

"I don't want to waste anymore of our time, I need to tell you, I have to tell you, oh, what you mean to me~," he began quickening up the melody, taking a breath as he started the next line.

"Because you idiot, I love you~ I love you~ I love you so much…," he trembled a little as a roll of pain rushed through him, but he pushed through it, he had song to preform damn it.

"You have done so much for me, years ago I never thought I'd ever end the loop, I never thought I'd fight my fears, I never thought I'd be free, free, free~ I never thought I'd write this song~ this song~ this song~ I never thought I'd could become who I've become~ like this, like this, like this, ooh, like this~,"

He finally looked to Frisk to see their eyes glued on to him, not having moved an inch since they sat down except for their head that was resting against their knees, their entire face blushing with pure emotion, he knew they were going to cry any second, he smiled brightly at them- and yup, there were the waterworks.

"You idiot, you idiot, my beautiful idiot~," his smile widened in embarrassment as Frisk burst into tearful flattered giggles.

"How do you do this? How do you do this? How do you do this to me~? I still don't understand~," he ripped his eyes from Frisk to look over his lyrics as he hummed for a beat.

"I'll never understand how you do it... you stun me all the time, you pull me from my dark, you show me life, you make me feel... I love it, I love it...I love you~ I love you~ my beautiful best friend~ I'd go anywhere with you, don't you know~?"
More humming, taking another breath to prepare himself further for the next part, blinking a bit as his own eyes began to glaze over with tears.

"I've learned my lesson in the past, I'm never losing another one again, oohh, no~" he had to pause as he wiped more incoming tears, sniffling.

"I'm doing things right this time, I need to tell you, I have to tell you, oohh, oh~,

Slowing up the melody, he wiped at his eyes again.

"You and I, you and I– Sunshine and Starshine, I know it's a big deal, and I know were scared, but my beautiful best friend, I know we can make it if we believe in our better dreams, dreams, dreams~ because you once told me no one was meant be alone, ohh, no~ and I promise to never to let go…~," He looked back at Frisk, the whites of their eyes pink as they quietly cried, they smiled happily in agreement as he looked at them.

"And I know I've hurt you, and I still don't know why, my beautiful best friend… and I'm sorry for every scar, for every nightmare, I'm sorry for every terrible word, because I was the real idiot all along," he paused his song as Frisk frowned deeply at that last part, confused and displeased.

"Don't give me that look, it's true, I've always been a moron, do NOT fight me on this one Frisk," he said with a smirk.

They merely sighed and shrugged in a- 'if you want to see it that way' sort of motion, their smile returning as Flowey winked.

He continued up his melody again, for a little while longer now to get back in the mood, again having to prepare himself for the next part.

"…Because you saw something in me that day, and I want to thank you, even though I'll never understand, but I love you, and I need to thank you for all you've done for me…for seeing more inside me, and showing me the love I had forgotten,"

More guitar riff- mostly to show off this time and to.. also wipe more tears again.

"I never thought I'd understand, but, my beautiful idiot, beautiful Frisk~ I'm starting to realize…oh-whoa, to never say never…thanks to you~,

"I never thought I'd understand, but, my beautiful idiot, beautiful Frisk~ I'm starting to realize…oh-whoa, to never say never…thanks to you~," and finally, the song was deemed over.
And for a moment, there was only silence as the two love struck teenagers looked to the other, both their face flushed with color and wet from tears.

And then Frisk got up, quickly walking over to Flowey, their eyes never leaving his as they did this, as soon as they were close enough, they leaned in close, claspilng a soft hand against the side of his head, closed their eyes and proceeded to aim a kiss at his cheek.

But as soon as he saw their pink lips come close, he knew that it was time.

And turned his head to the side to face them directly, closing his eyes just before the winning touchdown, bracing himself for the pain as he felt Frisk’s lips gently press against his, thoughts instantly bursting off into space as he felt their extraordinarily warm soft skin, instantly caught off guard by how their breath tasted and smelled of cool spearmint gum, the remarkable sensations causing his own breath to catch in his throat, any memories at all of the subject of pain evaporating, all he could think of now was this.

Once they realized what had happened, Frisk made a pleasantly surprised sound, their other hand coming up to hold the other side of Flowey’s head, holding him as they proceeded to deepen the kiss, turning their head slightly to the right- the action making a world of difference.

The waves of pain that met him was….as bad as he thought it would be, the tears that returned to his eyes was evidence enough, but at the same time he also felt really, really, inexplicably and astonishingly wonderful- the pleasure effectively dulling the pain just as it had last time.

Very quickly did the world around the both of them then completely disappear as they continued to kiss a kiss that they both had been holding in for such a long time- a shared remarkable electricity flowing through the both of them.

Somewhere… in the far off distance… the clang of a guitar dropping to the floor unceremoniously was heard, but they didn't pay it any attention, a happy sound coming from one of them as Flowey twirled his vines around Frisk’s hands and up their arms.

They kissed just little while longer, but finally, they broke apart, opening their eyes slowly, the world around them now a soft haze as they both floated back down from cloud nine, looking at each other in amazement with orange and red faces.
Slowly, Frisk lowered their hands causing Flowey looked down at them, surprised to see his odd makeshift vine hands instead, but what struck him was that those vines that held Frisk's hands looked just like real proper ones- well, not exactly, but it was close to how he felt it should be, hands holding hands.

...And then he looked further down and finally noticed his guitar on the floor, with Frisk curiously following his gaze and noticing as well.

They looked back at each other again with wide eyes, still silent with awe, but it was soon broken when Flowey couldn't hold down a bubble of laughter that he couldn't contain, automatically causing Frisk to smile and giggle with him, their shared happiness too much handle as the duo's giggles soon evolved into near hysterical laughter.

Once they began to show signs of calming down, Frisk reclosed the space between them, pulling the entirety of Flowey and his flower pot to them in a precious embrace, which he of course returned.

"Do you remember what you said the very first time I tried to kiss you?" Frisk asked between snickers.

"Ye-yeah, I do, I said… heheh …I said… 'GROSS you idiot! You got slobber on me!' he said, mimicking his younger self's voice and exaggerating it just see Frisk grin even more.

"You don't seem to mind it anymore," Frisk pointed out with a goofy smile.

The duo quickly found themselves laughing even harder, until suddenly, they heard a familiar ring that interrupted them, which of course was Frisk's phone, reluctantly, they removed a hand from their still laughing boyfriend to grab the phone from their pocket and look it over.

"Oh- it's Toriel," they informed.

"Don't answer!" he blurted, holding vines over his ridiculous grin.

Frisk smiled coolly at him, sat him back down, attempting their hardest to not be affected as he didn't completely let go of them, vines still stubbornly holding their waist.

They answered the phone anyway, they never missed a call.

"Hey mom! . . . I'm doing fantastic! … Heh…yeah, I just finished watching a romantic comedy, it was beautiful," they said, with Flowey snickering quietly, he couldn't help it, he was practically drunk on love at the moment, and still holding on, he pulled Frisk a little closer so he could rest his head against them.

"….Yeah of course we'll be visiting Garbine, I'm sure she'll love your pie . . . mmmhmm. . . ?" then, as Frisk listened to the other side, they gasped in surprise and looked down to Flowey and then
quickly away again, "really?! Oh my goodness, this is great! Okay, okay, we'll see you soon, love you, okay, bye,"

As soon as the call was ended, Frisk put the cell back in their pocket, gave Flowey a quick pet, "I'm seriously loving the heck out of this vine hug, but can you let go real quick? I'd like to get your poor guitar off the floor,"

Without a word he let go, sinking down and resting his head lazily on the edge of his flower pot, finding the pain had drained him of a quite a bit of energy, he watched as Frisk picked up the instrument off the floor and put it back on the bed.

"What was the call about?" he asked curiously.

They sat the instrument on the bed "Toriel's on her way home."

His narrowed his eyebrows, "ok…and what else…?"

Frisk eyed him and shrugged nonchalantly, "what else is there?" they then looked at the piece of paper that he still held on to, it was wrinkly now due to being smashed into the hug, they pointed at it and grinned bashfully.

"Is it okay if I have that?" they asked hopefully.

Flowey looked at the paper in question, looking at it in slight surprise, as if he had forgotten he had been holding it, and then held it out to Frisk.

"Yeah, of course-," but then he paused and pulled it back sharply, "-no, wait, first, you have to tell me what mom said, because I KNOW she said something important, why else would you have gotten that excited?"

Frisk frowned deeply, "ah, okay, um, fine, I'll tell you… she's bringing us home… soomem… food?"

Flowey rolled his eyes, "you're a dirty, dirty liar Frisk and a bad one at that,"

Frisk's frown turned into a silly grin, stepping back toward him "so, wow, that kiss huh?"

Flowey attempted to hold down his smile, almost failing "yeah, 10,000,000 out of 10, my favorite. Definitely will try it again. But… nice attempt, changing the subject won't work either, what did she say?"

Frisk bit their bottom lip, looking bashful and conflicted at the same time "I can't tell you, it'll ruin it."

He straightened back up at that, narrowing his eyes again "…ruin what?"

Frisk walked closer and leaned in "just be patient and wait until she gets back, trust me, it'll be worth it," quickly leaning in even further, giving Flowey a quick peck on the lips and then turned around and headed for the door, giving him a playful look.

"I gotta go Save again and let all of this sink in, I'll be back in a bit," they said, winked and left.

Flowey stared at the space that Frisk had been standing in, raising a vine to his lips, touching them and letting out one short last laugh… wow… just… wow…
After he slowly fluttered back down to earth, he wasn't sure what to do with himself.

He looked at the piece of paper he still held onto, realizing Frisk could have easily taken it from him during the second kiss- but didn't.

Well… he did say they couldn't have it until they told him.

It was just fun and games, they both knew he was going to eventually give them the song anyway, and in a way, he already did.

He sat in the silence, reading over the lyrics and truth for a moment, smiling happily to himself, until he let out a peaceful sigh and folded it back up and hid it underneath the lamp that sat next to him.

After that, his mind drifted, finding it's way back to the kiss, it had been like almost nothing he'd ever felt before, the feeling reminding him of all those ridiculous magical human princess movies that Frisk had begged him watch when they were kids.

He was finally beginning to understand… and maybe… relate… a little to those movies.

He laughed at himself, shaking his head in amusement, yeah, that was pretty silly, but in a sense it was technically true, he was a magical prince who had his curse broken by a hero who just so happened to be his one true love.

Mmm, sort of, the soulless part of the curse had been 'cured' somehow, the other part of the obnoxiously stubborn curse was the…flowery physical aspect, he could only wish all of it could be broken with something as quick and sweet as a kiss.

But no, what he needed was probably more of Alphys's science and most likely more Determination to get him back to normal, but… neither one of them wanted to test those boundaries in fear of what could happen, he didn't want to accidentally end up soulless again…or come back as…uh…dirt? Or a rock?

He shook his head again, whatever.

He was just happy he had finally found the courage to do any of that at all, and he was relieved that Frisk had reciprocated- and had gone in a kissed him a second time too. . .

Of course they did, they had been bragging about it ever since they got together.
He grinned, feeling suddenly very happily giddy, a rare sense of pride finally finding its home within him.

It was really official now, wasn't it? Frisk and him were truly a couple now.

His musings were paused when he suddenly heard the front door to the house open and the sound of several people talking excitedly all at once, he leaned forward and tried to listen.

It sounded definitely like Papyrus…Toriel…Alphys…Undyne…

But his concentration was cut short when he heard Frisk’s door open and the sounds of their footsteps run down the hallway past his room.

He heard them talk to the others, but he couldn't make out what was being said, it was times like these when he wished he had some legs or his robot bo-

Without even having to finish that string of thought, Flowey instantly grinned widely, he was pretty sure he knew just what was going on and he could have been more pumped.

Then, finally, Frisk was back, their eyes bright with enthusiasm.

He decided to play dumb, "howdy, it's really good to see you, I hear the crowd, is that what the big deal is? Are we having another pasta party?"

Frisk snickered as they walked up to him "no, well… um, sort of,"

"Then you better hurry up or you'll never get that paper," he said playfully, the grin on his face growing bigger when Frisk picked him up.

"That's exactly what I'm doing now, be patient mister," they replied teasingly and proceeded to take him out and walk him to the living room where Toriel, Papyrus, Alphys, Undyne, and Sans waited, all talking until the two teenagers strolled in.

"Oh my god, I'm so excited!" Alphys blurted out, to which Undyne very quickly clamped a hand around her beak-like mouth.

Toriel walked forward, holding her hands together proudly as she looked to Flowey.

"My son, Asriel, you're probably wondering what all the noise is about," she began.

"Yes, yes I am. I'm wondering very hard," he replied, finally noticing a tall white box that Papyrus and Undyne stood in front of, he could see it was tied up with a very large oversized green elegant
"WELL WONDER NO LONGER DEAR FRIEND!" Papyrus announced and stepped aside, as did Undyne, letting Frisk walk Flowey to the white box.

He observed it closely, this was by far quite a better presentation than the last one that was for sure, he could only imagine what this one was like to deserve such build up.

"Is… is this…for me?" he asked, he might have pretending to not know, but he wasn't faking his emotions... there was something genuinely sweet about how they had treated this as a surprise, they really cared. . .

"Yeah, and we hope you like it, especially me," Alphys said gently.

He gave her a smile and looked to the gift, curiously poking it once with a vine.

"P-pull one of the ribbons," Alphys added.

Flowey didn't have to look to know everyone was nearly bursting with anticipation, he took his time.

He slowly reached out, sluggishly wrapped a vine around one of the nearest green ribbons, and gave it a good gradual pull...

And when it did, the entire ribbon fluttered to the floor, and then, part by part, the box fell away, and revealed exactly what Flowey had expected, but nonetheless he was still very pleasantly surprised.

Because in front of him was, yes, a new robot flower pot body for him, but it visually it was much, much, much different than the last one.

It was just little taller, and there were no rectangles to be seen- in fact it was almost like a cone but with sharp part removed, or a long cylinder that was smaller at the bottom.

On the top middle of the robot, printed on in lavender was his family's emblem- showing it was just for him.

He noted the small shoulder pads that covered the top of the entrance to the arms, and the light green gloves- the same green of the ribbon and his favorite color.

The only similarities from the last robot was that it still had only one pole that contained one wheel, and appeared to be made from the same silvery grey machinery, and of course- the two metal arms that stuck out on the sides.

He looked it over with sparkles in his eyes, the room was completely silent as they waited for his reaction with great anticipation.
"So, what do you think?" Frisk asked from behind him.

"I 'think' you better hurry up and put me in it," was his answer, rubbing the tears from his eyes, earning him a few laughs from almost everyone except for Alphys, who was still very nervous.

Frisk did just that, walking Flowey up close to the robot, and carefully tilting him over it, letting him get in on his own.

The second Flowey got in and connected with the robot, he instantly noticed how deep the dirt level went, outstretching his roots, it went much further than the last one, he wondered if someone else added that tidbit in for Alphys or was she just that considerate about his comfort?

"Well? Do you like it or not?" Undyne asked impatiently as she patted at her anxious wife's claw.

Flowey laughed incredulously, "'do I like it'? 'Do I like it'?! Trust me when I tell you that this has got to be…one of the best days of my plant life! I'm not kidding!"

"Really?!" Alphys blurted out, her eyes going big.

Flowey nodded, then just before he was about to move, he noticed the vacant flower pot in Frisk's hands, he took it.

"You can go put this in the shed or whatever, I'm not going to need it," he said quietly to them, proceeding to rest the flower pot on top of their head "oh and your gift is under the lamp," he added in with a whisper.

He then rolled over to Alphys and continued to answer her question.

"Yes, really, and I know I didn't show my appreciation enough when you gave me the first one, so I just want to make up for that by telling you …thank you, because this ridiculous thing isn't just a tool, it's a new body and a gift, and I don't think I realized how important it was to me until I ended up losing my body a second time. So… yeah, I more than just 'like' it, you do fantastic work, and I really mean it," By the time he was done speaking, Alphys was in tears.

But he continued "and if you don't believe me, then let me show you by doing this-," he then mechanically lowered himself down, raised out his robot arms for a hug- which Alphys began to step into, the two of them hugging a long overdue hug, except… when it was over, he FLUNG her from him, spinning her out in a dizzying circle like a yo-yo.

He then raised his arms in triumph, "I'VE GOT MY LIMBS BACK!" he cheered and spun out of the room and into the kitchen.

"Wait you! Where do you think you're going?!" Undyne yelled.

"GETTING A CELEBRATORY SNACK, BECAUSE I CAN DO THAT AGAIN!" Flowey yelled back, and once it was said, Papyrus immediately skullteld off to join him.

"Is this really one of the best days of his life?" Alphys asked, straightening up her glasses after
wiping her eyes and regaining her balance.

Frisk attempted to contain their megawatt grin, their mind on the song and kiss "oh yes, after the... um, fight today, he was really glad that we were able to train someone like Garbine, but mostly I think he just missed having his limbs,"

Toriel nodded, smiling big to Alphys "you really have done so much for us, I'm not sure how we'll ever be able to repay you,"

"Aweee, you guys...," Alphys sniffled, trying her hardest to keep her tears at bay, but failed.

The two boys soon came back into the room with an armful of snacks, in fact Flowey already had a bag of chips on that he was happily munching on.

"Oh that reminds me!" Alphys said suddenly and walked over to pick up a another white but much smaller box, she opened it for Flowey.

He rolled over and peered in, swallowing his food before speaking "it's the gloves we talked about! I completely forgot about them, thanks a lot,"

Alphys smiled, "yup, I made sure to add everything we talked about, you can now summon the robot to pick you up or put you down, and- I know it doesn't look like it, but it's also able to bend- er... you'll find out what I mean,"

Flowey nodded, and then remembered something, "I thought you said this wouldn't be finished until next year? I hope you didn't rush it,"

Alphys let out a nervous chuckle, "that may or may not have been a fib, I had hit a HUGE learning curve and I may have had found a lot more free time to work on it," she admitted.

"She finished two of her favorite anime's at the same time," Undyne said.

Alphys made an embarrassed squeak in response.

"Heck, I don't care, I'm just glad it's finished," Flowey said with a shrug, a subtle lazy grin appearing on his face when he noticed the how Frisk was checking out his New Look, it made him remember something else, looking back to the lizard monster.

"Does this one have a jet or does it just go fast like the old one?"

Alphys looked sheepish "uhm, sorry, I actually almost added one, but everyone was scared of the thought of you doing a loop and falling out, so, it's still just fast, but, anyways, there is another important thing I should tell you, and it's that I made sure this one was water proof and...one hundred percent buoyant,"

"BOY-ANT?" Papyrus asked, looking a little skeptical.

"It means to 'stay afloat', which also means Flowey can now fall in a river and not get washed away and lose his robot body again," Alphys explained.

"OH," both Papyrus and Frisk said in unison.

"Which is a function I am sure he will not need anyway, isn't that right?" Toriel said, looking hopefully at the two teenagers.

An absurd grin appeared on Frisk face, looking to Flowey, "absolutely, we definitely have things
cleared up now, so he has no more reasons to jump into rivers,"

Flowey let out sarcastic laugh "I fell, not jumped, why do you guys keep making it sound like I did that on purpose?"

"I GOT IT!" Papyrus said suddenly, everyone turned their attention to him curiously, "I KNOW WHAT SHAPE FLOWEY’S ROBOT REMINDS ME OF NOW… IT’S A GIGANTIC PLASTIC CUP!"

Sans perked up "oh yeah, i see what you mean, yeah, this robot is definitely a cup,"

"IN BOTH WAYS," Papyrus said.

"Both ways? Explain?" Undyne asked.

"holds things," Sans said simply.

Flowey and Frisk looked to each other, smiling, they didn't know if it was how happy everyone was right now or if it was this particular moment in time, all they knew was that everything felt… right with the world again.

It also felt like the official beginning of something new and wonderful.

And they were ready.

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Chapter End Notes

When I imagined Flowey's song, I felt that the melody to Hopes and Dreams would go nicely with it (especially the 'you and I~, you and I~' part) and thankfully, there's an a acoustic guitar version on youtube to imagine it even better!
Flowey picks Frisk up from school, they spend quality time together, there are a few surprises though, like the incoming weather and the texts on Flowey's phone.

I've been meaning to mention this, but thank you guys so much for helping Growing Pains reach 100 (+) kudos!! I'm really happy that you all enjoyed it this much, it means a lot to me!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**Chapter 29** Getting Comfortably Accustomed

**Warnings?:** Nothing too serious this time! Just drama and mush!

**Inspiration Song:** 'Ready To Go' by Panic! At The Disco

So tell me right now  
You think you're ready for it  
I wanna know  
Why you got me going  
So let's go  
We'll take it out of here  
I think I'm ready to leave  
I'm ready to live

I'm ready to go  
Get me out my mind
A week later..

It had been particularly nice today, but now as Flowey looked up to the sky he noticed some heavy clouds rolling in, but it was too late to go back now, he was already almost near the high school.

He grumbled to himself something about bringing an umbrella, hoping Frisk wouldn't mind and that they had brought a good enough coat just in case.

Soon he reached the school, where hundreds of students scattered about impatiently to get to their ride home, he looked out at the crowd, feeling uncomfortable and out of place, grumbling again to himself and pulling out his cellphone, he decided to just call them.

He waited for a moment, holding the phone up to the side of his plant head, but as he did this, he finally noticed a flash of familiar long brown hair and the still rather newish faux black leather jacket among the sea of teenagers.

He watched them in amusement as they looked at their phone at pleasant surprise and answered.

"Flowey?"

He donned on a creepy voice, and spoke cryptically "guess again Frisk, I have called to warn you that your father isn't coming for you this time. Look over to the gates of your freedom."

"Wh-?" he watched as their face deepened in confusion, worry, and just a bit of fear, looking around quickly, almost frantically until their eyes caught him, their posture changing in seconds, jumping up and down and waving excitedly, they looked happy to see him and frustrated with him all at the same time.

"You GOON! You almost had me really freaked out!" they said, he could practically hear their embarrassment.
Flowey started laughing, his creepy voice breaking back into his normal one "almost'? 'Almost'? Looked like you were already freaked out, I really got you this time."

He watched them as they began their way through the crowd, still talking, their eyes still locked on him, despite the absurd embarrassed smile he could tell he had made them just a little bit mad, just a little.

"You know Asriel, one day I'm going to find a ticklish spot on you, and when that day comes-then you'll be sorry," they warned.

"Says the most ticklish person I know," he quipped with a sly smile.

Their embarrassment and annoyance melded away as they merely chuckled softly, quiet for a moment until they spoke again "this was really sweet of you,"

"I can walk with you from now on if you want, at least, until you start driving or whatever…or… ugh, I don't know, I just thought it might be a good idea to do this for you- with you," Flowey admitted.

"It was a great idea, sweet boy," Frisk said, and then continued walking a few more feet until they were face to face with their boyfriend.

The both of them chuckled quietly, both hanging up their phones.

"You know, I keep saying it, but this new robot body really suits you, I mean, the last one did too, but this one just fits, and your shoulder pad things make you look a lot more adult, very mature and boss like, it's a very good look," Frisk said after a few seconds of eyeing him up and down for the hundredth time that week.

Now flattered and feeling just a bit bashful, he reached for Frisk's hand- but thought better of it after getting another glimpse of the groups of teenagers in the background and the ones that passed by in cars, so, instead he took a hold of their arm.

"Thanks. Now, c'mon, time to go, I don't even go here and I already want to get out," he said, beginning to move, giving their arm a slight tug.

They joined him, walking by his side as they began to leave the school.

"It can be lousy sometimes, sure, but it's not that horrible if you have the right attitude and friends with you. If you wanted I'm sure you could still talk to the princi-,"

"Nope, thanks but no thanks Frisky, I'm fine at home," he said.

Frisk pouted "but school would be so much more fun if I had you with me, besides, I'm sure everyone would love you and your amazing robutt, they'll all get to experience the sheer amazingness that is Asriel Dreemurr,"

Flowey let out a flustered laugh, shaking his head, "Frisk, no amount of your flirting is going to get me back into that school-,

"It would with me," Frisk said under their breath, giving him a very interesting look.

He looked at them with wide eyes "it would?" but he shook it off, the orange blush in his cheeks taking a moment to fade.
"Anyways, I don't care what the 'others' would think of me. Besides, you get to see me enough as it is, so as much as we feel for each other… I get the idea that me going to school with you again would only end up distracting the both of us,"

Frisk wasn't ready to give up yet, "oohhh you don't know that, I know we've been glued to each other lately but think you're underestimating our level of attention spans, who knows, there could be a very good chance you'll just end up with totally different classes than mine- or maybe end up in a higher grade,"

He pretended to look deep in thought.

"Hmm, yeah, those are very good reasons Frisk, as a matter of fact, please give me more reasons… for about… lets ssayyy…hm, four or three more years? Yeah, then I'll have plenty of compelling evidence to fully consider my options,"

Frisk only stared at him now, looking as if they were going to roll their eyes any second, but instead finally sighed, giving up…for the moment.

"Okay, if you want to be such a smart assed smarty pants about it, then fine, it's your choice, don't go. Don't have more learning experiences. Don't make new friends. But don't think I'm finished with you about this," they said, as a matter of factly.

Flowey held back a laugh, grinning, he really loved when they talked like that, mostly the swearing part, it was really cute, still, he saw an inning to tease them more.

"How can I be a smart assed smarty pants if I don't have an ass or pants?"

An somewhat irritated stubborn smile appeared on Frisk's face, "Flowey."

"Frisky." he mocked in good humor, poking their cheek playfully.

Finally that seemed to do the trick, as the stubborn smile turn into a grin as they gave in and laughed.

By now, they were fully out of boundaries of the school, now on the side walk on their short journey to Asgore's house (whom was taking care of them for the rest of the month) on foot it would take a some time to get there, but Frisk never seemed to mind.

They walked together quietly for a little while, both comfortable in the silence, watching as the cars passed them by and then sharply walking a little further away from the road whenever a fast car zoomed past by alarmingly.

That was until Flowey noticed Frisk looking up at the greying clouds.

"Yeah, sorry, I didn't notice them either until was too late, if I had known I would have brought something, lets hurry before anything starts up," he said, then, had an idea, "you want me to give you a ride? It'll be faster that way,"
Frisk stopped walking, giving Flowey que to stop too, now looking at him with one of the warmest expressions.

"Does this mean you're going to be carrying me around from now on?" they asked curiously, but there was happy calm to their tone, looking as if they were remembering something special.

He couldn't help but grin "I don't see why it can't go both ways,"

Frisk smiled, their light hazel eyes sparkling.

They then looked to the back of him, "...okay- oh, hm, I got it, how about a piggy back ride?"

He merely smirked and nodded, quietly agreeing, turned around, his back facing them.

"Ok, seems good, but... lower yourself for a moment, this might be a bit...awkward otherwise," they said.

"Once you say it, it already is," he mumbled, lowering the robot body down.

Then, he felt the dull sensation of Frisk's hands grab onto the back top edge of the flower pot, and then blinked in surprise when Frisk's right leg suddenly appeared into view from behind.

"I need you wrap your arm around this- and then do the same with the other, like- oh, wait a minute, do you already know how this works?" they asked gently, thoughtfully.

Flowey was quiet for a moment, trying to sift through memories of his childhood so he could answer, a lot of them were pretty fuzzy and difficult to remember by now, but then...

"Ah...yeah, I use to ride on dad's shoulders so I could see the Underground high up- but mmph-," he winced as the hazy memories jerked at his emotions, causing him pain, he winced a little, but shook it off, he was of course well used to all of this.

But there was something about remembering his childhood before he had died that always hurt him in the worst of ways that he couldn't explain, it was if it were the memories were fragile, perhaps it had something to do with being exhumed from a mind that use to reside in a body that no longer existed.

"Oh no! I'm sorry Asriel, I didn't mean to touch a sore spot..."

Frisk now feeling pretty guilty began to soothingly rub at the back of his head, both strangely helping and not helping at the same time at the particular moment, but he sighed deeply, deciding it was best to think about something else.

Like the possible rain that was probably coming, or that Frisk just apologized again for something that they had no control over.

"No, no, no don't worry, it's not your fault... it's fine, um, but- no, I don't think I've given a piggy back as much as just sat on someone's shoulders, but...!" without warning he reached around and wrapped an arm around Frisk's leg, taking a firm hold of it, making them yelp again in surprise and laugh- to which he grinned at widely.

"I think I get the gist of it. Give me your other leg,"

Frisk laughed again, wrapping their arms around the pot bot and leaning their weight against it as they swung their other leg over for Flowey- which he took.
"Everything good? Do I need to re-adjust anything?" he asked.

Frisk chuckled quietly, shyly "heh, uuummm… well, it's not exactly what I would call comfortable, and I can't quite see past your petals, or- wait a minute," they shimmed up a little more and moved their arms around, and then without warning, Flowey felt the soft slight feeling of his top petals being gently pushed down.

"Okay, yeah, that helped, I can sort of see over your head now!" they announced, pleased.

"Great, then let's go already," he said and reasserted his robot's full height again.

"Wooow, I forgot how much fun it was to be carried around, this is noice," they commented.

He rolled his eyes in good humor, strolling down the street once again, not too fast yet, knowing that once they got back to Asgore's house that they wouldn't be completely 'alone' anymore.

Another peaceful silence came over them, until an incoming car slowed down near them, in the driver's seat was a red headed teenage girl.

"Oh! Awesome, that's one of my friends, Amy," Frisked informed, to which Flowey proceeded to roll over closer so they could talk.

At the same time, Amy rolled down her window and leaned her head out a bit.

"Heeey Frisk! Isn't that your flower BFF?" she called out.

"Yeah, he's my new ride too!" Frisk joked.

"Luuuuckky! I'm envious, by the way, when you get the time, can you go ahead and text me some of those notes we talked about for Literature?" she asked.

"Of course!"

"Thanks, you're a sweetheart, see you tomorrow,"

"See ya!"

Then, Amy looked to Flowey and smirked at him "by the way, flower boy?"

"It's Flowey," he corrected.

"Of course it is! Listen, I don't know why you're keeping yourself hidden, you're cute as hell!"

Flowey laughed in disbelief while Frisk raised their eyebrows "tell him something he doesn't know!"

Suddenly, everyone jumped in surprise as the car behind Amy's honked impatiently.
"Better go, bye Frisk, bye cutie pie!" Amy called quickly and drove off.

"I think she just borderline flirted with you, I've never heard her talk that way with a monster before," Frisk said quietly.

"...Is that jealousy I'm sensing Frisk?" Flowey asked jokingly, holding back what would be a loud awful laugh, the very idea of Frisk getting jealous over him at all still being one of the most hilarious things he had ever heard.

"No... of course not, I just think the girl needs to cool it a little, she's already dating someone, and so are you," Frisk stated sassily.

"Mmhm, good thing you're the only human I'm interested in like that, isn't it?" he answered with a grin, and then decided to change the subject, turning his head to look up at Frisk, "so, I'm your 'ride' now huh?"

Frisk shot a triumphant fist in the air, "yeah! We ride or die baby! Ride or die! And live! No one dies!"

"That's right, keep a good mentality and you'll have immortality," Flowey said, sticking his tongue out playfully and snickered quietly when Frisk dropped their mouth in awe at his rhyme.

"Oh my god, I could just kiss you right now for that one," they said, wrapping their arms around him and leaning a little closer, "too bad there are so many cars out here," they said in a sigh.

Flowey, of course blushed at that, speaking of kiss, they had annoyingly been unable to find the right time or been in the right mood to have their third kiss, but he knew it was coming sometime soon, it seemed like it by the way things were going, that it was going to happen today, he hoped so.

"Yeah it is, maybe later though...?" he asked with a grin.

He could practically hear Frisk's smile as they spoke "hopefully sooner than later Sunshine,"

They continued on, traveling in silence for a longer period time, passing the trees and nearby houses and small buildings.

At some point though, he felt Frisk begin to gently poke and outline the back of his stem with a finger, they didn't speak or draw any other attention to this action, it didn't bother him in the least and it wasn't exactly like they had anything interesting to do back there anyway, so he let them continue.

They soon stopped all together with the poking, and begun to start what he could only tell was 'affectionate playing' as they began to trace with their fingers in what felt like patterns, circles, zigzags, smooth lines, maybe letters, probably spelling out names.
But then after three minutes of this, they began to get extra affectionate and began to gently caress and pet him.

It was then that Flowey had reached a certain special level of shy and flustered, it was nice and all, but he just couldn't take anymore without some sort of reason for this behavior.

"FRISK! What the heck are you even doing?" he asked abruptly, letting out bubble of high pitched, nervous laughter, unintentionally revealing his orange cheeks to them.

They jumped a little in surprise "ah! Umm…well at first I was trying to figure out how tall you've gotten, because I'm pretty sure you've had another growth spurt- but… after that, I sort of got carried away, and maybe…I kind of, um… wanted to see how long you would let me do this," but then they paused "and…I was sort of expecting you to laugh sooner… or- oh no, was this weird for you?" they asked, deeply concerned.

"No, it wasn't weird or bad, I don't know how to describe it… it was just.. unfamiliar and different, I guess, it'd be like if I just started doing the same thing to your arm, or back, maybe your neck, something like that," he explained.

"Oh, that wouldn't be too bad, I'd probably like that," they said, smiling a thoughtful smile.

"Yeah…guess what I should have said is that I'm not really used to having my … stem, in general, being . . . touched -aaaannnd now that I've actually said it I really wish that I hadn't," it felt as weird to say as it sounded.

Noticing his increasing uneasiness, Frisk decided to attempt to shake up the subject for his sake "hmmm, you know… I heard somewhere that touching a plant can help it grow, I'm not sure if it's true, and that's not what was on my mind when I was doing that…but um-," His eyes lit up "I know what you're talking about, mom and I studied about it out of curiosity once, its called twi-thwigmono-no…thigmomorphogenesis, it's basically how you explained, but it varies to plant to plant, depending what touches it, like some plants literally die from human touch, and sometimes it can help one grow like you said, and some can be just unaffected in general and-," Flowey paused, narrowing his eyebrows at himself.

"Wow, I can't believe I'm giving you a lecture," who was he? His mom?

"No, trust me, coming from you- it was interesting…," Frisk said, then they sighed in disappointment at themselves, no, they couldn't ignore the subject, feeling the urgent need to apologize. . .

"It's just that I feel so happy when I'm with you, so much so that sometimes I forget that your still new to all of…," they pointed at him and then to their heart "'this', because I respected your boundaries for a long time…and now a days I feel like there's times when I'm afraid I might accidentally cross it, so…," they sighed once more to recollect their thoughts, pausing a moment before speaking.

"What I should say is that I'm- I'm really sorry, the last thing I want to do is make you feel out of place or strange," Frisk said softly, resting their head on their arm, looking away.

He narrowed his eyebrows, stricken by how upset they were and how sincere they were being about it, getting an idea what the issue was, but their apology wasn't necessary, Frisk had done nothing
wrong, so, he gave them a reassuring pat on the arm with a vine, getting their attention.

"Hey, you didn't make me feel 'strange', okay? I- I'm just not used to … literal touchy feely stuff yet- at least whatever you did, but it was kind of…nice? So, you can do it again . . . if you want, and don't worry, I'll definitely warn you before you actually cross any of my boundaries," he said, quietly.

Frisk smirked slightly, "okay, I'll be sure to ask permission next time, is that cool with you?"

"Ice cold," he replied, looking over at them to give them a matching reassuring smile.

There was a short silence before Frisk spoke up again.

"Y'know, speaking of strange, is it me or has MK been acting odd for a while now?" they asked.

Flowey raised his eyebrows at the mention, "yeah, at least their speaking to you, the dork rarely even looks at me anymore, if I didn't know any better I'd say they were scared of me now for some reason,"

"I hope they're ok, I think I'll invite them over this week" they said and jumped in surprise, "ahaha! A raindrop just landed on my nose!"

As soon as they said that Flowey also felt a raindrop land on one of his petals, watching as more rain increasingly fell around them, it was slow right now, but he could tell by the sound of things that it was going to really pick up very, very soon.

"Damn! Damn! Double damn! Sorry Frisk, I can't believe I forgot about this!" he said in a slight panicked and irritated tone "do you want down?"

"No, we'll be faster to getting home if we stay this way,"

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah! It's no problem, just go!" they replied quickly, to which he wasted no time, immediately picking up speed.

But they were only going in the direction of the clouds as the rain began to come down on them hard, showering the two teens full force.

At that, Frisk took one of their hands off from the robot pot to grab at the back of their jacket, loosen up and lift over their head for protection.

For most plants, they loved rain, so Flowey was instinctively and naturally fond of it too, but as it so happened to be, Flowey was also a plant with eyes, so as he raced through the force of the rain, he winced as it unkindly sprayed him in the face and hindered his vision, it was easy to say he got sick of everything real quick.

"ARGHHH! I CAN'T SEE!" he screeched in angry frustration, forced to stop moving.
Without a word, Frisk carefully pushed his head down as if he were a jack-in-a-box, and moved to lean closely over the hole of the robot flower pot, using their body as an umbrella for him.

He blinked back the water from his eyes and looked up at Frisk in grateful surprise.

"Can you see ok down there?" they asked.

He looked forward, his eye level now at the very edge part of the flower pot, Frisk being a great considerable amount of help as he was now able to see ahead with no rain to hinder his vision.

"Yeah, thanks! You're fantastic!" he complimented and zoomed off again, going faster than before now.

In response, Frisk leaned down and kissed the top of his head, which caused a wild grin to appear on Flowey's face- he laughed in excitement.

Flowey went as fast as he possibly could without having the wind and rain buffet them too hard, speeding down the side walk, growing more and more thankful for Frisk for shielding him but also mad with himself for not bothering to check the weather beforehand.

"I'm going to make you hot chocolate!" he called up to them.

"Aw! Then I'll make you one too!" they said back.

"Well I'm going to put marshmallows in yours!" he one upped.

"Then I'll put even more in yours!" they said back.

Flowey looked up to Frisk, who had been looking back down at him, giving him an increasingly silly smile, he sighed warmly and grinned lovingly back.

After what felt like a mile, the odd couple finally made it back home, reaching the house to see that Asgore was currently waiting worriedly in the doorway of the front door, his eyes lighting up in relief when he caught view of them, running out into the rain to greet them with a huge Asgore-sized umbrella in hand.

"I'm glad to see you're both okay!" he said, following them in, shielding them from the increasingly pelting rain.

"Me too!" Frisk said in an exasperated tone.

Very soon the three were inside, with Asgore immediately closing the door behind him as Frisk hopped off the robot, re-adjusting their jacket back down to reveal that their hair had gotten soaked anyway- well, not just their hair, nearly everything was completely and utterly, soaked.
"Phew! I'm so glad I got a weather proof book bag," Frisk said and sighed in relief, "now if you guys don't mind me, I've gotta go get dried off," but then they paused, their eyes switching back and forth between Asgore and Flowey pensively before settling on Flowey, resting a hand on his robot arm.

"Thanks again for the RIDE home, it was LOADS of fun, you really LIFTED my spirits," they commented jokingly, smirking a secret smile at him and a thumbs up before quickly hurrying off to their room.

Asgore ran a hand through his blond hair, too busy still being concerned to pay attention Frisk's puns, sighing for a moment before speaking "I was going to tell you about the weather but you left before I could give you your umbrella… I also tried calling you as well Frisk,"

Flowey's eyes widened and he took out his cellphone to see five missed calls and two missed texts from his dad, he winced. 

"Uh…whoops, I'm sorry dad, I guess we didn't hear them over the rain?" he apologized, but also lying because he'd turned down the volume on his phone and . . . forgotten- but the whole rain excuse was probably true for Frisk as he didn't hear their phone either. 

Asgore frowned thoughtfully "I suppose that is a good enough reason as any, but you two had me very worried, so please, pay attention to your phones next time,"

"Yes dad, of course," Flowey said as he checked off the missed message alerts and then proceeded to text Frisk.

'Dad is grumpy, apparently he called us during the walk home, so, heads up. speaking of which, do you want cinnamon in your hot chocolate? I feel like I really owe it to you now' -

Frisk was quick to respond, texting back at the speed of light.

- 'OH MY GOD! I'm going to be doing so much apologizing! No wonder he was so worried!' 
- 'WHY DIDN'T I HEAR MY PHONE?'
- 'THE WEATHER BETRAYED ME ASRIEL!'
- 'AND I JUST RAN OFF! Should I come back and say sorry?'

He didn't notice the goofy smile that snuck it's way on to his face.

'No, just calm down and go get dried off first you big moron, I've got it taken care of, do you want cinnamon or not?' -
He then turned the volume back up and put the cellphone away.

"Hohoho, look at that face, were you texting Magnola?" Asgore asked suddenly.

Flowey looked at his father in deep, deep confusion, what the hell was a Magnola? … And what the heck kind of face WAS he making?!

But then as soon as thought that, he instantly remembered the fake character he'd thought up and the stupid cover up story he had told his dad so he could vent his problems without really telling the truth.

And now that he was remembering, he realized that he had to continue with the lie…probably for as long he continued dating Frisk, or… whatever, maybe he could just tell his dad he was over Magnola?

Or… maybe 'dating' Magnola was a good idea in disguise, it would certainly keep Asgore from getting any crazy possible ideas about him and Frisk, because he knew that now that they were officially together that they would definitely be spending more time together than ever before, things were much more Fri-riskier now.

Asgore must have been waiting for a long time for those updates after seeing Flowey and Frisk suddenly getting along again at the camping trip, what a patient guy.

So Flowey smiled "uh, maybe? But I have some greeeaat news for you, we can talk about it after I dry off this thing and make some hot chocolate for Frisk, I kind of promised it to them after getting them caught in the rain,"

Asgore, now looking thoroughly pleased, nodded politely, "alright son, take your time,"

A few minutes later…

Flowey rolled to Frisk's empty room (as they were still in the bathroom, by the sounds of it were having a shower.) So, he sat the cinnamon sprinkled, marshmallow heavy, hot chocolate down on their nightstand and grabbed a piece of paper and a pen and doodled a simple silly picture of Frisk's face on a star, and underneath that wrote-
He chuckled at himself, rolling his eyes as he put the cap back on the pen, sitting it next to one of their bracelets, yeah, it was probably the cheesiest and sappiest things he'd ever done next to the love song, but he'd already accepted the change, simply because it made Frisk happy when he expressed himself in this way.

He didn't really mind that much anyway, it felt right to do.

As he left the room, he continued thinking up the rest of the Magnola story he was going to tell his dad, who walked into the hallway at the same time from another door, spooking Flowey and making him jump.

"Woah! I mean- howdy dad," he said, grinning sheepishly.

"Howdy son, I didn't mean to scare you," Asgore said, giving his boy a robot flower pot pat.

"No- its fine," he paused a moment to shut Frisk's door "uhm, c'mon, we can go talk about Magnola, I'm ready now," he said, passing his father to lead the way.

"Shall I make tea?" Asgore asked.

"If you want, but I think Frisk is making me hot chocolate too…but… yeah, go ahead and make it, I know I'll enjoy the caffeine," Flowey said, swerving left to go back to the kitchen.

... 

The father and son were having chai tea this time around, sitting in the living room.

"I have to admit Asriel, I am very excited to hear about this, obviously whatever happened has been very good for you, I do not think I have seen you this happy in a very long time," Asgore said with a big ol' dad smile on his face, watching his son intently.

Flowey chuckled and sipped at his tea, enjoying the slight bit of spice "that's because I haven't been, but, thanks to everyone's advice, things have really worked out really well,"

"I knew it would," Asgore said simply, becoming awkwardly quiet before politely motioning to Flowey, urging him to start his story.

Flowey snickered at his dad's anticipation, "well, so, where should I begin? I guess things started changing when you sent me back to mom's house, Frisk and I started talking again, that was good, oh, and then I found out that they weren't upset anymore for how I treated Magnola, saying that if I wasn't ready yet then… that was okay, but you know Frisk, they still gave me dating tips and everything, it was both helpful and really… really awkward,"
"Hohoho, that's just like them," Asgore laughed.

"Yuuup, Frisk knows how to date alright- AhHHemMM- anyway, the night during the camping trip, Frisk and I were talking, about something, when suddenly I got a call, and I looked and guess who it was?" Flowey said, looking to Asgore expectantly.

Asgore grinned a pleased sharp tooth grin "Magnola came to their senses!"

Flowey let out a genuine laugh, it was really nice seeing his father get this happy for him. "Double yup! You wouldn't believe how much of a shock I was in, Frisk had to… had to… literally help hold both me and the phone up, it turned out Magnola actually had the same fear that I did about being afraid of rejection and long distance, explaining that they had crippling shyness and agoraphobia,"

"Agoraphobia? Isn't that the fear of leaving one's home?" Asgore asked, narrowing his eyebrows.

Flowey pretended to look conflicted, sighing sadly, "yeah, so there isn't really any plans of them coming to see me, but that was kind of the case anyway since they're literally on the other side of the world, but, to make up for it we talk a lot more now, and video chat, but maybe… someday I might go to see them face to face, anyways, we're keeping things secret, no one else knows about us except for you and Frisk,"

Asgore smirked, a slight sadness in his eyes, "how long do you plan to keep it a secret?"

Flowey shrugged, unable to keep eye contact now, "I… have…no idea, we don't want to worry about what others would think of us, we just want everyone to continue to treat us the same and to be happy in peace,"

His father sighed and sipped at his tea before speaking again "I suppose I can understand that, you two are merely still kids after all, it is no strangers place to step into the boundaries of young love,"

"Thanks dad, for… well… everything actually, I always knew I could trust you with this stuff," Flowey said, smiling genuinely at Asgore, the old nagging feeling of guilt pressing into him, he didn't like that he continued his lie about Magnola, but this conversation was 100 times better than what he guessed would have been like if he had told the actual truth.

He sometimes wondered who his parents would kick out if they ever did tell the truth, him or Frisk?

...Either way, he knew what he would have to do, he'd daydreamed plenty of the thought of running away with them and starting a new life.

He was much happier now, yes, but he still found himself alone and wide awake late at night worrying and stressing about these types of things, he guessed he could never get rid of his anxiety and all his endless issues if he tried, and it wasn't like all this lying he found him and Frisk doing didn't exactly help those issues either. . .

But now that they were together and he had his time to really think, he absolutely refused to let those worries and fears keep him separated from Frisk, especially if it meant lying through his teeth while looking straight into his parent's eyes as he did it, then so be it.

So, he continued to talk to his dad about his 'secret' for a while longer.
But even after an hour after finishing the conversation and going off to doing their own things, Flowey found his father was still practically giddy and proud of him, texting him questions about Magnola and giving him advice, which Flowey all responded to, it seemed like the right thing to do, and the advice actually sounded helpful.

Later that evening

Flowey and Frisk were now lounging around in Asgore’s study, doing their homework together as they sometimes did when the timing and circumstances were right.

At some point, Frisk stretched and sighed a sigh of relief, proceeding to close their notebook.

"I'm done, I think I'll go help Asgore with dinner," they announced, and began to get up.

Flowey looked up at them with a deep frown, pulling his headphones down that was playing music from his tablet and holding out a hand to them "wait! Wait! I'm almost finished, how about you keep me company instead until then?"

Frisk looked a bit conflicted as well flattered, "I dunno . . . he's practicing with that monster food mashup again, I feel like it's probably best he has another pair of hands helping out this time,"

Flowey waved the comment off and pulled out his cell phone and handed it to Frisk. "He'll be fine, I gave him some serious constructive criticism that I'm pretty sure he took, now here, take this, look at the pictures I took yesterday or whatever so you won't be bored, I promise I won't be long,"

They took the phone, giving him a lazy smirk "okay, okay, if you insist," they said and plopped themselves back onto the giant desk chair.

"I always insist," he mumbled then eyed them "you remember my new password right?"

They nodded "yeah, you don't mind if I look at other stuff do you? Your convos with Papyrus are so funny,"

He shrugged "yeah, I don't care, do whatever you want," and hunkered back down, flipping his headphones back on, getting back to work.

Soon he was back in the zone, hunched closely over a piece of paper as he focused on a difficult equation, just barely lip-syncing to the words of the song he was listening to, but that deep concentration was completely broken as his headphones were suddenly pulled off from his head.
He looked up in alarm at Frisk, shocked and annoyed they would do something like that, but when he saw their face, he was further alarmed to see that they were teary eyed, looking at him with such fear and confusion.

And then, the second thing he noticed was his phone that was held out to him, on it shown a recent text conversation between him and his dad, his mouth gaping open dumbfounded.

"Don't lie to me, be painfully honest, who is Magnola and why is Asgore giving you dating advice? Or…or or more importantly, why did you say I know this person? Please tell me what's going on," they asked in such a hurt tone, he could tell they were trying their hardest to stay patient, noticing the growing frustration in their wet eyes.

He nearly felt guilty, but there was no reason to feel bad, actually, the second Flowey put the pieces together, he started laughing.

Which in conclusion turned out to be a really bad idea, because it only worsened the hurt expression on Frisk's face, their eyebrows knitting into more confusion and now flat out anger, their eyes filling up with more disappointed tears, their fingers curling around the phone tightly, dropping their arm to their side, they looked ready to break down and sob, but stubbornly, they held on firmly as they stood in front of him.

"Please don't laugh, this isn't funny! Who's Magnola? You're really upsetting me!"

Flowey stopped laughing instantly, his eyes widening in horror as he finally realized the utter betrayal Frisk was feeling, watching the tears wash down their cheeks.

God, more proof that he was biggest moron to ever live, he couldn't believe he had forgotten to tell Frisk about Magnola, how did he manage to forget to tell them ABOUT THEMSELVES?

He raised a hand to touch their shoulder, to calm them down like they knew how to do with him, but they backed up out of the way, unsure of the affection right now.

No- that was wrong the move for this situation, wasn't it? He let out a silent sigh at himself, instead he decided to just stop wasting time and explain like he should have done in the first place, speaking in a low whisper just in case Asgore happened to be walking by.

"Frisk, please, there's no reason to be upset... Magnola is you."

He tensed up as their mouth gaped open and showed him one of the most shocked incredulous expressions he'd seen in a long time.

"What... in the world does that even mean?!"

"I know, it sounds like a extremely bad lie, but you have to trust me when I say it means that... back when I was training with dad, things were really difficult for me and I needed help, so, I decided I could trust him with my secret about my feelings for you... but I sort of... lied like I usually do when things are too hard, and um, made up a fake persona in place for you, y'know, incognito? I came up with a lame cover story and everything,"

Frisk wiped their teary eyes, still looking quite a bit perplexed.
"So . . .," they began, their eyes drifting back to the phone, holding it back up, reading back over them " . . . all these messages of you saying how happy you are with 'Magnola' . . . ."

Flowey crossed his arms, looking a little embarrassed, but mostly smug "I meant every word,"

And finally, just like Flowey had just a couple minutes earlier, Frisk let out a loud hearty laugh, running a hand through their bangs in pure relief.

Happy to see that they were happy again, he continued explaining "do you honestly think I'm even capable of an ounce of 'cheating' or would ever THINK to cheat on you after everything I went through? With some random person online no less? I'll NEVER be that brainless and hypocritical,"

Frisk laughed again, their smiling weakening, "yeah, I mean, I've always had my doubts that you were that bad of a bad boy, but I have to admit this really had me going, I'm so, so, sorry Azzie,"

He smiled back in understanding "I know, I know, my track record isn't exactly the cleanest, I don't blame you, especially when I've done worse,"

This time, new, different kind of tears appeared in Frisk's eyes and finally they ran to him, wrapping their arms around his robot body, snuggling the side of their head into his, he happily reciprocated and snuggling back, making a pleased noise.

Okay! Enough was enough! Feeling that it was finally the right time, Flowey tilted his head over and gave Frisk a peck on the cheek, causing them to softly gasp in surprise, leaning back to look at him in amazement.

"Sorry I keep upsetting you, it seems to be a really bad habit of mine," he apologized quietly, blushing.

Frisk merely smiled warmly at him "knock, knock,"

He raised an eyebrow at them "who's there?"

"Egg!" they answered.

He snickered before continuing "egg who?"

"Eggcited to smooch you!" they finished and quickly leaned back in, eagerly gifting him with a full on mouth kiss.

The familiar rush of burning pain hit him straight on, he was just a little less prepared for it this time as he cringed as it pulsed through him, tensing up as Frisk pressed their lips against his further, but of course, there was as much good as there was bad welling up inside him and there was no way on earth that he was going to pull away, pulling up robot hand come up to tenderly hold the back of Frisk's head and the other on their waist, keeping them in place to continue the kiss longer.

To which it did, lasting for at least ten more seconds before it was rudely interrupted when they heard Asgore abruptly call from way down the hallway, his voice muffled by the door.

"Children! Come, it's time for dinner!"
For a few seconds, Flowey and Frisk remained absolutely still in their kissing position, reminiscent of statues, both very reluctant to be the first one to separate.

And yes, just as he thought, Frisk was not ready to quit yet as they tilted their head and made a soft stubborn noise, reaching up to hold the side of his cheek, pulling him in even closer.

Very easily swayed by their influence and the Casanova-like smoothness of their actions, Flowey was unable stop himself from smiling widely into the kiss, this seemed like a way better idea than literally anything else at the moment, he felt like he was floating, wondering in the back of his mind if kissing could be a hobby.

Louder now, maybe practically outside the door, Asgore spoke again "children, did you not hear me? It is time for dinner, we must replenish our energies,"

A mix of panic and sheer annoyance came over Flowey, moving his head to the side a few inches to answer in a knee-jerk reaction, his mouth still partly connected to Frisk's.

"Hold ON A SEC! WE'RE BUSY!" he yelled out in frustration, his cheeks orange.

At that, Frisk snorted and let out a howl of laughter, accidentally pulling from the kiss, revealing that their entire face was also now pink due to dealing with all those gushy emotions, still holding onto Flowey's robot body as they pressed their forehead against his for support, giggling away.

He watched them as they laughed, his frustration easily changing into bliss in seconds.

Once they stopped laughing, they looked him in the eyes, there really was nowhere else to look at this proximity anyway, but that was just fine, the view was looking pretty great.

Then, he watched them as they reached up to wipe his eyes, he blinked in confusion as he noticed the clear liquid on their gentle fingers.

"Whoops… I didn't realize that I was crying," he observed quietly.

A conflicted frown appeared on Frisk's face, "Asriel, are you in pain?" they asked in a near whisper.

Flowey sighed tiredly, reluctant to answer the question, shrugging to appear nonchalant.
"Yeah, but I've kind of just learned to ignore it by now, and I mean it when I say it isn't bad as it used to be, but, it's still… annoying to a certain degree, but I am going to shut my whole entire face, because I'm not about to give you any more terrible ideas like last time,"

Frisk nuzzled their forehead comfortably against his, their bangs slightly tickling him.

"By 'terrible ideas' do you mean me being a rude brat to you again? Then no, I'm not going to do anything like that again, it just makes me feel… really, really, really guilty that you're in pain and that I'm partially responsible for it, I think you should consider training more with Asgore again, I don't like that you even had to learn how to ignore the pain at all,"
Sighing once more, he leaned back and looked at them with an expression full of clarity and certitude.

"Okay. I will, I'll start training tomorrow,"

Frisk raised their eyebrows with surprise, "you will?"

He smiled gently, "of course, besides, I've been thinking that the training you and I did actually helped, I know the fight with Garbine sure did."

Frisk smiled back, a soft sadness still deep in their eyes, slowly they began to pull away from him, guiltily pulling his phone from their pocket and handing it back to him politely.

"Sorry for ripping your headphones off by the way, and sorry again for jumping to conclusions, and even more sorry for any of the pain that... I've caused you," they said, holding their hands together shyly, looking down.

He eyed them hard as he stuck his phone back in place, "don't you DARE apologize for anything, especially the pain, never be sorry for expressing your feelings to me, and...uh, as for 'Magnola', I should have remembered to tell you in the first place, actually, what you should do is call me an idiot for a change,"

Frisk gasped as if he had just said something scandalous, their hands coming to their mouth timidly "I won't, you can't make me;"

A ridiculous smile formed on Flowey's face, unable to get over how insanely sweet and precious Frisk was, he had to laugh, but then he remembered something and actually did laugh.

"You'll call me a cactusass and a smartass, but you won't call me an idiot?" he quipped.

Now highly embarrassed with themselves, nearly ashamed, Frisk continued to look all around the room but at their boyfriend, then laughed sheepishly, holding up an index finger, "my only excuses are that I said those things in a fit of annoyance, and that I...really...like... butts;"

Flowey threw his hands up in the air at the old news, switching his voice to his mini Mettaton persona, holding his phone up to his mouth as if it were a mic and turning to an invisible camera man named Bob.

"You heard it HERE folks! Frisk REALLY LOVES butts and if I got that insinuation right- smart plants too! I don't know about you Bob, but I am REALLY flattered!"

He watched as Frisk doubled over in laughter once again, they were really on a roll tonight.
He went over to them, held out the micro-phone to them, "is there anything ELSE you'd like to admit to before we cut to our Dinner with The King segment?"

But they couldn't respond properly as they continued to laugh harder, wiping tears from their eyes.

Flowey looked off to his invisible camera man, "seems the Ambassador can't contain their emotions, if ONLY we all could be THIS passionate, back to you Bob,"

After getting Frisk to calm down and helping them brush down their hair that had gotten messy, they began to leave the room, but when Frisk grabbed the door and opened it, they gasped in horror and looked back at Flowey with a grimace.

"HHHHOLY COW, Flowey! That was unlocked!" they exclaimed, voice full of worry and distress.

His smile dropped hard at the discovery, "gee freaking whiz- we're getting way too forgetful, dad really could have walked in on us…,"

They both winced in paranoid silence, both playing out how that scene could have gone in their heads and both not liking the imagined outcome.

"Well . . .," Frisk began, hesitantly calmer now "I'm thankful it didn't happen… I'm sure we'll remember next time, c'mon, time to eat," they said and continued to walk out.

Things were quiet for a little while at the beginning of dinner. . .

So of course it quickly became too much for Flowey, he decided to say something.

"Uhhh, sorry I yelled at you dad, Frisk was helping me with a difficult problem,"

Asgore waved a dismissive hand, "no worries my son, I understand how hard homework can be,"

Frisk raised their eyebrows thoughtfully at Flowey, a secretive smile on their recently kissed lips, he could see the romantic glint in their gaze "yeah, we really solved that problem out really good, didn't we?"

Flowey, trying his damn hardest to stop himself from grinning goofily, shoveled a mouthful of food in his mouth so he wouldn't have to come up with a response to that, nodding over enthusiastically, "mmf hrmn, fghh."

Frisk held back what was likely a giggle, clearing their throat and getting a hold of themselves, looking to Asgore.
"So! Is it okay if I invite Kid over Wednesday? I think something has been seriously bothering them and I feel like it's about time I try and help 'em out,"

Asgore swallowed his food, thinking it over for a few seconds, then smiled gently, "I think I need to go with Alphys to check the CORE that day, but I believe I shall be home by the time school gets out by then, so yes, go ahead,"

"Cool, thanks, you're the best daddio," Frisk said, giving him a sweet high five.

Flowey stirred at his food thoughtlessly "huh, I had a nightmare about the CORE last night," he mumbled to no one in particular.

"What was it about?" Frisk asked quietly and cautiously as they often did when the subject came up these days.

"Don't worry, it wasn't anything 'traumatic', but…mmm…I guess it was pretty horrific if you have the same precarious history with lava like I do," he said casually and took another bite.

Asgore tapped a claw on the table contemplatively, then sighed and politely covered a napkin over his food before getting up.

"Asriel, I think it is past time I gave you something very important, excuse me," he said and walked out.

"Please don't be another magazine, please, please, don't be another magazine," he chanted to himself.

"Maybe it's another dream catcher," Frisk said.

"I already have three," he grumbled.

"Maybe it's another dream catcher that works," Frisk corrected.

"That's the thing though, they do work, my nightmares are just too powerful," Flowey said, giving Frisk a look that made them wonder if he was joking or not.

It was actually a few minutes before Asgore came back, but when he did, Flowey was confused to see he was holding an old envelope.

He walked over to Flowey and handed it to him carefully.

"I apologize for taking so long, I had forgotten where I had kept it," he said.

Flowey looked over the envelope, by the looks of it… it had been sealed once, opened and then sealed again by his father's royal wax signature stamp.

"What is it?" he finally asked.
Asgore sat down before he answered the question and sighed a long sad sigh.

"It is… magic tea. After… your… passing… Gerson gifted your mother and I the last four he had left, it is used to put one in a deep, deep, very deep slumber so you can speak to your inner self, or your subconscious perhaps, to reason and make peace with yourself in dark times."

Flowey fidgeted, staring at the envelope hard, then finally looked to his father, "why now?"

Asgore scratched a place behind one of his long ears "because I believe you are still internally suffering from a long term problem, one that is causing your terrible nightmares, especially the traumatic one Frisk and your mother told me about and… in all honesty, I had actually wanted to give this to you back when we were training . . . but it was even more lost during that time, I am sorry."

Flowey looked from Asgore to Frisk, who looked very intrigued and hopeful, they smiled encouragingly at him when he turned to them.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"I think you should drink it all up, imagine all the self healing you could accomplish," Frisk answered "I bet you could learn a lot about yourself too,"

But Asgore hesitantly interrupted "ah, erm… well, perhaps not? Gerson told me that after you wake up, you will not remember the conversation or anything that happened within your mind, but if it went well and you made your peace, then the problem that was ailing you will most likely be cured…and because of that… I did not bother drinking it, not because I would not remember, but because… well… I did not think anything would ever be able to cure my problem,"

Asgore then smiled at his son warmly, "-but you Asriel, my son that got to live twice- you are so very strong, and I have an even stronger feeling that this tea can help,"

Flowey smiled hesitantly, "thank you dad…," he then sighed deeply, "so… if you didn't drink yours, does that mean you gave me two tea bags or…?"

"Mnmhm, yes, one for this problem, and another for any future problems that may come," Asgore answered.

Flowey lightly tapped the envelope against the other robot hand thoughtfully, "I think I'll save the second one for someone else then, because as far as I'm concerned, I don't think I'll need both and I'm sure there will always be someone who will need it more,"

"Awwee, Azzie, that's beautiful," Frisk gushed.

Flowey chuckled shyly, "yeah, uh, it just seems like the right thing to do," he then looked to his father, "so, what do you think mom did with hers?"

Asgore frowned, and rested his head against his palm, "I do not know… I always assumed she had rather deal with her pain in her own terms, but who am I to know? After she took her tea bags I never saw them again,"

Flowey nodded and silently began to move his hands to open the letter but Asgore held out a warning hand.
"I would not advise you do that yet that if I were you, the tea is highly potent and can easily make you fall asleep, like, boom, all lights out, and well, it smells quite horrendous if I am to be perfectly honest, it is best to just wait until you drink it, and to make sure to have it covered up before hand," he explained.

Flowey grinned, "okay, okay, I get it, I'm just having a hard time figuring out how something that smells bad can make you fall sleep in the first place,"

"It is the magic, it is very strong. Now, when do you want to have it? It is best to be alone when you do it so nothing from the outside will disturb your mind, and I would like to be the one who prepares it for you," Asgore said.

Flowey drummed his fingers on the table as he thought about it, "I don't know, Saturday I guess? I don't have anything to do that day,"

Asgore clapped his hands together and intertwined his fingers "Saturday it is!"

Chapter End Notes

So, I'll admit this chapter got kind of messy in the drama department, so many cliches, so little time, I apologize thoroughly, originally the 'Cheater, Cheater, Pumpkin Eater' scene was going to have WAY more sobbing and tears from Frisk, but I realized it was getting a little too out of character, so I reeled it back in some.

Also, I want to make it clear- while I love this couple dearly, I want you guys to know that they're not...""perfect"" together, at least not YET in the story, there's so many bumps in the road and troubles to work out, BUT that's what I adore about these two, they're imperfect but they have so much potential in becoming something beautiful, they're growing together.

Ha, plant pun.
Flowey and Frisk put their heads together and try to solve the mystery of why Monster Kid has been acting so strangely around them.

**Chapter 30 All Together Now**

**Warnings?:** Not much… except for some very Extra Extreme Flirting that goes on.

**Inspiration Song:** 'I See Love' by Jonas Blue

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'I see love
I see love around me
From a river to a flood
I see love around me

I love you, helped me find my heart
I didn't even know my name
Then I was blinded by the dark
My eyes will never look the same

Come on, let's run and get lost in the crowd
Into the light as the night's comin' down
I'm double-tappin', I'm focusin' now
We're focusin' now'
```
The next day Flowey kept his word, asking his father to start training him again, who was thrilled, complying, together deciding that when Flowey stayed at his father house that they would both train his magic, they already knew it would take a tremendous amount of hard work, but together they believed it would work, they already had enough proof that it would.

Whenever that would be.

And then soon enough Wednesday came.

Frisk clicked a button on their phone, "hey, I just talked to Asgore, he said he's going to be a little late, he won't be back until at least six, and our buddy MK isn't going to be here for at least another ten minutes, sooo~…..," they said, edging closer and closer to Flowey's face, inches diminishing.

Flowey let out a shy, nervous, high pitched giggle as the human continued to playfully shimmy over to him until he could feel their gentle breath, but he wasn't quite prepared for the onslaught of everything that came with lip on lip contact right at the moment.

So he didn't lean in to meet them, but on the other hand…

He didn't lean away either, because at this point he knew he was unable to resist those pink humany lips, and if Frisk reeeally wanted some love, then so be it, bring on the pain!

"I can't believe I met a relentless kisser," he joked coyly in a shy low voice.

Frisk paused to laugh quietly, finally noticing his timid body language and the look in his eyes, so instead, aimed a sweet kiss at his forehead, their lips hovering there for a second when they felt Flowey touch and brush their cheek with a vine in response to their affection, it just almost registering as a caress.

They looked at him for a moment, studying him, "you know, compared to the first and second times we met to now, I think we've come a long, long, loooooooooooooong way," they said.

"Second time?" he asked.

"Yeah, we met twice, the first was when I met you as a flower, and then second time is when I got to meet you as a sweet little goat monster boy, two sides of the same wonderful person," they explained.

He was touched, but then his thoughts shifted to a different direction, and he smiled mischievously at them, looking at them with daring flirtatious eyes, "I don't think I would be so 'sweet and little' by now Frisky."

They grinned at him, "oh yeah? Does that mean you would you be spicy and tall now? Say, similar to your Hyperhotness form?"
Flowey blushed, laughing a little too loudly, "I dare you to draw it!"

Then, the doorbell rang, rudely interrupting their flirting conversation.

The duo looked over to the door, then to each other, unfortunately the moment was not lost as Flowey grinned wildly, snatched Frisk up, effectively capturing them, one hand supporting the underneath of their legs and one supporting their back, wincing a little as they shrieked loudly in surprised joy, and held them in his robot arms and began to take off with them.

Frisk wrapped their arms around the top half of the robot for support, giggling, "I swear, I should have just asked you out when we were kids, this is so much fun!"

Flowey made a face, "nooo, no, no, no, just- no, that would have ended in literal flames, and I would have rejected you on the spot anyway, you know I didn't care about all this mushy stuff until I was fourteen… or was it thirteen?"

"Oh yeah… that's why I never asked in the first place," Frisk mumbled out, more to themselves than to Flowey, sighing, probably thinking about that old childhood crush they had said they had on him.

Once they reached the front door, Flowey carefully put Frisk down and proceeded to open the door.

Standing there, of course, was Monster Kid, who looked expectedly nervous as usual.

But today they were going to get to the bottom of that issue.

"Yoooo dudes… how's it hanging…," they said, their tone as nervous as their expression.

"Hey Kid," Flowey said, waving and pulling on his most welcoming smile, rolling out of the way so their friend could come in.

But they only stood there, an inescapable uncomfortable frown stuck on their face, they seemed unable to look at Flowey as if it was difficult to do.

Frisk smiled sympathetically, looking as well speaking to their friend as if they were a lost puppy, "it's okay, you can come in, it's just a house and it's just us, your best friends,"

Monster Kid nodded quickly and stepped in, walking over next to Frisk.

"Uhhh, speaking of house… I think I've said it before, but King Asgore's place is really sick…," they commented, but not in the quite same zealous way that they usually did when impressed by something.

Flowey groaned quietly as he shut the door back, already annoyed by MK's behavior, they had proof that this problem that Monster Kid had was with the duo only, because they had been spotted acting normally with other people.
But to Frisk and Flowey's knowledge, they just had no single idea what they could have done to upset MK like this.

"Yeah, it is a pretty hot house isn't it? When I move out I don't think I want a home this big or fancy, but I'd like to meet the niceness and coziness standards," Frisk said, making small talk.

The comment grabbed Flowey's attention, the words 'move out' striking an interesting cord with him that he hadn't thought about before, realizing something new and important, mainly about Frisk and him.

But he didn't get a chance to think on it for too long as Frisk began to move on to their room, motioning MK to walk with them, Flowey followed behind.

As they made their way to their destination, the two briefly small talked about school and subjects that Flowey had no idea how to inject on but was not interested enough to ask questions.

Once they entered the room Frisk turned to the others and clasped their hands together enthusiastically "okay! You two chill in here, get comfy, sit on a bean bag, or stand, whatever lights your candle, talk about things in a best friend fashion like the besties I hope you are, and… I…um…I will go get us a boat load of popcorn, be back in a quick sec,"

They then proceeded to give Flowey a big obvious wink and scurried off.

The two monsters stood there awkwardly, before MK took Frisk's suggestion and sat down on the bean bag, fidgeting in silence, unsure of which position they should have their legs in.

Flowey sighed, staring at MK with frustration.

Feeling the stare, Kid looked up at Flowey and smiled awkwardly, "cool robot,"

Flowey crossed his arms "I know. You've already told me that ten times this week."

Embarrassed and even more nervous now "I did?! I am so sorry dude!"

That was another weird thing MK had been doing, being over apologetic and mainly to Flowey, which by now he was obviously getting pretty sick of.

"Okay, okay, you need to calm down, I don't know why you keep acting like you accidentally ran my roots over with a lawn mower, but it's seriously getting on my nerves and basically, MK, you have to stop and tell us what's wrong," Flowey said, feeling an odd sense of déjà vu, realizing he was sounding just like his family.

MK gasped at the comment, then looked down to their shoes, thinking before speaking "you're… you're… totally right Flowey, I know I've been acting like a complete wreck around you guys…," then they sighed "…and I would explain… but…dude… I think you'd be really mad if I told you, I don't think I could handle it," they said.

'Mad'? He unfolded his arms, now that was interesting, Flowey rolled a little closer.
But before he could investigate, Frisk came in with the big boat shaped bowl of popcorn they had promised.

"Catch!" they said, plucking a piece out and tossing it at Flowey, which he caught with his mouth.

Frisk then turned to MK, tossed a piece of popcorn at them as well, but they didn't react, causing it to bounce off their head and on to the floor.

MK slow blinked in confusion, and then finally reacted, "dang! What a bogus waste of food! Sorry Frisk! My head just hasn't been in the game lately."

Flowey stretched out an extendo arm and grabbed the popcorn and tossed it into the small garbage can nearby, he then rolled over to Frisk, motioned them to turn their back on MK and then cupped a red gloved robot hand over their ear and leaned in closely.

"I just got them to say something, they said they would explain what's wrong, but is afraid they'll make me 'mad'," he whispered.

"What is that supposed to mean?" Frisk asked quietly, not bothering to whisper.

"I don't know... but... it just occurred to me that they've been like this sometime since after we went to the... fair...," he said.

At that comment, a very... uncomfortably uneasy... silence fell between the duo, looking slowly up at each other with the same expression of hesitant distant terror.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Frisk asked, their voice low and secretive.

"You know I am," Flowey replied in the same fashion.

Frisk grinned skittishly, "oh my goodness, Flowey, you saucy boy," they whispered scandalously.

Flowey gave Frisk a wild wide eyed look, his cheeks turning a bright orange, without a second thought proceeded to stuff a handful of popcorn into Frisk's mouth, muffling their giggles, at least it was good to know they could still make jokes and be stupidly embarrassing under this kind of pressure.

"Look, let's just ask them, okay?" he whispered to them.

Frisk merely nodded as they crunched on their mouthful of popcorn, attempting to hurry to get it down as the duo proceeded to turn back around and face MK, whom had been watching them the utmost concern and curiosity.

Flowey rolled up to them, holding his hands flat together to appear patient.

"Okay MK, on the night we went to the fair, step by step, tell us EXACTLY what you did after we left you to go win your goldfish,"

At the mention of the fair, MK began to pale, opened their mouth to speak... but no words came out.
"I promise I won't get mad, but if I do, just remember Frisk is here, to hold me back," he said in a calm and friendly voice.

MK leaned back further into the bean bag, attempting to get a little bit of distance.

"He's just joking, don't worry," Frisk spoke up.

"Yeah, don't worry buddy, or maybe do, I don't know what will happen if you make Frisk mad," Flowey said, unable to help himself, he wasn't sure why he was so keen on messing with MK, maybe it was because he still felt those pangs of unchecked jealousy from when Frisk and MK dated…

"Flowey! That's not helping, quit being a literal prick," Frisk snipped.

Abruptly, MK stood up, "alright! I can't take it dudes! I saw you two at the river!"

The duo snapped their attention to MK, still shocked despite their correct hunch, they stared at their friend in stunned, horrified silence, waiting for them to continue.

MK fidgeted shyly, look down, "on the first three tries I didn't win any goldfish, and I thought about what you guys said… so… I dunno, I got discouraged, decided to save my money and left, I went by the river and decided to chill in one of the trees… and then I got… stuck,"

"Happens to the best of us," Frisk commented gently under their breath.

MK nodded solemnly, shifting their weight foot to foot before speaking, growing increasingly nervous "and then I saw you guys walking… and… then… well… I heard…everything,"

Flowey made a terrible face that consisted of embarrassment, regret, and disgust as he re-remembered what he had said and how he'd cried, fully understanding why MK had the reaction they did, they had never seen that side of Flowey before until that night, not anything close.

But then he remembered something, and that's when he got angry, rolling up get closer to MK.

"Wait a second! WAIT A SECOND! You saw me FALL AND DIDN'T HELP?? OR EVEN AFTER FRISK LOST THEIR BIKE?!! he yelled, pointing a finger at MK's nose, so close that it almost touched, almost because MK instinctively leaned back, wide eyed and full of regret.

But Frisk grabbed a hold of the flower pot machine (as Flowey had promised) and manually pulled him back, getting in between them.

"Stuck! They said they were stuck!" they reminded him, protectively.

MK looked at them forlornly, anxiously trying to explain "I did want to help dude, believe me, I was
freaking out, but like, I know… I should have just risked it and tried to jump down or called on you guys or something, and the bike thing- gosh I don't know, I guess you guys walked out of earshot when that happened, I had no idea… I'm sorry guys…," they then looked down to their feet in shame "I couldn’t imagine going through something like that, that must been the worst day of your life,"

Flowey scowled and turned around and rolled away to the other side of the room.

"No…it was more like the fifth worst day of my life, so if you thought THAT was bad, then I don't think you can handle hearing about the first four, but yeah, thanks for almost helping us, I guess,"

Flowey grumbled passively aggressively.

Frisk narrowed their eyes at their boyfriend disapprovingly, shaking their head, and then stepped closer to MK, smiling at them.

"Don't listen to him, he's just really upset right now and knows you meant well, and so do I," they said.

"No, I get it, I wasn't supposed to hear what I heard, but I did and I shouldn't have been such a scared turd," MK said, looking completely ashamed, "I'm really sorry guys,"

There was a moment of painful silence.

But then, Flowey groaned in acceptance, slowly giving up on being mad, it was no use when MK was being so understanding, so he turned around. "I guess as long as you knew you were being a turd and really sorry, then I suppose it's ok,"

Frisk let out a soft chuckle, reaching out to give Flowey a pat on the back of his head when he rolled over close enough.

The group was quiet for a moment, almost awkwardly so as MK stared at the other two in front of them.

"Yo, you guys…got together, didn't you?" they finally asked.

Frisk and Flowey stared at MK in stunned silence, both their brains trying anxiously to work out what to do in this moment, because MK already knew the truth about Flowey's feelings, but they could just as easily lie and make something up-

But as they hesitated speaking, MK began to rethink their words, getting nervous all over again and began to ramble.
"Or am I totally bringing back some bad memories by asking that? Or not? You dudes have been looking really happy, but maybe that's because you worked it out? But seriously, I would never judge you guys if you were together, because I can see how some people might be weirded out, especially other humans, but love is love and my parents always told me to never judge,

"You sound like you want us to be together," Flowey accused abruptly.

MK backed up defensively, "WOAH, NO, I- no, it's not that, it's just you guys have been hanging out more, and standing like... a lot closer than before, and we already know I was there that night now, so... uh...",

Just as Flowey had earlier, Frisk walked over to the other side of the room with Flowey, giving him a deep look, it seemed it was decision time.

"Should we spill the beans?" they whispered.

"They have proved they're good at keeping a secret...," Flowey whispered back.

"And it would give us someone else to talk to about this...," Frisk pondered.

They stared at each other for a few more seconds, until Flowey summoned out five vines, wrapped them together until he formed his strange makeshift hand, it brought upon and stirred up so many mixed feelings inside of him.

He swallowed a lump in his throat and looked down and grabbed Frisk's hand with his vegetative one, giving it a reassuring squeeze, looking up back to them to smile confidently.

"Let's tell them," he said finally.

"What a wonderful idea," Frisk replied warmly.

So, they turned around and went back to Monster Kid who looked at them with wide eyes, and proceeded to show them their joined hands, raising them high in the air, a rush of empowerment coming over the duo.

Flowey pointed to the hands with a regular mechanical hand to further the proof, "you're right, we worked it out, because it turned out... that Frisk liked me back,"

MK gasped, still surprised despite everything, "wow dudes!"

"I was really shocked too," Flowey said with a timid smile, lowering their still joined hands back down.

"And I still don't know why you were," Frisk said, smiling back.

"Wow, dudes!" MK echoed, this time with an excited grin "I always knew you guys were close, but I never would have thought you two would end up dating each other,"

Frisk had to laugh at that "neither did we, but we fixed that platonic problem real good,"
And then, of course, Flowey was the first one to drop his smile, "speaking of problems, MK, you HAVE to promise us you won't tell a single soul about the relationship,"

MK looked at them thoughtfully, "oh yeah, why are you guys keeping it a secret? Is it what I said about people getting weirded out? Because you guys shouldn't care what other people think, I think you should do whatever you want without worrying, if people judge you- then I say they're the weird ones,"

Frisk smiled weakly "I agree, I really do, maybe not about calling people 'weird', but it's a little more complicated than that…," they sighed sadly, looking over to Flowey with even sadder eyes, they weren't really in the mood to explain this.

And he wasn't either, but he needed to drill into MK why it was so important that they kept this secret.

"The thing is, we don't want anyone treating us any different than before, no prying eyes or people telling us that what we have is 'wrong' or butting in, we don't want to worry about that kind of garbage, we just want to be happy in peace."

Frisk nodded, trying their hardest not to become emotional, "and um, also, another reason is that, we… live together, and you already know that Toriel and Asgore adopted me, and Toriel and Asg-,"

"DUDE, you two have the same parents! I mean- I already knew that- but- but- but that means your kind of dating your sibling!" MK blurted out in a shocked realization, their reaction making Frisk and Flowey visibly cringe with regret.

"Don't say it like that!" Flowey griped, unable to hold himself back from giving MK a weak smack on the shoulder.

"WHOA! Flowey, no hitting!" Frisk warned, alarmed.

"Sorry, I was disgusted," Flowey said in an obviously annoyed tone, looking away from the others.

"It's cool, it didn't hurt," MK reassured quietly.

"Are you sure?" they asked, concerned.

MK smiled, nodding "yeah, it's fine-it's fine,"

Frisk sighed once more, looking back to Flowey to give him a thoughtful, worried smile, quietly exchanging gazes with him before they then turned their attention back to Monster Kid.

"…But, um, he's right, we would super like it if you didn't refer to us like that, because… Flowey and I have never saw each other in…a… 'sibling kind of way', we've always been more like roommates, do you know what I mean?"

"Yeah, of course dude, I didn't mean to offend,"

"I know you didn't. It was kind of surprising for us too, you'd think we would have gained that family sibling-ly bond after being raised together, but it just never work out that way… despite Toriel's and Asgore's best efforts," they said, shrugging in a sarcastic 'what can you do?' kind of motion.

They then sighed and continued speaking "uhm, what I'm getting at, is, out of everyone, we're mostly afraid of the parents finding out, because we know it'll be weird and uncomfortable for all of
MK looked around the room briefly before looking back to them as they thought about it.

"...Yeah, I can see how that would be pretty gnarly... I guess that means you guys can't really do much romantic stuff, huh?"

Flowey winced at the awkward direction the conversation was going "uhhh, yeah,"

Frisk held up a defensive finger and grinned, looking quite optimistic "oh-ho-ho I don't know about that, I mean, we obviously can't talk about lovey dovey stuff while the parents are in the house because y'know, they could walk past a door any second and... over hear something, but we've been playing what I like to call 'secret agents in love' since we've figured out how to be mushy in a stealthy way, thanks to our sneaking abilities,"

MK chuckled, admiring their dedication "that's really cool, have you guys gone on a date yet?"

Now embarrassed, and feeling even more awkward, Flowey winced harder.

They slowly lowered their defensive finger "no, well... I think the fair was probably an accidental, unofficial date, Flowey was the one who asked- or...no wait...was that me?"

"No, it was me," Flowey said under his breath shyly.

Frisk smiled and shrugged "I guess I had been just thinking about it and you beat me to it,"

Flowey lingered his eyes on Frisk, smiling sweetly before he forced himself to shake it off, turning his attention back to MK.

"We're getting way off topic, Kid, you HAVE to promise us that you WILL keep this a secret, it's exceedingly important that you do," he said sternly.

"I will! You can trust me," MK said sincerely.

Flowey's eyes darkened as he gave MK a warning glare "can we? Because I don't know about Frisk, but I'm dead serious when I tell you, that if you even 'accidentally' tell someone, then I SWEAR, that you WILL regret it forever,"

Frisk side eyed Flowey "Asriel, are you insinuating that you'd hurt them? Because you better not be,"

Flowey looked apologetically at Frisk, his features softening "no, of course not," but then he looked back at MK sharply, almost over dramatically "I'm insinuating that MK and I WILL be enemies,"

MK let out a tense annoyed laugh "dude! I get it! Your relationship with Frisk is really important to you, I'd never think to ruin that for you guys, you're my best friends, your secret is safe with me,"
Flowey stared at MK for a long moment.

Before, finally he let out a sigh, and simply smiled, "okay,"

"Okay? That's it?" MK asked in almost disbelief.

"Yeah, okay, I trust you," Flowey said, giving them a stern nod "I just wanted to make sure of it first, getting to where we are now hasn't exactly been easy for us,"

"If two are wondering, if MK ever slipped up and told our secret, I'd probably just end up crying, forever, no enemies, no anger, just tears," Frisk said with a slight joking smile, but there was honesty in their tone.

"Exactly the main reason why I would never tell, dude I can't handle seeing people cry," MK said.

Frisk looked at Flowey with an amused smile, "that explains everything,"

The group then proceeded to finally relax, with MK sitting back down on the bean bag, Frisk on their bed and Flowey just continued to stand and roll among the room, tossing popcorn at the other two, not caring if they caught the food or not, either way it was funny.

"So, you should probably know that you're technically not the only one to know about us," Frisk said, starting up another conversation.

MK paused mid popcorn chew and stared at Frisk, "I'm… not?"

"Yeah, it's kind of complicated, but Flowey sort of and sort of didn't tell Asgore, and Mettaton had a hunch about us but Flowey was like 'nooo, that's not truuue'," they then looked to their boyfriend in slight distress for help, "I'm sure you can explain it better, you're the one with the silver tongue,

It was so odd talking about this to Monster Kid, but if Frisk was comfortable talking about it, then he guessed he was too.

"Uh, well, back when I was staying with my dad to train for a few months, I was having some 'issues', I won't explain what 'issues', but I decided to tell the big guy about my secret, because I thought…maybe he could give me some kind of…ahh… pointers? Anyways, instead of saying I liked Frisk, I made up a character named Magnola,"

"Don't you mean 'Magnolia'?" MK interrupted.

"No, anyway, I will admit it was a good plan at first…but I made the big mistake of continuing with the lie, now my dad thinks I'm online dating a majorly introverted human that lives on the other side of the planet, and only him and Frisk knows," Flowey said unable to stop from rolling his eyes at himself, he shoveled some popcorn in his mouth to ease the mild embarrassment.

"No offense, but you're a little bit nuts dude," MK commented.

"Actually, full offense taken, because for your information, I'm a very large flower," Flowey corrected, smirking smugly when Frisk snorted out a laugh.
"Uh-heh, soooo… what was up with Mettaton knowing?" MK asked curiously.

Flowey dropped his smile, avoiding eye contact with the other two, "um, let's just say I talked to him on one of his talk shows, because I thought I could use more 'pointers', I disguised my voice, but apparently I didn't know he had a voice decoder, can you believe that?"

"Yeah, I can, he's a robot," MK said.

"…Mhm," Flowey responded, annoyed, briefly side eyeing MK, but continued on "so then this guy has the audacity to text me after the show and ask 'it's Frisk right?' and as usual, I denied everything, but I'm still not completely sure if he believed me," Flowey said.

Frisk raised a finger in the air "Mettaton also sent me a link to that part of the show too, but he didn't explain, so for a long time I didn't understand why he sent it, but I finally figured it out after I got with Flowey," they said, there was a slight nervousness to their tone.

"Aw man, that's crazy," MK said under their breath.

"What's crazier is that Sans was the first one to figure it all out," Flowey said.

Frisk stared at Flowey hard, frozen in their spot "…handsome flower boy say what now?"

Flowey blinked in surprise at their reaction, looking back at Frisk with big eyes, "uh, heh… 'what'? Didn't I tell you about that?"

Frisk held up their hands in the air incredulously "no! You didn't!"

MK looked at the couple with alarm "uh-oh, this is sounding like a fight, should I go?"

Frisk held out one hand in MK's direction "if you want, but I'd rather you'd stay… I don't think this is going to be as bad as it sounds,"

Flowey rolled over to Frisk, "it's not! I promise, just like Mettaton, I denied everything, but you know Trash Bag, nothing ever gets passed him,"

Frisk let out a tired sigh, "when did it happen? How'd he figure it out?"

Flowey grimaced, blushing "…the wedding, I think he basically pieced it together at the same time I did, because I guess I'm that easy to read…," he said in a hushed, low, embarrassed voice.

Frisk gasped in horror, mostly for Flowey in empathy, "that must have been terrible for you,"

"Yeah, he visited me right before you did during the reception party, we 'chatted' for a little while… I guess he was trying to help because he handed me a piece of cake and made flower puns and everything, but I was in too much of a bad mood to really listen," Flowey explained, feeling pretty uncomfortable as he remembered.

"Wait, wait, I'm really confused, how does this have to do with Flowey being upset at the wedding? I don't get it," MK said.

Flowey groaned at the question, making a sulky expression, he didn't really want to explain this to Monster Kid, it was just too embarrassing and too private to explain.

And Frisk seemed to understand this as they watched him, so they smiled gently to MK "don't worry about it right now, I'll tell you everything later," then they looked back to Flowey briefly, "is that ok?"
Flowey shrugged, "yeah, as long as I don't have to do it, there are so many times I can handle talking about that day, ugh," he said and shoveled more popcorn into his mouth.

"Boy, this is a really big deal…," MK said to themselves, then eyed Frisk "I bet your secret admirer would be really disappointed if he knew you were dating again, huh?"

At the mention, Flowey nearly choked on the popcorn and started coughing.

Frisk sat up from their lounging position with a start at the horrible noise he made "you okay?"

Flowey waved a hand at them, clearing his throat before speaking "I'm fine! Dandy!"

They proceeded to pull out a fruit punch drink from one of the Dimensional Boxes, holding it out to him, "here, just in case, because no one's figured out how to give the Heimlich maneuver to flowers yet,"

He rolled over and took the drink "that would be a majorly dumb way to die, death by popcorn," he said, snickering lowly to himself before he took a sip, narrowing his eyebrows as an old memory came to him, embarrassingly remembering he had actually once died from choking on a pebble that had gotten lodged down his throat from a result of tunneling too fast (after that he remembered to always keep his mouth closed when doing so)

Once Frisk decided Flowey was ok, they turned their attention back to MK, continuing with their previous conversation.

"Yeah, I actually did tell him that I was 'interested in someone else', he said that was ok and backed off, but he still randomly checks on me sometimes," they then looked to Flowey and smiled… knowingly "it's pretty sweet, I'll have to admit,"

Flowey didn't catch their gaze though as he was too busy gulping down his drink, now too busy thinking of the other stupid ways he had died, he was no longer listening.

MK looked skeptical "dunno dude, isn't that a little weird for you?"

Frisk continued to smile at Flowey and shrugged "not at all, he kind of has a certain sunny quality to him that reminds me of someone very special,"

It was then that MK caught on, an absolutely silly grin spreading across their face "really? Like who?"

Frisk held back a laugh "well, none other than…Flowey!"

At the mention of his name being said, the flower boy snapped back into reality, looking at the other two in confusion, finally noticing how they were smiling at him "what? What did I do now?"

MK and Frisk started laughing, unable to keep it back.

Flowey frowned in annoyance "what's so funny?"

"I don't know, why don't you ask my secret admirer?" Frisk replied, grinning a wiggly smile at their
Flowey's mouth dropped at the answer, speechless.

"Dude they totally cracked down on you!" MK said between laughter.

Now Flowey had to wonder if he was about to add 'dying of embarrassment' to his list of dumb ways he had died.

"How did you figure it out?!" he blurted out, looking at Frisk with big eyes.

Frisk watched Flowey with a warm playful gaze, "well, it was a hopeful hunch for a while, but then the other day you sent me a message that you forgot to put on anon, I was going to say something about it, that is… until I figured out about Magnola, so I decided wait around and tease you back when the time was right,"

MK howled with laughter as Flowey stared harder at Frisk, again rendered speechless, completely impressed and astonished by them, something akin to Determination sparking inside of him, something fervently romantic.

As Frisk noticed the way Flowey looked at them, they caught on and felt the same spark, unable to look anywhere else, they didn't want to anyway so that was fine.

Suddenly, they heard the muffled noise of the front doors open from way down the hallway and the sound of Asgore stepping in and sighing tiredly.

"Kids! I'm home! I am very late, but I'm home!" he called out.

Still staring at Frisk, Flowey was having trouble containing himself, "Monster Kid, as our best friend and new secret keeper, can I ask you to go stall my dad for a while? I need to… talk to Frisk,"

MK stood up obediently, but still, looked at Flowey quizzically "why? Are you two going to smooch or something?"

At the mention, both Frisk and Flowey unglued their eyes to look at MK with surprised bashfulness.

"HuSH! No! Just go," Flowey said in a hushed voice, then finally noticed and remembered the fruit punch drink in his hand, it was all empty now so he tossed it into the small garbage can nearby.

MK lowered their voice to a near whisper "are you sure? Because you were kind of looking at them like my girlfriend looks at me when-,

"No I wasn't! Go away!" Flowey whined, waving his robot hand in a frantic 'shoo-shoo' motion.
MK shook their head and walked out, with Flowey quickly rolling up to the door to lock it, and then zipped back to Frisk who watched him with amazed wonder.

He moved closer, holding out a polite hand to Frisk, "I didn't want to talk," he whispered.

Frisk grinned brightly at the turn of events, giggling quietly "you didn't?" they whispered back coyly, and took his hand, holding onto it for support as they slid off the bed and stood in front of him "it's okay, I'm not disappointed,"

Still holding their hand, he rolled in a little closer and put the other hand on the side of their waist.

At that, Frisk tilted their head in closer, they'd only kissed a few times by now, but Frisk had quickly learned to read the signs, and Flowey might as well been holding up a neon one.

He gulped, in slight nervous anticipation as he watched their their lips, barely noticing as they casually raised a hand to hold his plant body- but once he felt their touch he knew that his old butterflies would never be done with him.

Actually, the butterflies within him were swarming now, in a frenzy almost, but as soon their lips connected, the spark between them igniting into a glow of fire.

Completely taken by them, his kiss slow and sweet at first, but as he continued he couldn't help himself, becoming mischievous and yearning for more contact, pressing further against their soft skin, trying to take in all their warmth, with a considerable amount more passion than he had shown before, making a slight pained muffled noise as the pain tore at him, but somehow he found it encouraged him.

Very pleasantly stunned, Frisk found themselves leaning their weight against Flowey's robot body for support as he roughly kissed them with enough force that it pushed their head back, nearly stealing their breath, his robot hand gripping around their waist a little tighter, but not too tight, keeping a protective grip on them, with his other hand letting go of Frisk's and trailing up their arm and around to their back, until eventually it found the back of their head, taking a gentle hold of their hair.

He continued this powerful show of romance for a while, kissing them deeply.

Until… Frisk suddenly felt a very slight, quick lick on the bottom of their lip, the action sending a rushing thrill through the both of them, the spark between them now flaring brightly, there was also an epiphany for Frisk as they figured out something special and new about Flowey, an overabundance of happiness bubbling within them and they grinned big against his mouth, their teeth getting in the way, accidentally halting the process, they couldn't help it.
Confused, disappointed, mildly annoyed, dazed, and his concentration now broken, Flowey opened his eyes and looked at Frisk with a frown.

He couldn't help but become frustrated as they began to laugh joyfully.

"Why did you stop? Why are you laughing?" he asked, distantly wondering if he should be worried he did something wrong, was it the tongue thing? He had seen it be done on TV, and it was another one of those things that had felt right to do in the heat of the moment, but there was always a possibility that Frisk wasn't in to it and was laughing at him.

They only laughed harder, pulling away from him and leaning over a bit as they were still unable to fully stand up straight, wiping the tears from their eyes.

"Oh my god, I'm so happy!" they cried.

"Uh, that's good? But why?" he questioned quietly, not completely thinking the question through due to his brain still being in a haze from the mixture of pain and dopamine from smooching, but still, despite the haze, he rested a concerned hand on their back.

They then moved back to him, still hunkered over, hugging his robot body and smooching their warm cheek against the cool metal, "because I finally realized that my boyfriend is a fantastic talented kisser! I can't believe how lucky I am,"

Flowey's eyes widened at the announcement, his face turning a new shade of deep orange, it had seemed that they had indeed liked the tongue thing.

"Are you really serious?!" he gasped, feeling he still needed the clarification, just to make sure.

"Absolutely!" they said, pulling themselves up to rest their crossed arms on top of the edge of flower pot and propping their head down, in return Flowey rested his head comfortably on top of Frisk's, partly because the pain from the kiss had really tuckered him out, but mainly to be as close to them as possible.

"Really, I would have never guessed you had that in you, well, I knew you had the passion-but, just… wow Asriel," they confessed honestly, Frisk's earlier comment about him having a 'silver tongue' coming back to both their minds.

At that Flowey wrapped his robot arms around Frisk in an embrace, he of course couldn't feel it, but he hoped that they liked it.

And then…he smiled big, almost too big, "so does that mean I'm a better kisser than Forester?" he whispered.

"Don't tell him, but yes, much better," Frisk whispered back.

"I'm going to tell him," he said in a happy, blissful voice, summoning out a vine to pet Frisk's hair soothingly.

"Don't!" Frisk chimed, despite unable to stop themselves from laughing anyway.

"Yep, I'm going to call him, alter my voice, and say 'Frisk says I'm a way, way, way better kisser
than you, like a thousand times better, how's that feel you cold cup of creamerless coffee;" he said quietly to them, his too big smile turning into a mischievous grin as the image played through his mind, all as continued petting their hair.

Then, there was a series of thunks, not knocks, at the door, the duo froze.

"Yo! Guys! The King wants you guys to come help him with dinner, so, stop whatever you're doing."

Frisk slowly pulled away, looking at Flowey with such a deep gaze that he found himself fighting the urge to sweep them back up and smooch them again, so, instead, he turned away from them and shut his petals together, blocking his face and eyesight.

Giggling softly, Frisk went to the door to unlock it and letting MK in.

"For the record, we weren't doing anything," Frisk informed them.

MK cocked their head and smiled in amusement, "okay, then why is your hair messed up?"

Alarmed, their hands flew up to hair in surprise and they went over to their mirror, and sighed at their appearance, looking back to MK.

"The record still stands -just like my messy hair- that we did nothing," they said and proceeded to smoothen everything back in place with their fingers.

"Absolutely nothing!" Flowey added quickly, his voice slightly hoarse.

Then, without any warning at all, Asgore walked into the doorway, "did everyone have fun today? I see you solved the problem with your friend here, they seem back to normal!" he said innocently.

At the word 'fun' Flowey opened his petals and spun around, Frisk continued to smoothen their hair—but with a little more speed now, trying their hardest to not look anxious as they felt, and MK merely smiled awkwardly for their friends, stepping ever so slightly away from the King.

"Yeah, what did you have planned for dinner?" Flowey casually asked, avoiding looking at Frisk all together as he rolled past them nonchalantly.

Asgore smiled and shrugged "I do not know yet, that is why I would very much enjoy your collaborative help, you seem to have your mother's talent for cooking after all,"

"How about something with potatoes?" Frisk suggested as they took one more look at their appearance, taking a little longer than necessary, still working on calming themselves down, they of course had some practice, but they still weren't as good as Flowey on putting on a fake face when they needed to.
Asgore seemed to like that as his eyes lit up at the mention "yes, or perhaps we can make the potatoes an entrée?" he said thoughtfully, "no matter, anyway, Monster Kid said they will be joining us, so with the extra help, I believe this shall be a very good meal tonight,"

Finally, Frisk pulled themselves away from the mirror and grinned at Asgore with agreement, "and if it somehow isn't, then it won't be a problem anyway, because I've already had a great day thanks to these two,"

   Flowey couldn't help but blush, thankfully no one noticed.

   Well, Frisk did and they knew why, but that was no one else's business but theirs.
A Psychoanalysis Tea Party

Chapter Summary

Flowey prepares himself and holds his breath as he gets ready to have one of the most terrifying chats that he will likely ever have.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Chapter 31 A Psychoanalysis Tea Party

Warnings?: Things get…kind of edgy in this one, oh, and there might some moments that might give some of you second hand embarrassment.

Inspiration Songs: 'C'mon' by Panic! At The Disco AND 'Constellations' by The Oh Hellos

'It's getting late, and I
Cannot seem to find my way home tonight
Feels like I am falling down a rabbit hole
Falling for forever, wonderfully wandering alone
What would my head be like
If not for my shoulders
Or without your smile
May it follow you forever
May it never leave you to sleep in the stone
May we stay lost on our way home

C'mon, c'mon, with everything falling down around me
I'd like to believe in all the possibilities
If I should die tonight
May I first just say I'm sorry
For I, never felt like anybody
I am a man of many hats although I
Never mastered anything
When I am ten feet tall
I've never felt much smaller since the fall
Nobody seems to know my name
So don't leave me and sleep all alone
May we stay lost on our way home'

'All that's left for me to climb to the heavens is the chasm of the night
And a matter of time
But I hear the rumble
As the tectonic plates start to shake
And I feel my blood pounding like the beat of a drum

Cause like constellations, a million years away
Every good intention, every good intention
Is interpolation, a line we drew in the array
Clinging to the faces
Clinging to the shapes...in the silence

Like constellations, imploding in the night
Everything is turning, everything is turning
And the shapes that you drew, may change beneath a different light
And everything you thought you knew
will fall apart, but you'll be alright'

And finally, Saturday came

As Flowey waited for Asgore to prepare the tea, Frisk sat with him, keeping him company as he
spoke with his mother over the phone.

"So…uh… I have to ask, did you…ever try the tea? Dad said he never saw yours after you got them," he asked, absentmindedly looking to the floor in his room as Frisk watched in concerned interest.

Toriel was quiet for a few seconds over the receiver as she contemplated her answer.

"I did, but… as you know the details of the tea, I could not remember anything that happened, and I experienced no changes, so, for a while it had left me to wonder if the tea Gerson gave us actually worked at all or the conversation I had with my subconscious had simply not worked out," and then there was a pause, "but sometimes I think maybe it did, I can never be sure, maybe the magic worked in ways I did not expect, or perhaps there are wounds that only time can heal,"

"Heh, I wonder what that would mean for a person if they had the power to go back in time but could never change a traumatic experience that they had," Flowey said, more to himself than his mother, not really paying attention the sad look Frisk was giving him.

"Oh, my, what a philosophically depressing theory that is," Toriel said in a quiet murmur as she pondered over it herself.

"Yeah, you know I think about that kind of stuff often, uhhh…so, anything that I should be aware of?" he asked quickly.

"Well, has your father explained the smell?" she asked.

"Mhm."

"Then continue to be well prepared for that. What else, what else, uhm, oh yes, when you wake, things may be a bit hazy for perhaps an hour, so please remind your father to bring you a a simple glass of water, no, wait, I shall remind him myself,"

"What if I fall asleep before I finish the tea? Will it matter?"

"No, Gerson explained to me that after you have consumed any at all, it will do its work, and after you have woken up, you will notice the smell and magic will be gone and it will be regular tea again. But you could do as I did and close your eyes tight and drink it all in one gulp, I had thought maybe it would work extra if I did it like so,"

"I see… okay, um, what did you do with your other tea bag?"

Toriel let a weary sigh, "…I cannot remember, I believe I lost it just like your father did, I think perhaps its magic makes it easy to lose and easy to forget about, still, I'm actually quite ashamed I misplaced it at all,"

"Its fine mom, don't sweat it," Flowey said softly.

"Thank you Asriel, please do not hesitate to call me again after your tea time, mother is always here,"

"Okay, love you,"

"I love you too son, I hope your conversation goes well," she said, and with a click, the call was
He sat the phone down and looked over at Frisk who smiled gently at him.

"What do you think it'll be like?" they asked curiously.

A crooked smile appeared on face and snickered "it'll probably be terrible- no, I know it will be terrible, but, for some reason I'm kind of excited, I think I'm turning into a glutton for punishment,"

Frisk frowned "…you mean like a masochist?"

Flowey look instantly deeply uncomfortable at the comment and was too quick to reply "no, no, no, no, no, no, noooo, mmm-mmm, nope, I don't want to hear you say any kind of word like that come out of your mouth ever again, okay?"

Frisk stifled an amused and confused smile "what? It's not like it's a bad word,"

"It is when you say it," he mumbled, looking away from them.

Frisk shook their head dismissively, "okay, I'm starting to get nervous, let's have some serious real talk time," they and walked over to face Flowey, leaning in close without entering his personal bubble and placed a hand against the side of his head firmly, and looked into his eyes with deep Determination.

"No matter how poorly you feel about yourself, I need you and your subconscious to please be kind and listen to each other, no matter how hard it may be…because, well… without compassion or understanding I'm sure this tea's magic….however it works exactly- won't be able to heal you if you can't make an effort to help yourself," Frisk explained.

He swallowed a nervous lump in his throat and nodded firmly, he then smiled shyly.

"You know, out of context, that speech would have sounded funny," he said quietly, very awkwardly attempting to make a joke.

That was when Frisk grinned and actually did laugh, "yeah, I realized that when I was saying it," "But I get it… I'll try to work things out," he promised.

Frisk smiled their big beautiful smile for him and leaned forward to kiss his forehead before pulling back, gazing at each other with heavy thoughts.

They stood there like that for a few moments before they heard Asgore call out to them from the hallway.

"I am finished and on my way! It would be best if Frisk left the room now!"

"Okay!" Frisk called back, then gave Flowey a quick embrace, chortling when Flowey swooped in and gave them a quick sneaky kiss right on the tip of their nose.

Then they walked out, he could hear them make an astonished horrified gasping noise as Asgore
passed them with the tea, which still smelled terrible even though he had placed a small saucer over
the top of the tea cup.

The first thing he noticed about his father was that he was wearing several dust masks over his nose
and mouth, Flowey found that he had to hold back a laugh and his breath, proceeding to cover half
his face with vines, his eyes watering as the horrific stink reached him.

"Smells like death!" he remarked, his voice muffled by several vines.

Asgore was quick to hurry over and sit the tea on the night stand next to his son.

"Do not worry, the smell will go away once you are asleep," he reassured.

Still, Flowey looked at him and then the tea with skeptical eyes, winced "what if it doesn't? What if I
continue to smell it while I'm in my head? Or- it just gets worse?"

"Positivity son, you must stay positive," Asgore said, and then yawned ferociously, "okay, I believe
it is my time to leave as well, the potency is beginning to affect me, I really would stay a little longer
and give you support, but I must go before I fall asleep on the floor, I wish you the best."

"Thanks dad," Flowey said and waved at his father.

Once he was alone, Flowey stared at the tea in hesitant curiosity, he was almost dreading this, partly
because of the smell, but also because of his self-hatred, still he forced himself to remember what
Frisk and his dad told him, get along and stay positive.

He then reached out and took the saucer off the tea, groaning loudly and wincing when the smell
came out in full swing and desecrated his senses, instinctively leaning away from it, but he
stubbornly picked up the cup with his vines and brought it to his face, unraveling the rest of the vines
from his face, grimacing painfully.

"I'm doing this for you, so don't fight me, you freak of nature," he told himself lowly, and closed his
watery eyes, tipping his flowery head back as he took his mother's advice and downed all of the tea
in one gulp.

The tea had an odd 'green earthy' flavor about it, but it wasn't terrible, he vacantly noticed that his
father had even mixed in a good amount of sugar as well, that was nice of him.

At first, he didn't feel anything different or strange… but as soon as he sat the cup back down…

Everything…

Went…

Completely…
Black.
...
...
...
...

For what felt like ages... he felt as if he was floating in mass emptiness, but... he wasn't scared at all.

Just blank.

At some point within the vast darkness he finally landed, the bottom of his roots finding some sort of stability underneath him and soon enough, his vision began to steadily and thankfully return to him as well.

Except the first thing he saw, maybe six feet away, was the blurry image of a grown furry white monster, sitting upon a gigantic golden throne with royal purple cushioning, and it appeared that they were inside a black... room? There were no walls or a ceiling to be seen, no boundaries, and still enveloped in the darkness, where the lighting was coming from- he would never know.

But he didn't even have to see clearly to know what and who he was looking at.

Still as his eyesight continued to improve and he was able to see The Monster better, he didn't know
what to feel.

The Monster wore long, dark blue jeans, a lazily unbuttoned green and brown plaid shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows, before his unbuttoned chest revealed a black t-shirt underneath with an almost… too realistic close up picture of the sun on the front, with the distant flames almost appearing to be moving and glowing, it certainly wasn't an outfit you'd see someone wear while sitting on a throne… but…

The Monster sitting on said throne didn't exactly want to consider himself a royal.

It was when Flowey looked up more to finally get a good look at The Monster's face that he felt… an odd, deep, inexplicable, sadness.

The Monster appeared to be around fifteen, or maybe even seventeen, it was hard to tell, his spiked out fringe hair cut was a little longer than it used to be and needed a quick brushing, and oh- hello, he also had sharp horns that looked to be at least five inches, one could even say he was probably even 'good looking'.

His eyes were still kind and apologetic as ever, but he wore a deep, knowing, dissatisfied frown.

And then- he looked uncomfortable, grimacing in disgust as he looked down at Flowey, who at that moment finally realized he wasn't in any sort of flower pot at all, sitting bare on an invisible floor, it made him feel extra insignificant and small.

"Wow, it really is weird seeing it from the outside," The Monster said out loud to himself, his voice so uncannily familiar to Flowey's but so different… and certainly was a lot smoother and less alien.

Then, with an annoyed sigh and the roll of his eyes, the void room around them began to change, moving images that scattered all around them appearing and changing, all showing him a unwelcome mix of memories and nightmares of the worst of himself, all the murders he'd ever committed, all the manipulations, all the lies, all the successful horrific faces he'd ever made in hopes to strike fear into the innocent.

All of his sins.

Flowey shrank back, nearly cowering, his plant stomach turning cold, now forcing himself to look only at his Subconscious, avoiding looking at the memories altogether.

He had known this was going to be bad when he had drank the tea, but as usual, the expectations were nothing compared to the experience, not sure what to say at first, but as he looked into The Monster's eyes, he suddenly knew exactly what to say…

"Y-yeah, that means a lot considering you're stuck inside of it, now doesn't it?" Flowey retorted, smiling a terrible, cruel smile.
The Monster's lips twitched and rested his head against his palm, staring at Flowey as if he were an intricate problem he just couldn't solve, a very, very ugly intricate problem.

"You wanted to get rid of the nightmares, but you really have made a mistake coming here, you've basically just crawled right into a nightmare by drinking that tea, it's kind of redundant y'know," he claimed, then narrowed his eyebrows as if he were trying to remember something important, and looked surprised when he did.

"No, it wasn't just the nightmares, it was our soul too! You wanted to fix it for good!" he exclaimed, it was more of an observation than anything.

Still frozen in place by the mere sight of seeing himself this way, he continued to have trouble to think quickly, "...well, I mean, uh, can we?"

The Monster crossed his arms, frowning again "you figured it out already, just do it again,"

"You already know I'VE TRIED, nothing is coming to me like it did before!"

The Monster narrowed his eyebrows, thinking "that's because it depends on something else this time, it's always magic, and emotion, but mostly emotion, it's the key, emotion is the key, but we have a lot and not enough at the same time,"

"That's... really cryptic," Flowey said despondently, "can you explain that better? Or are you just messing with me?"

The Monster sighed as if he were already incredibly bored with this conversation, leaning forward, his eyebrows further deepening.

"No, I may be more aware of the world around us than you, and I know that there is a way to fix our soul, but just because I'm your memories, your beliefs, dreams, imagination and your history, doesn't mean I can just explain it in a clear sentence, meaning I can't help you in the way you want, so you want to fix our soul? Stop waiting for answers to come to you and figure this thing out yourself!"

It was then that The Monster's anger began to get the best of him...

"Besides, do you have any idea how pointless it was to ask me anyway? Because apparently, I think you've forgotten something very important, and it's that YOU WON'T REMEMBER ANY OF THIS! Which means you've wasted a perfectly good piece of healing magic just to attempt solving your SELFISH NEEDS! Do you REALIZE how many more deserving people could have used that tea instead?!!"

He then let a long low groan, closing his eyes tiredly, falling back into his throne.

"Golly, why am I even bothering to waste my energy with losing my temper with you? How much longer is this going to take anyway? This was such a miserable idea,"

Flowey, who had gone stiff from the lecture, finally sneered "what? Is this not fun for you? Do you hate looking at me that much?"

The Monster sneered back, not holding back with his answer, bothering to open one eye to look at him.

"Of course I do. You already know I do. I hate being a flower, and I hate you, so why on earth would I want to have a conversation with myself like this?"

Flowey let out a big, long, weary sigh.
"…Look, me, I didn't come here to fight and make things worse… let's make a compromise…uh, this is basically taking place inside my head, so technically anything can happen in here…," he then gave The Monster a weak, almost desperate grin "so… how about you make things better for both of us and turn me into what I'm supposed to be? Can you do that?"

The Monster stared at Flowey for a few heated seconds as he concentrated, but closed his eyes tightly and let out a rough sigh, lowering his head. "That's not how this works apparently, the tea's magic isn't letting me, you're supposed to appear as you do on the outside, since your talking to the inside,"

Flowey stared down into the void of nothingness for a few seconds before gaining the courage to look back up "…of course, well… uh, can you at least level me up somehow? I'm tired of looking up at you,"

Without a word, Flowey slowly began to rise from the invisible floor.

When he looked back down, he noticed a small almost translucent square pillar was building itself underneath him, stopping once he and his Subconscious were at eye level.

"You are aware I could do other things, right? Like knock you off that pillar, maybe with a specific metal bat, which would probably make me laugh, but that's what you would do, except…not what the real you would do," The Monster said, there was a conflict in his eyes.

Flowey glared at him with annoyed confusion "are you saying I'm not the real me!?"

There was an odd bewildering pause between the two, until finally The Monster laughed anxiously, shrugging widely, he wasn't sure either.

"Yes and no, I guess?! We both know the flower form is not the real you, yes, and yes you as the conscious side is the real you, but what I'm trying to say is that the Real You would never willingly cause someone pain, even as a joke," The Monster explained.

Flowey winced as he thought about that, "…what point are you trying to drive at here?"

The Monster eyes widened in anger and frustration, leaning forward, letting his emotions get the best of him as he spoke.

"My POINT is that you may have changed for the better, you've opened up, you've gotten closer to the people you care and love, but for some reason you STILL act like a giant jerk who hides behind a mask because he can't take the way others look at him! Yes, you're passed creating violence, you've learned from most of your mistakes, but what I just don't understand how you still keep making MORE of them! You're still horrible and IT'S NOT WHO WE ARE! THAT'S NOT WHO ASRIEL DREAMUR IS!"

Then, too add insult to injury, memories around them grew worse and worse until an image of Flowey in his horrifying Omega form filled the entire room, the movements from the spiked vines and mechanical cords seemed to almost shake the world around them.

Flowey grinned a horrible humorless toothy grin as he took it all in begrudgingly.

"Then who are we?! We both know I'm never going to be the same 'Asriel' again! Yeah I'm horrible but at least I'm one hundred times better than I use to be, both as a soulless flower and that helpless kid I use to be, why exactly are you so caught up on how I'm 'supposed' to be anyway?!"
The Monster let out an annoyed deep hateful growl, his eyes piercing into Flowey's - who couldn't help but tremble as the cataclysmic image of the eight eyed, eldritch, TV abomination began to be violently ripped into shreds by unseen claws, The Monster clearly visually showing how much he hated that particular memory and form of himself.

"Because we CAN be better than this! All this stupid lying and cowardly pessimistic behavior is holding us back! We haven't even taken Frisk on a real date yet! How are you so settled on sneaking around the house like this? They deserve better than what you give them! Or what about school? You could go to school with them like they wanted! YOU could become so much more than this! I KNOW YOU WANT SO MUCH MORE! But- but… Instead you want to stick to what's SAFE! You need to GET OUT FLOWEY! WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?!"

At the instant mention of Frisk, Flowey began to notice memories of all kinds featuring them appear, filling the room, and in each of the memories they were all either dissatisfied, angry, or upset with him- all tilted and edited to be aimed at Flowey's direction.

He knew it wasn't real, he knew, but as he looked at all the Frisks glaring holes into him, he began to feel unbearably ashamed, weighted down by the intensity of the entire collective stares, he avoided it all by staring down to his roots, but of course, it didn't ease the feeling, so he squeezed his eyes shut instead.

"I ASKED YOU A QUESTION! WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?!!" The Monster yelled, in so much frustration that tears began to form in his eyes, but it wasn't enough to make him cry.

The words seemed to echo around inside Flowey's mind, getting louder and louder until-

"I'M AFRAID OF THEM HATING ME!," he yelled out in a sob "I'm afraid of EVERYONE hating me! But if Frisk hates me I- I don't know what I would do if they did… and… and… I don't know where or who I would be without them….,"

At that, the entire room went dead silent.

The Monster's glossy eyes softened and he leaned back slowly, thoughtfully.

"…So am I," he said and sighed deeply "Frisk is the only thing we can agree on…," and with a blink, a few tears finally came, he sniffled and wiped them away with a sleeve "…I wonder if our love for them outweighs our hatred for ourselves,"
Hesitantly, Flowey opened his eyes and looked back up, wiping the tears away to find that The Monster was no longer looking back at him, but at the memories around him fondly, which had changed to sweeter ones, mostly of Frisk enjoying themselves distractedly, smiling at him sweetly, or doing a dumb playful Frisk thing.

"Are you the real-real me…?" Flowey asked curiously, voice distant.

The Monster's eyes switched to Flowey quickly at the question, he was very hesitant to answer that.

"Please don't make me do the joke," he said in a tone that sounded a little desperate.

Flowey smiled grimly, if he couldn't get The Monster to say it, then he had to…

"Are you As-riel as it gets?"

The Monster's hands flew up to his face in embarrassment, groaning again in grave annoyance.

"Hm, I always thought that joke was funny," a third voice said out of nowhere, a very, very familiar one, too familiar.

The Monster's hands dropped and he shot up to his feet, frantically looking around each and every way for the owner of the voice, distracted, the memories one by one began dissolving from sight, turning the void room black again by default.

Meanwhile Flowey was terrified, if his subconscious had reacted this way, then something was wrong.

"Calm down you numskulls," the voice said, and then, five feet away between the two, appeared a ghostly pale human teenager.

They appeared to be around the age of fourteen or fifteen, wore something of a light green vest over a classy black dress shirt, around their neck was a shiny, golden, heart locket necklace and their sleeves smartly rolled down buttoned at the cuffs in comparison to The Monster's rolled up ones, to compliment it off, they wore black slacks and with clean, un tarnished, dark brown shoes.

Their light auburn hair was just slightly shorter than he remembered it being before, but was now stylishly and sharply styled, their bangs nearly hanging over their ruby red eyes in a dramatic cut.

"Chara…," Flowey uttered, staring at them in wide eyed disbelief.

The Monster on the other hand looked conflicted, unsure to be happy to see their old best friend, or be afraid, he stood absolutely still.
They nodded firmly, turning their attention to Flowey "yes, yes, I know, it's me. I realize I am intruding on… private 'holy' grounds with what should be a valuable one time only moment to cure your problems, but I really couldn't resist an opportunity to speak with you,"

"How are you here? …Or…are you a figment of my imagination?" then he glared at his Subconscious, "are you trying to troll me? Because this isn't funny,"

The Monster shook his head desperately, but before he could speak, Chara beat him to it.

"Trust me, I'm not a figment… or a nightmare…," they then grinned darkly, "well, I mean I can be, we already know that, but no, that's not where my interests lie at this particular time,"

"They're a ghost, you obviously haven't noticed them, but deep down, I've always been able to sense them, they've been… I don't know…following us around for a very long time, it's hard to clarify," The Monster explained tensely, eyes switching back and forth between the other two with deep worry.

"You just now decided to tell me that?" Flowey deadpanned.

The Monster shrugged "I told you! It wasn't like you were going to remember, and I had no idea they could do this, so what was the point?"

Chara tapped at their chin playfully as they watched the scene, amused.

"Would you two puddle brains like for me to explain or would you prefer to continue to argue?" they asked.

"Wait a minute, are you telling me you're inside my head right now? You're possessing me?" Flowey asked, feeling the sneaking sensation of dread and fear creep into him.

Chara laughed at him, "no, of course not Asriel, don't be so vapid, there's a big difference between possession and being connected, it was fairly easy to allow the magic from the tea to slip me into your mind,"

"Connected?" both sides asked at the same time.

Chara rolled their eyes and pointed The Subconscious "you, Imaginary Asriel, can you create a chair for me as well? I'd like to get comfortable before I begin, I have a few stories to tell," The Subconscious looked to Flowey, "should I? You're the one in charge,"

Flowey sniffed nonchalantly, "yeah, sure, wouldn't want their ghost legs to get tired," The Subconscious grimaced at the remark but stayed silent, forming another royal chair right behind Chara, the one he felt they had always deserved.

"You don't even have legs to complain about Asriel, and what is with your insufferable attitude? I would have thought you would be at least happy to see me," Chara said with a strained smile.

Flowey's gaze softened, his frown tired, "I am! …But… I… I've had so many nightmares about you, and I've had a lot of time to think about you, and reflect on our past, Chara… I know you already know by now, because you're you, but… you were a terrible friend to me. . . but you were also
my *only* friend.

Their smile tightened uncomfortably, an anxious look in their red eyes that he rarely saw.

"And you had absolutely *no idea* that you could have done better than me, yes, I knew, but I was glad that you didn't know, because... you were my only friend too,"

Flowey nodded weakly, looking away and down.

"After I was brought back as this abomination, I thought about you a lot... how you always seemed like you knew what you were doing, I thought about you so much so, I think I turned *into* you," Flowey was going to say more but he stopped when he suddenly noticed Chara beginning to grit their teeth in frustration.

"I KNOW! I know *everything*! You don't need to explain anymore. I know you had a miserable life, I was there, I've *ALWAYS* been watching you, and you know what? For the longest time... I was *disgusted* by you... I... hated everything about what you had become, and most of all, I hated that you had to be the one to be chosen to live again when it was *you* who chose to let us get killed by those humans, it just wasn't fair, I was so immensely frustrated for such a long time, but then..."

"Frisk came along," Flowey answered without thinking.

Chara let out weary chuckle "*our* Frisk came along... and... I attempted to get them to see things my way, you know I tried, just like I did with you, but... it was their infuriating Mercy that always thwarted me, it *always* came down to their Mercy and insufferable Benevolent ways, they got to me, just like they got to you and everyone else... *they were the sugar that helped the medicine go down, for all of us,*"

And then they grabbed at their own arms, holding onto themselves, staring off into the dark as they remembered the past, growled out- "*and I still* cannot believe just *HOW MUCH* that they made me realize of how unbelievably wrong I was! I was wrong about me, and I was wrong about *you*! Because they forced me to see the truth that you weren't the only one who had become disgusting...,"

The Monster smiled smugly, but dropped it when Chara flashed a ghastly and threatening grin at him, but after they did that... a great tiredness shadowed over their face, and they held the spot between their eyes as if they had a migraine.

But after a few seconds they let out a sigh and finally sat down on their throne, collapsing into it.

"I am sure you want an apology, for... *everything*, but I have nothing left to give you Asriel," they said lowly "except for my story, maybe that would be enough,"

Flowey merely stared at them with unbearably sad eyes "do whatever you want, I think you'll be the only one to remember anyway,"

Chara hung their head low and looked at him through their bangs threateningly, their finger digging to the armrests of the throne, no one was sure if it was an act or not.

"You shouldn't throw around words like that, I'm inside your *mind*, what if I get......*tempted*?"
Flowey cackled in grim amusement, seemingly completely unaffected by the threat.

"You'd drive me insane and they'd send me to an asylum for sure, I just know they would! But its fine, I'm loooonng overdue for that trip anyway,"

Meanwhile The Monster sat back down, shaking slightly, staring at the two in front of him with big fearful eyes, never more afraid for his great domain, and as a tactic he usually used to distract and soothe himself, he summoned a visualization that slowly appeared, the most beautiful views of outer space began scooping around them in a random three sixty direction.

Chara leaned back, chuckling, "they'd neeeevveer leeet youu ouuut but I digress, I didn't come just for fun, let's get down to business, it's time we talked about your soul,"

Flowey stiffened up, almost not noticing the room change at first "what about it?"

"I remember you trying to figure out where it came from, for a full twenty minutes until you gave up and decided to just count your blessings instead," then they sighed dramatically "it's too bad it's taken me this long to speak to you or you would have had your explanation a long time ago, hmph, if only I wasn't so dead,"

Flowey looked at them intensely "are you trying to tell me you know how I got my soul back?"

Chara grinned slyly "oh, I'm the only one who knows, Asriel, I was there when it happened,"

At that something clicking in Flowey's head and he gasped "wait! Are you…are you trying to tell me…that…you're responsible for my soul returning?"

They closed their eyes, they seemed to be focusing hard on something.

"Correct, I had figured it all out during your Final Form fight with Frisk… why you had become so disgusting when you became a flower, why your personality changed and twisted the way it did, why you kept messing with time like a puzzle to solve, all those deaths that you so often reversed, why you were so… Determined to get those six souls…,"

They then opened their red eyes and stared right back into his black ones.

"You're right, you had become like me, almost in every aspect, so desperate for some kind of revenge for being trapped into a filthy soulless flower, just like my revenge against all other sick, foul, humans for treating me the way they had… we were two kids bound by merciless fate, trapped in our own personal Hells,"

As Flowey blinked, tears began to fill his eyes, both physical and emotional pain twisting deep inside of him as Chara spoke words he had longed to hear when he had been all alone and broken in the Underground, except it held a different kind of meaning to him now.

They grinned to themselves as they reminisced "but, that wasn't the only realization, during the fight as I heard you speak to Frisk, thinking they were me, I figured out there was only one thing you wanted above all else, even above your need for a caring friend, and it was your soul back… it was so simple and so important at the same time, there was more 'Saving' going on that day than you realized, my dear brother,"

"H-how? How did you do it?" The Monster spoke, wiping his own tears from his face.

"Determination, a lot of Determination, as per usual. It took so much effort, but Frisk's and the
combined powers of the other souls helped me, and with the culmination of that great power, I scooped my hands into you, gathered as much of your soul dust and the injected Determination as I could…and merged it back together,

Flowey let out a shaky breath, "so that's…"

Chara flashed him a terrible grin "so that's why it looks so 'mutated', 'malformed', and 'underdeveloped' not to mention paaainful? Yes, putting together your soul was one of the hardest things I ever accomplished and the outcome was a far cry from perfect, but what do you expect when we know that once things like that are gone, should stay gone… but nonetheless, we proved we could surpass life and death, didn't we?"

Flowey rested his face into his vines, completely overwhelmed "I hate that I'm going to forget all of this,"

The Monster perked up at that as he realized something "not truly, I'll remember,"

"That is exactly why I had to speak to you, you fool, you have wasted so much time not knowing, I'm hoping I can at least get some sort of satisfaction out of telling you what you needed to hear," Chara said, lounging back further and crossing their legs lazily, and finally let out a sigh of relief, "I've been holding that in for six years, it felt like a thousand,"

"…Wait, wait, you didn't explain how you were 'connected' to me," The Monster spoke up.

Chara rolled their eyes "correct again as always Brainiac, I didn't. After I gave you your soul, I found that… when I used my Determination to help you, it… 'glued' me to you, I couldn't even go back to Frisk, and trust me I tried, and neither could I possess you- but that was never in my interests, I don't want to be inside that plant body any more than you do,"

"Are you telling me, Chara, that you've been watching my every move since then?" Flowey said, becoming widely embarrassed, fidgeting on his pillar.

Chara laughed at him "almost every move, don't be so full of yourself, you're not that interesting and your metaphysical tether goes out far enough that I'm able find better things to do. But I find the karma to be very hilarious, you spied on other people, and in return, I spy on you…either way, I have to, it's my responsibility to make sure you don't misuse your soul like the fool you are,"

Flowey shook his head, "…so…that means… you've seen Frisk and me…"

Chara laughed more, "yes, I've seen those shameless revolting kisses you've shared with them, no, excuse me, briefly seen, once you two start flirting I usually get wise and go somewhere else,"

Flowey made a horrible embarrassed screeching noise, sounding an awful like a broken car, unable to contain how mortified he was, thinking back to every secret moment he had with Frisk- his thoughts taking a left turn to that first official make-out session he shared with them that Wednesday, he proceeded to screech louder, there was simply no other possible logical way to express himself.

"Will you KINDLY shut your entire mouth?! I swear you're such an immature overgrown weed! Didn't I just say I don't watch?!" Chara snapped, their face contorted in agony and anger.

Flowey did just that, shutting his mouth and staring at them with big stunned eyes.

"Now that I have my silence back, I would like to admit that you have nothing to worry about as I've come to like Frisk as my own best friend, and I've honestly quite enjoyed how they have shut you up
from your whining, what I didn't like however is how the both of you sobbed over each other for so long in secret, I was so sick of the both of you, you wouldn't understand how overjoyed I was when you finally broke down and confessed to them…,

And then they glowered "but then you completely blew it," their frown tightened and they stared down at nothing "I still wish it was me that had been responsible for your robot to glitch out and fall into the river…,"

They then eyed him over, their features growing darker.

"Do you know how much Frisk cried that night? It was the first time in a long time I saw them sob that hard over anything, I never seen anyone so conflicted before, I'm sure they cried even more after you left, I wish I had seen that as well so I could further guilt you about it, haha," they added, egging him on.

Flowey and The Monster both looked bleak and terribly guilty at the mention, but Flowey shook it off.

"I get it, I made the worst mistake that night by pushing them away, what else was I supposed to do? I had no idea how they felt!"

The Monster scowled "push through your fears of course! If you had, you would have found out! You wasted so much time, like you USUALLY do!"

Chara snickered cruelly, wrapping the arms behind their head "so much self-loathing, I know exactly what will you distract you both, as I happen to hold more deep secrets about Frisk, would you like to hear?"

Flowey winced uncomfortably, "how about I ask you a question instead?"

"Fine, I'm in no hurry, I find myself actually enjoying this place," they said, gazing at all the stars, nebulae and explosions around them.

"I know you said you couldn't possess me…but are you the one responsible for that really bad nightmare I had weeks ago? Or any of them actually?" he asked.

Chara blew the air from their cheeks "unfortunately not, even if I wanted to possess you- I'm not sure I have the capabilities anyway, perhaps you should be asking yourself that question," they said and looked over to The Monster.

On que Flowey looked The Monster, who only frowned deeply, running a hand through his fluff of a haircut, the action quite reminiscent to how he'd often seen Frisk do.

"You should know that it's not just me that creates dreams, it's the working of your entire mind, but, fine, if you need something or someone to blame, yes, then maybe I am responsible for putting Chara into the nightmares, because I always knew they were attached to us, always with us but not, I could never shake them off… it was terrifying,"

Flowey quietly accepted this answer, not sure what to say, he wasn't quite sure why he had bothered to ask Chara that, perhaps he was looking for someone else to blame, he knew he hated feeling like a 'victim', and entering his own mind in attempt to fix things only to be further ridiculed by a superior
version of himself and his cruel dead best friend was probably driving this home for him.

Maybe this whole thing really was redundant…

Then, all around them, old sepia tinted memories began to flicker into air hazily, ones that instantly pulled Flowey out of his sulking thoughts as he saw memories of when both him and Chara were normal and alive, at first the memories started off happy, the fun games they played, the times when Chara was kind, but then as things progressed the memories took a dark turn, those times when they rough played too hard and then ridiculed him for crying, or when they meanly bossed him around, the moment they consumed the flowers, even the harsh chilling memory of when he absorbed Chara's soul- how they begged and screamed at him in his head to fight back and kill when the village people were attacking them-

The Monster looked to Chara.

"I never admitted it… but there were times when you really scared me, and you still scare me to this day, but I didn't care back then, I looked passed all that, because no matter what you did- I looked up to you, I thought you were so amazing and I loved you like no else, I even idolized you, and… I let you die because I believed in you and our grand plan, and I believed it would be okay in the end, that everything would be better once it was all over because I believed wholeheartedly in happy endings and things like…like…true love," he paused to sigh shakily and take a moment, finding it hard to look back up.

"But... once we got to the surface... I...couldn't go through with it, I couldn't hurt those people- and I've never once regretted holding back...I'm only sorry I couldn't protect us better," he grit his teeth, "but after I brought back to life as that...that... thing, I slowly lost that belief, along with most of my innocence,"

The Monster trembled, voice now weak "still, after everything, I could never once bring myself to blame you... I always thought your death was solely my fault only... but... now I realize that the... the other monsters and I put way too much trust in one kid, we were all wrong and so were you..."

The room was painfully quiet as The Monster began to cry, his hands coming up to cover his face, he began to sob.

As Flowey watched himself cry, it tugged at something deep inside of him that he didn't quite understand, and he couldn't help but begin to cry himself, not as hard, but, there it was.

Chara, who had sat themselves back in a normal sitting position, ringed their hands together uncomfortably, "there, you crybabies have your answer," they said quietly, "I'm the main reason why you're miserable, as usual, it's good to know, I wouldn't want it any other way..."

Flowey roughly wiped his eyes, looking at Chara hard "is that your twisted way of saying you want to be the only one who makes me feel bad and not someone else? Or are you just being cruel as usual?"
Chara merely looked back and said nothing, ignoring Flowey's question, and as The Monster cried harder, Chara's eyebrows knitted together in rising aggravation and snapped their attention to The Subconscious sharply, slamming a fist violently on the armrest.

"Would YOU STOP IT ALREADY?! I demand you to SHUT UP and stop CRYING! I despise it when you get like this!" they yelled.

At that, The Monster pulled their hands down to look at them, his eyes pink and glossy with tears, to Chara's surprise, his teeth and fangs were gritted in intense anger.

The Monster leaned forward as if he were about to stand up, his voice booming so fiercely and resoundingly that it made Flowey jump, the world around them bursting with a sudden blinding light as visual fires blazed.

"DON'T YOU DARE tell me what I should and shouldn't do! You WILL let me feel my emotions! I won't let you or anyone else control how I feel! NEVER AGAIN! Do you HEAR ME CHARA?!"

Genuinely startled by his reaction, Chara was stunned silent.

Flowey was as well, but it made sense to him, his subconscious contained his beliefs, it was no wonder he had gotten so mad, because after he discovered his soul, he became intensely protective over it, he never wanted to lose it again.

He knew he would fight anyone to keep it, even someone as frightening as Chara.

Still though, he remembered his ghost best friend's erratic moods, he had no idea what they would do, he braced himself.

But as the seconds passed as the flames began to die down, Chara cracked a smile and chuckle "…I have to admit, I am impressed, I'd forgotten you grown a back bone,"

The Monster wasn't pleased with that answer "no, I grew wise," then he aimed his glare at Flowey "if I really had a back bone I wouldn't have dodged around Frisk for so long or put that scarf on their wrist,"

Then, the fire turned into memories, showing them scenes all from the day of the fight between the two twelve year olds that resulted in the scratch that made the scar, Flowey winced as he watched it all, but Chara snickered wryly.

"I remember hoping that Frisk would get mad at you and hit you back," Chara commented.

"They should have." The Monster said lowly and wiped his tears, and continued to glare at his conscious self "when are you going to tell everyone you were responsible for that?"
Flowey's frown twisted into a grimace "when the time is right,"

"D'aaw, he's still afraid mommy and daddy will be ashamed and kick him out," Chara joked meanly.

"They won't, I'm sure they'll understand by now," The Monster remarked, his tone finally softening up.

"Mmhm, but I'm sure Sans, Undyne and Mettaton would tear him in a new one, they're not as apologetic, and speaking of that scar, have you not noticed yet that Frisk always wears bracelets over it when they go to school? I think it's because they want to avoid any…unsavory questions," Chara said, their smile turning into a dark grin as they spoke.

Flowey thought back, becoming instantly ashamed with himself as he realized this, he had never paid any attention to Frisk's random accessories, why would he ever give second thought to any of their bracelets?

"Of course you would never pay any attention to those extra small details, they usually take it off once they get back home anyway," Chara said, shaking their head.

"No, I noticed," The Monster said suddenly, looking deeply at nothing, the images changing to focus on normal memories of Frisk, but close up parts with sharp clarity, of their smile, the way the sunlight glinted against hazel golden eyes making them appear almost ethereal, their fingers curled around a pencil and focused intently as they drew their pictures, the way their long hair fell over their shoulders as they leaned over and pulled on their boots, the way they stood when they were bored, and their bracelets he sometimes caught them taking off after a long day of school.

"I love Frisk, I always notice them," The Monster said gently, looking down shyly at his joined hands that he had rested timidly on his lap.

Okay, so… he did notice after all…

"I guess I just didn't realize they would care that deeply about what other people would think of them," he added, and one by one, dissolved the images, bringing back the view of outer space.

"They're a teen and a major empathizer, you moron, of course they would worry what 'other people' think, don't you remember what they said about having a problem with putting too much of themselves in a relationship? They don't want to 'upset anyone', they don't want to lose anyone the way they lost their real family, so typical," Chara explained and looked at Flowey incriminatingly "and they had to walk over so many eggshells with you especially, they only put up with you and your temper tantrums and goatcrap because they love you so much, it's repulsive,"

Flowey smiled sadly, again he didn't know what to say.

Chara rested their cheek on a fist, "did you know they use to write you love notes before you two confessed to each other? They didn't want anyone to find them, so they always tore them up and trashed them right after finishing, I guess it was a way to 'vent',"

"I wonder why they haven't told me this yet…," The Monster mumbled, still looking at nothing in particular, thinking deeply.

Chara shrugged lazily "perhaps they will, maybe 'when the time is right' as Asriel here put it," then
laughed suddenly as they remembered something else "though, I don't think they'll tell you that they still refer you as the fish's 'dad' when you're not there."

Flowey rolled his eyes and shook his head in annoyance at the news "what's wrong with them,"

"They want to have your babiesss, your disgusting abominable crossbreed babbieess," Chara teased, grinning more and more as they watched in amusement as the other two elevated from annoyed to wildly unconformable and anxious in seconds.

"AGGHHH, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU HUMANS!?" Flowey yelled in the midst of his embarrassment and horror.

"Wait! Don't tell me that it's true! Frisk couldn't possibly ever w-want…want…ooohh goooolllly," The Monster began, but couldn't even finish his sentence, distressed and unable to look at Flowey at the moment, even blocking him from his view with his hand.

Chara laughed loudly "I have no idea, I was just kidding you morons! I simply wanted to see your reactions, but, you know, with the way Frisk is about their sickeningly sweet mawkish love for babies, you better hope and dream hard that they never want kids… buuut it's not like it matters… because you should use simple logic to know it's not physically possible, well, not between you two anyway."

Flowey knitted his eyebrows together in embarrassed distaste, sneering at Chara's cruelty, muttering "out of all the things you could have used to torture me with and just HAD to be the subject of reproduction," They shrugged, unfazed by how uncomfortable he was "I could have talked about the other reasons why they wanted separate rooms from you, but I won't, I have to respect their privacy, and you should too,"

Flowey became both flustered and annoyed at that, even if they were still teasing, "wh- I DO respect their privacy! I respect the hell out of their privacy!"

"Yeah Chara, if you actually respected their privacy, you wouldn't have told us any of these things at all," The Monster criticized.

"That's observant, which makes sense considering how creepily obsessive you are," Chara bit back slyly.

Flowey rolled his eyes "quit trying to torture me Chara, trust me, if I was really obsessed with Frisk I'd likely know as much about them as you do," He didn't bother mentioning it, but he was also pretty sure his family would have kicked him out of the house if he was truly 'obsessed', though, he had to admit… there was certainly a tricky fine line between being in love and obsessive behavior- but no, as crazy as love made him sometimes, he knew his head was clear in that area.

Chara scoffed incredulously "as a ghost I resent that! I'm not obsessed either, all I am doing is observing the world in higher level than you can, I'm merely watching over everyone because I am not allowed to do much else,"

They then eyed the other two, "I may sound as if I'm disgusted by Frisk and you, but, that is… surprisingly not the truth, I mean, I am certain they could do much better, but as I said, they've shut you up and for that I'm very grateful, and the both of you proved to be an excellent team, so I'm particularly interested in what the future holds . . . however, I don't believe you will last with them if
you continue to keep the relationship a secret, it is simply not the way Frisk does things, they will overcome the fear of being judged."

But then they shrugged and smirked unsurely "but you have surprised me enough as it is, so there is a chance I could be wrong. Still, I have to ask, what is the point in bothering to date them or be close at all? Or with any human in general? Their existence is fleeting compared to yours, and one day there will come a time when they've done everything and they won't want to use the Power anymore, Frisk is going to die for real one day, and when that day comes, you will be in agony all over again,"

They looked at him with the utmost confusion and pity "why would you want that?"

Both versions were quiet, deep in thought at the question until The Monster spoke.

"Because they're worth it, just like you were worth it…," he then looked to Flowey with a deep sadness "besides, I don't know how long I'm going to last either, I'm not a real monster after all," Then The Monster smiled a pained sorrowful smile "but if you think about it, no one really lives forever, not even monsters, and it's fine, death is a part of life,"

Flowey gazed at the view, entirely fascinated as the M81 galaxy surrounded them.

"Once Frisk dies for real- if I'm correct, I'll get the Power back," he grinned hard at Chara, but there was no real triumph in it "nothing will really ever 'end', I can just start everything back from scratch, set my memory back to zero and I can do everything all over again," But his grin dropped and a haunted expression came over him "I've said that before, haven't I?"

"I know why Frisk calls you sunshine," Chara said suddenly, they seemed to urgently want to change the subject.

Then, at the mention, an image appeared, one of a messily drawn picture of a brown haired stick figure wearing a blue square squiggle, next to them stood a yellow flower with a silly face, interestingly on the left side on the brown haired stick figure it was nighttime, as the dark blues were evidence of, between the two characters, the sky was a mix of beautiful reds, pinks, and oranges, on the right side of the flower, it was daytime and the sky was light blue, it was a nice thought out use of contrast of colors and artistic parallels.

Usually in a child's drawing, there would be a sun in the corner somewhere, but there was none to be seen, the same could be said about a night time picture, usually there would be stars, but they weren't any there either (strangely enough though, there was a moon- but Frisk never forgot the stars in their
pictures.

Flowey's eyes sparkled and The Monster laughed warmly as they stared at the picture in the memory.

"They gave you that picture, and you asked where the sun and stars were," Chara begun, but found that they didn't even have to continue as a memory reel shone, to Flowey's surprise, there was sound for this one, it played for them like a home movie shot from a younger Flowey's point of view.

A young nine and half year old Frisk smiled goofily at him, standing before him in the Ruins, it was around before they had taken him home, they liked to bring him meals, create drawings with him, tell him what was going on up above, anything they could do to lessen his loneliness, and he had long given up on telling them to find better things to do at this point.

"Weeeelll, I was looking at one of my other pictures, and I noticed that my happy face sun drawing looked like you, so in this picture, you are the sun, you aren't shining on the outside like a real sun because you are shining on the inside,"

His younger self was impressed… until Frisk continued speaking.

"And that means that you're my SUNSHINE! My only sunshine--,"

"Oh golly, don't sing," younger Flowey interrupted, already embarrassed.

"You make me happyyyyy when skies are graaayy, you'll know never know deeeeaar-;"

"Sttooop!" he whined.

"How much I looovee youuu, please don't take my sunshine awwwaaaayyy~!"

Both versions of Asriel laughed at the memory, Flowey couldn't help but notice tears were coming to his eyes, "I think that was the first time they attempted flirting with me,"

"Ugghhh," younger Flowey griped.

"Ok, I'm done," Frisk chirped, smiling proudly at their song.

"Good," younger Flowey snapped, and then pointed to the brown haired stick figure with a vine, "since I'm supposed to be the sun, does that make you a... star?"

They looked very pleased with his observation "yup! I'm a star;"

There was an interesting pause between the two kids, before Flowey looked at Frisk unsurely, "what? Are you expecting me to sing for you back? You're out of your tiny mind if you think I'm doing that,"

"You can just call me starshine then, and I can call you sunshine, it'll be our nicknames for each
"Mm, I'm not sure Frisk… it's kind of… gross?" younger Flowey admitted, he wasn't ever opposed to nicknames, but these in particular seemed particularly . . . mushy.

Frisk shrugged, "well, I like it, I think that's what I should call you, cuz you're my sunshine,"

Flowey held up a warning vine "I swear if you start singing again, I promise you I will start screaming, for three hours, non-stop, you'll be begging for sweet, sweet death,"

Frisk laughed nervously, "okay, okay! Have it your way Sunshine, you little ball of fire,"

The memory then ended and it left the three to look at each other thoughtfully, with Chara being the only one not crying.

"You need to take care of Starshine while you can," Chara teased, there was a rare genuine kindness to their tone but it was short lived as it too soon changed into something more darker and vicious. "I'm serious Asriel! Don't you once think I ever ONCE forgot that message you sent me, 'let Frisk live their life, let them be happy', well I HAVE, I made my promise, and I still intend to keep it, but if I ever catch you being a hypocrite, I WILL make you regret I ever returned your soul and make your life a living never ending nightmare! Are we clear, Dreemurr?"

"Yes! Absolutely clear!" Flowey said defensively, his eyes wide.

"Yes, crystal!" The Monster said, looking even more defensive.

"Good," they said sternly, then crossed their arms and looked about unsurely "I think you're starting to wake up, I feel my attachment to this place beginning to be cut off, so, anymore questions class?"

"Why can't we see you like we see other ghosts like Blooky? What's it like?" The Monster asked.

Chara looked at him with great disbelief and annoyance "really? You just found that I've been with you for years and now I'm about to leave and that's all you can think to ask?"

He shrugged "I think it's a good question, and you've already told me so much,"

"Fine! It's because there are different types of ghosts and spirits, and I'm just the kind of ghost that you can't see, I can't really explain it myself, I would tell you to look it up- but you won't remember," they then looked nonchalant "as for what it's like… let's just say… ghost chocolate is nothing compared to real chocolate," they huffed, then tapped their foot impatiently "any other dumb questions?"

"Yeah, how come you decided to visit us as a teenager? Shouldn't you appear older, or at least the way you did when you died?" The Monster asked.

Chara rolled their eyes in further annoyance "I think it would have been awkward any other way, don't you agree?"

"Yeah, I think I can understand," Flowey said, watching his best friend thoughtfully "we're even still matching too,"
Chara smirked as they looked over at the Subconscious "but you're not wearing your necklace, does that you mean you 'moved on'?"

The Monster looked down at his shirt then smirked, and stuck a hand in one of his pockets, pulling out said necklace, showing it to them.

"Yes, it does actually, but I still keep it in your memory anyway, I could never get rid of it, you were awful and your still awful now, but I'll always care about you Chara, alive, or dead, because you're still my family and my best friend forever... no matter what,"

Chara pretended to look nauseous, but laughed "that's right you big dummy, and that'll never change, you will always be stuck with me,"

"Wait a minute…! Chara, does this mean you'll forget all this too?" Flowey said suddenly, looking bothered by this realization.

Chara looked around skeptically at the question before they looked to him, it was definitely a thinker "maybe, since I'm connected to you…or maybe not since I'm a ghost and a separate entity, who's to say, it really doesn't matter either way,"

Flowey sighed "I guess it doesn't, still, just in case you do remember, I just want you to know that I've missed you… and well… I still love you, okay?"

Chara frowned, legitimately confused "even after everything?"

Flowey grinned "yeah, of course. If Frisk can do the whole 'unconditional' thing, then I can too,"

The ghost chuckled, almost awkwardly, but mostly sincerely "thank you Asriel, keep strong,"

And then, before their eyes, Chara begun to fade from view, until, finally all that was left was their gold and purple throne.

Flowey looked to The Monster, "that wasn't exactly how I thought that would go, but I think they actually helped a lot, which… is kind of surprising,"

The Monster smiled proudly and wistfully "I think they must have changed a lot too,"

There was an odd pause between them. . .

"Are you sure you didn't 'create' them to help me out?" Flowey asked again.

The Monster grinned mischievously "I could say no, but what if that's a lie? You would never
know,"

And then, before anything else could be said…

Everything…

Went…

. . . .Blindingly. . . .

. . .Bright. . .

. . .

. . .

. .

. .

When Flowey woke back up and slowly cracked opened his eyes… a feat that he found really
difficult to do, he immediately felt just like his mom said he would, hazy.

And of course, he couldn't remember anything from the conversation either, not even a hint.
He did however feel oddly… nostalgic? And had a great urge to 'get out', not in the way he did when he was scared, but just… get out of his room and explore, maybe go outside? Go down the street even? It was a conflicting activity to want to do when one has just woken up and as well groggy as heck.

Perhaps if he took her advice and went to go get some water then maybe that would help clear his mind, and hopefully be enough to fulfill this weird urge to get out.

But as his eyes scanned the room, the clock instantly caught his attention-

Okay, perhaps going out on an outside roam was out of the question right now, it was 1 AM, which meant he had just slept twelve hours . . .

He let out a long, long sigh and rubbed at his eyes with a vine, well, whatever, he was still going to get that drink of water, his mouth was unbelievably dry.

But as he began to move, he couldn't help but notice that he wasn't quite able get the robot body to roll in a complete straight line, its usual preciseness dramatically dimmed, likely due to the grogginess and the tea's magic meddling with the Aetherium crystal's magic, but eh, it didn't bother him too much, and at least he was going somewhere at all.

With a lot of work and focus, he only managed to only knock over an video game case and his empty cup- which both landed safely without breaking, which was good, so he dismissed it and somehow quickly forgot about as went over to get the door open and proceeded to roll down the hallway, holding his robot arms out to prevent himself from smacking into the walls or pictures.

When he entered the living room (which was on the way to the kitchen) he blinked in a zoned out confusion when he noticed Frisk and Asgore were still awake, sitting and chatting among themselves, they had been waiting patiently for him, but of course, due to the state he was in, that wasn't his first assumption.

"…Why…why are you up? Did you nee' water too? Tha's weird," he asked obliviously, grimacing in displeasure at how slurred he sounded, thankfully the embarrassment didn't last long.

At that, they perked up and looked over at him with relief, glad that he was awake and… was… mostly okay.

"Hi son, how do you feel?" Asgore asked in an extra kind voice.

Flowey sluggishly shrugged "mmm… . . .okay…. I guess, feels like I have fog brain, like heavy ghostss behin' my eyes,"
The other two smiled understandingly and made their way over to him, and as soon as Frisk grew close enough, his robot hand automatically moved to rest it on their shoulder and he smiled at them affectionately, he was just so happy to see Frisk, so damn unexplainably happy.

"Goo’morn’ Starshine, the earths says... howdy," he said to them, almost flirtatiously so, his smiling growing fuzzier as his love giggled shyly in response.

Frisk gave Asgore a quick side glance, who seemed to be more concerned with Flowey's well-being than his silly 'fog brain' talk, passing his son's chumminess off as a result of whatever the magic tea did.

Still, just to be on the safe side, Frisk removed the gloved hand from off their shoulder and gave it a friendly pat, growing shyer when the same gloved hand curled around theirs lovingly, holding it.

"Did you say something about water? Let's go get you some, okay?" they said quickly, motioned Asgore to take the other robot hand and guide him to the kitchen.

Usually he wouldn't have liked be escorted around in such a way, and would have claimed he 'wasn't a baby', but at the moment, this was just another thing he didn't mind right now, and actually, it seemed to be an improvement from all those weird sharp winding curves and swivels he was doing a couple minutes ago, or forty minutes ago, he couldn't really tell... hm.

As they passed by one of the windows, Flowey had the urge to pull away and go look, but, he decided against it for now, maybe after Asgore and Frisk went to bed he could go out into the backyard, some star gazing sounded like an excellent idea.

The idea reminded him that space ships were a thing, the thought of literally being surrounded by all those stars and infinite mystery had always appealed to him since he could remember, if he had been born a human he knew he would have become an astronaut, but he knew that even wouldn't be enough to satisfy him, even a select few lucky humans ever got to go to space... he wanted more...

"Ughhh, I wishh we liveed in the... future," he mumbled.

"Why do you say that son?" Asgore asked, genuinely curious.

"Space cars..." he explained, sounding zoned out "sso I can go 'nywhere in owerr- outhr space, 'ny time,"

Frisk gasped at the brilliance of the idea "I would love that, we would be able to go on space car interstellar road trips,"

Imagining it, Flowey couldn't help but let out a special dreamy agreeable sound.

Asgore chuckled at the younger two, and as they entered the kitchen he acted first, letting go of his son's hand to fetch a cup and fill up with water.

"Maybe someday you might," he said as he handed Flowey the cup, observing as he started to reach it with the glove hand, but then gave it second thought and took it with a vine instead.

"Ma'be not," Flowey said simply and begun to sip at the water, dismissing the way his dry mouth made the water taste, which to say, was bad.
Frisk rubbed at their eyes sleepily and smirked curiously at him "y'know, after the ninth hour, you got mom really concerned, she said during her sleep trip she had been asleep for only seven hours, I wonder what the heck you were talking about in there,"

Flowey shrugged lazily, taking a moment to finish his water before speaking.

"Prolly about tha' butt I don' have," he joked, grinning cheekily at Frisk in satisfaction when they laughed instantly, but attempted to stop when they noticed the look on Asgore's face, which was a mixture of serious and concern.

"Such a long conversation could only mean you had a lot to say and work out, I hope you did more solving than fighting," he said taking the empty cup and automatically going over to fill it with more water and handing it back to his son.

Flowey drank a mouthful this time, it wasn't so bad now, his mind beginning to clear up "there are a feew things that I noticed… like… I have the big' st urge to…to… go,"

"'Go'?” Frisk questioned, pausing with uncertainty "what, do you mean… like… go… jogging?’"

Flowey narrowed his eyebrows at Frisk "jogging?’"

Frisk smiled, almost embarrassed "well, there was another kind of 'go' that I thought about suggesting first, but it would have made the convo awkward, but I guess it is now, so… ummmm, jogging?’"

Flowey looked down his cup and inspected it as he spoke, completely ignoring the uncomfortable implication Frisk was hinting at "what I mean was goin' outside or 'nywhere really… not necesssarily to get 'exer…excercise’… I don't know…I guess I feel like I need to move, go somewhere else, can't fully explain it," he then looked to the two others.

"'N think I'm feeling stable… mostly stable, uhh… stable enough again, so you guys can go to bed now if you want, m' gonna make some soup," he added.

But Asgore wasn't haven't any of that, "no, it is quite alright son, staying up a little longer won't hurt me, in fact, how about I fix your meal for you instead? You really may not be as stable as you think yet,"

Flowey smiled "okay dad… if you insis'…" he then looked to Frisk, his expression becoming firmer and protective "now I know you have to go t' bed,'"

Frisk pretended to look mad, crossing their arms "fiinnee," then smirked warmly at him, "enjoy your soup, g'night Sunshine,"

He grinned at that, the use of the nickname perking him up "I will, 'night Starshine,"

He watched them as they walked off, his eyes lingering even after they disappeared from view, getting distracted by thoughts, imagining himself kissing them good night like he wish he could have done just now…
But the smell of chicken soup interrupted his thoughts, bringing him back to the kitchen, and soon enough, he found himself eating said chicken soup as he listened to his dad who quietly spoke to him, answering back every now and then, finding his slurred speech quickly clearing up and his mind finding its way out of the haze as he ate.

And as he finished his meal, sitting there with his father, a nagging feeling suddenly began to pull at him, something he felt he should get off his metaphorical chest that… he should tell one of his secrets, well, at least one of the less severe ones.

Perhaps it was guilt, it was likely that it was, but also something inside of him felt just…ready, and he knew if he didn't do it now, he'd never have the courage to do it again.

Stirring the last escape artist of a noodle around, he didn't bother looking up, "dad…um, there's something I have to tell you,"

"Yes, what is it?"

"… I've uh… I've been… lying to you,"

Asgore raised his eyebrows in surprise, taken aback and somewhat disappointed "why?"

Flowey shrugged stiffly "I don't know, its…its better that way sometimes, but, what I want to admit to is… that you were right, about… Mr. Otto, he did hit me, well…uh, kicked me… in the face… with hiisss shoe,"

Asgore was silent for what seemed an eternity, Flowey made the mistake of looking up at him.

His father's usual jolly face was jarringly etched into a serious, quiet, stirring sort of anger, Flowey could tell he was thinking of the right words to say, trying to keep calm.

"I'm sorry that I didn't tell you before, I didn't want to put us through the legal trouble, I just wanted to forget it ever happened, but I still can't help be mad that someone like that is still walking around… I get…worried…about other monsters," Flowey added, hoping it would somehow ease his father's nerves.

Asgore's expression softened at that, still quite angry, he sighed quietly and languidly rubbed at his face, then he spoke "I understand full and well, I…had hoped so strongly that Mr. Otto was above harming others, I could handle him defacing my property, but I have no tolerance for anyone hurting you or any of my people, I will make sure to take this up with the authorities first thing tomorrow," he then paused and looked at Flowey hard.

"He didn't even know you were my child, did he?" Asgore then switched to rubbing his eyes tiredly,
"no, of course not, why would he? It is not like he would understand anyway."

Flowey looked down, grimacing slightly "to him I was just some creepy plant monster who wouldn't let go of his leg."

Asgore looked to his son with a deep seriousness "I recognize you were trying to teach him a lesson in the only way you knew how, but I will remind you again that it is best if you try a new method of dealing with… 'unsavory people' like Mr. Otto, preferably at safe distance, you never know how one will respond, and all I can say now is that you simply should have not done that, as it will not look good in your favor when we explain the story."

Flowey winced and scooped up his bowl "I know, I know, I was just so mad- he destroyed your property! Humans like that really piss me off-,

"Language Asriel," Asgore interrupted sternly.

Flowey let out a quick sigh and tried again "sorry, humans like that really make me extremely livid sometimes! Did you know it was up until I pretended to be a kid that he thought to even 'apologize'?!"

Asgore continued to sit there stiffly as Flowey took the bowl to the sink, rinsing it out, the sound of the water and the clinks the only sounds in the kitchen for a few moments, it was still so very, very, uncomfortably, jarring.

But when he was done, he rolled back to his seat in front of his dad, he still had more to say to add to his defense.

"...But like I said, I didn't hurt him back, I just scared him- which...you're right, I shouldn't have done that, all I really want now is to make sure this guy gets sent to jail and gets what he deserves," Flowey said, briefly noticing how his own hands formed into fists.

Asgore nodded sternly "I agree with you son, don't you worry anymore, I will fix this,"

There was another moment of silence before Flowey realized something and groaned.

"Mom is going to freak out…,"

Asgore nodded again "she will indeed, as will Frisk,"

Flowey froze, not quite thinking it over when his expression grew awkward, accidentally telling his father another secret without even speaking.

Asgore's eyes widened "Frisk knows? How come they have not told us?"
Flowey found himself wincing again, looking anywhere else but at his father.

"...I may have...made them...promise... not to tell...,”

Asgore's became visibly saddened "Asriel, I realize that Frisk is the person you trust above all others… and I understand why you did not want to make such a fuss, but son, you need to learn to trust us too, this was a burden you did not have to carry in silence, we are a family,”

Flowey didn't know what to say to that, he could only wonder how far that family trust could go.

Then, Asgore stood "now, if all that needs to be said has been said, I suppose I should hurry and go to bed, I need all the rest I can to prepare for tomorrow," then he narrowed his eyebrows sternly at Flowey.

"And I know you must not be that tired, but I advise you get your rest too, I am going to need you to write down as much as you can remember from the incident, just in case, so keep a clear mind and good night son,”

"I will, good night dad,” Flowey said, pulling up a small smile and raising up a robot hand, barely bothering to wave it as his father walked out, leaving him alone.

He let out short weak sigh, "weird night."

He sat there for a little while longer, thinking about what he had just done, almost relieved his dad had left for bed, he was afraid of stupidly spilling out anymore deep secrets that he didn't want to be spilled.

But at the same time, he was glad he told this secret, he really did hate the idea of that man hurting anyone else, he wasn't sure how long Mr. Otto would be held in jail, but he had feeling if he were to be let out at any point at all he would probably just go back to resorting to violence…he just seemed to be that type of guy, dumb, stubborn, and violent, if that clunky shoe in Flowey's face had been any evidence of it.

He was even gladder that the jerk's actions would finally be accounted for.

Flowey couldn't help but reflect that line of thought back at himself as he still believed he still deserved to go to a prison himself… but a person couldn’t exactly pay for crimes that were committed in timelines that no longer existed, now could they?
He really had gotten lucky when he had found a timeline that had allowed him to find someone like Frisk, redeem himself and find love, this was probably was the best possible timeline he could have gotten himself stuck in despite its terrors, and here, the only 'jail time' he had to serve was his own personal one, he guessed it was enough.

Of course he was still hit by that thunder bolt of guilt time to time and was always still so glad, relieved and thankful that everyone was alive and not dust, he wondered if other criminals would learn from their mistakes if they were given second chances like the one Frisk had given him.

It really was a conflicting and confusing world he lived in.

Dismissing anymore of these thoughts, he moved to turn off the lights and left the kitchen, making his way to the backyard, breathing in the mild night air.

And then he looked up to the sky...

…and was shocked.

For some reason, he had expected to see more stars, like, a billion more stars and so many more colors and explosions, where… where did everything go?

Quick images of the galaxy flashed behind his eyes from hazy memories he wasn't sure about, images of what he felt he should have seen instead, he brought a gloved hand to his forehead, shutting his eyes, taking in a long deep breath… then very slowing exhaling it all out as he tried to shake off this weird feeling that had come over him.

No… the night sky was usually this sparse, no thanks to the light pollution, he then realized his mistake must have been from the leftover effects from the magic tea- it must have caused his memories and dreams to blend together and confused him.

When he opened his eyes again, everything looked more… correct and familiar, still, he was dazed… it was so strange.

And the more he looked, the more he couldn't help but stare, it wasn't anything compared to his dreams, imagination, or pictures he'd seen, but the night sky was still always a magnificent sight.

He rolled further out into the yard to get a better view, and then stayed there for what must have been a few hours, stuck frozen in time, in a peaceful trance as the universe spun around him, as the
amazing twinkling stars light years away whispered to him of their stories from long, long, ago.

Then, at some point, the sound of the backdoor opening snapped him out of it and he looked to see Frisk, whose hair was a complete bed headed mess.

They smiled at him sleepily, and ambled over to him.

He looked at them with worry "did you have a nightmare?"

They shook their head "no, I was just having trouble sleeping, I mean- I did get sleep, but staying sleep? Nah, wasn't happening, so I decided to try your room to see if that had any better effects," they smiled a ridiculous smile at him "but someone wasn't there~," they teased.

He chuckled softly "yeah, I didn't feel like sleeping, I found something better to do,"

They walked over to him, their smile softening "I figured as much, you okay?"

He sighed again for the hundredth time "I finally told dad what Mr. Otto actually did…," Frisk gasped "oh my goodness! What did he say? Are you okay?"

He smirked "he basically said what you'd imagine he'd say, he was mad, and that he's going to take it to the authorities first thing tomorrow, I'm not exactly sure what compelled me to tell him… I just felt… ready, y'know?"

Suddenly, without warning, Frisk pushed his robot body vertically down, adjusting the height and scooped the entirety of his flowery head into their arms, squeezing him into their chest, lovingly hugging him with all their might.

"I'm so proud of you!" they said, their voice muffled into the top of his head.

He laughed, and laughing even more when he felt Frisk begin to repeatedly kiss his head and petals all over in brief quick bursts, he made a point to hug them back, with both his vines and his robot arms, double embracing them.

After a moment of this, they pulled back and grinned at him.

"Looks like the tea worked," they said warmly.

An amused unsure expression appeared on Flowey's face "heh, I guess, gaining courage to tell my secrets wasn't the reason I drank it though, but whatever, it happened,"
They placed their hand on his cheek, to which he lazily rested against "either way, it was very brave of you to finally ask for help," they commented in a sweet voice.

He had to laugh "calm down, getting hit by that jerk's shoe wasn't even the worst experience I've had with shoe wear, remember that time I told you of Mettaton's way of fighting me?"

Frisk's gaze became unfocused as they did remember, letting go of Flowey to rub a place at the top of their own head, an empathetic wince coming across their features "ah yeah… I remember, I got a taste of that too, those heeled boots really stung, but I can hardly imagine what that felt like for you, since you're softer,"

Flowey frowned as he thought back, a flashback of both their fights with Mettaton almost putting him in a sour mood, but he shook it off, winding a vine around Frisk's hand "never mind all that, you want to watch the stars with me?"

They looked very tempted for a few seconds but pursed their lips in a stubborn line "I would if it wasn't almost four in the morning," they then pulled their hand out to motion to the house "c'mon you, it's time for you to go back to bed,"

He grinned mischievously at them "you just want my company so you can finally sleep, don't you?"

They chuckled quietly "maybe… or maybe I just don't want you to ruin your sleep schedule for the thousandth time,"

He rolled his eyes in good humor "fine," letting them take one of his robot hands and start to lead him to the backdoor.

But as he stared at their joined hands, he realized something and stopped moving, forcing Frisk to stop too and look back at him quizzically.

"What?"

He smiled shyly, a little nervous now from the attention, he rubbed at a place behind his petals, "uh, you- do you want to go do something next Saturday? Something special?"

Frisk lit up, a bright grin appearing on their face "Asriel, are you asking me on a date?"

He couldn't help the bashful laugh that bubbled out of him "I am,"

Excited now, they quickly turned their back on him and fist pumped hard in victory, then turned back around and gave him another hug and a heavy smooch on his cheek, they then backed up and rubbed their hands together, just absolutely thrilled, their eyes sparkling.

Flowey, who was only capable of watching in awe, he would have caught their enthusiasm if he'd known that they'd act like this, but he was totally caught off guard by their reaction, he knew that they had been wanting to go on a official date for a while now, but he had no idea that it had
meant this much to them…

They paced around for a little bit but they soon enough calmed.

"Okay, okay, I got it-! We can tell Asgore we're going to go out and hang with MK, which we should actually do because it'll be nice, but this is a date, so we should drop them off at some point and sneak off to go do our own thing,"

Flowey snorted and chuckled "are you saying MK is going to be our third wheel?"

They nodded "yup, our secret third wheel,"

He silently agreed to that "so where should we go first? Maybe bowling? I've never done that,"

They paused "yeah- you haven't, have you? We should fix that, okay, so first we'll go bowling," but then they made a face and shook their head "no, actually, we can't, at least not with MK,"

"Why not?"

"They have no hands," Frisk said showing him their own, wiggling their fingers for emphasis.

Flowey looked sheepish, now a bit embarrassed he'd forgotten a huge detail like that, but also kind of finding it funny (but he wasn't going to tell Frisk that) "whoops- something else then?"

They tapped a finger to their chin thoughtfully "ice skating?"

He frowned now "nah, you know they'd never let me onto the ice with my wheel,"

Frisk then gasped "roller skating? I'm sure they'll have exceptions to that!"

He raised an eyebrow at them "you know that wouldn't make much of a difference for me, right?"

But they smirk reassuringly at him "but they have an arcaaaaade, rememberrrr? You remember,"

It was Flowey's turn to gasp and smile "I forgot! That was a really good arcade too, we have to go now…but what about after?"

Frisk sighed a small sigh "let's keep thinking on it, we have plenty of time," they then reached for his hand again "but it's time for bed now, c'mon,"

He let them lead the way again "I'm not sure, I'm starting to think I should have waited to tell you, now I don't think you'll get any sleep at all,"

He heard them chuckle gently but didn't comment, they most likely couldn't think of one.

Silently and as quietly as they could, they made their way back into the house, which was now dark for the small exceptions of the soft nightlights strewn around.

They then made their way to Flowey's room, to which Frisk took no hesitation, walking over to the
bed and climbing into it, making their final point to where they wanted to sleep tonight.

It was a habit they had started doing after the last nightmare fiasco, but only usually when one of them had trouble sleeping as the presence of the other always seemed to have a calming effect.

Flowey was more than fine with it, closing the door behind him, but he had to pause when he noticed Frisk, whom was still sitting up, look to him encouragingly and pat the other side of the bed next to them, clearly insinuating they wanted him in there too.

But this would be the second time they would want to share a bed.

Other than the shy and overly romantic feelings that were now unapologetically bombarding him, surprisingly sleeping next to Frisk wasn't completely the problem this time, it was that ever since he'd gotten into his new pot bot… he'd rarely gotten out of it, taking full advantage of having appendages again, he had gotten use to the extra freedom and didn't like to be without it.

Something about the idea of being without his pot bot and being that vulnerable and without the use of hands and the easy personal mobility bothered him more than he'd ever admit.

Noticing his hesitance, Frisk eased up on their eagerness, "you don't have to if you're uncomfortable with it, I'm not going to make you do anything you don't want to… I just really liked it last time, being there with you- it felt really special… do y'know what I mean?"

He nodded slowly, his gaze softening, he knew absolutely what they meant and . . . with that line of thought, he quickly and easily came to his decision and rolled over to the bed, held his gloved hands open, side to side, and up close so he could uproot himself and proceed to climb on to the palms, he then lowered himself and maneuvered himself down to the sheets.

Frisk watched as he attempted crawl around them using his roots and vines, he was a heck of a lot better at the action than he was a year ago, that was for sure, but he still seemed to move awkwardly, a little unsure of where to put which root or vine, flat surfaces without much to grab always seemed to be the hardest to terrain.

"Do you need any help?" Frisk asked quietly.

He smirked tensely, and gave a stubborn little huff "no, thanks for the offer, but I got it Frisky, just give me a sec," he then started crawling again, on his way to the big vacant pillow ahead, he tripped over himself a few times, but half way through he seemed to get it together, not noticing when Frisk helped to give him a little push as he tried to climb on top the pillow.

As he did, he immediately collapsed on to the soft cushion, enjoying the feeling of the cool fabric on
his face, he hadn't thought he would have been able to go back to sleep either, but as he lay there,
tired from the exercise and now completely comfortable, he changed his mind about that.

He felt the movement and tremors from the bed as Frisk lied down as well and burrowed under the
covers, and after a moment of silence, they finally spoke.

"You okay?" they asked, he could hear the genuine concern in their tone.

He turned his head to the side and gave them a silly smirk "I'm fine, you worry too much,"

They wiggled over closer, moving their pillow with them until it touched the side of Flowey's pillow.

"Yeah, but you just got up there and plop, face planted, no movement, I almost started to think you
passed out," they said, acting the scene out with their hand.

He snickered softly "I'll say it again, you worry too much,"

They gave him a Look "but you say it like you're a hypocrite,"

He snickered again, a little louder this time, but he spoke softly "ok, you got me there Starshine,"

They gazed tenderly at each other for a while, warmth filling their souls, feeling that they had
nothing more to say or add, comfortable in the others silence, this really was nice.

And then- without warning, Frisk pulled out their arms and delicately grabbed hold of him, his eyes
going wide as they pulled him in and held him closer and closer until he was flush against their chest,
embracing him.

He could hear the welcoming familiar sound of their heart beat loud and clear, usually the sound
calmed him, but was currently having a hard time doing so when he was completely stunned by
Frisk's actions.

"Frisk..," he said, it was all he could say, his voice weak and not just from the pain.

They loosened their grasp and peered down at him with concern "I'm sorry, is this too much? Do I
need to let go?"

He was very quiet, not answering immediately as it took him a moment to regain his thoughts and
group the intimacy of their action, they'd held him like this before, but not... -not exactly in the same
way, it was almost as if this embrace seemed to have a new meaning to it this time, he didn't know
what it was or what was going on in Frisk's head or why they suddenly felt the need to hold him like
this-

Oh- never mind... gosh, he was so slow, he did know, they were hugging him this way because of
the same exact reason he had felt compelled him to pick them up or kiss them so deeply the way he did the other day…

It was love, growing love, and they were simply acting on it was all.

So, in response, he laced several vines around their torso, complying with their touch and embracing them back in the only way he could, the action making him feel a normal level of confident once again.

"No, it's more than enough, don't let go," he whispered, blinking back a few tears, a smile on his lips.

They made a calm happy sound at that, shifting a little to get more comfortable, wrapping their arms back around him, absentmindedly tracing circles on the back of his head with the tips of their fingers, erasing any leftover shock from moments ago.

As the pair laid there, holding each other, feeling closer than they ever had been before, Flowey found himself further reflecting back on their relationship, thinking about all the little things that they did for each other like this, noticing they seemed to be having all these new 'romantic' experiences all the time now and he found himself always pleasantly surprised by each one.

He also almost found himself wondering how far they could go and just how long all this relationship would last-

But as he noticed Frisk heart beat slow as well as their breathing, he looked up to see that they had fallen asleep, he decided to follow suit, they were still only in the beginning of their adventure, and there really was no reason to rush it . . .

So he closed his eyes and finally went back to sleep.

That evening he didn't really dream of too much, except of a small, simple, rare beautiful one that made him feel like he was in a painting, the sky in the horizon was filled with different colors of pinks, oranges, and fuzzy purples, where Frisk and he sat on a lush green grassy hill on a nice breezy day, not talking, just enjoying each others company, looking off to a familiar tall tree in the distance.

A magnolia tree, the very same one Flowey had rescued Frisk at when they had fallen from as a child.
But in his dream, the pair didn't seem to notice that next to their shadows, sat a third, much smaller shadow that didn't belong to either of them or anyone else, it only watched the other two with lazy interest, the shadow looked particularly devious, but also somehow seemed content and harmless… everything was okay.

…

The next day, Flowey was the first one to wake up.

But he'd forgotten that he had gained a rather affectionate snuggle buddy the night before so he had a very interesting start to his day, that was for sure.

They had loosened up on their grip since they had fallen asleep, but still held onto him with enough strength that made it a little difficult to move, so as he slowly opened his eyes, finding himself trapped by soft warmth and a cozy wall of cloth and covers, he had to admit it was pretty nice at first— but soon became both confused and alarmed as soon he realized his movements were restricted.

But the distressing feelings went away as fast as it came as he peeked up and once again caught view of Frisk's sleeping face, he instantly relaxed, the sound of their light breathing just almost lulling him back to sleep himself, until… he heard a tap at his door.

"Asriel, it is time to wake up, I have news and breakfast,"

A sense of annoyed, panicked, urgency shot through Flowey all at once, letting out a quick groan, his parents usually never barged in without permission— but there had been times when they had forgotten themselves, that being so, Flowey couldn't remember if he'd locked the door or not, he wasn't sure he wanted to find out his father's opinion of the snuggling, harmless or not, he didn't want to risk it.

Flowey knew by past experience with his mom that anything that was seen or heard could be used as future evidence to a troubling conclusion.

"It is very important news," he heard Asgore add.

So, reluctantly, he hurried, scrambling around in Frisk's arms, attempting to wiggle out of their grasp the best he could without waking them, letting out a silent sigh when he successfully freed himself.

He observed the captivating sleeping human in front of him for a few seconds, looking them over as he tried to think of the speediest way to get to his robot body, Frisk was laying on their side and of course still facing him, so… with his drowsy brain, he deducted that the fastest way was to just crawl straight over them, since crawling around them the night before had taken way too long.

He then remembered that his robot's arms could extend, but, eeeehhhhh… nah, he was too tired to
focus or figure out how to control it from this distance.

When he sat up straight like this- Frisk didn't tower over him as much as they did when he was lying down next to them, this was sure to be a much easier route to go. But… at the same time, crawling over them also posed a huge risk in waking them up, and he knew he didn't want to do that, but… then again, Frisk did look deep in sleep and he practically weighed nothing.

So, he let out another silent sigh and began to climb on to their arm and carefully as he could- up to their shoulder…

But he froze in wide eyed perplexed and surprised confusion when he felt from one of his roots- skin that was a little warmer and a lot less firm than Frisk's arm, wincing when heard them softly whine in protest.

He looked down and now appalled, saw that he had accidentally stepped on their face, specifically their cheek.

He knew now that letting them sleep was futile and that this had been a bad idea.

"Sorry!" he said in a hushed whisper, swiftly removing the root to then perch himself on top of Frisk's side around the particular area where their ribs resigned at.

But before he could summon his robot, he had to grimace in annoyance when his father decided to full on knock now, talking even louder this time.

"Son? …Did you hear me? I know you want to sleep, but we must talk,"

"Yeah, I'm awake now, just give me a second to brush my teeth, I'll meet you in the kitchen," Flowey called back, staring hard at the door, realizing he should have just called out in the first place.

"…As you wish,"

Flowey sighed loudly in relief, thanking all the stars ever in the infinite cosmos that he had parents that respected his privacy this much, they may have their moments, but it was times like this when he couldn't complain too much.

He then looked back over at Frisk in curiosity, only to see they were looking back at him with incredibly bleary eyes, observing him, probably wondering why he thought it was a good idea to climb all over them like a mountain while they slept.
"Sorry... go back to sleep," he whispered again, giving them a very apologetic face and patting at their shoulder.

They only smirked languidly and closed their eyes and rested their face deeper into the pillow.

He couldn't help but smile warmly and brush back a few stray locks of their hair, doing so as an excuse to caress their face, and before turning his attention away, he leaned down and gave their arm a brief kiss, wondering if they noticed or felt it, he hoped so.

He then looked over to his pot bot and concentrated the best he could, successfully summoning it over to him, he threw out a few vines around it and flung himself toward it, coming close to slipping off, but he managed to cling tighter to it and toss himself into the dirt.

Ah-hah, he could have easily made it hold its hands out to him or pick him up, but sling shooting and propelling himself around was definitely a lot more fun.

Before he left, he checked the time, hm... eleven thirty, slightly confused now, for some reason he thought his dad would have woken him up earlier than this.

After brushing his teeth and having a quick sink bath, he couldn't help but regret telling his dad about Mr. Otto... a little, it was partly because he knew this whole thing was going to be a pain in the butt to deal with.

But once he reached the dining room, he found his father waiting patiently with two plates of waffles with tea and orange juice, he looked a lot less stressed than he had the night before, but still rather stiff.

"Howdy son, I have some... news... regarding our important talk from last night, perhaps you will find it to be of the 'good' variety," Asgore said and reached for some syrup, pouring it onto his waffle.

Flowey smirked hesitantly and made his way to the table, copying his father's motion with the syrup, "what, did some bigger bully kick Mr. Otto in the face?"

Asgore shook his head, looking somewhat bugged by the answer "no, well, perhaps, since he's already in prison, so uh- yes, I imagine he might have gotten kicked in some way by now, perhaps not, who knows,"

Surprised by that answer, Flowey directed his full attention to his father "wow, dad, when you say you'll fix things, you really fix things, I'm impressed,"
Asgore scratched at his beard urgently "no- uhm, I was not responsible for that-,

Flowey snickered sleepily "I know what you meant, I'm just joking."

The older monster sighed, "I imagined you would, anyway, I went to the police earlier, and as I explained, found out that he was already jailed for a different crime, I did not ask what for, I think perhaps my mailbox wasn't the only mailbox he had been breaking."

Flowey began to cut into his waffle, unable to resist the smell any longer, taking a bite "so… he's getting more time in jail? What's happening?"

Asgore tapped at his plate with his fork, he wasn't as hungry as he had thought he had been. "Nothing has been decided that quickly my son, it will take some time, and we will be going to court if he does not plead guilty, if so, I will be seeing him there, and you could go too if you want, it's your decision, all we really need is your evidence,"

A small rush of relief ran through Flowey "yeah, I think I'll stay back home and let you handle the court part, I'll get to writing everything down as soon as I finish my waffles."

Then, the sound of feet slowly padding against the wooden floor was heard, the two looked to see Frisk sleepily inspecting the dining room.

"You guys talking about Mr. Otto?" they asked, rubbing at their eyes.

Asgore smiled and stood up, motioning to his seat, "yes, here, I will explain again, and I offer you my waffles to you while you listen, I thought you might have wanted to sleep a little longer- I heard you walking around very late last night,"

Frisk smiled sheepishly "yeah, sorry, couldn't sleep- and um, you don't have to give me your waffles-"

He shook his head firmly "no, just as you could not sleep I also find myself not hungry at the moment, it is yours, do not worry, I made more, I just thought you would have slept in longer as you usually do on weekends,"

Flowey threw his dad a Look "I like to sleep in on the weekends too y'know,"

Asgore let out a hearty laugh "I apologize greatly, I was just very eager to get the news to you,"

Frisk sighed and took Asgore's seat without another word, looking at the plate almost guiltily, but if the big guy was offering them food then they knew he meant it and was not going to take it back, he would win that battle of niceness.

They ate and listened observantly as the other two re-explained it out to them, and once they finished, they had only one question…

"Have you told mom yet?" they asked, looking quite concerned.
Flowey looked to Asgore nervously, who didn't quite answer at first…

But then, that's when they heard it, the sound of the front doors being unlocked and swung open.

"ASRIEL! –ASGORE, WHERE IS OUR SON?" they heard the very distressed voice call out.

But Asgore continued to talk to the younger two, in a falsely calm tone, attempting to hide his stress "well, you see children, when I went to report the incident earlier, I ran into Undyne, and well…it seems the story got passed around through the grapevine… rather quickly so,"

"Smells like they're in the dining room," they heard Undyne say.

Proceeded by Sans "waffles, definitely waffles,"

Then Papyrus "WHOOPS, DOES THIS MEAN WE WILL BE INTERRUPTING THEIR BREAKFAST?"

Then Alphys "I hope they don't mind,"

"So, everyone knows I got kicked in the face now…that's… great," Flowey deadpanned, reaching over to steal his father's tea and taking a big gulp.

When the gaggle of Monsters reached the dining room, Flowey was met with much hugging from his mother, almost too much hugging, so much hugging, despite repeatedly telling her he was fine, it was very difficult to unstick her, but after a wiggle and nudge or two, she backed up.

"Sorry! Sorry! Many apologies! I know well enough that I am being a smothering mother, but after I was told the news, I was consumed with a burning rage and I couldn't get the terrible image out of my mind of you being brutally harmed, I just had to see you to remind myself that you were okay," she apologized.

He snickered "you're fine mom, I get it, why do you think I kept it secret for so long?"

Now that he was free, Undyne reached in and briefly pinched his cheek, "d'aww, it's okay kid, the embarrassment of overprotective parents will subside someday…no one has any idea when that will be, but someday," she then chuckled and her expression turned firm, a fire burning in her eye.

"But seriously, you can stop worrying now! I'm gonna make sure my brat gets his justice!"

Papyrus gave him a pat "NYEH HEH! I DON'T THINK YOU ARE A BRAT, BUT I AGREE WITH UNDYNE ONE THOUSAND PERCENT!"
And as Flowey rubbed at his now somewhat sore cheek, he couldn't help but grin big as everyone else gained the same fire in their eyes, he was well familiar with the feelings of being secure and guarded before, but never as much as he did at that moment.

The result hadn't been what he expected, but he was so glad he had drunk that tea, because it only gave him even more proof that wasn't entirely as unlovable as his demons forced him to believe.

Real love was painful, but real love also had the ability to outweigh that same pain.

Chapter End Notes

I've been very excited to release this chapter for a very long time, originally I had planned that Chara was never going to actively show up in person in this story, that they were long gone, and that the return of Flowey's defunct soul was always going to be a mystery... but at some point in the middle end of working on the fic- I had a theoretical idea that I ended up liking, that Chara's spirit was tied to Flowey, and that they'd been begrudgingly watching over him all this time, it's really fun to think about.

My only regret is that I introduced them a little too late in the game, sorry about that.
Your Best (Boy) friend

Chapter Summary

It's finally time, the odd pair have gotten into their best clothes and head off on to their first official Secret Date, and both are equally Determined that everything go great, fingers crossed!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 32 Your Best (Boy) friend

Warnings?: There are a few uncomfortable and embarrassing scenes (I don't know, maybe I'm thinking it over too hard) I just apologize if this chapter rubs anyone the wrong way.

Inspiration Song: 'Cannonball' by Kiesza and 'Unconditionally' by Katy Perry

A unconditional cannonball, if you will.

I was trying to take your heart, keep it in a cardboard box
So when it gets hard, you'll never be far
And your love won't be lost
As the bridges fall apart, I still find a way to cross
And even if you are lost among the stars, your love won't go off

For me me me it's endless
But I need need need more of this
Can't turn away, feel it push me

And I keep falling, I keep falling for you
Like the rain fall, like a cannonball
Oh no, did I get too close oh?
Oh, did I almost see what's really on the inside?
All your insecurities, all the dirty laundry, never made me blink one time

Unconditional, unconditionally
I will love you unconditionally
There is no fear now, let go and just be free, I will love you unconditionally

Come just as you are to me
Don't need apologies, know that you are all worthy
I'll take your bad days with your good
Walk through this storm I would
I'd do it all because I love you, I love you

If Flowey had his legs back, he'd be nervously shaking one of them as he sat and waited for Frisk to come out for their secret date, he'd probably be fidgeting too.

No wait, he actually was fidgeting, restlessly tapping his robotic gloved fingers on the couch, pretending to watch TV as Asgore peacefully read a book nearby.

Agh, no wait, did he remember to pack up their gifts? He had checked several times earlier, but he had to be sure, maybe he had been skimming the last few times?

He pulled out his cell phone and tapped through it, checking the items in the Dimensional Boxes—yeah, everything was all there, okay good. . . . . . , but he continued staring at the items, growing anxious, he hoped they would like what he had gotten them, he had used a good portion of his allowance money.

"I'm ready! How do I look?" an expected voice said suddenly, causing a nervous jolt to run through Flowey and sharply look up.

They weren't as dressed up as they usually had been when they had gone on dates with Forester, instead they were wearing their usual casual clothes, their favorite blue T-shirt with the quote 'hug
dealer' written in magenta on the front paired with their faux black leather jacket and a regular pair of leggings and boots, but he immediately noticed that they had their bangs off to the side and clipped in with a familiar barrette that had a clear red heart charm.

It was one of the very first presents he had given them when they were kids, he had been egged on by Papyrus to get them something for Frisk's eleventh birthday, voluntarily taking him shopping, Flowey at the time had no idea what to get and hadn't exactly put a lot of effort into it, but as soon as he saw the barrette- he absolutely knew his friend would go nuts over it… which they did.

Over time they wore it less and less, he had thought they had forgotten it because he had certainly had, but… it seemed he was wrong, as if they would be that careless with their gifts.

He wondered for a second if it was some sort of hidden expression of love to him, becoming a little flustered when he realized that it probably was, knowing how Frisk was.

Wearing an old present he had given them as a child for their first date was pretty romantic…

As he observed a little longer, he also noticed on top of that, that they were wearing… lip gloss, and Frisk wearing any kind of makeup wasn't something miraculous or new, but they rarely wore something like lip gloss (or even lipstick for that matter) so, the fact that they had decided to accentuate on this feature for this… particular occasion that was known for kissing to happen- caused a flutter of butterflies to gust through him.

It was funny, if he was a lot less nervous he would have been very embarrassed at himself at his wild emotions over something so ridiculous as lip gloss, but he had his excuses this time and his date looked remarkable.

"You look quite titch and spiffy as usual," Asgore complimented.

Frisk smiled warmly "thank you daddio, you're looking thunderously tall and super cool as usual yourself."

"You found your hairclip! It looks g- it looks like it's still in good condition!" Flowey blurted out nervously, and then bit his bottom lip in embarrassment when the other two looked at him in amused confusion, he switched his eyes back and forth between them uneasily, trying to think fast.

"Because…now…I can relax knowing you're not going to smack into something, like… another stop sign," he quickly added.

A wiggly shy smile spread across Frisk's features, he could see that they were close to laughing "thanks, Azzie, I actually never lost it, I've been keeping it safe," they then walked over to him, "anyway, our ride texted that he's here, you ready?"

Effortlessly, Frisk's smile eased Flowey's anxiety and he cracked a grin and begun to make a show of looking himself over, forgetting all of his nervousness as he spoke "hmm, got my robot, got my phone…umm, all six of my petals are here, so are my roots… what do you think, am I missing anything?"

This time they did laugh, albeit almost bashfully, "yes, yes you are," they then looked in their own phone, tapped around in it and then pulled out a familiar holographic baseball cap that said 'cool kid' on the front and sat it on Flowey's head.

"Oh yeah, that definitely suits you, I don't care what anyone says, Papyrus knows style," Frisk said with a bright admiring smile.
Flowey snickered, adjusting the cap a little better, "guess this means you're done borrowing it,"

But just as he began maneuver himself off from the couch, Undyne came walking in, looking rather pleased, she immediately went to Flowey- and he immediately went back to sitting, he could tell this was going to be good.

"Guess who just pled guilty and had five years added to his ten year sentence?!" she announced.

Asgore and Frisk gasped but Flowey couldn't help but cackle loudly.

"Wow! Fifteen years?" Flowey blurted "this is great and all and I know beating children is horrible, but really, five? It was just one kick," but then he paused and his grin grew wider, "oh yeeeah, duh, I nearly forgot, this must be for the damage to the mailbox and obviously because we're royalty,"

Undyne crossed her arms tensely "don't sell yourself short, I for one believe that son of a bleep word deserves WAY more time for hurting you, fifteen years is not enough,"

Flowey raised his eyebrows "really?"

"Of course! Even more so because you are royalty, I have a sinking feeling he was going to get more time- but since you…and I quote: 'frightened him' and 'egged him on' is the reason why they eased up on him, but you were acting in self defense, weren't you?"

Flowey nodded, "the man had a metal bat, and was obliterating my dad's property- I had to,"

Undyne smirked without humor, "exactly, I agree with you one hundred percent, but the humans don't completely understand that, the whole thing is basically discrimination on his and the judge's part and-," she stopped speaking as she noticed at the increasingly displeased look on Asgore's face, and then Frisk who was still patiently waiting nearby- looking uncomfortable with where the conversation was going.

"-Was I interrupting something?" she then grinned "are you two chuckle heads going somewhere? Is that why Sans is parked out front?"

All thoughts from seconds ago were pushed from his mind, Sans was taking them?! That wasn't what they agreed on!

Flowey attempted to look as un-annoyed as he possibly could, a tight smile forming. "Uh- yeah, Frisk and I were going to pick up MK and go to that place that has roller skates- roller rink, whatever it's called, I'm only going for the arcade,"

Frisk smiled gingerly "yup and after that we'll see where the rest of the day takes us,"

Undyne's grin turned ridiculous "that sounds fun, well, don't let me spoil your fun any longer," she then turned her attention back to Flowey "I just thought you deserved to be the first person to hear the news,"

Thankful that she had thought of him, the whole situation began to make him feel a little awkward, the news had been great to hear but he had a date to get to and he didn't want to let Frisk wait any longer than they already had, he decided to hurry things along by getting up, and proceeded to do so.
"Well, thanks Undyne," he then paused uncomfortably, yes, despite the date- there was still a lot of stuff he wanted to say about the whole Mr. Otto debacle, but it wasn't really the time.

"I guess I'll talk about this more with you later?" he asked Undyne.

"Of course, now, shoo, go do dumb teenage stuff," she said, literally waving him away and then physically but carefully pushing Frisk away as well.

"We're gonna do all the dumb teenage stuff," Frisk said with a silly grin.

Undyne froze and looked to Asgore fearfully before looking back to the younger two, "no, no, no, no- not all the dumb teenage stuff, just some of it, if you do 'all of it', I literally might have to arrest you two,"

Frisk covered their mouth as they attempted to hold back an light immature laugh, which Flowey caught and shook his head, embarrassed, he wasn't about to guess what their hormone addled human brain was thinking.

He moved a hand behind them, pressing it against their back and taking Undyne's place to usher them out of the room.

"C'mon you little… human,' he said under his breath, which only caused them to be unable to contain their laughter, letting out a flustered giggle fit.

"Have a good time!" Asgore called out.

"Yeah! Bring me back a finger trap! I need smaller cuffs for the tinier criminals! You have no idea how embarrassing it is when they get away!" Undyne added.

"We will!" Frisk called back, waving an arm, their voice breaking between their laughter.

Flowey's lips curled upward, trying to fight it, but Frisk's joy was too contagious, he absolutely didn't want to laugh about whatever asinine things they were giggling away about, but he couldn't help the snicker that snuck its way out.

He tried to hold firm "if you don't hear from us by at least seven PM, assume something bad has happened!" he called out to the other two ominously before finally opening the front door.

"CHUCKLE HEADS- ROLL OUT!" Frisk called out jokingly as they walked out.

As Flowey caught sight of San's in his tiny little car, he was reminded of his earlier aggravation.

"So, what happened to Papyrus?" he asked firmly as he shut the door behind them.

Frisk's giggling was ended in an instant, they looked to Flowey apologetically and stopped walking, he almost felt guilty for wiping away their smile, but he wanted answers.

"I'm sorry! He called at the last second, he said Mettaton roped him into an urgent Mettaton thing, and Sans is working a shift at the place we're going to, I didn't really get much of a say in it, Papy just straight up said that Sans was on his way, and well… ah- um...I thought this would be the easiest way to let you down," they said, and proceeded to give him a puppy dog pout.
As he looked at them, he couldn't find it in him to be mad or say anything mean, instead he let out a long exaggerated sigh, rolling his eyes almost playfully.

"Ffffine, I guess if there was nothing else you could have done…," he then side eyed them hard "there was nothing else you could have done, was there?"

Frisk held up their hands defensively "I had zero control in the matter," they then wound an arm around his robot body "don't worry about anything today, okay? Let's just focus on having fun, k' babe?"

In reflex, he smiled- until he looked ahead, glancing at the driver, who was patiently waiting, staring down at his phone, the smile died.

He felt Frisk touch his face and gingerly turned his attention back in their direction, and he almost snorted out a laugh at Frisk as they pretended to make a serious stone-faced expression at him, doing a perfect job at looking ridiculous.

"What did I just say mister?" they asked in a tone that made him wonder how much they were joking.

He couldn't help himself as he twisted his own face around to mimic Frisk's, copying their voice, "don't worry! Be happy baby doll! Let's focus on the rainbows and butterflies!"

Frisk grinned "at least you get the general idea, c'mon, Short Bones McGee is waiting," they said and looped their arm with his, guiding Flowey to the car as he still wore their '-_-' face.

"sup," Sans greeted as they got in.

"Hiya Short Bones McGee, tell me, when do you have to clock in?" Frisk asked.

He eyed his phone, "uuuhh, ten mminutes," he said, completely unfazed.

Frisk gasped and quickly shut the door and snapping on their seat belt "we still have to pick up MK! Sans you're going to be late! Why didn't you honk the horn or something?"

He began to back out of the driveway "eh, it's no big deal kid, i figured this might happened, so i called my boss, it's cool,"

"No it's not cool, you should just teleport us, I don't want you to be late just because we don't know how to stop talking," Frisk said.

Sans chuckled quietly "kid, its fine, i don't mind, just relax,"

Flowey gave Frisk an amused look "yeah, weren't you just telling me to not worry?"

"Yes! But that was before I knew about San's schedule," Frisk pouted "is it tiring to teleport others?
Or make big jumps? Is that why you won't do it?"

"It doesn't matter if he can or not, because I won't be involved, teleporting freaks me out, what if something gets left behind? Like a vital organ or something?" Flowey complained.

"That won't happen, I've teleported with him before, and look- I'm completely fine," they, holding out their arms for evidence.

"Yeah, as far as you know," Flowey deadpanned cynically.

"here we are, monster kid's house," Sans said suddenly, causing the other two to look up, and sure enough, under a minute, Sans had made the drive to the other monster's house…which was usually a five minute drive.

Frisk gasped and laughed, "you teleported us and the car?! How are you so cool?!"

"good question," Sans answered.

Flowey rolled his eyes "should one of us get out-," but before he could finish his sentence, MK made their way out of the front door, and bound to the car excitedly

"Never mind," Flowey mumbled under his breath, sighing.

MK got into the front seat next to Sans, hooking their tail around the seat belt and pulling it around themselves and clicking it in.

"Yo!" they greeted cheerfully, then turned a bit to look back at their friends in the back, "I am so pumped!"

Frisk grinned a megawatt grin, "so am I! I am so ready for this date!" they then paused, their grin dimming almost comically in realization as they saw the wide eyed horrified look on Flowey's face and the grimace on MK's face.

Sans was the only one not filled with anxiety, but he did give Frisk a very inquisitive look in the rear view mirror.

Save for the hum of the car, everything went dead silent.
"DAY!" Frisk blurted out loudly "I meant day! Hahahahaha…ha…ah… why are you guys looking at me like that?"

"Because, clearly, you're date obsessed," Flowey added, cracking a knowing smile when Frisk laughed again- louder and a lot more awkwardly this time, but then quickly re-collected themselves.

"Who knows Flowey, maybe if you gave dating a chance, you'd probably be 'dating obsessed' too," they said, their gaze full of warmth and amusement.

"Pffftttt! Yeah, 'PROBABLY',' Flowey retorted, rolling his eyes only for them to land back on Frisk with captivated mischief. 

"Oh boy…," MK said under their breath and turning back around.

"heh, you guys are hilarious to listen to," Sans said, who was now currently driving again "and if anyone's curious, i'm ready for this not-date to start too,"

At that, their current shared gazed turned terrified, Flowey was the first to break eye contact.

"Hey, I'm going to turn on the radio, okay? Okay," he said in attempt to escape what just happened and summoned out a vine, reaching out to turn on the machine, messing with nobs and buttons until he found a good station, after that he noticed Frisk was nervously typing on their cell phone.

A few seconds in he felt his own cell phone softly beep, alerting him, he checked and saw it was, of course, Frisk, who was obviously trying to having a secret conversation with him.

'- Do you think he knows?'

He looked up and back over at them, who was staring at him with worry, waiting for his answer, he looked back down and began typing back.

'I don't doubt it, but as long as he's not asking, I think it's best if we don't ask either' -

As he waited for a reply, he eyed Sans, who was currently chatting to MK about the song that was playing, he didn't LOOK like he knew anything, but that was the thing with Sans and his dumb perma-grin, there was always way more going on his head than he let on, but with his wide grin, everyone else was none the wiser, but Flowey had learned that trick a long time ago from someone else.

He looked back down when his phone beeped at him again.

- 'Yeah, you're right, but if he does know…he's being really chill about it, kind of like how Mettaton
was, it's still nice knowing their supportive, but I don't know, can you imagine if we did tell them? It would be so weird, I wouldn't know how to handle it DDD:'

Flowey and Frisk shared uneasy glances before Frisk became thoughtful and looked back down and texted something else.

- 'but whatever, I really should take my own advice :p have you thought about what you wanna do after this?'

  'it's hilarious how we had a week to plan this but we still came up with nothing' -

  - 'yyyea, why is it that planning things use to be so much easier?'

  'there was less pressure I guess?'-

  - 'Sounds like we're still in the baby stages of this thing'

  'we are definitely passed any 'baby stage' Frisky, TRUST ME' -

  - 'hurhurhur, AW YEaH, you're right about that, Smoochy Boy! ;/D'

  'Speaking of smooching.....' -

  - 'do ya want me to pour some sugar on ya baby? XoxoxO XO XO XO XO XOXOXO'  

  'ohkay, yes, I'm deleting our texts again when I get the chance, but go ahead, BURY me in it' -

  - ';D ;D ;D you have no idea how happy it makes me when you pick up what I put down'
"Hey, how much money did you guys bring?" MK suddenly asked, startling the odd couple and affectively pulling them out of their own personal cloud that they often got themselves stuck in these days, as they pretended that weren't just secretly getting their flirt majorly on, they simultaneously noticed they were getting pretty close to the roller rink/arcade.

Frisk took out their wallet and waggled it "don't worry about that this time, I have all of us covered!"

Flowey raised an eyebrow at Frisk and brought out his wallet and smacked it against it Frisk's wallet playfully, "uh-no you don't, not this time,"

They then nudged their wallet gently at the side of his head "yes, I will too this time, it's my money mister!"

"i guess that solves your question either way, huh kid?" Sans said to MK.

"Dude I don't even know,"

...  

Soon the gang was parked at the side of a large building, on the front, in a big bright yellow sign, that read:

."  

'MR. BONANANA'S BONANZA'  

."  

"Ohh yeaaahh, that's what it was called, how'd we forget that?" Frisk wondered out loud.

"yeah, it could be something more memorable if you ask me," Sans said.

The gang walked on, three younger ones splitting off from Sans as he went to go start his shift as the ticket taker, behind a glass booth full of prizes for the arcade.

The teenagers meanwhile made their way to the small rinky dink dining area where they found a
table, sitting down so they could chit chat about what they were going to for this secret date.

"So, should we get food before or after?" Frisk began.

Flowey shifted his gaze at the small café nearby then back to the other two in front of him, he looked unsure "I don't know, it's been a long time since I've been here, uh, how was the food again?"

"It's not bad, and I'm actually sort of hungry, can we eat now?" MK asked.

Frisk nodded "of course, you can't have fun on an empty stomach," they then turned their direction at the menu "ummm, looks like they have pizza, nachos, tiny slider burgers, salads, soft pretzels, donut holes…,"

"Awe dude, I love the soft pretzels they have here! I think I'll get one of those," MK commented.

Flowey snickered, "Monster Kid, you are a soft pretzel,"

Frisk tapped their fingers against their cheek thoughtfully, slightly troubled "hm, I don't know what I want, Flowey what do you want?"

At the question, Flowey looked up at the menu as well, squinting hard, silently wondering how the others could read that, "I don't know either, hot melted cheese is sounding pretty good right now, so maybe nachos? But then again, I'm not sure… sliders sounds good too…,"

Frisk's eyes lit up "ooohh, nachos do sound yummy now that you've put it that way,"

"Guess you're getting nachos then?" he asked.

"I definitely am, what about you? You want some cheesy crunch chip goodness?" Frisk asked back.

He eyed them for a moment, pretending to be taking his time thinking it over "why not. . . actually, do you want to just share a big one? It'll probably be less expensive that way, I'll also buy MK's pretzel too,"

A big warm grin blossomed on Frisk's face "you want to share with me? Baby, you're so sweet, but you know I can't let you pay for everything, right? Let me buy the pretzel,"

Flowey scrunched his face at them "how about no, I told you I was going to handle it this time,"

"Dudes, I can pay for my own food, it's really no problem," MK spoke up.

Both Flowey and Frisk turned their attention to their friend with mixed looks of disagreement.

"We've got this, don't worry," Frisk claimed.

"Are you sure? How about you guys just flip a coin or play rock, paper, scissors?" MK suggested.

Flowey raised up his hand, "rock, paper, scissors all the way,"
Frisk smirked admiringly "you'll take any opportunity to play a game, won't you?"

Flowey merely shrugged "yeah, of course I would, and usually I'd never pick rock, paper, scissors- but compared to the latter choice, it includes wits and control and it's much better than leaving fate up to a coin, now c'mon, lets hurry up, MK isn't the only one that's hungry," he goaded, then took hold of left Frisk's index finger and slowly began to pull on it, encouraging the rest of the hand to come along.

Frisk stifled back a giggle at his eagerness and readied out their hands for the game.

"Okay, let's do this thing flower boy," Frisk said.

"Rock, paper, scissors," the duo chanted together as they smacked their fists into their palms in unison.

Frisk held out paper while Flowey held out rock, immediately Frisk covered their flat palm over Flowey's fist.


Flowey raised an eyebrow at them "uhhh, heh, no, rock crushes paper," he said, demonstrating his side by resting his fist on Frisk's flat palm "see? Simple logic,"

Frisk shook their head "I mean- yeah that sounds right in real life, but the rules are that paper beats rock, I guess it's supposed to be covering it up to make it un-moveable or giving it a supportive hug or-.

Flowey got up from his seat and immediately began moving away "nope, that just doesn't make any sense, I win the game Frisk, I'm gonna go buy this food, with my money."

"Flowey! Asriel! You can't just-!

"Flowey! Asriel! You can't just-!" Frisk shouted, their hand shooting out to grab him but failing and their voice losing its steam as he became farther and farther away, they sighed at their false defeat.

They turned their attention to Monster Kid, who had been watching the whole thing unfold, smiling in polite amusement at Frisk.

"Just he wait, on the next date, I'm buying everything, I'll woo and sweep that boy straight off his wheel and catch him and smooch him," Frisk said to MK as a matter of factly.

They sighed again and slouched, resting their arms on the table now, a slow shy smile rose on their face "look at us, we must look like two big wackadoos, huh?"

MK chuckled lightly "yeah dude, but you guys are crazy about each other, I think acting like a big 'wackadoo' is supposed to be part of the package deal,"
Not long after Flowey soon returned with the food as promised, sitting it in front of the other two respectively, then handing Frisk an empty cup and held one out in front of MK.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Lemonade sounds good, thanks dude," MK responded.

But instead of going to the soda machine with Frisk, Flowey continued stayed put, something suddenly weighing on his mind.

"Uhh, so, I don't get it, why exactly haven't you asked Alphys to make you some arms yet? Clearly she's more than capable," he asked.

"Oh, um, actually she's made some for me, I just don't think I need them, I'm good," MK said.

At that Frisk turned around on their booted heel and walked back in a strut.

"Monster Kid say what now?"

Flowey's frown twisted in annoyance "if you don't need arms, then why in the wanderstar are you letting me get your drink?"

MK smiled "dunno bro, you already bought my food for me, I thought you were gonna do me like you did Frisk if I told you no, I didn't know someone could be so stubborn and nice at the same time."

Frisk let out a small chuckle and Flowey merely rolled his eyes and scoffed, but despite the news, he held tight onto MK's cup and went off to the soda machine anyway, Determined to do a nice deed for the nice secret date for their nice secret third wheel.

He was very soon met with a concerned Frisk by his side.

"Are you okay?" they asked in a quiet voice.

He let out short sigh, "yeah, *peachy*, I'm just trying to do things the right way today,"

"You *are* Azzie, you just seem kind of... stressed out and pushy about it," Frisk said, watching as Flowey finished MK's cup to fill up his own with ice, "are you nervous? It's okay if you are, I know it probably hasn't seemed like it, *but I'm super nervous too...* so... if you want... we can be nervous together, don't forget, I'm with you all the way in this,"

Flowey stopped and looked up and over at Frisk, who gazed back at him with such sincerity and love, it made him re-take in their appearance all over again, but saw more than just their good looks, their outer beauty being amplified by their inner beauty fifty times over in his eyes, a certain rare kind
of clarity coming over him, re-reminding him why he was in love with Frisk in first place.

Frisk, who certainly wasn't blind to the way Flowey was staring or the tell-tale orange blush on his cheeks, caught on immediately, a shy wiggly smile blossoming its way on to their face.

"What? What is it?" they asked curiously, their voice sweet.

Their words brought him back to reality, not quite completely though as he had trouble thinking of what to say, or just thinking in general, but somehow, a few words were able to find its way out. "Uhhhh, nothing?" he then narrowed his eyebrows at himself, no, as he watched Frisk more, he knew exactly what he wanted to say.

But doing so wasn't exactly an easy feat, his nerves worsening and getting in the way, causing him to fumble more so than usual, what came out was a verbal mess.

"Ahhh-actually, it's everything, you're everyth- fflf- agh, you just…you just look and are really…nice, and good…ahhh..nnn..d.. cute," he winced at himself, what the hell was he doing?!

He looked away to focus, he could do way better than this, he had a literal song to prove it too.

"Actually-," he began…

But his concentration and any ounce of courage was shamefully broken when an older woman behind him walked up and started talking to someone else nearby, waiting in line for the soda machine, causing the teenagers to realize that they were in the way.

Wow, he was really doing this in the wrong place.

Flowey swallowed the lump in his throat and grinned big at Frisk like an idiot, picking up the two drinks and nearly spilling one as he turned sharply.

"I'lltellyoulaterc'mon!" he blurted in a squeaky voice.

Frisk on the other hand, had trouble catching up, standing there like a statue for a few seconds before remembering themselves, apologizing to the two people waiting and quickly scurried off to their way back next to him, silently, thoughtfully.

Apparently Flowey wasn't the only one who was lost in their thoughts today.

…

After they sat back down and got settled as well as their moods, Frisk couldn't help but bring back up a very important subject.
"Sooo, Monster Kid, when did Alphys make your arms?" they asked.

MK, who was beginning to eat their pretzel, paused in thought "a few years ago, I think? Maybe four years? It was before I moved back. But yeah, I used them for a while, but I just dunno, I was born armless and I never really thought there was anything wrong with that, having no arms is my normal,"

Flowey stayed silent and stared down at the plasticy bowl of cheesy nachos, taking one and crunching down on the entirety of it, he absolutely could not relate, so he had zero input.

"It didn't make things easier?" Frisk asked.

MK shook their head "of course it did dude, but I just couldn't get used to it, I never felt comfortable having those metal arms attached to me, it was really weird,"

It was then that their words did strike a chord with Frisk and they looked to Flowey with increasingly emotional eyes, remembering how he felt about being stuck as a flower.

He caught their concerned stare, staring back for a few seconds before deciding to say something.

"Stop that, I'm fine," he fussed and dispensed a chip into Frisk's mouth, which on que, made them laugh, for at least a moment.

MK the finally caught on, grimacing "oh- oh…dude, I'm sorry, I totally forgot about your-;"

"My 'being trapped in the body of a flower' issue?" Flowey deadpanned, he then let out a sigh and shrugged, trying roll off the awkward "…yeah, you don't need to apologize, you're not responsible for the way I am and I really don't want the sympathy, believe me, I get enough of it as is, its fine;"

"I totally get that dude, I hate when people think I'm not capable of things just because I don't have hands, I mean, yeah, I can't bowl or make the peace sign, but I make up for it, like how you use your vines and stuff, I use my feet, tail, and mouth," Monster Kid said.

Flowey blinked, backtracking on his thoughts, okay…so…perhaps he could relate to Monster Kid more than he thought he could, maybe he could talk about something...

So, Flowey opened his mouth to speak, but.. as he did, he began to regret it as he quickly found the he was unable to stop himself from venting.

"Actually, you how you mentioned that you felt weird about having metal arms attached to you? I feel that way about having roots, well… no, I feel that way about my WHOLE body, I've been like this for so long…and yet…no matter what I do I still can't get fully used to it, I look down and…I feel like I should being seeing…well, basically everything I used to have, fur, ears, arms, legs, torso, hands, feet… if I were you… I would have never taken off those prosthetics;"

Once he was done, he began to realize the gravity of his words and grew embarrassed with himself,
he had said too much, MK on the other hand was unable to think of anything helpful to say, so instead, they gave Flowey a sad, sympathetic smile while Frisk leaned in and gave him a short comforting pet on the back of his head, which he appreciated…

But if it was one thing Flowey didn't want today, it was a mood killer or to be one, he had to fix this before he completely murdered and annihilated the secret date.

So he inhaled quickly and exhaled it out just as quickly through his teeth, and turned his attention to Frisk "this is getting awkward fast, tell us a joke before I have to,"

Frisk straightened up at the sudden request, "err, wow, putting me on the spot huh?"

He smiled smugly "yes, yes I am,"

"Give me a second," Frisk said, taking the time to eat a couple of chips as they thought it over, but when they did- they turned to him and gave him a ridiculously flirtatious smirk, it was then that Flowey realized that he had should have just told one instead.

"If I could rearrange the alphabet, I would put U and I together," Frisk said and waggled their eyebrows.

Both Flowey and MK let out a mixed sound of embarrassed groaning and muffled laughter.

MK leaned in and spoke in a hushed voice "but you guys are already…y'know…,"

Flowey gave them a cynical smile "and you're already 'y'know', a third wheel," he quipped, mocking MK teasingly.

But then he looked up and finally took a look around the room, scanning the area and accidentally catching a few glances of a family sitting nearby, it made him anxious, he turned back to the other two and lowered his flowery head into a hush-hush position.

"I think we should probably calm down with this kind of talk, we don't want to run the risk of someone we know popping by or Trash Bag teleporting over here," he warned

The two others paused, alarmed, they had gotten so caught up in talking and enjoying the secret date that they'd forgotten all about being actually secretive.

There was another painful silence before Frisk spoke up.

"Okay then… I'll tell another joke,"

Flowey gave them a deep doubtful stare "I'm not sure if the last joke was an actual joke Frisky,"

They gave him an embarrassed smile "you're right, it wasn't, but I have a real one this time, I promise,"
Flowey sighed, pretending to be bored and extra regal "okay, fine, entertain and humor us- human," then munched on a few chips in eager preparation.

Frisk gave him a huge grin and began "what would you call a very funny mountain?"

Flowey subtly raised an eyebrow, waiting for the answer.

But MK attempted to think about it, but came up with nothing, "what is it?"

"…Hill Arious," Frisk said, biting their bottom lip as they held back a tiny giggle.

Flowey snickered under his breath as Monster Kid managed to crack a weak supportive smile.

"Okay, yeah, it was funnier in my head," Frisk admitted.

"No, no… it was… okay, yeah, it was pretty bad, but not horrible? Let me try one," Flowey backed up, thinking for a few seconds…

"What smells like red paint and looks like blue paint?" he began.

"Blue paint," MK responded bluntly, causing the duo to look at them in stunned surprise.

"Yes, that's the punchline… have you heard that one before?" Flowey asked, annoyed that his joke had gotten smashed.

"Um, no dude, it just made sense, all paint smells the same," MK explained.

Flowey sneered "but somehow you don't know how the process of telling a joke works,"

"Maybe MK is just super smart," Frisk said, wagging an extra cheesy chip in front of Flowey, moving it away teasingly as he tried to catch in vain with his teeth and when it didn't work, he nabbed it with a hand instead.

"Fine, they're smart," he then munched on the chip "I got another one anyway…what did the five fingers say to the face?"

"…'High five'…?" MK guessed, this one apparently not as easy to figure out.

"No. They said nothing. Fingers can't talk." Flowey answered flatly.

Frisk, who was sipping on their drink, snorted with laughter, nearly accidentally spitting everything out.

MK, on the other hand, just looked confused "I'm not sure I get it dude…,"

"It's called anti-humor, Monster Kid, and Frisky here gets it," Flowey said proudly, his smug smile returning.

"No, I'm…," Frisk paused to wipe their mouth, "I'm just laughing at the way you said it,"

"Which is also part of anti-humor," Flowey said, still smiling, any joke was a success to him if he was able to get Frisk to laugh.

"Okay dude, whatever you say, but, hm, okay! I got one!" they said and gave quick uncontained smile as they thought it over.
"Knock, knock," they started.

"Who's there?" Frisk answered.

"Aweee, oww!"

Frisk snickered, almost unable to speak properly "'aweee, owWw" wHO?"

"Aweee oww! C'mon guys! Get a doorbell already! I don't have hands, so I gotta knock on the door with my head!"

Immediately Frisk began laughing, Flowey on the other hand cracked an awkward grin as he attempted to hold back his laughter, but it was of no use.

"Yesss, check that out, you got our stick in the mud to laugh, fantastic job," Frisk said proudly.

"But he laughed at your jokes," MK pointed out.

"Oh yeah, of course he did, but he only did that because he didn't want to hurt my feelings and loves me," Frisk said with a warm smile… that soon shifted to silly "or maybe it's also because he's blinded by my sheer sparkling good-lookingness,"

At that, Flowey turned bright orange, "Friiiisssk!" he whined, embarrassed.

They smiled apologetically at him "I'm sorrrrrry Azzie, I couldn't help myself, it's so much fun having someone else to talk about you with like this,"

Soon after that, the trio soon changed subjects, chatting away as they munched.

Not too long after…

As they finished their meal and threw away the trash, Flowey inspected his gloved hands and scoffed in annoyance as he spotted a few stubborn stains of sticky yellow.

"Uuuggghhh, geez, should have known that the napkins would never get all the cheese off, I'll be right back," he said and began to roll off to the restrooms.

Frisk who stood next to Monster Kid briefly checked their hands too and frowned, noticing the cheese had unfortunately gotten stuck under a few of their nails.

"Aw that's nasty, MK, you can go ahead without us and do what you want, I gotta go clean up too," they said and hurried off after Flowey.

When they reached Flowey's side he gave them a slight confused smile

"You're not the only who needs to wash their hands, we ate the same messy food," Frisk said simply.
"Fair enough, can't say I'm surprised," Flowey replied.

The entered a nearby empty unisex bathroom that fortunately held more than enough sinks, silently they stood next to each other and began washing their hands.

When he was almost finished with the process, he looked up at himself in the mirror, attempting to subtly check to see if the cheese had escaped to his face or if he got anything stuck in his teeth.

"It's okay, you look fine, Azzie," he heard Frisk say reassuringly next to him "trust me babe,"

His eyes flickered to Frisk's mirror to see that they were obviously watching him, but he couldn't help but do a double take and turn his full attention to them as he recognized the expression they wore.

It was the face they made whenever they had romance on the brain, it was easy to say that he was beginning to recognize it well.

He could only stand there and watch in rising fascination as they finished washing their hands, turned off the water and approached him, giving him their special look of playful flirty mischief.

Automatically he turned to fully face them as they walked closer to him until the two of them were a couple inches apart, casually and calmly taking a hold of the robot's shoulder pads, then before he got a chance to say anything, Frisk pulled themselves in like a magnet and passionately crashed their lips against his.

As always, he melted, his mind was temporarily wiped clean from any worries or anxieties, extra soothed this time as he felt their extra soft lip glossed lips, his eyes closing and forgotten wet gloves instantly coming up to wrap around Frisk and hold them close.

He felt them let out a small muffled happy sound and proceeded to kiss him deeper before briefly moving away from his mouth to kiss other parts of his face, starting on the cheek, above the mouth, the other cheek, his closed eyelids, forehead, anywhere they could think, making a kiss map of his face.

Meanwhile he laughed, his smile goofy and in a complete state of dizzying bliss.

That was…until he opened his eyes and accidentally caught view of the scene in the mirror nearby...
In his rose tinted condition he made the slow dawning realization that the rare pair in the reflection was actually *them* and it was a *beyond bizarre* feeling to see the both of them like this from the new angle, but at this point he didn't know if it was a good feeling or a bad feeling.

As he watched them enthusiastically and blissfully kiss his face without any second thoughts or prejudice, he came to the easy conclusion that...perhaps it was a good feeling, because thanks to Frisk's love, he had completely forgotten what he looked like and even what he *was*, even for a short time, they made him feel *normal*.

But then he heard the sounds of muffled laughter from strangers through the door as he continued to look at the mirror, he remembered that the charming human romantically kissing the strange sentient flower was also kissing said flower in not just a public place, but in a public *bathroom*.

"Uuuhh, heh, *Frisk*?" he began hesitantly, holding back a nervous flustered chuckle as Frisk continued to smooch his cheek.

"*Hrrm*?" they murmured, edging back toward his mouth.

"We can't kiss *in the-mmmm,*" he said but was cut off by a love drunk Frisk who re-caught hold of his lips with theirs, they obviously seemed to be having issues paying attention and listening.

As they kissed and he felt the tip of Frisk's tongue subtly brush against his lips for a *quick instant*-enough raw contact for him to let out a strange perplexed but pleased noise, the dizziness in his head clouding his thoughts, he *somehow* managed to concentrate.

He didn't want to forcibly pull away from them, because to be honest, he really didn't really want to stop kissing either, but the more he thought about someone walking in and catching them- the more anxious he got.

So, he squinted one of his eyes open and unwrapped his robot arms from around Frisk, moving them to take hold of their arms and gingerly attempted to unhook their grip from him, realizing that this must be what an uncontained Frisk was like, reckless, overly affectionate, intense, and passionate, while he definitely approved, he would have preferred them to be uncontained in a more private environment.

This action finally managed to grab Frisk's attention, ungluing their lips from his with a *pop* and leaning their head back to peer at him in concern.

"*What's wrong?*" they said in a hushed tone.
"Nothing! Everything's great. We...we just...can't do this here," he whispered shyly "in this spot."

Frisk's mouth gaped open in surprise but closed it firmly, looking a bit guilty and proceeded to back up a little, respecting his distress, smiling weakly as they observed the way Flowey still held onto their arms.

They then narrowed their eyebrows in thought and looked back to him and smirked bravely, moving their arms so they now held Flowey's hands in theirs.
"I understand the problem, and I get it was forward of me, but I'm on my official first date with you and I'm also young and in love, so I think we should be able to smooch where ever we dang well please, anything goes."

Flowey raised his eyebrows in surprise at their answer, impressed "wow, I can't argue with that logic."

And then, the moment was abruptly crashed as a stressed mother of four small children scrambled in, the bathroom instantly becoming chaotic as the noise was akin to a car alarm echoing off the tiled walls and floor.

"Actually- you're right, lets go be young and in love somewhere else," Frisk whispered to Flowey briefly as they swiftly unhooked hands and politely attempted to struggle past the family and flee to the exit.

As they left the bathroom, Frisk soon began giggling.

"What's so funny?" Flowey asked curiously with a tired smirk, wilting down slightly as he fought against the pain that came with his malformed soul, he wanted to rest his head down on the edge of the flower pot, but at the same time he wanted to be presentable for Frisk and not make them worry.

He had to admit, he really was getting very good at hiding the obnoxious pain.

Frisk was hesitant to speak at first, a wide apologetic grin plastering their face.
"It's just... we nearly got caught again and... you- um...," they then pursed their lips together in hesitance to finish their sentence, but unable to hold back their giggling.

"'I' what? It's okay, after that display, you do realize you can talk to me about literally anything, right?" he said with an amused curious grin.

"You...you...tasted cheesy," they admitted between giggles.

At that Flowey grew flustered and couldn't help but laugh too "you did too, we ate the same thing."

Frisk paused for a second "wait, didn't I say something like that before we went into the bathroom?"
Flowey stared at them for a moment "yeah...you did," before the both of them burst into a fit of love drunken giggle fit.
Not long after the giggles died down and the return of their composure, without looking down, Frisk handed him a gently used wad of paper towel that he just now noticed they'd been holding, they must have grabbed it on their way out.

"It's funny, I was so focused on canoodling that I forgot to dry my hands and didn't give you a chance to either," they said with an amused smirk "aaannd I can't feel it, but I'm pretty sure you got the back of my jacket wet too,"

He let out a small snicker, mostly at himself as he took the paper towel, "you need me to wipe it off for you?" he asked.

"No need, it's just water, it'll be fine, thanks though," they said and stuck their hands in their pockets, slowly casually walking next to him now, looking calmly out at all the other people having fun while meanwhile they thought about their recent actions, fantasizing of more kisses.

As Flowey dried off his gloves, he himself begun to think back to their first kiss, and then something finally occurred to him, causing him to stop moving and look to Frisk in slight distress.

"Wait, our first official kiss…does that mean I had pasta garlic breath?" he asked quietly, grimacing.

Frisk couldn't help but laugh, giving his still slightly damp shoulder pad a comforting pat "yeah, but it was fine, don't worry about it babe, I like pasta and garlic,"

He could only smile in relief at that, and turned to begin moving again, walking with them again.

"You had mint on your breath…," he murmured as he continued to think back fondly.

But Frisk heard him and walked a little closer to his side, "yeah, after we started dating I was sneaking minty gum left and right, just in case the opportunity came, I wanted to be… prepared… and uhh…oh boy, by the way…you might want to use that paper towel on your face."

He looked to them "why?"

The apologetic grin returned as they looked at him and bit their bottom lip, holding back another giggle "because…apparently I forgot I was wearing lip gloss, and you're looking very… pink and shiny at the moment,"

He gasped in embarrassment and immediately began to clean up his face.

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?" he whined.

"Because it wasn't that noticeable, I'm sorry, when I put on the gloss I was just trying to add some hidden glamour because I couldn't exactly dress like I was actually going on a date, you know? I
didn't exactly think it… through,” they explained, becoming timid and distressed, sighing "I just wanted to pour some sugar on you….”

"It's fine, don't apologize," he said, a flustered smile re-working its way onto his face at the comment and continued to wipe for a few moments before he stopped and looked back to Frisk "did I get it?"

They gave him an awkward grin "most of it? Maybe you should go back to the bathroom, I'm thinking water will get the rest off,"

He let out a stubborn groan and attempted to wipe again, harder now "why the bathroom anyway? It's not exactly a very romantic place to do…uh…romantic stuff? 'Canoodling'?

Frisk crossed their arms and let out a defeated sigh "you're right, but…I saw it be done in a rom-com that I watched a few years ago and it looked so exciting, I don't know, I've always wanted to see what it was like, and sometimes I think a part of me just really likes getting into these risky situations, being secretive is as fun as it is hard,"

He paused with his ministrations and merely gazed at them from behind the paper towel, admiringly now, silent for a few seconds before lowering the towel and speaking.

"Okay Risky Frisky, what do you see now?"

They grinned brightly at him "definitely not as pink as before, a lot less shiny, but still pink, and I forgot to mention, pretty orange too, it's a very attractive color palette you have going on, kind of like a sunset in summer,"

He crumpled the paper towel in his robot hands and handed it back to Frisk in defeat. "Yep, I'm going back to the bathroom, why don't you just go see what MK is doing."

They quirked an eyebrow at him playfully "you don't trust me in there with you again?"

He gave them a big flirtatious grin "oh I trust you, but do you trust me?"

Frisk's eyebrows shot up and they covered their mouth in very pleasant surprise, blushing.

Flowey couldn't help but laugh mischievously and point to them slyly "oh look, you got pink on you too," before swaggering away from and back toward the restroom, feeling the return of his rare pride…

He then wondered to himself to where exactly was this courage at earlier when he needed it more and was stuttering like a complete moron.

…

After ignoring the people currently in the bathroom and successfully cleaning up his face, he wondered off to the gaming area, where he spotted Frisk in the middle of a two player game with a
much younger human child and way over to the left saw Monster Kid playing a racing game.

He stood there for a few seconds, deciding who he should hang out with first before finally noticing the collection of old 80/90's boxy arcade games to which instantly grabbed attention, making up his mind and gravitating toward them.

He was there for a while before Monster Kid walked up next to him, watching the game play silently.

They continued to stand there for almost two minutes before Flowey grew annoyed.

"What? Do you want to play or are you just gonna keep gawking? You're kind of distracting me," he said with his eyes still locked on the thick screen.

"Yo, sorry man, it's just I've been thinking a lot about what you said at the table earlier," they said.

"What, that you don't know how to tell a joke?" he grumbled, playing dumb, he knew exactly where MK was going with this.

"No…? About what you said about what it's like for you and I get why you're such a grouch to me, I know I can be majorly annoying and… how stuff is hard for you, but… I want to be a good friend and I want you to know you can always talk to me about your 'issues', cuz, I get it, y'know?" they said, pausing the conversation and frowning apologetically as Flowey messed up and lost his game.

But instead of being mad, he merely turned his attention to Monster Kid, calmly, waiting for them to say something else, the delivery was terrible but they were making an honest impression on him.

"And… I mean, I may have not have had a crappy past and I know you don't think you could ever relate to someone like me- no offense to you dude! But I just want you to know I think its super cool that you've even trusted me with you and Frisk's secret at all, but, um… I just want you to know I'm here if you ever need help, with Frisk, or any other problem, or whatever… okay dude?"

When MK was finished, Flowey couldn't help but feel embarrassed, pursing his lips and looking away awkwardly, but to say the least, he was touched.

He looked back to MK and gave them a short nod "thanks, that…actually sort of means a lot,"

Pleasantly surprised, Monster Kid grinned brightly "you're welcome dude! I didn't want to be weird,
I just wanted you to know I'm always around to help, I care about you…and stuff, y'know?"

Flowey made a cringed smile "now you're being weird."

MK merely laughed causing their best friend to let out defeated sigh.

"Whatever, how about we play?" Flowey suggested, motioning to the console in front of them.

"Sure dude!"

And they did, but after a few minutes of game play, a question that Flowey had never had before popped into his head as he begun to remember that one awful month that Frisk and Monster Kid dated.

It was a question of a very uncomfortable subject that made Flowey grit his teeth.

"Okay MK, time to be helpful, I'm going to ask you a question, and I NEED you to not lie to me," he said, his tone firm.

"Uh, sure man?"

"Even if you get scared, it is critical that you don't lie to me;"

"I promise I won't lie man, what is it?"

"When you dated Frisk-;"

"Ohhh noo-," MK quaked, their enthusiasm instantly gone, but Flowey wasn't having it.

"When you dated Frisk, did you two…kiss?"

When Monster Kid went dead silent, the air between the two became cold as their silence made Flowey's current anxiety worsen and rise, unsure if he wanted the answer now...

He couldn't help but jump in surprise when Monster Kid finally spoke again.

"I don't know…dude… does it really matter anymore? I didn't have anything close to what you have with them, and they are way more into you than they were with me, like, waaayyy more," MK admitted.

Flowey's eyes went wide and he looked to Monster Kid in surprise, despite all the clear past evidence of this being true.

"You think so?" he asked.
"I know so dude! When I was dating them they liked to brag about jokes you told them or how cool they thought you were, I don't think you have any reason to be jealous, besides, I had a crush on my yet to be girlfriend back then, remember?" MK explained.

Flowey scowled and glared daggers at them "oh yeah, I nearly forgot, that's why you broke up with Frisk for, you know you hurt their feelings you moldy piece of half toasted bread."

Monster Kid backed up a little, looking guilty "and I told them I was really sorry! I apologized a hundred times! Butbutbut- like I said, they weren't that into me either, and clearly their over it now, okay?"

Flowey grunted and let out sigh, calming himself back down "yeah, okay, you're right… sorry for bringing it up, it's just that they have this complex about rejection and I want to help, but I don't know… sometimes all I can think to do is drop into my stupid kid habits and 'seek revenge'. You don't know how much I still want kick that Corkscrew in the throat,"

"Who?"

"Forester! Did you even meet him?!"

"Oh-! Frisk's ex, yeah I got to hang out with him a few times, he was pretty cool, last time I saw him was at the party where Frisk later told me they broke up at, it was easy to say I was shocked, I really thought they were going to last," MK explained.

Flowey screwed up his face in annoyance "you know how you said you wanted to help? That was the opposite of helping,"

Monster Kid gasped "dude I-,

"I mean it, if you looked up the word 'unhelpful', your picture would be the first thing to show up on the search results," Flowey interrupted, a slight smile appearing on his face, revealing he was mostly joking now.

At that, Monster Kid let out snort and started chuckling.

Flowey let out a pretend gasp, "ffinally, you laugh at one of my jokes, I thought you were losing your sense of humor, it's no wonder Frisk likes me better,"

Monster Kid laughed more, harmlessly and slightly insulted now "dude,

They attempted another game, playing for a little while until…

"So, did you two kiss or not?" Flowey asked abruptly, in a much less serious tone this time, more impatient than anything.

But to his continuing dismay, Monster Kid didn't immediately answer him.

"Ugh, good golly! This is NOT a trivial question Monster Kid, just answer 'yes' or 'no', it is literally
"Cheek kisses, okay dude? It was just cheek kisses... nothing more than that, promise," MK finally said.

Flowey was now the one to go silent, causing Monster Kid to become the anxious one.

"HAHAHAHAHA! That's it? Just measly little cheek kisses?" he reveled.

"Yeah... like I said, we were only together for a month anyway...," MK said, their expression stuck between awkward and embarrassed.

Flowey could only laugh harder, causing Monster Kid to become increasingly more uncomfortable and confused, both were no longer focused on the game which resulted in a quick Game Over, to which either paided any attention to anyway.

"It's not that funny...," MK mumbled.

In the midst of his laughter Flowey wiped his tears away, "yes it is! You want to know why? It's because I got worked up for nothing! Frisk and I have been together for a month now too, and we've jumped into bit more than just teeny little CHEEK kisses," he then had to laugh again, he just couldn't believe he was ever jealous of Monster Kid.

At that, Monster Kid raised their eyebrows in surprise, but shook it off, "don't you guys think you might be moving too fast?"

Flowey shook his head, unable to stop himself from bragging "nope, definitely not... the way I see it, before we got together we were holding ourselves back, now we're finally expressing all the feelings we've over accumulated... and uhh, don't get the wrong idea- it's not like we're going crazy and making out all the time, I'm just saying we've achieved way, way, way, way, waaaayy more than you did in the same amount of time and that Frisk likes me better,"

A competitive expression appeared on MK's face "I get it already dude, I obviously didn't have the same chemistry with Frisk as you do, but I can relate, I make out with my girlfriend, like, a lot,"

Flowey let out a teasing laugh "what, do you make out with her cheek?"

After being picked on a little more, Monster Kid very quickly wisened up and changed the subject, the two continued to chatter, until finally they decided they wanted to play other games and parted ways for the time being.

Later, Flowey was in the middle of discreetly cheating at a ball throwing game, gaining quite a bit of
tickets when Frisk casually walked up to him, they didn't look all that impressed.

"Ah, Cheatey the cheater is back at it again with the sneaks," they greeted.

At that Flowey gave them a sheepish grin, "you know these dumb things don't add up to much, and if I want to get something worth the impossible, I have to hack the system, like always,"

He then tore away the newly dispensed tickets, took off his hat, revealing a mass of wound up tickets before winding up the new ones, and then stuck them back neatly into the hat before putting it back on.

Frisk gave him stubborn smirk "it looks like you 'hacked' for more than enough, seriously, you're lucky this is just an arcade and not something like a casino,"

He gave them a Look "ppfft, casino? I'm not Lupin the Third, Frisk, besides I'd never do something that would get me literally arrested, I'm young but I'm not stupid,"

Frisk shook their head and let out a dismissive chuckle, "okay, okay, I think it's time for a change of scenery, I'm ready to go roller skating," they said and took his arm.

Flowey frowned and didn't budge "okay…? Then go ahead, I'm not stopping you,"

"No, I meant I want you to come with me, I don't want to go out there by myself, it won't be as fun," Frisk said, lightly pulling on the arm now. . .

...But nothing happened.

Flowey flashed a too big grin at them "yeah it will! Trust me, you'll have tons of fun… but if I have to be completely honest, rolling around on a wheel definitely has its own special brand of novelty, but once you get used to it, it just becomes a normal, boring, customary every day sort of thing,"

And then, Frisk began to pout, growing legitimately sad "Flowey, c'mon, it's our day, we should do this together, I've been waiting for this foorrrreeeevvverrr,"

At that, Flowey let out a big sigh of defeat, they majorly had the upper hand with that kind of reasoning, and well… he was mainly powerless against a pouty Frisk, it was his biggest weakness.

"Forever huh? I guess if you put that way then I guess I have to go on one of your silly Friskcapades," he said, then began to reach out to ruffle their bangs, but stopped midway when locked eyes on their hairclip that was currently holding everything together neatly, lowering the hand back down as he remembered that he was raised better than that.

"I need you to pretend that I just destroyed your hair," he teased, then grinning a weak love struck grin as Frisk actually complied and began to pretend to be horrified for a few seconds over their bangs, making a fake hushed screechy noise.
"Ooohh nooo, not my majestic bangssss! What have you dooonnee to meeee?!!" they cried out, but quickly broke character, turning their attention back to Flowey and giggling like an idiot.

"Haha, wow," Flowey commented, they weren't even trying to be that cute, were they?

"Is that a sarcastic 'wow' or a genuine 'wow'?" Frisk asked, their smile now timid and unsure.

"Usually I think it would be sarcastic, but today it's genuine," Flowey said, watching in adoration as his date grinned again.

They soon made their way over to the roller rink area to where a young 20 something year old man stood, perking up immediately when the pair strolled over to his cash register.

"Hi!" Frisk greeted politely.

The young man smiled back "hey there, you're Frisk and Flowey right? I got your skates ready," Frisk smiled skeptically "yes…? Really?" and then they blinked and laughed in realization "oh-haha, I understand now, Sans talked to you didn't he?"

But to their surprise, he frowned "actually, surprisingly not? We were sent an e-mail, it's not usually what we do, but it all checked out,"

The couple shared a confused stare before looking back to the man.

"Then who was it from?" Flowey asked, his tone cautious yet almost patronizing.

The man looked a little sheepish, "I can't really tell you if I could, it's anonymous, but in the e-mail, the writer said you would probably be skeptical and said… and I quote, 'not to worry about it',"

"Oooh, that's freaky," Frisk commented, sounding rather impressed and nervous at the same time.

Flowey himself was officially feeling paranoid, slowly turned his head around, scanning the area behind him, checking to see if he could find Sans or MK or anyone suspicious in the crowd looking back.

But, no, nothing appeared to be out of the ordinary.

"Yeah, I will admit it's strange, I don't blame you if you guys if it's creepy and want to walk away now… or pay with your own money, but I do want to remind you that everything does check out- as in everything has been paid for, so… it'ssss basically a free admission," the man said.

At that, Flowey snapped his head back around, his paranoia shifting toward the man behind the desk now, eyeing him over, finally noticing his name tag- 'Wally'. 
As he observed him, he noticed that despite the little bit of stubble, Wally had an extra spark of life in his eyes that didn't always seem apparent with people his age.

"Say, uh, Wally? Does your manager know about this? Is this really allowed?" Flowey asked.

At the question, Frisk leaned against the desk and propped their head in their hand, now staring at the other two curiously but almost impatiently, interested in the mystery but just as ready to get skating.

"Yes sir she does, and no, it's not really what we do here, but you two are here just like the e-mail said and the description fits perfectly, besides, money is money," Wally said.

"Wait, 'description'? What did it say?" Frisk asked, perking up.

"Yeah, good thinking, it'll probably give us a clue," Flowey said.

Wally smirked "okay, give me one second," he then looked over and down behind the counter top to what they guessed was a computer, and judging by soft clicks and clacks that proceeded, it probably was.

"It says, 'greetings, I am making an anonymous request for an order of women size eight skates for two friends of mine that go by the names of Frisk and Flowey Dreemurr, Frisk is an average height teenage human with long brown hair and tan skin, they will probably be wearing a faux black leather jacket, a shirt that says 'hug dealer' and boots, they of course, will need the skates, Flowey is a talking golden flower with a face, he will likely be wearing a shiny baseball cap and will be planted within a robot slash flower pot for a body and will be wearing basil green gloves, he obviously will not need any skates and will likely be skeptical of this order, tell him 'not to worry','"

"They knew my shoe size and what we were wearing today?" Frisk questioned under their breath worriedly.

Flowey leaned over to Frisk and spoke in a hushed voice "it sounds either like Sans or Mettaton, but… neither of them say 'greetings' or talk like that, do they?"

Frisk bit their bottom lip in thought "no, it actually almost sounds like Toriel, but she didn't see you today, same goes for Mettaton… I mean, the guy has his ways but he's too busy with his stuff right now to worry about something like this,"

Flowey leaned in a little closer "I would say it's dad, but I never knew him for thinking ahead for this kind of stuff, I also don't think he would ever describe us that way, not to mention going on anon of all things, he's too up front for that,"

He then turned back to Wally, "say, uh, what time did you get the e-mail?"

Wally double checked "three thirty,"

The couple stared at him in surprise.

"Holy spit," Frisk gasped "that's around the time we got in here,"

Flowey let out a sigh of defeat and turned back to Frisk "y'know what, this isn't new, we've dealt with enough weird stuff to last us thirteen lifetimes over, so let's just get your skates and forget this ever happened, are you ok with that?"

Frisk sighed "yeah I guess-," but then paused, their eyebrows raising as a light bulb appeared briefly over their head before they hastily leaned over the desk toward Wally.
"What was the e-mail address?" they asked, their expression filled with anticipation.

Flowey gasped audibly "clever!"

They flashed a grin at him "hmm, I thought I was an idiot,"

"My mistake, you're a clever idiot," he added jokingly, sharing mischievous gaze with them before remembering himself and turning his attention back to the man at the desk.

"Okay, um, hm... so, I can't tell you all of the e-mail, for privacy reasons of course, but I suppose if you know the person then maybe it'll click, does 'reddolch87' ring any bells?" Wally asked.

The pair stood there, their faces becoming blank as their minds searched but came back with nothing.

Wally frowned tightly "I guess... no bells are ringing then?"

Flowey stuck out his hand "nope, the appeal of the mystery is gone, can we have the skates now?"

Wally smirked "sure thing," he said and bent down, and when he came back up he had the skates in hand, he promptly handed them to Flowey.

"Happy skating you two," he said.

"Back atcha!" Frisk said with a grin.

As soon as the couple turned around Frisk's grin dropped in realization, their hand flying up to cover their eyes in embarrassment, Flowey couldn't help but snicker.

"'Back atcha' I can't believe I said 'back atcha'," they grumbled under their breath, painfully laughing at themselves, they looked over at him with an awkward hopeful smile "well, um, maybe he skates too?"

"Maybe he doesn't, maybe he thinks you're a complete moron now," Flowey teased.

"Flowey...," Frisk whined, looking more concerned and self-conscious.

"Or... he didn't even notice, or at best thought you made an innocent mistake, either way, he'll forget all about it in seconds," he said in an apologetic attempt to ease his date's feelings.

Frisk sighed at the response and smiled gently at him, reaching for the skates which were handed to them without a word.

As he waited for them to find a place to sit and take off their boots and stick on their skates, he kept himself patiently occupied by taking out his tickets out of his hat and sticking them in his Dimensional Box A, getting distracted when he noticed Frisk's gifts, wondering when it would be a good time to give it to them.
"You sent the anon e-mail didn't you?" he heard Frisk suddenly ask.

He peered at them from his phone in amusement "I was just going to say the same thing about you!" he said back, but that of course, was a joke.

They smirked and shook their head "if I did do that, I wouldn't have done it on anon, instead I think I probably would have signed the signature off as 'Magnola'," He laughed, "okay, okay, I get it, I have an infamous track record with this sort of stuff, but I promise you I didn't do it, I mean, yes, I want you to have fun today, but I would never have thought to send whatever that e-mail was,"

They said nothing to this but smiled a little more, taking the time to focus on making sure their roller skates were securely tied.

"...Are you having fun?" he asked, the timidness in his tone attempting to give him away.

They looked up at him with a slight bit of surprise, their smile becoming warm. "Of course I am Azzie, " they confirmed.

At that he grinned and held out a hand, to which they took and stood up, not really thinking much of how Frisk awkwardly stomp-walked on the cushioned mat on the floor or how they automatically grasped the edge of his pot bot.

But as soon as they got on the roller rink and they let out a alert-squeaky noise and clamped onto him entirely, their body language showing complete confusion that he finally thought to ask a very important question.

"Do you even know how to roller skate?"

Frisk let out an short laugh "I absolutely do not, this is the first time I've ever done this," He had to roll his eyes at that "then why did you ever think this would be a good idea?"

They grinned at him and attempted to release one hand, "I thought it would be exciting to try!"

"Of course you did," he said under his breath, watching in bated curiosity as Frisk very slowly released their other hand and awkwardly moved their feet and began to shakily roll away from him to get space so they could figure it out on their own, their arms coming out in reflex in attempt to balance themselves.

He held back and watched them for a little bit longer, watching as they tried to figure out how to move, wondering to himself how this was any fun to them, but at the same time, it was one of those moments where he had to admire their patience and as always, and their Determination.
He felt fortunate that no one else was roller skating right now, he was certain if there was, that Frisk would most likely bump into them.

It didn't take too long for him to get tired of watching from the side lines, he finally rolled up next to them.

"Is this exciting yet?" he asked playfully, almost sarcastically.

"Yes! It's actually pretty thrilling!" they answered, revealing a big but slightly nervous grin plastered on their face, they then looked over at him and quirked an eyebrow, as if they knew he was on the verge of teasing them about this "are you excited?"

"Probably not as much as you are," he said.

Frisk giggled at that and began to once again awkwardly began to skate away from him, doing a fairly decent job this time as they payed closer attention to their footing.

That was, until they turned sharply to look back at him- that something went a wry in their balance and in a series of clumsy clacks and wild arm circle waves, one foot slipped out and-

\textit{WUMP!}

They had fallen straight onto their bottom, their legs splayed out in front of them.

Flowey gasped and cracked a hesitant grin, rolling over to them in a rush, relieved to see they were okay and actually laughing at themselves, he allowed to let himself laugh too.

"You okay you \textit{clever idiot}?" he asked between snickers.

"I'm fine, I don't have any clue how to get up though," they said and smirked up at him.

"Good thing you wanted me to come along with you or else you'd be \textit{forever stuck out here, with no help and no way to ever escape from these never ending flat lands}," he said, voicing darkening as he got caught up his own theatrics as he lent out a hand.

Frisk stopped laughing to give him a perplexed stare "…wow, I mean- I'm sure someone would have came to help me if you weren't here, but up until now I didn't know anyone could make roller skating sound terrifying,"

"Thank you," Flowey said, legitimately flattered.
Frisk then finally clamped onto his hand with both of theirs, their skates faltering left and right in attempt to bring them back down as they managed to slowly somehow but successfully make their way back on to their feet.

After that, the couple continued to roll around in unplanned paths with halting speeds, chatting absentmindedly.

It wasn't until once Flowey began to show signs of boredom that Frisk decided to amp things up again by attempting to skate a little faster, this time Flowey stayed by their side.

"What are you doing? You're going to fall again," he said warily.

"I'll be fine," they said simply.

He cringed at the way their legs began to wobble "Frisk, I'm serious, you're gonna fall again,"

"So what? It'll be fine," they said, waving him off.

"Okay, fine," he said and let out a small worried sigh, avoiding the urge to hold on to them, if Frisk trusted themselves that it was going to be ok, then he did too, it was just roller skating after all.

Still he eyed them as they continued to try to gain a little more speed.

For a moment or two, it looked as if Frisk was past the awkward stage of learning how to roller skate and was actually showing signs of maybe possibly good at it.

"See? What did I- aGHhh!" they cried out as they made a too soon sharp inelegant turn, losing all balance, their left leg shooting out as they fell completely down this time, landing on their back, the impact this time making a distressing -THUD-

"Frisk!" Flowey exclaimed, automatically lowering his flower pot bot to the floor to see and help them better, noticing how Frisk winced their eyes shut from the bit of pain they were in, their frown deep, this fall was definitely not as funny as the last one had been or was 'fine'.

"Aahhhg ow, oww… this is really embarrassing," they groaned, shifting to move onto their side and using their arm to prop themselves up.

"Embarrassing?" he asked, mildly confused by their use of the word, his hands hovering over them ready to help but no entirely sure how or where yet.

They smiled tightly and looked to the slick floor "I hit my tailbone on the way down, I think it acted like a shock absorber because everything else is…urff, mostly ok," they said and let out weak
chuckle.

Flowey paused, his eyes automatically trailing off to where the human tailbone was located at in concern, but once he realized where he was looking at he mentally slapped himself twice and snapped his gaze back to Frisk's face.

But it was too late, Frisk had caught him and couldn't help but snicker, their smile a mix of pain and cheeky flattered amusement, it was easy to say both their cheeks were filled with color.

Flowey scoffed lightly "…at least it wasn't your head," he grumbled and gave Frisk an a quick pat on their forehead, not missing the goofy way they grinned at the awkward affection, "but seriously though, are you okay?"

Frisk sighed, avoided eye contact and reached over behind themselves to check just how bad their tailbone was.

"I think I'm alright…," they said.

Then, finally, an older, rather tough looking lady employee ran out to the couple, they noticed the name 'Lacie' embroidered on her shirt rather than a regular name tag.

"Hey! That looked like a nasty fall, how are you doing?" she asked.

Frisk gave the employee an stiff grin "ok I guess, I smacked my tailbone,"

Lacie winced sympathetically "oof, I hate when that happens, you think you'll be able to get up? Or do you think you'll need medical help?"

Frisk twisted their frown in thought and looked back and forth between Flowey and Lacie, a flash of Determination sparking in their eyes.

"I don't think it's as bad as it feels, I'm going to try to get up," Frisk declared and with both hands, letting the other two help them up, slowly but surely.

Once Frisk was back on their feet they let out a deep sigh.

"Does it still hurt?" Flowey asked quietly.

"Yes, you don't need to tough it out, we highly suggest if you think it's bad then it's probably time to call your parents or the ambulance, we don't wanna risk anything if something is broken," Lacie informed.
Frisk smiled graciously at the lady "thank you for the help mam'm, I think I'll be fine if I just skate it off,"

Lacie returned the smile "if you think so," she then looked to Flowey sharply "you'll get this one off the rink if it turns out their lying, okay?"

Flowey held back a laugh "trust me, I will,"

"Good, you two have fun now, it was a pleasure meetin' y'all," she said, waving as she turned and walked away.

"Same over here, thanks again for the help!" Frisk called.

"It's no problem kiddo! Have fun!" she called back.

Once she was gone and well out of sight and earshot, Flowey gave Frisk a judgmental stare.

"What?" Frisk asked, their expression sheepish.

"You're not lying just to stay up here, are you?" he asked.

They looked at little insulted by that "of course not, I wouldn't jeopardize my health just to have fun, I mean, I'm stubborn and all but I know when to stop,"

Flowey still wore a skeptical expression, "okay… I believe you, but can you at least keep at a slower pace this time? I know you want to go fast and keep me from being bored but you're too terrible at this right now to do any of that,"

Frisk's frown eased up and they finally smiled again "Alright, I'll go slow for you,"

"It's what you do best anyway," Flowey commented.

"Slow and steady does win the race…," Frisk confirmed under their breath.

They soon started moving again, both quieting down as a particularly good song began playing from the speakers, the beat on the other hand was fast paced, which of course, automatically caused Frisk to roller skate just a little faster than they were warned to, but they stayed more careful this time, keeping better focus on their feet than before as Flowey stayed next to them and stared out at the view of the arcade as they passed by it.

But then after a minute a conflicted smile appeared on Frisk's face and they finally spoke up.

"Are you really that nervous about me falling down again? It's not like I'm going that fast,"

Flowey narrowed his eyebrows at them in confusion, but then finally noticed it, his right robot hand that was firmly latched onto Frisk's upper arm, he let go and stared at his hand accusingly.
"I didn't mean to do that, I wasn't aware that it did that at all," he explained.

Frisk rolled over a little closer to observe it too, "it reacts to your soul doesn't it?" they then met his eyes and a flattered, love struck expression began to rise on their face.

Flowey couldn't but blush a little "yeah, but I wasn't thinking about holding your arm," he then sighed to himself "...but I guess I am that worried, so I guess that it would makes sense that this thing would betray me like this, guess it's not that much different from the other one,"

Quiet for a moment, Frisk gazed at Flowey warmly until their eyes lit up and they gave the robot arm a pat "I have an idea,"

He raised an eyebrow at them "is it a good idea?"

They flashed him a sheepish grin "it could be? I was thinking that if you're this worried, then maybe you could just push or pull me around instead,"

He held back a devilish smirk "what, do you mean like this?" he said and swooped around behind them, securely taking hold of their waist and with sudden burst, zoomed forward, laughing when Frisk squawked in pleasant surprise.

"YUP! Just like this!" Frisk called out in their excitement as Flowey whizzed them around the rink.

"Guess what, I've officially changed my mind about this! This is a lot funner when you got someone to hurtle around!" Flowey said them.

There was a pause in the air and Flowey slowed down ever so slightly.

"I promise you, that wasn't a pun," he added nervously.

Frisk looked back at him, giving him a gentle reassuring smile "I know, it's fine, no harm done, now c'mon baby, let's do some tricks," they said and then gracefully raised up their arm above their head, touching their fingers together and hiking a leg high up behind them, pretending to be a ballerina.

He chuckled quietly, shaking his insecurities away, complying with Frisk, speeding up and doing a sharp turn to make them laugh.

They spun around for awhile, laughing together, even uncaringly holding hands in public so Flowey could literally spin Frisk in circles and zig zags.

They were in the middle of gliding (and dancing on Frisk's part) when the current song finished and new one began, the melody started off a little slower than last, but that wasn't what caught the couple's attention it was the lyrics.
'Daisy…
Always climbing up the same tree.
Finding love in all the wrong scenes.

Daisy, you got me'

Flowey narrowed his eyebrows and frowned just as Frisk gasped audibly, both automatically slowing down.

'Daisy…
Always walking down the wrong streets.
Starting fires out of dead weeds

Daisy, you got me

Ooohh, let me show you how a kiss should taste'

"What in the hell…," Flowey said under his breath, staring up at the ceiling speakers as if they were broken, Frisk on the other hand was delighted, quietly the couple continued to listen to the song.

'Trust me, I won't give your heart away~
Why you running, running when you got it right here~?

Oh, I would love you if you let me…

Daisy, always dancing to the same beat.
Broken records stuck on repeat.

Daisy, you got me.

Ooohhh, Daisy, don't you know that you're amazing~?
Broken hearts just keeps on breaking.

Daisy, I would take the light out the stars to help you see.
Anything to guide you straight to me.'

"This song is beautiful! It's like someone ghost wrote a song about us!" Frisk exclaimed, Flowey was still not as thrilled and was actually becoming pretty embarrassed, at some point the couple slowed to stop.

'Let me show you how a kiss should taste
Trust me, I won't give your heart away
Flowey's eyes then widened when Frisk couldn't hold back anymore and began to sing along to the chorus, both unable to help the blush in their cheeks.

"Oh, I would love you if you let me,"

"Oh my god," Flowey groaned, flustered, keeping his composure the best he could.

"Let me show you how a kiss should taste," they sang, giving Flowey a quick flirty wink, continuing "trust me, I won't give your heart away."

Why you running, running

When you got it right here?

Oh, I would love you, if you let me'

Looking now like an actual orange and finally taking all he could take, at the embarrassment but also at how much the song just seemed to 'fit', it made him nervous, Flowey snapped his attention over to cashier station, eyeing it as he spoke to Frisk "I get that this is actually a decent song, but seriously Frisk! It's too much of a coincidence! Do you think they put this on? Or that Sans had something to do with it?"

'I won't give your heart away'

Frisk gaped in surprise, the romantic mood they had tapped into- now broken, concerned by their boyfriend's outburst "I have…actually…no idea, I'll admit this song and the whole thing with the skates is pretty mysterious, we can stop and go so you can go investigate if you want."

Why you running, running

When you got it right here~?

He stared at them hard for a moment, suddenly remembering how much Frisk had wanted to be up here and how much fun they'd been having "…are you okay with that?" he asked.

Frisk nodded "of course, it was fun while it lasted, but you're obviously not comfortable up here anymore, so neither am I," with a gently pull of their arm, they began to pull him along, "c'mon, let's go,"

He eagerly followed them off the rink.

After walking Frisk to the shoe changing area, he rolled off to the cashier station, but to his dismay, Wally was no longer there, instead there was a slightly younger woman with bright blond hair in
"Hi Susie," he said, his frown unsure, had this girl seen Frisk and him up there?

"Hello… sir?" she answered back as politely as she could, but was apparently unsure of his gender, which wasn't an unusual or new issue that Flowey experienced time to time with new humans, which he understood, but was also another reason why he wasn't always keen on personally introducing himself to them.

"Yes, good job that's the correct pronoun, listen, I have an important question, who's responsible for the music for the roller rink?" he asked.

Susie smiled awkwardly, "our manager, but she hasn't touched it since this morning, and we have it hooked up to an automatic online music station, is something wrong with it?"

Flowey's frown deepened, looking at the woman in near disbelief, "no, it's working fine, but are you sure it hasn't been altered by someone else? What's the station?"

Susie's smile fell and she looked down at the hidden computer, taking a moment to search the subject.

"It's currently on 'Electronic top hits', and it's been pretty slow up here so far today, so, yes, I'm sure no one else touched it today except to turn it on," she said.

Any sort of paranoid feelings had began to wither, Flowey began to feel like a doofus, still there was still something that he was curious about.

"Where'd Wally go?" he asked.
"He went on break," Susie replied.

Before an awkward silence had a chance to fall, Frisk walked up next Flowey, roller skates in their hands.

"Hello, everything okay up here?" Frisk asked, looking between the both of them.

"Yeah, good," Flowey said flatly.

They made a slight frown at his tone of voice "you sure?"

"Yeah, it's fine, just give the girl the skates," he mumbled.

Frisk eyed him for a moment in concern "if you insist mister…," held up the skates to Susie, smiling casually to her "sooo, I slipped a lot but it was all my fault and not the skates, your equipment works perfectly,"
At that Susie giggled quietly and took the skates back, walking away and over to a locker, proceeding to stick them inside and lock it back before returning to the others.

"By the way, I really like your hair, it's pretty," Frisk complimented.

Susie grinned and absent mindedly touched one of the braids, "thank you! I really like your hair too, your heart clip is very cute,"

Frisk smiled proudly "I know right? My boyfriend got it for me for my birthday way back when we were kids, he's the biggest sweetheart… even if he won't admit it,"

"He's a massive jerk to everyone else though, you'd HATE to meet him," Flowey blurted out, he couldn't believe Frisk was doing this right now, but he couldn't deny he did the same thing when he bragged about 'Magnola' to Asgore.

Susie smiled politely "he sounds like he would drive me crazy,"

Flowey gave her a giant wild grin "trust me, he would,"

Frisk who finally realized they had traded on thin ice, laughed nervously and in attempt to make him behave, grabbed a hold of the potbot, twisting it around so Flowey was now facing the opposite way from Susie, but he casually turned back around within his dirt, not even phased.

"Alright, thanks for the wheels, we had fun, c'mon Flowey!" Frisk said quickly and walked away, with Flowey following along, still grinning wildly at Susie, steering the pot bot backwards with ease.

Yet, annoyingly enough, Susie was apparently immune to creepy talking flowers as she merely grinned back and waved.

They began walking back toward the eating area, but no set plans were made yet, so they moved slow.

"You're really full of sass today Azzie," Frisk commented, it was more of an observation than a scolding.

At that Flowey turned back around correctly. "yeah, well, I bet that Susie girl is full of other stuff too, I swear if she's lying to me about that 'online music station' crap she can kiss my non-existent gluteus maximus, because I know she must have seen us up there, that song really was too fitting to be a coincidence,"

Frisk raised any eyebrow, a playful smile appearing on their face, they decided to derail the subject a with a flirty joke "you've been really focused on butts lately, you must be thinking about them a lot,"

Flowey gave them a look of annoyed disapproval "oh my god, no Frisk, you must be confusing me with yourself,"

Frisk's playful smile began to grow into something more flirty "are you sure? 'Cause, you know I saw you checking me out earlier and it's no prob-,"
"You were hurt, I had to look," he said, avoiding eye contact the best he could, but it was surprisingly hard to do.

"I know, and you were really sweet about it," Frisk continued on, their voice smooth like honey.

"Because I was concerned about your pain…and…uh…looking was an accidental reflex anyway, my eyes just…went there, okay?" he explained, still wary of the conversation because Frisk was still gazing at him in an extra 'frisky' way.

"Accident or no accident, you blushed, so I'm starting to think you liked what you saw, and I promise you that it's no problem with me babe~," they said coyly, confirming his wariness, realizing where they were taking this.

He gaped, couldn't think of a thing to say to that, his mind going blank, his cheeks turning a deep orange once again, Frisk took that and his silence as a chance to press on.

"I hope you don't mind, because if you had a cutie booty too, I definitely know I would end up sneaking a peek," Frisk said, giving Flowey's robot a playful saucy little hip bump.

"Mmmm…," he uttered out in a weak attempt to give them a proper answer, beginning to grow embarrassed again, too anxious to feel flattered as the conversation had too quickly delved into something of a ignominious and awkward of a subject for him, half the time he was fine with joking about 'butts' in a childish way, but Frisk was turning this into something that he was unprepared for and not in the right mood to handle it.

Especially while they were in public of all places!

Frisk frowned in concern, finally realizing that their 'woo-ing' technique was not having the same effect it usually did, instead their date seemed to be actually emotionally withdrawing from them, Frisk's hope of distracting Flowey from his bad mood had definitely not worked.

"Azzie…? Are you okay? Was…was that too much?" Frisk asked, their voice now gentle and concerned.

He eyed them, then looked away shyly, swallowing a lump in his throat, he just wanted them to just be quiet for a few minutes so he could re-collect his thoughts and sort out his mood.

"Or…um… are you still upset about the song? What was it you said about the music? Something about an online music station?" they asked.

He stared hard at the floor, impatiently so "yeah…and that apparently no one messes with it, except to turn it on,"
Frisk walked a little closer next to him, becoming increasingly worried that he was in this anxiety mode and not giving them any answers as to why. "Please, Asriel, you can tell me if I was too forward, it won't hurt my feelings, okay? I need you to communicate with me so I won't go overboard and upset you … because I think I just did…”

Unfortunately, the attempt to help backfired as his boiling frustration suddenly bent and erupted inside of Flowey, his temper blowing a fuse.

Clenching his fists, he came to an abrupt stop, he couldn't find it within himself to look at Frisk, instead he glared holes into the neon colored stars and patterns on the carpet next to their left boot, what came out of his mouth next was an angry, agitated, quickly wound up lie that he managed to discreetly hiss to them under his breath.

"No! You didn't 'upset' me, but what I would appreciate is if you stop assuming that I care about what your butt looks like! Because I just… I just don't! And neither do I care what you would think of mine! It's… it's… disgusting okay?! So can you just shut up about it?! Damn it Frisk!"

Without warning, he sharply turned away from them and drove off, only glancing up to see where he was going, exasperated and angry with himself and this whole stupid situation, he decided to go back to the dining area, it looked mainly empty at the moment, which was good, he needed some solitude right now.

Behind him, Frisk stared at him in shock, alarmed and completely caught off guard at what just happened, wringing their hands together worriedly to their chest, a deep upsettingly distraught feeling taking hold of them, but as Flowey became farther and farther away they finally snapped out of it, rushing after him, eager to apologize and make it up to him.

Flowey soon found a spot at a table, his anxiety rising as he caught sight of Frisk in the distance, now fully ashamed of himself, he wasn't sure why they had followed him, especially after what he had said.

His guilt worsened as they made their way over on the other side of the table, sitting down in front of him, he shut his eyes tight as they begun to apologize.

"... I'm sorry, I completely misread your signals, I thought I could distract you with flirting like always... but no, I messed it up bad this time," their voice a desperate ache "and... I shouldn't have pressed on like that... it was wrong of me and I'm really sorry,"
Ohhh noo, he hated it when they over apologized liked this… wincing as any left over anger melted away, only making him feel even more guilty.

"You don't have to forgive me, or even accept my apology, I just want you know I'm sorry for acting gross and that I will make up for this however you want me to… okay?" they added, he could even feel the way they were looking at him.

Now he wanted to desperately say something back, do something to fix both their mistakes so they could just forget any of this ever happened, he hadn't meant to lie and snap at them like that.

He tried to think of something to say, an apology of his own… but anything he came up with just wasn't good enough, words of kindness slipping through his thoughts. . .

But, no, he took too long, losing his space of time to speak up as seconds turned into a minute as the two of them sat in excruciating silence.

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Finally, as he guessed, Frisk wasn't able to handle just sitting there doing nothing as they waited for him to speak any longer, finally fished out their phone and began idly looking over it.

He let out a silent sigh, he stared down at his gloved robot hands, left to think things over, sometimes he still had no idea how to handle Frisk's flirty side, and he especially still didn't know how to handle how it made him feel… most of the time it was really great, sometimes it was embarrassing, but then there were times like these when it still made him frustrated and nervous- but that part had less to do with Frisk's flirtatious ways and more to do with him not feeling 'worthy enough'.

He peeked up at them, noticing that they were now texting, Flowey wondered to who, he thought of asking…and then faltered, instead he stared down blankly at the space between them on the table, his insecurities taking a hold of the vulnerable moment to dominate his thoughts.

…If he was normal, they wouldn't be in this situation..
...If he was normal, he would have flirted back instead of running away...

...If he was normal, they would be laughing together right now...

...If he was normal, he would say something by now...

He grit his teeth, motivating himself with self hatred was definitely not a good move, but either way, he couldn't handle the silence or the guilt, he had to say something...

"...Who are you talking to?" he asked quietly, still not looking at them.

"Mm, Asgore, telling him we're having fun," they said, their tone listless, they didn't like lying, that officially made the both of them.

Flowey winced again and let out deep long quiet sigh, running a cool gloved hand over his forehead, realizing vacantly why Frisk did it now, it had something of a soothing effect, temporarily silencing his thoughts.

He jerked back in surprise when his hat fell off, he'd nearly forgotten it was on his head, he immediately picked it back up, he took the moment to stare at the shifting colors and read the words.

'Cool Kid'

He closed his eyes tightly, he hadn't been very 'cool', had he? He hadn't been prepared when Frisk had come on that strong, lost his temper and then snapped at them.

Frisk was just as in the wrong too, they had definitely misread his signals this time, just nearly over doing it but at least they had the good graces to realize they had done wrong and quickly sincerely apologize.

But he other hand- still hadn't, what was worse was that he had lied to them and called them disgusting, and then let them believe it was true, especially when he knew that Frisk had insecurities about that very subject.

The thing was, they weren't just best friends anymore, they were dating and things had changed so fast and dramatically, he had entered this relationship knowing that being with a person like Frisk- that things were probably going to be intense, still, somehow, he found himself caught off guard time and time again.
All of this especially didn't make things easier when the both of them were so different.

Frisk had even bragged about being even more flirty, be unrestrained around him, especially with their feelings, hell, he had even sort of anticipated that side of them…

He had known dating Frisk was not going to be easy, but even then he had underestimated it and made himself hard to date for Frisk in return, and now thanks to Frisk’s wild flirty habits and weird human hormones and his (one of many) disability to deal with things in a normal way, the both of them had created a weird and uncomfortable problem and he still had no clue what to do, it was the type of problem that he never thought he would be in, the kind of problems he use to make fun of when was a bratty kid, boy was he facing that karma big time.

He looked back over at Frisk and thought about how he had felt at soda fountain.

He'd faced and over come so many obstacles thanks to them, both small and big, and this was just going to be something to add the list, because he planned to stay with them with as long as he possibly could and he was Determined that the BOTH of them were going to be happy while they were, he could do this.

The most annoying and embarrassing part out of all this, was that he actually knew how to solve this problem, and for lots of people- it would be easy, so easy a moldsmal could do it, but the fact that he was Asriel Flowey Dreemurr and Frisk was…Frisk… didn't make it as easy and simple as one would think.

All he had to do was tell them the truth.

Since the night at the pond, telling them the harder truths had become a lot easier, but in certain situations like this…not so much.

He bit his bottom lip before he spoke up again.
"I didn't mean it," grabbing Frisk’s attention, they looked at him confusion.
"Huh?"

He began to feel embarrassed again, trying to figure out how he was going to word the truth without exploding into a million flower pieces, he had trouble looking them in the eye.

"When I said I didn't care and said you're behavior was… disgusting, it was all a lie, all of it, I…"
um...I wasn't thinking straight, and you know I say stupid stuff when I don't know what to do...and I was so frustrated and embarrassed and you just kept talking and talking - in PUBLIC no less- I got mad and took it out on you, and I shouldn't have, I'm sorry, really, really sorry."

He then leaned forward and let out a long sigh "I thought I was getting better at this but...I...guess not, you were right, it was too much this time,"

Frisk blinked back the tears that welled up their eyes, wiping their cheek, an expression of empathy and relief clear on their face.
"I'm sorry too, really sorry, I was in over my head and I guess... I didn't think it through, did... did I upset you when I talked about your butt? Sometimes you're okay about this stuff and sometimes not, and I remember how you feel about having a flower body... but I..."

Their face tensed up as they entered a sensitive subject, choosing their next words as carefully as they could without being embarrassing or upsetting.

"I forget just how much of yourself that you don't have, and the...things and parts... that you should have, growing up...and dealing with this sort of stuff and then having a relationship like ours... it makes me realize how much I take for granted sometimes,"

Surprisingly, Flowey let out chuckle.

But his laughter held no real humor, it bordered on uncomfortable and pathetic as he stared vacantly at the table between them once again, he didn't have to guess to know what they were talking about, he never 'liked' thinking or talking about it, but the both of them were growing up and he couldn't avoid the subject forever....well, for at least this moment he couldn't.

"Yeah, well, uh... I...I've been dealing with it, I guess," but he twisted his face in annoyance and looked back up to them, remembering what they said about communicating...
"No, it bothered me, I loathe missing out on the things I know I should have or stuff I should be experiencing, and I feel like you deserve the real me, not just Flowey 2.0. or even Flowey 5.0, you shouldn't even have had to settle on a freak plant with a dysfunctional soul for a boyfriend,"

Without a warning, Frisk stood up and made their way over to him, sitting next to him, they smiled at him as they realized what they were going to say next, eyes full of tears and emotion, speaking quietly so only the two of them could hear.

"What I deserve is you, any type of you- I don't care what form you're in, to me, any Asriel is my favorite Asriel, because any version is the best you...I mean sure, I like most people, but out of everyone, I 'settled' on you- not just because you look the way you do, but because I wanted to be with the amazing boy who was just trying his damn hardest to get his life together even if it has a notorious history of not being too kind to him, the boy who drives my heart crazy in ways that no one else can," they let out a soft giggle as Flowey timidly looked down at his hands and smile bashfully, but tightly as a painful rush of emotions came over him.

Still, they continued on "and I mean sure... the idea of being with and dating a version of you with a little more 'body' would definitely make hugs a lot more fuzzier, but if I did have that version- I know I'd miss the way I can hold you in my arms the way I can now, or kissing lips as soft as yours, either
way, in the end, I'd just happy to have you with me, no matter what form," and then they sighed quietly and wiped their eyes again, sniffing, looking down at their hand next to the gloved one nearby, their smile changing into something sad.

"Sometimes I get so in over my head, because I get so excited to be close to you and talk to you in ways I've always wanted to back when I couldn't… because I didn't want you to be disgusted by me, all I want for you is to show you and make you feel how you make me feel…which is a lot!"

They grinned briefly at him and let out gentle laugh, their eyes sparkling for a moment.

"And…and… sometimes in my excitement I… forget how much it hurts you to even be yourself, or that you get worried about being disgusting too and it hurts when I can't help you, so it makes me try harder in ways I know I can… even though it goes the wrong way like it did earlier, I'm still really angry at myself that I upset you, I'm still trying to learn how to do this dating thing too, and.. I know what I said- but… I'm…I'm really hoping you can forgive me,"

Hit with different but better kind of emotions now, Flowey's eyes began to sting as they began to uncontrollably fill with tears, he wasn't surprised either, it had all been building up since he'd snapped at them, he began to choke up, without a second thought he closeted his face inside his petals, he hated crying in public.

"Oh- god, I forgive you already Frisk, just stop you big idiot... why did you have to do this to me, here of all places?" he said, his voice almost in a sob.

They smiled sweetly at him, apologetically, giving the back of his flowery head a comforting pet.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to make you cry," they said and then heard them get up "here, I'll go get you a strawberry milkshake, okay?"

"Wait," he said, he lowered his head down to open his petals half way to see, discreetly, almost like a low hanging hood, sighing as he brought out his wallet, taking out a twenty and handing it to Frisk, "get yourself something too,"

Frisk stared down at him, perplexed and not immediately taking the money, almost dolefully entranced by the sight of the tears that rolled down and dropped from his petals.

He persisted though, waving the twenty closer until it smashed into their hand "we're still on a date and I'm still Determined to do it properly," letting out a sniffle "take it you dumb idiot,"

He was relieved when they let out a quiet giggle, their trance effectively broken, begrudgingly taking the money, but they didn't walk away yet.

"You know something, I think we've both been trying too hard and it's cleaaarrly made us moody, after you have your milkshake, do you want to go get our prizes and get the heck out of here? I bet the fresh air will make us feel a whole lot better," Frisk asked.

He looked up at them and smirked languidly, opening his petals back fully and wiping his eyes.
"Yeah, that sounds like a plan, there's too many people here anyway,"

Frisk smiled back, and without warning, raised a hand close to his face, sticking out their thumb, index and middle finger, creating a hand puppet to which they used to gently smooch against his
cheek.

"Mwa" they said "a substitute smooch for you~,"

He grinned bashfully and pushed their hand away "are you mocking me?"

"Nooo, it's more of a tribute, I can't mock what I liked," Frisk explained.

Flowey raised his eyebrows in pleasant surprise, his bashful grinning becoming wiggly, so much for worrying that his vine kiss had been a bad idea, ugh, he enjoyed Frisk's mush but couldn't take anymore of this!

"Just go already," he murmured shyly as he looked away.

"Alright, alright, I'll be back soon," they said and walked off.

(Secret) Song: Daisy by Zedd ft. Julia Michaels

Chapter End Notes

And that concludes Part One of the (secret) date, Part Two will be on its way next week! I love you guys! See you later!
Your Best Daydream

Chapter Summary

The odd couple go outside and onward with the second half of their date, now that their completely alone, they flirt, joke, and talk about the more personal things on their minds, and in doing so, Flowey ends up learning more than he thought he did.

Chapter Notes

Notes/fun fact: I've talked about this before, but like a lot of the others, Chapter 32 and 33 were originally one giant chapter, it was also the most time consuming to work on (it's the reason this fanfic took nearly three years to work on instead of only two) because of writer's block and maybe I think I wasn't ready for it to end.

So me and the characters were lost in what I like to call 'date purgatory' for awhile.

This chapter alone is probably (?) the longest written after all.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 33 Your Best Daydream

Warnings?: Nothing bad! Just Extreme and Excessive amounts of fluff and romance- as expected for a date like this, it might actually be an overload (I couldn't help myself) Also, BIG apologies to anyone named Davie

Inspiration Song: 'Move You' by Kelly Clarkson and 'When The Day Met The Night' by Panic! At The Disco
'Like an endless fire burning
Like a hope that fuels the light
Like the hands that simply hold you, when words can't make it right
Like the first time that I met you, I fell so hard, so fast
Like that montage in a movie
Mmm, the way you move me
I wanna move you like that'

So he said, "Would it be all right
If we just sat and talked for a little while
If in exchange for your time
I give you this smile?"

So she said, "That's OK
As long as you can make a promise
Not to break my little heart
Or leave me all alone in the summer."

Well he was just hanging around
Then he fell in love
And he didn't know how
But he couldn't get out
Just hanging around
Then he fell in love

In the middle of summer
All was golden in the sky
All was golden when the day met the night

As he waited on Frisk, he basked in the quiet, trying not to relay everything that just happened in the past few minutes, no, he was kind of tired of worrying about things today, it was time to relax, seriously this time.

He closed his eyes and rested, feeling a little sore around the edges, listening to the background sounds of the arcade, the faint blend of music from different areas of the building, the excited screams from children and distant sounds of a family calmly chatting at one of the farther tables.
He was close to falling asleep when he heard a familiar tap of boots approach, blinking his eyes back open, quietly watching as Frisk sat a very pink milkshake in front of him, then finding their place back next to him.

For a moment, neither of them talked, with Frisk watching Flowey as he took the cup in and stirred the thick shake around with the straw.

"So, is it true that you like my butt and cannot lie?" they nonchalantly asked, but Flowey could hear the silly smile in their voice.

Automatically he closed his eyes tightly for a moment, holding back what felt like a laugh, he really couldn't help but still be embarrassed about the topic, but it wasn't as bad this time.
"Why is this so important to you? Why your butt of all things?" he genuinely asked.

"Because usually when people are dating they like to know what their lover thinks of their body," Frisk casually explained, it was a perfectly normal topic for them.

Flowey's cringed a little "you really like using words like that don't you?"

Frisk giggled softly "saying romantic things make me feel… nice, warm, and fuzzy, it makes it seem like it's valentines day all the time, it's even better when I get people to feel the same, and it means more to me if it's you, especially if it's you,"

Flowey let out awkward laugh "uhhh-heh, yeah, I guess if… you put it that way I… um… suppose I understand why you do it… b-but do you have to refer to me as a…ummm…" he lowered his voice to a very quiet whisper, nearly inaudible "'lover'?"

This time it was Frisk's turn to become flustered "oh! I didn't mean- I mean I did- but like- never mind,"

Hastily, Flowey decided to change the subject "so what did you do with my money?"

"I exchanged it for more coins and gave it to a few kids," Frisk said.

Flowey let out a sigh, of course they would do something like that, "I meant for you to use that for yourself, preferably for food?"

Frisk shrugged "I couldn't figure out what I wanted, and I'm not all that hungry, so I thought I'd be charitable instead, it wasn't like you were going to take it back,"

"Bleeeh, you're TOO nice," he grumbled, finally taking a sip of his milkshake, inwardly pleased when he found that it was just the right amount of sweet, immediately drinking up more.

"Says the nice boy," Frisk said, smiling goofily when Flowey eyed them.

Yet, despite his stubborn expression, underneath the table, he discreetly summoned down a vine and
held it out to them, to which they took and held onto, their goofy smile growing when he twirled it around their hand and brushed it against the tips of their fingers.

As he stared at the spellbinding sight, something pulled at Flowey… guilt and the urge to do the right thing, he moved from his milkshake, releasing another long sigh.
"Okay… I give in, if it'll make you happy to hear it, I'll be honest with you, I think your butt is very good and I care about it…and like it… but… really that isn't even half of it- since there isn't much about you that I don't like," 

Frisk was pleasantly surprised "heh- wow, thank you Azzie…I didn't guilt trip you to get you to say all that did I?"

Flowey shook his head "I made myself do it, I wanted you to hear it, you deserved to hear it," 

Flustered again as they processed this, Frisk held their free hand up to their mouth as they smiled bashfully, too overtaken by feelings to think of what to say back.

Flowey chuckled lowly, watching them admiringly "I think I'm starting to see why you like flirting so much, it really is interesting to be on the other side of it," 

But then he watched as Frisk's eye contact shifted to somewhere behind him and then emit a soft warning hum, letting go of his vine.
"We'll continue this later, there's an adorable, small child in coming on your far left," they alerted quietly.

At that he shifted around to turn his attention to a little boy around seven or eight years old who walked towards them.
"Do you recognize him?" he whispered.

"I guess? I saw him playing in the ball pit but I didn't get a chance to say hello," Frisk whispered back.

"Great, he probably saw you giving coins to the other kids and wants some too," Flowey grumbled.

"I don't know about that, he's looking at you," Frisk corrected.

"Ugh, I just HAD to be bright golden," he grumbled again.

"Hello," Frisk greeted politely once the boy had come close enough.

The boy didn't immediately say anything at first, he simply stared at Flowey, standing awkwardly and fidgeting with his hands, but he definitely looked like he had something very important to say.
Flowey thought about saying something snarky or rude, anything to make this kid go away, but he wasn't really in the mood of screwing up the date more than he already had, who knew, maybe this kid was ok?

"Hi?" he attempted.

"...I...I was wondering... why were you...umm... why..." they boy started, but his words seemed to dwindle as his already quiet voice became quieter.

Flowey looked over to Frisk for some help, but they were too focused and concerned for the nervous boy to notice.

"It's okay, take your time," Frisk said, voice extra sweet "here, let's try something first, my name is Frisk and this is Flowey, what's your name?"

The boy visibly began to relax a little "Dannie,"

"That's a great name, soooo, now that we aren't complete strangers, are you comfortable enough to ask your question?" they said.

Slowly, Dannie nodded, eyes shifting from Frisk to Flowey again.

"It's okay, he can be a little rude, but he won't bite," Frisk interjected.

Flowey smirked in amusement, fighting the urge to utter the word 'much', but they were trying to make progress here.

"Yeah, I'm not hungry anyway, just use your words to the best of whatever abilities you have and I'll answer your question."

"I was… wondering…," Dannie started.

The couple stared at him with anticipation "yes…?"

"Why were you crying?" he finally asked, looking away to the floor uncomfortably.

Flowey this time, was not able to stop himself from letting out a subtle groan of embarrassed annoyance at himself and at this nosy kid.

Still, he stayed patient "alright, first of all, that wasn't crying, I had a double eye leak, second, I don't 'cry',"

Dannie seemed skeptical, looking to Frisk for a second for some kind of confirmation, unsure of the answer, mainly because Flowey had really looked genuinely emotional and tearful for a creature that wasn't 'crying', but after a moment, he accepted the truth and became curious.

"Like…a sap leak?" Dannie asked.

Flowey grimaced at the word in disgust, 'sap' was one of those words that made him uncomfortable whenever he heard or read it, along with 'moist', 'lover', 'goat milk', 'stamen', 'pistil', or 'curd'.

What he also didn't like was that Dannie was right, because yes, his tears and saliva was made up of sap and maybe some other weird stuff and he really didn't like being reminded of it, because frankly, it was just gross.

"No, not that, I was getting rid of excess oil, I'm part robot, part flower," he said in all seriousness.
Dannie's eyebrows raised, perplexed "robot?"

Flowey grinned widely, realizing the potential his lie held with (younger) and (ignorant) humans, especially when there were monsters like Tsunderplane, The Diamond Boys, or Mettaton around, he could tell a human stranger that his dad was a literal monkey face orchid (or Dracula Simia) and most of them would be none the wiser.

"Yeah, my face is actually made out of liquid crystal, it's the same thing a TV screen is made of, I can change my face to do anything I want, I could even look like YOU,"

He looked closely at Flowey's face, squinting even "it doesn't look like a screen, it's not smooth like one,"

Flowey snickered "and surprisingly, you're sharp, but no, I really am a robot, I'm just made out of the most top of the line high tech, check it out," he said and twisted his facial features around dramatically, making a show of the transformation before settling on making a near perfect imitation of the boy's face.

The boy in question gasped and for the first time since meeting him, he smiled.

But the moment was lost as Flowey and Frisk spotted another person walk toward them, most notably a tall teenage boy with dark brunet hair, who made a beeline toward the younger boy.

"Dannie, there you are," he said.

Dannie's smile faded, he looked a little confused "but…you told me-,"

The older one patted Dannie on the shoulder "I did and now it's time to go,"

The boy sighed and gave the other two a last glance and a small awkward smile before walking off.

"Bye, it was nice meeting you!" Frisk called out.

Flowey merely stared up at the taller boy, for some reason, he looked very familiar… but he couldn't quite place it.

"Sorry, that was just my little brother, don't mind him," the older one said.

Frisk shook their head "nah, it's cool, he was no problem at all…,"

"So, you really go to places like this Frisk?" the boy asked, his tone subtly condescending.

Flowey narrowed his eyebrows at the comment, realizing that this guy probably went to school with Frisk, it was probably best to stay out of it and pay extra attention, for now.

Frisk smirked weakly "um, actually I haven't been to this place in awhile, I just thought it would be a good place to hang out with my best friends for a change, why are you here Davie?"

Hm, Flowey didn't recognize the name either, but either way, he was getting the impression that the
two of them weren't friends, also noticing in aggravation that this Davie hadn't looked anywhere else except at Frisk since he had arrived, ignoring the entirety of Flowey's presence altogether.

Davie shrugged "my little sis is having her fourth birthday party, this is my first time in this place, but so far it's been really boring,"

"Yeah, it doesn't seem like your kind of place…but I'm sure you'll find something in here that you'll like," they said, absent-mindedly taking hold of Flowey's milkshake and tapping their finger's against the cold container and fidgeting with it.

"Mmmhm, I might, I was actually thinking… do you want to get out of here and we can hang out instead? I've got a good feeling you could show me something I'd like," Davie asked, a smooth smile sliding onto his face.

At that, the other two were caught of guard by the very brazen pick up line, not immediately sure how to answer, they hadn't exactly expected or was ready for something like this to happen.

Frisk's first response was to genuinely laugh in surprise, Flowey's was to scoff loudly in shock at this gross human's audacity.

"Aheheh, uh… sorry? But um, I just explained, I'm already hanging out with someone, and it's pretty important to me," they said, proudly motioning a hand to Flowey, but Davie still didn't really bother looking.

Becoming a little more than annoyed now, Flowey glowered, it was unbelievable, this guy really had the gall to just waltz up and make a move on Frisk like this! Still, he had to hold his anger back, it wasn't like Davie knew the two of them were dating, but, Frisk had a point, they were already in the middle of something important.

Also it really was was just… bizarre, usually most normal people would actively look and inspect a strange talking flower, like Davie's little brother just had, but this was insufferable, Flowey had met a handful of arrogant and hateful humans, but none of them had ever gone this far to ignore him before.

Also there was still that nagging feeling that Flowey had seen Davie… somewhere…

.. !

But then- it finally hit him, a flashback causing a wide toothy grin to spread across his face.

"Wait a second! Now I recognize that punchbag face, didn't I beat you up with a bunch of basketballs a few years ago?" Flowey blurted out.

At that, Davie finally dared to look at Flowey, his mouth a tight insulted frown, almost a sneer.

Frisk on the other hand covered their mouth, unsure if they should laugh or be mad, "Flowey!"

Flowey did laugh though, triumphantly so "what? I apologized didn't I? I'm sure he's over it by
now," he then stared him down mischievously, slyly, he almost wanted to flash the other teenager a menacing face, but of course he knew better "…aren'tcha Davie?"

Davie grimaced, his expression hard to read but he was definitely uncomfortable "yeah… whatever," he then looked back to Frisk "why do you hang out with this creep?"

An incredulous expression appeared on Frisk's face, now also clearly insulted. "Whoa, excuse me, sir? I know you two don't have good history together, but you miiiight need to rephrase your sentence because it's becoming apparent that the only creep I'm aware of right now is you, because that's my best friend you're talking about,"

Again, Flowey could only laugh, he couldn't help but be impressed and proud of Frisk, it was in times like these that he had to admire their 'do no harm but take no crap' way of living.

Davie grimace dropped to irritation "alright, whatever… if you didn't want me around you should have just said so,"

Frisk shook their head firmly "pretty sure I tried to, but I'm nooot quite sure you heard me Davie, and asking you to flat out leave would have been rude, which is what you were when you asked me to hang out- when I was already clearly doing that with someone else,"

"He could have come along," Davie said, shoulder motioning to Flowey without looking at him.

Frisk took a casual sip of the milkshake, their face tense and serious "sorry no, mmm-mmm, no more excuses buddy, I know that look you gave me, and I know 'hanging out me and my friends' wasn't your intention at all when you pulled out that pick up line, you wanted to be with me, alone,"

At that, Davie smirked coolly at something that was only funny to him, chuckling a little, his gaze on Frisk's softer features lingering a little too long, "you don't know what I want,"

Frisk stared at him impatiently now "I know you're really starting to over welcome your stay in our personal space, especially with how you've been talking to me and giving my best friend the cold shoulder,"

With that remark, Flowey couldn't take anymore, moving from out of his seat and stood before Davie, tense anger in his eyes "what they're actually trying to say is that you're making them EXTREMELY uncomfortable and that they want you to leave them alone, NOW."

Davie frowned tightly, instantly made uneasy by Flowey's closeness, backing away.

"Fine, whatever," he grumbled, giving up and finally began to walk away, and Flowey wasn't sure but he could have sworn he heard Davie utter the word "freaks," under his breath.

They noticed as Monster Kid came in to view, hastily moving out of the way as Davie came toward them to pass them.

"Holy frijoles, it's Monster Kid! I was wondering where you went!" Frisk cheered jokingly, waving for their friend.
"Yeah, got in a call with my girlfriend- but yyyooooo, was that really Davie talking to you dudes?" they asked, making their way over on the other side of the table in front of Frisk, meanwhile Flowey edged back to his seat, taking his time to watch Davie as he left, making sure he didn't linger around.

"Yeeh, the guy completely snubbed Flowey and attempted to make a move on me, it was nasty," Frisk said, taking another sip of the milkshake, then let out a tired sigh "I've known him almost long as Flowey, and I've tried my hardest to show him kindness, but Davie has hardly changed since I've known him, it's like he doesn't care how nice a person is, and it's getting…so…so tiring to be patient with a guy like him,"

"Wowwww, I don't know why you even still bother to give him the time of day, sorry I couldn't help stick up for you, what makes all of it worse is that I think I heard he's already dating someone too…," MK gossiped.

Finally, Flowey turned back around and sat back down next to Frisk, taking his milkshake back, taking a quick sip before talking.

"Clearly he isn't just 'calling you names and picking on you' anymore, but he's still just as disgusting as I remember, should I be more concerned?" he asked, edging in a little closer.

Frisk let out a long sigh "no, thank you babe, but I can handle it, besides, I don't really have any classes with him this year, so I never really see him as is, so he's pretty easy to dodge at school,"

MK perked up and looked to Flowey "hey, wait a sec, isn't he one of the kids you threw basketballs at?"

Flowey snickered "yep, and I finally have a good reason to not regret it anymore,"

Frisk gave him a warning nudge "oh my goodness, do I have to keep reminding you that you gave someone a concussion?"

Instantly, his smile disappeared like a magic trick "okay, okay, fine, you have a point, but… seriously Frisk, if Punchbag Face ever messes with you again, don't hesitate to tell me,"

Frisk gave him a confused look "why would I hesitate? I already know you and everyone else will have my back… I mean, not that I think Davie would even DO something that for real terrible, but-,"

Flowey shook his head at himself "I know, I get what you mean," he then sighed "that guy just really still pisses me off, who does he think he even is?"

Monster Kid looked to Frisk "you know what dude, just pull a Flowey and make up a partner, I don't know if it'll get Davie to stop messing with you, but it's worth a shot,"

Frisk lit up at the suggestion "make my own 'Magnola'?"

Flowey however was skeptical of the idea "I don't like it, too many people know you, what if words gets around and mom finds out? She'll want to know, and there's a chance you'll get nervous and fib or she'll just get wise, next thing we know she'll be sending me away to some kind of boot camp or tossing you out to a psyche ward,"

Frisk let out a nervous laugh "alright, calm down, I get it, but if I did make one up…for just fun, I
would want a girlfriend instead, I've always wanted to date a girl, I think it would really throw anyone off if they got suspicious about us,"

Flowey gave them a tired smirk "do you think they would get suspicious if we named her 'Daisy'?

Frisk attempted to stifle what would have been a loud burst of laughter, "not sure, I already dated a boy named Forester and you have Magnola, I think they at least know that nature is our thing, I mean, I know I really love flowers,"

Flowey snickered "I love you too, you cute little freak,"

Starting to feel just a little bit uncomfortable with the PDA that they expected was fast approaching, Monster Kid cleared their throat to interrupt the conversation.

"AHHEM, so, uhhh, I'm starting to feel like this is the part where you guys are pretty much ready to ditch me…like we talked about? Not! That I'm tired of you two yet!"

Frisk grinned bashfully as they remembered MK's presence "yeah, we were actually discussing that earlier, after Flowey finishes his milkshake we're going to cash in our tickets, get our prizes and go find something else to do in town, I guess that's when we can see you off, that sound cool?"

"Majorly cool," they confirmed.

"I hope you don't feel like we used you, we really liked having you along for the ride," Frisk said.

MK chuckled "no dude, I get it, you don't want anyone to get suspicious, being the third wheel is… no offense… sort of weird, but I'll get used to it,"

Frisk let out an awkward laugh "tell you what, next time you and your girlfriend go out, you can drag me or Flowey along as a third wheel… or fourth wheel,"

"Sounds awesome,"

Then the conversation begun to dwindle, both Frisk and Monster Kid looked over to Flowey expectantly, who stared back at them and let out a long sigh, his milkshake was still half full.

"I'm guessing you two want me to hurry, huh?" Flowey said lazily, bothering to curl a hand around the cup.

"If you want to get out of here, then yes… but not so fast that you'd get brain freeze," Frisk said.

Flowey scrunched up his face "I got a better idea," he then took out his phone to get into one of the Dimensional Boxes, reaching in to grab the rest of his leftover coins, promptly handing them to Frisk.

"I want you two to split this up or whatever to play more games while I finish this up, I can't stand it when people wait on me, it drives me crazy,"

"Are you sure? You sure you won't get lonely?" Frisk worried.

"Yep,"

"You really don't want the rest of your coins dude?" MK asked.
Flowey shrugged "Frisk gave away their money, why can't I? Besides, I have more than enough tickets,"

Frisk snickered then turned to Monster Kid "c'mon, there's a bunch more stuff I have to tell you anyway,"

Flowey raised his eyebrow at them as they walked away "no talking about what happened in the bathroom!" he called out.

"Dang it," he heard Frisk jokingly grumble, snapping their fingers in defeat.

He snickered to himself, watching lazily as they left.

He hoped Davie wouldn't bother Frisk again now that he wasn't with them, but he shook the thought away, Monster Kid was there, and they HAD said they could handle him, and by watching them interact he had more than enough proof.

With that last thought, he begun to down the milkshake, eager to get out of this place, quickly drinking until he had to abruptly stop, cringing hard and curling into himself when a brain freeze brought about a painful icy blizzard inside the entirety of his head.

*Wow, he was terrible listener.*

After that, he took his time, which was probably for the best, because once he finished, he decided he was going to go have an long overdue chat with Sans.

... 

A few minutes later...

Flowey waited patiently as a young girl went over the prizes with Sans, dumping his empty cup away in one of the banana shaped trashcans nearby.

*Very patiently* because he could never be in a hurry to talk to Sans.

But too soon the girl picked out what looked like a slap bracelet and a tiny rainbow slinky and wondered off, it was now his turn.
"Hi," Flowey greeted with a frown.

"whats up, hows the non-date going?" Sans replied.

Flowey's frown deepened "I know you're trying to be funny, but that question is exactly what I've come here to talk to you about, I need to be serious with you for a second,"

Sans's perma-grin to slip ever so slightly, "Alright," and suddenly the world around them instantly became silent, the lights dimming eerily, Flowey looked back to see that all movements had stopped, stuck in space.

Sans had paused time.

Flowey looked back to the skeleton "that wasn't necessary,"

"seemed like it was, besides, you said you needed me to be serious,"

Flowey rolled his eyes, and then sighed "knowing you, you probably already know what I want,"

San's shrugged "i don't, but you never talk to me bud, so whatever this is, it must be important,"

"First of all, don't call me 'bud', second- you're right, this is important," Flowey said and then let out another sigh "… what do you…know?"

"i dunno sprout, there's a lot of stuff i know, and a lot of stuff i don't know," Sans stated nonchalantly.

Flowey narrowed his eyebrows, ignoring the pun this time, "I mean, what do you know about Frisk and me?"

Sans chuckled "i know you're frisk's 'not-boyfriend', and that things between you two kids to have been going pretty well, but trust me, you're relationship with them is nothing I would think to gossip about," Sans then paused and shook his head to himself, looking back to Flowey with almost sad eyes.

"there's something important i need to talk to you about too… one i should of had with you a long time ago, but… i'm… aware that the both of us didn't get along very well in the far distant past, i might have remembered why once, but not anymore, the more resets that are made the foggier some of my memories become. so whatever bad thing either of us said or did, it's all gone from my mind, all i know is that in the end- it made you afraid of me and… vice versa, and i know talking about this sort of stuff is a pain, i relate to that, but… just know it's ok now, ok? i have no bad intentions toward you and i'm honestly glad you made it this far,"

Flowey's mouth gaped open, he hadn't expected this, finding himself thankful that Sans didn't remember, realizing he no longer had a reason to keep his guard up around the shorter skeleton anymore, he didn't feel relief though, because at the end of the day he would always know very well what power the shorter skeleton was capable of.

Yes, Sans forgot, but Flowey would always remember.

He closed his mouth back with a snap, "thanks…i guess,"
"also, you know your LV has changed right?" Sans stated, again catching Flowey off guard.

It had caught him off guard because he hadn't bothered looking at it in *years*, pushing it away and hiding from his and everyone else's view because it only reminded him of his sins, and neither did he want to remind anyone else, eventually he forgot about checking or showing it at all, but that wasn't just it, it was that a person's LOVE rarely just *'changed'* like that.

He was in disbelief, but something about the way Sans was looking at him made him skeptical, so for the first time in a very long time, Flowey pulled up his stats.

*Flowey* (Asriel Dreemurr)

LV 14

He rubbed at his eyes, blinking them a few times to make sure he was reading that right.

FOURTEEN?! Just *fourteen*? Last time he checked it was in the thousand digits!

"*Golly*…," he uttered breathlessly, this clearly must have had something to do with the renewal of his soul, still, he had so many thoughts and questions.

"Why *only fourteen*…? It's such a weird number," he mumbled to himself, the number was oddly specific and neither did it make any sense, it did however make better sense why Asgore, Frisk, and Garbine did so well when getting hit by his pellets, it wasn't like he had been aiming to kill either.

"dunno, there is a chance it still could be going down,"Sans replied.

Flowey sighed roughly "this is a lot to take in,"

"yeah, i guess it is, you've changed a lot, and the return of your soul is big part of it, you're not exactly the same guy you once were, you're better, also, i don't know if you knew this or not, but LOVE measures your capacity to hurt others, but that doesn't always mean it equals to your ability to kill, sprout, you can hurt people in other ways than just offing them," Sans stated "but if you can relearn to let yourself to be close to others again and feel, instead of distancing yourself, then there's a pretty good chance you can make a change within yourself, and you did,"

Flowey didn't want to admit it, but…that made a lot of sense, considering his old plan and Determination to become a good person again, turning away from violence and murder must have had a deeper impact than he thought. . .
But then he realized something and narrowed his eyes at Sans "wait, how come you just now told me this? How long has it been at fourteen?"

Sans shrugged again "it's been going down gradually over the years since you moved in with your parents, anyway, i figured you were already aware, but it just occurred to me that you've been hiding it, thought it would be a good idea to let you know by now and shine some light on it and let you grow on it,"

Flowey fidgeted, his emotions severely mixed, he was pretty sure Sans was trying his hardest to make amends with him in his own way, but Flowey being Flowey was still hesitant…

Still, he had to admit, his LV coming down this much was definitely an amazing major achievement. And Sans alerting him about it was a pretty damn smart way to make amends, Sans was the only one who could see through people like that after all.

…But he just wasn't there with him yet and could only utter out a- "…thanks,"

"no problem,"

As an awkward silence passed over them with the stillness and quiet and time being paused not helping, Flowey then remembered something, changing the subject.

"Uhhh, by the way, do you know anything about the anonymous e-mailer that paid for Frisk's roller skates?"

Sans shook his head "nope, sorry sprout,"

Flowey gave him Look "stop calling me sprout,"

"sure snapdragon," Sans said, unfazed by the attitude.

Flowey stared at the short skeleton hard, unsure of what to say to that, and even more unsure if he liked this particular brand of flower joke or not, snapdragon flowers were actually pretty cool and had even cooler seed pods-

But then his thoughts cleared as Sans suddenly grinned wider than usual.

"here, there's something i wanna give you," and with that, stuck a bony hand in to a pocket, pulling out something small and shiny, he held it out to Flowey.

He took it, and with closer inspection, Flowey saw that it was a plastic golden trinket, in the shape of what looked to be a… blobby animal? He wasn't quite sure what type it was due to it's cheap manufacturing, all he could tell it had some sort of tail and large eyes.
"What's this?" he asked.

"seal of approval," Sans confirmed.

Flowey gaped, his eyes flickering down at the trinket once more to realize…that the blobby animal was in fact a seal, and that Sans was making an awful pun.

He could only stare in perplexed aggravation at the cheeky skeleton monster in front of him.

"You think you're really funny, don't you?"

Sans shrugged "yeah, but seriously, i mean it, you've come a long a way, so, take it as my way of telling you……. good job,"

Flowey cracked a smile, looking over at the seal again for a moment before taking out his phone and dropping into one of the Dimensional Boxes, and as he looked up, Sans unpaused time, the sound of the world around them coming back to life flooding into his senses.

Feeling a little awkward now, Flowey cleared his throat, re-taking in the view around him.

"Thanks again….so… right, you're the ticket taker, well uh…"," with the phone still in his hand, he took out the mass of tickets and sat them on the glass booth table between the two of them "here,"

Sans looked it over "wow, you usually don't see many people be able to win this much in four hours,"

Flowey snickered "guess I'm just really good with games,"

"sure," Sans said simply and took the tickets, taking them over to a reader machine.

A moment or two he soon came back over "ok, you can have three of anything down here," he pointed down at the array of many smaller prizes in the booth, and then pointed to the wall where random cheaply made MTT brand book bags were hung, along with some silly stuffed banana plushes with top hats "or, you can have one thing from this row up here,"

Flowey stared at the selections for a few seconds, unimpressed.

He never really care for any of the merchandise that Mettaton put out, nor was he currently interested in random plushes, he peered at the smaller prizes and sighed, why did it always come down to the knick knacks?

"I'll take that electric guitar keychain, that light up yo-yo…and…oh yeah, a finger cuff," he said, and then had to smile as he spotted Frisk walking up to him, with Monster Kid not too far behind.

"Aww, you're actually going to get Undyne the thing she asked for?" they asked.

His smile grew "yeah, why not? I don't really see much that I want down here anyway,"

"I dunno dude, I see a lot of stuff I want!" MK said and without another word, lifted their shoulder
bag off with a tail and sat it on the glass booth, sticking said tail inside and rummaging around until their tickets fell out, allowing Sans to take them.

From the list of prizes, Monster Kid picked out a necklace with a kazoo at the end and a glow in the dark kicky bag.

When it came to be their turn, Frisk immediately knew what they wanted, picking out a mini kaleidoscope and a silly keychain charm of a cartoon hotdog (Husband) guy wearing cool sunglasses.

"that everyone?" Sans asked.

"Considering there's only three in our group, yup," Frisk said.

"so what are you gonna do now?"

"MK is going to stay here a little longer until one of their folks pick 'em up, but Flowey and I have decided we're going to take a fun stroll downtown," Frisk explained.

"cool, welp, have fun guys," Sans replied, giving them a lazy little wave.

"Back atcha!" Frisk said, waving back, quickly turning to catch up with Flowey who had already begun to roll away.

"Yessss! I did it the right way this time," they said to him cheerfully, proud of themselves.

"Did what right?" MK asked curiously.

Frisk's proud smile turned a little embarrassed "ehh, well, earlier, one of the guys working here told us 'happy skating you two' and I actually said 'back atcha' and it was sssoooo awful,"

"I thought it was hilarious," Flowey said, smirking mischievously when Frisk stuck their tongue out at him.

MK shook their head "I do that all that time too dude, it drives me crazy,"

Soon, they were back at the front doors, ready to go.

As they were finishing up with their see-ya's and goodbyes, Flowey sneakily rolled up behind Frisk, reaching out and lovingly squishing both their cheeks of their face with the palms of his robot hands, showing them off to Monster Kid.

"Hey, before we go, I need you to pay extra close attention and get a good look at this ridiculously squishy human," Flowey said, with all seriousness as he caused Frisk's lips to pucker out excessively, making them giggle.
MK smiled in confusion "yeah dude, I definitely see them,

"Do you see how good they are?" he asked.

Grinning hesitantly now as Frisk giggled harder "yeah dude, they're super good, why are you doing this?"

Flowey smirked cheekily "just wanted to remind you how much you missed out on, losers weepers, finders keepers,"

Laughing now, Frisk released themselves, giving their boyfriend a bashful soft pat on his robot pot "Flowey!"

"It's true Frisky, anyone who's ever broken up with you is a MAJOR moron," Flowey declared.

Frisk couldn't contain another bubble of laughter, "w-well, I wouldn't exactly call them morons," At that, Flowey nearly doubled over in a fit of his own laughter, "you hear that MK? They're not denying it!"

Slightly embarrassed now, Monster Kid chuckled shyly "yeah dudes, I get it, either way, I'm glad their breakups lead them to someone their happiest with,"

Frisk held up a pleasantly surprised hand up to their mouth, and then followed by a warm hug, pulling their best friend in "aweee, thank yooouuu Monster Kiiiid, I really appreciate hearing that."

Their conversation (and hug) was momentarily interrupted as a small family walked between the group to get out.

Realizing that they were in the way and needed to get a move on, the group finally finished their goodbyes and out Frisk and Flowey went, the bright sun outside greeting them.

"Whew, is it me or has it gotten toasty out here?" Frisk said, fully unzipping their jacket.

"It's definitely gotten toasty, but I think it feels great," Flowey said, tilting his head back slightly to get better access to those rays.

"Says the flower boy who stays inside all the time," they mumbled, then eyed him over "hey, I got an idea, how about we do a little trade?"

He raised a curious eyebrow at them.

"How about you wear my jacket and I wear your hat?" they asked.
He glanced down at their jacket "you think it'll fit?"

Already in the middle of taking it off, they grinned at him "of course, the potbot isn't that big around, it'll be perfect, I bet it'll will look fantastic on you,"

He soon found himself holding out his robot arms, staying still as Frisk dressed him in their black faux leather jacket, the process and outcome making him realize how much he missed wearing actual clothes.

"Aw, yeah, I was right, you look sssmokin' hot," Frisk commented as they stepped back and got a good look.

He grinned shyly, blushing, he looked down and away, pulling off his hat and handing it to Frisk without a word, to which they took and sat it on their head.

Quietly they begun to walk together, making their way out of the parking lot and onto the side walk, passing by small business buildings and restaurants, watching the few cars that hummed by, the traffic was always slow around this area.

But as Flowey thought to himself, he realized something, and stopped and turned to his date.

"What is it?" they asked, looking a little concerned.

He held up a hand "it's nothing bad, I… um, I just thought I should tell you that I had a really, really interesting conversation with Sans,"

Frisk stood more alert at the subject "what did he say?"

"Well, you remember how my LOVE was at 9999, right?" Flowey begun.

They looked at him hesitantly "yes…?"

"Well, he told me that apparently that over the years… the numbers have gone down, at first I thought he was trolling me, but I looked…and it's true,"

"What does it say?" Frisk said, suddenly dying from anticipation.

He grinned brightly at them, "fourteen,"

"FOURTEEN?!" Frisk blurted in shock.

He chuckled warmly "yeah, fourteen,"

"Fourteen!" Frisk echoed, now in amazement.

"I have to admit, it's still pretty high for a monster, or whatever I am, but I guess it really is an improvement, maybe someday soon it'll go down to one like yours," Flowey bragged.

He then had his breath stolen as Frisk suddenly bulldozed into him into a hug, wrapping their arms as close as they could around his stem, the hat nearly falling off their head as they squished their cheek to the side of his.

"I knew you could do it!" they marveled, sounding like they were on the brink of happy tears.

Momentarily stunned silent by the hug, he could only think to wrap his arms around them back.
They then laughed at themselves "well, I mean, I never knew you could make your LV go down, but I knew in my heart you could be capable of things like this."

They too soon let go and backed up a bit, holding on to the edge of the pot bot in an effort to still make some sort of physical contact that was allowed in public, smiling brightly at him but then was startled when he started to crack up, laughing.

"What's so funny?" they asked, smiling curiously.

He removed a hand to wipe a few tears from his eyes "it's just… all these good things have been happening to me this year, it's still so unbelievable, I'm pretty sure I must be dead,"

Frisk gave him an inquisitive look "are you really saying I'm not real and just part of your heaven?"

He let out another laugh "yeah, guess so, because you're definitely an angel,"

At first, they were genuinely blown away by how good and cheesy his flirty comeback was, until they realized something and grinned at him "woowwww, I had no idea angels like me enjoyed and thought about kissing and romance this much,"

He snickered, rolling his eyes "I never said anything about you being a normal angel,"

Frisk continued to smile for a moment, but then let out a small sigh, "seriously though Azzie, you're alive, and what's actually happening is that you're just having an amazing year, I would know, because I am too,"

He gazed at them, his eyes softening, the urge to be in their arms again filling him, followed by the deeper urge to kiss them, instead he let out a long deep yearning sigh and turned away from them, they had plenty of time for all of that later when they were in a better, more discreet place, far from any other prying eyes.

"Are you okay?" Frisk asked.

He smiled gently at them "I'm fine, I wouldn't mind if we found somewhere else to be by now though."

Frisk paused at that, until they looked out into the horizon of the town, and then flashed a grin at him.

"Hey, we're not too far away from the park, do you wanna go there?" they asked.

He raised his eyebrows at that suggestion, it didn't sound all that bad, "yeah, let's go,"

Looking pretty pleased, they took the lead and began walking once more, "alright! Let's mosey on outta here life par'ner!"

Following and staying next to their side, Flowey gave them a loopy smile at the comment, not completely sure if they were serious about them actually being for real 'life partners' or if they were making a simple flirty joke, either way, he liked it, deciding to not bother asking about it.

From this part of the down town area, Flowey couldn't quite remember how far away the park was,
but he trusted Frisk's judgment, he didn't mind walking with them anyways.

And as they walked, he couldn't help but think about what they had said about it being warmer out, he looked over at their long dark hair... realizing that it probably wasn't exactly helping keeping them cool, but he knew exactly how to fix that problem!

"Hey, do you have a hair tie?" he asked.

They looked over at him in amused confusion "yes? There's one in the left pocket of my jacket, why do you ask?"

Instead of giving them an answer, he reached into said pocket, finding- yes, a yellow hair tie, which he hung on to with a vine, rolling over to Frisk to momentarily steal his hat back and sit back on his head.

They couldn't help but laugh, turning to look over their shoulder as Flowey rolled behind them "what are you doing?"

"I want to put your hair up, is that okay?" he asked.

For a second, they were surprised, but brushed it off, on their way with still getting used to his sudden rare more kinder thoughtful gestures, smiling warmly at him.

"Thank you, I would have thought that you would suggest I do it myself, but- yeah, go ahead," they said.

They gazed at each other for a few seconds, before Frisk turned their head back and let him do his work.

He took a careful hold of the long mane with his hands, bringing it together and running fingers through their hair and over the scalp, smoothing it out to make sure to there weren't any lumpy parts once he put it up, attempting to imitate how he'd seen Frisk do it before.

And as he did this, he couldn't help but notice them visibly shiver, making him pause.

"Okay, what gives? I thought you said it was toasty out, are you okay?" he asked, a little concerned.

They eyed him over their shoulder, not turning their head too much due to him still having a good hold of their hair, but he could see a tell tale sheepish look on their face, their voice high and squeaky when they spoke "yeah! I'm good!"
He narrowed his eyebrows "but you shivered,"

They let out an embarrassed, flustered laugh "oohh trust me, I'm not cold, this was a good shiver, I guess… um, I guess I just like the feeling of fingers in my hair? Or whatever you did,"

. . . . Oh …

. . . . . . OH!

He raised his eyebrows as he slowly realized what they meant, his cheeks turning bright orange for the upteenth time that day, staring at his gloved hands for a moment in wonder, it seemed they were more useful than he'd previously realized… would his vines have the same effect?

But then finally, his own shyness and self-doubt caught up with him, overwhelming him, his mood flip flopping, now completely flustered and frazzled.

Having no clue how to respond, he could only laugh to himself awkwardly without humor, nervously he continued with fixing Frisk's hair into a ponytail, moving a little faster now so he could get this over with, unable to deal with the implications that he just made Frisk- much less anyone, shiver in such a way.

His movements became a little more frantic as he couldn't help but still mull over it.

………

…..But it was ok wasn't it? He was their boyfriend after all, wouldn't making them shiver like that prove how much they genuinely liked him? Making them feel like that was a good thing, wasn't it? They probably felt similar things like it when they kissed, maybe even more. . . he know he did . . .

At that, his cheeks fluctuated in color.

Nopenopenope! It just didn't excuse how embarrassing it was, not to mention that it was weird and confusing, it was all an accident and most importantly of all- he was a…a.. FLOWER! That made it even MORE weird!

Suddenly he found himself staring at a ponytail, realizing that he had finished it without thinking.

Satisfied that it looked like it should, but still fully stirred up by his thoughts and feelings, so, on impulse he took firm hold the base of the ponytail and proceeded to whip himself hard across the face with in an desperate attempt to smack the sense back into himself.

"What was that?" Frisk asked, particularly confused and alarmed.

He let go and zoomed around to the front of them, a ridiculously fake and almost too wide grin on
his face "nothing!"

They blinked in mild surprise and then slowly smiled back, now having an idea behind the reason for his behavior and the expression (and evidence of blush) on his face. "I'll say it once and I'll say it again, you're a sweetheart,"

His grin dropped to something more embarrassed and stubborn, without a word, he popped his hat back off and rolled over to sit it on Frisk's head, pulling the bill of the hat over their eyes, making them laugh.

He then turned away from them and continued on down the side walk "'c'mon,"

At that, Frisk adjusted their hat, smirking in amusement before they jogged up next to him.

"I was just thinking, do you remember when we talked to Amy, and you said that I was the only human you were interested romantically?" they begun.

"Yeah…?"

"Well, I never asked, but I've been really curious, what are your preferences?" they asked.

He stared at them, quiet for an awkward moment, not completely sure of the question himself.

"I don't know, up until I realized my feelings for you I never really considered myself uh…romantically capable or available, so I never really…bothered to think about things like that, what would have been the point?"

"Maybe I can help you out, let's see, you like me, so…. obviously you have an eye for humans…," they said, giving him a well timed wink.

He snickered "I guess, I always considered you the exception to my many rules, maybe this is another one of them, so maybe I only have an eye for cute freaks named Frisk,"

They giggled lightly, beginning to play with the underside of the bill of the hat, tracing the stitches "…what about other monsters?"

He couldn't help but sigh at that "…I don't know about that either, when I spent a good chunk of my… soulless existence wondering around the Underground, I met so many other monsters and got to know a lot of them very well, like their likes, dislikes, flaws, personality traits, some I enjoyed the presence of a little more than others, but ONLY just as 'friends', I never once considered to 'flirt' like you did, my lack of a soul most likely be the factor of the issue, but even after I had it back I still never considered dating or personal romance an option until I made my big realization,"

They had stopped playing with the hat to pay closer attention to him, now gazing at him "it's okay, I understand what you're saying, but there's no need to stress over it, obviously you're still learning about yourself, which makes sense, you're still growing up and everything…we both are,"

He was touched but couldn't help but scoff quietly at that last part. "That term is really starting to drive me crazy," but then he eyed Frisk curiously as he realized something that he never really thought of before…
"I got a dumb question, what are your preferences? Don't say 'everyone and everything', be specific,"

They looked down to their boots as they thought it over.

"Well, you already know I don't really care about what a person or monster looks like, or what their gender is, but I guess if I have to narrow it down, I would say that I like strong people, both emotionally and physically, muscles are always very nice, but extra curves are just as nice too, but maybe more than nice too, but it's a person's kindness and personality is what really draws me in, or if we just...y'know, click- or...oh! Aw yeah-if they can make me laugh- like- really laugh, then we have a winner,"

He chuckled quietly to himself "that makes... so much more sense now, practically everyone makes you laugh,"

Looking rather embarrassed with themselves now, biting their bottom lip "I've had so many crushes...I'm ssooooo wwwwaaak Floweyyy,"

He laughed "if you're so weak, then why aren't you always falling over when you're with me?"

They flashed him a flirty grin "trust me, I would be! But I've got these AMAZING LEGS HOLDING ME UP, BOY!" they exclaimed, sticking out their left leg high real far in the air for emphasis.

And as they did, several beams of light shined from it in all its brilliant legness, causing Flowey to blush, his eyebrows shooting up in surprise, completely awestruck as he finally realized that Frisk's dance training exercises that they had learned from Mettaton and Muffet had REALLY paid off.

Once they pulled their leg down, they happened to remember something "but you know, I did fall twice today at the rink- I think my legs were out of there usual legment,"

Flowey laughed "your powerful legs had nothing to do with it, you idiot, it was your balance that was out of its 'legment',"

Frisk looked at little sheepish at that "ah...oh, whoops- yeah, forgot about that bit, it's all connected together anyway, BUT I'm getting off topic-;"

"Not really, non-monsters can have the strongest legs in the world and still fall over if something is wrong with the cerebellum or eardrums," Flowey one-upped, grinning mischievously now.

Frisk let out flustered laugh, a little annoyed but not mad "FlowEY! I get it, I got mixed up, quit being a smart aleck, I'm trying to go somewhere honest and romantic with this,"

His smiled softened "okay, okay...just don't trip on your way there,"

Frisk let out a small chuckle and sighed "what I was saying was, I noticed that the first time I fell at the rink was because I looked back at you; and the second? It was because I was talking to you, and I'm sure if I was back in those skates or if I had terrible balance I would be at my clumsiest around you, you're that distracting, and I mean that in the best possible way...;"

They then smiled shyly, eyes full of unshakable love "so, believe me when I say that... I'm the weakest for you,"

His cheeks that were still bright orange, deepened in color, he chuckled softly now, completely flattered, his thoughts tracing back to Frisk's promise to find a way to make him love himself by more actively expressing their love, he couldn't help but begin to wonder what he must look like in their
mind's eye… what in the world was that Flowey like?

Wheew, he sure was doing a lot more self reflection than usual today, it was getting kind of exhausting, either way he was sure Loox was going to have a field day at his next appointment…

Realizing that he didn't have any input as a sweet timid silence filled the air, Frisk decided to speak up.
"Anyways… thanks again for putting up my hair, that was very kind and thoughtful of you,"

Flowey smirked and waved them off "don't mention it,"

And then eyed them hard "I'm serious, don't,"

At that Frisk held up their hands defensively, then zipped their lips closed with an invisible zipper.

After a few more minutes of traveling, Flowey begun to grow impatient.

"How much longer do we have?" he asked.

Frisked screwed up their face as they thought it over, scanning over the imaginary map in their mind "um, shouldn't be too much…farther…,"

His current frown tightened "you didn't get mixed up did you?"

Frisk shook their head quickly at that "no, I know it's nearby, I guess I didn't realize it was this far when you go by foot,"

"Heh, that it narrows it down," Flowey started, and then held out a hand "want me to give you a piggy back ride again?"

They smiled brightly at that, "sounds fun, let's do it,"

He rolled to a stop, working with Frisk as they got behind him and climbed aboard, taking firm careful hold of their legs, waiting patiently as they attempted to get comfortable among the oddly shaped robot.

"Are you good?" he asked.

"Just a sec…," they said before he heard them shimmy around "can you lift me up an inch or two?"

He quickly complied, raising his arms just a smidgen higher "what's the problem? Did I have another growth spurt?"
They chuckled softly, giving the top of his head a gentle pat "maybe a little one, it's just that this isn't the most snuggly thing to… sit on on a um… hot day, even with the jacket to pad stuff, maybe you should ask Alphys to install a thing so we can attach a seat,"

He raised a thoughtful eyebrow "yeah, maybe…are you good now?"

"Not yet, hang on,"

He listened as Frisk shimmied around again and let out an sudden annoyed grunt, watching in amusement as their right leg suddenly kicked out for a second, but finally they calmed their movements and spoke up.

"Okay, that should do it! I'm great, let's go!" they said, rhythmically patting on the back of jackets collar.

With that he grinned and zoomed down the side walk with Frisk cheering happily as a gust of wind cooled them off.

Once he caught view of the park, he decided to finally slow down to a more leisurely pace as they approached the area.

"Soooo…" he heard Frisk begun.

"Sooooo?" he mimicked.

"I've been checking out the dating hud and compared to earlier, our Crime meter has gotten pretty low and the Reeling It In is waaaay up, is that good?" they asked.

"Mm, you know, I've read up on that Dating rule book at lease ten times, and I still have no idea how the mechanics work, seriously, the second half of it was complete gibberish, but whatever, that sounds good to me."

"Did you ever figure out what the egg is for?"

"You know I didn't,"

"I like to think it can be activated after you've had several successful dates, maybe you can start a mini game where you can practice parenting, like you know they do in sitcom shows?"

"I like to think it makes me hungry for breakfast."

At that, Frisk worriedly waved the dating hud away, not wanting to encourage anymore thoughts of egg baby eating.
Very soon they entered rolled into the parking lot of the Ebott Central Park.

"Here, stop the bus, this is where I get off," Frisk said, brushing their fingers gently across Flowey's petals to alert him.

He snickered, lowering the potbot down all the way to the ground this time in attempt to be more helpful.

"So, what to do you wanna do now?" the passenger asked as they walked over next to him from behind.

He gazed around the park, over the vast greenery there was lots of trees and shrubbery, an area to walk, a playground, a pond, and last but not least… the gem of the park- a giant four year old bronze statue dedicated to the monsters that found their freedom from the mountain- which resided inside the middle of an equally giant fountain.

"Let's go to the fountain," he offered.

Frisk nodded "cool, I think I have some change we can toss,"

As they automatically began walking, Flowey sneered "I should have been more direct, I want to see the statue, not waste money,"

Frisk gave a little pout "it's only two pennies, I know you don't believe in making wishes, but I think it really helps to motivate your hopes, besides, whoever takes the change from the fountain probably needs it,"

He let out a little groan at their positivity "okay, okay, fine, I'll make a wish,"

Once they reached the fountain, Flowey had to smile as he always did as he stared up in growing admiration at the towering statue, over the years he had steadily learned to love it and what it symbolized, it also made him feel…a mix of both sad and happy nostalgia.

It was an amazing statue of Asgore and Toriel, with nine year old Frisk in the very front, all around them were their friends, Papyrus, Sans, Alphys, Undyne- all the first ones to step out of the Mountain after so many years of being locked inside.

But hidden behind everyone, rarely noticeable to the public, was two other, much smaller figures.

It was of Chara and him as children, looking up to the others proudly, side by side holding hands, to commemorate their memories (it was planned and built before Flowey's true identity was revealed, but either way it still held so much meaning)
Frisk and Flowey gazed up at it respective silence as they usually did whenever they approached it, Frisk seemingly forgetting all about the coins as they followed Flowey to the back of the statue.

They gazed at the two small statue children that wore matching shirts.

But then Frisk broke the silence. "I've decided, that some point after I become Ambassador, I'm going to get a statue of just you erected, you're the one who broke the barrier after all,"

Flowey stared at Frisk, stunned "seriously? How long have you been deciding this?"

Frisk smiled at him proudly "just now, but it's a promise I'm keeping, I think you truly deserve it,"

He shook his head in near disbelief "I wouldn't have broken the barrier if it weren't for you, you should have a statue too,"

"Nah, I'm already in the front of this one, meanwhile you and Chara are back here, stuck staring at everyone's booties, I get that it's symbolic… but the gang didn't plan this out very well," they said, crossing their arms in artistic distaste.

Flowey couldn't disagree with that, still he smirked at how much they cared.

The two of them continued to admire at the statue a little longer.

Until Frisk remembered something and pulled out the two pennies, handing one to Flowey.

He watched as they lowered their head down, closed their eyes and held their coin to their chest, focusing hard on their wish before opening their eyes, how they smiled to themselves before tossing the money into the fountain.

Flowey looked down at his penny for a moment, deciding over his wish before he too closed his eyes for a few seconds before he tossed his coin in as well.

He stared at the two statue children "so what form will I be in?"

"Not sure, maybe your true form like up there, what do you want?" Frisk asked.

"My true form sounds best, and if you HAVE to add flowers, please, I'm begging you, don't over do it," he said, wagging an index finger at them.

They chuckled "okay, don't worry, we've got plenty of time to plan it out,"
The pair stood in the quiet for a little longer before Flowey decided that this was enough nostalgia for now, turning away with Frisk following along unquestionably.

There was something else special that resided at the park, and it was their favorite magnolia tree.

After the incident of them falling down and being caught by Flowey, everyone was surprised when Frisk re-approached the tree a second time and climbed it once again, unafraid of falling, thankfully they had remembered their lesson and had been more careful with heights and bees since then.

Flowey on the other hand was different, still stubborn and avoidant, he'd go anywhere but up that tree, or any tree for that matter, yet keeping an unspoken rule to stay underneath it whenever Frisk climbed, thankfully they’d never fallen since.

As the years passed by, they found themselves visiting the park less and less, but every time they went, they'd always visit the tree, there was just something about it that drew the two in, maybe it had something to do with the memory of the event- the day Flowey first showed a true sign of having a soul, even back when they all thought he didn't.

So, naturally, now that they were here, they gravitated to it.

"Here's our tree," Frisk murmured once they reached it.

For a brief moment, Flowey wondered if etching their initials into it would be too old fashioned or cheesy, but knocked the thought away when he realized Frisk would never let him get away with it anyway, no matter how 'romantic' it may be, they would fuss at him about causing the tree pain.

Which… he actually couldn't fight them on, if getting accidentally scraped by rocks when tunneling hurt him, then carving into a tree probably hurt it too… again probably, since most magicless plant life wasn't usually sentient, but he couldn't help but feel a sense of empathy anyway, that's what happens when one is genetically related to plant life, even if they don't want to be.

"Hey…did you name my alter ego 'Magnola' because I fell from a magnolia tree…but didn't want to be obvious?" Frisk suddenly asked, snapping Flowey out of his thoughts.

Flowey had to chuckle "sort of, there's a little more to it than that, I'm not sure if you remember or not,"

"I might," Frisk said, gazing up at the leaves.

"Well, the very first time you tried to convince me to come to the park, you stumbled over you words and said there was a giant old 'magnola' tree, and I… I don't know, for some reason I thought it was the funniest, most stupidest thing ever… I never really forgot, it's something of a… sentimental memory,"

Frisk was now gazing at him, lovingly so.
"Maybe you've had feelings for me longer than you thought," they said, almost in a teasing tone, but it was a genuine suggestion.

He held their gaze and merely smiled back, then up to the tree "yeah, maybe,"

The pair was silent for a few seconds before Frisk gently nudged him with their shoulder.

"Do you think today's the day I can finally get you up there?" they asked.

Instead of grimacing like he usually did when they asked him, Flowey wasn't immediately repelled by the thought, there was something about the situation this time around that made it okay, perhaps it was the fairly new but growing sense of security that he'd gained.

Besides, this seemed like the perfect time to finally give Frisk their gifts, why not do it while they were up in their favorite tree?

So, to Frisk's surprise, he smirked "yeah, today's the day,"

"For real?!" they asked with a bright excited grin.

"Yeah, 'for real'," he mimicked with a warm playful smile.

Their grin grew as they clasped their hands together in joy, bouncing a little "this is great, I promise you won't be disappointed, it's so pretty up there."

"It's about to get prettier," Flowey mumbled shyly, his smile growing as Frisk gushed at the flirty compliment, he proceeded to uproot himself from the dirt and climb into the raised gloved hands of the robot.

He then used the hands to prop himself on top of Frisk's shoulder, which he moved from, climbing to the upper part of their back, tying his roots firmly around their waist and around their shoulders, similar to a fall protection harness vest, he peeked over their arm and looked up at them.

Frisk curiously brushed their fingers at the greenery that was fastened around their tummy, "is this your way of telling me you want me to give you piggy back rides too?"

"Ummm no? It's my way of making sure I don't fall off, or I guess…somehow catching you if you fall," Flowey answered.

"We won't fall, we'll be okay," Frisk comforted as they closer approached the tree, giving it a pat.

"How do you know?"

"I don't, I'm just going to try my best so that we won't, just gotta believe, y'know?" Frisk said, "now don't let go of me, I'm going up,"

"Wouldn't dream of it..." he whispered hoarsely, holding his breath as Frisk proceeded to take a few steps back, then ran full force at the tree, pouncing at it and gripping at it, grunting slightly as they somehow managed to begin carefully climbing up the trunk without any access to a limb, but once they got a hold of one was when they really began to climb, practically parkouring as they moved up.
with such ease that Flowey was now 100% sure that this was all pure talent.

Once they found a nice spot and sat down is when Flowey finally and noisily exhaled, his eyes large at the sight of the world from so far high up, how it was like another world in itself and how the beams of sunshine shined between the leaves and dappled across Frisk's body and all around them, once again annoyed with himself for taking so much time avoiding something so amazing.

The worst part, was that he could have done what Frisk just did with even more ease, he had the vine strength to pick up and dangle a human in the air, so logically it meant he could definitely climb a tree, but it was his stubbornness and fear of heights and falling that had always stopped him.

"But I'm here now," he said out loud to himself reassuringly, he had no more patience for anymore anxiety today.

"Yes you are," Frisk confirmed with a content smile then tapped at the vines holding them, letting out an awkward cough "could you loosen up a little? You really tightened up on me on the way up,"

He immediately did so, still, he still held onto their waist, but let go of their shoulders entirely to carefully find the branch that they sat on, tying the vine around it…just in case.

"Why didn't you say anything?" he asked as he worked on lassoing them to the branch, making sure everything was extra secure.

"You were scared, and it wasn't that bad, it was like getting a bear hug from a rope," they said with a short shrug, watching him as he finished with his safety measures and begun to crawl from off their back, finding a seat next to them.

"That's a weird comparison," he mumbled with a smirk, mildly amused, then eyed them "also, I wasn't 'scared',"

"Ah, yes you were, that was definitely a frightened Flowey hug, but there's nothing wrong with being scared, it's all apart of being brave," Frisk pointed out.

He let out small sigh "alright Professor Doctor Life Coach, you win, anyway, there's some things I've been meaning to give you-," he then paused, and then groaned, rolling his eyes "-but it's in my phone and I forgot it in my robot,"

Frisk gasped and clasped their hands excitedly "really?! I got you some gifts too!" they then tugged at the vine around their tummy gently "how about you let go and I'll go get your phone?"

At that, Flowey leaned over to look over the edge of the branch and- immediately regretted it, his plant stomach dropping as got sight of how far down the ground was, he just as fast looked back to Frisk.

"Um, no, don't go anywhere, I'm sure I can think of something better….." he then peeked back down and caught sight of his robot, almost not recognizing it in Frisk's black jacket, he had to admit, it almost gave it a personality of its own and did look pretty stylish.

But then he grinned as he remembered something important, glancing up at Frisk slickly.

"Watch this," he said and concentrated hard on his robot, his smiling widening as he watched Frisk curiously look down, how their eyebrows in amazement as they watched as the robot begun to
Then, just as he willed it, a robotic extendo arm popped up from below nearby next to Frisk's knee, in it's hand was the phone. *Phew! He wasn't sure that was going to work.*

Without a word, Frisk reached over and took the phone, giving the robot hand a little thank you pet before it waved at them casually and descended back down.

They looked over at Flowey and gave him a cheeky grin while he smiled back smugly.

"You're the cutest and most handsome show off I've ever met, y'know that?" they complimented teasingly, giggling when Flowey sighed and rolled his eyes, taking the phone from them.

"Yes, I do, in fact know that. Thank you Frisk, but I'll have you know that controlling the flower pot from this high up was extremely difficult, I think you underestimate me sometimes," he said sarcastically, tapping his way to the Dimensional Box.

Frisk smiled apologetically, not completely picking up the sarcasm, but they could tell he wasn't serious or upset "oh no, trust me, I definitely don't underestimate you, I know you're super tough, it's just that you just make it look so easy, that's how amazing and talented you are…..is that better?"

Flowey snickered "nope, you've missed the window time to properly comment me, so it doesn't count," he then pulled out a present, a large box carefully wrapped in newspaper "but whatever, take this…I… never had a chance to buy any real wrapping paper and couldn't find any around the house, andyoudeservebetterandi'msorry;"

Still Frisk was genuinely pleased, looking over the box excitedly "it's beautiful!"

He chuckled shyly and a little impatiently "it's just the Comics but…whatever, thanks….can you just open it already?"

They nodded, very delicately taking their time open the edges first, making him wince in anticipation, if there was one thing that had always drove him mildly nuts, it was Frisk's famous non-violent reputation of how they handled things, especially when it came to opening packages, the aspect of 'tearing into something' just was never any fun to them.

But then again, their non-violent ways was one of the reasons why he loved them, it was one of their opposite traits that attracted him.

So that being, he rested his head against a vine, watching in admiring contemplation, a mixed bowl of emotions as he watched Frisk lovingly undress their gift, again, finding himself holding his breath, silently taking the pieces of newspaper and tape as they removed it, sticking the trash inside his phone.

His breath was caught in his throat as he watched the pure delight spread across Frisk's face like a sunrise as they revealed a fancy brand box set of professional artist color pencils and markers.

"Oh my goodness! Asriel! I cannot believe you!" they cried out, hugging the box to their chest tightly, looking at their boyfriend with eyes that began to shine with overwhelmed tears "this stuff is
so expensive! Did you use your allowance money?!

He nodded weakly "thought you'd enjoy using something with a little more quality,"

"I would! I will! I'm going to art the heck out thanks to these! Thank you! It's perfect," they said, their smile full of warmth and happiness, he almost couldn't bear it.

"You're welcome," he uttered, watching as Frisk ogled at their gift in glee, listening as they bragged and gushed over at all the colors and types of erasers, simply happy that they were happy.

When they were finished rambling they thanked him again, finally taking out their phone and sending the professional art box to one of their Dimensional Boxes.

They looked at him with eager eyes "so, should I show you my gift or would you like to go again?"

Flowey cracked a sheepish smile as he remembered the other thing he had stored away, "how about you go next?"

At that, Frisk grinned mischievously and tapped at their phone, and brought out two things.

One was what appeared to be an ornate ruby red heart shaped box of chocolates, and to his surprise, one of their sketch diaries- noticeably one that they'd never shown him before.

They handed him the box of chocolates first, which he took but with some confusion.

"Don't they only sell these around February? How did you get this? No wait, don't tell me- did you give me old valentine candy?"

Frisk had to laugh, shaking their head "no, well, the box is slightly old, but there's no chocolate in there, not anymore, why don't you take a look inside?"

Flowey eyed them for a second, not moving "why did you save the box?"

Now giggling, a little embarrassed "it was pretty! I thought I could recycle it for a new gift, and I did, didn't I?"

Flowey snickered, "whatever you say, hoarder," and then proceeded to open the box, and then let out a small delighted gasp when he found a dozen or more oatmeal cookies inside.

"I felt super guilty for a long time after eating all your cookies, this is my way of apologizing," they confessed.

He raised an eyebrow, confused for a moment, until he finally remembered and continued snickering, "thank you Frisk, but…I was never mad about that, but if I had been, this is…way more than enough to make up for it,"

Frisk let out a small sigh "should have known, oh well… are you going to try a bite? You're looking at them awfully hard,"
Flowey grinned big at them, "actually, no, not yet, because-," he then put his oatmeal cookies away to pull out his next gift for Frisk, which so happened to be a particularly large chocolate chip cookie "-I planned for us to eat this together, but it's all for you,"

Instantly, Frisk cracked up at the cookie coincidence, letting out a snort of pleased laughter, "Azzie!"

He joined them, laughing hard, leaning against their side for support, it was kind of crazy how this sort of stuff kept happening, the couple of course, was still hopeful that it was something more than just 'coincidences'.

Soon they calmed down, with Flowey still resting comfortably against their side, finally handed Frisk their gift, pleased when they begun to unwrap the plastic that covered it.

"It's a protein cookie by the way, I wasn't sure what or when we'd be eating," Flowey added, then perked up "also, I got brought us something to drink, I got that bottled tea you like,"

"Thank you Azzie, this is great," he heard them say softly, he looked up to see them wiping their eyes with their free hand.

"I'm hoping those are happy tears?" he asked curiously.

They chuckled, sniffling and nodding "yeah, it's a sappy feelings attack, this whole day has just been so great and crazy, you know I can't help but cry,"

Flowey smirked lazily, "then don't help it,"

He waited patiently, rubbing Frisk's back as they cried a little more, watching as they were enveloped by their emotions, until they soon calmed back down and decided to start munch at their cookie, lowering it down to offer some to Flowey, who of course took a bite, together sharing their snack like this until Flowey decided it would be easier if he got to their level and rested on their arm instead.

As he did this, he got a better view of the sketch diary that they still had sitting on their lap, it currently was littered with crumbs.

He pointed to the diary with a vine "did you have something to show me or are you planning to doodle?"

They perked up, eyeing him from their cookie, peering down at the booklet, apparently they had temporarily forgotten it.

They swallowed, licking crumbs from their lips while they brushed the rest from the cover. "Oopsie, yeah, I have something to show you, just got a little distracted, this is a surprisingly good cookie, could you hold onto it?" they asked, giving it back to Flowey, who stared at for a few seconds before opening his mouth and grabbing on to it that way.
He watched them as they opened the sketch diary, admiring the drawings as they flipped through the pages.

"Soooo, I kind of wanted to give you the old fashioned date treatment, y'know, box of chocolates and a bouquet of red roses? But uh, once I thought about it I realized how redundant it kind of was since we already have plants growing everywhere at home… aannnd…I didn't know how much you'd appreciate it, so, I thought I just create you some stuff instead!"

He found himself leaning forward to see better as Frisk reached a page full of words and settled on it, at the top it was titled 'Night at The Circus' and had a 'for Flowey' next to it, growing excited once he realized what it was.

"You wrote me a horror story?" he asked.

"Yup! A romantic horror story," they corrected.

He looked at his date and narrowed his eyebrows "just tell me there is no relationships involving a clown, or even worse, two clowns,"

Frisk snickered "no, it's between a sexy stunt devil and the cute vender who sells cotton candy,"

His eyebrows then shot up, scandalized, staring at them in hard contemplative silence before he finally spoke up "….are we supposed to be them…?"

Frisk began to turn the page, "you'll just have to find out later," causing Flowey to pout in mild disappointment.

"Why can't I read it now?" he whined.

"Cuz it's too long, you can read it later, I have something else to show you," they said, flipping the pages more until Flowey was with met with a sight instantly gave him several mixed emotions,causing him to hold on Frisk and the cookie a little tighter.

On a page, Frisk had drawn… well, him, but as he should look, as a goat monster.

He didn't look too different from how he appeared to Frisk long ago in his Hyperdeath form, there were horns, long ears, the fringe haircut, even wearing a cool fashionable dark green suit, but in this version his eyes were clear and he looked a hundred percent less malicious.

There was another similar sketch of him, with the same look, but only this time in a more fluid action pose, holding out his two giant intricate chaos sabers in the air, it was amazing.

Both were hesitant to say something, but Frisk spoke up first.

"You told me to draw you, well, 'dared' me too, so… I did, but I gotta be honest, I was really nervous about showing this to you after you got upset earlier, but-,"
"No, forget all that, this is really great, *I really like it,*" he interrupted, reaching down to touch the face of Action Asriel admirably, tracing the shapes that made up one of the chaos sabers.

"I hoped you would, it was a long time since I saw you like that, so I had to look up our old drawings we did and referenced them, I'm not sure the horns are the right length or not, and I'm sure I got your sabers are all wrong, but I-," but they were silenced when Flowey placed a vine against their lips.

"Sssshhhhhhh, hush, silence, it's perfect Frisk," he said, smiling proudly at them.

They took hold of the vine, still holding it close to their mouth, a lopsided grin appearing on their face "really? But you *always* have *some* kind of criticism to give me,"

He gave them a playful grin before he eyed the drawing again, scanning it "well, if you put it *that* way… the suit is good, but I don't know, I think I would wear something else,"

They looked down at it, "hm? Like what?"

He tilted his head as he thought it over "…maybe something less 'suave' and something more casual? Flannel with plaid I guess?"

Frisk grinned, looking a little surprised "ooh, I never took you for a flannel boy, I always kind of pictured you wearing more bad boy stuff, like my black jacket but with more buckles, or… y'know, suave suits,"

He scoffed at that, snickering "whatever," he then offered the cookie back, "you want some more? I want to look a this a little longer,"

They shook their head "no thanks, you can give me my tea though,"

He did just that, taking out the bottle and stuffing the cookie back in for later, handing them their drink while went back to gazing at the drawings.

He stared at the two Asriels for awhile, a lump of rising sadness filling him, the usual longing to be his true self again, and also feeling a great envy over the chaos sabers.

This was the guy on the paper was who Frisk was *supposed* to be with, they deserved this version.

He sighed and attempted to shake the feeling away, flipping the page over, but to his surprise, found that Frisk had drawn even *more.*

But on this side, it was *filled* with different doodles of *himself as a flower.*

This was nothing new, Frisk always liked to draw everyone, him included, but this time there was a more defined focus going on, he could tell they really took their time to make it accurate to the real thing, they'd really been paying close attention to him and it showed.

The best one (in his opinion) was the one at the top, him looking to the side wearing a sly smile.

One of him sleeping in his pot bot- with the arms stubbornly crossed, another one of him genuinely
grinning, another of him laughing, one where he's giving the middle finger (with the robot hand) and then… at the very bottom of the page he finally noticed it.

Frisk had written 'both versions of him are pretty hot if you ask me'

He was now, in lack for a better word, definitely charmed.

Still, he tapped at the comment, speaking quietly "you gotta erase that, we don't need anyone snooping around your stuff and figuring out things,"

Frisk giggled softly "I will, and don't you worry, I was already keeping this particular diary well hidden, but, you know it's true, right? That you're hot stuff?"

He pretended to look like he was really thinking that over "do I… think your opinion of my weird plant body is…true?" but then he dropped the act and grinned at them "not necessarily, but, I've learned not to question or find logic out of what you like or find attractive,"

Frisk let out a sigh at that, "as long as you know I find you good looking and that I love you- I guess that's all matters right now," they then peered back down at the diary "anyway, there's something else I need to show you, but I have to admit something first… and I'm a little nervous to,"

He rested his head lazily on their shoulder "you know I won't judge you, go ahead,"

"I guess… if you put that way…then, well um, back before I confessed my feelings… I…used to write you love notes, but, I always tore them up because I didn't want to run the risk of anyone finding them and also because I was… also dating Forester," they said, shame in their eyes.

Flowey raised in his eyebrows and picked his head back up, "seriously?"

They guiltily covered their face with a free head, peeking at him behind their fingers "I told you it was bad, I didn't have anyone to talk to like you did and I needed an outlet, I guess it was karma that he broke up with me the way he did,"

His gaze softened "karma had nothing to do with it, I know from first hand experience that… it's hard to choose who we love sometimes,"

Frisk lowered their hand from their eyes and face completely, smiling, but their eyes staring off, deep in thought "yeah, thank you for understanding… I decided that one day that I'll somehow apologize to him, out of everyone, I think I could have trusted him with the truth about my real feelings for you… I was just too afraid to lose him, I didn't want to ruin what we had,"

But they blinked back their memories and with clear eyes, glanced back to Flowey, "it still hurts to think about him, but… it's all the past and I'm happy where I am now,"

Flowey stared them for a long moment and finally- let out a sigh, coming to a final decision within his thoughts.
"There's something I want to admit to you too, something I've been scared to talk about,"

Frisk nodded at him to go on "it's a safe zone here, ready when you are,"

He sighed once more, giving them a nervous, half hearted smile "...when I went away the first time to dad's- things didn't exactly turn out liked I had hoped, no progress was getting made, I was feeling worse and worse. All I wanted was to fix myself and live in peace with you without it hurting so much... but nothing was happening... until one day when I was home alone in the living room while dad went off on a grocery run, I was watching TV, when some show came on that I didn't like... and-,

Flowey paused, growing mildly distressed as he tried to remember the next part, but failed.

"I don't even remember which show it was...mmmm... but... nonetheless, as I went to grab the remote, it slipped and dropped to the floor somewhere, which made me angry... so in the process of trying to look for it I... accidentally ended up falling off the couch, but I guess that was the final thing that tipped me over, my anger turned into rage and basically... I had a complete meltdown... destroying the TV in the process,"

Frisk's frown tightened in empathy, "you didn't get hurt, did you?"

Flowey smiled weakly "no, I was fine, no one got hurt except for the TV,"

He then looked away "ahem, anyway, uh, at some point after shooting it... the TV finally fell over and broke me out my fury, I realized what I had done and I felt horrible, I was going to give up there and then, thinking about... the possibility of... death... until the TV begun making a weird smell, so, I called dad of course, he reacted as well as you'd imagine," then, to Frisk's surprise- he smirked. "But... we talked and that's how I ended up telling him about Magnola, after that he got an idea how serious it was for me, things begun to look up after that... anyways, I'm just telling all of this to you because you had asked me how I managed my feelings before I confessed... but I was too ashamed at the time to say anything, it's so easy for me to forget that you felt just as lonely in the whole situation like I did,"

A slow sad smile grew on Frisk's face "thank you Asriel," they said, arching over subtly and tilting their forehead near his, instantly figuring out what they were doing, he gladly complied, drawing him in like a magnet, touching his forehead to theirs in return.

There they went again, making him feel normal.

They stayed that way for a moment, until Frisk gave him a quick playful nuzzle and backed away before he could return the favor and mess up their bangs like before- which he might have, fortunately the barrette was still protecting their hair from him.
He let out a childish cackle, as if the affection had cause his mood to brighten "okay, less of that teary eyed stuff, what were you going to show me again?"

Frisk took a pause at the comment, peeking down at their diary almost guiltily "…more…teary eyed stuff?"

Flowey let out fake annoyed sigh, but nonetheless he was still curious "alright, fine, let's see it then."

They begun to flip through the pages again "it's not that bad, it's just reaaaallly sentimental, I was in a deep mood when I wrote it, you'll see what I mean,"

When they settled on a page, he found himself staring hard at what looked like a poem.

"Ok, so, after you sang me your song, I decided I wanted to make something for you back, so, I tried to backtrack and remember the love notes I wrote for you… I wanted to create something that reflected on your song, and what came out was.. this, and since I'm no good at coming up with melodies, can I read it to you instead?" they asked, unable to hide the bit of shyness in their voice.

He snatched his eyes off from the words, looking to them, getting emotional all over again, "…if you want to," finding himself closing his eyes as he focused on their voice.

"Your lone heart, magic mind, resilient soul  
My bleeding heart, mystified mind, determined soul  
We were holding out our hands  
Both looking for something to hold  
Bated breaths and chests filled with aches  
Through fighting our fears we found beauty  
Now we hope so strongly  
That we stay this way forever and as we embrace each other  
Oh, I know we will  
I whisper a promise to you  
That I will love you dearly with all my heart  
And that you're in my mind always  
Someday I know all our worries will wash away  
And in the moonlight, under the stars  
Slowly  
We intertwine hands  
And we laugh  
Because we know now  
We'll shine together  
Forever,"

Frisk was then surprised when they heard Flowey let out sniffle, noticing a few water droplets fall from his petals, they tilted their head over to get a better look at him, seeing that he was definitely crying, his cheeks orange, a vine held up to his eyes.

"Oh my goodness, Azzie, are you okay? I didn't mean to make you cry again, are you in pain?" they asked gently, holding out their hand out to him, brushing a few tears from his cheek with a finger.
At the touch he blinked his eyes open, curling a vine around their hand, keeping it close "yeah, but... it's okay, I can handle it," he then sniffled and smiled, shyly looking at the page "this was...," another sniffle, more tears "...it was beautiful, thank you,"

He then leaned forward and pressed his lips firmly against their fingers, staying that way for a few seconds, lost in his love.

"Ah.. you're welcome..." Frisk said in a hushed whisper, "oh gosh, I'm sorry, I'm about to start crying again... my heart is overflowing," their eyes welling up with tears as well due to being completely caught off by Flowey's reaction, touched and amazed.

He removed his lips from their fingers to peer up at them, letting out an near silent chuckle, looking slightly embarrassed but it passed, he wasn't about to let himself feel weird or awkward for expressing his compassion.

But boy, he really was in pain, he had of course been in pain all day, most of the time he could handle it, but it was starting to wear him down, he had to do something to distract himself, he didn't want to end the date with him passing out from exhaustion.

He hesitantly removed his vine from their hand, giving it a pat "cry as much as you need to, but I'm curious to see your other stuff," he then motioned to the poem "and I meant when I said it, this poem is probably the most beautiful thing I'm ever going to read,"

At that, a burst of emotional happy tears flooded from Frisk's eyes and trembled softly, crying a little harder than they had earlier.

...Oh, more tears.

Flowey paused for a second before he moved to rub gently at their shoulder to soothe them, chuckling shyly "okay, okay,"

They looked to him and smiled tenderly, their eyes shiny with tears "I... I have no words to explain how overjoyed I am that it means that much to you, you wouldn't believe how crazy nervous I was to show you,"

Snickering now "what, did you think I would hate it? That I would give it my usual ruthless constructive criticism? No, the idiot got lucky this time it seems,"

His smile widened when they laughed, pleased, he turned back around to grab the diary with a few vines, flipping through the pages curiously.

"Phew, you know, you've relaxed a lot since we left the arcade, and much more sweeter too, is the
"Mm, I suppose the tree could be a factor, but it's mostly because there were too many eyes at the arcade, it was stressful and as you know we can't be that sweet when we have witnesses, and, if you haven't noticed, there's not that many people at the park," he answered, but then he narrowed his eyebrows, looking down to the potbot below.

He was being too careless, it didn't matter if there weren't 'that many people', all that mattered was that there was people around, what if someone noticed the potbot and looked up to catch them 'being sweet'?

With that, he focused on the machine, driving it off and away until it was partially hidden in a bush a little ways off, it wouldn't stop someone from walking under the tree, but at least it lessened the chances of someone snooping.

"Good thinking," Frisk commented.

He turned back to the diary, letting his guard back down, he was about to say something when he landed on a page that automatically made him smile goofily.

It was a colored drawing of him in his old rectangle potbot, with a rather mischievous look painted on his face, sloppy but cute stars scribbled all around him, and at the bottom was the word-

'a m a z i n g!!'

Frisk giggled at his reaction "yeah, I drew this the day you got your first robot and blew up at me for staring, I actually forgot I had this in here, I think I was debating whether or not to show it to you,"

"Obviously you didn't, how come?" he asked.

Frisk was slow to answer that, looking embarrassed "...I was grumpy that you yelled at me in front of Forester, and it was during when I was making the love notes, so...yeah,"

Flowey nodded at that, it was an understandable excuse, his mind wondering over a deeper question, "does this mean you actually liked the way I looked?"

A bubble of flustered laughter flew from them "of course I did! I guess I should have told you this sooner, cuz the thing was.. that when I was staring I was trying my best to stay composed because I was thinking 'OH MY GOD! HE'S SO CUTE!',"

He was surprised for a moment, but then thought back "so, you were lying when you said it looked silly?"

Frisk froze for a second, smiling awkwardly "well no, that part is true, everything I said that day was true, I was just holding back the complete truth, so, you were really on to me,"

He smirked "fair enough, I've done the same thing hundreds of times," he then turned to face them completely "is that everything? I think I want to do something else now,"
They closed the diary in response "yup," proceeding to stuff it back into their phone, soon their attention was all back on him, "what do you want to do?"

He thought over the question, before grinning to them "how about truth or dare?"

And of course, like he thought they would, they perked up, they always did, they loved this game.

"Aaaawweee yeah, you already know I'm going to make this a good one," they assured cheekily.

His grin widened, pleased, he just knew that they would like this "okay, then you start,"

"Truth or dare?" they begun.

He gave them a sassy head turn "dare,"

It didn't take Frisk too long to come up with something, having to bite their bottom lip to hold back the giggles as they spoke, "I dare you to... start calling me pet names from now on, or whenever I ask,"

Flowey's mouth dropped, scoffing at them in something of disbelief.

"I already have a pet name for you!" he spoke up.

"I said pet namesss, gimme more!" they insisted.

At that he let out a good loonnng sigh, shaking his head a little as a (silly) list of names popped up in his head, remembering past ones he'd referred them to only in his daydreams.

He then stared straight into their eyes, a stubborn and bashful smile curled onto his face, color flooding into his cheeks as he spoke "whatever you say, honey,"

On cue, Frisk burst into a fit of giggles, swinging their legs back and forth happily "aaaaah! You called me honey!"

He couldn't help but wonder if they'd always be this easy to please, holding back his own laughter "does that satisfy you... sweet face?"

They of course broke into another fit of giggles, until they finally noticed the almost too complacent look on their boyfriend's face, attempting to calm down, having some trouble doing so.

"Ah-hem, heheh... yes, yes it does, I'm super satisfied, and it's your turn now, isn't it?"

"Yup, so, what will it be honey, truth or dare?" he asked slyly.

Frisk smirked, "dare,"

Flowey had lots of stuff in mind, but at that moment, on nearby vine he felt a faint tickle, to which he subtly eyed to find that a lady bug had crawled on him, one of his more favorite bugs due to them having a diet of aphids.
He then had an idea and raised the occupied vine into the air, showing the tiny red and black bug to Frisk.

"I dare you to eat my new friend," he ordered.

Frisk's mouth dropped and their expression shifted into something of immediate horror at him, to which he grinned in teasing amusement at.

It was then an idea of their own passed over their mind, and Frisk smiled, and, to Flowey's surprise, Frisk leaned in close to the bug, their mouth in close vicinity, puckered their lips and as close as they could without actually touching the little ladybug- gave it a kiss.

"Mwa!" they charmed vocally, holding back a childish giggle.

He blinked "what was that?"

They shrugged nonchalantly "bending the rules, I thought someone like Cheaty the cheater would understand, it's not like you meant it anyway,"

He cackled, he should have seen this coming, very much enjoying Frisk's 'pet names' for him as well "how do you know I didn't mean it?"

Frisk then held out their finger, allowing their lady bug buddy to crawl on to them "because you know I never would and just wanted to tease me;"

With that response, Flowey gently blew the lady bug away, putting his vine back in it's previous spot.

"Maybe. Or maybe I just wanted to show you a ladybug?" he suggested, leaning against their arm, snuggling them, looking up at them "or... maybe not, isn't it your turn next?"

They gazed at him for a few seconds before they let out a quiet sigh, a soft smile coming to their face.

"Alright, truth or dare?" they started.

As he thought it over, he turned to lazily rest his forehead against their arm "mummmm, truth,"

"Soooo… what were you trying to say to me at the soda fountain?"

Having forgotten that moment up until now, Flowey stilled his movements in alarm, finding himself become nervous and shy all over again.

He found himself wanting to give this one a 'pass', not that it was a good idea after his whole shenanigan with the lady bug, and perhaps this was this was best time as any to speak up.
So, he inhaled, removed his face from Frisk's arm, sat up straight and then exhaled, gathering up his courage to speak as he slowly met their eyes.

"I was figuring out a way to tell you how…beautiful you are…," he swallowed a lump in his throat "inside and out… in general and… to me;"

Of course, a flattered sweet smile and a blush made it's way on Frisk's face, quiet as they thought of what to say, but the silence only provoked Flowey to speak up.

"I know it's kind of typical to say, but sometimes it's all I can think to describe you when in reality you're so much more than that.. it… it's like being in love makes me stupid and inarticulate, not that being in love is stupid- because trust me, being in love is great…it just makes me stupid, and I just can't explain what it is that you do to me and-;"

He was forced to stop rambling when Frisk begun over emotionally giggling and crying all at the same time, but it was more crying than anything else.

"-I'm making you cry again," he sighed with an amused gentle smile, wiping away a few of their tears.

They beamed happily at him, gazing at him through shiny wet eyes "I guess this is what being in love does to me, it turns me into a crying mess;"

Talking about this with them filled him with the strongest urge to kiss them, but as he watched them tearfully smile and sniffle, he decided he would wait it out a little longer…

"Yeah, but it's a good mess," he added admiringly, echoing Frisk's own words.

Which they of course caught, now back onto giggling.

He grinned, seeing them like them this felt so good, realizing he'd most likely do anything to see them this happy, it was shame they had to keep all of this a secret, because if he could make them this happy all the time- he would.

Maybe someday, when he had the guts, he'd reveal their secret just so he could do make them laugh and blush all the time without any fears.

"You really do have me wrapped your finger, don't you?" he spoke up.

At that Frisk gaped in slight flattered confusion at the comment, smiling shyly "do I? Sometimes I think I literally have? Hehee;"

Finally, Flowey couldn't handling it any longer, climbed up Frisk's shoulder so he could lean in, close his eyes and kiss Frisk's wet cheek, and then… playfully blew a noisy raspberry against their skin.
Thankfully, Frisk wasn't mad, instead they shrieked with laughter, gently holding onto the side of his head like always, turning their head to meet his lips, kissing him softly.

He let out a slight muffled moan at the pain, but as he kissed them back and ran a vine through their hair lovingly, it all washed away, it was still funny how the affection both created and eliminated the pain at the same time.

He was about to get lost in cloud nine when Frisk suddenly gasped, breaking lip contact to speak.

"This is just like the song! Flowey and Frisky, sitting in a tree, s-m-o-o-c-,

But they were abruptly cut off as Flowey impatiently smashed his lips back against theirs, effectively shushing them… aside from their suppressed gleeful chortles.

They continued to make out for a little longer, completely absorbed with each other inside the moment, with Flowey unable to stop smiling as Frisk attempted to hum the rest of the song before they both broke into a hushed giggle fit between pecks and kisses.

Too soon they broke apart, Flowey's exhaustion of fighting against the pain really beginning to take its toll on him, letting out a long sigh as he sunk down, resting his forehead against crook of their shoulder, finally noticing that Frisk was now holding him in their arms, wondering when that had happened.

He bet if they realized how much exactly it hurt him to do these things that they'd never want to touch him again, it had been hard enough to convince them to continue to treat him the same.

He wasn't where he was in his progress of completely healing his soul, he'd continue to train like he promised no matter what, he was content enough where he was, but he knew if he wasn't able to heal soon enough that Frisk would get concerned again.

He was sure he'd start having to lying and putting up false faces again if there wasn't any progress.

His thoughts began to drift as he felt Frisk's gentle fingers caress the back of his head, finding himself melting in their arms all over again, he began thinking about one of the things they had said to him earlier at the table, thoughtfully touching a vine to his lips.

"Are my lips really that soft?" he murmured.

"Yes, they really are, super soft," Frisk murmured back, their tone content and slow like honey.
"But... they can't be softer than yours...," he replied.

He felt the pleasant rumble of their laughter when they giggled, "wanna put that to the test again Sunshine?"

He nuzzled his face into their neck stubbornly at the comment "later, I just want to stay this way for awhile if that's okay,"

"Yeah," they said with a sweet sigh "it's more than okay,"

They stayed that way for a few minutes, basking in the peaceful silence as Flowey rested snuggly against Frisk while they contently watched the world around them.

And then Frisk spoke.

"Azzie?"

"Mmm?"

"You remember the nightmare I told you about that I couldn't fully explain because... it was too gross?" they began.

At the mention, Flowey raised his head up, looking at Frisk with all his attention, his expression serious, this was the nightmare that practically started everything, the one that (probably) caused him to have the eerily similar nightmare which lead him to go train with his dad.

But at the moment he was thinking back to that night and the tense and anxious look on their face when he had asked about the 'gross' thing, they had spoken about it like something taboo and horrible had happened, explaining the nightmare version of himself had done something 'that he'd never think to do'.

It was easy to say he was nervous now.

"Yeah...?" he responded hesitantly, holding his breath.

"I think I'm finally ready to tell you,"

"Yeah...?" he responded again, wincing.

Frisk blinked in surprise when they realized how this was effecting him. "Oh, oh no, you don't have anything to worry about, it's not that bad, it's okay,"
At that he instantly relaxed, but now more curious than anything "then why did you say it was?"

Frisk let out a slow sigh, smiling to themselves, looking rather embarrassed. "Because at the time, you would have been grossed out, but not anymore,"

Flowey narrowed his eyebrows in deep confusion until it finally clicked.

"I kissed you," he said, realizing several more things at once, becoming excited.

Frisk smiled shyly and nodded, staring down at the tree branch "yeah, you did… but how about I fully explain it like I should have in the first place? The first half of it is… a little hazy but I still remember some parts pretty well, mostly the part near the end,"

He didn't answer this time, moving from their arms until he sat at the end of their knees facing them, watching them as they collected themselves to speak.

"So, as you know, you did terrible things in the nightmare because you… 'snapped', all of us lost in a forest, you were… tracking us all down I think, it's as bad as you can imagine, I try my hardest to escape, but then stop when I spot you fighting an 'evil Sans', why he was evil I still don't know, but you get him, laughing as he dies and I'm wigging out inside my head because… you're there, gigantic and big and as tall as the trees… and I can't stop looking at you, I can't move, the sun is shining across your face and then you ssslllooowly turn your head and spot me, your eyes are big and wild, flashing red and green at me, I was abso-freaking-lutely sure I was a goner," they explained.

"You're telling this with a heck of a lot more detail than you did the first time," Flowey noted.

Frisk let out an awkward laugh at that "that's because I was upset and didn't want to freak you out too much, that and I've had time to remember the more interesting details,"

"You sure you aren't just making some of it up to sound 'interesting' for my sake?" he critiqued.

They laughed again and shook their head "no, I'm being honest, there's bits I forgot but this part in particular was vivid for me, can I please continue already?"

He merely nodded.

"So, fortunately I wasn't a goner, instead you see me, yell at me and then woosh- pick me up with one of these enormous vines and hold me up in the air up to your eye level, and I don't know what to do, it's like I'm frozen in fear, you are so mad at me and I have no idea why, but you then… you start crying in frustration, I try to talk to you to calm you down, but no words come out of my mouth… ," they had to pause to re-collect themselves.

He watched as their expression grew softer and more conflicted, reaching down to hold their hand, to which they took and held onto.

"It was like I had betrayed you, you… kept saying over and over again that I 'broke your heart and broke your soul', and I was confused and upset because you had just finished destroying everyone and had broken my heart too, I get upset and cry too because nothing makes sense anymore, but then, something comes over me, I become Determined to fix the whole mess and tell you everything is going to be okay… that's when you cry harder and… kiss me… passionately, your mouth almost
"too big to fit mine…*but it worked*, I was so stunned, I had no idea how to feel, but then before things settle…you suddenly let me go and then… shrunk down small and *disappeared into the ground, leaving me behind alone,*"

Flowey was speechless, at so many things, but mostly all he could think about was how their nightmares were more alike than he thought, was this proof that they *were* soul mates after all…?

"And I lied about the part about you killing me because you running away from me hurt so much… you might as well have killed me. *That…* and I was too embarrassed to tell you, I didn't want to run the risk of disgusting you or freaking you out," they explained.

"'It was something that I would have never have thought to do'," he echoed their words, they were right.

Frisk smiled weakly "I've always wanted to tell you, but it never felt like the right time, even after you told me your similar nightmare-,

"It's much more than similar actually," he spoke up, an awkward grin come across his face, "we both lied about what actually happened, do you want to hear my side?"

Frisk's eyes lit up "did you kiss me in yours too?" they gasped.

Flowey winced "…*yeah*, but you…didn't exactly 'like it', but that was because you were upset at me in this one too,"

"If it makes you feel better, we kiss *all the time* in my dreams now and I *certainly* like it," they reassured with a goofy smile, giving the vine they were still holding a playful squeeze.

His tension now successfully broken, Flowey let out quiet bashful snicker, "yeah, that actually makes me feel a lot better… so, you still want to hear it?"

Frisk's goofy smile straightened back to something more firm "of course,"

"Okay, well, here it goes," he began and let out deep sigh "as you are aware, I had the nightmare a few weeks after the wedding, and I was under a lot of stress about my feelings for you so… *uh*, it accumulated into something pretty bad…I'm sorry if any of this upsets you,"

"It's fine, it's not like any of it will ever happen, remember?" they said with warm smile.

He nodded "right," maybe *he* was the one who was going to get upset instead…

"In my nightmare, I was getting angry, for… multiple reasons, when I suddenly heard a voice in my head… my voice but…an older darker version, it was evil, imagine it like the devil and angel on the shoulder trope? But with no angel and only inside my mind, but it gets worse when I look up and see these rotting demon versions of Papyrus and mom, they start taunting me, telling me all these horrible things about my feelings for you…and why it would never work out and all the drawbacks," he began, staring down at the vine locked within Frisk's hand, unable to look up at them.

"I knew I was hallucinating it, but I couldn't take it, so I attack them, but after they turn to dust, my mind clears and I realize that I actually killed them for real, I couldn't handle it and…finally, I snap completely… *that's when my soul began breaking,*"
"I can see why you held back now... that's terrifying," Frisk commented in a murmur.

"Yeah, pretty tense huh? It gets worse," Flowey said with a grim uncomfortable smile, "once I saw that my soul was breaking, I made a plan to do something important before it broke entirely, so I ran off and I... I.. um... stole off with our neighbors souls so I could have enough power to change shape, meanwhile the voice in my head was trying to make me do terrible things but I didn't really listen, I mostly yelled at it to shut up,"

"What kind of terrible things?" Frisk asked suddenly.

"It wanted me to kill a human baby," he answered without looking.

There was an uneasy silence between the two of them for a few seconds.

"Sorry, do you want me to stop?" he asked, worried now.

Frisk shook their head slowly "n-no, it's okay... keep going, you gave me a warning for a reason, just go on..."

He eyed them over before he spoke up "if you insist... so, I collect seven souls and go home and absorb them to change into my real form, and then I wait for you to come home, but then Sans comes in and finds out what I did and oh boy is he ever upset with me, we fight it out, he even smashes me through a window into the backyard but in the end... I, of course- win the battle," he then let out another much longer sigh before he started up again, worrying internally over what Frisk was going to think of the next part.

"That's... when you came home... you walk outside, trying to figure out where everyone is and see all the damage I did, and then see me and put together what happened, become scared and go back inside to get away, but I need to talk to you... so I follow you in, that's when you ambush me in the face with a pan,"

"I- what?!" Frisk gasped, astonished.

"You hit me in the face with a pan!" he repeated with more emphasis, unable to stop himself from snickering.

"Why would I do that?! And why would I run away?" they asked, completely put off and perplexed.

"You were scared and upset with me that I just murdered part of the family obviously! CAN I continue?"

"Yes, but I just want you to know I would never ever hit you in the face or run from you in real life, no matter what you do," they said.

"Right, good thing we're never going to the opportunity to put that statement to the test," he mumbled and looked back down, preparing himself once again for the next part, this one was going to be hard.

"...Annnyywaayy, uhh... so, well, my memory is a little fuzzy about the conversation we had, but I do remember you crying and screaming a lot, but eventually we talk about what I did and... nothing I say really makes things better, you try hitting me with the pan again but I only take it away..."
from you and toss it away,"

At that Frisk made small concerned noise "… this is so dramatic,"

"Yeah, I knew it was rude of me to do in the dream too, but… it was okay, since I wasn't going to hurt you and I had to hurry and go through with my plan before I ran out of time before my soul finally broke," he explained.

"What… was the plan?" Frisk asked timidly, their voice so quiet.

"Well, the first part was to confess my feelings …and I did, but heh, I guess the timing was wrong because Dream you didn't feel the same way, it's a wonder why; but in the nightmare I wasn't surprised and was Determined to keep going with the plan, and then, the next part was to. . . hold you… and… I again, I did… despite how scared of me you were, I knew it was disgusting and selfish of me, but I… I just couldn't stop knowing I had limited time to have my soul,"

As he paused Frisk didn't comment, they did however began gently petting the back of his head again, their actions speaking for them instead.

"Then finally, the last part of the plan was to um… kiss you, and again, I greedily succeeded with that too, I remember being so happy that I think hurt in real life too, it's a surprise that it didn't wake me up," he said, voice low and embarrassed.

"How did I react?" Frisk spoke up shyly.

"You pulled away from me, you were revolted, but it was okay with me, I had already accepted that you wouldn't feel anything back, I was just triumphant to have been able to kiss someone like you, my happiness blinded me, but then… it finally happened, I felt a terrible pain, probably one of the second worst pains of my life and then… nothing, my soul was gone… and then…the room turned red and Dream you disappeared,"

"Disappeared?" Frisk peeped.

"Yeah, you vanished in to thin air, but before I could scream out for you I saw this black void in the corner of the room and a tall skinny demonic figure stepped out-,"

"Please tell me you ran,"

"That's not how nightmares work, remember? I wanted to run but I couldn't, the figure slinks up to me and morphs into… what I guess was… an adult Chara, and they speak to me, and I realize they were the one who was talking to me inside my head all that time, they explain to me that… "things were better 'this way' and 'that I never needed a soul", and then… I woke up to a dark room no thanks to the thunder storm,"

He heard them swallow "no wonder you were so shaken up, that was definitely terrifying,"

"Yeah, maybe, but it was just what I needed to push me to do something about my soul instead of being too scared to do anything, it's annoying that it took me so long to do it," he said.

"Fear used as a motivator sucks," Frisk pouted.

"Yeah… you're right, but it's what worked best to keep me going all these years," Flowey replied, "but it's crazy isn't it? That our nightmares were so similar, once upon a time I would have said that it was because we were both thinking about the news of my deformed soul, but now that we know each others full stories, I'm really starting to think it's something much more…,"
Frisk grinned at him hopefully "you mean like what you said about soul mates being real?"

He rubbed at his face shyly "well, yeah, it's just annoying the only real proof we have is our nightmares,"

"Mmm, how about we start telling each other our good dreams too? I had a really nice one a few nights ago," Frisk proposed optimistically.

He raised his eyebrows with interest "tell me about it Starshine,"

"Okay, well, not much was going on and nothing weird happened… but, it actually took place at the park…right around here actually, and I'm pretty sure we were having a picnic date on the nearby hills, it was twilight time, the sun was setting and the sky was sooo many different colors, it was so gorgeous," they said, their eyes twinkling as they thought back.

But meanwhile, still sitting in their lap, Flowey began smiling big as he watched them speak, mystified, tears coming to his eyes, remembering the same dream he had . . .

It had to be true, what else could all this mean?

Very few times since he lost Chara had Asriel let himself believe in things like this…

But he was tired of being scared of losing, of his insecurities, of only dreaming

Asriel wanted to believe in all the things he'd long ago lost faith in

He'd always be broken in some way or another, he'd come to terms with that

But now Asriel found he had less and less reasons to fear, hide, or dream

Especially when he had proof of love and true happiness as he realized he'd always have his soul mate

For the third time that day, Flowey burst into tears, laughing as he let it flow, grinning as Frisk held the side of his head with a gentle hand.

"What is it? Was that too much?" they asked, smiling with confusion.

"No, everything is completely fine," he sniffled, gazing at them blissfully, leaning into their hand "in fact, it's more than I could have ever asked for;"

And then, their mouth dropped as they put it together "…did you?"

He laughed more, "yeah, the exact same one,"
Frisk's smile then returned, full force and brighter than ever, without a word picked Flowey up and brought him close to their heart and embraced him, to which he returned tenfold, wrapping them up with several friendly vines.

As he nestled into their chest, he realized there was something that he should have done a long time ago.

"Frisk?" he asked.

"Yes?" he heard them sniffle out, they were crying too now.

"I'm in love with you," he proclaimed "I figured it out at the wedding, maybe longer than that, but I realized it when you were standing at the alter and smiled at me, you were… I- I mean you're still… beautiful… in… in more ways than one,"

He could practically feel the way they were looking at him now.

"Heh, I'm confessing my feelings the way I should have in the first place, I hope you don't mind," he explained before they could ask, because if he was able to reset back to that hectic night without any drawbacks he knew he would.

"I definitely don't mind," they said and giggled softly "and well, boy do I have wonderful news for you,"

He pulled back enough to look at them, both a mess with happy tears running down their cheeks, using a vine to push back a few stray locks of hair from Frisk's face.

"Hm, what is it?" he asked, studying their face.

"You won't believe this… but I'm in love with you too! And I want to date the heck out of you, what do you say to that?" they replied, their grin growing.

At that, he closed his eyes and leaned forward until his forehead rested against theirs, "I say it sounds like a crazy ride and that you're crazy too, but I wouldn't want it any other way, lets go for it, lets go on our own crazy adventure,"

"And so far… it's been great, I can't wait for more," Frisk whispered.
Chapter End Notes

That was Growing Pains everyone! I hope you enjoyed it!

And, thank you so much for sticking it out to the ending with me!

This part of Flowey's story ends here, but if you're still curious for more, I'm (as I write this) in the early process of working on Growing Pains 2, I will be posting an author's note later on explaining some details :V

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!