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### An Undertale Story

by slyph_silver

#### Summary

Frisk tells her story of her adventures through the Underground, from the joyous to the nightmares. Frisk finally believes in happy endings. But are there?

~Second Chapter is reeeally long and can probably be skipped as it is just my summary of the story of Undertale~

#### Notes

Starts out simple. There will eventually be smut, so if that’s not your thing this probably won't be a story for you. Also Frisk in this story is female, but does start out as a child, around ten in my mind. Hope anyone reading enjoys. :3
A Simple Beginning

The first thing I was aware of was the sunlight on the back's of my eyelids, turning them red. My body ached and the air felt stagnant. There was a moment of confusion as I assessed where I was. I slowly stretched my muscles. Nothing seemed broken, just battered. I felt something soft and springy underneath myself. Slowly I opened my eyes, squinting against the bright light that sent a momentary pain through my head with how bright it was. As my vision adjusted, my eyes widened in surprise.

Where am I? The thought ran through my head.

Above me loomed a giant tunnel, the opening so far up I was surprised the sunlight could even reach this far down. The sides of the tunnel was comprised of uneven and jagged stone, the massive tunnel above my head gradually opened into a round alcove, where I found myself. I let out a shaky breath and it stirred the air above my head, sending the dust in the air spinning, and for a moment it looked to my mind like the dust was dancing in the sunlight. Slowly I sat up, being careful as I still wasn't sure just how battered I was. I saw to my surprise that I was laying on a bed of golden flowers, much larger than it seemed they should be. They were soft and springy, all tightly packed together, making quite a comfortable bed underneath me.

A sudden realization hit me and I looked up in surprise. Did I fall from up there? I wondered in amazement. It didn't seem possible I could've fallen such a long distance and survived. I looked at the flowers beneath me. The flowers seemed to have cushioned my fall.

Slowly I stood up, carefully stepping away from the bed of beautiful flowers, not wanting to damage them. As I stood they sprung back up, not even seeming the slightest damaged from my weight.

My body hurt right to the bones and I slowly stretched my muscles again, curling my toes and clenching my fingers. Yup, thankfully no broken bones, I thought to myself. I took a deep breath and then winced in pain as I felt a sharp stab from my left side as my lungs pressed against my ribs. I slowly eased my breath out and lifted my shirt to assess the damage. I sucked in a surprised breath and it whistled between my clenched teeth. A giant bruise covered my left ribs, purple, black and blue in color. My stomach lurched at the sight of it. I let my shirt drop and closed my eyes, willing my stomach to still.

How did I get that bruise? the thought ran through my head. Then my breathing nearly stopped as I realized I couldn't remember. I couldn't remember anything. How had I gotten down here? What happened to me? Where was I? My breathing stopped completely. Who am I? I racked my brain, trying to remember anything, anything at all, but I just couldn't. My head ached as I tried to recall anything.

My breathing started to come in short panicked gasps. I pushed against my empty memories, urging something, anything to appear. Sweat was beginning to bead at my temples and my head was aching more and more as I attempted to remember. My panic was rising but I slowly pushed it down and forced myself to take slow, even, small breaths. From the edges of my memories an image arose. I saw a shallow cave and at the back was a gaping crack in the earth, the entire lip surrounded by massive vines. I fell down. I remembered the feeling of falling, then the feeling of my body hitting the ground, the air knocked out of me, and then blackness as I lost consciousness. No other memories would come to me. If I tried to push further pain lanced through my head. Okay, something else. I backed away from those thoughts and focused on something else instead. Who am I? I searched for remembrance. And my name floating forth in my mind. Frisk. That was my name.
I breathed out a sigh of relief and opened my eyes, looking down at myself. I was wearing a large baggy sweater, at least three times my size. It was a light blue with magenta stripes, though the colors were muted by dirt. I was wearing baggy jeans that were tucked into a pair of sturdy black boots, laced up nearly to the knee—the only thing I was wearing that seemed to fit me properly.

I looked up at the room around me. There were crumbling columns lining the room with vines crawling up them. Curious. At one end of the room there was a tunnel. I made my way forward, as there was nothing else I could do. At the end of the tunnel there was a large archway. I went through it, into the dark room, unaware of the marvelous and terrifying adventure ahead of me.
My Story

Chapter Summary

Just my summary of the pacifist run of Undertale.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is a little long, probably too long, and is a simple summary of my version of the pacifist run of Undertale. Frisk is female, and around ten years old. Also, in my story of Undertale, monsters are larger than human in size. I hope anyone reading enjoys. :3

My story began when I met a strange yellow flower. It greeted me with a friendly smile. Despite my lack of memory, I understood enough to know that a talking flower was not normal. As the flower talked to me something strange happened. I saw my soul for the first time. Flowey, as he called himself, pulled it out. When he did it there was a strange pressure in the center of my chest and it felt like all my body's energy was pulled to that one point of my body before it was pulled forward and straight out of my chest. A heart shaped, red energy floating right in front of my chest, right above my skin. It was beautiful. It glowed with a warm red light and it swirled and pulsed with beautiful shades of color, and the comparison my mind made was that it looked like a garnet shining in the sun, though I didn't even know how I knew what that looked like.

As Flowey talked he summoned forth little white, faintly glowing, pellets. When they hit my soul I could feel all the maliciousness behind the blow, and the pain hit through my entire body like lightning, bringing me to my knees, though I hadn't taken any physical damage. My vision swam, and in his distorted face I saw death.

And then I was saved. I felt a heat fill my entire body, spreading through my limbs, easing all my pain. My soul slowly eased back into my chest. And when I looked up there was a woman towering above me, covered in thick white fur, with horns sticking out of her head and long, soft looking ears. She was wearing a blue dress with a strange image on the front. She had kind eyes and a surprisingly gentle voice for someone of her size. And that is how I met Toriel, the monster who would become my mother, though I didn't realize it at the time.

She led me through the ruins, showing me many puzzles and explaining a bit about where I was. As I journeyed with her I discovered that I couldn't speak, whether this was from the trauma of my fall or something else, I couldn't determine. Instead I spoke through words my hands created, quickly and easily signing the words that came to me, my hands going through the motions naturally. And surprisingly enough she seemed to understand me perfectly despite my lack of an actual voice. She explained along the way that every monster knew the silent language, even if they themselves couldn't sign, and that even they didn't know how they knew it, it was just something every monster could understand.

In the ruins I met many other monsters. Froggits who would attack simply because they were
unsure of me, though a quick compliment and hug would send them hopping on their way, blushing. Whimsums hid in the shadows and whenever I came across them I attempted to speak gently to them, but they vanished before I could say much of anything. A few gentle words of friendship for a Loox, accepting the healthy meal offered by a Vegetoid, a little wiggle and flirty comment for a Moldsmal, and easing a Migosp away from others, to watch him dance away happily once he was alone, were all easy ways to avoid violence.

Most monsters that engaged in fights did so because they were curious or afraid and would quickly let me go once I showed kindness. The most interesting monster that I came across in the tunnels was a shy, soft-spoken, sad ghost who seemed to perk right up after a joke and a friendly smile. Napstablook. I was especially happy after I had met him.

I bought a few spider donuts and made my way to the ends of the ruins where there was a small, tidy house. Toriel's house. She led me inside where it was pleasantly warm and smelled of cinnamon and butterscotch. I explored her house after her introduction of it. At the end of the hallway was a mirror and I took the opportunity to see what I looked like. My hair was dark brown in color and unevenly cut short, disheveled and dirty from my adventures. My face was lightly bruised in places and my eyes were a bright and shining blue.

I stayed with Toriel for a few days, listening to stories, eating pie and resting. She cleaned my clothes and I managed to get a very welcome bath. As I explored her house I found books that described the story of monsters and humans. As I read it, it slowly became familiar. I knew the story, I recalled that I'd learned it, I just hadn't remembered it until the book had jogged my memory. After a few days with Toriel, though, I felt this nagging urge to leave. An urge to go back to the surface. To get home, though I didn't even know where or what home was.

Toriel was not happy to see me leave, she tried to fight me, her fire magic doing me in a few times before I got better. Fighting the other monsters in the ruins had been difficult, but they were easier once I learned how they fought. Toriel was no different. It was only after the first time I died, the last thing I saw was a look of surprise and horror on Toriel's face as she realized what she'd done, that I discovered what I could do.

I found myself in a dark space, floating. I didn't want to die. I realized there that I should have been afraid, but I wasn't. I heard a deep, rumbling voice fill my mind, telling me to stay determined, that it would all be alright. I didn't recall having heard the voice before. In myself I felt this warmth spreading though me, straight from my soul and I felt myself pulled back. Suddenly I was in my body again and I was standing in front of Toriel's house, right before I'd gone in to talk to her about leaving. I remembered this moment, knowing she would not be happy but feeling determined to see it through. And that was how I discovered save.

After dying a few times I got better at dodging, firmly telling her I would not fight her every opportunity I got during the fight, and eventually she would not fight me either. After she had left I couldn't bear to see her sadness and I back tracked. She was not in her home and I had to traverse to the beginning of the ruins, where I found her standing by the patch of golden flowers I had fallen on. I tried to talk to her but she seemed reluctant, knowing I would leave. I wrapped her in a tight hug, feeling her arms wrap around me and hugging me tightly in return before I departed, telling her I'd see her again. I went back to the door and exited the ruins, hearing the large heavy door close behind me with an echoing boom.

Flowey spoke to me again, leaving me feeling uneasy apprehension, and when I went forward I found myself standing in a snowy forest. The dark trees and landscape was covered in a thick blanket of white, sparkling snow. The ceiling was so far above that I couldn't even really see it. It hit me that the Underground was enormous. It wasn't just some small cave-like area like the ruins.
Seeing my new path ahead of me I felt a warm sensation filling my chest and I closed my eyes, envisioning this point, and it appeared in my mind suddenly as a bright, yellow light, filling me with warmth. As I stepped forward I knew that that would be the moment I could return to if anything happened to me.

The forest was large, quiet, and ominous. It unnerved me and I felt like I was being watched as I continued on the path, trying to ignore the cold that bit into my skin, leaving me shivering and wishing I had brought warmer clothes. Further along, across the path, was a large branch- too large and heavy for me to move. I stepped over it, but didn't get far before I heard a loud crack.

I spun around and saw the large branch had been broken, shattered in the middle as though someone had stepped on it, though how heavy something would have had to have been to break it I couldn't even imagine. There was no one on the path and the snow looked undisturbed, other than my own footsteps.

Unnerved I continued on, but didn't get far down the path before I heard a heavy footfall crunching the snow behind me, though when I turned there was nobody there. Truly freaked I continued on, seeing a small bridge across a gap in the path with a large archway over it. What seemed like bars crossed it, though they seemed too far apart to be of much significant use in stopping anyone, if that's what they were there for.

As I stepped onto the wooden bridge I heard footsteps approaching me from behind and my body froze out of fear. The voice that I suddenly heard at my back was low, deep and raspy. It sent a shiver down my spine and fear crept into my core, tightening my stomach. I turned as the voice ordered, sticking out my hand.

The first thing I saw was a skeleton looming over me, a wide grin on its face, two white lights shined in its eye sockets, watching me. This skeleton was much wider and taller than I was, wearing a heavy blue sweater with fur along the hood, open over a white shirt, basketball shorts?, and pink slippers. The thought ran through my head as I reached out my hand that it was strange how unintimidatingly he was dressed.

As my hand met his there was a loud farting? sound, and my face went blank at the shock of it. The skeleton began to laugh, actually laugh. It was a deep, rumbling kind of laugh that shook my chest with its sound, and the mirth of it made a smile form on my lips and a giggle escaped me at the sudden absurdity of the moment. That was how I met Sans, my first friend in the Underground. Shortly after I met Papyrus. He appeared suddenly and loudly as I hid behind a large lamp, his first words a scolding "Sans!" Papyrus was at least half a foot taller than his brother, close to Toriel's height, and it occurred to me he must be at least 6'5 if not taller. He wore a strange outfit, what looked like armor? A long flowing red scarf wrapped around his neck, falling down his back like a cape, matching his red boots and gloves. The brothers bantered and Papyrus went on his way.

My journey continued and it was filled with puzzles, bad puns, and banter. I solved Papyrus's puzzles, rather simple puzzles, and his frequent antics filled me with laughter and happiness. This skeleton was filled with flair and was so dramatic. It occurred to me more than once as I journeyed through his puzzles that he was actually quite adorable. Threatening as he tried to be, he never once made me feel afraid.

The monsters in this area were not much different from the monsters in the ruins. A laugh for a snowdrake, a pet for any of dogs in the area, ignoring any Ice Cap I came across; if their heads got any bigger their cool hat wouldn't even fit. I helped a Gyftrot clean its antlers and politely excused myself whenever I came across Jerry. All violence avoided once kindness was shown. I even came across a talking snowman who asked me to take a piece of him with me, which I did, sticking a
small piece into a leather pouch I found nearby, pulling the strings tight and sticking it in my pocket. I could feel the cold through my clothes, and it seemed like it was more than just the snow inside that made it cold.

As I journeyed through the area I died a few times until I became accustomed to the new attacks that I found myself facing. It was after the first time that I died that I discovered I could make my little save points more frequently along my journey, in particular places. And every time I died I heard that deep, rumbling voice, telling me to stay determined.

I felt in this area that I was being watched, but dismissed the feeling as simple paranoia at being in a new area. When I came across Snowdin, the friendly town filled me with determination. I talked to every person there, and explored all the little nooks and crannies. The most interesting of which were the books in the Library (yes I know I spelled it wrong), that told of monsters and magic, giving me a better sense of the curious world I had found myself in.

Shortly after I left the town, my pockets full of little wrapped cinnamon bunnies, I came across Papyrus. Despite his unintimidating behavior previously, his fight was more challenging than the others I had encountered. Almost as hard as Toriel's but because it was vastly different, was quite a challenge.

After a little time into the fight, and a little flirting just to fluster him, a wave of magic washed over me and my soul went from red to dark blue and my muscles suddenly felt like lead, making it difficult to move, and suddenly his bone attacks were much more difficult to dodge. Each bone that bumped into my heart sent a lash of pain into me, and my soul slowly got weaker. I urged Papyrus to stop fighting every step of the way, as I had with Toriel. Jumping and dodging was an effort under the magic, but somehow, I managed to get through the fight without dying, thankful of all the previous battle practice. I was becoming quite good at dodging.

After the fight was over I quickly befriended him, and after he had left I returned to Snowdin, curious to have the date I had accidentally initiated. When I met him in front of his house we made our way down the road, and I was quite curious to see where he would go, until he turned around and headed back the way he came and I nearly laughed aloud as I realized where he was going. When he ran excitedly into his house I did laugh and quickly joined him, curious to see the skeleton brother's home.

It was quite warm and pleasant on the inside, with many little curiosities. The most frustrating of which was Sans' room, with strange lights flashing underneath the door, but no way to open it.

Papyrus and I had our date and I left closer with the skeleton than I had been before, even if the date didn't end in anything- not that I had hoped it would. I continued on into Waterfall, seeing Undyne for the first time, dressed in black, intimidating armor. I met up with Sans, had an interesting conversation that seemed to me to allude to Flowey, and met a few other monsters along the way. And as in every other area, I quickly befriended the monsters I came across.

I encouraged Woshua to clean me, which was very much appreciated as I was already getting dirty from my journey, I flexed with Aaron, though I had no muscles on my skinny frame he seemed to enjoy the competition regardless, I encountered a Moldbygg, though they quickly left me alone when I gave them space, sang with Shyren, and talked with Temmie (the strangest monster I had come across in my journey thus far). I even found a very adorable and friendly monster in a room filled with water, and their name was Onionsan. They seemed so happy to see me, and I felt reluctant to leave them, but I had to continue on.

After a few close encounters with Undyne, I was knocked off a broken bridge and down into a garbage dump. After I'd fallen, I had dreamt, and in this dream I heard a soft, sweet voice speaking
to me, asking me my name. Before I could reply they called me Chara. And before I could hear
their name, I had woken with a start. It was all so curious, but I had to continue on and search for
answers elsewhere.

I found myself in the garbage dump, filled with human garbage that flowed into a black, seemingly
bottomless pit. In this place I met a very mad dummy, who hit himself too often with his own
attacks before meeting Napstablook again when he inadvertently saved me.

After hanging out with Napstablook and exploring his snail farm I continued on my way, finding
the strange Temmie village in the lantern room. After selling a few of the items I had collected I
continued on my way. A monster kid, Timmy, occasionally joined me, his enthusiasm bringing a
smile to my face. I called Papyrus a few times to hear his input about the areas around me and
eventually confronted Undyne.

Undyne was strangely beautiful. She somewhat resembled a fish in her appearance, her skin a
pretty shade of blue, her hair a wild and fiery red, matching her personality perfectly. She had an
eye patch over her left eye, and she was tall, around the same height as Papyrus, maybe even taller.

I died a few times in her fight. The wave of magic she threw at my soul made it momentarily
impossible to move and turned my soul a dark emerald green. I had to block the spears she threw at
me from all sides, which was surprisingly difficult. After enough time the magic waned and I was
able to break free and make a run for it. I cursed Sans as I ran past his sleeping form, an irate
Undyne close on my heels. I found myself crossing a long bridge over a pit with rolling, steaming
lava beneath me. Undyne quickly succumbed to the heat in her hot armor. After helping her out I
back tracked to hang out with her and Papyrus, who had called inconveniently in the middle of my
escape.

I hung out with Undyne in her house, quickly turning her scorn and distrust into friendship, the
fierce cooking lesson assisting in this, though this unfortunately left her house in flames afterward.
Though she surprisingly didn't seem to mind as much as I thought she should have.

In Hotland I met Alphys, nervous and stuttering, she explained that she wanted to be my friend. I
was grateful for her immediate desire to be friends, glad that I wouldn't have to fight her and
convince her as I had all the others. I met Mettaton, a very flamboyant and melodramatic robot,
who I immediately wanted to befriend despite his seemingly malicious intentions towards me. I
explored Alphys' lab and pocketed a few packets of instant noodles before continuing on my way.

I met some of the most adorable monsters so far in Hotland. An adorable Vulkin, who was quickly
won over with a burning hug or words of encouragement, Tsundereplane, who I got just close
enough without being too close. With a sweet smile Tsundereplane left, blushing, and Pyrope, a
mischevious fire monster who was quick to leave once he had gotten hot enough. I even met two
members of the royal guard, managing to coax a few interesting secrets out of them before they
departed together quite happily.

I met Muffet soon after. As she initiated a fight she turned my soul into a rich, deep purple, making
it impossible to escape her webs, forcing me to climb them to escape any attacks. As the fight was
nearing truly dangerous levels a small spider appeared with a message, informing Muffet of the
money I had donated to buy donuts in the ruins, and the fight was quickly ended.

I encountered Mettaton a few times, quite enjoying his dramatic antics, knowing that with Alphys'
help I would be okay. And I was; the one time Mettaton actually tried to fight me, pulling my soul
out to initiate it, Alphys had called me and instructed me to use a little app on my phone. As I
activated it, a spell washed over me and soul turned into a pretty yellow, reminding me of sunlight,
and my soul turned upside down completely. And suddenly I could shoot little yellow balls of light
straight from my soul. They didn't do much damage but they were defense enough.

I met up with Sans once again at Mettaton's resort, once again following one of his "short cuts"—which basically was just him holding out a hand as he walked and once I had taken it we were suddenly walking somewhere else, and whatever had happened left my skin tingling. We somehow ended up wherever he had intended to go.

I had one of the most interesting conversations I had had so far in my journey during this little break. It turned out he knew Toriel, though at the time I had been too curious about his story to mention that I knew her too. He mentioned a promise he had made to her. And when his eye sockets went black I felt the first true shock of fear I had felt in this journey, though he jokingly brushed off the obvious threat.

I realized after that I should have been more afraid of Sans, and while there was something unsettling about his obvious secrets, I knew that I had won him over, even if he would never have admitted it. He was my friend just as much as the others.

After he had left, seeming to disappear between one blink and the next, I explored Mettaton's resort. I talked with the other guests and rested, though at an outrageous price; as everything in this place seemed to be. I talked with Burgerpants, an interesting conversation, as his facial expressions changed frequently and wildly, much to my amusement, bought a few wrapped Glamburgers and one steak in the shape of Mettaton's face.

I chatted with Brattie and Cattie, even bought a mysterious key from them, which I proceeded to put on the key chain attached to the smart phone Alphys had given me. With my pockets once again full and my muscles rested I continued into the Core.

I met more interesting monsters, and at this point I thoroughly enjoyed finding the little secrets to befriend them. Sure I died a few times while I learned their secrets, but I always came back to my save point, and like every other monster they all fought in a particular way, once their patterns were learned they were easier to befriend.

I befriended Madjick quite easily. I'd brought with me a stick I had found and as I pulled it out of my pocket Madjick mistook it for a wand and assumed I was another wizard. Knight Knight I eased into a comfortable sleep with a sweet hummed lullaby. Final Froggit I complimented and then, when that wasn't enough, did a simple little magic trick I learned from watching Madjick, which left the Final Froggit curious but no longer threatening. Whimsalot's were much more difficult to fight, and it took me longer than it should have to figure out how to gain mercy from them. Eventually I discovered all it took was to kneel and pray to them before they'd remember their conscience and grant me mercy.

After I had traversed all the various paths of the Core I got to the end and I knew on the other side of the door Mettaton likely waited for me. I closed my eyes, letting my determination wash through me, and set another save.

As I entered the dark room I saw Mettaton standing in the center, illuminated by a single spotlight. After his dramatic start the door behind me shut with a loud bang and I could hear Alphys on the other side, pounding on the door and shouting. And suddenly I was very nervous. I activated the spell Alphys had given me while Mettaton talked but the little balls of yellow light did nothing to the robot. After some time Alphys instructed me to turn him around and I found a little switch on his back, which I quickly flipped. The single light in the room went out and a voice, much more sultry and sensual than he had spoken with before washed through the room.

Fog crept across the floors from somewhere and the lights turned on from the ceiling. When the
fog cleared Mettaton stood before me in his true form. And he was fabulous. He was much taller than before, with a curvacious magenta and black body. And then the real fight began. I died a few times, admittedly, while I learned his attacks but as the fight got further and further and his ratings went further and further up of those watching this fight, he actually got weaker. His body fell apart, despite the fact that I refused to actually fight, and then the ratings reached his goal.

The battle paused and he was suddenly accepting phone calls. The first was a soft-spoken shy voice I recognized. The others voices seemed familiar, though I couldn't place them all. At the end of it all Mettaton offered me mercy before shutting down. Once he was out, the door opened and Alphys entered. She rushed worriedly to Mettaton while I looked on in concern. When it was established that he would be okay, relief washed through me. Though Alphys tried to brush away her concern, I could tell she cared for the robot more than she was willing to admit.

As we both continued on, truth's were revealed. In order to go home I would have to fight Asgore. I would have to kill him if I wanted to pass through the barrier. As I rode the elevator up to his castle my determination began to wither. All the work I had done to befriend everyone, to spare everyone, would suddenly mean nothing.

I resolved not to fight him. I would not kill him even if it meant I had to stay here forever. The thought of remaining was not a bad one. I had made many friends in my journey, and I would be sad to leave them all. But I couldn't just turn around and leave and never confront him. I had to see this journey through to the end, wherever it led me. That thought filled me with determination.

As I went through his castle I found a small tidy home that looked like a duplicate to Toriel's. As I explored the home, many things became known to me. I discovered another child's room much like the one Toriel had given me when I was with her, but instead of one bed there were two, and the closet was full of striped sweaters. In the center of the room there were two neatly wrapped presents. Inside one was a silver, heart-shaped locket that I couldn't open, and in the other was a wickedly sharp dagger, which I carefully pocketed after placing the locket around my neck, a strong feeling that it would protect me filled me at the sight of it. In Asgore's room there was evidence of him being a father and a husband, I suspected to Toriel. The garbage in the kitchen even contained recipes of butterscotch pie, a small piece of which I still had wrapped in my pocket.

As I unlocked the chain to the basement and continued down the long hallway, monsters began to appear to me, telling an interesting and sad story. They all appeared, in order of who'd I'd encountered. That was how I learned of Asriel and his sad death.

As I reached the end of the of the hallway a large archway greeted me, and warm yellow light spilled out into the hallway I was in. As I stepped into this corridor, wiping the remaining tears off my face, I was filled with wonder.

The corridor was massive, the ceiling far above my head, the large columns lined the room and to the left were stained glass windows with the same symbol I had frequently seen through my journey. It occurred to me as I looked at it that the symbols looked like little cute, happy faces, and I smiled. Warm yellow light spilled through them, though from where I couldn't see. I closed my eyes and this moment washed over me. The familiar glowing light appeared in my head and I saved.

I opened my eyes and took a deep breath, steeling myself, knowing I was nearing the end of my journey. I walked slowly through the room and, about halfway through, between one moment and the next, Sans stood in the center of the room, blocking my way forward. I instantly stopped and watched him. He had an unusually serious expression on his face and his eyes were turned down. He spoke in a soft, low voice, and it echoed through the room, brushing across my skin and raising
goosebumps on my arms. This conversation revealed a lot that I hadn't known, because I had never fought anyone before.

I learned that through killing monsters, my soul could grow strong. This was not a good thing. Partway through the conversation Sans looked up at me and his familiar grin spread on his face, and suddenly he was back to being normal. All my apprehension lifted. With the last words he spoke to me, an encouraging "I'm rootin' for yah, kid," he raised a fist and I mimicked the move, bumping that back of my fist against his, before he vanished between one blink and the next.

I walked to the end of the corridor and into another bleak hallway. I walked its length and continued past the door I knew would lead me to the throne room, seeing that the hallway continued. Following it, not wanting to miss out on any of this world's secrets, I discovered a small room lined with coffins. Each coffin had a heart with a different color on the front of it. The representation of the human's souls who had come before me. The coffin closest to me had a red heart already set on it, much like my own. The name on the coffin read "Chara".

I quickly retreated from the room, trying to ignore the pit in my stomach at the sight of it. I returned to the door that would lead me to the throne room. I knew, somehow, that something very important awaited me on the other side.

As I stepped through, the room in front of me almost took my breath away with how beautiful it was. Across the floor was a garden, thick green grass covered the floor and in the middle was a massive patch of bright yellow flowers, much like the ones I had fallen on when I fell down here.

In the center of the patch was a very tall monster, several inches taller than Toriel- he was the tallest monster I had seen so far. He had to be at least seven feet tall, if not taller. He was wearing a long cloak draped over his shoulders, and I could tell from the way it draped on his frame he was wearing armor underneath.

When he spoke I jumped a bit in surprise. His was the voice that I heard in my head when I died, when I was floating in that space in between. I wondered for a moment why it was his voice I was hearing when I died, but I didn't have long to think on it as he turned around.

His face was so kind, and he looked so much like Toriel, with long golden hair and a golden beard adorning his kind features. He greeted me with a deep, rumbling, "Howdy!"

I frowned for a moment, as this seemed familiar but, again, didn't have time to dwell on it as the conversation continued. We both knew what had to follow and he was determined to fight me and see this through. As he exited the room I felt apprehension and fear settle in my core. I did not want to continue, I did not want to fight him, but I couldn't simply walk away.

I walked to the center of the room, carefully stepping between the flowers, as Asgore had done, and stopped at the throne that was nestled in the ground. It was enormous. I continued to the back of the room, where I found another, similar throne covered by a white sheet nestled in the corner, and Toriel came into my mind.

As I continued into the next room, I noticed it looked similar to the alcove I had found myself in when I fell. It was a round cave-like room with a single patch of grass growing in the middle of the otherwise rocky floor. The only difference between this room and where I had woken was that the walls were smooth rather than jagged.

Asgore spoke to me again, before continuing on. At the end of the short hallway was another archway. Asgore walked through, and I knew this would be the end. I closed my eyes, envisioned the glowing light, and *saved*. 
Before progressing, I turned back and walked through the corridor I had come through. I knew that this would be the end and didn't want to miss anything. I back tracked completely, conversing with new friends and finding the last few secrets the underground held. I even discovered where the mysterious key I had purchased led to. It fit in the lock to the house beside Napstablook's. After reading the diaries on the inside, I came to the conclusion that this must be Mettaton's house, and his story was an interesting one, and explained Alphys's concern for him. At the end of it all I returned to the castle, saved once more and stepped forward to finish my journey.

I stepped through the archway and immediately a feeling of vertigo washed over me. I stood in a space that my mind couldn't even determine the size of. Magic light seemed to be moving down what appeared to be a long corridor, though I didn't think I would actually be able to walk the entire length of it. The light continued to pulse down the hallway, from light to dark. Besides the light of the barrier, the room was in muted light, as though the world outside the barrier were sheathed in twilight and that light could be reflected in this room, through the barrier.

Asgore spoke and turned to me. From the floor of the corridor appeared little cylinders, each filled with a glowing light, and in them, a little heart, each a different color, floated. The souls of the other humans. I swallowed in apprehension and looked to Asgore. He initiated the fight, summoning my soul. His face was cast down, hidden in shadows and he suddenly looked much more intimidating. From under his cloak a very long spear appeared. He swiped at me, but he was not trying to hit me with his spear. Instead, a wave of powerful magic washed over me, nearly buckling my knees and as it faded my heart sunk with realization. I couldn't spare him. He had destroyed my mercy. I would have to fight him.

With sudden dread I urged him not to fight. But he refused. I tried to talk, to make him see reason, but it was of no use, and his attacks were increasingly hard to dodge, the only reason I was still alive was because they were similar to Toriel's attacks, and his spear attacks were mostly magic, forcing me to move or not move according to the color of the spell.

When I realized I could not deter him I slowly pulled the dagger I had found in his home out of my pocket.

And then my first true fight began. I fought and dodged, landing blow after blow on him. I continued to tell him I didn't want to fight but it did no good. Finally, sick of fighting, I put all my desire for this battle to end into my blow and Asgore was forced to his knees, still managing to tower over me, his health low. I quickly backed up with a gasp, afraid I had killed him.

He spoke, and his words tore at my heart and filled me with grief. He knelt in front of me, awaiting-expecting- a killing blow. But I pocketed my knife. His spell had worn off, my mercy had returned. I spared him. He felt this and looked up at me in surprise. He offered me a home, a family and I was filled with hope and happiness, before it was all suddenly taken from me.

White pellets surrounded him and hit him, and I watched in horror as he turned to dust. A strangled cry stuck in my throat as I watched him disappear, and his soul, white and bright, floated in the air before a single white pellet struck it and it shattered into dust.

I felt my heart break at that moment and I nearly collapsed to my knees as Flowey appeared before me. Anger filled me. He spoke and his words were cruel, and held dire implications. I watched in horror as he absorbed the human souls. As he finished speaking I found myself suddenly floating in that dark space in between once again. I couldn't even recall how I had gotten there. I searched for my last save point but when I tried to return to it everything distorted and I found myself standing in a black, empty space, an equally empty feeling in my chest. As I walked forward, that familiar sensation filled me, and I closed my eyes, trying to envision that glowing light. When it
came to mind I attempted to save only to have Flowey's presence fill my mind and I felt him break my save. I watched it shatter and I felt disconnected as the link to my previous save snapped.

When I opened my eyes Flowey's image floating above me, nearly filling the empty space as he spoke. When he appeared before me again he was truly monstrous, his form more massive than I thought anything could be, it filled this dark space, and it filled me with fear. His attacks were ruthless and relentless, and I died, more quickly than I'd care to admit.

I was in that space, floating, and Flowey's voice filled my head, his malicious, cackling laughter filled my mind and I found myself right back in the fight, right where Flowey wanted me.

I continued to dodge, and I died, over and over. No matter how many times I died I always ended up in the same place when I opened my eyes. At one point I finally reached a break, and I could feel one of the soul's that Flowey had absorbed reach out to me, healing my battered soul. Every time I died, the souls seemed to be aware of this, and each continued to help me in turn, each time one of them healed me, their determination filled me.

Eventually they all turned against him as one, and their determination gave me the ability to fight back. I fought and the souls frequently offered a helping hand when my soul weakened too much. Eventually my attacks weakened Flowey, or so I thought. I found myself trapped, dying over and over as Flowey saved and loaded over my death, killing me repeatedly.

I thought the horror would never end. And then the souls turned against him, and the full damage of my attacks hit him all at once. The world was shaking and his distressed voice pierced my ears. With a flash of light he disappeared.

When I opened my eyes he was hunched over in front of me, back in his flower form, battered, his leaves torn, his petals wilted. The rushing sound of wind filled my ears. The sight in front of me filled me with despair. I saw the options in front of me. I could kill him and finish this or I could spare him. At this point it wasn't even a decision. I reached for my mercy without hesitation.

He looked up at me slightly, confused. He wouldn't accept my mercy. I continued to spare him, and he slowly got more menacing, attempting to scare me into turning on him. I refused. After some time he slipped into the earth and disappeared.

I found myself standing in the room I first met Flowey. I limped to the end of the room and through the archway and then a bright light enveloped me and I was floating in that space in between once again. As I floated in the darkness wondering what was happening I heard my phone ring from somewhere. The sound was curious, I wasn't even in my body, how was I hearing my phone?

As the voicemail picked up I heard a very familiar, raspy voice. It was Sans. He was talking about things in the Underground after I left. But I hadn't left, I thought. I tried to speak, to do anything but I didn't even have a body, let alone a voice. I couldn't communicate. I listened as Papyrus and then Undyne came onto the phone to talk to me. It broke my heart to listen to them and know that I had failed. They were still trapped, Asgore was dead, the souls were gone and I couldn't help them. As the phone call ended I felt crushing sadness wash over me. After a few moments in the darkness Flowey appeared before me.

At first I was afraid, but he merely offered words of advice, which I was quick to heed. I couldn't just leave everything as it was, I had to do something. Carefully I reached back, back to my last save. Before I fought Asgore, before everything went wrong. I slowly reached back and found myself standing at the entrance. I turned and walked back the way I came, back through the bright corridor, the house, everything, until I almost reached Mettaton's resort, on my way to see Alphys.
As I neared MTT resort, my phone buzzed. I pulled it out of my pocket and saw that it was Undyne calling me. I was greeted with a loud voice, asking (or rather telling) me to go to Snowdin. I made my way there, accepting a boat ride from the river person to get there more quickly.

As I arrived in Snowdin, the cold chilled me to my bones. I slowly made my way back to Papyrus's house, hearing the satisfying crunch of snow beneath my feet.

There, Undyne gave me a letter for Alphys. She tried to brush away her reasons for the letter and why she wasn't delivering it, but I could tell by her blush the reasons behind it clearly enough. I gave her a knowing smile and went to deliver the letter, more than happy to help out.

As I came to Alphys' lab I pushed the letter under the door. When she had opened the door she seemed surprised to see me standing there. And I ended up on yet another unintentional date. We went to Waterfall, to the garbage dump. Through the whole duration of the date, I could see signs of her preparations for Undyne, not myself, and I tried to hide my knowing giggles and wide smile at how adorable it all was. I urged her to tell Undyne the truth, even role playing (obviously) to help her ease through it.

Undyne came across us in this situation, which at first seemed like it would be trouble, but turned out to be a rather good thing. Alphys had her opportunity and truths spilled out. Undyne accepted it all in a very Undyne-like manner, with much fierceness. Papyrus showed up and Alphys and Papyrus left to do some probably unhelpful training. After a quick talk with Undyne, she left as well. As I continued on the path out of Waterfall, I received a call from Papyrus, urging me to go to Alphys, which I proceeded to do.

When I got to her lab I found it empty. In front of the room I had assumed to be a bathroom, I found a note sitting on the ground, in an uneven scrawl. It was a note from Alphys, which filled me with unease. I went through the door to find it was hiding an elevator. I activated it but on my way down it started to shake, until it plummeted toward the ground at an alarming rate. As it hit the bottom I was thrown out of the opened doors to land heavily in a corridor.

The corridor I was in was dark and damp and filled me with dread and fear. I walked down the corridor and found several screens along the walls of the corridor, with written entries saved on their screens. The words in them, presumably written by Alphys, further unnerved me.

As I made my way through the true lab I found many things that disturbed me. I encountered monsters, but they were all melting and amorphous in shape, and didn't seem to have any coherent shape or personality to them like the other monsters. I eventually discovered the meaning behind that as I realized their personalities were combinations of the monsters I had met before.

I questioned what had happened to make them this way, and all my questions were answered as I reached the end of the true lab. I discovered a few interesting tapes with Toriel, Asgore and another person with a small kind voice, who I assumed to be Asriel in it, though the way he spoke seemed familiar. The tapes hinted at yet another person, presumably the human who had fallen down and ended up with them. Chara.

As I neared the end of the true lab, I met up with Alphys and it was decided she would lead the Amalgamations back to their families and tell the truth. I, of course, told her I would support her.

As I stepped through the elevator to follow her, my phone rang, and there was no indication of who it was. A soft voice spoke over the line, alluding at something big coming, before the elevator started on its own and I felt myself going up. When I exited the doors I found myself back in Asgore's castle and the doors to the elevator were covered in thick vines, leaving me with no way to go back.
I continued along, until I came to Asgore again. He began his fight again, but before he could fully initiate it, Toriel appeared, pushing him away with magic and speaking to me. She did not want to leave me with the decision she knew I would have to face, and so had decided to interfere. After Toriel came, Undyne did, intending to break up the fight before it began. After her came Alphys, for much the same reason. Then Papyrus, then Sans. Mettaton even made an appearance. All came to support me, to end the fighting before it began. My heart felt warm and fuzzy to be surrounded by so many caring friends.

But unfortunately, when once again a home and family was presented to me, Flowey appeared. I wasn't as surprised as I should have been. He had gathered the human souls while we were distracted and he had quickly entangled my friends in his vines, his powerful, pulsing magic making it difficult for them to move, or do much of anything else.

He pulled my soul from my body and then proceeded to assault me with little white pellets, slowly, over and over until I was kneeling on the ground from the pain and I knew my soul could not take any more. He surrounded me with white pellets, gave a menacing laugh and moved to attack me, when suddenly, bright flames surrounded me, burning up his attack, and I felt an ounce of healing magic seep into my soul. Toriel offered words of comfort and encouragement.

As Flowey continued to try and assault me, Undyne and Papyrus offered a helping hand, deflecting blows with spears and bones, and more healing magic seeped into me. I stood once again. Alphys, Asgore, Sans. All offered words of encouragement and an ounce of healing magic. Soon the room was filled with monsters, all familiar, all offering encouragement and health.

At first I thought Flowey would be intimidated and back down, as we were all turned against him. But he was too powerful to be intimidated by even that. With a flash of light, he consumed all their souls. I felt the world fall away and when I opened my eyes I was standing in a blank space again and in front of me a form only slightly taller than myself stood, wearing a striped sweater. He had his back to me, but I could tell who he was. He was covered in fur, and when he turned my soul lurched. He looked so much like his parents, and he was adorable.

That facade quickly faded, and I found myself facing my biggest enemy so far. He was enormous, even bigger than beast Flowey had been, and I felt like an ant in comparison. He attacked and I dodged, struggling to survive. I got farther in the fight than I thought possible, before I died. When I died I felt my soul crack, and I was momentarily floating in that middle space, but I refused. I couldn't die, not now, not with so much depending on me. And when I opened my eyes, I was facing Asriel again.

I continued to dodge and weave. Eventually he tired of talking and fighting me, and with a bright flash of light, his form changed into an even more intimidating one, and the entire universe seemed to be swirling around us. I swore I could feel the whole world ending. I could no longer move. His attacks hit me over and over, and my soul weakened. I struggled, but nothing happened. I couldn't move, couldn't dodge, couldn't fight back. His attacks hit me again, and I felt my soul crack. But again it refused, and I was right back in that moment.

I held onto all my hopes, all my dreams, and his attacks did much less damage. As he attacked I closed my eyes, trying vainly to do something. I couldn't reach my save ability or any of my save points. I tried, but nothing happened. I kept trying but it was hopeless. Once I realized I couldn't go back I resolved to do something else, something that I could do. I opened my eyes and I found myself standing below Asriel's looming form. I closed my eyes and searched within him, and I felt their familiar presence. My friends, my family.

When I opened my eyes they were standing around me, their faces shrouded. Slowly I approached
Papyrus and Sans. With a quick wave of magic my soul turned blue, my muscles got heavier, and they attacked. I dodged and weaved, easily avoiding the familiar attacks. They spoke coldly, not seeming to recognize me. I made a bad pun about skeletons, trying to reach them both. It worked. Papyrus seemed annoyed and Sans seemed to enjoy it. I smiled. It was working.

As I dodged and weaved I asked Papyrus to make me some of his famous spaghetti. He seemed joyous at the thought, though he tried to hide it. I proceeded to tell them that I thought jumble was harder than crossword, and they agreed, nodding as though this were obvious, the attacks slowing. I asked Papyrus for help with a puzzle and he seemed eager for that as well. His face was slowly becoming easier to see. Only a little bit more. I turned to Sans and asked him if he wanted to take a break from fighting. I could tell he wanted to. Suddenly their faces were clear, and they remembered. I gave them both hugs and moved to confront Alphys.

She stood there meekly, and I felt magic wash over me. My soul turned yellow and flipped, just like it had when fighting Mettaton. I encouraged Alphys despite this, telling her I would support her always. She seemed like she recalled this but suddenly Mettaton's attacks came at me. I proceeded to nerd out about anime, and she couldn't hide her excitement as she joined me. I asked her for the answer to a quiz question. She seemed eager to help me, unsure why. I was close. I pulled my phone out of my pocket and called her, and she began to sweat nervously. Suddenly she remembered, and her face cleared. With a quick hug I moved on to Undyne.

With a wave of magic my soul turned green, and I couldn't move. A spear appeared in my hands and her attacks came at me from all sides. I broke away from the spell and clashed against her with all my might, and my sudden vigor seemed familiar to her. I asked her to teach me how to cook, and she seemed like she wanted to, her face slowly becoming clearer. I lightly tapped her, telling her I didn't want to fight, this was familiar to her as well. And finally, as she began another attack I gave her an enormous smile, much like she does, and her face cleared. With a quick hug I moved on to Toriel and Asgore.

Fire came at me from all sides. I told them both that I wouldn't hurt them no matter what happened. They both stirred as the moment brushed at their memories. I continued to dodge, reminding Toriel that I preferred butterscotch to cinnamon. Her face cleared more and more. As I got close I wrapped her in a tight hug telling her that I would see her again, and that I needed to continue on if I was to save everyone. Her face was almost visible. Asgore's attacks came at me from behind and I quickly dodged, getting closer to him as well. I fixed him in a fierce stare before leaping close and wrapping him in a hug as well, my kindness melting away his aggression, and suddenly both their faces cleared.

I stepped forward, away from my friends and towards Asriel, glad that I had saved them and had them behind me. As I neared him I felt something resonating from within him. His soul. Recalling his story I realized I had to save him as well. As I stepped forward I pushed all of my intentions, all of my kindness and love at Asriel with my soul, and his name carried with it. He sensed my intentions perfectly, and seemed confused.

Suddenly a memory appeared in my head, and it was not one of mine. The image of a child laying on a bed of golden flowers, having fallen down. They wore a green and yellow striped shirt. Asriel, a small child, came to them, and helped them. I saw the human, Asriel, Toriel, and Asgore, all a happy family. The image filled me with determination and then sadness as I recalled what had happened next. Asriel had not deserved this. Something else had forced him to become what he was, and he could be saved too.

As I opened my eyes I saw him above me, confusion and anger conflicting on his face as he fought the feelings the memory had brought up. He tried to fight, tried to deny his feelings. He attacked
me with more vigor than he ever had, but I refused to die, not now. I continued to come closer to him, sending my love and acceptance straight from my soul. As I got closer his attacks weakened. I continued to spare him.

As I got closer his face fell, and his attacks no longer hit me. I heard him speak that name, calling me Chara again. He was treating me like I was his lost sibling, and the knowledge of that broke my heart, filling my eyes with tears as I got closer and closer.

Almost to him, he attacks with a strong blast of magic, it seared against my soul and my health dropped and dropped . . . but it would not break. My soul weakened beyond anything it had been before, but it would not break. His attack only increased, but I refused to back down, and only crept slowly closer through the onslaught.

As he realized his attack was having no effect he stopped, his face turned down, and I stepped right up to him, wrapping his enormous face in a hug. I could feel his loneliness, his fear, and he called to me, or rather called to Chara. And with a flash of light, he was back to normal, just a child, standing in front of me, wiping tears from his face.

"I'm so sorry." The words washed through me, and my vision wavered as tears filled my eyes, threatening to spill over. As he talked to me he called me by my name, my real name. Frisk. He was in so much pain, and I could feel it all. My soul had returned to my chest, but I could feel it throbbing in sympathy for this small monster who had suffered so much.

I offered him my forgiveness. I offered him my friendship, all the kindness I could muster. Shortly after, with his power, he broke the barrier. I could feel it shatter, echoing through my soul, the shock of it hit straight though me. The barrier was broken and the souls were released. He stood before me, thankfully still in his true form, though he knew it would not last long.

I stepped forward and wrapped him in a tight hug, which he returned firmly. He didn't want to let go. Neither did I. Eventually I had to step back, and his arms fell away from me.

He gave me words of encouragement, and then farewell. And as he departed I felt myself losing consciousness. As I slowly came to I heard a sweet, familiar voice. Toriel. Mom. She was urging me to wake up. As I opened my eyes I saw the concerned faces of all my friends surrounding me. My family. I slowly stood and turned to face them all. They had all been concerned about me, but they did not remember anything that happened after Flowey had absorbed their souls.

I spoke to them all and then decided to back track. My journey really was almost over, I wanted to say goodbye to all my friends. I walked through the tunnels, speaking to all the friends I had made. At the very beginning of the ruins I saw Asriel standing by the patch of flowers I had fallen on.

I approached him and talked to him. He revealed a secret to me about Chara, about why they had fallen down. He asked me why I had climbed the mountain. I honestly could not recall, but it did leave me wondering. Were my reasons anything like Chara's? I certainly hoped not.

I stood with Asriel for some time, talking, and when there was no more things to say, simply offering my presence. I didn't want to leave him here. Eventually he turned to me, and urged me to leave. I couldn't refuse and I quietly left, looking back at him. He smiled at me and I smiled back before continuing back.

When I was with my friends again we proceeded down the hallways and through the archway. The barrier was gone and instead there was a long, round tunnel, leading up. We walked down it in silence, too apprehensive to speak. As we neared the exit, I could see sunlight streaming down the tunnel. I could almost physically feel my friend's excitement.
As we reached the end of the tunnel, we stepped out into the sunlight, and the sight took even my breath away. It seemed we were standing at the top of the world. The sun was setting and there was a brilliant sunset at the edge of the sky. A vast forest spread out below the mountain. I could see what appeared to be a small settlement in the forest far below, a bit far from the mountain and even further in the distance, beside the next closest mountain, a vastly large castle and city was resting on the side of the mountain.

The sunlight washed over my skin, filling me with warmth. The wind gently blew through my hair, and the smells of the earth around me filled my lungs. There was so much air, and it smelled so sweet. I heard my friends quiet murmurs and sighs as they took in all the new sights. At this moment I felt more complete, more whole, than I had ever recalled feeling before. This was exactly where I was supposed to be.

My friends spoke of the wonderful sights before them, and their wonder filled me with happiness. Asgore asked me if I'd be their ambassador. I said yes without hesitation, ready to help however I could. Papyrus ran off, eager to explore, and Sans followed, claiming to be keeping him out of trouble, though he went down a different path than Papyrus. Somehow I knew he'd end up exactly where he intended anyway.

Undyne, seeing them depart, followed—presumably to keep an eye on Papyrus as well, and Alphys rushed after her excitedly.

With just Asgore and Toriel left, the silence became tense, and Asgore quickly excused himself. As I stood with Toriel, she offered me a home. She asked if I had anywhere else to return to. I couldn't remember if I did, even if I had, it wouldn't have mattered. They were my family now, and I would not leave them. She smiled happily when I told her this and wrapped me in a soft, warm hug. She pat me on the head gently, and went off to follow the others.

I stood at the edge of the world, happiness filling me as I stared at the beautiful sunset. I closed my eyes and envisioned everything that had happened. For some strange reason, I wistfully wished I could go back, relive it again.

And then I saw it, that moment. The moment I woke up in the Underground. It was much like returning to a save point, and it was tantalizingly close. I realized with a start I could go back, do it all one more time. I took a deep breath and reached, and right before I grasped the moment I felt a pair of eyes on my back and heard a heavy footfall behind me. I had already reached too far, and I felt myself pulled through that empty space and into the beginning again.

When I opened my eyes I saw a familiar looming tunnel, and sunlight sparkled above me.
I laid there for a moment, looking up at the tunnel above me, before trying to get up.

I froze. I tried again to move. It wasn't working. I could feel my body as it lay on the flowers, I could feel the sunlight on my skin and the air as it filled my lungs, but I couldn't make my body move.

I began to panic but my body didn't react. My breathing remained unchanged as I struggled. I pushed against my unmoving muscles. In my mind I was pushing, struggling, my head was hurting from the strain of trying. I wanted to cry out, cry for help, but I couldn't.

As I lay there, panicking, I suddenly felt my muscles shift, stretch, and then I stood. I saw the room tilt as my body straightened. My consciousness froze. I hadn't done that. My body slowly stood and walked to the end of the room. *I wasn't moving.* I wasn't in control.

*Why is my body moving?* The thought ran through my head, my panic rising.

I watched as I entered the room with Flowey. He greeted me with a familiar "Howdy!"

I felt myself still, listening to him but showing absolutely no reaction. I felt my soul pulled out but it was unfamiliar, distant, as though it weren't quite my own.

When Flowey moved to attack me, his white pellets going straight for my heart, my body sidestepped, avoiding their touch. Flowey's face fell, his voice becoming annoyed. He shot more pellets and again my body dodged them. His face twisted and he attempted to hit me again. Again my body moved. Flowey's face fully twisted and his voice became cruel. He knew I knew, he knew I'd gone back, I'd done this before.

I remembered dully that Flowey was aware of the *save* and *load* power that I had. He had had this power as well.

Toriel appeared, thinking Flowey a threat. She approached me kindly, her familiar words echoing through me. I attempted to move my hands, to communicate to her, but it was useless. My face didn't change, I could tell I was watching her with a blank expression.

Her face only became kinder, surely thinking I must be afraid or distrustful of her. She continued
on, showing me the ruins just as she had before. My body followed, but did not speak, gave no indication that it cared about the words she was speaking, though she didn't react much to the lack of communication.

When we got to the dummy, my body attacked it rather than talking, and Toriel seemed almost as shocked as I was. The dummy had simply turned to dust at the blow and I attempted to wrestle back control. This was all wrong. What was I doing?

We continued through the ruins and every step of the way I struggled to make my muscles respond to me.

I closed my consciousness off from the world around my body, I couldn't see or hear the world around me. I fell back into myself focusing on my body, trying to figure out what was wrong with me. As I did I felt an unfamiliar presence in my muscles. A shock of fear went through me as I realized I was not alone in my body.

When I opened my consciousness again I realized Toriel had left and I was standing in the corridor, a smile spread on my face. I had never smiled in such a way before and it made me uneasy.

My body stepped through the doorway and it wasn't long before I began encountering monsters again. The first was a Froggit, it hopped toward me curiously and pulled my soul forth. Again I felt that disconnection from it, and my stomach lurched at the sudden chill that went through me. The Froggit hopped closer curiously, his attacks coming at me slowly.

My body easily avoided them and crept closer. I felt the sudden intentions before my body even moved to attack and in horror I attempted to pull back, to no avail.

I felt my hands land a heavy blow on the Froggit and I felt his confusion as he turned to dust. I felt his dust settle on my hands, and I screamed. No sound escaped my lips, the only reaction my body gave was a cruel, sick smile.

I went through the tunnels, killing any monster I encountered. Every time my stomach lurched, and I cried and screamed, trying to stop myself. But I couldn't. I had no control.

This time I lingered in the tunnels, searched them all out, finding and destroying all the monsters. I felt when the tunnels went empty. With a self-satisfied smile my body moved on to Toriel's house, wiping the dust off on my pants so she wouldn't see it.

Toriel rushed out to greet me, showing so much concern and caring. She led me into her house, offering me a home once again. My body crawled into the empty bed and closed it's eyes. I felt myself falling asleep even as I struggled to remain awake. My consciousness drifted and I was asleep, reliving the nightmares that I had committed today.

When my eyes opened the room was dark. My body stood and picked up the piece of pie that rested on the floor, wrapping it and shoving it into my pockets. I felt myself open the door and walk down the hallway. My body stopped in front of the mirror at the end of the hall.

The face that I saw almost made me scream. It was mine, but it wasn't. My face was covered in dirt and dust, my eyes were wide and there was a redness beginning to stain my blue eyes. A wide, twisted smile was spread over my face and for the first time I heard its voice.

It echoed in my head.

_You thought you saved them all, didn't you? You think you had your happy ending?_ A cruel,
twisted laugh echoed through my head. *Don't be so stupid. You made a big mistake coming back. I hadn't felt anything in a long time. Nothing but silence and stillness. You woke me. Everything you did... it made me curious. You care so much about them, don't you?* Another cackling laugh echoed through my head. *I would never pass up an opportunity like this. I haven't had so much fun before. Let's kill them all.* My face twisted in sick happiness and then turned. I suddenly realized why their voice was familiar. It was Chara. Chara was in my head, in my body. I struggled meekly, but it was of no use. The longer Chara was in my body, the more she killed, the stronger her hold over me got. I felt her soul getting stronger, and it grew increasingly hard to fight back.

Chara didn't bother to stay with Toriel, didn't bother to clean up or anything. Simply went and spoke to Toriel. Actually spoke to her, her twisted intentions making my voice sound horrible to my ears. This was not how I first wanted to hear my voice. Toriel went to the basement and I felt Chara *save*, her anticipation rushing through my limbs. When she *saved* it was not the same as when I did. She didn't see that warm light, just an empty darkness, and her hate filled that space, fueling her determination.

I began to cry when she saw Toriel standing in front of the door to the exit. My body of course didn't react. I thrashed and hit against the edged of my skull, straining against her. I felt a thick blackness wrap around my consciousness, stilling me. I struggled meekly and cried out, but I could no longer move even in my head. I felt her step forward, easily letting Toriel pull out her soul. When Toriel summoned her fire magic my body rushed forward, slashing at Toriel. I screamed in horror as she collapsed immediately under the blow. I had felt all the hatred, all the anger behind the hit. I watched my mother's beautiful face twist in pain and horror. I watched her turn to dust, felt it settle on my skin and in my hair. Chara smiled, enjoying my agony.

She exited the ruins, not even looking back. She met Flowey as usual, but this time it was different. He seemed to recognize that this was not me. He knew that it was Chara. He didn't threaten, he even offered his acceptance of our actions. Flowey was on our side this time.

As Chara exited the ruins the cold washed over me but she didn't even react to it. As she walked the path I heard Sans as he followed us. Chara never once turned around to see if he was there, already knowing he wouldn't be.

When we reached the bridge I heard Sans approaching. When Chara turned I saw him, familiar smile and all. The same scene played again but Chara didn't once show any reaction to his antics. He noted this, but didn't comment much. I pushed against Chara's control again, trying to communicate, trying to tell Sans it wasn't me, trying to warn him.

But I couldn't.

We continued forward. Chara, rather than hiding, waited for Papyrus to show. This was all different, this was all wrong. I could tell as events progressed that Sans knew something was wrong. Chara didn't even try to indulge Papyrus with his puzzles, and his obvious disappointment broke my heart.

As Chara went through the forest she did much the same as she had done in the ruins- killing every monster she could find, and searching down those that hid. I felt myself being watched as she did this, the same feeling I had had coming through here before, and wondered who could be watching us. My mind flashed to Sans, though I wondered why he would be watching us. It made sense in this timeline, with how Chara was.

Chara continued to kill everyone as she progressed towards Snowdin. Every death twisted in my heart like a knife, watching, feeling, myself killing all my friends. She even killed the snowman,
taking piece after piece until there was nothing left. After some time Papyrus didn't even bother with his puzzles. Sans even threatened Chara. His eye sockets went blank, and the threat was clear. It sent a shock of fear through me, even though I desperately wished he would do something to stop her. Chara, of course didn't react at all. She seemed to know Sans was more powerful than his joking demeanor made him seem, and I could feel her hatred toward him, her desire to kill him. The desire twisted sickly in my heart.

By the time Chara reached Snowdin it was empty. Everyone had escaped, hearing that she was coming. I wondered briefly who had warned them, as Chara let not a single monster in the forest escape. I mused that it had to have been one of the skeleton brothers.

She passed right through the city, after briefly searching for any remaining monsters. The only one was Timmy, standing by the tree in the center of town. Chara simply over looked him, knowing he wasn't going to be any kind of threat, and simply continued on.

I met Papyrus once again, but this, too, was different. He did not want to fight, indeed he wanted to help. He offered his friendship, his guidance. I cried desperately as he held out his arms to me, offering me mercy, offering me kindness. I cried and fought, and once again Chara bound my consciousness so I could not struggle. She rushed at Papyrus, her knife breaking through his armor piece and slashing at the bones beneath. Again, there was so much hate behind the blow, he immediately began to turn to dust, and I watched in horror as it sifted away. His head landed on the snow, his armor clattering to the ground. I saw his face as he looked up at me, believing in me. I screamed when she put my foot over his skull and felt it break beneath my foot, sifting away into dust.

She continued without looking back, laughing all the while as I cried and screamed, the pain lanced through me, straight from my soul in the center of my chest. The pain of the loss broke my heart and I felt the pain radiate through my limbs. Nothing had ever hurt so much. Not even death.

Chara repeated her pattern in Waterfall, killing everything. At some point I attempted to pull back, to close my consciousness off from it all so I wouldn't have to see it, but when I did Chara's control wrapped around me, pulling me out, making me watch, making me feel every moment.

A lot of the monsters tried to run, to escape, but Chara would not let them. When they didn't initiate a fight, Chara pulled her soul out on her own, cutting the monsters down with all the power of the corrupted soul behind it.

She reached the end of Waterfall, standing on that bridge, and I felt Timmy approach meekly from behind. I felt the waves of agony wash over me. She slashed at him gladly, a twisted smile on her face as she did. I gasped in horror as Undyne stepped in front of the blow, taking the damage for him. She urged Timmy to escape, and he did, running right past Chara.

I watched as Undyne began to break apart and I expected her to sift away, as all the others had, but she didn't. Instead there was a bright light and when Chara opened her eyes, Undyne stood before us, looking much more intimidating and powerful than before. I could feel her determination against my skin.

Finally, I heard Chara think. A real fight.

For the first time since her rampage began, Chara died. The first time she did, Asgore's echoing voice repeated his same words, and sudden realization washed over me. These were her memories, when Asgore's voice had spoken to her when she was alive. When I had fallen in Waterfall and had that dream, that had been one of Chara's memories playing in my head. I didn't have time to wonder at its significance.
Chara died several times, always returning to her save point. But even Undyne's power was not enough. Finally, Chara landed that final blow. Undyne's form began to melt, and a wide smile spread on her face as she turned to dust. As Chara continued, Undyne's last words, and her hopeful smile, tore at my heart.

Chara continued, through Hotland and right to the core. Mettaton had only shown himself once, quickly departing afterward. There was no sign of Alphys, or many people for that matter. Chara just continued to kill them all, searching every tunnel, every space, finding them and killing them.

She grew stronger and stronger with each death, her hatred growing. I felt it in my heart, in my body, the force of it taking my breath away. I had never felt so much anger, so much hatred, so much pain. There were moments when I couldn't even tell what of it was hers and what was mine.

Chara quickly did away with the monsters in Hotland and the Core. When she reached Mettaton he had changed as well. His form was stronger, but not strong enough. Chara was so eager to kill him that he was defeated in one blow. His body broke apart and hit the floor, his soul shattering.

Chara stepped over him and just continued on, unaffected. The pain in my body, in my head, was never ending, a constant throb. It made me yearn for death, for anything that would make it stop.

Chara continued through the castle, stopping in her old room to take the locket and knife from the boxes. Chara rolled the locket between her fingers before pulling it over her head. For the first time I noticed the inscription on the back. Best Friends Forever. The knife she eagerly gripped seemed sharper than it had before, wickedly sharp. The blade seemed to fit so much better in between my fingers than it had before. These were Chara's items, from when she had been alive.

Chara was beyond even Flowey's hatred of the world. He had wanted to reset. She wanted to destroy it all.

As we neared the judgement hall I continued to struggle, weakly. I knew I wouldn't be able to gain control, and this made trying difficult, but I couldn't just do nothing.

As we stepped into the beautiful corridor, light streaming in, I vainly hoped Sans would be here to stop us, and also hoping he wouldn't show his face, so I wouldn't have to kill him too.
But, just as before, halfway down the corridor, Sans suddenly appeared. The smile on his face was strained, and somewhat cruel. I could almost physically hear the pain and anger and hatred in his voice as he spoke. He tried not to show his emotions, I could tell he didn't want to give Chara the satisfaction.

He said he didn't want to fight us, didn't want to break his promise. And while I could tell he was honest about the latter, he definitely wasn't honest about the former. And when Chara stepped forward, pulling her soul forth to initiate a fight, he was more than happy to oblige.

His attack came sudden, and was more powerful than anything I had seen so far, even from Asriel in a way. We lasted five seconds into this fight. Chara somehow managed to dodge most of the bones that flew our way, taking a few rough hits, and I almost thought she would make it, until a giant skull shaped object was summoned, and from it's opened jaws a powerful blast of magic hit us. The pain was unlike anything I had ever felt and for the first time I heard Chara scream along with me. The magic burned our body to nearly nonexistent, our souls immediately cracked under the pressure of it and we died.

As we floated in that space in between I wondered at how Sans had so much power. I had never seen him fight, but I had never even guessed he could do something like that. Chara hadn't either. I realized that the thing Sans had summoned, his special attack, looked much like the determination extraction machine in the true lab. I had seen Asriel summon a similar object in his fight as well. I found it curious. Chara was too angry to care. She simply went back to her save point, more determined than ever to kill Sans. No one had ever done her in so quickly.

As she loaded and walked down the hallway, Sans appeared. I expected him to repeat his words, as everyone else did, but he didn't. He simply smiled, a self-satisfied smile, and the words he spoke sent a shock through both of us. He knew. He knew about the saves. He knew we could load. More than that he was aware of it.

I wondered at how, but didn't have long before Chara initiated another fight. She lasted a bit longer this time, but still couldn't get past his Gaster Blasters. When we died, she hung in that between space, trying to console her anger, and in that space I realized something horrible.

If Sans knew of the saves, if he was aware of when we loaded, did that mean that he was aware of the other timeline? Did he know that I had saved them, that we had gotten out? If he was aware of what had happened. . . my heart sunk. Does he think that I'm doing all this? I realized with a start that there was no other way that he could see it.

Chara loaded, and every time she fought she got a little bit further. Every time she loaded, Sans had something new to say. He was aware of every time we died. He knew the exact numbers. As we fought, he continued to talk. He knew what Chara intended, and he was determined to stop her. He knew that with enough power, with enough determination, she really could destroy it all.

The battle was arduous to say the least, and Sans did more damage than any other person we had ever fought. The attacks that were the worst were the ones we couldn't avoid. When he wrapped our body in magic and simply threw us around the room like we weighed less than nothing. I could feel our bones break with every hit but Chara always fought through that agonizing pain.

Every time we died, as a way of consoling her anger, she envisioned killing him, the image coming into our head so clearly I almost mistook it for being real. She felt the blade crack through his bones, saw the life leave his eyes as he sifted away to nothing. The image was horrible.

After about a hundred and fifty deaths we reached a stopping point. Sans stopped his attacks and
Chara stood curiously. He hinted at his knowledge of the other timeline. He knew. He offered us mercy. I fought against Chara's control harder than I had ever fought, pushing, struggling. She paused. And spoke to me.

You don't really think that he will honestly spare us, do you? She asked me with contempt. After everything we've done? No. He will kill us.

I didn't care. I continued to fight and I heard her sigh in my head. Alright. But don't say I didn't tell you so. She giggled and I felt her retreat. Suddenly my body was my own again. I could feel her presence in the back of my head but I didn't care. The knife fell from my fingers and hit the floor with a metallic clang. The sound of it echoed in the silence. Sans looked at me and smiled. He seemed relieved. When he held out his arms to me I didn't even hesitate. Barely able to move my exhausted muscles, I moved towards him. Despite the ensuing pain, I still didn't regret it.

He grabbed my soul in his bony hand and crushed it, and I felt bones pierce my body as I died. Right before death fully settled over me I heard him whisper. "Get dunked on."

Floating in that in between space I smiled. Grim and dire as the whole situation was, that one comment almost made me laugh and I thought it was very... Sans like. Chara taunted me, triumphant. She knew that she was right. I realized I should have seen it coming. As I'd stumbled towards him I wasn't even sure what I had hoped. All I knew was that I was in control, if only temporarily, and my friend was holding his arms out.

In a strange way I was glad that he had killed me. With Chara, there could be no chances. After everything we had done I expected no mercy, not really.

Chara's death's in this fight began to reach several hundred. Some times she got further than others, but she always died. At this point I was so sick of dying. I just wanted it all to end. Every time she died she grew more and more frustrated. I didn't realize until after quite some time that every time she died, every time she grew so frustrated her control slipped, bit by bit.

As we fought, she occasionally let me take control, always at that moment Sans offered mercy. I took it every time, knowing I would die, but with no other options. I wouldn't fight him. I wouldn't hurt him, even knowing what came next. Every time I could feel Chara hoping that I would, even while she realized that it was an impossible thing to hope for. I would never give in to her hate, to her anger. I knew at this point how to separate it from my own, to separate it from myself.

As the fight was reaching truly exhausting levels, I felt Chara's hold truly slip for the first time. For a moment I thought to grab at this opportunity, but instead decided to wait, giving away no indication as to what I planned. She was too engaged in her own anger to give me much thought at this point. If Asriel could do it, then so could I.

When Chara was at her weakest, her health almost completely gone, I wrestled back control. I felt her surprise and her ensuing struggle as she desperately grasped to remain in control.

"ENOUGH!" I scream at her as my body was temporarily split between our control, not even realizing I was saying it out loud. "I WON'T LET YOU! GET OUT! GET OUT! GET OUT!" As I screamed those last words I pushed her out completely. Feeling my muscles and mind free of her presence I quickly dodged the bones that flew at me and threw my weapon away, watched it slide across the floor right to Sans before I collapsed to my knees and saved.

Even if Chara got back control she would have no where to go. No weapon, no health, and death right in front of us. She wouldn't be able to escape this situation and she would die, over and over,
until she finally gave up.

As I crouched on the ground, my body shaking uncontrollably from the pain, my eyes squeezed shut, I almost laughed aloud with joy at what I had accomplished. I crouched and waited. And waited. But the killing blow didn't fall.

Slowly, tentatively, I opened my eyes and looked up. Sans just stood there, his left eye blazing with magical blue, orange, and yellow flames—they licked up the side of his skull and made him look terrifying. His hands were similarly covered in flames, but his hands were at his sides as he watched me.

He had Chara's knife under one foot, and just stood there, a conflicted expression on his face as he watched me. I watched the emotions fighting on his face—anger, hatred, confusion, doubt. I realized with a start he had heard my strained words to Chara, and he didn't know what to make of them.

"Kid," he suddenly whispered, in a low threatening growl. The sound of it sent a shiver of fear down my spine. He lifted a hand and I felt my body wrapped in magic again, and winced, expecting pain. It didn't come, not yet. "What the hell was that? What are you tryin' to pull here?" His expression was dangerous. He knew something was different. I opened my mouth, but stopped myself.

If he knew about Chara, that I was separate from her, that it had been her in control he might not kill me. I couldn't take that chance. I had to die, Chara had to die. I could feel her presence still in the room around us, her hatred pressing against my skin uncomfortably, trying to find a weakness in my defenses, to take control again.

I closed my mouth, and swallowed, wincing at the pain the action caused. I simply closed my eyes and hung my head.

"Just kill me," I choked out, my voice cracking. I waited. Instead of a killing blow, I felt my body lifted off the floor until I was at eye level with Sans. I squeezed my eyes tight. I couldn't tell him.

I heard a heavy step as he moved toward me. "Kid, answer me." He growled, getting angrier. I pressed my lips together and shook my head vigorously, the tears beginning to drip down my face. I heard him stop right in front of me.

"Look at me." I didn't move. "I said, look at me." He grabbed my chin in a firm grip and held me there. I swallowed the sob that rose in my throat. He didn't move, and I waited, the tears dripping down my face and onto his fingers. He wasn't going to move until I did as he said.

Slowly I opened my eyes, and flinched. His face was right in front of mine, glowing eye dangerously close.

"Answer my question." I didn't speak, whether out of fear or stubbornness to keep my secrets even I couldn't tell. His fingers gripped my chin tighter, and he lifted my face as he more closely examined me. He inspected my face for what seemed an agonizingly long time, and finally his gaze met mine and he looked into my eyes. I felt my skin crawl. It felt like he was seeing straight inside me, as though he could see my soul.

"You're not the same person I was fightin' a minute ago, are you?" He asked, though the question seemed more like a statement. My face fell and tears streamed from my eyes. I considered trying to lie to him, but I knew he would see right through it, so I simply shook my head as best as I could while still in his tight grip. He released my chin and lowered me gently to the floor, his magic
dissipating. I watched his eyes return to normal.

"You shouldn't do that," I whispered quietly.

"And why not?" He asked suspiciously. The sudden piercing look he gave me forced the words out of me before I could stop them.

"Because she's still here." He must have heard the fear in my voice because he looked around uneasily before looking back at me.

"Who?" He asked.

"Chara," I said, the words barely audible and my voice hitched as I said it. He frowned and I saw his brows draw together as he watched me. He looked uneasily around us again before kneeling in front of me and slowly reached out a hand. He stopped, his hand hovering above my head.

"If you try anything..." He let the threat end there, his eye flashing blue. A small smile crept onto my lips.

"I'm dead, I know," I said in response to the threat. And I did know, perfectly well.

He slowly placed his hand on the side of my head and the blue aura surrounded me again, this time it was softer, somehow, as was the light that came into his eye. I let out a soft moan as I felt the healing magic spread through my limbs, healing me. The relief from the pain was amazing. It had been so long since my body had felt at ease like this.

I opened my eyes, and when my gaze landed on Sans I felt Chara again as she pushed wildly at my control, trying to enter me again as she saw Sans kneeling in front of us, seemingly vulnerable. I firmly pushed her away, and looked at Sans as he stood and held out a hand to me.

Gingerly, I took it, and he pulled me to my feet. "We need to have a nice, long chat," he said. "But not here." I frowned curiously, noting that he still hadn't released my hand. I was about to open my mouth to ask what he meant when I felt a rush of magic pulse through my whole body, making my skin tingle and I felt the world fall away from us. When it appeared again we were no longer standing in the judgement hall, but in Grillby's instead. Another one his short-cuts, I thought.

He walked casually over to the bar while I stood there for a moment, letting the dizzying magic ebb before following him. I sat on the stool beside him, twining my hands tightly in my lap and staring at the wooden table, my eyes following all its swirls.

"So who are you?" He asked, suddenly and gruffly, making me jump. It was an unusual first question to ask.

I looked up to see him peering at me from the corner of his eye. His usual smile still hadn't returned to his face. Slowly I lifted my hands and signed to him. Frisk. He turned towards me, surprise on his face.

He turned back forward, one finger tapping against the counter of the bar while he spoke.

"The night before I met you, I had a dream. It was the best damn dream I'd ever had." He paused. "It wasn't just a dream was it?" He turned to me again. "We made it to the surface didn't we?" I nodded weakly, too ashamed to look him in the eyes.

"What happened?" The question was strained.
I swallowed, and tears spilled unwillingly from my eyes. "I *reset,*" I finally managed to force the words out.

"W hy?" When I looked at him again his eye sockets were black and his tone was threatening once again.

The tears dripped from my chin and my lips trembled when I opened them to speak.

"I just. . ." My voice cracked. "I just wanted to do it all one more time." I told him, trying to stop myself from sobbing. "I didn't know this would happen." My voice broke, and a sob escaped me. I saw the lights return to his eyes and he reached a sympathetic hand over to me, gently resting on my shoulder.

At that moment I felt Chara jump forward more strongly than she had before and I gasped as I felt her almost take control, hastily pulling away from Sans, almost toppling off my stool in the process. I saw a flash of unease on his face as he pulled his hand back, resting it on the counter again. I noticed his fists were clenched tightly. I let out a shaky breath, my heart pounding in my ears.

"Guess I shouldn't be surprised you're afraid of me, huh?" He said with a slight, unamused chuckle. I hastily shook my head, trying to explain. He glanced over at me.

"It's. . . not that," I said slowly. "It's just. . ." I paused. Sans looked at me. "Every time you do that, every time you get close. I feel her. . . trying to get control." I explained.

"So. . . you're saying she's still in you?" He asked uneasily. I shook my head.

"No, she's not in me anymore, but I can feel her around us, trying to get in, trying to get control. She's wanted to kill a lot of people, but none so much as you." I swallowed, feeling her hatred against my skin again.

I heard Sans chuckle, felt it rumble in my chest. "You don't say," was all he said.

We sat in silence for a few moments.

"So," he finally spoke again. "This other timeline. . . were we friends?" he asked.

I looked at him to find him already watching me. I smiled and shook my head, noting the momentarily flash of sadness across his features before I spoke.

"We're family," I said firmly. He chuckled, and reached a hand out to muss my hair. I pouted and attempted to straighten it while he laughed. I didn't really mind if my hair was messy, it just seemed like an appropriate way to react to the situation.

We sat in silence for a while before he spoke, his voice serious.

"Can you go back again?" He asked, not even looking at me. I thought for a moment before closing my eyes. I could feel my *save* point, in the judgement hall, but I reached further, back to the start of it and I saw that moment in my head. I opened my eyes.

"Yes," I said. I felt a chill go up my spine as I felt Chara's twisted glee. She wanted me to *reset.* "But I don't know if that will help. She wants me to *reset* so she can regain control. And I don't think I could do it all again." My voice cracked, new tears leaving tracks down my cheeks. I really couldn't do it again, I couldn't watch them all die again.
I heard Sans sigh heavily beside me. He reached out a hand and placed it on my shoulder.

"I know," he said quietly. I knew he did. "I don't want to go through it either, but what else can you do? Just stay here, in this world where everyone is dead?" For the first time I heard his voice crack and looked over at him. Tears had begun to fall from his eye sockets, though he didn't even seem aware of it. He took a deep breath. For the first time, beneath his zipped hoodie, I saw a bit of red peeking out. My heart broke as I realized that it was Papyrus's scarf he was wearing.

"Do you think you can do it?" He asked, turning to me. "Do you think you can stay in control?" He seemed desperate. I swallowed, my chest feeling tight. I sighed and looked away from him, thinking. I didn't want to risk going through it all again, but he was right, I couldn't just leave this world like this. I had to try. Slowly, I nodded, and felt him relax slightly beside me.

"Will you remember, when I reset?" I asked quietly.

"I don't know, probably. I'll probably dream about bits and pieces of it, at least, but I don't know if I'll remember that it was real. I'll probably think this is some kind of sick, twisted nightmare."

I nodded. I took another deep breath to prepare myself.

"Okay, I'm ready." I said, turning to him. "But if I don't win, if she takes over you have to promise me something Sans."

He turned to me uneasily. "I hate making promises, kid."

I stared at him, unwavering. I wouldn't budge with this. He sighed and finally nodded.

"Alright."

"Promise me if we end up back in that judgement hall, you will kill me. As many times as you have to, even if I get control again, you have to kill me. As many times as it takes until Chara stops loading. Promise me."

His expression was pained, but finally he nodded again. "I promise, Frisk."

I nodded, and raised a hand, crossing it over my heart. "Cross your heart."

He repeated the motion. "Cross my heart." He didn't even bother to make a joke about the fact that he didn't technically have a heart.

"Okay." We sat in tense silence for a few seconds. "If there's anything you have to remember from all this, it's that promise."

"I know. I won't forget."

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes.

"Oh, and Frisk." I opened them to see Sans' familiar smile on his face. "I'm rootin' for ya, kid." He raised a fist towards me. I smiled and bumped the back of my fist against his before I closed my eyes and envisioned that moment in the ruins. As I felt myself pulled back, I heard Chara's sadistic laughter filling my head.
A Happy Ending

Chapter Summary

Frisk finally gets her happy ending.

Chapter Notes

Thought it was time for some happy. This is a shorter chapter. Hope anyone reading enjoys. :3

As I hung in that in between space, I felt Chara surrounding me. Her hatred, her anger, all of it. It twisted and twined with my consciousness. Her voice rose in my head, seeming to press against my skull uncomfortably.

You know we are bound together, you have known it from the start, she taunted, her voice sickly sweet. She let out a giggle. Why do you think you hear my memories of Asgore when you die? Why do you think you saw my memories when you fell in Waterfall?

I pushed against her, trying to push her voice out. We are the same, even if you would never like to admit it. That's the only reason I can enter your body. If you were any other human, if your soul was any different, I wouldn't be able to. We are the same. We are bound. You can't escape me.

I pushed against her control, pushing away her darkness, envisioning a familiar light. I am nothing like you. I insisted. I would never give in to hate as you have, Chara. I will never give in to hate.

Don't try to act like you are better than me, she snarled angrily. Why do you think you fell down here, hmm? Why do you think you came to the mountain of no return? You are exactly like me, she hissed. I shook my head, pushing her farther away. I surrounded myself with my memories of my friends. Their love, their support, their happiness, surrounding myself in familiar light.

Chara's darkness tried to wrap around me. I slowly untangled myself from it, using my will, my determination to keep her at bay as I fell back into my body, back on that patch of flowers, sun on my skin.

I opened my eyes slowly and sat up. I almost cried out in relief. My body was my own. I could feel Chara, distantly, but it was surprisingly easy to push her away.

I stood and walked to the end of the chamber, looking out I could see Flowey. I quickly made a decision. I couldn't do anything too differently from how I had the first time I had been through here, I didn't want to change the timeline too much. Everything had been perfect before I'd reset.

As Flowey spoke to me, I allowed his friendliness pellets to hit my soul. The pain that lashed through my body was nothing in comparison to what I had experienced, and I easily pushed it away. I was still brought to my knees, from the sheer shock of the blow, and I let myself act appropriately afraid, knowing Toriel was coming.
And it all repeated, just as it had before. In Toriel's house, I stood in front of her mirror, examining my face, glad to see that the eyes staring back at me were back to being their bright, shining blue. I wondered for a moment as I looked at myself if that was how Sans had known that I was different. Chara's eyes had been a sadistic, blood red. When he looked into my eyes he must have seen that they were different. I distantly recalled a saying, that eyes were a window into the soul. I smiled at how apt the saying was.

I stayed with Toriel for a few days, resting and enjoying the peace. When I finally exited, it was quite easy. Toriel was easy to fight after having fought her so many times, and especially easy after having fought Sans for so long.

When I exited the ruins, I heard the familiar sounds of Sans' presence. I smiled when I reached the bridge, and heard him approaching. I made sure to laugh extra heartily at his horrible prank.

I allowed few differences this time around, one being, I allowed Papyrus to capture me, curious to see what would happen, and then let it repeat a few times just to see his reactions, and found myself laughing at how silly it all was, and how hard he tried to keep me from escaping.

Everything was normal. It was all the same. The only time I died, it was simply by accident that it happened. I had been walking through Waterfall, and so distracted by the beautiful tunnels around me, I had forgotten that this was where Undyne had attacked me before. I felt my soul pulled out of my body and a spear hit straight through my chest.

When I'd died and hung in that in between space, I felt Chara fight for control. It was a desperate struggle and she fought more and more insistently for control. But I won.

After that I was sure to remind myself to be careful. I couldn't risk Chara getting in control again.

The other difference I allowed was when I was in the judgement hall with Sans, curious to how he would react if I acted a certain way. He seemed to understand that I'd been here before, and after several reloads I found myself with a key to his room. Triumphant, I quickly made my way back to his home, eager to see what was behind the door who's curiosities had always nagged at me.

When I'd finally gone and unlocked the door, I found the room pitch black and as I walked, it was almost like the floor moved underneath me, allowing no progress. When Papyrus had burst into the room, turning on the lights I'd seen why. I was walking on a treadmill that had been placed in front of the door. After Papyrus had left I found a note attached to the side of it.

"the truth is you got owned, nerd. . ." I had both laughed, and sighed angrily at this. His room was a mess. There was a collection of socks in one corner, a trash tornado in another. His bed was unmade, worse than that, his sheets and blankets were a jumbled ball on top of it. There was one giant box in the room, with an unusable lamp on it. The only interesting thing I found, was tucked in the corner between his bed and the wall. It was a small silver key.

I thought that it must be to the door behind their house, and quickly discovered that I was correct. Inside was what looked like a small lab, with tiled floors and walls, and creepy florescent lights. In the corner was some kind of strange machine, covered in a large white sheet. I found some pictures and some undiscipherable notes and blueprints. My skin crawled uncomfortably and I had a feeling I wasn't supposed to be in here. I quickly left, locking the door and returning the key to its original place, trying to forget what I'd seen.

At the end of the journey, as I exited the tunnels and stepped into the sunlight with my family, the peace and happiness of the moment almost made me cry. It was so unbelievable to be standing here, after the nightmare I had suffered. But here I was. I had done it. I had won. As my family
departed to explore this world, staring at the sunset, I closed my eyes.

I let the peace and prosperity of the moment wash over me, and I saved. Just to be safe. I vowed to myself that I would never reset again. And should anything happen to me, this would be my only point to return to.

As I opened my eyes, I heard a heavy step behind me, and was briefly curious. I recalled having heard it before my first reset. I turned and saw Sans coming towards me, a big smile on his face, which I gladly returned.

I turned back to look at the sunset and Sans walked forward to stand quietly beside me.

"So what'cha doin' kid?" he asked, looking down at me curiously.

*Just watching the sunset,* I signed to him.

"It really is beautiful," he said with a chuckle, raising his head to admire it again. "Never thought I'd see it."

We stood in silence, simply enjoying the moment. The world was spread out beautifully underneath us. The wind rustled the leaves of the trees, and gently lifted my hair. The wind smelled sweet and earthy. The sunlight warmed my skin. I was filled with a blissful happiness. I could no longer feel Chara's presence.

As we stood there, watching the sun slowly descend, listening to the sounds of our friends as they explored the woods around us, an idea came to my mind.

Quickly, I turned to Sans, and grabbed onto the sleeve of his jacket, tugging lightly. He looked down at me, a bit surprised.

"What is it, kid?" he asked. I lightly tugged on his sleeve again, encouraging him to follow me, a wide smile on my face. He shrugged.

"Alright, where to?" he asked, and I nearly pulled him over in my excitement as I tugged him along after me. I pulled him along until I found a clearing I deemed appropriate. It was a wide, expanse of thick, comfy grass, away from any trees, with a wide view of the sky.

As I came to a stop, I turned and held out a hand for him to stop. He'd been so busy admiring the world around us he hadn't been paying attention to me, and almost tripped over me. He stopped himself just in time, and I pointed at the ground, my face set. He happily lowered himself until he was sitting on the grass, and raised a brow at me questioningly. I sat down cross-legged beside him and covered my eyes, peering at him from between my fingers. Judging by the light, I didn't have much time.

"You want me to cover my eye-sockets?" he asked, amused. I nodded vigorously. "Alright." He did so, and was met with an angry glare when he tried to peek. We sat there for quite some time as I watched the stars slowly appear.

His reaction was definitely worth it. His sockets widened and I saw the lights in his eyes shine just a little brighter as he looked at the stars for the first time.
His quiet, "Wow," made me giggle. I laid down on the grass, and he joined me. And we both watched the stars for the first time.

After about an hour Sans finally spoke up again, his quiet voice especially raspy.

"Is the sky always this beautiful?" he asked. I hesitated and he looked over at me. I shrugged, and then realizing he couldn't see the gesture, raised my hands.

_I don't know_, I signed.

"What do you mean you don't know? You come from the surface don't you?" He asked, an amused but curious tone to his voice. I sat up slowly, and he joined me, leaning heavily on one arm as he watched me.

After a few moments I explained. _I don't remember anything from before I fell._

He paused for a moment, unsure, before asking his next question.

"Does that bother you? Not remembering, I mean."

_Not really. I have everything that I need. I couldn't ask for a more perfect family. I am exactly where I want to be._

He smiled and chuckled at my answer, reaching over a hand to muss my hair. I pouted at him and quickly reached up to fix the mess, hearing him laugh at my reaction. I saw a brief flash of his eyes and I realized he must be having deja vu. His gaze returned to the stars.

"We're really here, aren't we?" he asked, the question seeming almost desperate. He wasn't looking at me, so I couldn't give him a full answer. Instead I simply leaned into him, reassuringly patting his hand. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

Right at that moment, Papyrus appeared, his loud excitement breaking the peaceful quiet, though neither Sans nor I were much bothered by it.

"SANS! HUMAN! THERE YOU ARE! WE WERE WONDERING WHERE YOU HAD GONE OFF TO! AREN'T THE STARS BEAUTIFUL!" He was nearly shouting in his excitement as he flopped down heavily beside me. I giggled.

"They sure are, bro," Sans replied with a chuckle. Undyne and the others were close behind, no doubt having been following Papyrus's loud voice.

"There you are, punk!" Undyne said as she approached us, Alphys right by her side. "Tell us next time you go wandering off, okay?" I nodded at her and smiled. She laughed as she pulled me up and into her lap as she sat down between the skeleton brothers. She crossed her legs and I sat comfortably in her lap. Alphys sat gingerly in front of us. Undyne leaned back on her arms to look at the sky and I leaned comfortably against her. I saw Alphys look at her, unsure, and I quickly leaned forward, pulling her weight against us as well. She smiled happily at me as she leaned against us.

"I'm not too heavy, am I?" Alphys asked me quietly, her full weight almost leaning on me. I giggled and hugged her head closer, hearing her soft laugh as she rested more comfortably. I giggled happily again when I saw Alphys and Undyne's hands twined together beside me.

Toriel and Asgore sat quietly on either side of the skeletons, both smiling at me, before we all looked at the sky once again. And we watched the stars for hours, before drifting off into a
comfortable sleep.
The First Impressions

Chapter Summary

The monsters and humans finally meet for the first time. It goes as well as can be expected. Frisk does a surprisingly good job as ambassador, even as a child. And finally some family bonding time.

Chapter Notes

Mettaton finally joins the story. Mettaton is not in these stories often enough. Ton-ton is family too! Hope you enjoy and feedback is welcome and appreciated! :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

We were all woken by a very sensual voice and when I opened my eyes, Mettaton was standing over us.

"Have a nice sleep, darling?" he asked, amusement in his voice. I realized I was still pillowed in Undyne's chest, Alphys resting comfortably on me. Everyone stirred awake.

Papyrus’s excitement over seeing Mettaton surprised me. "METTATON!" He shouted. "What are you doing here?" he asked, a little more calmly.

"I thought I'd see the surface for myself. It is quite remarkable, isn't it?" he said.

"YES... YES IT IS!" Papyrus stuttered. I realized with a giggle that Papyrus must have been a huge fan. Undyne stirred and grumbled, coming fully awake with Papyrus's loud outbursts. Alphys stirred and sat up, rubbing her eyes.

"What's with all the yelling! It's early!" Undyne grumbled, sitting up and rubbing her eyes. I slid off her lap and into the grass beside Alphys, who smiled gently at me. I smiled back and signed Good morning to her.

Undyne climbed to her feet and stretched, reaching her arms into the air. Papyrus quickly stood and rushed over to Mettaton, gushing over him, talking quickly and excitedly. Alphys giggled watching them all.

"Mornin' kiddo." I heard Sans chuckle beside me. I looked to him and gave him a big smile. I noticed Asgore had stood and was watching everyone, unsure.

Toriel scooted closer to me.

"Did you sleep well, my child?" she asked gently. I nodded vigorously and she laughed. "You really do have a lot of caring friends, don't you?"

I smiled and blushed.
"Who wouldn't love this lil' ball of goodness," Sans said, pulling me into a one armed hug, messing up my hair again. I pouted and tried to push him away, smoothing down my hair. He only laughed at my reaction, reluctantly letting me go. Toriel laughed.

I stood from the grass and stretched my weary limbs. I saw that Undyne and Alphys had walked over to speak to Mettaton as well. I noticed Asgore and walked carefully up to him.

He jumped a little when I grabbed his hand in both of mine, looking down at me with surprise. I gave him a big smile, one to rival even Undyne's. I heard his deep, rumbling laugh as he knelt down to get closer to me.

"You have done well," he said, his voice gentle. I tilted my head and closed my eyes, giving him a softer smile. "I wonder where we go from here." He mused.

I pondered for a second before raising my hand, pointing upwards. He seemed to understand, and chuckled, gently patting my head. I leaned forward and hugged him. He stilled for a moment, seeming surprised, before hugging me back.

"Thank you, Frisk," he mumbled. When I pulled back and looked around I noticed Sans had gone to stand beside Papyrus, hands in his pockets and Toriel was watching Asgore and I intently.

I started to make my way towards my friends when I heard Papyrus exclaim, "I SHALL GREET THE HUMANS! I WILL MAKE A GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION!" And then he rushed off at a full sprint down the mountain path. I heard Undyne grumble.

"Papyrus! Wait!" And she rushed after him. As I stepped up beside Alphys and Sans, I heard them both let out exasperated sighs.

"This probably won't end well," Alphys said quietly.

"Probably not," Sans quietly agreed. We all followed after the two of them. We made our way down the mountain path and into the deeper forest, following the sounds of Papyrus and Undyne. It wasn't until we heard screams that we all ran forward, worried.

When we came into the clearing we saw Papyrus and Undyne standing there.

"Well. . . that's not what I expected," I heard Papyrus say quietly as I got closer.

"Human's haven't seen monsters in hundreds of years, what did you think was gonna happen, approaching them like that?" Undyne said in reply. I saw Papyrus's face fall.

"Oh dear," I heard Mettaton mumble.

I walked over to Papyrus and quickly took his hand. He looked down at me.

"It's okay, I signed to him. Once they know you're not scary, that you're just a cuddly skeleton, they'll like you too, just like me. I gave him a smile and watched his face brighten.

"YOU'RE ABSOLUTE RIGHT TINY HUMAN! I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED THEY'D BE INTIMIDATED BY THE GREAT PAPYRUS! I will be sure to be less intimidating next time," he said with confidence. I giggled.

Sans stepped up beside us and when I looked up at him he mouthed thanks to me. I smiled and nodded.
"Well, this may be troublesome," I heard Asgore mumble.

"Indeed," Toriel responded.

"Have any others come to the surface yet?" Asgore asked, turning to Mettaton. "Not yet. They've been eager, but they didn't want to leave without official word from their king."

"Good," Asgore responded with a quiet sigh. "Then let's go back and wait. No doubt more humans will come to investigate and we don't want to appear too threatening when that happens."

And so we all returned to the mountain. We went back and waited. It was almost a full day before we heard humans coming up the path.

We went out to meet them, standing in front of the tunnel to the underground. When we saw them approaching, Papyrus moved to greet them, but Mettaton was quick to stop him, placing a firm hand on his shoulder. When Papyrus turned to look at him, he only shook his head, and Papyrus's expression fell a little, but he stood back reluctantly and watched.

Asgore and Toriel stepped forward.

Alphys stood beside Mettaton, and Undyne stood beside her. I saw Alphys tightly grip Undyne's hand as we watched the humans get closer. I stood beside Sans, watching quietly.

When I noticed the humans brandishing weapons, I instinctively reached up and grabbed Sans' hand tightly, afraid. He squeezed my fingers, watching the humans intently.

I saw Asgore and Toriel stop, and the humans did the same, several feet from each other.

"We do not mean you any harm, we simply wish to talk," Asgore said quietly. I noticed he was hunched slightly, trying to make himself appear less intimidating.

"We only wish to talk about peace," Toriel said gently. The humans were shuffling, watching them uneasily.

When their eyes flicked uneasily behind Asgore and Toriel, to look at the rest of us gathered behind them, the man standing in front gasped.

"They have a child with them!" He exclaims angrily. He looked at Sans' hand in mine. He quickly pulled out a sword he had at his hip. "You release that child this instant!" he yelled angrily, stepping forward.

I felt Sans' hand go slack. When I looked up at him I saw he had a dangerous expression on his face. I squeezed his fingers reassuringly before letting go of his hand.

"This is all just a misunderstanding," Toriel said gently, turning back to the humans gathered, trying to ease the tension. They all appeared on edge, hands tensed and ready to draw weapons.

I quickly rushed forward, before any violence could ensue. I felt Toriel reach out to me as I passed her.

"My child," she whispered to me, concern in her voice. I felt her hand on my shoulder. I turned and looked at her, seeing an unsure sadness on her face. When I turned back to the man who had addressed them, I saw that he had stepped a bit closer. He lowered his sword and knelt down, speaking directly to me.
"You do not have to be afraid, child," he said softly. "We will protect you." He held his arms out to me. I frowned.

I stepped forward and felt Toriel's hand fall from my shoulder. I looked back at all my friends and all their faces were similarly conflicted. I saw sadness and an unsurity in all their expressions. They didn't know if I would stay with them, when another human offered me protection. I saw that they were all afraid of losing me. I smiled warmly at them before turning.

I let anger set on my face as I looked at the man.

*No*, I signed at him firmly. *I am not their hostage. They are my family.*

I saw confusion cross his face at the response he got. "You don't have to be afraid of them, if they are forcing you to say these things. . ."

*NO*, I signed more firmly. I could hear a collective sigh behind me.

The man stood, suddenly unsure. The other people behind him still hadn't quite let go of their weapons. I saw the man's hand tighten on the hilt of his sword.

I stepped back and stood between Toriel and Asgore, reaching up to hold both of their hands.

"We only wish to speak of a solution to monsters coming to the surface, we do not wish to frighten anyone," Asgore said gently. I squeezed his hand, offering assurance. His hand tightened around mine.

"You can't honestly expect. . . " the man began to respond, scorn in his voice. I huffed angrily, releasing my parents' hands, and marching forward, until I stood right in front of the human. He stepped back uncomfortably at my sudden close appearance.

"Frisk," I heard both Toriel and Sans call quietly, concerned.

*How dare you*, I signed angrily. The surprise on the man's face was almost funny. I stepped back so all the humans could see the words I was telling them, waiting until all eyes settled on me before continuing.

*You cannot judge what you do not understand. These monsters deserve to live on surface just as much as you or I. I have been in the Underground for a while now, and not a one of the monsters in there would ever hurt me. Not a single one of them wishes me harm, and not a single one of them will hurt anyone. And I will not let you hurt them.*

And with that I stepped forward and grabbed the hilt of the man's sword. So surprised was he that I was easily able to wrestle it from his grasp. I jumped back and quickly turned the sword down, embedding it in the earth. I crossed my arms and gave him a fierce stare, challenging him to step forward and grab it.

The man stared at me in surprise, unsure what to do. I heard a suppressed chuckle behind me. I recognized it to be Sans, and I realized how amusing it must look, to see such a young kid standing up to such a dangerous looking group of people, and leaving them completely flustered and unsure.

*You will talk peace, or else*, I signed firmly, not even sure myself what that or else meant. The man scratched the back of his head uncomfortably and then slumped in defeat, motioning to the people behind him. All unsheathed weapons were quickly put away and I definitely heard a chuckle behind me. My face almost broke into a smile, but I firmly held my angry expression as I turned and marched back to my family. I noticed the surprise on all their faces as they watched me, and
the suppressed amusement on Sans's. Seeing him trying not to laugh, I did crack a smile.

I stood between Toriel and Asgore, quite smugly.

"Alright, we will talk," the man said quietly. He stepped forward and yanked his sword out of the earth, putting it back in its sheath.

And so the peace talks began. After quite some time, the man agreed to come into the Underground, where Asgore and the man could speak more comfortably, over a cup of tea. Three other men came with him, the rest waiting outside.

I frequently went in and out, occasionally serving tea or sandwiches Toriel made as they talked. We all waited in Asgore's home, as the talks went from hours to days.

Toriel came and went, but the human and Asgore never once left the throne room.

When Asgore finally returned, I had fallen asleep in Papyrus's lap, and everyone came awake groggily when he entered.

Toriel rushed forward, hope on her face.

"Well?" she asked, eager for news.

"It has been decided that we will be welcome, within a certain distance of the mountain. The man I spoke with was the diplomatic representative of this area, and he can only speak for his lands, not others. He has promised monsters will be safe in his lands, and we will gather with his people to build a town specifically for monsters, so as not to cause too much unease."

Everyone sighed collectively at the good news.

"So, we are welcome?" Toriel asked, almost seeming to not believe it.

"Yes, though it may be some time before the monsters have somewhere to stay on the surface. For now, we can allow the monsters to exit the mountain as long as they remain close. We will begin building in a month's time, once supplies are gathered. There are humans who have offered to help us build. Once a proper settlement is built we can start slowly moving up there."

"Do they have a place in mind as to where they will build this town?" Toriel asked curious.

"Not yet, they asked that you and I, and perhaps a few others go to check out the lands, to look for a place we would like to start building."

Everyone laughed relieved, and starting talking all at once. Asgore held up a hand.

"The humans have departed to their home, and they have left us with a map. They also agreed to reach out to other humans on our behalf and set up similar meetings."

I settled back happily as I heard everyone begin to talk. I was just happy that things had turned out so well. I heard Sans as he came and sat beside me. We both watched everyone talk excitedly.

"You did good, kid," Sans chuckled, reaching over and patting me gently on the head. I smiled happily at him. "Guess we chose the right person to be ambassador, huh?" He winked at me. We sat watching everyone for a few moments before he turned to me again.

"Hey, I was wonderin'..." he looked at me questioningly, amusement on his face. "What did you plan to do if the humans wouldn't talk?" I giggled and shrugged my shoulders.
I didn’t really have a plan, I admitted. It just needed to be said. Sans laughed at this and mussed my hair, leaving me flustered. As I thought, I finally turned to him, signing.

Well, I suppose if he continued to act like an idiot, a swift kick to his squishy bits would have changed his mind real quick.

Sans looked at me in surprise and then burst out laughing. His laughter was infectious and I joined him. I saw Undyne look over at us and then wink at me, before turning back to the conversation.

"Wow, kid," Sans said, the last of his chuckles finally leaving him, a little breathless from laughing. "How do you even know what squishy bits are? How old are you anyway?" He asked, eyeing me suspiciously.

I blushed furiously, and turned my face away, huffing in indignation. I may be a kid, but I’m not oblivious.

"Yea, you sure as hell aren't, huh?" he chuckled.

Don’t underestimate me, Sans. I understand more than you think I would, I warned him.

He chuckled again. "I'll be sure to keep that in mind."

I'm ten by the way. Or at least, I think I am.

"You got a few years then, before you're grown up, at least by human standards, from what I understand." I nodded. "Well, you may a kid in here," he said tapping my chest lightly. "But not in here," he finished, tapping my head. I giggled. And then settled in beside him, my expression solemn. You don't even know the half of it, I thought, closing my eyes.

We slept in Toriel's house that night. Toriel, Undyne, Alphys and I slept on Asgore's giant bed, Sans and Papyrus slept on the twin beds in the other room and Asgore and Mettaton slept in the sitting room.

The next day, everyone packed up some travel gear and we left the underground to look for a perfect place to build our new home.

We found it several days of hiking later. I was the first to spot it.

I ventured a bit far from everyone else while they all took a break. I found a tall tree, and just decided on a whim to climb it. I had to run and jump to reach the first branch. I climbed up to the very top, standing precariously on the top branches. They swayed underneath me, threatening to break, but the sight before my eyes distracted me from this.

To our left, outside of our designated path to travel, I saw a large expanse of blue water. It was an enormous lake. I couldn't even see the entirety of it, even from my height. I thought that it would be perfect, so that the underwater monsters could remain close to the monsters that walked on land.

I climbed quickly down the branches. A bit too quickly. I lost my footing on one of the lower branches and felt my stomach jump into my throat as I felt myself fall. I squeezed my eyes shut, expecting to hit the ground, when I felt a familiar magic wrap around my body.

When I opened my eyes I saw I was wrapped in blue magic and Sans was grinning at me.

"I take my eyes off you for five minutes. . ." he tsked. I smiled at him sheepishly. "What am I gonna do with you." I felt my body begin to twist and turn, and the world spun dizzyingly.
He slowly lowered me until I was right above him, looking up at me amusedly.

"You want me to let you down?" he asked me, with a mischievous smile.

"Hmph", was the only response he got.

"What will you do if I let you down?" he asked, mischievous smile growing. I crossed my arms and pouted at him, indignant. He watched me, trying not to laugh. Finally I let out a heavy sigh and quickly signed to him, *Toriel and I will make you a pie*.

He chuckled and then slowly lowered me to the ground.

"I suppose that will have to do." I stuck my tongue out at him and took off. I heard him laugh. By the time I got back to the little camp where the others were resting he was already there, sitting beside his brother, who was speaking animatedly with Mettaton. He winked at me. I pouted at him before remembering what I'd found.

I rushed over to Toriel and tugged on her dress. She turned to me.

"Yes, what is it my child?"

*I found our home*, I signed to her. Her eyes widened in surprise and excitement.

"You have, have you?" I nodded and was nearly jumping up and down in excitement when she stood. "Well, then we better get a move on shouldn't we?"

Everyone else quickly packed up their stuff and set right off, and I ran ahead excitedly, leading them towards the lake. When we got there, their eyes all looked at it in excitement.

"This place is perfect!" Undyne shouted, rushing towards the water.

"It really is," Asgore said. "Well done, Frisk."

I smiled happily and blushed. Everyone went forward to examine the area, making plans. Sans stepped up beside me.

"Good to see your life-risking climbing escapade wasn't in vain." I pushed him and he laughed.

We rested here for a few days, drawing up plans. The town would have to be set a little further from the lake, in case of flooding and the like if it ever rained, but by the time we began to head home, we had decent plans drawn up and ready to build on.

Our new home was so close. A month later, Asgore met with the humans from the villages, bringing a few of the strongest monsters along to start building. There were a few other water monsters, such as Onionsan who would be immediately relocated to the lake.

The day before he set off, I was asleep in Toriel's house in the ruins when I heard heated voices. I crept out of my room to find Asgore and Toriel arguing. Toriel doing most of the arguing. I quietly crept back to my room, not wanting to interfere. I heard when he left and quietly crept into the sitting room.

Toriel was hunched over in her chair, face in her hands. I slowly approached her. She jumped when I put my hand over hers.

"Oh, my child, I did not see you there," she said, putting a smile on her face. I could tell it was forced. "I am sorry, I did not mean to wake you, shall I make you some tea, to help you sleep?" she
moved to stand up, but I quickly hugged her. She hugged me back tightly.

"Do not worry my child, I am alright."

I pulled back from her, unsure whether to voice my thoughts or not, but deciding I might as well.

*You cannot be angry at him forever.*

She pulled back in surprise, opening her mouth to speak. I quickly continued.

*Everyone makes mistakes.* She paused, watching me closely. *He felt the loss just as strongly as you did.* Toriel's face fell, and I saw her grief. But I felt this needed to be said. *He simply was not as strong willed as you,* and gave into his anger. *Often the greatest love can lead to the greatest hate.* *He did what he thought he had to at the time, he did not mean to cause any suffering.* *He was just trying to give everyone hope.* *If he had gone to the surface after he got one soul, and taken the rest,* it might have started a war, regardless. *He did not want war, he simply wanted to help his people,* but he didn't know how. *He did the only thing he thought he could.* Tears were starting to leave tracks down Toriel's face, but her eyes remained on me.

*People make mistakes, especially during the worst times of their lives. And everyone can change. I'm sure Asgore has. He still cares about you deeply, I can tell. It would not be right to continue to punish him for his mistakes forever.*

Toriel leaned forward, wrapping me in a tight hug. I hugged her back just as tightly, trying to offer her some comfort.

"Thank you, my child," she whispered to me. She pulled me into her lap and continued to hug me. Eventually she pulled back to look at me, her hand stroking my hair.

"You sure are grown up, aren't you?" she asked with a smile. I smiled back a little sheepishly. She hugged me tight. "Just don't grow up too quickly, alright?" I giggled and hugged her.

*Of course I won't,* I signed to her. After that we decided to make a pie to cheer ourselves up. We made two, butterscotch, and butterscotch cinnamon.

The next day, Toriel offered to bring me to my friends while she went to the capital to speak with Asgore before he left. I nodded eagerly.

Toriel took me to Sans and Papyrus's house. She departed once I was in Snowdin, waving at me and she walked away with her wrapped pie. The other, mostly uneaten pie, I carried as I walked toward my favorite skeletons home. I knocked on the door, and I heard the very loud sounds as Papyrus rushed to see who it was.

When he saw me standing there, his face brightened.

"HUMAN! IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU!" He lifted me clear off my feet and into a tight hug, and I felt the pie crush between us. Papyrus spun me around a few times before setting me gently down on the floor inside his house, closing the door. I glanced over and saw Sans sitting lazily on the couch.

"'Sup, kiddo," he greeted me with a smile. I quickly held out the slightly wilted pie.

Papyrus took it, and held it up.

"What is this?" he asked.
A peace offering, I signed, and heard Sans chuckle.

"Why would you need a peace offering, human? We are already the best of friends!"

"How about you go and cut us some pieces of that peace offering?" Sans suggested. Papyrus shrugged and went into the kitchen with a smile, humming happily.

I stood and watched him, a smile on my face. When I turned back around, Sans patted the couch beside him, and I went over, sitting tentatively beside him. He hadn't scooted over, and was still occupying most of the couch.

"So, just felt like visiting or. . .?" Sans left the sentence unfinished.

_Toriel had some things she needed to do at the capital before Asgore left.

"Ah," Sans said. "Has that. . . gotten any better?" he asked, a little awkwardly, not wanting to intrude too much on their personal lives.

_It probably will be soon. I had a little talk with Mom and she seemed to see a bit reasoning._

"You have a way of doin' that, don'tcha?" Sans chuckled, mussing my hair.

Papyrus returned, balancing three plates of pie in one hand, and three glasses of milk in the other. Sans scooted over, pulling me over with him as Papyrus sat on my other side, handing us our food. I was happily squished between the skeletons as we watched Mettaton on the TV. For the first time, a curious question came to my mind, and I looked over at Sans curiously. He had paused with a bite of pie halfway to his mouth. He raised a brow, seeing me staring at him.

"Are you just gonna stare or. . .?" he left the thought unfinished. I blushed a little, unsure whether to ask. "What is it kid?" he asked, and smiled, almost seeming to sense what I was wondering.

Finally, I decided to just ask. _How do skeletons eat, if you don't have a stomach?_ I asked.

Sans chuckled, and then stuck out his tongue at me. I hadn't even realized he had a tongue. It was a bright, electric blue, just as I recalled his eye being, the same color as his magic. I stared at him in shock and he withdrew it, smiling.

"It's magic," he said. "Simple. Our tongues absorb food the way a monsters stomach does. Straight into energy."

"Hmm," was all I could think to say. _Cool_, I signed before turning back to the TV, my curiosity sated. I turned to Papyrus. He nyeh heh hehed softly when he saw me watching him. I saw that he had already eaten half of his piece of pie. He stuck his tongue out at me as well, and I saw that it was bright orange, before he continued eating.

_Very cool_, I thought to myself as I dug into my pie. We all sat and enjoyed the pie, eating until we had stomach aches, laughing at Mettaton's antics on the screen.

Life was wonderful.

Chapter End Notes
Frisk is a badass and will continue to be more and more of one as the story continues, as can only be expected of a character who liberated an entire species. :P
Spoken Words

Chapter Summary

Frisk speaks for the first time. How will her family react? :p

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The first time I spoke in this timeline, it had been a year since I'd been with my new-found family. Construction had been going well on the surface, and we had all gathered at Toriel and Asgore's house in the capital to celebrate.

After Toriel and Asgore had spoken, Toriel had seemed much more at peace. We had both moved back into her home in the castle, leaving the ruins effectively empty, as all the other monsters had left to be closer to the surface. Toriel and Asgore had gotten back together and seemed as happy and gooey as ever.

I sat on the floor in front of the couch, watching the TV. I was thoroughly enjoying the new furnishings to our home. The plush rug beneath me was my favorite spot to be. It was soft and fluffy and colorful. It had been a gift from Mettaton.

I could hear Papyrus and Undyne clashing around loudly in the kitchen. Alphys was with them, simply to be close to Undyne, and Mettaton had joined them, as he claimed, "To watch their culinary art". And Toriel and Asgore had gone down to the garden for a little while.

I was sitting in front of the TV, my arms around my knees, my chin resting comfortably as I watched the anime on screen.

I heard Sans sit down on the couch beside me. I greeted him with a smile.

*How bad is the kitchen?* I asked, a little fearful.

"You might have some repairin' to do afterwards," Sans answered with a customary chuckle. "Though, I was sure to warn them not to burn the house down. Alphys and Mettaton are watching them, at least, so nothing too bad should happen."

I giggled. Undyne had had a lot of trouble repairing her house. Alphys and Undyne often switched between living there, and in Alphys's lab in Hotland now. Thankfully, Undyne was much more careful during cooking sessions after the incident.

As I sat there, Sans reached down a hand, plopping it down on my head and looking at me amusedly.

"Just gonna sit there in a ball all night?" he asked, gesturing to my tight sitting situation. It must have seemed to him that I was uncomfortable, but I wasn't. I simply liked to be small, and tightly curled. Something about it made me feel safe. But I gently uncurled my arms and hopped up onto the couch beside him.

We sat for a few minutes, listening more to the ruckus in the kitchen than to the show on TV.
After a while Sans turned toward me.

"Hey kid, ya mind if I ask ya somethin'?" he asked, a little uneasily. I looked at him in surprise and shrugged.

_of course not_, I signed.

"I was just wonderin' . . . " He paused, uncertain. "Can you talk?"

I jumped a little in surprise. I hadn't been expecting that.

"I don't mean to seem rude or nothin' I was just curious. I've heard ya laugh and stuff, but I've never really heard ya speak. Ya don't have to answer if ya don't want to." He finished hastily. I frowned, looking down at my hands. I hadn't thought about speaking in a long time.

Slowly I opened my mouth and I saw Sans watching me intently. I swallowed and tried again, a little nervous with his intense gaze on me.

"I . . . " I hesitated, a little uncertain myself. "I can talk." I finally managed to get out. My voice was a little strained and it cracked just a bit from not being used, but it didn't seem to bother Sans.

When I looked over at him, he had a beaming smile on his face. He reached over and wrapped me in a tight hug, surprising me. I heard his raspy laugh, and felt it shake my body, as I was pressed against him.

"I knew you could do it, Frisk," he said happily. When he finally released me, I sat back, a little indignant.

"Of course I can speak," I said.

"So why haven't you ever talked before?" he asked.

I paused, unsure how to answer, and I saw him quickly move to correct himself, afraid he'd asked too much. I answered before he could say anything.

"I'm not really sure," I said, not really sure how to explain it myself. I decided to go with what the next closest explanation was. "I guess when I fell, the trauma of it left me without much of a voice, so I just signed instead. I finally figured out I could speak, but I guess I was unsure about it. It seemed weird to suddenly start speaking after I'd been silent for so long. And I wasn't sure if I'd like my voice, anyway."

I didn't want to explain to him that when I'd first heard my voice, it had been so twisted that I was afraid to speak again, afraid of how it would sound to my ears.

Sans just chuckled beside me, relieving some of my unease.

"You don't have to be afraid of that, kid," he said quietly. "You have a beautiful voice." The words seemed to trip out of him and when I looked over at him in surprise he blushed. It was the first time I'd seen him blush, his cheekbones turning blue. It was adorable.

"I . . . I mean, it's not bad or anything," he quickly tried to correct himself. I giggled, enjoying watching him become flustered.

_Cute_, I signed to him.

"Hey now, don't stop speaking!" he said quickly, not even seeming to realize what I'd said.
"Cute," I said again and giggled when he blushed furiously, looking away from me, a bit of a pout on his face. It always amazed me to see so many facial expressions on the skeletons.

I'd tried to read up on skeletons, once, but it hadn't been very helpful. They were magic, and therefore were not at all like normal skeletons. Though it was hard to tell, because Sans seemed to be in an almost perpetual smile, he did have lips, sort of. Or rather bone that came down over his teeth when he wasn't smiling, further adding to the range of facial expressions he could make. And now blushing? I loved that there were still new things I could learn about my favorite monsters.

"I am not cute," he protested gruffly. "I am intimidating as all hell." I laughed at this. It was true, but it was still funny to hear him protest it so strongly.

"I know," I said, giggling again. Right at that moment I heard Mettaton speak.

"Is that Frisk I hear speaking?" I turned to him and saw a wide expression on his face as he looked at me.

"What, that can't be Frisk!" Undyne said, coming into the room with Alphys right on her heels.

"It was," Mettaton said, with a bit of wonder in his voice. "Darling, speak again!" he asked, excited. Undyne and Alphys watched me expectantly and I could see Papyrus peering at me over Mettaton's shoulder.

Suddenly I felt a bit of stage fright. They were all watching me so expectantly. What was I gonna say? As I was worrying over this, Sans turned to me.

"Hey Frisk," he said, a mischievous smile coming to his face. "Can you guess how much I weigh?"

I heard Papyrus groan, "Not this again!"

I met Sans' mischievous smile with one of my own before saying the very overused pun.

"I don't know, Sans, do you weigh a skeleton?" I asked, giggling. I heard Papyrus and Undyne groan.

"Really, Sans! The first words we hear the punk speak, and it's a horrible pun!" I heard Undye say exasperatedly.

"Sans! You have corrupted the human!" Papyrus shouted. "What will we do now!?"

Sans and I both laughed, hearing them all become so flabbergasted.

"Well, despite the horrible pun, I think Frisk's voice is quite lovely," Mettaton said, coming to join us on the enormous couch.

"I second that," Alphys said happily, joining him. Undyne and Papyrus walked over as well, and we spent hours talking. Alphys and I nerding out, truly for the first time, about anime, Mettaton engaging me in talk about fashion, which I was very lax on, Papyrus and Undyne asking me about anything cooking related.

When they returned to the kitchen to resume their cooking, they carried me along, reluctant to let me go now that I had begun to speak.

As I sat on the counter beside Sans, I grumbled.
"Why do I feel like I'm going to regret this," I mumbled quietly, knowing he was the only one who heard. "Now that I've started talking, they won't ever let me stop."

Sans chuckled. When I looked over at him he winked and I smiled, actually rather happy with the turn of events.

Toriel and Asgore returned just as dinner preparations were being finished and they both entered the kitchen curiously, looking for the source of the unfamiliar voice.

When they saw that it was me speaking, they had both rushed forward, wrapping me in a tight hug. They told me how proud they were of me, and kept me talking all through dinner and desert.

Eventually I was allowed to sleep. My friends had turned my entire room into a blanket fort with every blanket, sheet and pillow that I owned. Papyrus and Mettaton had fallen asleep in one corner of the blanket fort, sleeping quite close to each other. Alphys and Undyne had fallen asleep in another corner, completely tangled together. Toriel and Asgore sat the corner opposite them, nestled comfortably against each other, and Sans had joined me in the remaining corner, chatting happily away until we eventually fell asleep as well.

Chapter End Notes

Note: Sans is adorable. That is all.
Reoccurring Nightmares

Chapter Summary

Peace can only last so long before the past rears its head.

Chapter Notes

This chapter does have particularly graphic violence, just forewarning. This chapter will be sad, I am sorry. Feedback is welcome and I hope you enjoy :3

It was another full year before I had my first nightmare. I had lived in such peace for so long I had thought all my nightmares were behind me.

It was a night like any other, I was asleep in my room after having spent the day training with Undyne, who had begun to take me along with her when she and Papyrus did battle training. It had been quite exhausting and when I'd gotten home I'd fallen straight into bed, too exhausted to do anything else.

At first my mind was blank, and I was floating in a comfortable darkness before I felt a horribly familiar presence. Before I could fully comprehend what I was feeling, I was suddenly standing in the center of Snowdin.

The town was eerily quiet, it seemed the whole world had gone quiet, and I felt an unbearable sense of loneliness. As I took a hesitant step forward, the scene changed and the sight that flashed around me made me scream.

I saw my friends mangled bodies littered across the snow. A thick layer of dust covered everything. I didn't even think there were enough monsters in the whole Underground to make so much dust. Blood lay in large puddles around me. It didn't even occur to me that the sight was strange, as most monsters didn't bleed.

I stifled a scream as I stumbled towards my family, tripping over something in the snow. I landed flat on my face, and I could taste the snow, and blood and dust, in my mouth, the horrible taste of it making me gag.

When I turned to see what I had tripped over I saw that it was Sans. His head was turned towards me, his eye sockets horrifyingly blank. No life in them, his skull cracked horribly. I screamed and squeezed my eyes shut. When I opened them again, my surroundings changed and I was suddenly standing in front of Toriel, a wickedly sharp blade in my hand.

I stepped towards her and raised the knife as she cried and begged for me to stop. I cut her down mercilessly, and I felt like a prisoner in my own head.

The image rippled, and I was standing in front of Papyrus. He had his arms out to me, and they were trembling horribly. I simply rushed at him and cut him down, feeling his skull crack beneath
The image shifted and I was standing in front of Undyne. She was crouched on the ground, bleeding from many wounds, staring at me with hatred and fear. As I took a step forward I heard her beg for me to stop before I stepped forward, placing my knife against her throat, slicing slowly. I heard her strangled, gurgling screams as I cut, feeling her warm blood wash over my hand.

I heard an agonizing scream, worse than I had ever heard, and saw Alphys standing to the side, collapsed to her knees in grief, staring at Undyne's mangled corpse. I heard my twisted laugh as I rushed and cut her down. She didn't even look at me, didn't even struggle as I killed her, her gaze never moving from Undyne's still form.

As the image shifted I was facing Mettaton, and he was staring at me as though I were the most disgusting thing he had ever seen. He took a step back as I advanced towards him. I cut through him easily. His soul tried to escape, and I grabbed at it, feeling it wriggle in my first, before I squeezed it until it cracked and turned to dust in my fist.

The image fell away and I was standing in the judgement hall once again, and Sans was there, as he always was. He was looking down, his face cast in shadows. I felt a wide smile twist my lips as I rushed at him. When he looked at me his face was twisted in hatred and pain and his left eye was flaming.

I felt the sensation of dying, over and over, but I was always right back there, right back in that fight. And finally, with a triumphant laugh I leapt forward, and my blade cut through him. I watched him collapse, watched as blood soaked his clothes and dripped from his mouth. He collapsed against a pillar and when he looked up at me there was so much hate in the expression that I felt my heart twist horribly. I simply stood and laughed, watching the light slowly leave his eyes.

I simply skipped forward triumphantly. I cut down Asgore easily, and then I proceeded to kill Flowey as he cried and begged for me to stop in his true voice, his face, his real once twisted in pain in the center of the flower.

As I stepped forward, toward the barrier I felt all my power. And I felt the world crumble and collapse under my will. Felt it all fall away horribly, disappearing. There was nothing left.

I stood in that emptiness with nothing but that horrible presence. It didn't even speak to me anymore, it was simply a part of me.

As I stood there, I felt someone approaching me from behind. I didn't turn. I couldn't turn. I felt an arm wrap around me, and saw a familiar blue sleeve. I felt a bony hand settle between my shoulder blades and then a piercing pain as something plunged through my heart. The metallic taste of blood filled my mouth, dripped from my lips. The pain wracked through my whole body and it suddenly felt as though every cell in my body was twisting, pulling, ripping apart. I screamed and screamed, feeling myself being torn apart molecule by molecule.

I screamed and struggled, and felt a familiar pair of arms wrap around me. I thrashed against them, still feeling that pain. I struggled, but I was wrapped tight. I could hear my heart pounding in my ears, and my whole body shook. I couldn't stop the sobs that wracked my body. As my sobs ebbed I heard Toriel's voice.

"It's okay my child, you are safe, shh, it's alright, you're alright," she kept repeating the soothing words, her arms tight around me, stroking my back. I realized that I was finally awake, or at least I
hoped I was. I nestled into her and cried, unable to stop my sobs.

I don't know how long I sat there with her arms around me, shaking and crying. I suddenly felt cold and realized I was covered in sweat, it had soaked through my night shirt, making it cling uncomfortably to my skin.

Toriel held me like that for hours. Eventually I was too exhausted to even cry and I just sat there, unable to move, feeling the pain that radiated through my body as I relived all that heartbreak.

Eventually Toriel lifted my face, trying to get me to look at her. I pulled my face roughly from her grasp, squeezing my eyes shut. I couldn't bear to look at her face.

I felt the guilt twist in my stomach, making me nauseous and I pushed away from her, curling up tightly against the wall. I wrapped my arms around my knees, and refused to look at her when she called my name.

A few minutes later I heard Asgore enter. I could smell tea and pie. He placed the plate in front of me, I could feel its warmth right in front of my toes.

"Perhaps some pie and tea will make you feel better, child," he said softly. "You should eat."

I didn't reply. I kept my eyes tightly shut and didn't move.

"My child," Toriel reached out a hand and I flinched away from it involuntarily. She pulled back, hurt twisting her expression. I closed my eyes again so I wouldn't have to see it. Eventually Asgore left quietly, leaving my food sitting on the table at the end of my bed.

Toriel sat with me for some time, prompting me to tell her what was wrong. I refused to move, refused to speak. I wasn't even sure if I could through all the pain I was feeling.

Eventually Toriel got up and left. I heard the soft click as the door was shut. I opened my eyes so I wouldn't have to see the images that flashed against the backs of my closed lids. I stared at the floor, staring at the little lights patterned there from the night light on the wall. I focused on it, to try and distract myself from the horrible images that kept rising up in my vision.

I sat there, tightly curled for the rest of the night. When morning came, it lightened the house, and it wasn't so dark. Toriel entered my room again, and seeing that I hadn't moved, sat down beside me. When she reached out to me, I flinched back, a strangled cry rose in my throat. I couldn't bear to feel her touch.

She sat with me for a few hours before leaving. Asgore brought in some warm soup, my favorite kind by the smell it, and placed in on the table, taking away the now cold pie and tea.

He opened his mouth to speak, but didn't seem to know what to say, so he simply left.

They checked on me every few hours for the rest of the day, attempting to speak to me, attempting to reach out to me. My strangled sobs when they tried to touch me eventually got through to them and they stopped trying.

When night finally fell, Toriel came in, and draped a warm blanket across my shoulders before leaving again.

I didn't sleep at all that night. Simply stared at the floor, unable to move. The pain was beginning to make me feel numb.
The night passed by both agonizingly slowly and too quickly. As morning came, Toriel and Asgore entered my room again. They brought fresh food, but seeing that I hadn't eaten or slept, simply sat beside me, careful not to get too close in case I began to panic again.

After a few hours like that, they both left. At around noon I heard the ruckus enter the house, and winced, feeling my stomach twist as I heard Papyrus and Undyne's voices. I could tell, judging by all the noise, that everyone else was there as well.

After some time, I'm assuming as Asgore and Toriel explained what was going on, I heard my door slowly open. I didn't look up, but I could see from the edges of my vision that it was Undyne, and I began to tremble, recalling my dream.

"Frisk," she said quietly, coming to sit down gingerly next to me, seeing me shake. I cried out when she put an arm on my shoulder and she quickly withdrew it.

"Frisk, you don't have to be afraid of us," she whispered. "Whatever happened, whatever's got you so shook up, you can tell us." With that she leaned over and wrapped her arms around me, pressing her face into my hair. I couldn't stop the sobs that shook me, and she held me gently, rubbing my back as I cried. All I could see was her face twisted in fear and hatred and pain. All I could feel was her blood as it coated my fingers. She didn't know, and she just held me.

After some time there was a quiet knock on the door. She released me, finally, and stood to answer it. I swallowed my sobs and let the tears fall down my face silently. I stared fixedly at the floor. I hadn't moved. I saw Undyne slip out and Papyrus slip in.

"Human," Papyrus spoke uncharacteristically gently, as though he was trying not to frighten me. "Toriel tells me you haven't eaten in almost two days. So I thought I would make you some of the Great Papyrus's famous spaghetti to cheer you up. Toriel helped me make it, so it might not be as great as usual, but. . ." his voice trailed off, seeing no response from me. He gently placed the plate in front of me, and I squeezed my eyes shut when I saw his hand in front of my eyes. He sat down at the edge of the bed.

"Human. . . Frisk, we are your friends, your family. You can tell us anything. Toriel tells us you had a bad dream. I just wanted to say, that it's okay. We all have bad dreams sometimes. You. . . might not want to talk about them, I understand. Sans doesn't either when he has them, but. . . I will be here if you ever need to talk about anything." He finished with that and then we sat in silence for a little while.

When he saw that I wasn't moving, he sighed and stood, gently patting my head before exiting, looking rather dejected.

Alphys came in next. She simply hopped up and sat beside me. She didn't bother to speak, simply offering her presence. We sat there for so long she fell asleep. After some time Mettaton entered. Seeing Alphys passed out beside me, he gently called to Undyne, who came and carried Alphys away. Mettaton sat down beside me.

"Frisk, darling, I know these dreams must be troubling you, but I know enough about humans to understand that going so long without food and sleep is bad for you." I realized that the night had already passed and it was another day. What had it been, three days? I didn't really care. I realized I should have felt hungry and tired, but I didn't. I just felt numb.

Mettaton sat beside me for some time, just talking, about anything really. He talked about how well the settlement on the surface was going, about how the few monsters who had settled up there were, about how he'd begun to meet many humans. Just talked. Eventually he ran out of things to
talk about, and with a sigh, and one last hopeful look to me, stood and left the room.

I sat in that room in silence for what felt like several more hours. The day slowly passed, and the room began to get dimmer, and was almost completely dark by the time someone else entered. The door hadn't opened, they simply appeared.

I squeezed my eyes shut tightly, swallowing the sudden sob that rose in my throat. My eyes stung and I quickly turned my face into my knees, squeezing my arms more tightly around myself. I realized my fingers were so tightly pressed into my thighs they would probably leave bruises. I didn't care.

Sans sat down beside me, I felt his jacket against my arm, and jerked away, a squeak escaping me. He was careful not to touch me again. We sat in silence as the room got darker and darker. Eventually he spoke, and the sudden break in silence made me jump. His voice was more raspy than usual, deeper with his serious tone.

"Frisk. . ." he sighed and then took a deep breath before continuing. "Toriel wasn't sure if I should see you. She said you called out my name when you were. . ." His words trailed off. He sighed. I didn't move.

He wrapped an arm around my shoulders. I stifled a cry as I pulled back. He wouldn't let me, just wrapped another arm around me and pulled me into his lap, holding me against his chest while I struggled meekly to get away. Realizing he wouldn't let me go I began to sob. He just held me, stroking my back comfortingly.

Eventually my sobs stopped and I sat there quietly, too exhausted to try to move.

"Frisk," Sans began to speak, the sound of it shook me, as tightly pressed against his rib cage as I was. "These nightmares you're havin'. . ." he paused and then continued, his voice more serious than I had ever heard it. "They aren't real. The minute you wake up, they aren't real. You are right here, surrounded by a family that loves you. You are safe, everyone is safe and alive, the barrier is broken and everything is perfect. These nightmares are only real when you let them be."

I had stopped shaking. His fingers continued to rub comforting circles in my back.

"You can't let these nightmares ruin the happiness that you have," he said solemnly. I wondered for a moment if he knew. I realized Papyrus had said that Sans had nightmares too. A pang of guilt hit through me. He was having them because of me, because of what I'd done. The tears washed silently down my face. He knew. Or at least he suspected. The tears dripped down my chin silently.

"Do you want to talk about them?" Sans asked. I shook my head. "Okay. You don't have to if you don't want to. Just don't close yourself off, alright kiddo? Everyone is worried sick about you. Toriel and Asgore haven't slept in days. You have to take care of yourself, alright?"

One arm released me and reached into his jacket pocket. He pulled out a paper bag and handed it to me. I shifted, trying to pull away, but Sans only adjusted his grip on me, turning me so that I was facing forward. He placed the paper bag in my lap, holding me firmly between his arms. I opened it reluctantly and saw that there was a wrapped hamburger inside and some french fries from Grillby's.

"You have to eat, Frisk. Starving yourself isn't going to help anything." I sighed and reluctantly pulled out the hamburger. My stomach twisted and I felt suddenly nauseous looking at the food. "I know you might not want to eat, but you have to. I even got extra pickles for you."
I finally looked at him. He winked at me, and there was a very gentle smile on his face. I felt new tears spring to my eyes and turned back to my food.

I unwrapped the burger, and took a bite. As soon as the taste hit me my nausea faded, and my stomach grumbled. I was finally aware of just how hungry I was. I ate the hamburger quickly. I felt Sans chuckle as he watched me. One hand still held me firmly to him, the other he lifted and began to run his fingers gently through my hair while I munched at my french fries.

When the bag was empty, I set it to the side. My hunger had been somewhat sated.

"Feelin' better?" Sans asked. I nodded and turned towards him, hugging him tightly. His arms wrapped around me.

"Thank you," I whispered.

"Of course, kiddo," Sans said, squeezing me. Eventually, his arms released me and I pulled back. One hand firmly grabbed my chin, raising my face to look at him.

"Next time you have a nightmare, you tell me right away, understand? It doesn't matter how late it is, or anything, you call me." I smiled and nodded.

"Okay," I said.

"Promise me," Sans demanded. He still hadn't released my chin. I raised my hand, crossing it over my heart. That seemed to satisfy him and he let me go. With my hunger curbed and the numbness gone, I was beginning to feel very sleepy, and my eyes drooped.

Sans chuckled. "You can sleep, Frisk. I'm not going anywhere, I promise."

Sans laid me down, pulling a pillow over and plopping it on his lap, where I gently rested my head. His fingers stroked gently through my hair as sleep overtook me. It was a peaceful sleep.

I slept clear to noon the next day. When I finally woke, Sans had fallen asleep against the wall. I slowly sat up, rubbing the last of the sleepiness from my eyes.

Sans stirred and opened his eyes. He smiled widely when he saw me awake and I smiled hesitantly back.

"Mornin' kiddo, sleep well?" he asked. I nodded and he mussed my hair. I pouted and pulled away while he laughed and sat up more fully, pulling the blanket off himself.

I stretched and slowly stood up. My stomach grumbled loudly and Sans eyed me.

"Hungry?"

I blushed and nodded.

"Think you're ready to go out?" he asked gently. I turned and looked at the door warily.

"They're all still here?" I asked.

"Of course," he replied as though it were obvious. "Not a single one of us was gonna leave until we knew you were alright."

I took a deep breath, watching the door, steeling myself. Sans stood up and gently took my hand.
"I'm right here, kiddo," he said reassuringly. "If you need to leave just squeeze my fingers and I'll getcha out of there."

I took another deep breath before slowly walking to the door, Sans right by my side. I opened it and crept into the hallway. I peered into the sitting room and saw everyone sitting around the room. Toriel was in her reading chair, head down with a book open in her lap, though I doubted she was reading it. Asgore had moved a chair over to sit beside her, one hand in hers. Undyne and Alphys were paired together on one end of the couch, Papyrus and Mettaton, who had grown quite close over the past few years, on the other. The TV was on, the volume so low you couldn't even really hear the show. They all stared blankly at the screen. There was so much concern and worry on their faces, it twisted my heart.

Sans squeezed my fingers and I squeezed them back, then walked slowly into the sitting room.

Toriel's head raised slowly, and then she shot to her feet when she saw it was me, Asgore quickly following her.

"My child!" she exclaimed, rushing forward, Asgore on her heels.

The rest of my friends looked at us from around the couch and quickly stood as well.

Toriel stopped in front of me, not wanting to get too close.

"My child, how are you feeling?" she asked gently.

I gave her a reassuring smile. "I'm alright, Mom." I let go of Sans' hand and rushed forward, wrapping her in a tight hug. She quickly lifted me off my feet in a tight hug, a sigh of relief escaping her. Asgore hugged us both tightly. I could hear a collective sigh of relief from everyone in the room.

Everyone rushed over to me, eager to give me hugs and smiles of reassurance. I was quickly ushered into Toriel's reading chair and the fire was started. I watched it crackle and pop beside me, feeling the warmth of it chase away the last of the chills from my body.

Toriel wrapped me in a warm blanket and then she and Papyrus rushed into the kitchen. Asgore sat in the chair beside mine, Undyne and Alphys nestled on the floor in front of my chair, and Sans had joined me on the chair- there was plenty of room as the chair was enormous. He had one arm draped around my shoulders, and I curled myself into a little ball.

My friends talked away around me, and whenever my gaze seemed to wander, Sans would squeeze my shoulder and I'd give him a reassuring smile to let him know I was okay.

Shortly after, Toriel and Papyrus came back in, carrying plates of various foods. There was pie, and tea, and pasta. We all ate until we were full to bursting and then settled in to watch TV comfortably. As the peaceful day ended, Toriel went to draw me a hot bubble bath.

I settled into the bubbles quite happily, feeling surprisingly peaceful. After my bath had finished I stood near the door, tightly wrapped in an enormous towel and heard talking.

I peered out into the hallway and saw Toriel and Sans standing near the sitting room. They were talking quietly and I couldn't quite hear what they were saying. Toriel was asking Sans something and I saw him firmly shake his head and Toriel nodded. I quickly closed the door and dressed, by the time I returned to the sitting room, Sans and Toriel had rejoined everyone else.

All my friends stayed with us for several days just to make sure I was really okay before all
returning to their homes. No one asked me about my nightmares, and I wondered if it had something to do with Sans and Toriel's conversation.

As the months, and then years, passed my nightmares continued. Every time I had one I called Sans and he would appear in my room, quickly wrapping me in a hug and holding me until my crying and shaking stopped. After enough time I managed to stop myself from screaming as I woke, so Toriel and Asgore wouldn't know that the nightmares continued.

Sans was always there for me, and I was there for him.

Several months later, I was sleeping at the skeleton brothers home. Toriel and Asgore had gone away to the settlement on the surface to meet with some more human diplomats and I had fallen asleep on their couch after a day of puzzles and pasta.

That night something woke me, and I'd groggily crawled out of bed. I realized as I came more awake that the sound I heard sounded almost like fire. I heard it coming from upstairs, from Sans secret bedroom.

I'd discovered this secret room shortly after being with my new family. That room I had originally thought to be Sans' actually wasn't. I'd first noticed it when I was outside, playing around in the snow, and I'd looked up towards the top of their house. Strangely enough, for the first time, I noticed a balcony up on the right of their house and a window that I knew I hadn't seen from the inside.

I'd asked Sans about it and then he had teleported me up to his actual room. There was no other way to get to this room other than to teleport as there were no stairs up to it. It was surprisingly tidy, and he explained that the room downstairs used to be his, but he'd eventually moved up here and turned the room downstairs into a fake room, just to mess with people. I had asked him why he had suffered through all of Papyrus's scolding for his messy room and he simply shrugged, telling he just liked to mess with his brother.

That night I'd sat worriedly on the couch with no way to get up to Sans, and had eventually, and reluctantly, fallen back asleep. The next morning, Sans had shuffled into the kitchen while Papyrus was making breakfast. He had tried to act like nothing was wrong. When Papyrus left for his daily jog I'd quickly wrapped Sans in a hug.

"Sans, when you have nightmares you have to tell me, too," I'd told him firmly. He had seemed surprised and tried to brush it off, but my fierce glare had quickly silenced any protests and he'd just hugged me back and promised he would.

After that, I'd occasionally be woken in the middle of the night by Sans, and we'd spend the night talking and playing video games to push away any memories of the nightmares. I'd even wake, more often than not for periods of time, and find him simply passed out in my bed beside me, having come into my room during the night, and since he presumably didn't want to wake me, had simply fallen asleep with me.

And so it went for years as I grew up. Eventually the nightmares slowed to an almost completely stop, and by the time I turned eighteen, I hadn't had one in at least a year.
Memories and Growing up with Monsters

Chapter Summary

Frisk skips through her memories of growing up with her new found family and how it has impacted her life.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is a bit of filler, and it is basically time jumps from one thing to another until Frisk reaches adult hood. Feedback is welcome and I hope you enjoy :3

As the years passed, I lived in peace with my family in the Underground. Toriel home-schooled me, and eventually I attended a human school online. With the barrier opened to us, the human internet became available to us as well.

I spent my years growing up, training with Undyne- who insisted we train almost every single day. The first day I'd come and asked her to teach me to fight, she had been surprised, and told me I was too young to undergo battle training.

I was quick to challenge her, telling her that if I could last five minutes in a fight with her without once getting hit she would have to train me, and if I failed I wouldn't ask again. She agreed, never one to back down from a challenge, and she had given it her all.

But all of my experience fighting so many monsters so many times, and fighting one particular monster so many times, had engraved in my muscles and I avoided her blows easily. She was so frustrated with being unable to hit me that the fight turned from five minutes to ten, and then to fifteen while she tried in vain to land a blow.

Eventually, exhausted, she had given up and reluctantly agreed to train me. I learned the basics of fighting, though I would never need the skill, I simply enjoyed learning it, and enjoyed the time spent together.

Over the years the extensive training really whipped me into shape, and by the time my eighteenth birthday rolled around, I was almost as muscular as Undyne. Almost. Okay, not really almost. She had a hardy frame, and her muscles were much larger than mine, but I was as muscular as my small frame would probably allow, and had impeccable control over my own body.

Undyne wasn't the only one I spent the years learning from. Mettaton, seeing my potential during my training with Undyne, insisted on teaching me how to dance. He had begun to learn a lot from the humans on the surface and insisted on teaching me. I had agreed quite happily, always eager to learn new things and happy to be spending time with my friend.

Besides the dance lessons, Mettaton also made it a goal to discover just how flexible a human could become. And so I trained in that as well. After a few years had passed, I was quite the contortionist. An unusual skill, but surprisingly helpful. Being flexible in addition to my strength
gave me an even wider control over my body, and made even battle training easier, as my body could do more things without being hurt or strained.

Often when I was alone, or Undyne and Mettaton were unavailable to train with me, I'd simply train on my own, pushing my body to its limits, getting stronger and stronger. These training sessions were a comfort to me. Having so much control over my body, over my muscles, made me happy and gave me quite a feeling of accomplishment.

Whenever I woke from a nightmare, I was quick to jump into training with new vigor the next day, eager to prove to myself that I was in control.

Papyrus, and occasionally Undyne, taught me to cook, though this was mostly me figuring out the proper way to cook on my own and offering my advice while with them, so they could learn it too while still thinking they were teaching me.

I learned to sing with Shyren, learned to make music with Napstablook, and learned how to draw with Alphys, who decided at one point she wanted to write some manga of her own.

With the internet available to us, I quickly jumped into it, eager to learn and discover as many interesting things as I could find.

I even learned to play the piano. I had gone to Undyne's house once, and while I was waiting for her to come back, had sat down at her piano and begun to fiddle with the keys, enjoying the beautiful sounds they made. Mettaton had come in, and seeing me showing interest in the instrument had offered to teach me. I had eagerly agreed.

More than almost anything, I loved to learn things and was always searching for new things to learn, new skills to master, new ways to improve myself. And having the world opened to us gave me many opportunities to do so.

By the time I turned eighteen I had even managed to graduate from the human school with what they considered a Masters degree in college. I didn't really know what it meant, but apparently it was a big accomplishment, one my family was eager to celebrate.

They were so proud of me and the things I'd accomplished. I felt embarrassed the day my celebration came, receiving so much praise made me feel awkward. I didn't see it as such a big deal. I simply liked to learn things, and all the knowledge stuck easily in my head. I didn't think it was that noteworthy, but not wanting to rain on their happiness, I simply accepted their praise with as much grace as I could manage.

The settlement on the surface took time, and a lot of work. As it slowly grew, monsters were slowly allowed to relocate to the town. Asgore and Toriel took turns during the years to be the monsters on the surface, to help them adjust to their new home and meet with more and more humans. Whenever they were both away, I lived with my favorite skeletons.

Being home alone really wouldn't have been a problem, but I enjoyed being with my friends, so I was never one to argue when Toriel insisted I stay with someone.

Growing up with monsters, I could never have imagined having a better childhood.

Memories-

(Twelve years old)

I was sitting in Undyne's house, a towel around my shoulders. I'd asked Undyne to give me a hair
cut. My hair had begun to get a bit too long for my liking.

"Hey punk, have you ever thought about growing your hair out?" Undyne asked, brandishing the scissors uncertainly.

"Yeah, but I just feel more comfortable with short hair," I'd answered.

"I think you would look wonderful with long hair, darling," Mettaton commented.

I shrugged and smiled sheepishly. "I just like having short hair."

Undyne shrugged and proceeded to cut my hair. I didn't feel like I could say that the thought of having long hair made my stomach twist uncomfortably, and I had no idea why. It was a strange fear to have, and I felt embarrassed to have it. I couldn't explain it.

Undyne's long hair was beautiful, and I loved it. It had made me feel conflicted because I would have liked to look more like one of my favorite monsters, and I had attempted to let my hair grow, trying to ignore the inexplicable fear, but I had eventually been unable to push it away any longer.

Later that same night, I was watching TV with Sans. Everyone had fallen asleep around us and we were the last ones awake, as we often seemed to be.

"So," he'd asked quietly. "Any particular reason you don't like long hair?"

I looked at him in surprise, as I didn't think he would have cared about something like that. I shrugged, and blushed. I should have figured he'd be able to see that there was more to my reasoning than just what I'd told Undyne. He always seemed to know when I was hiding things.

He'd shrugged when I didn't answer. "You don't have to tell, I was just curious." And he'd turned back to the TV.

Feeling a bit uneasy keeping things from my friend, especially when he knew I wasn't being entirely honest, I had told him about my fear. He'd simply laughed and offered me a comforting hug, telling me it wasn't something to be embarrassed about.

I'd laughed it off with him, but I never let my hair grow longer than my shoulders, even after that.

(Thirteen years old)

It was a normal day like any other, Papyrus, Undyne and Sans had come to my home to visit me while Toriel went away for a few hours. Asgore was temporarily at the settlement on the surface, leaving me alone for some time.

We'd played some board games and then settled in to watch some TV. I'd fallen asleep in Papyrus' lap, and came gently awake when I felt a skeletal hand press into my back.

I opened my eyes groggily. I sat up a bit. Undyne was sitting on the floor in front of us, still watching the show.

"I'm sorry human, I didn't mean to wake you," I heard Papyrus' voice. "I simply became entranced with your chest pulsations. They are so neat."

I giggled and sat up, rubbing my eyes. I reached out and grabbed Papyrus' head, and pulled it to my chest. He let out a little noise of surprise.

"Well... it seems my face has been taken hostage..." his voice trailed off as he suddenly heard
my heart beating. I laughed as he shot up, shouting to Sans.

"Sans! You have to hear this!" Papyrus exclaimed. Undyne turned around and pulled me off his lap.

"Let me hear first!" She shouted, pulling me into her arms and pressing her head against my chest. I heard her go still as she listened.

"So cool," she whispered.

"Don't you have a heartbeat?" I asked.

"Yeah sort of, but it doesn't sound like this, or nearly as strong," she said quietly, musing. I giggled as I felt Papyrus press his head to my back, listening as well.

I looked to Sans, who sat on the couch beside us, watching us amusedly.

"Having fun there, buddy?" he asked, chuckling.

I laughed and nodded. It was embarrassing to have my friends so entranced with me, especially over something so simple.

Eventually I had been released, and we returned to watching the show on TV, but Papyrus and Undyne would occasionally reach over, putting a hand on my back to feel my heartbeat.

That night after they had fallen asleep, Sans and I went into my bedroom to play video games, not quite ready to sleep yet. After a few rounds of fighting each other I finally won and I jumped up in victory.

I was about to turn and gloat over my victory when I felt Sans hug me, and felt his skull press against my back. I giggled. He stayed there for several minutes, just listening before finally pulling away, blushing a little, as he tried to brush away his interest. I hadn't bothered to gloat over my victory after that.

(Fourteen years old)

I had gone to visit Alphys at her lab, we had planned to have a girl's day in, just the two of us. I was resting on her bed, shuffling through the anime she had. The collection had grown quite a bit since the surface opened up. Mettaton often sent her back new anime whenever he visited the surface.

I was shuffling through the CD's, waiting for Alphys to finish whatever work she was doing in her lab, when I came across a few CD's I didn't recognize. Most of her anime I knew, and had seen, but these ones were new.

Excited, I'd stuck the CD in and pressed play.

I never had a more embarrassing moment in my life.

The scene that suddenly began to play on the screen, picking up from wherever it had been left, was definitely not anime. At least not anything like the anime I had seen. It mortified me.

I was frozen, watching the screen. I couldn't move for a few moments out of sheer shock. Once I realized what exactly was on the TV I quickly turned it off, but not before I heard Alphys rushing upstairs, having heard what was playing.

I buried my burning face in her blanket.
"I'm sorry!" I shouted to her when she reached the top of the stairs. "I didn't mean to! I was just curious, I didn't know what it was, I swear!"

I heard her shuffle over and remove the CD, putting it back in its place. She sat down on the bed beside me and put a hand on my shoulder, squeezing.

"You're not in trouble, Frisk," she said. Her voice was a little higher pitched than usual, and I peeked up at her. Her face had turned scarlet from embarrassment.

"I'm sorry," I repeated, a little more softly. She looked down at me and smiled gently. Her face was still red.

"Do you know what you saw, Frisk?" she asked a little hesitantly. I hesitated, unsure if my honest answer was going to get me into trouble.

I finally nodded my head. I had known. I wasn't even sure myself how I'd known. I just assumed that I'd learned about it before my fall into the Underground, before I'd lost my memories, it just wasn't something that I ever really thought about.

And having it so suddenly shoved into my face has been quite a surprise.

"Okay, well at least I won't have to explain that," she said, laughing awkwardly. "You do understand that what you saw was... completely natural, don't you?" she asked. I noticed her stutter had returned a bit. I realized how embarrassing this moment must be for her, as her stutter was almost completely gone now a days.

I sat up and nodded, trying to hide my own embarrassment.

"Okay, good," she said quietly. "We don't need to have this talk, do we?" she asked awkwardly.

I shook my head.

"Good," she said, letting out a little relieved laugh. "So what do you want to watch?"

And we picked out an anime to watch, quickly forgetting about the awkward moment.

(Fifteen years old)

It was a day like any other, and I was in the training gym at Mettaton's resort. Undyne and I were relaxing on the mats in the center of the room, winding down.

I could feel my pulse in my veins, hear my heart pounding in my ears, and my muscles were warm. I loved the feeling. It made me feel alive.

I remembered at that moment the very first day I'd really trained with Undyne. I'd woken up the next morning and my muscles were so sore I could barely move. My parents had been very concerned until it was explained to them that it was normal for me to be sore.

I was grateful I rarely got sore anymore, having become more accustomed to the strenuous workouts.

"You're getting pretty strong, punk," Undyne commented, pointing to my stomach, where muscles were beginning to take shape on my body. I was wearing nothing but a training bra and tight black yoga pants, as they were the easiest to maneuver in.

"One day you might even be as strong as me," Undyne said, almost sarcastically.
I laughed, "You'll be surprised how quickly I catch up. I might even be as strong as you now," I teased her.

"What! I doubt it," she huffed, and then stood, walking over to the side of the room, and effectively lifting one of the several hundred pound balls that was on the floor. She lifted it, and rested it on her shoulder, giving me a smug expression.

"True, you may be stronger than me in some way, but I am stronger in others," I told her. I quickly moved, pulling my body into a handstand, being sure to keep my whole body straight, my toes pointed as Mettaton had taught me. I lifted my weight until I was holding my body up by my finger tips, then just by one hand, and then eased each finger up until I was balancing my whole body's weight on one finger.

I peered over at her, a smug smile on my face.

She huffed and dropped the weight, crossing her arms. She opened her mouth to speak, but another voice interrupted her.

"Show off," I heard, the raspy voice surprising me and almost knocking me off balance.

I lowered myself so I was resting on my elbows and turned my head, bending my back and resting in that position so I could easily look behind myself.

I stuck my tongue out when I saw Sans standing in the doorway.

"You're just jealous," I'd teased. He raised a brow and then lifted his hand. I saw his eye flash blue and felt myself pushed off balance. I landed on my stomach with a soft, "Oof."

I glared at him as he walked across the room, and Undyne laughed.

"Your parents wanted to know if you'll be home tonight," Sans said, finally voicing his reason for coming. I noticed with a bit of surprise he didn't look at me when he spoke.

"They could have just called me," I huffed, and sat up.

"They tried," he responded, still not fully looking at me. I frowned and stood, walking to my bag across the room. I opened it and lifted my phone out.

"It died, wonderful," I said, exasperated.

"We were just about done anyway," Undyne began. "I should probably be heading back too. Alphys is probably done with her lab stuff. I should get back before she starts to wait on me."

"Sounds good to me," I said, hugging Undyne as she threw on her leather jacket and grabbed her bag. She waved at me as she left the room.

"See ya tomorrow, punk!" she shouted back over her shoulder before disappearing down the hallway.

"Need me to walk you home?" Sans asked, peering at me from the corner of his eye.

"I can probably manage," I said, reaching into my bag. I sifted through my stuff for a bit, before Sans cleared his throat.

"You sure ya can manage? You can't even go five minutes without losing somethin'."
When I turned to him, I saw a mischievous smile on his face. I pouted.

"Sans, give me my hoodie," I said, trying to fight the smile that was trying to come to my face.

"I don't know what you're talkin' about," he said, a little too innocently.

I crossed my arms and fixed him in a glare that could match Toriel's. I walked across the room and stopped in front of him, glaring up at him. He just smiled, looking down at me, waiting.

"Sans, if you make me late for dinner, I will be sure to tell Toriel who's fault it was," I threatened.

"Wow, you really are ruthless aren't ya, kid?" he chuckled, and unzipped his hoodie, handing me mine. I slipped it on, and slipped my boots onto my feet, slinging my bag over my shoulder.

"You'd better get me home, before you have to face Toriel's wrath," I teased. He held a hand out to me.

"Long way, or short way?" he asked.

"Long way," I said with a smile. "Teleporting is disorienting. And you could use the exercise." Disorienting wasn't quite the right word, but the real feeling that washed over me when he teleported us was embarrassing to think about, let alone describe to him.

"Says the person who has too much exercise," he grumbled and then proceeded to walk me home, joining us for dinner at Toriel's insistence.

We spent that whole night playing video games in my room after my parents had gone to sleep. He had said he didn't want to go home, and I knew enough not to ask why.

(Sixteen years old)

As the years passed and I began to grow up, Alphys insisted on giving me a check up.

When the barrier opened, and the human internet became available to us, Alphys made it her new passion to learn everything she could about human medical and scientific knowledge. And she was a quick learner.

She has called me, asking me to come into her lab as she wanted to run some tests. She was slightly concerned, unsure how so many years of only consuming monster food would affect me. No human had gone so long without eating normal human food and she wanted to observe me and see if it had any negative affects on me.

I hadn't thought that it would, other than the obvious lack of some certain bodily functions. But she was rather insistent so I agreed.

When I'd come into her lab she had taken my weight and height, measuring me from top to bottom. She took my temperature and blood pressure, taking a few samples of blood as well to test, and then eventually insisted, to my embarrassment, that she give me a full physical.

At the end of it all it was determined that there were few differences to my growth. She did say that the monster food had caused a strange lack of body hair growth on my body, which was abnormal for a human, but thankfully not harmful. I hadn't even for a moment thought it was strange, as I had never had hair anywhere but on my head.

I was also told that I had avoided a few inconveniences that many humans my age often faced as
well, such as acne. And, which Alphys was momentarily concerned about, the lack of a menstrual cycle. After a few more extensive tests, it was concluded that this was not harmful to my body, and had not changed my body in any way from a normal human of my age.

Once it was determined that I would remain healthy, she let me return home, quite relieved. And the momentary worry was over.

(Seventeen years old)

It was a peaceful day, I'd spent it with my favorite skeletons and Undyne and Alphys. They had joined us in Snowdin and we'd all ventured into the woods, making snow men and having snowball fights.

After an exhausting day of play we'd come back to the skeleton brothers home and made hot cocoa while we watched some Studio Ghibli movies.

Undyne, Alphys and I fell asleep in the blanket fort we made in the living room. It was too small to accommodate us all and Papyrus had reluctantly gone to sleep in his room, having perked up a bit when I told him I'd read him a bedtime story before settling in.

I was woken in the middle of the night. I sat up a little groggily. Looking over, I saw that Undyne and Alphys were asleep peacefully beside me.

I had an uneasy feeling in my stomach and I quietly stood. I stepped out of the blanket fort and stood in the living room for a minute, listening.

Sure enough, I heard some sounds of struggle coming from upstairs. I grabbed my phone from out of my bag by the door and sent Sans a quick text.

I stood in the living room, phone in hand, biting nervously at my lip. I felt a pair of arms suddenly wrap around me from behind and then I was teleported upstairs before I could respond to the sudden touch.

We stood in the center of his room. He had wrapped me in a crushing hug, his face pressed into my back. I could feel his body trembling from the nightmare. I placed my arms over his, squeezing them comfortingly.

After a few moments, I twisted around, and his arms released me just enough so that I could turn to face him. I wrapped him in a hug, and felt myself lifted as he hugged me tightly to himself without having to bend over.

I hugged his head to my chest, rubbing his skull with my hands and kissing the top of his head comfortingly.

"It's okay, it's over," I said quietly, trying to comfort him. "The nightmare is over. It stops being real the minute you wake up," I said, repeating the words of comfort he had given me all those years ago.

Slowly his trembling stopped, and he eventually let me down, setting me on my feet gently. I eased him over to sit on the bed, wrapping my arms around him and leaning into him. I could tell he was still seeing the things he had dreamt about.

After sitting in silence for a little while, he spoke.

"Frisk, when you have nightmares, what do you see?" he asked me quietly. His voice was more
raspy than usual, and I could swear I heard fear in it.

I froze. He had never asked me that before, seeming to sense that I didn't ever want to talk about them. I swallowed uncomfortably.

He raised his head and looked at me, the lights in his eyes bore into me, making me squirm. I felt like he could see right through me when he looked at me like that. I turned my eyes down.

"I'll talk about my nightmares, when you're ready to talk about yours," I said quietly. I felt a little guilty saying it, knowing he was no more willing to talk about it than I, maybe even less so.

I heard him sigh and then chuckle and looked up at him tentatively.

"I should have figured you'd say that," he said solemnly. He leaned back against the bed, and pulled me into a hug beside him.

We lay like that for a little while before he finally sat up. "How about we do somethin', try to forget about this, huh?" he asked, turning to me. I smiled. "Want to get your butt kicked again?" I asked, referring to our favorite competitive shooting game to play.

"You're on," he responded. And the rest of the night was spent eating junk food and playing video games, forgetting about our troubles. By the time morning came, it almost seemed as though the nightmare had never happened. Almost.
Becoming an Adult

Chapter Summary

Frisk finally turns eighteen, what are the responses she'll get to finally being an adult?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was a week before my eighteenth birthday. I stood, leaning against the wall in a cave-like room in Waterfall. A place Undyne, Papyrus and I sometimes trained in. I watched Undyne and Papyrus fighting and wrestling each other, each trying to prove themselves the greatest.

I laughed at how ridiculous they were being. I was completely focused on them and jumped in surprise when someone suddenly appeared beside me, letting out a surprised little squeak. I glared over at Sans at his sudden appearance.

"Don't do that," I scolded. "You scared the hell out of me." I attempted to calm my rapidly beating heart.

"Language," he said teasingly.

I huffed at him. "I am not a kid," I protested.

"Mhmm," was all he said. I turned away from him with another huff, hearing him chuckle.

We both turned back to watch Undyne and Papyrus.

I was suddenly aware of just how close Sans was to me, his sweater brushing against my arm and I shifted uncomfortably. I saw him glance at me out of corner of his eye, but didn't turn, trying to play it off. I shifted my weight to make it seem as though I had moved to get more comfortable.

I could feel my heart beating more loudly than usual, and cursed at myself silently. I had been feeling more and more flustered around Sans, been slowly becoming more and more aware of his presence until it was damn near driving me insane. And I had no idea why.

I tried to brush it away, telling myself it was nothing and it would pass, playing it cool so Sans never saw how flustered I got. I don't know how successful I was.

I don't know if Sans actually began to tease me more, or if it simply seemed like he was because I was suddenly so aware of it, but either way I was getting really sick of being so flustered all the time.

As we watched Undyne and Papyrus sparring, a question popped into my head and I turned to Sans.

"Hey Sans, how come you've never joined in our sparring? Everyone else has, Undyne even tried to teach Alphys, how come you haven't?"

"Never been much of a fighter," he said a little awkwardly, rubbing his skull.
"Pshht, please," I said, rolling my eyes. He raised a brow at me, a little surprised at the response he got. I realized I couldn't exactly explain how I knew he could fight so instead I said, "I can tell when you're lying you know."

"You cannot," he said, suddenly eyeing me a little warily.

"I can too. I figure you either don't fight because you're afraid to get your ass kicked or because you could kick our asses too easily. And I have a feeling it's not the former."

"Language," he said, trying to be scolding.

"I am not a child," I repeated exasperated. He chuckled and shoved his hands into his pockets. I waited a few moments.

"So? Which is it?" I asked. He sighed.

"What do you think, kid?" he asked. The question was obviously rhetorical.

"Alright, so why don't we spar?" I asked.

"Why?" now he turned to me, truly surprised.

"Because I'm curious," I replied quietly.

"Look, kid..."

"I am not a kid anymore."

"You're still too young to be putting yourself in danger like that. I already don't like that you spar with Undyne as fervently as you do. I'm not about to go and put you in any more danger. Maybe when you're older."

"I am not a child, and you can't keep treating me like one forever," I pouted.

"I can try," he said with a low chuckle, not even looking my way. I sighed and pouted, unhitching myself from the wall and making my way out of the corridor, making sure my displeasure was known as I did so.

Undyne and Papyrus were still too engaged with their fight to notice my exit.

I made my way down the corridor, not even really paying attention to where I was going.

He can't keep treating me like a kid, I am not a child anymore. I wish he'd see that and stop treating me like one. Honestly, at this point his insistence on treating my like a kid is ridiculous.

My unhappiness at the whole situation surprised me. I didn't know why it made me so unhappy. It wasn't really unusual that Sans was still treating me like a child. He was treating me the way he always had. It shouldn't be getting to me as much as it was. I shook away my unhappiness, slowly making my way home.

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As the day of my eighteenth birthday rolled around, I finally found an opportunity to prove once and for all that I really wasn't a child anymore.

I had been relaxing with Toriel and Asgore in the living room when we heard a knock at the door.
When I opened it I saw Undyne and Alphys on the outside, bearing gifts.

"Hey, punk!" Undyne greeted me with a wide smile.

"Happy birthday, Frisk," Alphys said a little more quietly, giving me a soft smile.

I ushered them into the house and they handed me my gifts.

"You should unwrap these now, they all sort of go together," Undyne said, shoving the gifts my way.

"One of those is from Mettaton," Alphys added. "He sent it ahead and wanted to apologize for not being able to make it."

"Aww, that's too bad," I said, truly disappointed. I quickly unwrapped the gifts, at Undyne's continued insistence. I saw some nice clothes from Mettaton, shoes from Undyne, and a pretty necklace from Alphys.

"Go put them on!" Undyne insisted, shoving me towards my bedroom.

"Alright! Alright!" I said laughing, retreating into my room.

"When are Sans and Papyrus coming?" I heard Toriel ask.

"They're on their way, don't worry," Undyne assured her.

I pulled the gifts more fully out of the bags and something fell out of the ball of clothes that Mettaton had sent me. A note and, to my surprise and slight embarrassment, a bra and panties set. I realized suddenly why Mettaton had insisted on taking my measurements those few weeks ago before he had departed for the surface.

I read the note that came with his gift.

_Frisk, darling! I hope you have a birthday as beautiful as you! I sent these along as I figured you needed some clothes more age appropriate now that you're officially an adult. I hope you enjoy them, gorgeous!_

The letter was covered in hearts and little X's and O's. I giggled and pulled the clothes out more fully. The underwear and bra he had sent were a silky, deep blue, and more scanty than the usual boxer shorts and t-shirt bra I usually wore.

I quickly removed my normal attire: baggy jeans that were a hand-me-down from Undyne, most of my jeans were (though they had had to be tailored quite a bit to fit my much shorter stature; I had grown a bit since my childhood, but unfortunately had not grown past 5'1, which was short even by human standards, by monsters standards. . . ugh. I was constantly teased about my short stature, much to my displeasure) and I removed the overly baggy sweater that Toriel had knitted me.

My fashion hadn't changed much since I was a kid. Even as I got older, I never really cared too much about my appearance and had just worn whatever clothes were offered to me. Toriel had offered on several occasions to take me shopping for better clothes but I had insisted that it was no trouble, that I didn't mind the clothes I had. And it was true.

The only variances in my wardrobe were the clothes I wore for my dance lessons with Mettaton and workout clothes I wore when training with Undyne. Other than that, it was all baggy jeans and sweaters.
I suddenly wondered, remembering that other humans often judged things by sizes, and became curious. I had never really known what my sizes to things were as most everything I owned had been made or given to me from my newfound family. I checked the sizes on the clothes. The number on the inside of the jeans said 2, the shirt said small and the bra had a tiny number on the inside that read 34 C. I suddenly wondered why I had checked as I didn't really know what significance the numbers had, since I had no other humans to compare with. I shrugged, quickly dismissing the momentary curiosity.

I quickly pulled the underwear on, blushing at how high up they rested. I pulled the bra on and my face reddened even more. The bra had extra padding, pushing my breasts together and up, and my face turned scarlet seeing myself like this in the mirror. I had never seen my breasts look like that.

I quickly pulled out the clothes, eager to cover myself. The jeans were tighter than anything I'd ever worn, and obviously very expensive. They were a very dark wash in color and they hugged my legs, revealing curves I didn't even know I had. I turned and examined myself in the mirror, and blushed once again seeing how the jeans made my ass look. I grew even more flustered as I wondered if Mettaton had picked them out for that reason. He probably had.

I sighed and pulled the sweater over my head. It was a pretty, deep red, and incredibly soft and warm. I pulled it down over my frame and noted it stuck to my frame much the same way my jeans had, revealing all new curves. It had a slight v-neck, not revealing too much cleavage, but just enough to leave me flustered.

I pulled on the black combat boots that Undyne had given me, grateful that they at least were normal. They were very nice actually, patterned on the outside and furry on the inside, providing comfort and warmth, and would be perfect to wear in Snowdin, I noted happily, as I was so often there.

I pulled out the silver choker Alphys had given me, clasping it around my neck, happy that it fit quite snugly.

I heard a knock at my door and turned to see Undyne peering in. I smiled and blushed.

"Wow, Frisk, you look... just wow," Undyne said, and she seemed a little breathless when she said it. She came into the room and Alphys followed, stopping short inside the doorway and staring at me.


"You really have grown up, haven't you punk!" Undyne said, grinning. Alphys closed the door and came into the room.

"Mettaton also gave us this to give to you," Undyne said, tossing something across the room at me. I caught the little tube and looked at it curiously.

"Is this lipstick?" I asked.

"Yes, he said that it would suit you," Alphys said.

"Sit," Undyne ordered, and I sat at the chair in front of my vanity mirror. Undyne turned me and pulled the lipstick out of its tube. Alphys came over to me and started braiding my hair, winding little red ribbons through the braids. She made two little braids and Undyne applied the lipstick carefully and they both leaned back to admire their work.

"Mettaton wasn't kidding when he said it would suit you," Undyne said, laughing. She took me by
the shoulders, standing me up and turning me to look at myself in the full length mirror. I was shocked. The lipstick was a deep shade of red, a shade darker than my shirt and was startling against my pale skin. Somehow, the color made my blue eyes pop. I also noticed that the lipstick gave my lips shape, or showed the shape I had never really noticed. My lips were much more... shapely and full than I had ever thought. I blushed and turned my head, admiring the cute matching braids Alphys had put in my hair.

"Thank you guys so much!" I said, grateful for all the wonderful gifts. "You don't think any of this is too much do you?" I asked a little uncertainly.

"Not at all," Alphys said.

"You ready to knock 'em dead?" Undyne asked, smiling mischievously.

"Knock who dead?" I asked with a little laugh.

"The skeletons of course!" Undyne said with a laugh.

"They're here?" I asked, and suddenly blushed, realizing that Sans would be seeing me like this, and for the first time no less.

"Yupp, guess this is your chance to prove you're not a kid, huh?" Undyne said with a wink. I blushed furiously.

"I guess so," I said, and suddenly smiled. This *would* certainly prove a point.

Undyne and Alphys went into the sitting room ahead of me, and I hesitantly followed. The reactions I got when I walked into the room were quite similar to the ones I received from Alphys and Undyne.

Sans face was so surprised when I walked into the room I almost laughed. His eyes widened and I saw the blue come to his cheekbones. He couldn't take his eyes off me as I walked into the sitting room.

Toriel gushed over me. "My child, you look beautiful."

"Indeed," Asgore said, smiling kindly and, I did note, with a bit of fatherly protectiveness in the gaze as well. I almost giggled.

"Human! You look much older than usual," Papyrus exclaimed, rushing over to hug me. "You look wonderful!"

"Thanks, Papyrus," I said, laughing and returning the hug. I noticed with a bit of surprise that Sans was suddenly looking everywhere in the room but at me.

"Well, we should get a move on," Undyne said abruptly. "We do have a reservation at the resort."

"Right, let us go then," Toriel said and everyone began to file out of the room.

I sauntered up to Sans, a triumphant smile on my face.

"I told you, you couldn't treat me like a kid forever," I whispered as I passed him, winking at him. I heard him sigh.

"You don't fucking say," he grumbled, so quietly I almost didn't catch the words, as I was sure I wasn't supposed to.
I slung my bag over my shoulder and followed my friends, Sans following slowly behind the rest of us. I felt his gaze on my back as we walked through the Core to Mettaton's resort.

When we entered, we went immediately over to the elevator and up to the penthouse floor that looked out over Hotland.

When the doors opened, I almost squealed in delight. Mettaton turned and his face widened into a smile.

"Ton-ton!" I shouted, calling him by the familiar nick name I had used since I was a child. I ran across the room and he lifted me completely off my feet in a tight hug.

"Frisk, darling, I have missed you so much!" Mettaton exclaimed. He set me on my feet and stepped back, his gaze traveling over my body in a way that made me instantly blush.

"Frisk, you look beautiful! Just as I knew you would," he said, quite proudly. "It was about time you got out of those baggy clothes. No offense," he suddenly said, seeing Toriel's piercing look. "I just meant, you're all grown up now, I thought you should start dressing like it. Which is why I also have this for you."

He handed me a plastic gift card to the shop in his resort.

"Tomorrow I'm taking you shopping and getting you outfitted with an appropriate wardrobe," he said, quite pleased with himself. I giggled.

"Thank you so much, Ton-ton," I said, hugging him again.

"Of course, darling," he said. "Now let's get this party started, shall we?"

He ushered us into the main room, which was ridiculously decorated, and inside all my many other friends waited.

Cachty music played through the room and there was a table running down the length of one wall, covered in many different kinds of food and drink.

The night was spent socializing and catching up with my many friends. I occasionally joined Mettaton on the dance floor, much to his insistence that we show off our dancing skill, which was a little difficult to fully do in jeans so tight. But somehow we managed pretty well.

As the night progressed, Sans never once came over to talk to me, and it seemed as the night wore on that his eyes were either constantly following me across the room when he thought I wasn't aware of it, or looking anywhere but at me when I looked his way.

As the evening drew to a close, all my friends began to file out and I hugged them all as they left. As the night wore on even more, Toriel and Asgore eventually left as well, telling me to get home safe with a wink and hug goodbye. Finally it was just me and my closest friends.

I was leaning against the food bar, a delicious drink in hand when Mettaton sauntered over to me.

"So tell me, darling, why have you been hiding a body like this for so long?" he asked, running his hand suggestively down my ribs and hips. I blushed furiously at his flirting. It didn't really faze me, he flirted with everyone, mostly in a joking manner unless it was towards Papyrus, and I was used to it by now. But for some reason it seemed different now that I was suddenly dressed like a proper adult.
"Honestly, gorgeous, you could be a model if you really wanted to," Mettaton added as an afterthought.

I shrugged in response to his question.

"Frisk's always been such a tom boy," Undyne said, laughing.

"Gee I wonder where she gets that from," Sans suddenly spoke, joining the conversation. I looked towards him and when our eyes met, his gaze was so suddenly intense and unwavering I blushed and had to look away. He had never looked at me like that before.

"Hey! I may be tough, but I still have incredible fashion sense," Undyne protested.

I laughed. "I take offense to that," I said in slight protest. "I have great fashion sense, I've just never cared about what I wore before."

"Well then, darling, you'll have to prove it to me tomorrow," Mettaton said with a wink.

"I'll be sure to do that," I said, smiling and rolling my eyes.

Mettaton flirted with me the rest of the night, and I noted from time to time, Sans actually glaring at him as he did so. I didn't even know if he was aware he was doing it. I simply brushed it off, not wanting to think too much on it.

We all stayed up halfway through the night, chatting away. Eventually we all fell asleep on the ginormous penthouse bed, that yes, was big enough for us all to comfortably sleep on.

I woke the next morning already in my bed, and found a note on my bed side table from Sans.

Wouldn't want your parents to worry when ya weren't there in the mornin'.

I smiled and silently thanked him, blushing a bit at the thought of him picking me up and teleporting me here while I slept.

I woke and stretched, and joined my parents for breakfast. Later that afternoon I went shopping with Mettaton, and I did indeed prove my wonderful sense of fashion. He was quite surprised.

As I came home later that night, exhausted from all the shopping, I had a whole new wardrobe, and I was quite content.

Chapter End Notes

Things are gonna start to get interesting now that Frisk is sexy ;P
Feedback is welcome and I hope you continue to enjoy :3
One Hell of a Dream

Chapter Summary

Frisk stays with the skeleton brothers for the first time as an adult, and the visit goes about as well as can be expected.

Chapter Notes

Warning: Mature content ahead. There is finally smut. Sort of :p
Hope you enjoy :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was two weeks after I turned eighteen, and Toriel and Asgore had to go away on a trip to the surface. They insisted before they left that I stay with some of my friends, and I promised them I would.

Sans texted me later that day, asking me when I was coming over. Apparently Toriel had texted him and asked him to keep an eye on me while they were away. I quickly responded that I would be there shortly, and went to pack a bag.

I quickly dressed, putting on my light blue patterned sweater dress and thick black leggings. I pulled my combat boots onto my feet, shoving my purple cashmere scarf and matching gloves into my bag, along with my leather, fur lined jacket that Undyne had insisted I buy. I would be walking through Hotland and Waterfall, and didn't want to be too hot before I reached Snowdin.

I packed some pajamas for my overnights, stuck an extra pair of jeans and a few t-shirts into the bag as I didn't know how long I would be staying over and stuck my toothbrush and comb into one slot of my bag, grabbing my phone and charger before setting off.

I quickly made my way to Snowdin, wrapping myself in my winter attire before entering the town. I made my way to Sans and Papyrus' house, feeling my stomach knot uncharacteristically. It had been a while since I had stayed with just the brothers, and it was making me nervous for some reason.

When I knocked on the door I heard the very familiar sounds of Papyrus crashing through the house in his rush to answer it.

When he threw the door open, his face brightened. He lifted me into a hug, greeting me, before spinning me around and setting me down inside their house, as he always did. I giggled when I saw his pink "kiss the cook" apron tied around himself and I smelled pasta cooking.

"You came just in time, Frisk!" he nearly shouted. "I am making spaghetti for dinner, would you like to assist me?"

"Of course," I said, laughing. I removed my jacket, scarf and gloves, shoving them into my bag and
leaving it by the door. I nodded at Sans, who was lounging across the couch, idly waving at me, before following Papyrus into the kitchen.

I helped him with dinner, often reminding him to turn the temperature down, or telling him when the noodles needed to be taken off. He was reluctant, telling me it wouldn't taste the same, but followed my instructions non the less.

When dinner was ready we returned to the living room to eat. I tried to sit on the floor, not wanting to be too squished between the two skeletons, mostly Sans, but reluctantly joined them when Papyrus showed disappointment at my lack of closeness.

We ate dinner and then I decided that we needed something sweet. I went into the kitchen and Papyrus decided to spend some time in his room, to "Reinact battle scenarios!" as he claimed.

I started to search through their cupboards, occasionally pulling out the ingredients I needed.

"Need help findin' anything?"

I turned and saw Sans leaning against the door frame, hands in the pockets of his hoodie, watching me rather intently, his expression making my stomach flutter. I turned back to my task, grabbing the last few ingredients I needed.

"No, I found everything I need. How do oatmeal butterscotch cookies sound?" I asked turning to him a bit.

"Sounds delicious," he said with an approving chuckle. He sauntered over to the kitchen table and plopped down into one of the chairs, leaning forward on the table, resting his chin in a hand, watching me lazily.

"Are you just gonna sit there and watch me or are you going to help me?" I asked, giving him an exasperated look—which was difficult to do as I fought the smile coming to my lips as I watched him.

"I'm fine just watchin','" he said, giving me a little smile.

"Thanks," I said sarcastically. "You're so helpful."

He shrugged. "I like the view," he said with a wink. I turned away before he could see my red cheeks.

"Uh-huh, sure," I said with a little sarcastic laugh. "You're such a lazy bones." I tossed the bag of butterscotch chips at him, which he caught with his magic before it even reached him.

"Tsk-tsk, and now the cook is throwing away her ingredients. How irresponsible," he scolded me in a joking manner. He floated the bag of chips over to himself and opened it, pulling a few out and plopping them into his mouth.

"Hey!" I said in quick protest. "I need those! You can't go eating all my ingredients."

I stomped across the room and attempted to snatch the bag from him. He grabbed my wrist in his bony hand when I tried to pull them away, the sudden contact sent a shock across my skin and made my heart race.

"What will you give me for them?" he asked, sudden mischievous smile coming. I felt my cheeks heat up as his eyes met mine, holding them in an unwavering stare.
"Oh, gee, I don't know, maybe the cookies I need to make with them?" I responded sarcastically, trying to play it cool. He sat back in his chair I was pulled forward with him, almost falling over.

"I don't know if that's a good enough trade," he said, his expression becoming almost predatory. I pouted at him.

"Think of how disappointed Papyrus will be if he doesn't get any of the delicious cookies I promised him," I said, sticking my lip out a bit, making my face look sad.

"Alright, alright," he said, chuckling. He released my hand and I pulled back, rolling my eyes and returning my task.

He sat at the table, watching me as I made the cookies. Occasionally he would float a spoon or bowl my way when I needed them, and it was always received with a really? look when he did so. He only laughed at my obvious exasperation to his antics.

Finally the first batch of cookies was done, I pulled them out, placing them on a plate to cool and called Papyrus downstairs. We munched happily on the warm, gooey cookies.

"I suppose these were worth the trade," Sans whispered to me as we ate, winking at me.

"Mhmm," was all I said in response. Toriel had taught me well.

We spent the rest of the night eating cookies, playing board games and video games and just messing around. Eventually Papyrus went up to his room, and he asked me to read him his bedtime story. He always enjoyed when I visited. He said he liked my voice, and enjoyed it when I read his stories. I sat beside his head and read to him, Sans simply joining to offer his company.

I laid the book down and we quietly crept out of the room once Papyrus was asleep.

Sans and I lounged on the couch, watching whatever came on TV for the next few hours. I noticed, after a bit of time, that he was slowly easing closer to me as the time slowly passed, and by the time drowsiness started to get to me, he was almost pressed against my side.

Seeing me falling asleep, he went to grab some blankets and pillows for me. His movement woke me a bit, and I got up, grabbing my bag to change before bed. I quickly went into their bathroom, brushing my teeth and hair before undressing and pulling my nightshirt on. As I searched through my bag, I realized with abject horror that I had left my pajama bottoms at home.

Sleeping in jeans would be very uncomfortable and I groaned. I slowly eased the bathroom door open and called out.

"Hey, Sans," I called quietly, not wanting to wake Papyrus, though that was nearly impossible once he was asleep. He slept like a rock.

"Yeah, kiddo?" I heard him ask and he suddenly appeared in my vision in the hallway.

I pouted a bit when he called me that, but quickly moved on.

"Can I borrow a hoodie?" I asked, knowing it would be large enough to cover me.

"Why? Think you'll be cold tonight?" he asked teasingly.

"Of course not," I said, rolling my eyes. "I forgot my pajama bottoms and I need something that will actually cover me while I sleep, and jeans aren't exactly the most comfortable thing to wear."
"Ah," he said, his tone changing just a bit. And I saw that predatory look come back over his features. It made my stomach tighten nervously. "Course I can lend you a hoodie, be right back." He winked at me and then vanished. I sighed, relieved he hadn't asked for something in exchange.

He reappeared a moment later, a black throw over hoodie over his arm. He tossed it to me, and I caught it, closing the bathroom door. I threw the hoodie over my white t-shirt and, sure enough, it came almost to my knees. It was comically large on me.

I exited to bathroom, bringing my bag with me. I dropped it on the floor next the couch and settled into the blankets that Sans made up for me.

"Thanks," I said, suddenly very sleepy.

"Sure thing, buddy," he said and patted my head before going upstairs to his room.

I drifted into a peaceful sleep, warm and content, surrounded by Sans' smell.

As I slept, I had marvelous dreams. I dreamt I was under the sun, enjoying a warm summer day with all my friends. I could smell the sweet smell of the earth, and it seemed so real, I forgot that I was dreaming.

I felt a cool sensation on my skin as I felt myself suddenly swimming, the refreshing water caressing my body. I exited the water, feeling it wash down my skin, and when I looked up Sans was watching me, predatory expression on his face again.

I felt myself flush with embarrassment, but that dream quickly dissolved and disappeared, to be replaced by an even more flustering dream.

I found myself in a dark room, and felt myself pushed back onto a cushiony surface. I realized with a start that it was Sans' bed. I felt his "lips" suddenly on mine, and the sensation stole my breath. His lips were not fleshy and squishy like mine were, but were firm and soft bone. The contact sent little electrical shocks of magic through me, and my lips tingled at the contact. I felt his arms wrap around me, holding me tight to his rib cage.

I gasped when I felt his mouth push my lips open, and I felt his smooth tongue caress mine. It tasted somehow sweet, but not sweet like candy, sweet in another kind of way, a sweet that sent an ache straight to my heart.

I felt his bony fingers wind tightly in my hair, tilting my head back and deepening the kiss. I let out a soft moan as I felt his tongue twine with mine.

Suddenly one hand was on my skin, leaving electrical little pulses of magic in its wake as it slowly stroked down my body. I shivered and moaned again in anticipation. I realized with a little start that I was not clothed, and his hands were roaming everywhere.

I let out another little gasp and moan and I felt one of his fingers brush across my nipples, and I felt a little shock of pleasure as they hardened under his touch.

His hand slipped further down, to my hip. His tongue continued to caress mine, and I felt his fingers dig into my thigh. I felt one of his legs push between mine, spreading them. I trembled a bit, and felt him squeeze my thigh reassuringly as he pulled them around his hips. I wound my hands through his rib cage, holding him closer to me, tightening my grip around his waist. I felt an unfamiliar ache and wetness from between my legs, the feeling driving me crazy with desire.

I moaned as he trailed kisses across my jaw and down my neck. I felt his tongue on my skin, felt
the magic of it pulsing and tingling against my flesh. His teeth dug softly into my throat, sucking and pulling at the skin and I moaned again.

I gasped and moaned even louder when I felt something hot suddenly press inside me. I felt him ease himself into me slowly, felt the little pulses of pleasure that twisted up my stomach. I clutched his body to mine as he thrust into me, steadily increasing his pace.

I gasped when he grabbed my wrists in one hand, pinning them to the bed sheets above my head, leaning back to look at me continued to press into me harder and faster. He lifted my legs, pressing them against the sides of his rib cage, the angle making him push deeper inside of me, and I let out a loud moan.

I realized with a start as I looked up at him that his left eye was the only one I could see, and it was flaring blue, swirling with color and magic, making me shiver with its intensity.

My back arched off the bed as he thrust into me, harder than before, watching me intently as I squirmed beneath him. I moaned and gasped, attempting to turn my face to the side in embarrassment as I twisted underneath him. I felt the waves of unfamiliar pleasure radiate through my body with each pounding thrust, and his fingers dug into my thighs.

He leaned forward, pressing his forehead against mine as he quickened his pace further. He put a hand on my cheek, tracing my lips with his fingers, sticking his index finger between my lips and softly stroking my tongue. I bit his finger gently as I moaned, and felt him shiver.

I could feel him in every cell of my body, and it felt like we would melt together any moment with how closely we were pressed into each other. As the pleasure rose and rose...

I suddenly jerked awake, turning my face and biting into my pillow as another load moan escaped me.

"Sans," his name escaped me in a little gasp. I realized that one of my hands was resting over my left breast and the other was between my legs. I felt an unfamiliar and surprising wetness under my fingers and quickly jerked my hands away, pressing them against my sides as I buried my face in my pillow.

My body was covered in a thin sheen of sweat and my heart pounded in my ears. My breathing was ragged and my body trembled. As I came fully awake, I realized with a sudden jerk what exactly I had been dreaming about and I sat up with a surprised gasp.

*What the hell was that?* I asked myself in sudden surprise. I had never had a dream like that before. And to so suddenly be having one now, and about Sans of all people. I fell back against my pillow, groaning.

*No no no no no NO*, I firmly told myself. *This can't be happening. I did not just dream that.* I turned my head and buried it in my pillow once again, pulling my knees up and curling myself into a little ball.

*He's practically family,* I scolded myself. *And he's a monster to boot. He will never like someone like me. I'm just a human. A human he's always treated like a child, at that. I am not allowed to feel this way.*

My breathing was becoming suddenly hitched and I quickly sat up again, pulling the blanket off myself.

*I can't stay here,* I suddenly thought, standing up. *I can't be here, not after that. I can't face him in*
the morning and pretend nothing's different. I just can't.

I quickly grabbed my bag and pulled my jeans out, slipping them onto my legs, and then shoving my feet into my boots. Shoving everything into my bag, I slung it over my shoulder and rushed out of the house, closing the door as quietly as I could.

I practically ran away from their home, not even paying attention to where I was going, I was just desperate to get away.

I continued to scold myself as I made my way through the forest outside Snowdin. After some time walking, I slowed my pace a bit. I was far enough now that I didn't need to be so hectic. My heart had almost stopped pounding.

As I made my way through the trees I was suddenly aware of how cold I was. The wind was biting against my skin, the snow stinging into my eyes. I recalled dimly that there had been news of a snow storm tonight. We had even heard the first signs of it as the evening had come to an end. The wind had howled against the house, shaking the shutters.

I sighed. In my rush to get away, I had completely forgotten about it. The wind pushed against me so strongly I thought it would knock me over, and I made my way deeper into the trees, where the wind wouldn't be so strong.

I realized, also, just how dark it was tonight. I pulled my phone out of my bag, dimming the light so I could see, but wasn't blinding myself.

As I made my way, trying to figure out where I was going I heard some rustling in the forest around myself and froze.

Who the hell is out in a snow storm in the middle of the night? I wondered. I laughed at myself as I realized what I'd thought. Who else is stupid enough to come out at a time like this?

"Hello?" I called softly. I didn't get a response. I thought for a moment that perhaps I had imagined the noise, or the wind had caused it, until I heard the sound, more distinctive and closer. I couldn't place it, but it unnerved me. I continued forward, a little more quickly, eager to be out of the woods, wherever that led.

Suddenly I felt something slam into my back, throwing me into the snow. I felt my phone fly from my fingers and gasped as a sudden pain lanced across the skin of my back. I felt a warm sensation pooling against my skin, and screamed as the pain throbbed through me. I tried to turn, to see anything, but it was just too dark. I felt something suddenly strike the back of my skull, I swore I heard it crack, and I felt the pain pierce through my head. As I drifted, darkness threatened to drown me, and I swore I heard my name before it claimed me and I lost consciousness.

Chapter End Notes

Dun Dun DUN!
Yes, cliffhangers. Sort of. Feedback is welcome. Thank you for reading. :D
One Hell of a Night

Chapter Summary

What happens when things get into Sans' perspective? Intense. Intense things.

Chapter Notes

Welp, this chapter wasn't originally meant to be in Sans' perspective, but I had a sudden burst of inspiration and thought fuck it. It's gonna happen. So here's last chapter from Sans' POV. Yes, things get smutty. Sort of. Hope you enjoy ;p

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Frisk was finally going to visit. First time in a little while, but still, she'd been over to their house a million times. No big deal right? Fucking wrong. So fucking wrong.

Sans sat on the edge of his bed, face buried in hands as he groaned. It was just another sleepover, just like usual. No big deal. Or so he tried to tell himself. But the butterflies in his nonexistent stomach and the heat flushing through his bones told another story entirely.

Frisk coming over to see them was nothing new. So why was he so fucking nervous? He knew why, but he hadn't wanted to think about it till now. Even at this moment, he was trying to force the thoughts away, but they forged their way, unbidden, into his skull regardless.

He shuddered as he thought about what she'd looked like last time he had really seen her. It had been almost two weeks since he'd actually been around her. Within close proximity. They'd seen each other passingly, or with their family in the past two weeks, but this would be the first time he'd be forced into close proximity with her since she turned into an adult. Since she'd started dressing like that.

It had been hard enough to push away the feelings that had been creeping up on him when she'd still dressed, and mostly acted, the same as she always had. Until that day, when she came sauntering into their sitting room, looking more beautiful than he'd ever seen her.

He knows she hadn't actually been sauntering, but it had seemed like it, seeing her move for the first time without anything to cover the movements.

She had looked so graceful, so beautiful, her cheeks flushed pink, and her lips, those beautiful red lips, had parted, almost in surprise at how everyone reacted to seeing her. And when those sparkling blue eyes had finally settled on him, it felt like time itself stopped. Her cheeks flushed, the corner of her mouth pulled up in a smile of triumph of all things.

He couldn't bear to look at her, not with how badly he had wanted to touch her, to hold her close to his rib cage. The need to have her close had suddenly been almost unbearable, more strong than any emotion he had ever felt.
And then she had sauntered over, and gave him that smug smile as she looked up at him.

"I told you, you couldn't keep treating me like a kid forever," she'd whispered, eyes glinting mischievously.

You don't fucking say, was the first thing he thought, and he didn't realize at first that he'd said it out loud.

The rest of the night had been absolute hell. He'd watched her as she danced and socialized all night. Every time she and Mettaton went onto that dance floor, it was like he was completely entranced, watching the way her body moved, with utmost control and grace. He'd seen her practice before, and it had always made his bones uncomfortably warm watching her, but this was entirely different. There was no way he could deny how watching her made him feel.

Watching her with Mettaton had brought about even more new emotions, filling him with an indescribable, almost choking anger. He'd never felt like that before in his life. He'd never figured himself to be the possessive type, but gods damn if she didn't make him feel that way.

After that, he had tried to avoid her as best as he could, without seeming too obvious about it, making sure there was always someone else there when he was with her.

The last two weeks had been torture, wanting so badly to be with her, but afraid of what he'd do when he was. The only upside to all of this was that he hadn't had a nightmare in two weeks, as his mind had been completely preoccupied with other things. It was a good thing too, as he would have been too afraid of coming to her if he had.

He shuddered even thinking about the way her arms would wrap around him, holding him close, easing all that pain so easily. Her small hands would rub his skull comfortingly, and she'd sing so softly until his trembling stopped. She was always so warm, so soft, her heart would beat so softly against his ribs. He already had trouble keeping his thoughts away from those kinds of things before when he was with her. Now. Now, he didn't think he'd have been able to control himself if she was that close again.

Sure, he'd felt snippets of this before, I mean he had been alive for a very long time, but those things were nothing compared to what he felt now every time he thought of her. He'd never been romantically interested in anyone before. No one had even seemed remotely interesting enough to him in that way, no one had ever made him feel these feelings before.

He'd always cared for her, more so than he did almost anyone else, besides his brother. He'd always felt very protective of her, always wanting to shelter her, and keep her safe. He'd always loved her, but now. Now, he couldn't deny, that he was falling in love, if he wasn't already. And gods damn, if he wasn't falling hard.

Sure, he'd felt these feelings, a very long time ago as he'd aged, but over time those feelings had faded to almost nonexistent, only coming around occasionally. Until now. Until he had seen her like that.

Now he sat on the edge of his bed, bones trembling as he thought about her, trying so desperately to banish the thoughts that forced their way into his head. With an annoyed grunt, he stood, rubbing his face, as though he could physically wipe away the thoughts.

Realizing she would be here soon, he composed himself, and teleported into the living room, settling himself down on the cushions of his couch, staring absentmindedly at the tv.
Papyrus rushed about the house around him, readying the house for Frisk's arrival, distracting him from what he'd been feeling.

And then, there was that familiar, soft knock on the door, and Sans watched in amusement as his brother crashed through the house in his excitement to open the door.

Papyrus whisked Frisk into the house, setting her down inside. And seeing her made his bones thrum nervously. She gave him a soft smile as she went into the kitchen to join his brother, and gods if that smile didn't make him feel like he was melting.

When they'd finally come out with dinner, Frisk had tried to sit on the floor, rather than being smushed between the two of them as she usually was, but not wanting to disappoint his brother, had joined them. He didn't miss the pink that crept onto her cheeks as she settled in besides them. Her warmth pressed against his bones, and he swore he could feel her heart against him. And it was beating more quickly than usual, making the magic in his bones pulse strongly in response, bringing with it an unfamiliar urge.

After Papyrus had disappeared into his room, Sans couldn't help himself. He knew it was a bad idea, and he should just stay in the living room, away from temptations, but he couldn't help himself.

He walked lazily over to the kitchen, shoved his hands in his pockets, and leaned against the door frame. When he caught sight of her, that magic rushed through his bones again. She was standing on her tip toes, leaning against the counter, back arched as she reached above herself to pull something from the cupboards.

And suddenly, all that nervousness faded, replaced with something else he had never felt before. Something primal.

"Need help findin' anything?" he asked, all nervousness gone, now replaced with something else. She flushed slightly again when she caught sight of him, and that only gave him more devious ideas. He wanted to see her flushed even more.

"No, I found everything I need. How do oatmeal butterscotch cookies sound?" she asked, and he swore her voice wavered just the tiniest bit as she turned to look at him.

"Sounds delicious," he answered, and then plopped himself into a chair to watch her go about her tasks.

"Are you just gonna sit there and watch me or are you going to help me?" she asked, turning to him with a look that said she was trying to be scolding, but the smile tugging at her lips told him otherwise.

"I'm fine just watchin'," he said, quite pleased that he had already managed to make her flustered. He was determined to keep it up.

"Thanks, you're so helpful," she said sarcastically, almost making him laugh. But the sudden, mischievous thought brushed away his amusement.

"I like the view," he said with a wink, and triumphant pleasure washed through him as she flushed. He focused his magic just a bit, and he could hear her pulse. And how much more it had picked up in tempo, causing the magic to rush through his bones again.

"Uh-huh, sure," she replied, trying to play off her nervousness with jokes. "You're such a lazy bones." And then she presented him the perfect opportunity to see her really flush. She threw her
bag of butterscotch chips at him.

He grinned at the sudden perfect opportunity. He caught the bag before it could get close. "Tsk-tsk, and now the cook is throwing away her ingredients. How irresponsible," he teased. He floated the bag of chips his way, and quickly tore it open, plopping a few in his mouth because he knew it would frustrate her.

And it did. "Hey! I need those! You can't go eating all my ingredients." She stomped across the room and tried to grab the bag. He allowed it to slip between his grip before he quickly wrapped his fingers around her slight wrist.

The contact sent a shock through his bones, sending that need through him again. He felt her rapid pulse beating under his fingers, and it almost made him shudder at the sensation.

"What will you give me for them?" he nearly growled as that more primal side took over momentarily. His bones thrummed in pleasure when the blood rushed to her cheeks and her pulse sped up under his touch.

"Oh, gee, I don't know, maybe the cookies I need to make with them?" she responded, her voice surprisingly even. He didn't like her composure one bit. So he leaned back, and watched as she stumbled forward, almost leaning over the table now as he pulled her forward with him.

"I don't know if that's a good enough trade," he countered, wanting to see her flushed as all the many improbable ideas washed through his head as to what he wanted as a trade. Things he knew he would never say still washed through his mind.

She pouted at him, looking absolutely adorable as she did so. "Think of how disappointed Papyrus will be if he doesn't get any of the delicious cookies I promised him," she said, pouting further. She was so adorable, it almost completely washed those previous thoughts from his head. Almost. But he decided to give in, seeing as he'd flustered her enough, and released her reluctantly.

"Alright, alright," he grumbled, chuckling. He watched her go about the kitchen, baking her treats. He would use his magic to lazily lend a hand, and laughed as she pouted and glared at him when he did so. Watching her go about her innocent task filled his bones with a thrumming, pleasant warmth.

And those previous, primal thoughts were almost completely washed out of his head as he realized just how much he loved this small girl. The rest of the night was spent as usual, games and treats.

That night, Frisk relieved him from story time duty, and he leaned casually back as she read to Papyrus, her almost lyrical voice easing his little bro to sleep. Her soft, low voice as she read the story made his bones tingle. And again, that realization of just how deep his feelings went washed through him.

They watched tv for a time, and he didn't even realize until he was practically touching her that he'd been slowly easing closer to her without even realizing it. The light touch of her soft skin against his bones made him flush with warmth, and made his nonexistent gut twist with need again. Not even that primal need, just a need to hold her close, to feel her heart beat against him, reassuring him that she was safe and alive in his arms.

When he saw her eyes drooping, he figured it was time to let her sleep and he rose reluctantly from the couch to retrieve her some blankets.

When he came back in with his armful of blankets and pillows, Frisk was no longer on the couch,
and her bag was no longer by the door. He could hear her as she moved around in the bathroom, and he quickly made up the couch for her.

He shivered when her voice softly called his name, and that primal side twisted at hearing it, and the sudden lewd thought occurred to him that he wanted to hear it again, under much different circumstances.

Pushing away the very unnecessary thought, he walked quickly over to the hallway to see what she needed.

She peered around the cracked door nervously as she asked for a sweater. He caught a glimpse of the pale skin of her thigh around the door, and heat flushed him. But he complied, teleporting to his room to grab a spare hoodie, before teleporting back, tossing it to her.

She came into the room, sleepily rubbing her eyes as she settled between the blankets on the couch. The sight of her, so small, made him flush as he gazed at her with adoration. He patted her head gently, loving the feel of her silky hair beneath his fingers, before he reluctantly withdrew his hand, and teleported upstairs to his room.

Leaning back on his bed, surrounded by darkness, he was bombarded with a rush of emotions. He pushed them back as fiercely as he could, but it was a quickly losing battle.

Images of her flooded his mind, and the magic rushing through his bones was no longer under his control. He felt it rush through his body, and down towards his pelvic bone as his imagination ran rampant without his consent. He imagined how she looked. How she'd look underneath that sweater.

_Not again_, he groaned to himself as he felt that need rush through his bones as his magic throbbed, one hand sliding down as he thought of her.

His mind conjured up so many delicious images. The feel of her skin, so soft and warm beneath his hands, how her pulse would beat so strongly through her, how she'd look at him with those sparkling blue eyes. He imagined them gazing up at him with as much need as he felt. He imagined how soft her lips would feel under his fingers, and even more so pressed against his mouth. He imagined what her tongue would taste like, how sweet she would taste, and let out a moan without even realizing it. He was so lost in his day dream of her he wasn't even aware of where his hands were, or what they were doing.

He imagined her, how she'd look without all those pesky clothes that always hid her beautiful body. Sure, he'd never seen her like that before, but after reading Alphys' anatomy books, he had a pretty good idea. He could imagine perfectly well how her breasts would feel under his hands, how her heart would pound against his fingers. And then his thoughts delved deeper, without much consent from him.

He imagined what her legs would feel like wrapped around him, how tight she'd be, how wet. He could practically hear her moans, could practically feel her body shudder underneath him as he entered her. He shivered as he imagined her fingernails digging into his shoulder blades, breathily moaning his name in that beautiful voice of hers.

He was so enraptured with his dream of her, he didn't even realize he was quickly peaking as he imagined her squeezing around him with every thrust. He felt his release as he felt her body shuddering and tightening under him and she practically screamed his name in pleasure.

Coming down from his high, he groaned in shame. What the hell was wrong with him? I mean for
fuck's sake she was almost family. He rolled over, burying his face into his pillow as he shuddered.

Shame washed through him as he thought of her. He wanted her so badly, but he knew he could never have her, not in this way. He shuddered again as he thought about how much she would hate him if she knew how he felt, how disgusted with him she'd be. She was human, and he was a monster.

She was so pure, so beautiful, so perfect, and he was so broken. She could never love someone like him. Sure, she'd proven that she cared about all the monsters, him included, but they were all like family to her. He was like family to her. She deserved better than him. She deserved to be with someone like her, she deserved another human, someone who could make her happy.

Just the thought of her with anyone else sent a white hot rage piercing through his head, making his magic flare up again. He felt it licking up the sides of his skull, and then trembled against in shame at how pathetic and pointless those feelings were. He couldn't have her. Not like that. She wasn't his. And he couldn't feel so angry at the thought of her with someone else. So why did he?

He knew feeling like that was pointless. Frisk would eventually go to the surface, meet another human like her, fall in love. But gods damn if the thought of her with another didn't drive him crazy with anger and jealousy. He didn't have any right to feel this way, and he scolded himself for it, but he couldn't help it. He knew he had no right to keep her from happiness simply because he was jealous, but he couldn't help it.

At some point, all these thoughts lingering, he fell asleep.

He came awake with a jolt, not feeling the least bit rested, and wondered for a moment what had woken him. He groggily sat up, and then groaned in displeasure at seeing the mess he had made before falling asleep. Quickly discarding his sullied clothes, he pulled on a fresh pair of shorts and a shirt.

That was when he heard it, a soft sound that made his bones tremble. His mind flashed immediately to what he had been imagining earlier in the night, but quickly dismissed it. It couldn't possibly be that.

Concerned, he teleported downstairs, wondering what that noise had been. He froze again as that sound washed over him, this time from much closer. He felt like he couldn't move as he saw Frisk on the couch, blankets twisted around her legs and torso.

Her face was turned towards him, and her eye lids fluttered as she let out another breathy moan. Her face was covered in a thin sheen of sweat, her hair sticking to her flushed cheeks. Her lips were parted slightly as she breathed heavily, moaning again.

That delicious sound washed over him, and he shook as he looked at her, completely unable to move. And then he realized what he was seeing. Even under the blankets he could tell where her hands were, and, mortified, he teleported back up to his room before he could wake her.

A breathy moan escaped him just as he entered his room, collapsing back against his bed, mind reeling at what he'd seen. Gods dammit, as if it hadn't been hard enough to push away how he felt before. Now that he'd seen her like that. It was going to be damn near impossible.

But what other choice did he have? He supposed he shouldn't be surprised, she was an adult. Of course she had feelings like that. Of course she would have dreams like that.

And then, a rush of jealousy rushed through him as he realized something. She had to have been
dreaming about someone. Even if it wasn't someone he knew, or even someone real, she had been dreaming about someone. And it sent an indescribable anger through him. He wanted so badly to be one to cause those sounds.

Anger flooded through him again, this time directed at himself. He pounded his fists against his bed in frustration and sat up, pushing away his lustful thoughts through sheer force and anger alone. He wasn't allowed to feel this way. He couldn't feel this way.

As he sat on his bed, clutching his head, trying to control the roller coaster of emotions coursing through him, he thought he heard a soft click sound. He didn't even register it for several minutes as he sat there, fuming.

And then he felt it. His head aching with a sense of warning. Something was wrong. All previous thoughts disappeared in an instant. Before he could even register what he was feeling he had teleported downstairs.

She wasn't there. The couch was empty, the blankets strewn across the floor as though she'd gotten up in a rush. Her bag and shoes were gone as well, and his bones thrummed with nerves as he realized what that clicking sound had been.

Rushing over and throwing the door open, he peered out into the dark night. The wind was howling furiously against the house, the snow flakes whipping through the air almost violently. The snow was already beginning to cover her tracks, but he could see them heading away from the house, as though she had been in a hurry.

Why the hell would she go out into a snow storm in the middle of the night? A sudden a protective urge washed over him. Something was wrong. She wasn't safe, he could feel it.

Not even bothering to grab a jacket or his shoes, he rushed out into the storm after her. He followed her tracks as far as he could, but eventually the snow covered all traces of her.

His bones thrummed nervously, his skull pounding as he realized where the tracks had been leading. Towards the ruins. Why she would go there of all places he couldn't understand. The ruins had been empty for a long time.

He rushed through the dense trees in his sudden urge to find her, becoming suddenly desperate as that sense of danger only increased.

And then he heard it. A blood curdling scream that made his bones freeze, moreso than they already were, made his magic almost stop thrumming. It was her voice, and the pain in it made his magic twist painfully.

His magic flared to life and he called her name loudly, teleporting to where he'd heard the sound. He came to a small clearing in the trees, and froze as he saw her.

She lay in the middle of the clearing, completely alone. But that wasn't what made his bones tremble painfully. No, it was the blood that soaked his sweater and pooled over the pristine white snow that made pain twist in his head.

He teleported to her body and knelt down beside her, calling her name again. She didn't respond. The blood continued to pool around her, and he saw it matting her hair to her head. There was so much. He wondered at how a human body could even contain so much liquid. But that wasn't the worst part, no.

Her soul hung limply in the air, as though someone had tried to take it. It was shining so dimly, he
didn't see it at first. It was cracked, and its color was barely pulsing.

Shit. This was bad. Gently wrapping his magic around her battered soul, he eased it back into her body, and then relief washed over him as she took a small, shuddering breath.

But he knew she didn't have long. Lifting her sweater, he winced as it stuck to her skin, and then sucked in a painful breath at what he saw. Her back was completely lacerated, the cuts going so deep they almost reached her spine.

How was she still alive? She was losing blood fast. Too fast. He quickly put a hand on her skin and concentrated. He let his magic flow into her body. Healing magic was more for healing souls, not physical wounds, but he had to try.

He felt her soul pulse in response to his magic, growing a bit stronger. But her physical wounds did not heal as he wanted them to. The gashes became slightly less deep, the bleeding slowed, but it wasn't enough. Realizing he only had so much magic left, he quickly made a decision.

He couldn't save her with just his magic, and if he exhausted it, she would die out here. Just the thought of losing her made his bones shudder painfully.

No. She couldn't die. That wasn't an option. Picking her body up gingerly in his arms, he quickly made a choice, and prayed that they would be where he needed them.

He teleported, landing smack in the middle of Alphys' room in her lab. He got lucky. Very lucky.

Alphys and Undyne were passed out in her bed, sound asleep. That didn't last long. They felt the sudden pulse of magic as Sans teleported into the room, the intensity behind his sudden appearance made them both jolt awake.

"Sans, what the hell!" Undyne yelled as she sat up, still half asleep. All she could see in the dark room was the blue glow of his magic.

"Alphys!" he called out, his voice breaking. Both women froze. They had never heard him sound like that before. They froze even more as they took in his appearance. They had also never seen his magic so unstable or powerful before.

They quickly jumped out of the bed, Undyne quickly switching on the lights to the room. They both gasped as they saw Sans stumble towards them. They quickly registered two things. One, Frisk was dangling from Sans' arms limply, and her blood was dripping and pooling onto the tiles of the floor, soaking into Sans t-shirt and staining his bones. Second, Sans looked more pained and panicked than either had ever seen the laid back skeleton. They had rarely seen Sans without a smile on his face. Now tears had leaked from his sockets and were dripping off his chin, dripping onto Frisk's startlingly pale face. The way his hands dug into her skin was desperate, as though he could keep her alive if he simply held on tightly enough.

"Alphys, help her. Please," Sans choked out. Realizing the gravity of the situation, both women jumped quickly to action. Sans didn't hesitate, teleporting all three of them to Alphys lab downstairs, there was no time to take the elevator, and into the room used for human examinations, the room specifically made with Frisk in mind.

Alphys blinked, but quickly brushed away her questions as she rushed forward, ushering Sans to put her gently on the table. He laid her on it, face down, and watched Alphys pleadingly as she examined Frisk, quickly assessing the damage.

"What the hell happened?!!" Undyne shouted, her voice breaking uncharacteristically as she took in
Frisk's prone form.

"I don't know," Sans choked out. His tears still hadn't stopped, and he didn't seem able to tear his eyes from Frisk. Realizing the other reason he had come, he met Undyne's eyes. "Call Toriel. We need her, now. As fast as she can get here."

Besides himself, Toriel was the greatest healer in the Underground. Undyne quickly nodded, and rushed over, pulling the emergency cell phone out of a drawer and dialing.

Turning back to Frisk, he saw that Alphys had already set to work, turning on all the medical equipment she had on hand. She hooked Frisk up to the machine so she could monitor her stats, and the steady, slow beep filled the room. Sans almost collapsed as relief washed over him. Her heart was still beating, she was still alive.

Alphys rushed around the room, face set with determination. Frisk needed her, she couldn't let her down now. Time to put all that training into practice.

She quickly grabbed her tools, and set to stitching her back. The first thing they needed to do was stem the bleeding, or everything else wouldn't matter.

"Sans, can you grab me an extra bag of blood? I have some there," she said, gesturing. He quickly grabbed it and watched as Alphys quickly went to work, wincing at he watched her pierce the skin of Frisk's forearm with the needle. He knew it was necessary, but it still pained him.

Everything was happening so slowly, but also so fast. He could faintly hear Undyne behind him, rushedly speaking on the phone, trying to hold back tears as she explained what was happening. Alphys was bent over Frisk, trying to repair the damage done to her back and head.

And then, time froze when the beeping on that damn machine stopped. Undyne went silent, and Alphys's hand stilled for a moment.

No. No no no no no no. Her heart had stopped, and Sans felt as though he would turn to dust right then and there. More pain than he had ever felt wracked his body. This wasn't happening. This wasn't possible.

Alphys was prepared, and pulled over a strange little cart, rolling Frisk onto her back. She quickly put some kind of gel onto the paddles, and then placed them on Frisks now bare chest. Whatever the little machine did made Frisk's body jump and the machine responded for a moment, before flat lining again. Alphys repeated the motion again. And then again. Still no response.

Realizing what the little contraption was doing, Sans quickly pushed Alphys' hands away, placing his hands over Frisk's heart. Using the rest of his already depleted magic, he sent a pulse of magic straight into her heart. It was more magic than he had ever used on a person before, and could surely have been damaging. But he had to take that risk.

And it worked. Her heart began to beat again, almost twice as fast as before, before settling back into its normal rhythm. The machine responded and Sans felt a powerful pair of arms wrap around him, and he realized Undyne was hugging him in relief, practically sobbing into his back, and he realized absently that tears had been dripping from his chin as well.

Alphys wasted no time. By the time Toriel arrived, just a few hours later, Frisk was as bandaged up as they could get her. Toriel and Asgore both rushed into the room, faces falling in concern for their surrogate daughter.

Toriel got immediately to work, almost exhausting herself in one go as she tried to heal the damage
done to Frisk. She would have gone until she passed out if Asgore hadn't pulled Toriel away, easing her into a chair gently as Toriel nearly collapsed.

"I can't lose another one," he heard Toriel murmur, her voice breaking. Asgore quickly wrapped his arms around her, whispering words of comfort.

Sans hadn't moved from Frisk's side, and his hand held hers tightly, as though that connection was her lifeline.

Asgore looked to him, and the look on his face made even the powerful skeleton shiver.

"Who did this?" Asgore rumbled. And then sudden anger coursed through his bones, more anger than he had ever felt in his entire life. He had been so concerned with saving her, so concerned with keeping her alive he hadn't stopped for a moment to realize somebody had to have done this. And whoever it was, was


Chapter End Notes

Aaaand yeah, somebody's gonna have a bad time ;
Nobody fucks with Frisk and gets away with it.
I came awake slowly, groggily, trying to push away the sleep that threatened to drag me back under. My entire body ached and I felt a steady throb of pain from my head. My body felt heavy. I felt something soft underneath me, and I was tightly wrapped in something warm.

Where am I? I wondered. What happened?

I opened my eyes slowly, and realized I was in my room lying on my bed, tightly wrapped in a blanket. The room was dim and I could see flickering candle light dance on the walls.

I swallowed, the walls of my throat sticking together painfully. I attempted to sit up and an immediate pain lanced through my skull and I whimpered, trying to catch my breath as the sudden pain pushed the air out of my lungs.

"Frisk?"

The deep voice was instantly familiar and filled with concern. As I turned my head, with some difficulty, Sans came into my field of vision.

"Thank gods, you're awake," he said, relief washing over his features. I felt his hand on my forehead.

I tried to sit up again, and let out a little moan as the pain lanced through my head and down my back. Sans moved his hand, firmly pushing me back onto the bed.

"Don't try to move, you're hurt bad," he told me.

"What happened?" I asked, forcing the words out painfully.

"I could ask you the same thing," he said, looking at me worriedly. "Frisk, you've been out for four days, everyone's been worried sick about you."

Four days? What the hell happened to me?

"What's the last thing you remember?" he asked tentatively.

I closed my eyes, trying to push my pain away. My head felt heavy and I felt like I couldn't think.
"Help me sit up?" I asked him. I felt his magic wrap softly around my body, easing me into a sitting position, the blanket falling around my lap.

"Here," he said and placed a steaming mug in my hands. Whatever was in the cup swirled around thickly and it smelled sweet, like honey and cinnamon, with a hint of mint. I brought the cup up to my lips and let out a little moan of relief as I swallowed the cups contents, quickly draining it. My pain began to lift and my head felt suddenly lighter. He removed the cup from my hands once it was empty, placing it back on the table.

"Better?" he asked gently. I nodded. I looked over at him and saw a chair by my bed. He had moved onto the bed beside me when I'd woken.

"Frisk," he began again gently. "What do you remember?"

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes, trying to focus. I buried my face in my hands as I tried to recall what had happened to me.

What did happen? I remembered vaguely going to their house, spending the day with the two of them. We made cookies, we played games. I fell asleep on their couch and... shit. I jerked a little as I remembered the dream I'd had, grateful that my face was already covered, as my cheeks immediately flared up.

"Frisk?" Sans asked with concern. I shook my head, still not lifting my face. I continued to reach back, trying to remember how I'd gotten here.

I remembered leaving their house, and I ended up in the woods. I heard something out in the forest. . . my breathing hitched.

"Frisk?" Sans asked a little more insistently, placing his hand on my shoulder.

I jumped away from it, dropping my hands from my face, avoiding his concerned and somewhat hurt gaze at my reaction to his touch.

"I remember being in the forest, and I heard something out there. Something hit me from behind and I lost consciousness. That's all." My voice was quiet as I spoke, barely audible.

Sans eyed me suspiciously.

"You can let go of me now, I'm okay," I said softly, gesturing to the magic still wrapped around my body. He released me and I slumped down in relief, glad to have the feel of it off my skin. My stomach had begun to twist nervously at the feel of it.

"Are you sure you're alright?" he asked softly. I nodded, still not meeting his gaze.

"Okay, then tell me, Frisk," his voice hardened. "Why the hell were you out in a snowstorm in the middle of the night?" I looked up in surprise, his voice had turned harsh and angry. When I met his eyes, they bore into me and his face was twisted in anger.

I looked away, feeling my stomach twist sickly seeing him looking at me like that. I couldn't speak.

"F r i s k, a n s w e r m e," he demanded, voice lower than usual. I swallowed, and wrung my hands.

Shit, I thought. I'm in trouble. I can't exactly tell him why I left. I just can't. I won't. Just imagining the embarrassment that scene would cause was already giving me a heart attack.
"I . . ." I swallowed nervously, feeling his eyes watching my face intently. "I couldn't sleep," was all I could force out.

I sighed inwardly and scolded myself. *Yeah, like that's gonna go over well.*

"So what, you thought it'd be a good idea to take a walk in the middle of the night, and near the ruins no less?" he scoffed angrily. I closed my eyes, feeling a little pang of guilt. I hated lying to him, but I couldn't tell him the truth. Not this time.

"Wait, the ruins? That's where I ended up?" I asked as I suddenly realized what he'd said. I had no idea I'd gone that far.

"You didn't even know where you were?" he asked, a little skeptical.

"No," I said quickly, shaking my head, meeting his eyes so he could see I was at least serious about this. "I didn't know where I was going, I was just. . ." trying to get away. . .

But I couldn't tell him that. I hung my head again.

He sighed, and he suddenly seemed much more calm. He put a hand gently on my shoulder, and this time I forced myself to stay still. The touch sent a little electric shock across my skin. When I looked at him, his face was gentler.

"Did you have another nightmare?" he asked softly. I looked down at my hands, which were tightly woven in my lap. My fingers were beginning to ache from being to tightly clenched. I just nodded my head. I had no other explanation. I couldn't tell him that I hadn't, because then he'd insist to know why I had gone out.

"If you had a nightmare, why didn't you just tell me?" he asked, his voice almost breaking. I felt another twist of guilt in my stomach. Gods, I hated this.

"I don't know," was the only answer I could give him. Realizing that wasn't good enough, I continued. "I just. . . didn't feel like I could. I didn't feel like I could stay there, so I left."

I saw his face twist from the corner of my eye. My chest felt tight. I wanted desperately to be anywhere else.

"Frisk, why would you think you couldn't come to me?" he asked, hurt evident in his tone.

"I. . .I don't know," was all I could force out, the words barely a whisper. His hand fell from my shoulder and I heard the soft tapping sound as his hand drew across his face. He let out a heavy sigh.

"Frisk," he sighed angrily, my name coming out almost as a hiss, surprising me. "What aren't you telling me?" his voice was pained.

I just shook my head, unable to give him an answer. He opened his mouth to speak and right at that moment, my door cracked open.

Toriel peered into my room, face full of concern.

"My child!" she exclaimed and rushed into the room, seeing me awake. She hovered over me worriedly, unsure how hurt I was.

"I'm okay," I said, giving her a gentle smile. I sure as hell didn't feel okay. The pain in my body had begun to return.
Toriel sat down on the edge of the bed and I saw Sans shift, returning to the chair beside my bed. Toriel placed a hand gently on the top of my head.

"My child, what happened to you?" she asked gently. "Sans found you in the forest. You were bleeding and unconscious and your soul. . ." she swallowed, tears coming into her eyes as she imagined it. "Your father and I returned home as soon as we heard what happened."

"I don't know, Mom," I told her gently. "I didn't see who attacked me." I wasn't lying about this at least.

"Oh, my poor child," she leaned forward and hugged me gently, but even the slight touch made my back flare up. I didn't complain, and simply hugged her back. She leaned back, cupping my face in her hands.

"How are you feeling?" she asked gently, examining my face.

"A little battered, but I'll be alright," I said reassuringly, placing my hands over hers. She leaned forward and placed a soft kiss on my forehead.

"We did all we could to heal you," she said softly. "Magic is good for healing injuries to the soul, but not as good at healing injuries to the body. We managed to heal quite a bit of the damage, but we've exhausted ourselves so far. The injuries to your body. . ." she swallowed, her face twisting. "Alphys said it was a miracle you were still alive with that kind of damage." Toriel's voice cracked and I squeezed her hands.

"It's okay Mom, I'm okay now," I said gently, squeezing her hands again reassuringly.

"Are you up for visitors?" she asked gently. "Everyone's waiting in the sitting room. They've been waiting for you to wake up."

I nodded, a little reluctantly. I didn't want anyone else to worry. Toriel smiled gently and flicked on my lights as she exited my room to grab the others. I was suddenly very grateful for the candle light that I had woken up to. I blinked away my discomfort at the sudden brightness.

Sans shifted in the chair. "We are not done talking about this, Frisk," he said warningly. I swallowed but quickly composed myself as my friends entered my room, one by one.

"Thank gods!" Undyne shouted rushing immediately over to sit in front of me, Alphys right beside her.

"We're so glad you're alright," Alphys said quietly, tears coming to her eyes. Her relief at seeing me awake touched my heart.

"HUMAN!" Papyrus stood beside Sans and put a hand gently on the top of my head. "We are so relieved that you are alright!" he said, a little loudly. I smiled and patted his hand.

"Darling, you had us all so worried," Mettaton exclaimed. "Don't ever do that again!" he scolded me. "The concern does not do well for my youthful complexion." I smiled and returned his quick hug.

". . . I'm glad you're alright. . ." I heard the quiet voice and smiled when I saw Napstablook hesitantly floating behind Mettaton. I gave him a smile.

"I'm glad you came, Blooky," I said, referring to the nickname that Mettaton used. Napstablook gave me a kind smile in response.
"So who do we have to kill!" Undyne shouted, suddenly looking very angry and fierce.

"Wish we knew," Sans said tensely.

"What! You mean you still don't know who did this!?" Undyne shouted.

"Kiddo doesn't remember seeing anyone," Sans told her with a shrug. I could tell the movement was strained.

"Damn it!" Undyne pounded a fist into the bed, and I felt it shake underneath me. Alphys put a hand on Undyne's shoulder and she relaxed a bit, taking her hand.

"Well, I'm going to keep patrolling until we find whoever did this and end them," Undyne promised me.

"Okay," I said, giggling a little. Her enthusiasm for protecting me was making me happy.

"Now, now," Asgore interjected. "I know we all are angry about what happened to Frisk, but perhaps we should talk to whoever did this when we find them. Try to figure out why they would attack Frisk."

"Asgore, don't be such a softie!" Undyne scolded. "They tried to kill your kid! You can't let them just get away with it!"

"That's not what I meant at all, and I have no intention of letting them get away with it," he said firmly, his expression suddenly making me uneasy. I had never seen his face look quite like that. "I simply want to understand why they did this, so I can punish them properly."

Undyne smiled. "Agreed!"

"Now, now, let's settle down," Toriel said gently, trying to calm everyone. "I think Frisk is quite tired and would like to rest, wouldn't you my child?"

I nodded a little sheepishly. Despite the fact that I had apparently been asleep for four days, I felt surprisingly exhausted.

"I'll draw you a hot bath," she said gently. "And I think it's about time we have another of our little healing sessions, what do you say?"

I nodded eagerly, grateful for the suggestion. My body ached.

Everyone filed out of the room, giving me gentle hugs and smiles as they left, telling me they'd come by to see me soon. Sans stood, and left the room as well, expression uneasily blank.

Toriel returned to my room a few minutes later and helped me into the bathroom. She helped me remove most of my clothes, as I would have had a lot of difficulty with it on my own, and then left the room.

I noticed a garbage bag sitting on the floor by the bathroom counter and, curious, opened it. Inside were blood soaked bandages and, I noticed with a bit of shock, the clothes I had worn that night.

I saw, with a little twist of guilt that Sans' hoodie was in there as well. I pulled it out and saw slashes against the back of the fabric and the material was soaked in blood, a shocking amount of it. I shoved the clothes back into the bag, pulling the strings tight again.

I leaned against the bathroom counter and pulled some scissors out of the drawer, slowly removing
the bandages from around my body, wincing a little as they stuck to my cuts. When they fell off I
suddenly gasped, finally seeing the damage that had been done.

Many shallow gashes covered my back, from my right shoulder to my left hip, varying in length
and size. They were red, and I could see the flesh under my torn skin. I swallowed a little, feeling
my stomach twist nauseously.

The door to the bathroom suddenly opened, and I looked up, expecting it to be Toriel. It was Sans,
and I quickly grabbed my shirt, clutching it to my chest to try and cover myself.

His eyes flicked away from me, and he turned to shut the door.

"Are you sufficiently covered?" he asked, still facing the door.

"Not really," I said breathlessly. The only thing I was wearing was my underwear and the shirt I
clutched to my chest.

He chuckled and turned. I turned my face away to hide my blush, but not before I noticed his
cheekbones were also a bright blue, practically glowing in the dim room.

"You're good enough. I need to see the cuts to heal them better anyways," he said, walking over to
me slowly.

"I thought Toriel would be healing me," I said quietly. I couldn't look at him, and I still hadn't
moved from where I leaned back against the counter.

"She was the last to heal you, and her magic hasn't recharged yet," he told me. I could swear he
sounded a little breathless as well, but I quickly told myself I must be imagining it. "You'll have to
deal with me." He gestured at the tub. "Sit."

I walked over, sitting on the edge of the tub. He joined me, turning me to look at my back. I tried
not to jump when his fingers grabbed my shoulder gently. I shivered a little at his touch.

"Sorry, my hands are a little cold," he said apologetically.

"It's not that," I said, a little too quickly. I'd spoken to reassure him without realizing what exactly
I'd said. I blushed, relieved when he didn't ask me why I had shivered.

I felt his fingers stroke the skin of my back gently. I sucked in a pained breath.

"These were a lot worse when I found you. They were so deep... there was so much blood..." his
words choked to a stop. "Damnit, Frisk, the things you do to yourself," he grumbled to himself.

"Hey, I didn't exactly intend to have a near death experience," I protested.

"You put yourself in danger regardless," he grumbled. I felt a little shock of warmth, and felt magic
suddenly course into my body from his touch. I felt my pain ease a bit, and closed my eyes, letting
out a relieved sigh at the feeling. I felt the magic slowly spread through my whole body, but the
strongest of it was focused on my back. After several minutes like that Sans lifted a hand, placing it
gently on the back of my head and repeating the process.

"Your skull was almost split open when I found you," he said quietly. I could hear pain in his
voice.

"Well, I'm not really surprised, it hurt like hell," I said, sighing and slumping forward, my muscles
suddenly much more tired now that the pain had eased.

When he removed his hands he sat back a little. "I'm done," he said.

"Thank you," I said, putting as much gratitude and warmth into the thanks as I could.

"No problem, kiddo," he said, and I heard him rub his skull.

"Sorry about your hoodie, by the way," I said quietly.

He made a small strangled noise in the back of his throat, despite the lack of an actual throat. "You think I care about a hoodie? I'm just glad you're alive." He sat in silence for a few seconds.

"I'll... leave you to your bath." And he got up and left the bathroom, the door closing with a soft click.

I sighed, and the steam in the air stirred around my head. The steam was thick, and was beginning to bead against my skin. I stood and tossed my shirt to the floor, removing my underwear.

I wiped the mirror and examined my cuts before climbing into the bath. They were more pink than red now, thankfully. I wondered momentarily if they would leave scars, and I wasn't sure how that thought made me feel.

Scars were cool, Undyne had proved that time and again, but I wasn't sure if I liked the thought of the giant scars marring my back. The thought made me a little sad.

I sat in the tub for what seemed like hours until the water was almost cold. I climbed out, drying myself with a towel and dressing in the soft, long nightshirt and pajama shorts that Toriel had left for me on the counter.

I exited and returned to my room, a bit surprised when I saw Sans still sitting in the chair beside my bed.

He fixed me in an intense stare when I entered the room. I sighed inwardly, dreading the conversation to come.

I just shuffled over to my bed and crawled under the covers for protection, curling myself into a ball as I looked at him from part way under the blankets.

He gave me a surprisingly soft smile and leaned forward, stroking my head gently.

"Just sleep," he said quietly. "You need it. We'll talk in the morning."

The thought made me nervous, and I wasn't sure for a moment if I'd be able to sleep with the anticipation of the conversation to come, but I was so exhausted I quickly succumbed to sleep. I was thankful I didn't have any dreams that night.

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I woke slowly. At first I wasn't sure why my body felt so sore, or why I could see a chair beside my bed. Then I remembered, and groaned. I slowly sat up, gingerly moving so that I wouldn't hurt myself. I rubbed my eyes and glanced at the clock. It was already one in the afternoon.

I quickly moved to stand up, surprised I'd slept in so late. Right when my feet hit the floor, the door opened. Sans entered, carrying a tray.
He stopped when he saw me awake. His expression was unreadable. He came into the room, closing the door softly behind himself, walking over to my bed and set the tray down beside me. There was a bowl of soup, a small slice of pie and a cup of golden flower tea with what I could smell was honey.

"You haven't eaten in a while, we thought soup might go down easy," he said, no inflection in his voice.

"Thank you," I said softly. I pulled the tray into my lap and began to eat the soup. My stomach had been twisting and clenching nervously every minute I'd been awake, and I didn't realize how hungry I was until I tasted the soup. I quickly downed the bowl, and Sans sat down on the bed beside me, not saying anything.

At the moment, I was too hungry to care. I moved onto the pie next, it was apple and caramel and it was delicious. I downed the tea in between bites to avoid choking on my food. I noticed there was mint in the tea as well, probably to settle my stomach.

With the tray was empty and my hunger pangs at least gone, I sat back a little nervously. I moved the tray to the table beside my bed and sat back, pulling a blanket around my shoulders nervously.

I knew that we would have to talk about this, but I definitely wasn't going to be the one to start it. I twisted my hands nervously in my lap, not looking at him.

"Frisk," he finally began. "I'm not going to push you about why you were out in that forest, I know you don't want to tell me. I don't like that you won't trust me, but I'm not going to press it."

I opened my mouth to speak, but was quickly interrupted. His eyes met mine, and they were very serious. I snapped my mouth shut with the intense look on his face.

"What I do want to know, is who attacked you?"

"I told you, I don't know," I said quietly, desperately. "I didn't see anyone."

"Frisk, you were out by the ruins, no monsters go out there anymore, who do you think attacked you?"

I paused. My eyes widened in shock. "You can't mean..."

"Who else?"

I shook my head hastily. "No, he wouldn't do this. He couldn't be behind this."

"Who else would hurt you? There isn't a monster in the underground who would want to harm you."

"But why would he suddenly attack me now, after so many years? Why not do anything before this?"

"Because you suddenly made yourself vulnerable. He knows better than to leave the ruins, there are too many monsters who would see him if he tried to hurt you. And you went right to him, alone, in the middle of the night."

"It's been so long..."

"People can hold grudges for a long time."
I bit my lip, contemplating. I had told Sans about Flowey, to some degree. After everything had happened, I had explained to him what happened during my time in the underground, telling him of Flowey's involvement and how the barrier had broken, to some degree. I never once mentioned who Flowey really was. I had made a promise to Asriel.

Which is why I was feeling so conflicted. Sans thought this was just some evil flower with a grudge, but I wasn't so sure. Asriel had said he might return to his form as a flower, but I wasn't sure if I'd believed him.

Sans also didn't know that I'd returned to the ruins a couple times in the first few years I'd been here, looking for Asriel, or Flowey. Neither had been in the ruins when I'd looked, but it had been years.

If Asriel really had returned to his old form, and had succumbed to his hate again, that would explain why I had been attacked, but I just didn't want to believe it. I wanted to believe that Asriel was still in him, that my friend was still there. But I couldn't be sure.

"Frisk, you realize that we can't just do nothing about this," Sans said quietly. My head snapped up when I realized what he was implying.

I began to shake my head in protest, pleading him with my eyes. "You can't just kill him."

"And why not? He tried to kill you. Once he knows that it wasn't successful, what's to stop him from trying again?"

"Like you said, he never attacked before because coming out of the ruins would be too risky. He wouldn't come out now. I'll just stay away from the ruins, and that forest completely."

"Kid, we can't take that chance. He was so close, he might just be angry enough to come after you again, regardless of the danger. Stay hidden until you're alone, and then finish the job."

"You act like I can't protect myself," I said, indignant.

"You almost died once."

"I know, but I was unprepared. I didn't expect anyone to be out there. I did manage to avoid dying against everyone when I first fell down here."

"Flowey is not a normal monster. He has no compassion. You can't use mercy to protect yourself against a relentless and ruthless enemy."

"I can try. I probably wouldn't need to. He probably won't come after me again, and if he does I'll just hold him off until someone does come."

"Not gonna happen. While I wouldn't mind watching you 24/7, it's not gonna work forever. I will not leave a homicidal psychopath alive who wants you dead. It's not gonna happen," he said firmly.

I sighed, beginning to get desperate. "If I can talk to him-

"Definitely not gonna happen."

"Sans, hear me out. If we go and talk to him, try to make him see sense, maybe I can get through to him. He's been alone for so long, maybe I can convince him there would be a place here for him. Maybe all he needs is a family."
"And if it doesn't work? If he tries to kill you?"

"Then you can kill him." My stomach twisted as I said those words.

Sans sighed heavily.


Seeing the desperation on my face he finally caved. "Alright, fine. We'll give the damn flower a chance. But if it doesn't work, I'm killing him, no arguments."

I nodded in agreement.

"Alright, but we're waiting until you've fully recovered before we do this."

I sighed relieved, and nodded in agreement. That was perfect.

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Two weeks later, I was as healed as I was going to get. Everyone insisted I get a checkup with Alphys just to be sure, and I eagerly agreed.

Alphys did a checkup and drew some blood, leaving the room to check that everything was in order. As soon as she left, I slid off the cot and began to rummage through the cabinets, looking for a particular bottle.

I had done a little research, and this was something I knew Alphys would have. Seeing the bottle I made a little triumphant "Ha!" and slid it into my bag, hopping back onto the cot to wait.

Alphys returned and assured me that all was well, and I returned home.

A few days later I was at the skeleton brothers home with Sans, preparing to go to the ruins.

I offered to make us tea to ease our nerves before we left. When he declined, I admitted it was more to ease my nerves and he reluctantly agreed.

I was grateful when he didn't follow me into the kitchen. I quickly made the tea and slipped the pills into his tea, watching them dissolve as I stirred them in. I probably put in more than I should have, but I had to be sure. I wasn't even sure if these would affect a skeleton, or a monster at all, but I had to try.

I brought the cups back in and we sat on the couch, staring absently at whatever was on TV and drinking our cups. A little thrill of triumph went through me when he downed it all, rather quickly. Maybe a little too quickly, I noted with a bit of worry.

We sat and watched TV, and as the minutes passed I noticed Sans had grown quiet. Looking over I saw him slumped forward, passed out. I tapped his arm, seeing if he was just asleep like normal. I shoved him and he fell over into a laying position on the couch. He didn't even stir. The pills had worked.

I quickly stood and grabbed my things, I didn't know how much time I had. I draped a blanket over him and kissed his head.

"Sorry Sans," I quietly murmured, knowing he couldn't hear me. I quickly departed, making my way for the ruins, hoping I would be able to find Flowey, and talk some sense into him.
That's right, Flowey bitch ass.
Shit's gonna get real.
Sorry I'm late in posting guys, works been a bitch, so I tried to make this chapter a little longer for you. Hope you continue to enjoy the story and feedback is welcome.
Thank you so much my lovely readers :3
The Truth

Chapter Summary

A few people find out some important little details.

Chapter Notes

Sooo, things are gonna happen. Thank you for reading my story, you are all lovely people <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I quickly made my way to the ruins, pushing the door open and sliding inside, glad to be away from the biting winds of the forest.

I made my way through the ruins quickly, slipping through Toriel's dust covered, empty home. The ruins were completely silent, eerily so, and it further unnerved me.

I called quietly for Flowey as I walked the tunnels, keeping myself alert so as to avoid another surprise attack.

I wasn't surprised when I back tracked all the way to the spot I fell before I found him. He was nestled in the flower patch, towering above the others, face tilted upwards towards the sun.

"Flowey," I called quietly. He didn't turn.

"I knew I hadn't killed you," he whispered. The emptiness in his voice sent shivers across my skin and a pang through my heart.

"No, but you were close. Why attack me now, after so much time?" I asked, straight to business. I felt no need to stall.

"If you're dead maybe I can take back control over the saves. Maybe I can still reset."

I wanted to ask him what good it would do, but refrained. It wouldn't help to remind him there was nothing resetting would do.

"I'm sorry I left you here, Flowey. I tried to find you, after it was all over. I wanted to help."

"You can't help me. You never could help me. Everyone else has their happy ending. What does it matter if I do?"

"Asriel," I said, stepping towards him. It happened suddenly. My soul was yanked out of my chest, and surrounded by little glowing pellets, and his head whipped around to look at me, twisted in anger.

"dO noT cALl mE thaT!" Flowey screamed. I felt a sudden shock of fear. This was not the face of
my friend. That was not his voice. "You gave up on me!"

"I never gave up on you! I've been trying to find a happy ending for you too!"

"You think giving me a house is enough to give me a happy ending?" his voice was still strained, but less twisted.

I didn't know how to answer. "There is a home for you, Flowey. You can join us, Mom and Dad would love to have you around. Maybe Alphys can find a way to help you."

"There is no help for me! The only hope I have is another reset!"

And with that his pellets struck my soul. I felt the blow, but I did not fall. I stepped towards him, reaching out to him with everything I had.

"Asriel, you are still family. I never gave up on you, I will never give up on you. You have good inside you, I know you do."

"I AM NOT ASRIEL!" his pellets hit my soul again. I just stepped closer to him. "You can't save me. NO ONE CAN SAVE ME."

"I believe in you Asriel," I whispered, taking another step. I was starting to really feel the pain. I pushed it away, focusing on the flower in front of me.

"There is no hope for me, I have no soul, remember? But maybe, with yours I can go back and fix it all."

His pellets hit me again. My health was dangerously low. I dropped to my knees, though I tried hard to keep standing. I was so close to him, so close. His face was twisted, and he let out that familiar cackling laugh, his pellets going straight for my soul. I only had one hit left in me. I closed my eyes, expecting the next blow.

Instead I felt a familiar magic wrap around my soul, shielding it.

"Flowey!"

I opened my eyes, seeing through a haze of blue. I saw Flowey's face twist in surprise and fear, and he disappeared in the ground too quickly for Sans to grab him with his magic.

I let out a sigh of defeat. I just wanted to help him, but he wouldn't let me. He was adamant to prove that he was bad, no matter how hard I tried to help him. I sighed, knowing that I would have to face Sans' anger. But I didn't regret it. I had to try.

"Frisk!" he rushed over to me, catching my body as I began to fall forward. My soul was damaged and I was beginning to feel fuzzy. I couldn't concentrate on what was around me.

I felt Sans wrap his arms around my body and felt his magic seep into my soul, healing it. The magic hit me like an electric shock, leaving my skin tingling and my body warm and fuzzy. Clarity hit me all at once.

"Frisk, are you alright?" Sans asked, arms clutching me worriedly.

I nodded. I kept my eyes in my lap, I couldn't look at him. I could feel his presence, his face was right in front of mine. I saw anger settle over his features.
"Frisk, what the hell were you thinking? Drugging me? Really?"

I didn't answer, and he sighed heavily.

"You almost got yourself killed, again. Doin' somethin' stupid. Again. What were you thinking?"

He grabbed my chin and lifted my head. I tried to ignore the shock the touch sent across my skin. His intense gaze stole my breath. He was waiting for me to answer, I couldn't stay silent.

"I had to try," I whispered.

"What, did you not trust me?" The hurt in his voice twisted my stomach painfully.

"It's not that I didn't trust you, I just didn't want him die, even if I couldn't get through to him."

"So you risk your life for the fucking flower that tried to kill you and would probably kill you again? Frisk-"

"I had to try," I murmured. Sans sighed angrily and released my chin. I dropped my head.

"Did you even save before you came in here?" he asked, the sudden question shocked me. He had never once actually voiced his knowledge of saves. Even though I knew he was aware of my ability to save, he had never voiced it before.

I shook my head slightly at the question. It had been a very long time since I had used save. It hadn't occurred to me to do so now.

Sans sighed heavily at my answer. If I had died, I really would have died. Or I might have had to to reset. Either way, it wouldn't have been good.

"I'm sorry, Frisk."

I was about ask why when I felt the world fall away, and magic tingled across my skin. I found myself on the floor of Sans' room. He stood up and away from me. I felt a pressure and I quickly leapt up, grabbing onto his sleeve before he could teleport away.

"What are you going to do?" I demanded.

"What do you think, Frisk?"

"You can't just kill him," I said, panicked.

"He tried to kill you, twice. He has made it obvious he's not just going to leave you alone, and I'm not leavin' a threat out there like that."

"I did not come this far just to give up on him now!" I yelled, panic making my voice crack. "I didn't spend so much time befriending everyone, risking my life to save everyone just to kill him because it's an easy out. I can't just give up on him!"

Sans' hand pried my fingers from his sleeve. His face was set, he wouldn't budge with this. I felt a pressure and shouted before he could teleport away.

*I'm sorry, Asriel, I have no choice.*

"He's not just a flower!"
Sans paused. He must have seen the panic in my eyes.

"What do you mean, kid?" he asked, suspicious.

I slumped a bit. I was feeling drained already. I had never meant to tell his secret, not unless I found a way to help him. I felt guilty, even if it was only Sans I was telling.

"Do you know the story of Tori and Asgore's child?"

"Of course, Frisk. Every monster does, but what does that have to do with anything?"

"When Asriel died, his dust spread across that garden. The first golden flower bloomed where his ashes spread. When Alphys was doing her experiments with determination, she injected it into a flower. The first flower. The one that had grown from Asriel's dust."

I saw realization dawn on Sans' face, and a sudden uneasiness.

"What do you know about those experiments, kid?"

"Not much, just what I read of them in her lab. I found it right before the barrier fell. Who do you think convinced her to tell the truth and return the amalgamations to their families?"

Sans snorted. "That makes sense. I shouldn't be surprised. So this flower. . ."

"When the determination was injected into him, it woke him up. He had Asriel's consciousness. . ."

I paused to make sure he was listening. "But not his soul."

"Without a soul . . ."

"He has no emotions, no compassion."

"So tell me this story of how the barrier fell again. Cause you obviously weren't honest about it last time."

"Not. . . completely." And I told him Asriel's story. At the end of it, he just sighed, rubbing the back of his skull uncomfortably.

We stood in silence. Finally, he spoke, his voice strained.

"Frisk, I'm sorry. I know you still have hope for him, but he's not Asriel anymore. He proved that when he tried to take your soul. I can't just let him get away with it."

I felt the pressure on my skin, but I wasn't fast enough. I jumped forward but he was already gone.

~~~

In the days waiting for Frisk to wake, Sans had easily figured out who had attacked her. There was only one person who it could have been.

Frisk had befriended every monster, and the ruins had long ago been abandoned regardless. There was only one person left who could have attacked her.

Sans hadn't voiced his suspicions to anyone, no one knew about the flower besides himself. Instead, he'd simply mentioned they search the ruins, knowing Undyne and Asgore would be quick to jump to action. And sure enough, they had. All the knights had been dispatched to the ruins and surrounding forest.
Sans had even had trouble trying to keep Papyrus out of the search party, and failed entirely. Papyrus had never been more serious or adamant about anything before. Undyne had left to retrieve Papyrus from Snowdin right after the incident, and Papyrus had been absolutely distraught when he heard about what happened to Frisk. When they'd begun preparations to find who had done it, Papyrus had absolutely insisted on joining them, and nothing Sans could say would change his mind. He'd been surprisingly quick to shed his childishness, quickly replaced with a fierce protectiveness of the human who had become their family. Thankfully, they hadn't met with any danger in the ruins.

Sans had joined in the searching himself, of course, but none of them had been able to find any trace of anything. And he'd been reluctant to be away from Frisk for too long.

But of course now, there was no doubt as to who the attack had come from, even if there was more to it than he had realized. He would never have been able to guess who the flower was. He'd known about the experiments Alphys had been performing with determination, he himself had been apart of them for a while, though that was before her time. He never would have thought it was possible for it to essentially reanimate the dead, though it did make sense. Flowey had been somewhat of a mystery before now, he'd been unable to understand the damn flower's motivation for the things he'd done, and he'd known there were things Frisk hadn't told him as a child, but this.

Honestly, despite the somewhat surprising revelation, he couldn't bring himself to care. That fucking flower had tried to kill Frisk, twice. That fucking flower had left her mangled and bleeding in the snow, had really almost killed her, her heart had stopped for fuck's sake.

And again, when he'd come awake in his house, he'd sensed it. That immediate sense of danger. And sure enough, there she'd been, nearly collapsed, her soul dimly glowing as that fucking flower almost hit her with what surely would have been a killing blow. He was so angry, he couldn't bring himself to care who the flower was. All that mattered was that he had hurt her. He had hurt his Frisk. And he was gonna fucking pay for it.

Sans didn't hesitate teleporting back to the ruins where he'd last seen the flower. He wasn't getting away with it this time. Now that Frisk was fully healed, he didn't need to worry about limiting how much magic he used. So he didn't. He quickly used his magic to search the ruins as he teleported through them, using it to search where his eyes couldn't. And sure enough he found the fucking flower, burrowed under the ground, hiding from him.

He quickly wrapped his magic around him, pulling him to the surface and tossing him across the chamber to crash against the wall. He couldn't care less about the fucking flower. He was so angry. More angry than he could ever remember being, besides in his dreams.

But this was different. This was very much real. Anger pulsed through his bones, pierced his skull almost painfully. He'd never felt so angry. His magic was almost out of control. He wasn't sure he was entirely in control as he saw that flower raise its face to look at him, sneering as though he wasn't the least bit afraid.

Flowey stretched out his thorny vines, lashing out at him. Sans was quick to teleport out of the way, bringing himself closer as he tightened his magic around Flowey. He grimaced as he felt the
magic tighten almost painfully.

Flowey opened his mouth to taunt him again, but before he could, Sans slammed him into the wall again, this time hard enough to leave his petals wilted and tear one of his leaves. As Flowey slid to the ground, his facade faded as he suddenly realized just how much danger he was in. He seemed to realize he wasn't going to get out of this easy. Death, he soon realized, would be welcome after what he had done.

Sans came to a realization as he looked down at Flowey. Flowey was entirely made of determination, it was the only reason he was alive. Sans was aware that there had been time fluctuations even before Frisk had come to the Underground. And now he realized why. The only creatures capable of save had to have massive amounts of determination. And considering the flower was entirely made of determination. . . now it made sense. And realizing that Flowey was the one behind all those time fluctuations all those years ago only made him angrier.

"It was you," Sans snarled, and saw Flowey flinch back from the anger in his voice.

And Flowey knew. Flowey knew he was in trouble. He knew Sans was aware of save. He had become aware of it when he'd messed with the timeline, before Frisk came. He had always been careful to avoid the skeleton. Flowey had always known there were secrets to the deceptively unassuming skeleton, he knew there were things he couldn't discover about him, and he'd always been wary around him. He'd never messed with him too much, not after that unfortunate accident he came across the first time he became destructive. He'd been sure not to do it again.

And now the damn skeleton was more angry than he had even seen him back then, when he'd nearly killed everyone. He had very much underestimated how much they cared about Frisk.

Then again, he couldn't feel, of course he wouldn't understand how much they loved her. And boy had he messed up this time.

Sans snarled angrily, the sound coming out as a strangled animalistic growl as he slammed Flowey against the wall again, firmly wrapping him in magic as Flowey tried to burrow his roots in the ground. He lifted his roots completely clear of the soil, effectively weakening him.

Flowey twisted and writhed, trying to escape the grip of magic, but was unable. It wrapped firmly around his roots and vines, making it so he couldn't stretch them. There was nothing he could do as the skeleton slammed him ruthlessly against the wall.

Sans had never been so angry. The rage twisted in his head, making rational thought difficult. All he could see was Frisk's battered body as she bled out on the snow, her soul cracked and weak. He could feel his magic twisting in the air uncontrollably, the magic flames licking up the side of his skull, and was incredibly grateful the ruins were empty.

Raising his hand, he decided it was time to end this. He constricted his magic around Flowey, and twisted. The magic pulled and tore at Flowey's body, causing excruciating pain. Flowey twisted and writhed as he screamed out in agony, unable to do anything else. His vines and roots twitched and squirmed, trying to escape the magic that was tearing his body apart by its cells.

Seeing Flowey twist in pain caused a pang of satisfaction through the enraged skeleton. But then, right before he could finish the job, Frisk's desperate face flashed in his head. Her pleading eyes flashed in his vision and he let out an angry growl as he tried to push it away, twisting his magic again, causing Flowey to scream out.

He tried so hard to push away his image of her, but his anger was slipping. Her pleading voice
sounded in his head and he growled again. He couldn't do this.

He slowly eased his magic until it was wrapped softly around the flower, holding him firmly in place. Flowey wilted, head hanging as he let out a sigh of relief, leaves trembling.

"Damnit! FUCK!" Sans yelled, his magic shaking the earth, causing cracks in the stones beneath his feet as he let out the anger he could no longer direct at the flower.

Flowey raised his head hesitantly, watching the skeleton warily.

Sans sighed heavily, knowing he had to come up with some kind of solution. He couldn't kill the fucking flower, but he couldn't just let him go either. Not after what he had done.

As he stood, contemplating what he could do, Flowey watched him in silence, too afraid to antagonize him further. Finally, Sans couldn't deny that there was only one choice. He knew Frisk might not be happy with it, but he figured she'd be happier with this than the alternative.

Wrapping Flowey in magic firmly, he teleported to Alphys' lab, going to one of the empty, unused lab rooms.

Flowey blinked in confusion at his new surroundings, before looking at the skeleton warily.

"What are you doing?" Flowey asked with the slightest sneer.

"You're going to stay here and I'm going to get help dealing with you. Then, Frisk is going to come talk to you. And you are going to listen." Sans growled angrily, still reluctant to be doing this.

Flowey blinked as he realized what Sans was doing. "What exactly do you plan to do? Hold me here until I agree to listen to that stupid child?"

Sans shot him a withering glare and Flowey flinched, but he wasn't willing to back down. He figured death would be better than agreeing to whatever Frisk wanted.

"If you think I'm just going to suddenly change my ways and join your stupid family, you're more of an idiot than I thought. I'd rather die. So why don't you get it over with and kill me, you damn sMilEy TraSh baG."

Sans eyes went dark as he smiled threateningly at Flowey, his bones thrumming in pleasure as Flowey's twisted expression fell to one of fear looking at the dark expression on his face.

"You're going to cooperate, and talk to Frisk, and agree to whatever she offers you. Or you're going to spend every day for the rest of your miserable life just wishing for death," Sans growled, tightening his magic around Flowey to emphasize the threat. Flowey tried to glare back, but he couldn't hide his fear. Death he thought he could handle, but the pain he had felt... he never wanted to feel it again. It reminded him of the feeling of dying, his cells tearing apart as he'd turned to dust, only it was slow, and it didn't end.

Sans didn't bother to wait for a reply, just stalked out of the room, closing the door firmly behind himself. He made sure Flowey was secure with his magic with no way of escape before he left to find Alphys and Undyne.

As he came into their room upstairs he wasn't surprised to find them sitting on their bed watching anime. They looked up, a little surprised at the sudden intrusion. Both women looked exhausted. This was the first time Undyne had really rested since Frisk had been attacked.
"Sans, what is it?" Undyne asked, seeing the serious expression on his face, and the magic that still glowed in his socket.

"I found who attacked Frisk," he simply stated, knowing he wouldn't be able to hide it.

Undyne's face twisted angrily as she leapt out of the bed, conjuring a spear in her hand. "You better have left them alive! I'm gonna be the one to tear them apart!"

"Undyne," Sans said, raising a hand. The seriousness in his tone caused both women to pause. "They're alive, but-"

"Then show them to me!"

"Undyne," Sans said firmly.

"Undyne," Alphys whispered, reaching out a hand and placing on it her girlfriend's enraged arm. "We should listen. You know Sans wouldn't have left them alive without good reason. And I don't think letting you have a go was what he had in mind."

Undyne sighed and glared at Sans. "Well, what is it then?"

"We need to talk," was all Sans said.

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"Sans!" I yelled, knowing he wouldn't hear me. He had left me up in his room, with no way to get out. I stomped over to his door to the balcony, but it was locked. I kicked it in frustration, but the glass didn't even budge.

I paced the room, panicking. I couldn't get out. I couldn't stop him. I had no access to a phone or anything.

After an hour I finally slumped down on his bed in defeat. My heart was twisting and tears slid down my cheeks. Asriel was probably already dead. I laid on his bed, hugging his pillow to my chest and watching the snow swirling outside the balcony door.

Chapter End Notes

So this is what happens when you mess with Frisk.
Never mess with Frisk.
Feedback is always welcome :3
I laid on the bed for several hours, just watching the snow fall. Eventually my tears stopped falling, and I just felt empty and drained, like there was nothing left in me.

I had tried so hard to save everyone, I had tried so hard to give everyone the happy ending they deserved. I had hoped to one day save Asriel too, and now that hope was gone. And now that I knew that, I just felt empty. I would never see my friend again.

I felt the pressure of the air change, brushing against my skin as Sans teleported back into his room, several hours later.

I didn't turn to acknowledge him. I just stared out the window, watching the snow. I'd rolled onto my stomach, and I clutched the pillow tightly when I heard Sans take a step towards me.

"Frisk," he mumbled softly, seeming concerned. I didn't answer him.

His hand touched my back gently and I felt anger pulse through my veins. I twisted away from him, sitting up.

"Don't touch me," I growled. My voice broke at the end, and I cursed at myself for not being able to be more firm. I hadn't felt anger like that in a very long time and it scared me.

Sans' face fell and he stepped back. I noticed with a bit of surprise that his left eye was dimly glowing blue, as though he were using his magic.

"What did you do to him?" I asked angrily, expecting his answer.

"Nothing," he answered, and I sat back in shock. I hadn't been expecting that.

"What do you mean nothing? You've been gone for hours."

"I was looking for the damn flower, but I didn't kill 'em."

"You... you didn't?" I asked a little breathlessly, my anger slowly leaving me.

"No, I didn't. We're holding that flower at Alphys' lab."

"You actually managed to capture him?"

"Yeah, it was a huge pain in the ass, and it would've been easier to kill 'em, but I captured him instead."

"Why?" It's not like I wasn't grateful, but it was just not what I had expected at all.

"Because when I captured him I just couldn't kill him. He was pushing me too, but I just couldn't. I couldn't stop seeing how angry and disappointed you'd be if I did." His face was cast down and I could hear pain in his voice. My heart leaped in my chest.

I scrambled off the bed and wrapped him in a tight hug. He froze for a second, seeming surprised before wrapping his arms around me.
"Thank you," I murmured into his jacket, my words muffled. His arms tightened around me, lifting me off my feet as he straightened, holding me in his arms.

"The things I do for you," he mumbled with a chuckle, tightening his arms before setting me down.

"I want to see him," I said firmly as I met his eyes.

"Heh, figured you would," he smiled and held out his hand. I took it and the world fell away, the magic tingling on my skin. We ended up downstairs.

"Not gonna teleport to her lab?" I asked curiously.

"Not enough magic. It's an effort to keep that flower under control from this far away for so long," So that explained his eye.

"We should hurry then," I said, and we left. We accepted a ride from the river person and went straight to Hotland. As we stepped off the boat I heard the river person whisper.

"Tra la la la. Beware of the man who speaks in hands."

I continued to step forward, pretending not to have heard the whispered words. I had heard them once before, in my original journey through the Underground. They had always made me uncomfortable, they sent a shiver down my spine and made my head pound for a moment as I tried to discern what they meant. They were somehow familiar, even though I had no idea what they meant.

I ignored the shiver that went down my back and just stepped forward, pretending not to have heard them. I also pretended not to notice Sans tense up at he heard the words. He grabbed my hand in his and pulled me ahead at a faster pace.

We entered Alphys' lab and went straight to the elevator, making our way downstairs to her old lab. We went through the tunnels and went into one room behind a particularly heavy metal door.

He shut it firmly behind himself when he entered the room. Alphys was already there, Undyne by her side.

"I left Alphys here to keep an eye on the little shit, and Undyne to keep her safe," Sans explained. I nodded, and gave him a questioning look. He seemed to understand and shook his head slightly, just enough so I would see it, but they wouldn't. I sighed a bit in relief. They didn't know Flowey's secret.

"You're being soft, Frisk," Undyne mumbled. "When something tries to kill you, you fight back damnit!" her voice rose, and she flicked the spear she held in her fist.

"There's more to him than just being a murderous flower. I know there is. I can make him see reason," I tried to sound assuring. But even I wasn't entirely sure of this.

Alphys and Undyne sighed.

"You can leave him to us," Sans assured them. They exchanged a look, but reluctantly left the room.

He pulled back a curtain and on the other side, Flowey dangled from the ceiling, wrapped in constricting blue magic. His vines and roots dangled nearly to the floor, as though he had attempted to get free of the magic, unsuccessfully.
He raised his head and glared at me.

"Come to gloat?" he sneered.

"I'm glad to see you're not hurt, Flowey," I murmured softly, putting as much warmth and sincerity as I could behind the words. He jerked back, as though my kindness physically hurt him.

"Just kill me," Flowey said in defeat, hanging his head.

"I told you before Flowey, and my answer is still the same. I will always grant you mercy. You know this."

"Then what exactly do you have planned for me?" he asked begrudgingly.

"I have a few ideas, and here's how this is going to go. I'm going to give you two choices, and what happens afterward..." I shrugged. "It will only be your doing."

"What are you talking about?" he asked angrily. "I will not indulge you."

I smiled. "Here's your choices. You will give me what I want, you will try to be good, and you will agree to join our little family and at least put in some effort to being good or..."

"You really are an idiot. What makes you think I would ever agree to that?"

"Or I will tell Mom and Dad and everyone else who you really are. What do you suppose they'll do with that knowledge?"

Flowey's face froze in shock. "You wouldn't," he tried to sneer but he was clearly afraid. "You made me a promise not to ever tell them. You wouldn't go back on a promise." His words were desperate.

"You're right, I wouldn't. But that was a promise I made to Asriel, not to you."

"Aren't we the same thing?"

"Are you?" I asked, raising an eyebrow, smile twitching at the corner of my lips. He froze realizing what he had said. He sneered at me again. "No, we aren't."

"Good," I replied. He huffed and twisted angrily, vines squirming. Sans' magic tightened its grip.

"You really are evil," he sighed, going still. We stood in silence for a few more minutes, Flowey staring at the floor, contemplating.

"Well? What's your answer?" I asked. Flowey's brows drew together and he turned his eyes to look at me.

"You really are serious, aren't you?"

"Deadly," I replied, face set. I would, if Flowey left me no choice.

"Fine," he hissed angrily. "I'll play your little game. But how are you going to explain to your family who I am?"

"They know a bit about you already Flowey. I'll just tell them the truth. As much as I can."
"How do you think they're going to react when you tell them I'm the person who tried to kill you?"

"Probably much the same as me, kiddo," Sans murmured from where he leaned against the wall.

"Sans, you're not helping," I scolded, giving him a glare. He shrugged, indicating that he'd only been telling the truth.

"The smiley trash bag over there is telling the truth," Flowey said, sneering at Sans.

"Hey now, I'm giving you a chance here, don't piss me off," I warned him. He wriggled uncomfortably, sensing the sudden protective anger in my voice. I felt Sans' eyes settle on me and I knew he had fixed me in another intense stare. I didn't turn to look at him, just continued to address Flowey.

"I will tell them as much of the truth as I can, and I will make them listen. I won't let them hurt you," I promised.

"Wait..." Flowey froze, looking at Sans. "The skeleton knows doesn't he?"

I sighed. "Yes, he does."

"You've already broken your promise," Flowey growled.

"Technically not," I protested. "I promise I would never tell Mom or Dad about you, it was never said that I couldn't tell anyone else."

"It was implied," Flowey grumbled.

"But not actually said," I protested strongly. "Besides, if I hadn't said anything, you'd probably be dead by now."

Sans chuckled. "Yup," was all he said.

Flowey wriggled uncomfortably and let out a frustrated growl. "Alright, fine. I will play your stupid game."

"Good," I said, giving him a triumphant smile.

"Why are you trusting me?" Flowey asked suddenly. "I could just try to kill you again."

"You do that and you're dead," Sans growled, tightening the blue magic around Flowey to enunciate the threat.

"I know you're not stupid enough to try to kill me in a home surrounded by friends who wouldn't hesitate to rip you to shreds the second you try anything. And if you think one soul will do you any good against them, you're wrong, so I wouldn't even try if I were you."

Flowey sighed heavily. He knew I was right.

"Fine. I'll indulge you. But it won't change anything."

"It might."

"I've tried."

"I know."
"It won't help." There was pain in his voice.

"It might."

He sighed, defeated.

"Sans," I looked to him. He was leaning against the wall, arms crossed. He raised a brow at me. "Let him down." He sighed heavily, but did as I asked. Flowey slowly fell the ground. His vines and roots shrank inwards. He had no dirt to dig his roots into.

"I'll be right back," I said, and quickly left the room. I went to Alphys's lab and grabbed a pot, filling it with dirt, and grabbed a spare pot for later.

I returned to room and placed the pot in front of him. He gave me an exasperated look.

"Really?"

"How else are we going to keep an eye on you? We can't just have you wandering around."

He sighed and slowly pulled himself into the pot by his roots, burying them in the soil. He gave me a look as though to ask if I were satisfied. I picked up the pot, with Flowey inside and gave him a big smile. He glared at me in response.

"Alright, let's get this over with, and introduce you to everyone."

"Ugh," was the only response I got from Flowey. I smiled smugly and went to walk out of the room. Sans stopped me, grabbing my arm.

"Maybe I should hold onto him?"

I looked down at Flowey. He was hanging his head as though he were miserable.

"I don't think he's a threat right now."

"I insist," Sans pushed. I shrugged and sighed, handing Flowey's pot to Sans.

We went back out and Alphys and Undyne followed us to my home, where everyone else would meet with us to be introduced to the new member of our family. Undyne glared at Flowey angrily the whole walk home, never once putting away her spear.

Sans stood outside the sitting room with Flowey while I explained the situation to everyone. They all had similar reactions. Anger, disbelief and then begrudging acceptance. Sans brought Flowey into the room, and everyone greeted him as best they could.

"Don't worry he'll grow on you," I told them after Flowey had been taken back to my room, having reluctantly sat through my family's greetings.

"Somehow I doubt that," Undyne grumbled.

"Trust me, he's not half as bad as he tries to be," I assured them.

"He did try to kill you," Sans mumbled. He was leaning against the wall, hands shoved into the pockets of his hoodie as he watched us. He looked particularly unhappy with the turn of events.

I shot him a glare. "You're not helping."
Sans just shrugged.

"My child, are you sure it's okay to be keeping this thing..."

"He." I said, insistently. It wouldn't help if they continued to treat Flowey as a thing, an it.

"He." Toriel quickly corrected herself. "Are you sure it's okay to keep him here with us? What if he is dangerous?"

"He's not, we made sure of that. Right Sans?" I gave Sans a piercing glare, urging him to just agree and not make this more difficult.

"Yeah, he's not dangerous. Trust me Tori, I wouldn't be letting 'em near Frisk if I thought for a second he'd try anything." I sighed in relief. He was being honest at least. And thankfully, everyone seemed to be able to see this.

"Well, just be careful, Frisk," Asgore grumbled, clearly still concerned. It had taken a lot of convincing to get them to agree to this. A few fibs had to be told to lessen the severity of what Flowey had tried to do.

After it was all said and done, it was decided that Flowey would be living with us, almost like another member of our family. Almost.

Chapter End Notes

So yes, new member of the family :D
Thank you so much for reading, and feedback is welcome :3
As I came awake, I was vaguely aware of a sense of isolation. The very air felt different from usual, heavier perhaps. It was hard to pinpoint what exactly felt wrong, just that it did. Very wrong.

I opened my eyes slowly and found myself in my bed, just as usual. What wasn't usual was the lack of sound, and the fact that I was in my room completely alone. I'd fallen asleep with both Flowey and Sans in my room the night before. I'd been reluctant to leave Flowey with anyone else, and Sans had been reluctant to leave Flowey with me, so he'd insisted on staying.

I slowly climbed out of bed, a sense of dread beginning to form a tight, cold ball in my stomach. I went to my door and eased it open, looking out into the hall. Everything was dark, and more than that, the floorboards beneath my feet were thick with dust. For a second, my stomach twisted.

I knelt down, running my hand across the floor. Thankfully, it was just normal dust, as though the house hadn't been lived in in quite some time. For a moment I thought perhaps I had ended up in the ruins somehow, but when I crept out into the sitting room, I realized this wasn't it. The tv and couches we'd added to the home were there. This was still my house.

Frantically, I called out for my mother and father. I didn't receive an answer. I rushed through the house, searching all the rooms, but the house was completely vacant. Every room was dark and covered in dust, and upon closer inspection, it seemed all our photos had been tampered with somehow. It's not that they were missing it was simply as though they had become blurry practically beyond recognition.

I couldn't see the faces of any of my friends or family in the photos. In some, the faces were completely black, in others cloudy. When I rushed back into my room, I searched for my phone, hoping to contact someone, anyone. I saw it sitting on my bedside table, where I always left it when I slept, only it was completely cracked. There would be no hope of turning it back on.

Deciding I had to find answers, I set out from the house and made my way through the core. Everything was silent, even the core was still and dark, as though the power had shut down, cutting off all sustainability from the Underground.

Fear twisted in my gut. There should be no reason for the core to be off. Not yet. I rushed through MTT resort, which was also a desolate, empty ruin and continued into Hotland.

Coming up through one of the elevators, I finally found someone. As the doors slid open, I noticed with a pang of relief that there was a figure standing outside the doors. I rushed out, eager to ask them where everyone had gone.

But something was wrong. I recognized the monster, he was one I knew, vaguely. I didn't think I'd seen him in a long time. I believed him to be one of the monsters that had relocated to the surface. I wracked my brain as to why he was familiar, and why he seemed so off. And then I remembered. He'd been one of the monsters I'd run into, before entering Muffet's lair as a child. He'd been standing in front of her shop, a regretfully purchased donut in hand.

I also realized why he seemed off. He had no color. It was as though I were seeing him in black and white, like an old movie. I felt fear twist in my gut once again. Something was definitely
As I came around in front of him, I saw that his face was in shadow, but otherwise he looked to be in the same stance as I'd first seen him. He was holding something in his hand, but I couldn't quite tell what. It didn't look like a spider donut to me.

Just as I opened my mouth to ask what was going on, he spoke. His voice was colder than I remembered. Completely monotone.

"Alphys might work faster. But the old Royal Scientist? Doctor W.D. Gaster?" As he spoke, I realized what else seemed off. It wasn't the face in front of me that was moving as it talked. It was the thing he held in his hand. It looked upon closer inspection like a small head, and it bobbed as it talked. The very sight of it sent chills down my spine."One day, he vanished without a trace. They say he shattered across time and space. Ha ha... how can I say so without fear? I'm holding a piece of him right here."

And with that he vanished. The manner with which he disappeared was similar to how Sans did, but there was no flush of magic, no telltale sign. He simply disappeared, leaving me alone again.

His words ran through my head, only making me more confused. Gaster? I'd seen that name before. I couldn't recall where, but it was so familiar. The name scratched against my skull, as though it were important. As though I should remember it.

"What the hell is going on here?" I asked myself aloud. I got no answer. I took a few, careful steps back and looked around. Everything about the place around me seemed off. It was empty, silent.

Dread and fear twisted in my stomach. But standing here would get me no where, so I decided to just keep going. I would go to Snowdin, try to find Sans. He might know what was going on, he always seemed to. If he was there.

Shaking my head in confusion, I simply continued walking. As I spaced out, tried to think of what could possibly be happening, I didn't realize that my body had been leading me on it's own. In the opposite direction I needed to go. I realized I had hit the wrong button on the elevator, and as the door opened, I prepared to press it to go to the right floor. But then I felt a presence.

Stepping out of the open doors slowly, I looked to my left. And sure enough, another monster I vaguely recognized stood there. As I stepped out of the doors, I realized it was probably a bad idea to be talking to these people, but the words the last person had spoke had been repeating in my mind, and I wanted to see what he would say.

As I stepped up to him, I realized where I recognized him from. He'd been the guy standing awkwardly in the corner of Mettaton's restaurant when I'd first come down here, after my talk with Sans I'd found him simply standing by the ficus in the corner.

He was just like the other monster I'd seen. Completely devoid of color, his eyes frightening glossy and blank, as though he were an empty shell. Just as I opened my mouth to say something, he spoke.

"It makes sense why Asgore took so long to hire a new Royal Scientist. After all, the old one... Dr. Gaster. What an act to follow! They say he created the Core. However his life... was cut short. One day he fell into his creation, and... Will Alphys end up the same way?"

His voice was monotone, and the little pauses while he talked unnerved me. Almost as much as the words themselves. Gaster. Where the hell do I know that name? And then it clicked. I'd seen it as a
child, before I'd broken the barrier. It had been in Sans' lab, the room I broke into all those years ago. There'd been mentions of his name before. The fact that his name was appearing now, and in such a foreboding way. . . was extremely unnerving. Even more so because I knew he was somehow connected to Sans. I definitely had to find him. As soon as possible.

Through with my contemplating I looked up to see the monster still standing there, staring straight ahead with dead eyes, not speaking. Curious, I reached out a hand and poked his chest lightly. He didn't move, didn't respond to the touch at all. And he didn't feel right. He didn't feel like a normal monster should. He felt hard, like he was made of clay. I waved my hand in front of his face, but his eyes didn't follow the movement, just continued to stare straight ahead.

A shiver went up my spine, and I backed away slowly towards the elevator, being sure to keep an eye on him as I slipped back inside. My mind was once again occupied, and I ended up on the wrong floor. Again.

The doors opened, and I felt a presence, again. This time, I didn't want to step out of the elevator. I debated just letting the doors close and just continuing to Snowdin, but decided against it. Something was going on here, something important. It was as though I were being lead to something vital. So I stepped out of the elevator. And sure enough, another ashen monster stood there. Only he wasn't familiar, not even a little bit. I couldn't recall ever seeing a monster like him before.

As I stepped close, I waited for him to talk. And after a few moments, he did.

"I understand why Asgore waited so long to hire a new Royal Scientist. The previous one, Dr. Gaster. His brilliance was irreplaceable. However his life. . . was cut short. One day, his experiments went wrong, and. . ."

They paused, silent for a few moments. I was just about to ask what he had been about so say when he continued. "Well, I needn't gossip. After all, it's rude to talk about someone who's listening."

Those words sent a shiver down my spine, and I looked around, suddenly feeling as though I weren't so alone. Deciding not to stay in this creepy place for too much longer, I got back in the elevator and continued on, this time heading straight for Snowdin.

As I was making my way across one of the wooden docks above the water, I saw a small, very familiar figure standing at the edge of it, looking out at that water. It was Timmy, one of the monsters that had been my friend since childhood. I hadn't seen him in several years, as he'd relocated to the surface.

Seeing him again, well. It wasn't the reunion I'd imagined it would be. He was ashen, just as the others, and he didn't turn when I called his name. I crept slowly closer, and stopped a few feet away. He turned, slowly. His eyes were completely blank, frighteningly so. I shivered, and almost felt like running. But he spoke, his voice not his own.

"Have you ever thought about a world where everything is exactly the same. . . except you don't exist? Everything functions perfectly without you. . . Ha, ha. . . the thought terrifies me."

With that, he turned back around, and refused to turn again. I swallowed, my throat dry. I slowly walked away, and practically ran through the halls towards Snowdin.

I was getting close. I could see the field of grass. I entered it, somewhat hesitantly. I was on edge, and entering the grass where I wouldn't be able to see much unnerved me.
I had almost made it through, when a voice stopped me. It spoke suddenly, nearly making me jump out of my skin as I let out an involuntary squeak. The voice came from behind me, and it was just as monotone as every other voice I'd heard before.

"Excuse me. . . Yes, you, with the striped shirt. Can you do something about your friend. . .?" I frowned in confusion. I was alone out here. Or at least I thought I was. "Yes, your friend. . . the one behind you, with the creepy smile." Ice ran through my veins, and my legs felt weak under me. I turned quickly, but there was no one there. Before I could turn to move, the voice spoke again. It was exactly where it had been, this time right in front of my face, but there was no one in sight. "Hmm? Where'd your friend go?"

Deciding I'd had enough, I turned tail and ran. I didn't stop even when I reached Snowdin. I burst into the brothers house, calling for them. No one answered. Their house was just as empty and desolate and everything else. The dust lay thickly over everything. I felt my throat tighten painfully and tears began to sting my eyes.

I rushed through the house, calling for them, desperately, but it seemed to be to no avail. As I searched the kitchen for any sign, I saw that the photo Papyrus had drawn of us three together, the one that Sans had proudly displayed on the fridge, had been blacked out with crayon, as though an angry child had scribbled all over the picture until the original image was no longer visible.

The tears overflowed, and left tracks on my cheeks. I ran out of the house and back out into the snow, now gasping for air as I attempted to breathe through my panic.

*Maybe, just maybe...* It was the only lead I had. Everyone I'd encountered had been talking about Gaster.

I made my way around the house to the door in the back. The door to Sans' lab. I hadn't looked at it in ten years, but here it was, exactly as I'd remembered it. I placed my hand on the knob, and the door opened easily. It wasn't locked.

I came into the room, the florescent lights flickering on as I entered. This was the only room I'd seen that wasn't covered in dust. Unfortunately, the room was still empty.

I shuffled through the drawers, looking for some sign that someone had been here, or some explanation for what the hell was going on. As I pulled out one of the files, a picture slipped out. I jumped in surprise, but quickly bent to pick it up. It was a hastily drawn photo of three people. Sans, Papyrus, and someone I had never seen before. But he seemed familiar. And he looked somewhat like Sans and Papyrus, like he was another skeleton monster. On the bottom, in a hasty scrawl were the words *Don't forget.* I recognized the hand writing. It belonged to Sans.

I'd never seen the picture before, but it made me feel uncomfortable. As though it were a private thing. Something I shouldn't be seeing.

I quickly shoved it back into the folder and tossed it back into the drawer. Nothing was helping. As far as I could see, there were no answers here.

Leaving the room, I stood out in the snow. And then I felt a tug on my soul. It was as though an invisible hand were reaching out to me, guiding me. I didn't know where I was going, I just starting walking, somehow knowing I was getting where I needed to go.

I began making my way back through Snowdin, towards Waterfall and continuing, before I came to a familiar hallway. The sight that greeted me threw me off completely.
There was a door in the wall. A door where there had never been one before. It was a grey door, black and white like the monsters I'd seen. It was a big, metal, intimidating door. It was strange, and out of place. I could tell it was metal, but it was still designed as though it were made of wood, only making it look all the stranger. But I felt compelled to go towards it, regardless. And I was stupid enough to do so.

It wasn't like I had much other choice. I had no where else to go. The Underground was seemingly empty. My feet led me forward, almost of their own accord. I wasn't sure that I'd had have been able to turn around and walk away, even if I wanted to.

I placed my hand on the door, and the very air seemed to go still around me. I eased it open slowly. It came open with no resistance, and completely quietly, for being such a large, cumbersome door.

I stepped inside the room and the door swung closed of its own accord behind me. The room I found myself in was a completely blank room, devoid of color, and square like a small lab room would be.

And in the very center of the room stood a shadowy figure. He was much taller than me, intimidatingly so. He stood with his head bowed towards the floor. His entire being seemed off. His form was black, and shifting, almost like it was melting. Two hands rested at his sides, the darkness of his form almost dripping off them. His hands were skeletal, and he had two perfectly circular holes in the center of each hand.

As I slowly crept closer, I saw his face was somehow familiar, if somewhat distorted. The right half of his skull seemed as though it had begun to melt, and stuck that way, leaving one of his sockets drooping. He had a slight smile on his face, and two very serious looking cracks marred his skull. One ran from his drooping socket up the side of his skull, nearly all the way to the back of his head. The other was between his left socket and the corner of his mouth, twisting his smile.

As I slowly eased towards him, he didn't even raise his head to look at me. It was as though he hadn't seen me.

I think at that moment that perhaps I should be afraid. But I wasn't. The figure in front of me was imposing, but there was something about him. Something that just seemed... lonely. My soul reached out to him.

As I got closer, just close enough to touch, I reach a hesitant hand forward, calling out a soft greeting. Just as my hand touched his, his head whipped up in surprise, just noticing me. Shock ran across his features, and then he vanished before my eyes.

Just as he disappeared, so did my vision. It fell away from me and I felt my knees hit the floor before my entire body became wracked with pain. It was an unimaginable pain. Which was saying something, considering all the times I'd died- most of those deaths being rather brutal.

The pain pierced every inch of my body all at once. It wasn't just a pain on the surface, no it came from everywhere. My skin, my muscles, my bones. Everything hurt, felt like it was ripping, tearing, breaking apart. It felt like I was burning up as my cells scattered. I screamed in pain, but my voice didn't reach my ears. I desperately tried to cling to something, anything. But it was futile.

My body was literally tearing apart, every little cell scattering. I felt an immense energy form in my soul. I attempted to reach it, not even sure what I was hoping to do, but I wasn't fast enough. My body fell away from me, I felt it shift into a million pieces. I felt myself disappearing, suddenly numb, either from the pain or the sudden lack of an actual body, I wasn't sure.
Fear ran through me as I realized I was truly disappearing. I felt them all slipping away from me, my family. Their faces flashed in my vision, all smiling, all happy. But they wouldn't remember me. I didn't know why, I just knew it to be true. I felt my soul radiate in pain as I realized I was fading away to nothing. I would never see my family again. Never hug my mother or father, never wrestle with Undyne, never nerd out with Alphys, never cook with Papyrus, never dance with Mettaton. I would never be able to hold Sans again, never be able to talk with him. To laugh with him. I would never get to kiss him.

There were so many things that I wanted to do, so many things I still had yet to do. It was all gone. I would never be able to do all the things I so desperately wanted. And worse than that, they wouldn't remember. None of them would remember me. It would be as though I never existed. As though everything I'd done, every precious memory I had made would vanish in an instant.

I cried out, trying desperately to get someone to hear me. Hoping... somehow... someone could help. But nobody came.

And then... there was only darkness...

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I came awake with a strangled gasp in my bed, choking back a scream. My hands were fisted in my sheets, thankfully so, as I would have been bleeding otherwise with how tightly my fingers were clenched.

I was drenched in sweat, and as I came awake, I realized I wasn't alone. That isolated feeling had left. There was no dust. The light of my night light lit up the room around me to a gentle hue, washing away the lingering darkness of my dreams.

My breathing was ragged, and my heart pounded in my ears. I couldn't stop my body from shaking. Looking around desperately, I was happy to note Flowey was still on my bed side table where I had left him, and he was watching me curiously.

Sans wasn't here.

I forced myself to calm, closing my eyes and concentrating on getting my breathing under control.

"Gee, must have been one hell of a dream," Flowey said, still eyeing me curiously. He didn't sound as harsh as usual, and when I opened my eyes, I saw a smug look on his face. "Why were you calling for the smiley trash bag, huh? What were you dreamin' about?"

My brow furrowed as I looked at him in confusion. "I spoke in my sleep?"

"Yes, you did. You kept calling out. 'Sans. Saaans!,'" he drawled, imitating my voice. "You were trashing around, practically moaning his name. It was disgusting. Don't tell me you have a thing for that smiley trash bag?"

I felt my face set threateningly. "Flowey-"

"Oh my gods, you do!" he said, far too loudly, his face twisting into a devious smile.

"Flowey, you keep your mouth shut, do you hear me?"
He giggled, the high pitched sound grating on my frayed nerves. "Oooh, he doesn't know, does he? I wonder how he'll react when I tell him?"

"Flowey! I swear to everything if you don't keep your damn mouth shut I will personally tear out each of your petals and make Alphys sew you back together!" I hissed quietly. He only cackled happily at my obvious distress. Just as he was about to say something, the door opened quietly.

I jumped, and turned to see who it was. Of course, Sans stood in the doorway. He obviously hadn't expected me to be awake, and he closed the door quietly behind himself, looking between the two of us curiously.

"Frisk? You alright?" he asked, watching Flowey warily. I shot Flowey a quick threatening look, noting that his face was still twisted in glee, before turning back to Sans.

"Yeah, I'm fine."

"Why are you up, kid?" he asked, walking quietly over to the bed, his eyes flicking between the two of us. He knew something was up. Flowey's deviously happy face probably wasn't helping with his suspicion. Flowey was never happy.

"I..." I didn't know how to answer. I could try lying, but I knew he would see past it. He leaned forward, placing a hand on my forehead, making me jump from the sudden contact.

"You're warm, and sweaty," he said, brushing back the bangs that had been stuck to my cheek.

"I-"

"Before you try and come up with some kind of lie," he interrupted me, lifting my face and looking into my eyes. He held me firmly between his bony hands, examining me. The way his eyes scoured my face made me squirm. "You had another nightmare, didn't you?"

I opened my mouth to answer, maybe to lie. I sighed heavily instead, knowing there wouldn't be a point in trying to hide it. Sans was near impossible to lie to, and I knew I was still shook up from the dream. Even if I could hide it with words, my body gave it away.

"Frisk," he sighed, shaking his head. He pushed me back onto the bed and knelt over me, effectively trapping me between his arms. "Do you not trust me anymore?"

"What? Of course I do," I answered quickly. I didn't like the hurt tone to his voice.

"Then tell me," he leaned closer, his face mere inches from mine. I felt the heat rise to my cheeks.

"Why aren't you telling me the truth anymore? Have I done something to upset you? To make you not trust me anymore?"

"No," I firmly shook my head, because it was true. It wasn't that I didn't trust him, because I did. More than I trusted anybody else, but there was just some things I couldn't tell him. I couldn't risk pushing him away with my selfish feelings, whatever they were. It wasn't something I liked to think about.

"So," Sans finally said, breaking me out of my reverie. "Tell me what you were dreamin' about."

I opened my mouth to answer him. With every intention of telling him the truth. But something stopped me. There was a sudden nervous twist in my stomach, warning me not to answer. At least not completely.
He must have seen the conflict on my face and he sighed heavily, his features falling in disappointment as he stood back up and turned to walk out of the room.

"Sans, wait," I hastily sat back up, grabbing his hand between both of mine. He paused but didn't turn back around. I knew I had to give him something, some kind of answer.

"Frisk," he sighed, seeming unsure what to say. "I don't know why you suddenly don't trust me. I don't know what I did... but whatever it is kid, I'm sorry."

"You didn't do anything," I said quietly, insistently, pulling on his hand to try to turn him back around. When he refused, I sighed, and looked to Flowey, who had been quietly observing on the bedside table.

I stood and picked up his pot, walking to the door. "Hey, what are you doing?" Flowey asked, swiveling around to watch me.

"I'm leaving you out here for a few minutes," I said, placing him on the floor in the hall.

"Hey, you can't just leave me sitting out here," he complained.

"Watch me," I said, and closed the door, turning to Sans who had been watching me curiously.

"What was that for, kid?" he asked as I walked back towards him.

"Because I don't need him hearing about any of this," I answered, placing my hands against his sternum. I noticed his sockets widen fractionally as he looked down at me. "Sit," I commanded.

"Frisk-"

"Sit," I ordered again, pushing against him, not with very much strength, but just enough to get my point across. He sighed, and sat on the bed. I stood in front of him, looking him fully in the face, so he could see just how serious I was about this.

"Sans, you want me to tell you the truth, so here's the truth. You haven't done anything to make me think I can't trust you. You have never done anything to make me think I couldn't trust you. Honestly, I trust you more than I do anyone else."

"So why have you been keepin' things from me?" he asked, watching my face carefully, as though he trying to see a lie in what I was saying.

I sighed, contemplating how to answer. "Because... because after so much time, to still be having these nightmares, I felt weak. I-I was sick of burdening you with something so petty, after all this time. That is why I've been trying to hide my nightmares. And everything else, well, that was for Flowey. I never meant-" I'd looked away from him while I spoke, so it surprised me when his arms suddenly wrapped around me, pulling me into his lap and hugging me tight.

"Frisk-"

"No, I'm not done," I cut him off, leaning back to look at him. I placed my hand over his mouth when he tried to speak again, and he shut it, the lights in his eyes showing a gentle warmth. I moved my hand from his mouth to cup his cheek. "I never meant to make you feel like I didn't trust you. Because I do. You know that if anything were ever wrong, I would come to you. I would come to you, before anyone else," the sheer conviction with which I spoke reflected exactly what was in my heart.
He squeezed my sides, pressing me closer against his ribs. I felt my body flush with heat, and the contact stole my breath, but I had to tell him everything I could. "Sans," my voice wavered, and I had to take a deep breath to calm myself. "Sans, you are my best friend. You're my family. You're-so much more-. . . you mean everything to me. I would never want you to feel like-

"I know, Frisk, I know," he said quietly, his deep voice vibrating through me. He squeezed me closer, pressing his forehead against mine. Something about his expression seemed conflicted.

"Do you want to know what I dreamt about last night?"

Slowly, he nodded. I dropped my head again, staring into my lap as I spoke. I could feel his breath stirring my hair. "I dreamt that I woke up in my bed, just like usual. But I was alone. Everything was dark, and cold, and dusty." I felt his body stiffen. "Normal dusty." He relaxed again. "I got up, to try to find someone, anyone, but there was no one. The house, the whole Underground was empty and cold. I was all alone down here. It was so vivid, I thought that it was real. I thought that I really did wake up alone. I tried to find you, but you were gone too."

I was just about to tell him about the mysterious people I'd seen while in my dream, but my throat closed around the words, making them impossible to speak. He didn't seem to think my pause was unusual.

"Frisk, you know we would never leave you alone, right?"

I swallowed, and nodded. "That wasn't all. I-" again my throat seemed to tighten. So I said what I could say, instead. "Before I woke up, I was in so much pain. More pain than I can remember feeling. It felt like my whole body was ripping apart, scattering. Like I was going to be-forgotten. . . But I couldn't say it.

He didn't seem to think my pauses unusual, just a cause of my panic most likely. He held me close, tucking me under his chin and rubbing comforting circles in my back as my body began to tremble, remembering the pain.

"It's okay, Frisk. You're not alone. You're never alone. I'm right here, and I'm not going anywhere. I'm never going anywhere," the sheer protectiveness in his voice and the way his arms tightened around me made my heart flutter.

"I know. I know," it took willpower to keep my voice from breaking. I wrapped my arms tightly around him, burying my face in the crook of his neck. "I'm okay, really. The dream just scared me, that's all." I felt him shiver a bit before he pulled back, cupping my face between his hands again.

"You had better not be lyin' to me, kid," he gave me the most serious face he was capable of. "When you're not alright, you tell me, understand?"

I nodded, "I know, I will. But I'm okay, really." I lifted my hands, putting them over his and giving him a warm smile. He examined my face for a few moments before releasing me, satisfied that I was telling the truth.

I hugged him tight, nuzzling into his chest, simply enjoying his warmth, his presence, letting it wash away the uneasiness of my nightmare. After a few minutes just sitting like that, I finally leaned back, an idea coming to mind.

"Hey Sans?"

"Yeah, kiddo?"
"Can we take a trip to the surface tomorrow?" I asked, looking up at him hopefully.

"Sure thing, I can let everyone know and we can-"

"No, no. Just you and me. And maybe... one other person. Just hike up there for a day. It doesn't have to be a big deal." I looked down at my lap, chewing my lip.

"And who's this plus one?" he asked, eyeing me suspiciously.

"Flowey," I answered quietly, in case he was listening.

"Really? You want to hike all the way up there just to take the flower to the surface for a day?"

"He hasn't seen it, not in a very long time at least. I had already thought of taking him, I just figured now would be a good time," I shrugged.

Sans sighed, "Alright, fine. We'll take the flower to the surface. If it'll make you happy."

I nodded eagerly, pleased. I wanted to see the surface as well. I felt like I needed to feel the sunlight after the night's dreams.

"Well then, we should get some sleep. And you should probably let the flower back in before he decides to wreck the house because you left him out there."

"Oh!" I jumped up out of his lap, and went to the door. Flowey was still sitting in the hallway, where I'd left him. He glared up at me as I knelt down to pick him up.

"Leave me out in the hall again, and I tell the smiley trash bag your secret," he hissed quietly to me as I got level with him.

"Okay, Flowert," I hissed right back.

"What did you just call me?" he practically growled, face already twisting in annoyance.

"You heard me," I whispered back. I was aware that Sans was watching us, I could feel his gaze on my back. "When you're bad, that's what I'm gonna call you."

He opened his mouth, probably to threaten or insult me, but I stood and turned back into the room before he could say anything else. So instead, he settled for glaring at me as I walked back into the room, closing the door behind me, and setting him on his normal place on the desk.

"Get some sleep, Flowey, we have a long day tomorrow," I told him.

"Why do I have to participate in this long day?" he asked miserably.

"Trust me, I have a feeling you'll like it."

He scoffed. "I doubt that. But fine," he hissed, and then closed his petals inward, the way a flower did before it bloomed. He was asleep.

I smiled triumphantly, grateful that he hadn't been particularly difficult, before going back to the bed.

"Well, scooch," I gestured to Sans, urging him to lay down and make room for me. He chuckled and did exactly that, holding his arms out for me with a gentle smile on his face. I happily climbed in beside him, nuzzling close beneath the blankets.
Being in such close proximity wasn't entirely unusual, we'd slept in the same bed many times over the years, it was just suddenly so much different now that I was grown. My stomach fluttered nervously and I could feel every inch of skin as it pressed against him, feeling ultra sensitive to every slightest movement. I swore I could feel my pulse down between my legs, but firmly chose to ignore this as I forced myself to think about the day ahead.

Miraculously, I fell asleep before too long.

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I came awake with a bit of a start, heart already pounding, and sweat slicking my skin. I bit my lip, almost breaking the skin as I held back the moan that attempted to escape as the remnants of my dream slipped away to reality.

I was grateful, at least, that I hadn't had another nightmare, but really? Dreaming about that of all things? Again? And with Sans literally in the bed right next to me? Gods fucking dammit, this world is out to get me.

I sighed, releasing the breath I'd been holding, trying to force the images away from my head. Which was incredibly hard to do. I was grateful Sans was still asleep, but I was in a bit of a compromising situation. Which wasn't helping my self-control.

Sans had me firmly pressed against his rib cage, his legs completely twined with mine. My shirt had ridden up in my sleep, and apparently his had too. Because I could feel the smooth bone of one of his ribs against the bare skin of my back, the little pulses of his magic tingling against my skin with a steady thrumming, much like my heart beat. Well, if my heart had been beating at any normal pace.

One of his arms was wrapped around me, pressing into the soft skin against my ribs, my bare skin. I could feel where his skull was buried in my hair, could feel it stir with every breath, tickling against the back of my neck.

I swallowed, trying to ignore the heat that was radiating up from my core. I slowly eased my legs away from his, pushing the leg that had been pressed between mine away, hoping desperately that I hadn't gotten him... damp.

Sans mumbled something unintelligible in his sleep, and pressed himself closer, somehow. His hand slid up, till it was right under my breast and I felt my breathing hitch as my heart almost stopped.

He was definitely still asleep. Thoughts of my dream pushed their way into my head again. The feel of his teeth on my throat, of his tongue on my breasts, of his fingers between my folds, pressing and rubbing teasingly- Stop! Nope, nope, nope!

I pushed the thoughts out of my head, biting my lip again. I had to do something about this position before he woke up. I slowly raised a hand, grabbing his and easing it down my body, so it was resting on my stomach rather than my ribs. It would be a pointless venture to try to remove his hand completely. He mumbled and nuzzled into my hair, but didn't wake. I tried to pull my shirt down, which was difficult to do as tightly pressed against him as I was.

I managed to get it down in the front, but not so much in the back. I eased my legs a bit away from him, and curled them up so I was in a little ball, ignoring the wetness between my legs.

As I raised my head, I noticed Flowey watching me with amusement, seeming to enjoy the obvious
distress I was in. Shut it, I mouthed to him, and watched him snicker silently. But he didn't speak up.

"Sans," I quietly called, trying to ease him awake. He groaned, pressing tighter against me, reluctant to wake. "Sans," I said again, more insistently.

"Hmm?" he groaned quietly, his fingers squeezing against the skin of my belly, making me squeak. That seemed to wake him up a bit more. He shifted, and then paused before quickly pulling his hand away and leaning back.

"Sorry, kiddo," he mumbled, voice raspy with sleep. It made my stomach flutter, but I ignored it as I pulled my shirt back down. Laying on my back I could see his face, and his cheeks were flushed a bright, cyan blue. "I didn't mean to grab you like that. . ."

I could see panic beginning to creep over his features. "It's okay," I quickly reassured him before he could really start to panic. I giggled. "You were asleep, I know you didn't mean to." I smiled, and pat his hand reassuringly. He visibly relaxed and sunk back into the cushions of the bed.

"Are you two quite done?" Flowey hissed in annoyance.

"Flowert, be nice," I scolded as he glared at us, his expression darkening even more as I called him that.

Sans snorted. "Did you just call him Flowert?"

"Maybe," I said, blushing as I saw him trying to hold back laughter. "It's what I call him when he's being bad."

And then he did burst out laughing, falling back against the sheets. His raspy laughter was contagious and prompted even a few giggles from me. Flowey glared at us, incredibly displeased with our mirth, especially at his expense.

After a few minutes, we both finally calmed down. Sure, it probably wasn't that funny, but it was just such a happy moment that we got carried away. Flowey sighed heavily, very annoyed with us.

"Well, we better get going," I finally said, with a conspiratorial wink to Sans. I quickly climbed out of bed and grabbed a few clothes out of my drawers before exiting into the bathroom to shower and dress for the day. I made sure to throw on some comfortable jeans and a nice flannel shirt with my converse.

When I came back into my room, Sans was no longer in there, and Flowey was sitting on my desk, waiting for me. I grabbed up a backpack, slinging it over a shoulder and picking Flowey up.

"Do you really have to bring me along? I'd really rather not," he grumbled in complaint as I exited the room with him in my hands, making my way towards the kitchen.

"Yes, you do. And if you don't like today, I'll owe you," I assured him. He just huffed in response, head hanging limply as I entered the kitchen.

Sans was already at the counter, packaging some food for the trip. He turned and gave me an amused smile when he saw Flowey hanging unhappily in my arms.

I held my backpack out, and he put the food on top of the blankets I had shoved in there, placing a water bottle on the very top. I pulled the strings tight and re-buckled it, slinging it over my shoulders. He grabbed Flowey from my hands, slipping him into a side pocket of the backpack, so
he was just sticking out, and I wouldn't have to carry him the whole way up.

We were quick to set out, my excitement obvious with the new bounce to my step. I practically skipped down the hallway on my way through the castle.

On our way to the throne room, we passed through the judgement hall. It was lit in golden, early morning light, and the entire hall smelled of freshly blooming flowers. The sunlight filtered through the stained glass windows, settling over us with a golden hue.

Even Flowey couldn't seem to hold up his usual grumpiness when in the beautiful room. Of course, dark thoughts lingered at the back of my mind, standing in this room once again with Sans, but I pushed them away. The room was beautiful and peaceful, but this place also held many bad memories. Too many.

Sans must have seen how solemn I was, indeed, he himself seemed just as somber to be standing in this hall again. I stole a glance at him, and noticed that a range of emotions were playing across his face. I knew what he must be remembering. I reached out and took his hand firmly in mine. He jumped a bit at the sudden contact and looked down at me. As our eyes met I wondered for a moment if he knew that I knew. I decided not to voice anything, it would bring up too many questions, questions I wasn't willing to answer.

I gave him a warm smile and tugged on his hand, winding my fingers through his as I tugged him along after me and out of the room. Flowey was incredibly quiet, and was watching the both of us closely, seeming to understand that something important had happened.

Sans and I both took a deep breath as we exited the judgement hall, and I could see him visibly relax. We continued down the hallway, still hand in hand. He hadn't drawn away from me, and I was unwilling to let him go. Hell, it almost seemed as if he were reluctant to let go of me as well.

We went through the throne room quickly and out to the path leading up to the surface. The hike took a bit, but it was well worth it.

We came out to the brilliant, bright midday sun. The clouds were white and fluffy over head, the sunlight streaming between them in golden rays, the whole sky looking more beautiful than I had ever seen it. A gentle breeze wafted through, bringing with it the sweet smell of freshly blooming flowers, the smells of grass and dew. The sounds of the leaves rustling in the breeze accompanied the singsong of birds and chittering of little critters in the underbrush.

Flowey's eyes widened as he looked out across the forest from the mountain's top. The view was spectacular, and even the new monster settlement could faintly be seen beside the lake.

Sans stood beside me, simply admiring the view. We'd visited the surface occasionally through the years, but it never ceased to leave wonderment on his face every time we looked out over this sight. I couldn't say I was any less amazed.

I quickly removed my backpack, placing it on the ground and removing Flowey's pot. I placed him on the grass, and began to remove the soil from around his roots.

"What are you doing?" he asked me curiously, for once, no malice was in his tone.

"Letting you out so you can feel the soil of the surface," I answered him, giving him a soft smile. I noticed Sans shifted a bit uncomfortably, but he didn't object.

I helped Flowey out of his pot and watched as he eased his roots into the soil of the surface, his face settling in wonderment as he made himself comfortable. I didn't miss the slight tingle of magic
on my skin. Sans was ready for any turn of events, probably suspecting Flowey would try to escape through the soil.

But he didn't, he simply wriggled around a bit, and then settled in, his face set into the most gentle smile I'd ever seen on his face, his eyes wide and soft. His features very much resembled Asriel's at the moment.

"The earth's so warm," he murmured, and then raised his face to the sun, closing his eyes as he basked in its warmth, his leaves and petals fluttering in the slight breeze.

I giggled and settled back, pulling open my backpack and pulling out some blankets. I spread them out on the grass beside Flowey and removed my shoes, laying down with a blanket bunched beneath my head.

"Just let us know when you want to go explore," I told him, and Flowey nodded absently, still enjoying his comfortable position.

I pat the blanket beside me and Sans joined me. "Wanna take a nap?" I whispered to him, tilting my head towards Flowey. "I have a feeling he's gonna be there for a while."

"Sure thing," he chuckled in agreement, and then held an arm out to me. I happily crawled under his arm, resting my head on his chest as I nuzzled close. He hummed happily and settled against the blankets.

With the warm sun on my skin and the gentle breeze around us it didn't take long to fall into a comfortable sleep. When I woke, a few hours later, Sans was simply watching the sky, as though he had never even slept. I doubted he had, with Flowey free.

Before the day was up, we'd gotten up and hiked part way down the mountain so Flowey could see the trees, the birds, the animals. He explored thoroughly, sometimes riding in his pot, other times traveling across the soil with his roots. He seemed childishly happy to be on the surface.

As the sun began to set, we returned to the peak of the mountain to watch the sunset from the high vantage point. We watched the sun set and the stars come out, and sat out there halfway through the night. Flowey was just as amazed and happy through everything as every monster seemed to be seeing the surface for the first time.

I was glad to know he wasn't completely immune to feeling. The moon was high in the sky by the time we decided to go back. Before we did, I pulled out the spare pot I had made for Flowey. It was more roomy, and I had painted it with shimmery gold and green paint. I filled it with soil from the earth at the peak of the mountain, and he settled happily into his new pot.

I was extremely pleased, to say the least. I had expected resistance, insults, something. But he just lifted himself into the pot, wriggling around until he was comfortable and looked up at me with sleepy eyes.

I could tell as we walked back through the cave entrance that he was disappointed to be leaving, and I promised him I could take him back as often as he wanted. This, at least, seemed to lift his spirits. He was happier than I had ever seen him as a flower.

For just a little while it seemed I had my old friend back. Of course, trips to the surface became a bargaining chip with him, and he would occasionally act out just to get me to agree to take him up there to placate him, but seeing the surface had seemed to melt away some of his maliciousness, and I was just as happy to take him.
And as time wore on, he showed more and more snippets of Asriel, and less of Flowey, giving me much hope for his future.

Chapter End Notes

So a new interesting nightmare. And Flowey getting somewhat more good.
And of course slow burn. Sorry for being a tease with it. ;p
Feedback is welcome and thank you so much for reading :3
Six months. Six months until the remaining monsters moved up to the surface and we joined them. The settlement on the surface was almost complete, making enough room for the remaining monsters to relocate.

And, of course, as the months wore on, my dreams got more and more insistent. No, not the nightmares. Thank gods, not the nightmares. They were suspiciously lax, all things considered. I hadn't had one since the creepy dream about the desolate underground.

No, still unfortunately, my dreams about Sans got more and more insistent. They were driving me absolutely insane, completely filling me with all kinds of new emotions, very conflicting emotions. Emotions I didn't like to think about or over-evaluate.

But of course, I couldn't ignore them forever, especially with how Sans was treating me. I don't know if he deliberately decided to start teasing me more, or if I was simply becoming more aware of it, but gods damn it was not helping my self-control. Every little touch, every teasing look or joke at my expense left me flustered and embarrassed, though I was proud to say I at least kept my composure around him, managing to use sarcasm and jokes to divert from anything I might actually be feeling.

But again, I couldn't avoid it forever, and after a particularly flustering dream, that was more fluff than smut, completely obliterating my idea that perhaps it was just a more physical desire, I decided I needed to get some much needed advice. I decided to start with the person I figured might be the easiest to talk to about this sort of thing.

So, on one of Alphys' free days, I made plans to have a girls day in at her lab. Undyne was busy with preparations for the last big move that would be taking place, so it would be just the two of us. Not that I felt like I couldn't talk to Undyne, but she tended to get over-zealous about things, and might accidentally say something she shouldn't, and that wouldn't be something I wanted to risk.

So, after breakfast with Mom and Dad, I left Flowey with them and went straight to Alphys' lab.

She greeted me enthusiastically, rushing me up to her room with a new anime already waiting to be watched. I indulged her in some relaxation time, and we settled in with a bed full of junk food while we binge watched tv.

After several hours of fighting nerves, I decided it would be best to get it over with. So after an episode, I turned to her, glad at least that we'd turned off the lights to immerse ourselves in the show, so she couldn't see my face quite so well.

"Hey, Alphys, mind if I ask you something?"

"Of course not, what's up, Frisk?" she asks, turning to me with a friendly smile, seeming to sense my nerves.

"When you first started to have feelings for Undyne, what was it like?"

She paused, contemplating the question. "Well. . . let's see. It was. . . very nerve wracking." She looked up, examining my face, nervous herself. "Well, she was always on my mind. I dreamed
about her all the time, and I got nervous whenever I was around her."

"What made you realize you were in love?"

Alphys smiled kindly, and settled back, ready for a long conversation. "I felt warm and fuzzy whenever I was with her. I felt bubbly and light and she seemed to make all the bad stuff just melt away. My stomach would be in a flutter whenever I was with her, and everything felt so much more. . . more. It felt like I was so much more aware of everything when I was with her. Her presence, her touch. It was both wonderful and terribly nerve wracking at the same time. I wanted to spend every minute with her, I wanted to share everything with her, even when I told myself I couldn't. I trusted her more than anyone else. She was my best friend, and she was always so much more."

Alphys' nerves seemed to just wash away as she talked, and she looked wistfully ahead as she recalled the beginning of their relationship. I looked down to my twined fingers, contemplating. What she was talking about certainly sounded. . . familiar. She looked up and saw the way my brows had drawn together in thought as I looked down, and she placed a hand softly over mine.

"Are you having feelings like this about anyone, Frisk?" she asked gently.

"Well. . . maybe," I answered meekly, shrugging my shoulders as the blush rose to my cheeks.

"Well, it's not abnormal for you to have a crush," she said softly. "Honestly, I think it's adorable, and probably long over-do," she paused. "But do you think you have more than a crush?"

"I-I'm not sure," I still didn't look up at her. I felt far too embarrassed to meet her eyes.

"Well, how much of what I described seemed familiar to you?"


"How strongly do you think you feel?" she asked, eyes watching my face, not at all judgmental, but rather showing an almost big sisterly caring.

"I don't know," I answered, the words coming out almost indecipherably.

"Do you wanna try and tell me how you feel? I might be able to help," she offered, squeezing my hands in a comforting manner.

"Well, I feel like I'm going insane, for one thing. I can't stop thinking about them, I. . . I dream about them all the time," I whispered, the blush coming to my cheeks with a vengeance. Alphys squeezed my hands again. "I feel so flustered whenever I'm around them. Like I can't breath, and my heart starts to beat so fast I feel like it'll stop. I feel so aware of whenever they're close, and it feels like my skin is burning whenever they touch me, and it leaves me feeling super sensitive and tingly. I want to be with them all the time. . . I just. . . it's driving me crazy." I finished with a huff, finally looking up at her. Her eyes were practically sparkling.

"Oh my gosh, Frisk, I think you might be in love!" she squealed happily, tapping her feet in excitement.

"Love? Like in love in love?"

"Yeah, I mean, what else did you think it could be? Oh this is so cute! Is it someone I know?"

"Well, I don't go on the surface often enough for it to be anyone from up there," I gave the honest
answer quickly.

"Oh so it is someone I know! Can I take a guess?" she asked, excited.

"No, because I don't want to lie if you're right, and you'll just keep guessing until you are," I laughed, knowing her.

"Well, alright, you don't have to tell me if you don't want to," she said, somewhat disappointed but completely serious.

"Thanks, I... kinda need to come to terms with this anyway. How... can a monster and a human even... you know... be together?" I asked slowly, unsure.

"Well, of course, there's no rule saying you can't, it's just never happened before. Or at least, not in a very long time. Not since before the barrier came up, and no one has ever mentioned anything like that before. I don't think there's anyone alive who would remember a time like that. But, it's entirely possible. Oh, I know!" she leaped from the bed excitedly, and rushed over to her bookcase, running her fingers over their spines as she read the titles before slipping one off the shelf and handing it to me.

It was a book on, oh geez, monster relations. How all of that worked.

"This should give you a good idea without having to have an awkward conversation," she explained. "Everything you need to know about love... and well... reproduction... is in that. It should help ease some of your curiosity."

"Hey, Alphys," I asked, twining my fingers together nervously.

"Yes Frisk?"

"Do you think a monster could love a human?"

"Well, we all love you Frisk. I don't think there's a monster in the Underground who doesn't."

"I mean... love- love a human," I clarified, wringing my hands nervously.

She settled down next to me again, and when she spoke her voice was quiet and serious. "Yes, Frisk. A monster definitely could. And likely would. Or does. Love has nothing to do with species, it doesn't matter if you're monster or human, it matters who you are to them. Any person would be lucky to have you. Have you tried telling this mysterious person how you feel?"

"No, definitely not," I shook my head to reiterate the point.

"Well, maybe you should."

I bit my lip nervously. "I don't know if that's a good idea."

"Why?"

_Because I don't want to risk losing him. I don't want to risk pushing him away with these feelings. He obviously doesn't feel the same, he's always treated me like a child, he still does. He teases me, sure. But I have a feeling that's because he guesses how I feel, and he just wants to poke fun at me, or deflect with jokes, not because he feels the same. Besides, after everything I did, no matter how vague the memory, there's no way he could love me. He may not know that it was real, but he still remembers. He still has nightmares of that other timeline. And that's my fault. There's no way he_
None of these things I could say. So instead I just shrugged. She didn't seem satisfied with the answer, but didn't pry.

"Well, I think you should. I mean, it turned out well for me, didn't it?" she asked, giving me a gentle smile, one I gladly returned.

"Yeah, but that was different. You two were head over heels for each other, everyone could see it. There was no way it could have ended badly," I laughed, recalling how nervous Alphys had been to tell Undyne her feelings.

"Well, it may have been obvious to everyone else, but it wasn't to us. The fear of rejection usually covers up that sort of thing," she laughed with me, recalling how nerve-wracking it had been to come out to her girlfriend.

"I'm not gonna try to tell you what to do, you'll know when you're ready, but just know, it's probably the same for you as it was for us, and you just don't know it."

"Why? Have you seen anyone with crushes on me?" I asked.

"Well, there was Timmy," she giggled, recalling my childhood friend who had, for a brief time, had a crush on me when we were kids.

"That doesn't count," I laughed.

"Well, other than that, I haven't particularly noticed anyone, though I will certainly be keeping an eye out now," she said, giving me a diabolical wink.

I giggled. "Right, well. If you see anyone, let me know."

She giggled with me, "I'll be sure to do that. You were my wing-woman, now it's my job to be yours."

We shared a laugh at that, before we realized just how late it was. Thanking her for her advice, I grabbed up my stuff and headed home, the new book tucked into my bag for safe keeping.

When I returned home, I plopped right onto my bed and burrowed under the blanket, pulling the book out with a flashlight. I was pleased Flowey was already asleep, or he would have been pestering me about what I was reading, and why I was trying to hide it.

I pulled the book open to the codex, looking for something in particular, but decided to start simple.

As I read, a few important things came to my knowledge. One: monsters loved more strongly than humans. Or, at least the bonds they formed were stronger. They didn't simply fall in love and get married, it was more than that.

Monsters believed in soul-mates. The whole one person for the rest of your life (which was even more impressive considering monsters lived for a very long time) deal. It was all very... romantic. Monsters who fell in love did something similar to marriage, just much more binding. They quite literally bonded souls, tying themselves to the other person for eternity. Or at least, for as long as they both lived.

It was a very, very intimate process, a bonding of both body and soul. Just reading it made me flush
with embarrassment. But, hell, knowledge is power. When two souls bonded, they quite literally left an imprint on one another, a permanent mark of the other person, something that could, as monsters liked to believe it, transcend death.

The way it was described, it made it so you could always feel the other person, no matter how far they were. Caused a sympathetic bond between the two so that each person could feel what the other person felt, to an extent. Like being able to sense the others emotions, or even a slight connection to feel what the other felt physically, again, to an extent. The bond could appear stronger or weaker between two people, depending on how deep the shared emotions between two partners went.

And when it came to things like... well... reproduction whether for that actual purpose or not, was relatively easy to explain. Every monster, regardless of appearance has a set gender, much like humans. And every monster has a way to... manifest the proper parts needed to have children. Children definitely didn't come by through accidents. Two partners had to be strongly bonded and both participants had to greatly want a child to be able to conceive. There were no accidental pregnancies, and no need for contraception among monsters, as something like that couldn't happen without a great want from both partners.

Well, that's good to know, I thought, and then immediately flushed. My mind, of course was beginning to take turns for the worse. I tried to remain scientific about this, but my more physical side got the better of me as I imagined the many, many dreams I'd had. I'd always imagined that everything about Sans was blue, the same blue of his magic. His tongue was blue, and I was beginning to wonder if other things matched that as well.

I forced the thoughts away and returned to reading the book. By the end of it, having skimmed over certain portions, I was much more knowledgeable. One thing that stuck in my mind was that monsters didn't age the way humans did. Not unless they had children. Once two monsters conceived a child, their magic would slowly be given to that child as they grew, and they would begin to age at a faster rate.

Even with children, monsters lived much longer than humans, almost enough to be considered immortal, but after enough time, a monster could die of old age as long as their children lived long enough. It was all very magical. I also realized that Mom and Dad would still live a very, very long time, unless they decided to have another child. Technically, Asriel died, and because of that, the process of aging that begun when he was a child had come to a crawl.

It made me incredibly sad, knowing that they would greatly outlive me. That they would all outlive me. My lifespan was but a fraction of theirs. I pushed away that sad thought, and continued to skim the rest of the book.

By the time I was done, sleepiness was beginning to overtake me. I shoved the book under my pillow, and quickly fell into a deep sleep. A sleep that, surprise surprise, was rather eventful.

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One day, Flowey and I went to Snowdin to visit the brothers, just a normal day of hanging out like any other. At the very end of this day, Papyrus decided to leave for Undyne's, and Sans went out to walk him to the border to Waterfall.

As soon as I realized I was alone in their home, besides Flowey, curiosity began to get the better of me. Curiosities that had been itching at the back of my head since that nightmare I'd had.

"Flowey, I need you to do me a favor," I said, turning to him.
He scoffed at me, giving me a skeptical look. "What makes you think I'm gonna do anything for you?"

"Because, I'll promise to take you to the surface tomorrow if you do," I promised, using the one thing he couldn't resist.

He sighed, trying to pretend he didn't care, but agreed none the less.

"I'm gonna need you to pretend we got in a fight," I explained. "So I can slip outside alone for a few minutes. Think you can do that?"

"You're alone now, aren't you?"

"Yes, but if I go out now Sans will come looking for me, and I need a few minutes without him getting suspicious," I explained.

"Oh? And why do you need to be alone, hmm? What are you hiding from him?"

"I'm not-"

He gave me a look and I realized he could see through any thing I could try to come up with. And it was obvious I was up to something.

"There just something I need to check, and I don't want Sans to know I know about it," I whispered.

He huffed but simply agreed, more than willing to accept a surface trip as payment. I went upstairs to Sans' room, his fake room, and found the key still tucked behind the mattress, slipping it into my pocket.

And when Sans came back inside, I acted appropriately upset, as though we'd gotten in a fight. Flowey played along wonderfully.

"Hey, you okay, kiddo?" he asked, sitting beside me where I was leaning against the side of the couch. Flowey only scoffed, acting like I was truly upset and he couldn't give a damn.

"I'm fine," I answered, putting a deliberately forced smile on my face.

"What did the flower do?" he asked, eyeing Flowey threateningly.

"Nothing," I answered quickly, too quickly.

"Really? Cause it doesn't seem like nothin'," he grumbled, glaring at Flowey as he sneered at me.

"It's fine, Sans, nothing you need to get upset over," I tried to be reassuring.

"Pfft, so weak," Flowey mumbled under his breath. I pretended to be agitated.

"Excuse me?" I asked, looking at him in annoyance.

"You heard me," he snarled. I swallowed and stood, Sans was quick to join me, putting himself between the two of us.

"Do me and the flower need to have a little talk?" he asked, eye already beginning to glow blue.

"No, no," I said firmly. "Flowey's an ass, but there's no need to get violent. I just- I just need a second, alright? I need some air. I think I'm gonna go take a walk, get away from him."
"No problem, kiddo, want me to come with?" he asked, placing a hand gently on my back.

"No, you should stay here, keep an eye on him, make sure he doesn't try to pull anything," I said, giving Flowey a disdainful look.

"I can do that," he said, patting me comfortingly.

"Just, try not to hurt him while I'm gone," I requested as I went to the door.

"No promises," he grumbled, eyeing Flowey once again.

"Sans," I scolded.

"Alright, alright. I won't hurt 'em," he complained, obviously displeased.

"Thank you," I said quietly, and went over to him, standing up on my tip toes and pulling him down a bit to plant a kiss on his cheekbone. "I feel better already," I said with a teasing smile. He blushed, and waved at me as I went outside.

I decided to be quick, quick and quiet. I went around to the back of their house, and seeing the door to Sans' secret room, my stomach twisted nervously. But there was something I needed to check. As I came to the door, I pulled the key out of my pocket and opened it, grateful when it swung open quietly.

I quickly entered and went over to the drawer, pulling out the files. I flipped through them, looking for one picture in particular. It startled me when, lo and behold, it fell out between the pages to drift against the counter top. I picked it up, and my blood ran cold upon seeing it.

It was exactly as it looked in my dream. A picture with three smiling people. Sans, Papyrus, and what I assumed was Gaster. Don't forget. It was exactly like my dream. I swallowed painfully and shoved the picture back inside, placing the file back in the drawer and shutting it quietly. I exited the mysterious little room and locked the door behind me, attempting to wipe away evidence of my passing around this side of the house, hoping the snow would pick up and cover my tracks before Sans had any reason to come back here.

I walked all the way over to Grillby's before turning around and going back, so my footprints at least led away, in case he looked.

My mind was absolutely reeling. I had never seen that picture before. How could I have dreamt about something I had never seen? How could it be real?

I chewed my lip as I made my way back towards the house, contemplating asking Sans about it. Several things stopped me. The fear that he'd be angry with me for snooping, and a much more present instinct that simply screamed at me not to tell him.

Something didn't want him to know that I knew about any of this.

It felt like there was something more going on here, something that I couldn't quite see.

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As the months went by, the time to move to the surface finally came. The few remaining monsters were already hiking down the mountain with what belongings they could carry, the rest having already been transported to the town.
Our final preparations were finally complete. Our houses were almost completely devoid of belongings, having already been moved up before us, and as the morning to move came, we all awoke eagerly in the castle, the few belongings we had needed to keep on us until the move were the only things we carried.

It was finally time to leave the Underground. There would be monsters who returned to keep it in shape, should any one wish to return to their homes, or simply visit. But for the time being, the Underground was completely empty. And everyone was filled to the brim with excitement.

We rushed out of the cave and onto the mountain top, breathing in the crisp morning air.

Undyne and Papyrus raced each other down the mountain ahead of us, eager to get to their new homes.

Standing atop the mountain, the lights of the settlement could barely be seen, but it was in sight. We had our destination, and we were all eager to set off.

Eager to get to our new home.

It was a full day and half hike to the settlement. We ran into a few monsters in the forest around the town, eagerly coming to greet us and welcome their king and queen to the new town for good.

We were led through the town as the monsters talked to mom and dad about how the other monsters were settling in, and how they were adjusting to the new society. Humans had, for the most part, been accepting monsters. Then again, monsters and humans didn't interact very often, other than the few diplomatic, or curious humans that visited the town. And, apparently, a once a year little festival outside of town where monsters and humans could mingle. But other than that, not too much interaction.

The town was still under guard, the monsters who had been apart of the Royal Guard in the Underground were now protecting the town, making sure no humans entered without their consent, or now, the king and queen's consent.

The town was very scenic, built almost entirely of brick, stone and wood structures, with beautiful flora all throughout. We were led back through the neighborhoods, closer to the lake. They built our homes all in the same neighborhood. Mettaton had an almost mansion sized house at the beginning of the street, then Alphys and Undyne's house, then mom and dad's house, then Sans and Papyrus. Every house matched its inhabitants perfectly, although Sans and Papyrus had an almost exact replica of their home in the underground, from what I could tell, secret bedroom and all, and I pondered if perhaps Sans had influenced its construction.

Just as I was prepared to go inside to unpack and rest, my parents stopped me, and a handkerchief was tied over my eyes. A very familiar pair of hands rested on my shoulders, and led me down the street. I was turned, stopped, and the handkerchief was removed. I blushed when his fingers lingered for just a second on my cheeks.

When my vision was clear, a little house was presented before me. It was adorable, a little stone and wood house, with big windows in the front, the little porch adorned with wind chimes, flower pots and a few comfortable looking wicker chairs. On the front door hung a little sign. Welcome home, Frisk!

"This is mine?" I asked, turning to my family. They all stood behind me, proud smiles on their faces. They had all known about it, and kept it a secret, to surprise me.
"Of course my child," Toriel said, smiling proudly. "We are going to be sad to see you move out, but you are grown now, so we thought you should have your own home."

I turned to admire the house again, and noticed it was the next in line, the last one on the street. Right beside Sans and Papyrus. Right across the street from our neighborhood, and out behind all our homes, between us and the rest of the town, was a little forested area. All our homes faced the lake, and it could faintly be seen between the trees. All in all, it was a beautiful little neighborhood, with a beautiful view.

Finally done with my observations, I turned and wrapped my parents in a tight hug, giggling when they lifted me clear off my feet in their furry arms. As soon as they set me down, I rushed excitedly into the house, and they trailed after me.

The house was just as beautiful on the inside as it was on the outside. A mixture of wood and plush carpeted floors, large windows, and a very comforting, homely feel to it. A large tv in the sitting room above the fireplace, lots of book cases piled with my favorite books, video games, movies and nick nacks and a very modern kitchen. Everything was already furnished. There were two rooms downstairs, a guest room and a bathing room, and upstairs there were three rooms, a guest room, another bathing room and then my room, at the end of the hall.

My family lingered downstairs, all observing the house on their own. When I opened the door to my room, I was happy to note that it was almost exactly like my bedroom in the Underground, all my furnishings had been placed already, the only thing that was new was that I now had a very large, comfortable looking bed instead of the twin I was used to.

I was so exhausted from the long hike, I just wanted to fall into that new bed and sleep. But I simply put my backpack down, and returned downstairs. Everyone chatting a bit, but they were all eager to explore their new homes and rest. They all filed out, going down the street, leaving me standing on the porch with my parents, who seemed reluctant to leave.

"You know I only live right down the street, it's not gonna be much different," I commented, laughing at their reluctance to return to their own home, despite their exhaustion.

"We know, child, it is just that we will miss you," Asgore rumbled, rubbing his head sheepishly. I wrapped them both in a tight hug, one they gladly returned before they departed for their home as well, bringing Flowey with them.

Finally able to rest, I returned upstairs, took a nice long shower, and then into bed. The next few days went well. We all explored the town, visiting monsters we all hadn't seen in a long time, catching up with everyone and getting used to our new homes.

A few days passed, every one of them spent together in one home or another, and just two weeks before my 20th birthday, Papyrus decided that he missed my company, despite the fact that we'd still spent every day together, but with me conveniently living right beside them, decided to have a sleepover, dragging Sans along with him, not that Sans seemed to mind in the slightest.

We cooked celebratory spaghetti, played board games, and eventually, they settled into the guest bedrooms. Papyrus claimed the one downstairs, to be closer to the kitchen, and Sans took the bedroom right down the hall, much to my embarrassment. But, still, I managed to fall into a peaceful sleep before too long.

Chapter End Notes
Well, it took a while, but we're finally moving up :D
Aaaand things will be picking up as well.
Hope you lovely readers continue to enjoy. Feedback is always welcome, as usual.
And for anyone who might want to know, I do have a tumblr if anyone wants to
message me with comments/questions/or even possible requests.
https://www.tumblr.com/blog/slyph-silver-2772
Unfortunately, I suck at art so I don't put up anything besides the occasional post I find
cute or funny or just plain cool. Feel free to message me about whatever :D
When I opened my eyes, the first sense I became aware of was just how cold I was. The air was like ice against my skin, burning my lungs with every breath.

The next thing I became aware of was a metallic taste in my mouth, a taste that stung my lips and throat.

I opened my eyes, slowly, and the hall stretched before me sent a shock of fear down my spine. The hallway was bleak and familiar. It was the hall just before the judgement hall.

I was back in the Underground. How am I back in the Underground?

I took a few deep shuddering breaths, my lungs burning with each pull. I must be dreaming. This must be just like the dream I had before. Well, I'm not falling for this shit again. I'm leaving until I can wake up.

But I couldn't move. I couldn't move a muscle. My entire consciousness froze in shock. Why can't I move?

My breathing hitched, and as my lungs burned I realized what that horrible, metallic taste was that burned down my throat. It was the taste of dust. Dust.

Fuck. I have to be dreaming right now. I have to be.

I struggled to move, struggled to wake up. Struggled to gain some modicum of control. But I couldn't. I struggled for so long tears of frustration began to leave tracks down my cheeks.

Not this again. Not again.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. It stirred the air around me, making the dust around my head swirl and settle against my cheeks. The dust made my skin prickle and sting.

I fought to make my body respond to me, and when that didn't work I assessed my situation. And as I concentrated on my body, I realized with a jolt of surprise that it was still my body. The one I had fallen asleep in. I wasn't a child, as I had been when I first stood in this hallway.

I have to be dreaming. I repeated to myself. I fought to gain control over this nightmare, to make myself wake up.

You won't be able to wake up.

The voice that echoed in my head was not my own.

Chara.

The one and only. She giggled, the sadistic, high pitched laugh echoing in my head with painful familiarity. You didn't think I was just going to give up, did you?

What did you do?
Why, I was patient. Oh so patient. I waited, let you make yourself strong. Let you think you had a happy ending. Let you think you were free of me. And then, when you finally let your guard down, thinking you were free of the Underground, I finally gained control again. And it was so easy.

Chara, what did you do?

Why, I killed them all of course. You made it easy. So easy. When you do a reset, usually it resets your body, but not your soul. Your soul retains the strength it had before the reset. You made yourself strong for me. But you did better than that. You got into that lab. You saw those notes. You may not have understood them, but I did. You made it all too easy for me to force a reset, and make sure you retained your form and strength at the same time.

How? The last thing I remember. . .

Was falling asleep in that home?

How?

She cackled again, and it was so filled with twisted glee it made my stomach twist nauseously. Why, I made sure your consciousness remained oblivious, until I could gain enough LV. Couldn't risk you fighting back. She let out another mirthful laugh. Oh, and you should have seen the smiley trashbag's face when we walked out of the ruins, covered in dust. Well, how about I show you?

And my consciousness was pulled back, back into her memories, a silent observer. I felt myself push the door open, I felt the burn of my mother's dust against my skin. Chara had grabbed a handful of it, and smeared it on my face and neck, relishing in the burn it caused.

The cold hit my skin, but my body didn't even shiver. Chara either couldn't feel the cold or wasn't fazed by it. And as she walked down that path, Sans simply appeared. There was no initial teasing, he just teleported there, and the look on his face. . . Delicious isn't it? she giggled, and I saw his face twist first with surprise, and then with shocked horror as he saw the dust on my face, the dust that stained my clothes and skin. Chara had covered my body in it, the dust of all the monsters in the ruins.

She smiled evilly, it twisted my face, must have made me look feral and insane as she laughed at him, the sound of my voice coming out twisted and cruel.

"Frisk, what did you do?" his voice was strangled, panicked. "I thought. . ."

"You thought we had a happy ending?" I laughed, the emotionless sound echoing in the forest around me, making me cringe internally. My voice sounded wrong, so wrong with her words spilling out.

Don't you remember? Don't you remember what we did before we reset?

And I was pulled further back, to another memory. Back in that house, on the surface. It was still that night, everything was so peaceful, so content. But she gained control of me while I slept, so unaware, so oblivious. She woke up, keeping me under so I wouldn't know what she was doing, so I couldn't fight back.
I felt it all. I climbed out of my bed and opened the door, quietly padding down the hall to his room. My hand settled on the doorknob.

*No, no no no.* Panic made my throat tighten and my heart race.

I opened the door, padding quietly into the room and shutting it behind me with a soft click. And then I felt tears on my cheeks. *Wait, why are we crying?*

I padded across the floor, to his bed. "Sans?" I heard my voice call, sounding strained from emotion. But it wasn't real. *Chara, what are you doing?*

Sans stirred in his bed, opening his eyes slowly, and then jolting awake when he saw me standing beside his bed in tears.

"Frisk, what's wrong?" he asked, pushing himself up and wrapping his arms around me in concern. *Chara, what are you doing?* I repeated, suddenly growing more panicked at this situation. I had expected her to try to hurt him. What was she doing? She didn't answer me, simply sat back in smug glee as I watched myself, unable to influence events that had already passed.

"I... I had a nightmare," I choked out, my whole body shaking like a leaf. I had no idea Chara could act so well, and Sans seemed to be completely oblivious to fact that this wasn't me. I acted the same as I always did when having a nightmare, there was nothing to be suspicious of, and I wondered how much of my time growing up that Chara had seen.

His face fell in concern, and he wrapped me in his arms, pulling me into his lap and wrapping the blanket around the both of us.

"It's alright Frisk, you're alright," he murmured, rubbing my back comfortingly as I shook. But it was all an act, it wasn't real. But he didn't know that. Couldn't know that. And I couldn't speak up, couldn't stop what was happening, no matter how much I struggled.

"Sans, I'm sorry," I whispered. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry." My words cut off with a sob, and I buried my face against his hoodie. I felt him go still.

"Frisk, you have nothing to be sorry for," he said quietly, after a moment's hesitation.

"I do, I do, I-" it was as though I couldn't speak I was so emotional. But on the inside Chara was filled with a twisted, sick triumph that he was falling for it. My body's reactions and her emotions contradicted so strongly it made my head spin.

"What do you think you have to be sorry for, Frisk?" he asked, squeezing me tightly, trying to comfort me.

"It's my fault," I whispered, the words barely audible.

*No. No, you didn't.*

*Not quite,* she giggled. *Wouldn't want to ruin this perfect opportunity by saying too much.*

*What do you mean?* She didn't answer, simply returning her attention to the memory that was playing, forcing me to do the same.

"Frisk, what do you mean it's your fault?" Sans asked, voice strained. He seemed to know, he seemed to understand what I was implying with those words. But I simply shook my head, as
though I were unable to answer him.

He forced me back, placing his hands on my cheeks and raising my face, so I had to look at him. His face was creased with concern, his brows drawn together, his eyes shining brighter with intensity.

"Frisk, what do you mean it's your fault?" he repeated, tightening his grip when I tried to look away, the lights in his eyes digging into me, imploring me to answer.

I attempted to shake my head as my tears dripped over his fingers.

"Frisk, answer me, please," his voice was beginning to crack as his fingers tightened almost painfully, his eyes desperate for some kind of answer, slightly panicked at the implications. But it was like he couldn't be sure how much of his memories were real, how much was me. . .

Again, I tried to shake my head, but unsuccessful, simply said, "I can't," my words, her words broken by sobs.

"Frisk-

"I can't!" I repeated, forcefully tearing my face from his grip and shaking my head, my tears flying from my cheeks.

His face softened, and he re-wrapped his arms gently around my back, placing his forehead against mine in a comforting manner. "Okay," he whispered, his breath tickling against my lips as his hands rubbed soothingly up and down my back. I shivered, and my body responded.

I thought for a moment perhaps I was in control, but I quickly realized Chara was simply allowing my body to respond as it would naturally.

After a few moments, he lifted a hand, gently wiping the tears from my cheeks and resting it there. I was pressed firmly against his ribs, I could feel the thrum of his magic beneath me, making my whole body tingle with sensitivity. His face was so close, I would only have to lean forward just a bit and our lips would touch. The memory of the moment was making my heart speed up, and my stomach twist painfully at the same time. This wasn't real, this wasn't me, but he didn't know that. And I was ashamed my body was responding to the moment so easily. This wasn't the time to be enjoying this.

I sat in this moment filled with dread, expecting her to do something violent at any moment.

But after a few heartbeats my body leaned forward, and my lips pressed against his in a kiss, surprising us both. No. No no no. You didn't.

I felt his body go rigid beneath me, his lips parting in surprise and my tongue snaked out, gently licking his bottom lip. I felt him shiver and his hands rested against my hips in a tight grip, and then he pushed me away, separating us.

Fuck, Chara, what did you do?

She was suspiciously absent as the memory played out, despite the fact that she had been in control at the moment it had happened. I certainly had no control.

He leaned back, eyes meeting mine. I expected them to be filled with disgust, anger, rejection, something. But they weren't. They were surprisingly gentle. And filled with a heat that sent a shiver down my spine and made my core throb, heating in response.
"Frisk, what are you doin'?", he asked gently, his voice raspy and deep. He let out a shaky breath and it brushed against my lips, making me shiver.

"Sans, please, just kiss me," I said quietly, my voice filled with as much desire as I felt. And he did. He pressed his lips to mine, and it was surprisingly rough, as though he'd needed it as much as I did.

No, this is wrong. This isn't supposed to happen. Not like this.

But the scene played out, with me as an unwilling participant. I wanted so desperately to pull away, to stop what was happening, what was going to happen. But this was a memory. It had already happened. I couldn't change it, no matter how much I wanted to.

And I was filled with a sick shame as my body reacted against my wishes. It was wrong, but it felt so good.

His lips were rough on mine, hungry. His hands slipped beneath the hem of my shirt to caress my skin, his bones smooth against me, making my skin burn in the wake of his touch. His thumbs rubbed soothingly against my ribs, and caressed my breasts softly.

I moaned at the touch, and this only seemed to encourage him more, as his hands stroked farther up, cupping my breasts, thumbs rubbing teasing circles around my nipples before finally brushing over them. The touch sent a shock of pleasure through me, and they hardened so easily.

I turned my body, spreading my legs so I was straddling him, pressing myself against him. His lips parted mine, and his tongue traced my bottom lip teasingly before slipping in, twining with mine.

His hands pulled at the hem of my shirt, and I raised my arms so he could lift it up, tossing it on the floor as his hands explored my skin. My hands followed suit, pulling at his shirt until he pulled back enough to take it off.

His lips crashed against mine as soon as the garment was out of the way, and his hands wrapped around my back, pressing me firmly against his ribs. My nipples rubbed against his ribs and I could feel the thrum of his magic against the sensitive skin, sending little pulses of pleasure with every thrum. I felt felt him shiver at the sensation and his hands caressed gently down my sides, rubbing teasingly against my hip bones before lowering to rub the bare skin of my thighs.

His fingers rubbed up and down my thighs, squeezing the soft flesh between his fingers, his grip rough enough that I was sure it would leave bruises.

His teeth pulled at my bottom lip roughly, just shy of breaking the skin and I moaned. His hands trailed up under the hem of my shorts, squeezing my tender flesh between his fingers and I felt a steady throb between my legs.

I wanted so badly for it to stop, but at the same time my body was hungry for it to happen. I felt the tingle of his magic against my skin as it lifted me off his lap. His hands tugged at my shorts, pulling them down my legs as quickly as he could, tossing them to the floor before settling my now nude self back down on his lap.

If I had been in control I would have been embarrassed, bashful. But my body didn't respond that way. My hips rolled against his, rubbing against his pelvic bone and he shuddered in response, his hips bucking up against me. My head rolled back in pleasure at the feel of it, and the air began to thrum with energy.

When I raised my head, I saw that blue glow of magic in his left socket, blazing with desire and I
felt a distinctive, tingling hardness press between my legs. I gasped and let out a breathy moan, grinding against him.

I would certainly have never been so bold, so forward, but I wasn't in control. His hands gripped my thighs, pushing me against him as he thrust his hips, that hardness pressing between my legs and brushing against my clit, making me moan loudly in surprise, and I bit my lip to try to stifle the sound. And suddenly I hated the feel of the cloth that separated us.

He growled, *actually growled*, and lifted me with his magic again, pulling the hem of his own shorts down to free himself.

Needless to say, I had a few answers. He was blue, just as I'd wondered, the same cyan blue as his tongue, the same blue of his magic. And he was *big*. So big I wondered if he would even fit in me.

But I didn't care, I just wanted him, *needed* him. Heat radiated from my core, making me feel feverish, and I could feel the steady pulse between my legs. His magic released me, his rough, bony grip on my hips the only thing keeping me up.

He slowly lowered me until his tip was placed teasingly at my entrance, his eyes watching mine hungrily, drinking in my expressions. He leaned forward, tracing his tongue slowly down my throat, and my head lolled back in pleasure as its tingling warmth trailed down my neck.

He placed the tips of his sharp teeth against my pulse point, tracing it teasingly. And then he bit down into my soft flesh, almost hard enough to break the skin, but still enough to send a little shock of pain through my nerves.

That pain was quickly replaced by a pulsing pleasure as he lowered my hips roughly, pushing into me. He let out a surprised grunt as he slid surprisingly easily between my slick folds.

I felt my walls being stretched beyond anything I thought I could, the pleasure radiating up my stomach in little pulses as he pushed into me until he was completely hilted.

His teeth released their grip and his tongue gently licked at the mark on my neck, his skull pressing against my shoulder as I adjusted to his girth, simply relishing in the feel of being inside me.

After a few moments, I ground my hips impatiently against him, gasping as the small movement sent another twist of pleasure through me, making my legs shake. That seemed to be all the encouragement he needed as he lifted me and brought me down against him just as he thrust, somehow managing to bury himself deeper with the rough push.

And now that he started, it seemed he couldn't hold himself back any longer. He thrust into me, roughly, quickly, almost desperately and the sudden intense pleasure that rocked through my body made me feel like putty in his hands.

One hand slipped up between my shoulder blades to support my weight as my body nearly collapsed, his other retained its tight grip on my hip, pushing me down with every pounding thrust.

I could feel my wetness seeping down between my thighs, and I flushed in embarrassment as it settled against his bones. But he didn't seem to mind, if he even noticed.

He dug his teeth roughly into my shoulder, his breathing ragged and the occasional growl slipping between his teeth, making me shiver as the sound washed over my senses, making my core tighten with every animalistic sound.

His hand finally released its tight grip on my hip and I gladly ground my hips against him, moaning
lewdly with each wet thrust.

My whole body jerked as his fingers began to rub teasingly against my clit, making my whole body shake. My knees collapsed and his magic wrapped gently around me, lifting me and bringing me back down as his pace increased, his fingers rubbing tight circles against my clit, his other hand digging painfully between my shoulder blades as he held me up.

I felt a tightening in my core with each thrust, begging for release. My walls tightened around him with each push, and he seemed to sense how close I was, his pace increasing rapidly, his fingers rubbing against my clit in just the right way. The pleasure rose and rose. . .

"I love you," and finally, blissfully crashed over me. "Sans," his name escaped between my lips in the blissfulness of the moment and his grip only tightened against me.

My walls tightened around his girth like a vise, and his magic pressed me down against him, pushing himself as far into me as he could go as my orgasm triggered his own.

I felt his cock twitch as he came inside me, his teeth digging into my shoulder roughly enough to break the skin, the pain mixing with the pleasure to create a new high. I was sure the pleasure would have been even greater in the moment, rather than being viewed through a memory.

A few slow thrusts later and I finally came down from my orgasm. He slowly, almost reluctantly, lifted me off his length, pressing my sweat slicked body against his rib cage as he collapsed back against the bed with me firmly between his arms.

The swirling, blue magic in his left socket dissipated and the energy that had been pressed against my skin finally left, leaving the feel of cool air in its wake.

He seemed too exhausted to lift a blanket over us, so instead settled for nuzzling even closer to me, burying his face in my hair, his ragged breathing stirring it. My heart pounded in my chest and I was sure he could feel it against his ribs. His own magic was thrumming quickly through him, almost in time with my own heart beat.

"I love you too," he murmured ever so quietly, the breath of the words tickling against my ear, making me shiver. I felt his breathing even out until he was taking deep, slow, even breaths.

His grip hadn't loosened, but he was asleep. And Chara seemed to realize this. As he lay in bed, peacefully asleep, she reached back. Back to the beginning. She reset it all.

And I was jerked back, standing in the snow once again. Sans was standing before me, shocked horror on his face as I smiled at him.

And I realized just how fucked this whole situation was. The last thing he remembered was falling asleep in that bed with me after . . . fuck. The last thing he remembers is us making love, confessing our feelings, and then falling asleep together. . . before waking up right back here.

Alone. Back in the Underground, with no one even remembering the barrier breaking.

He must have known there was a reset.

But he never expected this. You, walking out the ruins, looking exactly like you had when he fell asleep with you. And he knows. He knows you've killed them all.

We were jerked back to the moment at hand when Sans took a hesitant step towards us.
"Frisk. . ."

Chara pulled the knife from her pocket, twirling it in her fingers as she smiled wickedly, stopping him in his tracks.

"You're not Frisk," he growled, socket already beginning to pulse with anger.

"Oh, is that what you think?" she said, my voice sickly sweet. She giggled, twirling the knife again threateningly.

"Frisk," he said, suddenly addressing me, as though I had been there. "I know you're there. I know you can hear me. You can fight her. I know you can."

I wanted so badly to respond, to tell him I was here. But I hadn't been. Not when it happened. I had been blissfully unaware of it all.

Chara only cackled evilly in response, throwing my head back. And then she lunged at him, slashing with her knife. He teleported out of the way, appearing behind us.

"Frisk-"

I whipped around, slashing at him again. He simply stepped out of the way, wrapping a hand around my slight wrist.

"Who the hell do you think you're talking to, you damn smiley trash bag?" I hissed, flipping the knife in my grip, and slashing at his hand. The sharp tip tore through the fabric of his sleeve, just shy of nicking his wrist.

It was enough to get him to release his grip, and I was quick to flip the knife back around, slashing at him again. He teleported away, disappearing completely.

She turned, examining our surroundings, but he was gone.

"If you want to stop me, you had better be ready to kill me," she called into the snow, knowing he could still hear us.

And then she walked on, as though it had never happened. As she neared his station, Papyrus appeared, approaching the station slowly through the snow. He paused when he saw us standing beside the sentry station.

"Excuse me," he called. "Have you seen my brother? That lazy bones wasn't at home this morning, and he isn't at his station. He's shorter than me, and wears a blue hoodie."

He paused as I turned fully toward him, and he finally saw me. He let out an audible gasp. "Excuse me, are you a human?"

She didn't answer, simply flicked the knife back into my hand, and his gaze flicked down to it.

"Now, now, there's no need for violence. You must be confused. It is not often we find humans in the Underground. Normally I am supposed to be capturing you, but you seem like you could use a friend," he was saying, oblivious to the fact that I was creeping closer.

He took up a heroic stance. "I, the Great Papyrus, elect to grant you pity. I will be your friend. I can help lead you in the right direction. I'm sure all you need is a little guidance and-"

And then Chara lunged forward, slashing through his armor. He crumbled so easily, as he always
"Well, that's not what I expected," he murmured as his body shifted away, his head landing on the snow.

Chara crushed him as he looked despondently up at us, and then she jerked me back to the present, standing in that bleak hallway.

*Much as I'd like to torment you with their deaths, I'd rather not waste the time.*

And then the memories all flooded back at once, killing everyone in the ruins, killing my mother, killing all the monsters in the Underground, giving none a chance.

And I remembered feeling it, feeling eyes on me the entire time.

*He was always watching us. But he was too weak to kill us. He thinks that this is me, not you. And he doesn't want to risk hurting you, killing you. He fell in love, and it will be the death of him. Now, to the fun part.*

And we walked down the hallway and into the judgement hall. And it was the same as it always was, bathed in golden light. And he was waiting for us.

He stood in the middle of the hall, face turned down, sockets frighteningly blank, hands clenched at his sides.

"What did you do to her?" he asked, voice low and threatening.

She giggled, the sickly sound curling in the air. Gods, I hated how my voice sounded with her hate, with her twisted inflection, corrupting it.

"You still think that I'm anything but myself?"

"I know you're not Frisk," he raised his head, his gaze burning into me. "Frisk would never do this."

Again, she giggled. "Oh, poor, ignorant Sansy." She raised the blade that was in our hand, pressing the flat of it against my cheek, the point just below my eye, and then closed my eyes, and when she opened them again, I saw him visibly jerk with surprise.

"Did you fall for these pretty blues?" she cackled, lowering the blade, and I groaned internally as I realized that she had managed to make her red eyes disappear, the one thing that had given him away before, the one thing that had shown him it wasn't me.

He was shaking, eyes glued to us. "You still don't get it, do you? All those years ago, I pretended to be possessed, so you would let me live, let me *reset*. And then, all those years I spent training, getting stronger. When a *reset* happens, my soul retains the strength I gained before it. Of course, the notes in your lab certainly helped a bit." Again, he jerked in surprise. "Didn't think I'd find those, did you? Well, I did. And I understood more than you at least."

He was shaking with anger now, the air becoming uncomfortably cold as his magic responded to his rage, tingling against my skin threateningly. His socket pulsed with magic and he raised his hands to his head, clutching at it as though he could hope to contain the magic that was quickly coming out of his control.

He shook his head desperately. "No. No. Last night... you... we..." He was struggling to force
his words out through his anger, trying to gain some kind of understanding that wasn't what she presented.

I fought to reach him, to push past her control and tell him that it wasn't me. But I couldn't. Her hold was simply too strong.

"We what? Made love?" she said mockingly. His head jerked up, his hands curling at his sides, the flames of his magic dancing between his fingers and licking up the side of his skull. She only smiled sweetly in response. "I did say I loved you, didn't I? Well, making you fall in love with me was half the fun. I knew you would hesitate, you would be too weak to fight me when I finally brought us all back."

"Why? Why bother with last night if-" his words came to strangled halt as his anger stole his voice. His magic was washing over us in waves now, making me feel sick. It only seemed to fill Chara with a sick glee, seeing his obvious suffering.

"If you were already in love? Why, just to make this all the worse. You thought you had everything you wanted. Everyone was free, on the surface. I finally confessed my love for you, gave myself to you. And then it all resets, and here I am, covered in their dust." She cackled, and then practically moaned. "Ooh, how sweet your agony is. You are a fool if you think I could actually love you."

My voice twisted in disgust. "I just made sure it would hurt as much as it possibly could when I brought you back. To make you suffer for all those deaths you put me through."

He was shaking his head, trying to deny it, but the way she voiced it made it make sense. Made it seem real. "Well, whether you believe me or not doesn't really matter. I'm exactly where I need to be, exactly as strong as I need to be."

He chuckled darkly, the sound devoid of humor as his teeth clenched angrily. "You really think you're gonna get past me? How many times did I kill you again?"

Chara hissed in anger. "Oh, I will win this time."

"I'd like to see you try, you dirty brother killer," he growled, and I felt his magic wrap around my soul, making my body feel like lead. The feel of it was so disconnected.

But Chara was ready. She dodged his first attacks easily. He dodged her swinging knife, and when that wasn't enough, teleported out of the way, launching bones our way. She slashed through them, dodged them and weaved through them expertly. For several minutes it almost seemed like they were at a stalemate.

Until she slipped up, and one bone ripped through the tender flesh of my thigh. She stumbled, but forced my body to move through the pain, even as my leg threatening to collapse beneath her. But it definitely wasn't enough.

As she desperately launched herself at him, he side stepped the slashing knife easily, bringing his hand down against the back of my skull. I felt my head crack painfully and then our cheekbone smashed against the marble, the skin splitting. She attempted to stand, but he brought his foot down against my back, pinning me to the floor.

She wriggled and fought to free herself, but she was trapped. I felt my stomach twist as I sensed the blow coming, and then the burst of pain split my skull before everything went black.

And then we were simply there again. And Sans looked like he was in so much pain, magic fluctuating between rage and despair.
"Having fun? Killing the woman you love?" she hissed, relishing in his suffering.

"Whoever you are, you aren't the person I fell in love with," he growled, wrapping us in magic, ruthlessly tossing our body across the room to slam into a wall hard enough to leave cracks in the marble.

Chara coughed up blood, and it splattered on the marble at our feet, startlingly red. But the pain of our broken body didn't stop her from gripping her knife dangerously as he stalked slowly closer.

Chara simply collapsed as she tried to step towards him, unable to stand on our broken legs any longer, let alone attack. Sans chuckled darkly, the deep sound completely devoid of its usual mirth, filled instead with a sick triumph, seeing that we wouldn't be able to fight back.

The flurry of bones he sent our way impaled us, piercing every available inch of our skin, causing an immeasurable amount of pain before the darkness blissfully claimed us.

**Don't you see? Don't you see how easily he is killing you? How much could he possibly have loved you if he can hurt you so easily?**

I scoffed at her obvious lack of understanding. *You reset everything after making him think there was finally a happy ending, that it was all finally over. You killed his brother, killed everyone. I wouldn't expect any different.*

Chara only growled in response, throwing us into the new fight with vigor. Chara was good, she used my strength, my training to her advantage, but she still wasn't good enough. She died, over and over, each death seemingly more brutal than the last.

Once, a particularly brutal attack slashed through my abdomen, spilling blood and viscera across the marble, and I bled out, slowly, as he just stood there.

Another, he caught my arm as she slashed, and then didn't hesitate to break it in his strong grip, the bone in my forearm snapping easily, the blade falling from my fingers. We screamed in pain, but he didn't even seem to hear it. He simply threw us to floor.

Chara was stupid enough to try to crawl toward the knife, and he brought his foot down on our broken arm, the pain almost enough to make me black out, and I screamed again, the sound echoing down the hall. Sans only twisted his foot, almost seeming to relish in my screams. And then I felt a burst of pain as a bone exploded through my chest, and I blacked out.

The next time, he didn't bother to give Chara a chance. Simply wrapped us in magic and threw us across the room to slam painfully into a pillar, our ribs breaking on impact. He teleported in front of us, face twisted in more rage than I had ever seen it, wrapping a bony hand around my throat and squeezing.

We struggled to draw in a breath through our sealed airways, my hands desperately clutching at his fingers in an attempt to get free. Neither of us seemed to know if it was me or her fighting to get free, but it didn't matter. He only tightened his grip, teeth gritted in anger as my lungs burned painfully and spots blotted my vision, until blackness faded over me.

One death, he managed to slip the knife from my fingers, and used it against us, slashing through the tender flesh of my throat, watching in almost twisted triumph as we bled out slowly.

And once, he actually beat us to death, pinning us against the wall, the back of his hand landing a blow against the side of my skull hard enough to crack it. And then simply repeated, over and over,
until darkness dragged us under.

He was so angry, so filled with hate. And I couldn't blame him. He thought that I had done this. That I had given them a happy ending, just to tear it away in the most brutal way possible, that it had all been apart of some sick, cruel plan.

And it didn't help that Chara taunted him every time, taunted him with all their deaths, blaming him for being too weak to stop us. Taunted him with the memories of my childhood, torturing him with the memories we had shared, sickly twisting every memory she could to make it seem as though it had all been a trick to gain his affection, simply reflecting what he wanted rather than anything I had actually meant.

She twisted so many memories, making them seem like they were all a part of her sick plan to make him suffer, all these years later, leaving no doubt that this was anything but me.

The most brutal death followed when she lewdly rubbed my hands between my legs, mocking the desire he'd had for me, taunting that he probably still did, despite it all.

"All it took was a few tears, a little guilt, a little show of neediness, one little 'I love you', and you fell for it so easily. You gave yourself over so easily."

"You're the one who spread your legs for me, slut," he hissed, anger completely out of his control.

She only laughed at him, not fazed at all by the insult, only proceeding to rub her hands teasingly over my body, relishing in the anger that so easily overtook him at seeing the lewd gesture. "And I bet you would again, and all it would take would be me spreading my legs." She cackled when his magic slammed us into the floor. "Oh, Sansy, how ashamed does it make you, knowing that you still get turned on by the woman who murdered your brother?"

He hadn't bothered to respond, either too angry to, or not wanting to give her the satisfaction. Instead, he simply used his magic against us, and that death had been particularly brutal and drawn out.

And after every death, every time he killed us so brutally, as though he didn't care, she asked me the same thing. Why do you still love him when he can kill you so easily? When he can hurt you so easily? I never graced her with an answer, knowing she would never understand.

Death after brutal death. I didn't think it would ever end.

Chara simply kept going back, determined to win.

Every time she went back, we were standing in that hall again. "Don't you ever get sick of killing me?" she asked, anger beginning to taint my voice.

Sans only chuckled darkly. "Never," he growled, quick to initiate the fight.

You're the one baiting him, I told her, feeling her anger at the continuous deaths. You're making it worse on yourself.

But it still hurts him more.

And the fighting continued. Chara narrowly avoiding his attacks. I knew one would slip through sooner or later, and braced myself for the pain.
What I didn't expect was for him to slip up. Chara shouted in triumph as she saw her sudden opportunity. I was still so sure he would be able to teleport out of the way.

But he wasn't fast enough. My heart stopped as I realized this. The blade connected solidly with his rib cage, slashing easily through the material of his jacket, and the bones underneath.

The knife came away stained red, and his jacket was quickly soaked. His expression fell to one of shock as his back hit a pillar. His legs collapsed and he slid to the ground, magic wavering in the air unsteadily.

No. No no no no no no. This isn't possible.

Oh, but it is.

She knelt down in front of him and he raised his eyes to glare at her, at me, struggling to gain control of his magic even as he died.

This can't be happening. More pain than I had ever felt radiated through my chest. It hurt worse than death.

His hand clutched at his chest, the redness seeping between his fingers. Chara raised the blade in her hand, appraised it before dragging her tongue slowly and deliberately across the flat of it. The taste on my tongue was all too familiar. And it definitely wasn't blood.

His features twisted in hate as he watched us, his body beginning to crumble, so slowly as he attempted to hold on.

Chara giggled. "Ketchup, huh? Guess I shouldn't be surprised." She bit my lip, and then leaned forward, placing my lips right up against the side of his skull. "I can bet your dust will taste even sweeter," she whispered.

She leaned back, relishing in the pain and rage on his face. His socket pulsed once before the magic began to wane, slipping away from him.

"You will never be able to save them," she whispered, just loudly enough for him to hear. "You're going to turn to dust, and this world will end, because you were too cowardly to fight me when I was weaker. Too weak to kill me when you had the chance. Because you were foolish enough to fall for me. And you fell for it all so easily, the innocent act. So easy to manipulate. And now, they will all die, and they won't ever come back, all because you were too weak to see that I wasn't who you thought I was." Her smile curled my lips ferally.

He was visibly shaking with anger, but he simply gritted his teeth, not gracing her with a response. I saw the lights in his sockets waver, and then dim as he slumped forward, the life slowly leaving him even as he tried so desperately to hold on.

I saw the life as it left him, saw his sockets go sickeningly blank before his body crumbled into dust underneath us.

Chara simply ran her fingers through it, lifting a handful and smearing it on my skin. It burned more than any other. Even she couldn't stop the tears that fell from my eyes.

And then everything simply went numb.
I'm sorry.
All a Dream

Chapter Summary

Finally a much needed talk.

Chapter Notes

I am so terribly sorry for last chapter. I'll make it up to you I swear.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I came to my senses all at once, awareness of my surroundings hitting me like a mountain. Adrenaline shot through my veins and in a panic I rolled out of my bed, numb even to the pain of my knees hitting the ground.

I knelt there, on my hands and knees, body shaking uncontrollably, unaware of the tears that left tracks down my cheeks and dripped off my jaw onto the floor. I was unaware of my fingers clawing painfully at the carpet, or the cold air that wafted against my sweaty skin. I was unaware of the pounding of my heart in my chest, the sound echoing in my eardrums, or the air that burned painfully through my lungs with each ragged breath.

The only sensations I could feel was the agony radiating through my soul as it attempted to tear itself apart, the pain tearing through my limbs with cruel little pulses, making my muscles jerk uncontrollably. My head pounded and I felt a pressure filling the inside of my skull, threatening to split it open from the inside. The sensation of burning needles piercing the backs of my eyes and an unfamiliar, unbearable energy slowly filled my limbs, my skin threatening to split as it attempted to contain it within me. It was as though my soul could no longer contain my emotions, all my pain, despair, agony, rage rolled off me in waves, threatening to break apart the reality that surrounded me.

It wasn't until I became fully aware of the sense of my soul that my panic began to fade. I no longer felt disconnected, my soul felt like it was exactly where it should be, and I was alone in my body. There was no invading presence, no mocking voice or cruel laughter echoing in my head any longer.

And as I realized this, I forced myself to calm, the pain, the pressure slowly easing, dissipating back into my trembling soul. I became aware of the plush carpet beneath my hands and knees and the familiar floral scent of my room.

I slowly allowed my eyes to open, afraid that when they did I would be standing in my nightmare again, that these sensations were some kind of cruel trick. But, I was kneeling on the carpet in my bedroom, just as I felt like I was.

This could be a cruel trick. Chara could be letting me believe that I am back before pulling me back into the nightmare.
But it felt real. The carpet beneath my hands felt real, the cool air on my skin felt real.

_Dying felt real. The taste of dust and the agony felt real. Killing Sans felt real._

My breathing hitched. It had all seemed real. Just as real as this moment.

*What made this moment seem like more? What pulled me out of my panic?*

I focused on myself, trying to pinpoint something that made this moment feel _more_ real than the nightmare I had been in. I was desperate to find something, and as I concentrated on myself, I realized that I could feel my soul. It no longer felt disconnected, as it had in my dream.

*It was always disconnected because Chara had a hold on it. When it was within her grasp it always felt disconnected because her twisted, sick darkness had it trapped._

*But even back then it never felt that disconnected.*

I took a deep breath as I argued with myself and quickly made a decision. I had to be sure of whether or not I was dreaming.

So I did the only thing I could think of, the only thing that a dream in no way could replicate. I pulled out my soul. The energy pulled to my center and then out, the familiar feeling all too real. The kind of sensation a dream could never fully replicate, even if it tried.

My soul floated in front of my chest, pulsing rapidly in time with my pounding heart, the red glow filling the room, the light of it practically sparkling on the walls. In an attempt to be extra sure I reached up my hand, softly brushing my fingers over my soul. And I felt the touch within my entire being, the sensation radiating through my entire self with an indescribable clarity. The kind of awareness a dream could never replicate.

I let out a breathy sigh of relief as I realized I was truly awake, that it had all just been a nightmare. Another nightmare.

*More real than almost any nightmare I had ever felt. The only dream to seem so vividly real before was when I was in the Underground, alone._

But it was _just a dream._ I was awake, I was on the surface. Everyone was alive, everyone was safe. _I am myself, only myself._

I slowly stood up, my legs shaking under me. I took a deep breath, slowly stretching, relishing in the feel of my muscles, the way they moved under my skin, feeling my stiff joints pop. I clenched my fingers and curled my toes, relishing in every sensation, relief washing through me as my body followed every command.

As the tension left my body, my soul eased back into my chest. When I finally opened my eyes I became dimly aware of the flickering light that danced across my vision.

Turning with confusion I inspected my room and saw that the candle that had been resting on my desk was lit, the little flame flickering in the air, making the light dance on the walls.

Frowning in confusion I slowly padded across the floor, picking the candle up and examining it. I didn't remember leaving a candle lit when I went to sleep, doing something like that was dangerous. And the candle didn't seem melted at all, it was as though it had just been lit.

My confusion only deepened but I figured I must have simply forgotten I lit it and lost track of
time. Falling asleep seemed like a lifetime ago, after all. And I knew it hadn't been that long; I figured my dream must have warped my sense of time and I really hadn't slept that long at all.

Shrugging, I blew the candle out, washing the room in darkness again. And as I stood in that darkness, an uneasiness spread across my skin and I knew sleep would evade me this night.

I decided I was simply going to do what I always did when I had a nightmare. Work myself into exhaustion and convince myself my body was still mine. It was time for some training.

I padded quietly out of the room, carefully opening my door and peering into the hall. It was empty and peacefully quiet, just as it had been when I'd fallen asleep.

I slowly entered the hall, not bothering to shut the door behind me. As I slowly eased down the hall, I stopped at the door to the guest room, feeling a tug on my soul. I had to see him, I had to know that he was alright. Something tugged at me, forcing me to ease his door open, determined to see him alive and well with my own eyes.

And as I opened his door I found him exactly where I'd expected him to be, hoped he would be. He was fast asleep in his bed, a big lump beneath his covers, the sound of his breathing filling the room, washing against my soul, easing the pain that had infected me since I woke.

And as I gazed on his sleeping form a memory flashed in my vision and suddenly it was déja vu-the vision of the room in front of me making my stomach curl and sending an uneasiness twisting through my gut like a knife.

I had to force myself to swallow the uneasiness as bile rose in my throat, sending a shock of adrenaline through my veins. Disgust at what I had dreamt of doing and a sick desire filled me, the two emotions contradicting so strongly in me I felt like I was going to throw up or collapse right on the spot.

I forced my eyes to close, blocking out the memory of padding across his bedroom floor in tears. Slowly I closed his door, stifling the click and rushing down the hall and down the stairs, eager to be as far from the memory as possible.

*It didn't happen.* I repeated this to myself like a mantra as I made my way to the rec room in the basement which served double as a little home gym. I shivered as I felt the cold concrete beneath my feet, the air seeming much colder in this part of the house.

I didn't hesitate to start my training, grounding myself. I set my feet in a solid stance, concentrating on each individual part of my body, letting myself feel each muscle, each tendon, every inch of skin from my toes to my fingers, spread high in the air above me as I stretched.

I picked up the long training pole that leaned against the wall, the soft wood familiar in my hands as I eased myself through the slow motions of my session, each move of my body slow and controlled as my body rolled through the practice fighting sequence with ease and practice.

After only a few minutes of going through the motions my muscles were already burning as I forced my legs into low dips and turns, lifts and spreads that my body wanted so badly to rush through, but I forced the movements under my control, easing through them as slowly as my muscles would allow me.

I could practically feel the energy as it buzzed through my veins and muscles, making me feel strong, and at the same time giving me confidence in my control over my mind as well as my body.

I forced the images of the nightmare to the back of my mind as I simply focused on the feel of my
body, each beat of my heart, each deep breath that filled my lungs, each pull of muscle and bead of sweat that tickled down my skin.

And as the minutes slowly eased past, they turned from minutes to an hour. And then two. And then, finally, too exhausted to continue, I simply collapsed on the floor where I was, training pole falling from my fingers to roll across the floor.

I could feel my heart beat through every inch of my body, the sound of it practically echoing in the stillness of the room. My muscles were shaking but my entire body felt so warm, so strong.

I could feel a buzz rush through my veins with every beat of my heart, slowly filling me. I could feel my soul radiating with something entirely unfamiliar to me. It felt like a tingling, raw energy filled my entire being, spreading through my weary limbs, filling my muscles and spreading across my skin in waves.

I opened my eyes slowly and the first thing that fell into my line of sight was a lone candle, sitting on a table against the wall.

When I lifted my hand I was entirely unaware of the motion as though it weren't even under my control. All I could feel was the heat that radiated through the center of my being, the burning sensation pushing against my skin from the inside making even my eyes burn with warmth.

The next thing I did came to me as instinct. I felt this strange energy buzzing through my veins to the tips of my fingers, and I focused my line of sight, the candle becoming the only thing I could see. As I focused my intent on the candle I urged the tiniest bit of energy to release, aimed at my target, and the candle flickered to life, the flame bursting up bright blue before settling back into its normal orange glow.

The soft, flickering candle light filled the room as I pulled my body into a sitting position, staring at the candle in disbelief as the energy slowly withdrew from my body, dissipating back into my center all on its own.

I slowly stood up, walking over to the candle and picking it up in my hands, rolling it between my fingers as I stared at the flame. How did I do that? I wouldn't have been able to explain it, and it seemed that the energy that had filled me was completely gone from my body and out of my reach as far as I could tell.

I lifted a hand, passing it through the flame as I contemplated what that feeling had been. The sound of a footstep suddenly reached my senses, startling me, and the candle fell from my grasp as I twisted around.

The candle sputtered out as it hit the ground, rolling across the floor back under the table I had lifted it from. Sans stood at the foot of the stairs, watching me curiously.

"Sans, don't do that. You scared me," I scolded, hand clutched to my chest as my heart calmed.

He took a few more steps into the room, eyes flickering between me and the candle I dropped. Oh no, did he see what I did?

"You okay, kiddo?" he asked gently, surprising me. For some reason I expected him to be angry, his voice to come out harsh, and I flinched in lingering expectation from my dream as soon as the words escaped him. What I wasn't expecting was for him to be so gentle.
He visibly frowned, brow furrowing in concern when he saw me flinch back from him.

"Sorry, yeah," I quickly apologized, hoping he wouldn't question why I'd seemed afraid of him, trying to force away my unease at his presence. *I have no reason to feel this way. It was just a dream.* Scolding myself didn't seem to be helping my fear or the way my heart still beat uncomfortably quickly in my chest, the adrenaline keeping me on edge even as the rational part of my mind tried to ease my fear.

*Besides, he may have been killing me in my dream but it's not like I was undeserving of it. Considering what I'd done I really had it coming.*

Sans was watching me carefully, not at all oblivious to the way my body had tensed up in the wake of his presence. But just as he wasn't oblivious to how I reacting to him, I didn't miss just how exhausted he looked, the bone under his eye sockets looked bruised, like dark circles under his eyes.

"You sure, Frisk? You seem a little on edge," he said softly, as though trying to ease my obvious nerves.

When he took a step towards me I inadvertently stepped back, my body reacting on instinct alone as the images I had spent the last two hours pushing away reared their head again.

All I could see was blue, a cold angry blue as his face twisted in anger, hate and disgust. The image made me shiver and my breathing sped up even as I attempted to push the image to the back of my mind. I was trying to be mindful of the fact that he was very much in the room with me, his all too knowing gaze looking right through me with concern and confusion.

"I'm okay, just couldn't sleep. Figured I'd come down and tire myself out. Sorry if I woke you," my voice came out sounding breathless despite my efforts to keep it even, my throat trying to close as irrational fear seized at me again.

Sans was watching me doubtfully. "You sure don't seem ok, kiddo. What's got you rattled?"

When he took another step towards me I backed up again despite my attempt to stop myself and my lower back hit the table behind me, making me wince more out of surprise than anything else as a memory of pain tearing across my back flashed across my skin.

I saw his brows furrow in hurt and surprise, his hands lifting towards me as though he wanted to comfort me but didn't know how to through my obvious fear of him.

I swallowed painfully, attempting to push down the lump in my throat as chills danced across my skin. I knew that being close to him right now would be a very, very bad idea, especially considering I had no logical explanation as to why I was reacting to him the way I was.

All I knew right now was that I had to get away before I could further screw up and give myself away. I already knew he would have questions, questions I didn't want to answer, and didn't have a lie for.

"I'm sorry," was all I could say before, panicking, I tried to push my way past him out of the room. He caught my wrist in his hand, expression surprised at my sudden attempt to escape. Panic blossomed in my chest and I violently tore my hand from his grip as I rushed out of the room, desperate to escape the visions flashing in my head.

"Frisk!" he called after me as I practically ran down the hall and up the stairs, eager to get to my room where I could hide behind a locked door. Not that it would do me much good if Sans was
insistent on getting to me. Which he was.

He teleported in front of me and I slammed right into his chest, almost falling flat on my ass at the sudden impact. He was quick to wrap an arm around my waist, keeping me upright.

Panic and a searing heat twisted through my gut at the sudden close contact, making my head swim dizzily as the emotions fought inside me. Desperate to push the contracting emotions as far from me as possible I pushed against his chest with all my strength, knocking him back a step as his arm fell away from me, releasing me from its merciless tingle against my body.

"Sans, please, get out of my way," panic forced my voice to a near whisper, and I couldn't look up at his face. Tears burned at my eyes and my throat constricted painfully.

He took a step around me, forcing me to take a step back to avoid any further contact with him, the motion forcing me back against the wall. His arms came up on either side of my head, trapping me between them, and I could feel his eyes boring into me. I swear if emotions could cause a physical reaction my skin would be burning from the sheer intensity behind the lights of his eyes.

"Frisk, what the hell is going on?" he asked insistently, voice low and demanding. The sound of it made my chest tighten with the remembrance of fear and the more prominent feeling of heat spreading up my stomach.

He must have been able to hear my heart pick up in pace and assumed it was because of fear as he growled in response, the deep sound only making the heat in my core flare up.

I felt his magic tingle against my chin as he forced my head up, forcing me to look at him, the blue glow of it filling my vision and the pulsing blue in his socket made me swallow painfully as I attempted to push away the war of emotions and compose myself.

I was not successful and he saw right through me, as he always seemed to. He sighed impatiently, the sound hissing through his clenched teeth when I didn't answer him.

"Frisk, I've tried to be patient. I've tried to refrain from askin' questions I know you don't want me to ask, but I'm gettin' real sick of you keepin' things from me," he growled, the words washing over me almost threateningly. It seemed he wasn't going to let it go this time.

I wracked my brain for some kind of rational explanation, some kind of lie that would make sense, and as I fumbled for words he seemed to sense what I was doing because he growled again impatiently as his magic pressed firmly against my lips to stop any lies before I could speak them.

"Don't even think of lyin' to me, kid," he rumbled in warning, eye flaring in response before the tingling pressure against my lips eased, allowing me to relax in relief.

His gaze prompted me to give him some kind of answer to all my strange behavior but I couldn't think of anything to say.

"Frisk, please, answer me," his voice was quiet with desperation, expression becoming less intense and more gentle, causing guilt to twist in my heart like a shard of glass.

I couldn't give him any acceptable answer. Besides the truth.

"I'm sorry," the words slipped between my lips, barely audible. Well, that's a start.

"What do you think you have to be sorry for, kiddo?" he asked softly, the lights in his eyes more warm than searing now.
I wasn't even aware of the tears until they fell, slipping down my cheeks in a trail of warmth. My chest tightened painfully but I knew I would have to answer him.

"It's my fault," I managed to force out past the lump in my throat, the words sounding strangled even to my own ears.

His brows furrowed in confusion and I could see a weary apprehension begin to settle in eyes. "What's your fault?"

I swallowed painfully as my tears continued to overflow, my lips trembling as I attempted to form an answer.

He watched me patiently, simply waiting for me to find the words. I closed my eyes, forcing a deep breath into my reluctant lungs as I prepared myself for what would come.

_I hate that I have to do this, but I knew I couldn't avoid it forever. Sooner or later, this has to be addressed. Even if I lose him because of it, he has a right to know._

When I opened my eyes, I was filled with a new, somewhat forced, resolve. "Sans, what do you have nightmares about?" I decided to ask him that first, already knowing the answer.

His brows drew together and I saw emotions flit across his features, emotions just as conflicting as I felt. I knew exactly what caused them.

"Frisk, why are you askin' me that?" he answered my question with a question, clearly very reluctant to give me an answer. I knew he wouldn't voice exactly what it was- that I would have to.

"You see it, don't you? You still have nightmares of them dying." His body visibly jerked straight, his bony fingers curling against the wall, practically clawing at it as the blue flared up in his eye socket more intense than before, pulsing in response to his emotions.

Fear, disbelief, confusion and anger all flit across his features and my stomach dropped as he fixed me in a stare more threatening than before.

"Kid, how do you know about that. I never..." his words cut off as he ground his teeth angrily, blue pulsing and pressing against my skin like ice.

"You never told anyone? Yeah, I know. Neither did I," I said quietly, surprisingly composed, or rather numb, now that the truth was finally getting out there.

Sans jerked back, arms withdrawing as he put some distance between us, seeming almost desperate to get away from me.

Anger and confusion settle on his face, and his magic wraps around me tightly, digging into my skin with icy needles as it's wrapped around my soul. His magic lifted me to his eye level, keeping me so tightly pressed against the wall I was sure it would crack under the pressure. I couldn't even draw in a breath through the weight constricting my chest.

"Frisk, you better have a damn good explanation for why you know about that," he hissed, voice obviously pained. "Why is it your fault?"

I swallowed painfully as the pressure eased just enough for me to take a breath in, allowing me to speak. His expression was borderline furious as he took a threatening step closer.

Fear of memories and the moment at hand constricted my airways and I couldn't answer fast
enough as his magic tightened warningly against my soul.

"Frisk. Please tell me that it didn't happen. Tell me it is just nightmares."

I had to take a shaky breath before I could answer. "I can't tell you that."

His magic tightened painfully. "How much of what I've dreamed of happened?"

"Probably most of it," I answered quickly. "Maybe all of it." *As long as his dreams don't deviate as much as mine.*

He took a long, trembling breath, his sockets closing as he attempted to reel in his anger. "You tell me, Frisk. And you had better tell me the truth. Did you kill them?"

"Yes."

Another trembling breath, and when his sockets opened they were frighteningly dark, his gaze boring into me. "*Why?*

"Could there really be an acceptable explanation as to why I killed every monster in the Underground?"

"No. But give me a reason so I don't-" his words choked off painfully.

"So you don't have to kill me?"

He shook his head as he attempted to answer me. "I couldn't-" He was trembling, obviously very conflicted.

*Tell him. Tell him the truth. All of it.*

"How many times did you *reset*?" he settled for asking.

"Twice."

"Why did you *reset* the first time?"

"I don't know," I whispered, pained. "I was curious. I wanted to do it all again. Does it matter?"

"It does to me. Why did you *reset* the second time?"

"To fix my mistake," the words were barely audible.

*Tell him the truth. Tell him it wasn't you.*

*But it was. I *reset* the first time and caused their deaths. I didn't fight back as hard as I should have. And they all suffered because of me. Sans suffered. Because I wasn't strong enough.*

"Frisk, why did you do it?" despair colored his voice and his whole body was shaking, whether with anger or pain I couldn't tell.

I could only shake my head because I hadn't killed them, not voluntarily. I couldn't have killed them no matter how much my life depended on it. So I couldn't give him an appropriate answer.

"Frisk, tell me that all these years you haven't just been pretendin'. Tell me that you are who I think you are."
My dream flashed in my head, of him thinking that I had done all of this to trick him, that all the precious memories we shared were nothing but steps in a larger plan to make him suffer. And no matter how much I wanted to punish myself I couldn't let him think that. Those memories meant too much.

"No. Everything that happened the last decade was very real. It wasn't a trick, it wasn't just part of some bigger, nefarious plot. Everything that you've seen of me the last 10 years is who I am."

"The you that I know and the you from my dreams can't possibly be the same person. So tell me, Frisk. Who is Chara?"

I felt chills prickle down my spine at hearing that name out loud. *He remembers.*

"Chara is the one who stepped out of those ruins after the first *reset.*" There was no avoiding the truth, even if I'd wanted to lie about her.

"It wasn't you." It was a statement, not a question. And he seemed to visibly relax as relief washed over his features, chasing away the anger. His magic softened, but didn't release me. "Frisk, what happened? How did Chara manage to possess you in the first place?"

"She said that everything I'd done in my first time through the Underground woke her. And when I *reset* it gave her the opportunity to take control of my body. Of my soul. She said that we were alike. Our souls were alike, that was how she could possess me so easily. She said herself if my soul had been different, if it had been any other human, she wouldn't have been able to."

He let out a heavy sigh as he processed all this. "And if you never *reset.* . . ."

"She never would have had her opportunity. It was my fault."

He drew a weary hand across his face, the sound it made was almost like stones rubbing against each other. "You didn't mean for it to happen, did you?"

"Of course not. I didn't even know about Chara until the *reset.* Not really. I just . . . wanted to live through it all one more time. Find everything, do everything, before the adventure ended."

Sans finally let out a heavy sigh and released me, letting me slide easily to my feet. My legs still wobbled from the whole incident.

"Frisk, I know you aren't going to want to, but we need to talk about this."

"I know."

"I guess I'm gonna start by asking what was it like to be possessed? Were you aware, or was Chara the only one there when it all happened?"

"What do my nightmares tell you?"

"I still want to hear it from you."

It was my turn to sigh. "How about we go sit down while we talk about this?"

"Sure thing, kiddo," he nodded in agreement. My legs were already weary from the nights workout, and the whole ordeal just moments ago, and this would be a long talk.

He followed me into my room, joining me on the edge of my bed. I kept my eyes down, still too
He gave me a few moments to collect my thoughts. "When Chara possessed me, I wasn't even aware of it at first. When I woke up it was like I was in my body. I could feel every little thing, see and hear everything, but I had no control of my muscles. It was like my body was moving on its own, had a will of its own. I knew immediately that something was off, and when I met my first monster I knew that something was very wrong. I could feel my body's intentions before I did anything. I killed the first monster that I came across without hesitation. And then the next, and the next, until every monster in the ruins was dead. Chara wouldn't let a single one go. And I could feel it all. It felt like I was doing it. I thought at first that I was."

"It wasn't you."

"I know, but it certainly felt like it," I had to take a deep breath before I could continue. "When we reached Toriel and she let us into her home, that was when I first became aware of Chara. She let me become aware of her presence. She made me kill my mother." I could feel my voice cracking as emotions overtook me, my tears spilling down my cheeks as the pain of the memory washed over me once again. Sans wrapped a comforting arm around me but I pushed him away before he could pull me into his lap. I needed to get this all out, while I still could.

"I couldn't lock myself away. I couldn't turn a blind eye to it. I couldn't distance myself. Chara made me watch every death, made me feel all their bodies turn to dust. All my friends. I knew, when we met you again in the woods, I knew you wouldn't remember me. And Chara knew it too."

"But I did. I remembered you. I'd dreamed about you the night before, right after the reset. I dreamed about a little kid breaking the barrier and freeing us all. I thought it was just that, a dream. When I saw you walking out of the ruins and I looked into your eyes, it wasn't the same person from my dreams looking back at me, so I thought I must have just imagined it. It must have just been some crazy coincidence."

"We didn't know you remembered. You spoke to me like you'd never seen me. I wanted so badly to reach out to you, to tell you that it wasn't me, to tell you that... to tell you what I'd done, so you could stop me before she made me kill anyone else." His hand rubbed comforting circles into my back as my sobs shook me.

"I don't know if I would've been able to do it, even if you had. You were just a kid..."

"A kid who had already killed too many innocents."

"Still just a kid."

"You would've been able to, if you knew what was at risk."

"Maybe."

"But you did what you had to. In the end."

"Only when there was no other choice."

"She made me kill them all Sans. All my friends. My entire family. Our family. Papyrus tried so hard to spare us, to help us. And I- I killed him without a second thought, cut through him as though- as though it were nothing." Another sob forced my throat to close.

"That wasn't you," the conviction behind the words left no room for debate, though even his voice was wavering now.
"It certainly felt like it."

"You can tell me, kiddo. You can tell me about all of it. I know it hurts, but it'll help to finally talk about it. You've kept it a secret for so long."

"It won't just hurt me."

"I can handle it," his hands squeezed my back and pulled me into his lap, this time I was too tired and drained to protest. He began to rub my back soothingly, the motion familiar and calming.

And so I did. I told him everything, everything Chara made me do from the moment I woke up to the moment I met him in that judgement hall. When we finally got to it, he seemed to come to a realization.

"I hurt you. I killed you."

"You did what you had to do," I whispered, so emotionally drained from my telling that I could barely muster the energy to pull back and look up at him. His sockets were dark, his left eye beginning to pulse blue with anger once again.

"I killed you. And you were in there, the whole time. You felt it all. I hurt you. I-I practically tortured you. . . oh gods. . ." He buried his face in his hands, his bony fingers clawing at his skull, his anger no longer directed at me, but at himself.

"Sans, look at me," I demanded, a buzz of energy returning to my veins. He wasn't allowed to blame himself, not for that. Not for something he had to do. Not for something I caused.

He refused to budge and his magic was beginning to wash through to room in waves as his emotions took control. "Sans!" I repeated, louder this time, taking his hands in mine. It took all my strength to gently pry his finger from their tight grip, and when I did his expression was absolutely filled with anger and guilt.

"You did what you had to do. I killed everyone. And I was going to destroy everything. You knew that, I know you did. We could see it. Chara was going to kill until she gained all the power she needed, enough power to destroy it all. There would have been nothing left, no more resets. No more chances to change things, no hope for anyone. It all would have just been over. If you hadn't done what you did, Chara would have won. It was how easily you defeat us, how ruthless you were that kept her from getting past you."

"But-" his face was so full of pain, it made my heart ache to see it.

"No buts. I will not have you feeling guilty for something that was my mistake," I insisted with all the conviction I could muster.

"You didn't mean for it to happen."

"And you couldn't have let me pass," I said forcefully, taking his face between my hands and sitting up so I could rest my forehead against his in a comforting manner.

His anger couldn't maintain its grip, and his magic slowly dissipated until his pupils were back to normal.

But, another thought seemed to occur to him, because his expression twisted in pain again. "When-when I was sparing you. . . you took it. Was that you or. . .?"
"That was me."

"How?"

"Chara let me. That first time you offered me a chance, I wanted so desperately to say yes, I fought her harder than I ever had. She knew what you would do, she taunted me with it, but I didn't care. She let me have control just long enough to go to you. In the moment, I didn't even think about what you were going to do. All I knew was you were my friend, and after the nightmare I had been through, you were holding your arms out to me."

"I killed you. I gave you no mercy."

"I killed your brother. I killed them all. I didn't expect any. I was glad you didn't spare me. With Chara, you couldn't take that chance."

"How did you manage to finally break her hold?" he asked, drawing me closer as though taking comfort from my presence.

"She died so many times at your hand, she was simply letting her anger get out of control. The angrier she got, the more her control slipped. I waited until I had the perfect opportunity before I stole it back. I made sure she had no chance."

"Even if she could have *reloaded.*"

"She wouldn't have stood a chance. No weapon, no health, staring death right in the face. She would have died, over and over until she finally gave up and we could both finally die."

His arms wrapped firmly around me, pressing me against his ribs almost tightly enough to steal my breath as he buried his skull in my hair. His deep breath stirred my hair and tickled against my neck.

"I can't believe that you were only a child and you went through so much pain, suffered so much that your only hope was death. That it was what you wanted, rather than what you feared."

"There are much worse things than dying."

"I know. But it's not a lesson a child should have to learn." His bones trembled as he pressed his face into the crook of my shoulder. I rubbed his skull comfortingly.

"Frisk," he finally broke the silence, raising his head to look at me. "Is that why you were so afraid of me?"

I had to look away, unable to bear looking at the sadness on his face. The sadness I caused. "I had a really bad nightmare last night. Worse than usual."

"What happened?"

I swallowed. "You don't want to know."

"Yes, I do," he lifted a hand, cupping my jaw and raising my face to look at him. His expression was very insistent.

"You hated me. More than I could ever remember. You killed me, so many times. You-" I had to swallow my rising panic once again. His hand squeezed my back, encouraging me to continue. "You tortured me," I could barely force the words out. Guilt rose in me again as his face fell.
"I don't blame you for being afraid of me," he murmured quietly, pulling back slightly. "Am I making you uncomfortable, being this close now?"

"Of course not. I love having you close. Your presence is very... comforting," I turned my face away to try to hide the blush that rose to my cheeks. He saw it, of course, but thankfully didn't tease me about it.

"You know how contradicting that sound, right? Considering everything I did to you."

I could see the guilt written across his face and it made me angry. "Sans, just like that wasn't me, that wasn't you."

"It's not the same thing, kid."

"Yes, it is. You were hardened by the circumstances, doing what you had to do to someone who more than deserved it." He was shaking his head, trying to deny my words, adamant to blame himself. "Sans, I know you. I know who you are, and I know you would never hurt me. There is nowhere in the world I feel safer than right here in your arms."

"You really mean that?"

"I really do," I pressed my forehead against his again, as a way of convincing him I was telling the truth.

"Sans, how much did you remember, after the second reset?" I finally decided to ask, curious.

"Enough. I didn't remember it all, not at first. Just the important things. All I knew was that I'd dreamed you killed everyone, and I remembered that promise. The promise to..."

"To kill me if you had to."

"Yeah."

"So when I came out of the ruins, how did you know I wasn't just some psycopathic murderer?"

"At first I did think that. I thought that I couldn't take any chances, even with what I'd promised Tori, but... When I looked into your eyes, I knew you weren't the same kid from my dream."

"How did you know? What if I'd killed them all again?"

"The eyes of the person I saw wouldn't have been capable of somethin' like that."

"But still-"

"Besides, don't you remember laughin' at my terrible joke when I first met you?"

I giggled. "You're admitting a joke of yours was terrible?"

"I'd never do any such thing. I'm just sayin' that's what you thought about it. But you still laughed. And when you did you just looked so damn happy."

"Because I was. I was just so relieved that I had you back. My same old Sans. That I hadn't... completely damaged you. ..." shame washed over me and I forced myself to swallow it painfully, burying my face in the fluff of his hoodie. His arms tightened comfortingly around me.

"Trust me kid, I don't break easy."
A smile tugged at my lips. *He certainly doesn't.* "So how did my laughing at your terrible joke tell you I wasn't who you thought? For all you know, I could have been lying, pretending."

"You know that saying, the eyes are a window into the soul?"

"Yeah, of course."

"Well, I have a way of glimpsing a person's soul by looking into their eyes, monster or human. I looked into your eyes, and I knew who you were. You were Frisk, not some psychopath."

"You can really see the soul just by looking into someone's eyes?"

"Yeah. Pretty cool part of my magic. I don't see everything, just glimpses. Enough to see how good or bad someone is, or how capable of being bad someone is. I can see someone's intent by looking into their eyes."

"You can see how much violence they've accumulated. How much LOVE."

"Yeah."

"Handy."

"Now you see why I was the judge in the Underground."

I pondered this, recalling how everyone always treated Sans, how everyone talked about him. "How many people actually knew you had that responsibility?"

"Just the king," he replied with a shrug.

"Really? Only my father?"

"We didn't think it was important for any one else to know. Power like that is... very uncommon. Most monsters can be a pretty good judge of character. Asgore and Tori certainly are. So is Undyne, among others."

"But nothing so specific."

"Yeah. That kind of magic is incredibly powerful, we figured it would be best if no one knew. Just in case."

"If too many monsters knew, then the humans that fell down would know. Some would try to pretend to be something they weren't because they knew they were being watched, being judged."

"Exactly."

He let out a heavy sigh, pressing his forehead into the crook of my neck, simply holding me close. We stayed like that for several more minutes, each of us unwilling to move.

Finally, he pulled back just enough to press his forehead against mine again, his eyes staring deep into mine. "I want nothing more than to be able to wipe away all your pain. To make it so that it never happened, so that you never had to suffer. To have been able to keep you safe."

"I know. I wish I could erase it, too. Make it so they never had to suffer. So you never had to suffer. But we can't erase the past. We can only do what we can in the here and now. Make it better. Make enough good memories that they wipe away the bad completely. And we will, eventually."
"Will we?"

"Yes," I said firmly, softly stroking his cheekbones. "These memories will never leave us. They may haunt us for the rest of our lives, but the longer we are alive, the longer we live in this timeline, in peace with our family, the more the good will outweigh the bad. The easier the pain will be to bear. I know it. And I have you. I've always had you to make it all better."

"And I have you," his eyes were burning with a warmth, a passion. It sent chills across my skin and a shiver down my spine to see it.

"Exactly. As long as we have each other, the nightmares will never win. And we will be okay, I promise." I rubbed my head affectionately against his, and he returned the gesture gratefully.

"Frisk, I promise you, I will make sure you never have to suffer like that again. I will keep you safe. I will do everything to make you happy. Whatever it takes."

"Promise me you'll always be here."

"I can definitely promise that."

"Cross your heart?" I asked, going through the motion.

"Cross my heart," he said with a slight chuckle, repeating the gesture.

We sat in quite contentment for a few minutes, simply enjoying being close to one another.

"I don't want to sleep alone tonight," I finally said, the words coming out as barely a whisper as a flush crept across my cheeks.

"I wouldn't leave you alone for the world," he swore, squeezing me tight.

"Good," I said with a giggle, returning the tight hug. I pressed a quick kiss to his cheekbone, giggling again when it made him blush before finally pulling back. "But before we settle into bed, I definitely need to shower. I'm all sweaty from working out."

"I didn't notice," he chuckled, nuzzling into my neck again for emphasis. The motion tickled my skin, making me giggle again.

"I know, but I'd rather not go to bed all sweaty and gross," I giggled, rubbing his skull encouragingly. Begrudgingly, he let me go, letting me slide out of his arms.

My legs wobbled as I stood, feeling like jelly beneath me, whether from my workout or the war of emotions I'd undergone, I couldn't tell. Probably both.

I grabbed a clean pair of clothes and a towel before planting a firm kiss on his cheekbone as I left the room.

I showered quickly, eager to get back to him. After I'd gotten out and dressed another need presented itself.

My throat was parched, my mouth dry. I'd been too immersed in emotions to realize before now the thirst my workout had caused.

Before returning to the room, I slipped downstairs and into the kitchen for a drink of water.

Of course, the cups were at the top of a high cabinet, and even stretching out on my tip toes I could
only just barely touch a glass. The cup slid teasingly further from my searching fingers just as I was about to grasp it, further angering me.

Finally, I managed to wrap my fingers around a cup, and with a little triumphant cry, I pulled it from the cupboard.

Before I could even turn, I jumped as a familiar pair of bony arms wrapped around my waist, turning me.

I processed two things in the span of a few seconds. One: the intensely heated look in Sans' eyes when he turned me to face him, his expression twisted into that same something that made my stomach twist nervously. Second: I saw the intent in his eyes as he suddenly leaned closer, and only realized a split second too late what it was he was planning to do.

His lips met mine almost roughly, pushing against mine with surprising force, stealing my breath as the unexpected sensation sent sparks dancing across my skin. His lips were everything I'd imagined them to be, soft and firm and warm, making my skin tingle with every inch of contact. I felt my lower back hit the counter with a little jolt, almost enough to hurt as he pressed his body against mine.

Before my brain could fully process what was happening, his lips parted mine, his tongue slipping in easily as I gasped in surprise. His tongue met mine more gently than his lips had, stroking against my tongue in a teasing, coaxing manner. His tongue was completely smooth, unlike my own, and tasted just as sweet as I imagined, making me shiver in desire.

The kiss lasted only seconds, though time seemed to slow in my shocked mind, making the seconds crawl by. The shock didn't even have time to fade before I heard the shattering of glass and felt a pain lash through my hand, making me gasp for a whole different reason. I let out an involuntary pained noise as the cup in my hand shattered, and Sans jerked back in surprise, eyes looking almost glossy and dazed.

Shock registered on his face as he seemed to realize what he had done. I felt a warmth pooling against my skin and he sucked in a surprised breath when his gaze settled on my hand.

Finally tearing my eyes away from his flushed face to see what was wrong I saw the shattered remains of my glass on the counter and floor, and the gashes across my palm and fingers where the shards had cut into me. My blood was quickly pooling on my skin and dripping onto the counter top.

What the hell happened? Did I do that?

"Shit, Frisk," he hissed, suddenly panicked, yanking a hand towel off the counter and wrapping it around my bleeding hand. I whimpered in pain when his hands pressed into my bleeding fingers roughly.

Sans wrapped an arm firmly around my waist and before I even had time to be flustered about it, I felt a familiar tingle and pressure against my skin before the world fell away. When it rose up around us again we were standing in the bathroom, and Sans was turning on the faucet.

"Sans," his name barely escaped my lips. Too much was happening all at once, it was making my head spin. He kissed me. He actually kissed me.

But what was that? I shouldn't have been strong enough to break a glass with my bare hands. Maybe Sans did it with his magic? I pondered this for just a second as he unwrapped the towel and
gently put my hand under the spray of water. *No, I would have noticed. I did that. Somehow.*

I whimpered again as the spray made my nerves throb in pain.

"Sorry, kid," he mumbled, pulling my hand back and gently wrapping a fresh towel around it, applying a gentle pressure. He wrapped his arm around me again, lifting me and sitting me down on the counter. "I can heal you if you want. A little magic?"

"You don't have to do that," I shook my head, not lifting my face from where my eyes were firmly glued to my lap. "I know how draining that is. It's just a scratch."

"That is not just a scratch. You seriously hurt yourself, kiddo. How'd you even do that?"

"I-I don't know. I guess I was just so... surprised... and... grabbed the glass too tightly," my voice wouldn't rise higher than a whisper and I couldn't look at him, even though I felt his eyes begging me to do so. I was just too embarrassed. My mind was still reeling with what had just happened, like I couldn't fully comprehend it.

*But Sans doesn't feel that way about me. He treats me like a kid. I mean he did just call me kiddo, again. He couldn't possibly-*

"Sorry about that, Frisk. I don't know what came over me," I could see from the edges of my vision that he was looking away from me now, and his voice was scarily even. After a few moments, he sighed. "I really think I should heal you, though."

"You don't have to-"

"I want to," he mumbled. "It was my fault you got hurt. It's the least I can do."

Before I could protest, he was unwinding the second towel, opening my clenched fingers and examining my wounds. After a few moments, his eye burned blue again, and I felt a rush of magic across my skin. I felt it seep into my flesh, tingling against my injured skin, numbing the pain. I felt my flesh knitting back together in a haze of blue as little cyan sparks danced around the edges of the closing wounds. I literally saw my flesh close in front of my eyes, fade from red gashes to little pink lines before he finally stopped, pulling back.

I flexed my fingers, almost surprised when I felt no pain at all compared to what it had been just moments ago.

Sans pulled back, stepping as far as the small bathroom would allow. He was watching me closely, expression carefully composed. "You alright, kiddo?"

"Yeah, I'm okay," I whispered, staring at the floor. My cheeks were burning in embarrassment.

He raised a hand, rubbing the back of skull awkwardly as he glanced away. "Sorry about that. I really didn't mean to surprise you. I think I surprised myself more."

*I doubt that.* He let out an awkward chuckle, clearing his non-existant throat.

I didn't know what to say. I knew I should be saying something. Make a joke, let him know it wasn't a big deal, but it was like my throat was glued shut, my brain going completely blank.

"Frisk, will you please look at me?" he finally asked, watching me squirm uncomfortably.

With a little inward sigh, I did. His expression was hard, unreadable, his eyes cold. "Frisk, I really
didn't mean to. It was a mistake. And it won't happen again." His voice was monotone, his words lacking any of their usual warmth. With those parting words, he teleported out of the room, leaving me alone.

"Sans," I finally called, but he was already gone.

Chapter End Notes

I promise the next few chapters will be filled with fluff and happiness. Forgive me readers ^w^
A New Day, A New Plan

Chapter Notes

Sorry this has been so late in posting, I had some computer troubles.
I swear, things finally start to shift in this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I sat enveloped in darkness. It wrapped around me like a thick, velvety blanket, giving me a sense of numbness, as though the entire world had gone still. The entire world was in a blissful sleep around me while I sat with my tortured thoughts throughout the night, sleep evading me.

His words echoed against my skull, pounding in my eardrums, amplified by the silence of the sleeping world.

A mistake. Just a mistake.

I recalled how he looked as he'd said the words, his face flashing behind my closed eyelids for the hundredth time that night. His face blank, his voice devoid of warmth and I could only imagine how much he must regret what he did to look like that.

My thoughts wrestled and fought all night as I came to terms with what had happened. My mind would return, time and again, to that kiss. How it had felt, so much more powerful in real life than my wanton imagination could even wonder at. How soft and firm his lips had been against mine, how smooth and desirably sweet his smooth tongue had tasted as it twined with mine. How my skin had tingled at the very contact, leaving me sensitive to every little touch and sensation, further amplifying the impactful moment.

The moment that of course would mean nothing to him, while it meant everything to me.

I winced as I forced the thoughts away, once again, trying to force my pounding heart to calm and swallow the knot in my throat at the thought of how cold and distant he had seemed before he teleported away, so eager to be away from me after what he had done.

A mistake. That's all it was to him. Just a mistake.

I tried to wonder at why he had done it in the first place, trying to rationalize it, my desperate imagination continuously wondering if perhaps he had wanted it as much as me before I forced those thoughts away. I couldn't afford to get my hopes up, only to have them crushed.

So I forced those wandering hopeful thoughts away, quelling them however I had to, even if doing so was painful. I was but a child to him, I had grown up with him, and I doubted he would ever see me as the adult I was.

He continuously insisted on treating me like a child, despite the teasing he always put me through. Every time my mind wandered to those flustering moments I would wonder if perhaps they were more than just that. But I would quickly dismiss this thought and remind myself that that's all it ever was-teasing.
A mistake.

Every time I would wonder if perhaps he might feel the same way about me, with time, I would have to remind myself of all the grief I had put him through, of all the nightmares I had caused him. He couldn't love me, let alone feel any kind of romantic feelings for the person who haunted his nightmares for ten years.

These thoughts ebbed and flowed all through the remaining hours of the night until, finally, the sun began to rise, lifting the heavy blanket of darkness and silence that surrounded me, reminding me that there was a world to greet.

The birds outside began to chirp, their song unfamiliar yet comforting. It was a comfort to know that there was still a world outside my window that was waiting to greet me and wash away the darkness and lingering doubts of the night.

Just as the light began to seep around my curtain, I was reminded that I was not alone in my house, and I couldn't simply lay in bed wallowing in self pity all day.

And just as I sat up I heard the familiar tell tale clash and bang of metal kitchen cutlery, the sound echoing through the house, much quieter than I was used to. Usually I was right next to the kitchen when Papyrus began his morning cooking session.

I dragged my tired muscles out of bed, stretched my weary limbs, hearing my joints pop satisfyingly as I finally rose to my feet. I was very reluctant to get out of bed, but I couldn't simply lay there forever.

I was halfway across the room before I realized that I would not only be seeing Pap, but I would also have to see Sans. My stomach fluttered uncomfortably and I felt myself sway a little as uneasiness rushed through me like a tidal wave.

I wanted nothing more than to crawl back under my covers and hide forever, avoid seeing him... basically ever again.

He would remember what happened last night. And if he hadn't already picked up on it last night, he would see it on my face when he saw me; what it meant to me. He had a way of seeing all the things I wish he wouldn't. He would see how much it meant to me, he would see just how flustered that one damn kiss had made me, and he would regret it even more knowing that hadn't just been a kiss to me.

I stood in the center of my room, my knees trembling as dread pooled and weighed in the pit of my stomach.

I can't let this ruin what we have. He's my best friend. He's family. I can't lose him because of my selfish desires.

I have to act normal. Like it didn't happen, like it doesn't mean as much to me as it does.

If he asks I'll have no choice but to tell the truth, I can't lie to him, but why would he?

As I argued with myself I came to the decision to do exactly that. I would just act natural. I could do that.

Finally, with another deep breath to steady my shaking nerves, I finally went and opened my door. I knew that Pap would be coming to wake me soon enough, so hiding wouldn't be an option anyway.
I was honestly surprised he hadn't already. Every day, however few they were, since we came to
the surface he awoke at the break of dawn, his loud voice and enthusiasm urging us all to action
exploring the new world around us.

I wasn't sure if I would have the same motivation today, but I couldn't dampen his spirits, no matter
my own feelings.

I padded quietly down the hall, my stomach clenching near painfully as I walked past Sans' room.

When I entered the kitchen, I was relieved to note it was not as messy as I had anticipated. Papyrus
rushed about the kitchen in his signature kiss the cook apron, preparing what appeared to be
pancakes. Chocolate chip pancakes by the look of the ingredients. A recipe he learned from Toriel
no doubt.

Pap was vigorously stirring the bowl of pancake mix, flour dusting his cheekbones and staining his
clothes around his apron. The smell of freshly brewing coffee greeted my senses, instantly lifting
my spirits as Pap turned to me with a bright smile.

"GOOD MORNING FRISK!" he greeted me enthusiastically, setting his bowl down on the counter
to sweep me into a crushing morning hug.

I returned it vigorously before he spun me around and set me on my feet beside the counter, cheeks
flushing orange when I left a peck on his cheek bone, picking up his bowl to continue mixing and
acting as nonchalant as possible.

Golden rays of sunlight streamed through the sheer curtains, leaving leaf patterns on the tiles from
the trees outside the window, who's branches swayed in a slight breeze.

Pap was humming a happy tune as he turned back to his diligent pancake making and I turned to
the coffee pot, eager to get some much needed caffeine into my system. It was going to be a long
day.

Hot mug of coffee, strong and sweet, clenched between my hands as I hopped up on the counter
beside Pap while he cooked and talked away about the adventures we would have today. I offered
few words to further the conversation, but with an exuberant Papyrus, it wasn't much needed.

We finished cooking the pancakes in record time, adding what would probably be considered way
too many chocolate chips to the batter as they cooked. Just as the delicious breakfast was done we
began to set the table.

"Sans! Get down here you lazybones! Breakfast is ready!" Papyrus shouted for Sans as he usually
did when he was the last one up, which he usually was. Normally I would join in the loving
scolding to bring him down, but today I simply remained quiet, content to meticulously organize
the silverware on the table.

Papyrus finished setting the various food and sides on the table and then let out an impatient huff
when we didn't hear a sound from upstairs.

"Sans! Don't make me come up there and drag you out of bed! I will do it, brother!" Papyrus
warned, leaning out of the doorway to the kitchen so his voice could be better heard, though with
his booming volume that was unnecessary.

I sat myself in my chair, fiddling with the second cup of coffee as my gut twisted and rolled
uncomfortably, sending shocks of nervous adrenaline through my veins. I was unsure which would
be worse, him being unable to see me after what had happened, or having to see him and pretend it
didn't matter, or worse hadn't even occurred.

*A mistake.*

My heart wrenched, my stomach dropping in my gut like a stone when I heard his door upstairs finally open. Adrenaline shot through my muscles like a shock of lightning, a slight throb behind my skull that quickly faded, my fingers clenching almost painfully around my mug as I heard his heavy and slow footfalls as he descended the stairs.

Papyrus let out a pleased huff, placing himself in his chair beside me and eagerly picking up his fork and knife as he waited for Sans.

My eyes remained firmly glued to the pancakes on my plate and I winced a little when I felt him enter the room, my entire body suddenly going ultra-sensitive. I forced a small smile to my lips, pouring as much warmth into it as I could muster as I finally raised my head. I was determined to push this behind us, however I had to.

But my efforts were wasted as he was looking everywhere in the room but at me as he shuffled over to the table, sitting heavily in his chair, away from me rather than next to me like usual. My heart twisted a little with concern as I noted he looked just as exhausted as he had the night before, if not more so, and I wondered if he had slept at all.

"It took you long enough to get down here!" Papyrus scolded.

"Sorry, bro," Sans grunted as he shifted in his seat, meeting his brother's gaze, giving him a reassuring smile, but still refusing to look at me. I swallowed my unease, my stomach suddenly feeling as though I had swallowed a block of ice, and it remained un-melted in my stomach, sending shocks of cold through my veins.

I could sense his unease, it was palpable against my skin, making goosebumps of apprehension form on my arms.

"Breakfast is the most important meal of the day, Sans! You can't miss it simply because you are being lazy!" Papy scolded, though his tone was much gentler now, as though he had picked up on his brother's exhaustion.

Papyrus began eagerly digging into his pancakes, and we joined him, much less enthusiastically. I knew the pancakes must be delicious, they were a recipe of mom's, and we had added much more chocolate than the recipe required, but for some reason the food was bland on my taste buds, my stomach rolling almost nauseously as I ate, wanting nothing more than to put the food aside, but not wanting to disappoint Pap.

Throughout the entire breakfast, Sans refused to look anywhere near me, never once addressing that I was even in the room. Thankfully Papyrus didn't seem to notice, and filled what would be awkward silences with loud and exuberant talk, getting only the occasional banter or pun from Sans or warm smile from me.

As soon as breakfast was done, Papyrus shot eagerly out of his chair and dashed down the hallway to ready himself for the day. Without a word or a glance in my direction, Sans rose from his chair and left the room as well.

*A mistake. A horrible mistake.*

Tears stung at the backs of my eye lids, my throat closing painfully as my hands shook. I had to
force a deep, shaky breath into my reluctant lungs in an attempt to reign in my emotions. I couldn't afford to break down, I had a long day ahead of me, and would be seeing everyone today. I couldn't risk the questions my tear stained face might cause.

So I swallowed my tears, forced the wrenching pain in the center of my chest to the back of my mind. It certainly wasn't the worst I had felt, or so I tried to tell myself. Sure, it wasn't the worst, but the mind is all about the now, and this moment certainly hurt.

But I forced away every ounce of pain and steeled myself for the upcoming day, forcing myself into an almost scarily numb state. And that was how the entire day passed, just as breakfast had. Though my forced smiles seemed to be working as no one reacted any different than usual to my behavior, accepting an "I'm just a little tired" as a valid excuse for any quietness or lack of enthusiasm.

As the day finally came to an end, I was able to gratefully crawl under my covers and hide in the soft darkness of my room, finally allowing the storm of emotions to rage through me before I had to compose myself for the following day that would be so much the same as this one, and many more to follow.

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Almost two weeks later, and so many things remained unchanged. Other than a curt greeting to me when others were around, Sans still refused to really talk to me, and I was too stricken with embarrassment, and the lingering fear that he must hate me now, to actually confront him about his avoidance.

I was just as reluctant to talk, because I knew when we did we would have to talk about this. I wanted nothing more than to simply forget it had happened, pretend it hadn't, anything to return to the way things had been rather than this strained silence between us.

But I knew him, and if I tried to talk, it would lead to him talking about that moment, and I was fearful of the truth's he'd see on my face when he did, of the truth's he might try to coerce out of me.

I was unwilling for that conversation to happen. If he didn't resent me now, he surely would once he really knew how I felt. Our relationship would forever remain strained once he knew how I felt about him, and I didn't want him to change how he saw me. Though at this point that was kind of unavoidable.

But, still, I held hope that this void between us would simply dissipate on its own, and we could return to the way things had been, without delving too much into things that were unnecessary to address.

Unfortunately, today was not a day I could hide myself away. There had been massive preparations in the town for the past week, every monster helping to set up the event that would take place.

A massive festival was being held just outside the town, in one of the few large clear areas in the forest. Stands had been set up for various games, foods and puzzles, rides that were of a more human design had been set up as well. There would be music and games and all sorts of amazing things the monsters had yet to experience, having received the idea from the carnival's that humans often held. This would be a festival where humans could come to actively meet and mingle with the monsters in the settlement for the first time now that everyone had been moved above ground. It had been an idea of mine when I was still a child, and now that we were all finally here, it was finally being put into action.
I was in higher spirits than usual, I suppose. I was certainly excited to experience this event for the first time; it was just as foreign to me as it was to the monsters. And it would interesting to see how humans truly got along with them. Relations had been mostly accepting, but also somewhat strained as many humans were still rather distrustful of monsters and their power, insisting that the monsters stay exclusively in their settlement, which they had no problem doing.

The only problem about it was that it left little room for much interaction between the two races, besides the diplomatic meetings, which didn't do much to implement monsters into the majority of human society, or the occasional curious wanderer.

But as the day began, and we ventured out with the other monsters outside of the town, excitement was high, and the enthusiasm and happiness of my friends was beginning to crack the darkness that had been surrounding me, their light peeking through the cracks to lift my spirits.

Humans were already gathering, meandering about waiting for the monsters to show up. At first, things seemed a little strained and awkward, but as the time wore by, the people began to mix and mingle, slowly becoming more comfortable with one another as foreign stories were told between the two parties and friendly games and competitions were struck up.

Only a few hours into the early day and the entire place was filled with monsters and humans, all interacting as though they had known and been comfortable with one another for years.

Children ran around the grounds, candied apples clutched in their hands as they giddily played with one another, both monster and human children equally thrilled and enthralled by one another.

Of course, we got just as much into the activities as any other, it would have been impossible not to. We went from booth to booth, eagerly eating our fill of cotton candy, candied apples, caramel and kettle corn as well as corn dogs and Grilby's signature hamburgers, which were quickly becoming popular on the human side as well. The food was, of course, plenty imbued with magic, as it was discovered that while monster food was perfectly safe for humans, it wasn't exactly the same the other way around.

We played puzzles, which Papyrus got into most enthusiastically, played competitive games, and went on ride after ride until we were almost sick- Undyne and I challenging one another to go on the scariest ones, and each walking away victorious of the other's challenges.

Just as mid-day rolled around, we were finally starting to wear down a little, and were relaxing in a more open part of the fields, resting at the tables that had been set up.

Despite the activities of the day that had brought a much needed distraction, I was still very much aware of the fact that Sans had been conspicuously avoiding me all day, as usual, always with some kind of excuse to be away from me.

Mistake.

It tore at my heart, as it had been, but I was desperate to put it far from my mind and simply enjoy the gift of the day that had been given to us.

I separated myself a bit, as everyone else conversed and relaxed, to just relax and gather my thoughts away from scrutinizing eyes.

A few minutes later, though, my absence was noted and Alphys shuffled over to sit beside me.

Sans, Pap, Metta, Undyne and Napsta all continued to converse in their little area of the field while I could see my parents walking the length of the clearing with Flowey. His hostility had been
greatly reduced since we moved to the surface, and he was in especially high spirits today, much like an excited child when surrounded by the festival.

Alphys crossed her legs beside me on the grass, accepting the small smile I gave her with a soft one of her own. We returned to watching our friends, but after only a few moments I had to turn my eyes back to forest, unable to watch Sans for too long and maintain my composure.

Alphys looked over at me after a few minutes, scrutinizing me in a way that made me shift uncomfortably.

"Do you mind if I ask you what happened?" she asked quietly, leaning close as though trying to be discreet.

I gave her a look of confusion as I similarly leaned in. "What do you mean?" I asked, unsure what she was hinting at.

"You and Sans have been thick as thieves for almost ten years now," she started, and my stomach immediately dropped. "You two have never so much as had a spat, let alone avoiding each other for going on two weeks. So... what happened?" The way she was watching me I could tell she wouldn't accept a simple answer or denial in response.

"You noticed?" I asked, watching her warily. I had hoped they wouldn't.

"Frisk, we all noticed. We didn't want to interfere with something that was just between the two of you, but it's been too long now, and we all felt someone should say something before it goes too far."

I let out a heavy sigh, turning back to examine the trees around our clearing as though they were the most interesting thing in the world. "It was nothing, really." I could barely force the quiet words out.

I turned to see her giving me a scolding look akin to mom's. "Frisk, I know that isn't true. I understand if you don't want me to interfere with something if it's personal between the two of you, but I feel like you should tell someone, so maybe they can help. Give you a perspective outside of just the two of you."

I let out a heavy sigh of defeat when she placed a comforting hand on my shoulder, eyes practically begging me to tell her what was wrong. And I couldn't deny her. For some reason, I desperately wanted to tell someone about what had happened, in hopes that it would help.

"Sans... Sans kissed me," the words were barely audible but Alphys heard them well enough. She gasped in surprise and then squealed in delight, feet tapping the grass excitedly as her hands flew to her face in excitement.

"Frisk! Oh my gosh!" she squealed, leaning over to hug me, catching me completely off guard. "It took you two long enough!"

I had been about to tell her the reasons why this was a bad thing, but her exclamation made the words die on my lips. "What do you mean by that?" I asked rather suspiciously as I truly saw how excited she was, eyes glimmering with glee.

"Well, Frisk, isn't it obvious? I have been shipping you two for so long! And I'm not the only one," she let out an excited, girlish giggle as she saw the shock register on my face.

"Wait, seriously?" I asked, watching her with bewilderment.
"Of course," she said. "You two have always connected so well. Ever since we've all known each other, everyone could see just how deeply connected and bonded you two were. You were always best friends, and it was always so adorable; and when you grew up, we may have noticed a thing or two, and... well... the ship has sailed."

My mind was trying to register what exactly she was saying. I hoped she hadn't noticed my affection towards him, because if she did, then likely she wasn't the only one. And Sans would certainly have known, if anyone did. "What exactly do you mean by you noticed a thing or two?" I asked apprehensively.

"Well, the way Sans starting treating you, of course. We all kinda noticed the way he's looked at you since your birthday. Before then, honestly, but it was always more... innocent." I saw the blush rise to her cheeks and my mind went blank, the wheels in my head turning slowly as I tried to grasp what it was she was saying. It was completely unexpected to me.

A horrible mistake. You are nothing but a mistake to him.

"What do you mean?" I asked, the words barely a whisper as hope blossomed in my chest even as I tried to force it down. I couldn't handle any more crushing disappointment.

"You mean you didn't notice? It's been kind of obvious, at least to a few of us."

"Who? Who noticed?"

"Undyne, Metta and myself of course. I'm sure Toriel noticed as well, she is your mother, and moms have a way of just knowing things."

I was slowly shaking my head in denial and Alphys fixed me in a look of confusion. "You mean you really didn't notice?"

Again I shook my head. "I didn't realize there was anything to notice."

"Of course! When you talked to me that time about having feelings for someone, I was secretly wishing it was Sans. You two are so cute together. You always have been."

Mistake.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, pinching the bridge of my nose in concentration as the puzzle was slowly forming from the pieces she was giving me.

"Sans... has feelings for me?" the words barely escaped my lips.

Alphys gave me a soft nod and smile before something seemed to occur to her and her eyes flashed over to our friends standing off to the side, eyes flickering between me and Sans as worry began to crease her brow.

"You guys kissed. And now..." she was shaking her head, trying to understand. "So what's wrong? Do you not have feelings for him?" she asked, the last part coming out a barely hopeful whisper.

"I do... when I came to you it was about him," I whispered as quietly as I could, my cheeks flushing in embarrassment.

Her brow furrowed further in confusion. "So what happened?!" she asked, more loudly than she
intended. Undyne, the person closest to us, shot us a curious glance before Alphys waved to her and she turned back to the group reluctantly.

"I-" I didn't know how to answer. If what she was saying was true, why had he said the things he did? Why had he been acting the way he had? "It was just a mistake."

"Why do you think that, Frisk?" she asked, brow furrowing in concern, eyes beginning to lose their giddy shine.

"That what he said."

"What!?" she yelled again, voice tinted with anger this time. Undyne turned to us again, brow furrowing questioningly but Alphys was too engaged with me to notice. "Why?" she practically growled, eyes shooting daggers at Sans, a look that Undyne noticed, though thankfully she was the only one as everyone else was still engaged in whatever exuberant conversation was going on. I noticed Undyne was slowly inching closer to us, glancing questioningly between us and the group as though unsure whether or not to intrude.

"I don't know. It's just... what he said. After it happened."

Alphys took a deep breath to calm herself. "Okay, tell me exactly what happened."

Her fierce stare denied me any chance to do anything else. So I told her, exactly how the kiss had happened anyway, nothing that had been leading up to it. After I was done, she was furrowing her brow in thought and my cheeks were heated from simply recalling the moment.

"So, after he kissed you, what exactly did you do? Did you say anything?"

I shook my head tentatively. "Not really, no. I was just so shocked. It's like my brain stopped working. I couldn't form a coherent thought, let alone... say anything about it. He said what he did and then left before I had a chance to really grasp that it actually happened."

"So, you didn't say anything. But how did you act after it."

I shrugged, unsure how to describe it because the moment had been hazy at the time. "I'm not sure. I was dazed, confused. I didn't say much, I was also really embarrassed and hiding my face. I was too embarrassed to really look at him."

She tapped her chin in thought before glancing up, finally noticing Undyne hovering just outside the conversation curiously, eyes practically begging for permission to join. Alphys gestured for her to come over, and she was eager to oblige.

Alphys rose and padded over softly to meet her, whispering to her, occasionally looking back at me as she seemed to be explaining the situation. After only a few short sentences Undyne's face positively lit up, wide toothy grin spread on her face. "I SHIP IT!" she shouted in glee, far too loudly, making me wince in embarrassment.

Everyone glanced over at our little trio curiously before politely returning to their conversation, only Sans' eyes lingering on us, though when my eyes met his he quickly turned back around.

Alphys quickly shushed her girlfriend, leaning close to finish explaining. When she got to a particular part of the explanation, one I'm sure I knew, Undyne looked positively outraged.

"WHAT!" she shouted, a blue glowing spear appearing in her hand as she almost turned back around threateningly before Alphys caught her arms, urging her to calm down. Attention was once
again drawn to us, but Mettaton quickly diverted it back away from us and I wondered for a moment if he knew what we were talking about. Alphys had said Mettaton was one of the people in on this little "shipping" going on, so he probably had a good inkling from the snippets of conversation that were being shouted.

Alphys quickly got back to her whispered explanations, and after a bit of time she finally, seemingly reluctantly, put her spear away. After they were done, they both sat down, on either side of me, and I prepared myself for the conversation to come.

"Alphys is right you know," Undyne started, keeping her voice low. "Sans totally has the hots for you. Has for a long time."

I sighed a bit doubtfully, which she quickly picked up on. "Hey, if you don't believe me just ask Mettaton or Napstablook or... well I'm sure we aren't the only people who noticed." She gave me a mischievous grin at the end of that as I blushed, contemplating her words.

"And just so you know, I'm so relieved he's the one you like," Undyne continued, giving me a conspiratorial wink.

"So Alphys told you about that conversation?" I asked, raising a suspicious brow at Alphys, who shuffled her feet a bit at the question.

"Yeah," Undyne shrugged, only a tad bit bashful that my secrets had been shared. I wasn't really surprised, I didn't expect Alphys to keep anything from her girlfriend.

I nodded in understanding and they both visibly relaxed when I didn't get angry at the revelation.

"So, you guys think he actually likes me?" I asked as quietly as I could. Both women nodded vigorously. "So why do you think he said what he did?"

"Well, when you didn't react much he probably assumed you didn't reciprocate his feelings. As someone who's struggled with self-esteem, I kinda get it." Alphys gave the answer as though it were obvious.

"But, he's always treated me as a kid," I insisted, still trying to find reasons to deny the truth they were both presenting me.

"Yeah, but that's only at his insistence to try to convince himself he doesn't have feelings for you, or keep you from catching onto to how he feels when he probably thinks you couldn't possibly feel the same way," Undyne explained, having already rationalized it. And it did make sense, if I thought about it. Slowly, piece by piece, it was clicking into place, and despite the doubts creeping at the edges of my mind, it still made sense.

Years of doubts were hard to erase, and they still lingered even as hope bloomed in my chest anew, sending a new rush of vigor through my veins.

"Well, if you want proof, we'll give you proof punk!" Undyne said encouragingly, rising to her feet.

"Undyne, don't you dare say anything!" I hissed up at her, embarrassment rushing through me at the thought of him finding out right this moment.

She gave me an encouraging smile and offered her hands to help Alphys and I to our feet. "Don't worry. I won't say anything unless you want me to. Yet. But I have a plan." She gave me a diabolical wink once we were standing and led us back to the group.
She kept me firmly planted between herself and Alphys as we returned, eyes flashing to Sans, easily taking note of how he shifted awkwardly and deliberately didn't look our way. I was too filled with nerves and embarrassment to pay attention to Pap and Mettaton's story.

After a few minutes, mom, dad and Flowey returned and we all went back to the carnival. I didn't miss when Alphys and Undyne pulled Metta aside, both whispering vigorously to him. I didn't miss the shock and then joy, then anger, then mischievous plotting look as they talked.

We returned to our games and rides, though before too long I felt a need to be away and alone for a few minutes to really work through the storm of thoughts that tossed and rolled in my mind, much too tumultuous to make much sense of.

I noticed my trio of mischievous friends shoot me a concerned look when I excused myself, subtly gesturing that I was okay, and they seemed to understand my need to be alone.

I escaped through the trees, their words and many memories repeating in my head as I attempted to make it all fit past the doubts creeping at the edges. As the minutes passed, the warm sunshine streaming through the trees and the smells of spring eased me into a sense of peace, slowly making the doubts melt further as all the little pieces pushed them away.

The gentle sounds of rushing water tickled my ears, and I made my way through the trees towards the sound, finding myself at a small creek before too long.

The water sparkled in the sun as it ran over the glistening rocks, leaves and pollen floating around the shore and caught around the stones. The day was really warming up and I decided it would be nice to take a break.

I removed my boots and rolled up the hem of my pants as much as I could while I sat at the edge of the spring, dipping my feet into the blessedly cool water. I closed my eyes, tilting my face towards the light, listening to the sounds of critters in the underbrush, reminding me that this forest was very much alive.

After a few minutes I lifted my feet out, and then on a whim, decided to dip my entire head under the water. It was nice and cool and refreshing against my skin, and as I lifted my head out of the water, it ran in little rivulets down my skin, soaking into my shirt and making it stick to my frame.

The small snapping sound of a branch breaking made my head snap up and I turned, fully expecting to see one of my friends behind me, checking on me. I had a smile ready on my face, but it wasn't one of my friends approaching through the trees. It was a young human man, looking slightly disheveled from his walk in the forest.

He stopped short when he saw me, face going slack with surprise. My smile of greeting wilted a bit at the strange look, and just as I opened my mouth to say hello, he rushed forward, lifting me clear off my feet and into a hug.

"Frisk!" he exclaimed, voice filled with disbelief and relief, making me go completely still at the shock of it. I had never recalled meeting him before, I hadn't really met many humans other than the few who had talked to me today, and he wasn't one of them.

He had me crushed against his chest in a tight hug, his hair tickling against my cheeks, my toes barely touching the ground because of his height. "I saw you at the festival, but I wasn't sure if it was you! But there's no way I could mistake those eyes!" His voice was dripping with giddy happiness and hopeful delight as he squeezed me tighter, stealing my breath. I was fumbling for words, unsure how to respond to this person who apparently seemed to know me.
Before I could even begin to think of a response his arms flew away from me as he was pulled away in a flash of blue. His sudden absence made me drop to the grass and I saw him hit a tree, sliding to the ground as shock crossed his face, his entire body wrapped in a haze of blue.

I already knew what had happened, but before I could turn to look for him, his bony hand rested on my shoulder, making me jump a little in surprise. I turned and saw Sans kneeling down beside me, eye pulsing shades of blue, orange and yellow, as it did when he was angry, hand outstretched towards the man.

"You alright?" he asked, voice tinted with anger as he fixed the man in a threatening stare.

"Yeah, I'm fine," I responded, a little shocked at the whole turn of events.

"Why are you wet?" he asked, turning his gaze to me, making my whole heart lurch as he looked at me for the first time in two weeks. His gaze was filled with concern.

"I was hot. . . " I tried to explain, and realizing that the man was watching Sans with wary apprehension, I decided to quickly defuse the situation before he got hurt. "He wasn't hurting me, just caught me by surprise is all."

Sans turned his gaze back to the man, eyeing him in an unsure manner, but released him. The man visibly relaxed as the magic dissipated, but didn't rise to his feet, not wanting to appear threatening.

The blue in his socket disappeared, his eyes returning to normal, but he didn't remove his threatening gaze from the man who was now shifting uncomfortably on the ground.

I looked to the side when I heard shuffling, and noticed Undyne standing besides the trees to the side, watching the whole situation uneasily, obviously unsure whether or not to butt in, though by her stance I could tell she was wary of the man as well.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to seem threatening or like I was going to hurt her. I'd never hurt her. I was just so surprised to see her. " He turned his eyes to me, and I didn't miss how happy the look he gave me was. Neither did Sans, as I noticed him shift next to me, eye pulsing blue for just a second, jaw clenching.

I pulled myself to my feet and Undyne walked over, standing on my other side almost protectively, though she seemed much more relaxed than she had a moment ago.

"Do you know this guy?" Sans asked, his voice a low rumble.

I turned to the man, taking note of his appearance, hoping something would seem familiar, as he definitely seemed to know me. He was tall, though not as tall as the monsters, with tanned skin and brown hair. His hair curled around his cheekbones and the nape of his neck, currently sticking to his sweat slicked forehead. He had a chiseled look to his features, a strong jaw and high cheekbones, though his large, soft brown eyes and the way his hair curled around his face gave his looks a softer, boyish appearance. He had on a black and red flannel, the color greatly complimenting his skin tone, and I realized that by human standards he must be very good looking.

He was looking at me with wonder, as though still hardly able to believe I was standing in front of him, and I was becoming increasingly uncomfortable at the familiar look. I walked over to him, kneeling down in front of him as I examined him, trying to remember where I might know him from.

He gave me a big, warm smile, dimples appearing on his cheeks. I heard Sans mumble my name almost in warning as I got closer to him but chose to ignore it. This man definitely wasn't
threatening to me.

As I searched for some kind of memory, I realized he was vaguely familiar, but I couldn't place how as there were no memories surfacing as to where I knew him from. The harder I tried to remember, the more my head began to pound, pushing against my blank memories as a wall suddenly appeared, sending a pulse of pain through my skull. I quickly retreated from trying to remember, letting out an annoyed breath that I couldn't.

"I'm sorry, I don't remember you," I told him quietly, noticing how his face twisted in confusion before it fell in disappointment. He features softened in a seeming understanding, the comforting gaze he fixed me in made my whole body relax, as though on reflex.

"That's okay. I guess I'm not surprised you'd forget. Honestly, I'm a little relieved you don't remember." It was my turn to frown in confusion before he gave me a big, soft smile, sitting up more fully before holding out his hand to me. "My name's Damen."

I accepted his offered hand, and it clasped gently around mine, soft and warm. "I'm sorry for freaking you out. I'll try not to act so familiar," he said with a gentle smile. "I'd love to get to know you again, though. And you could get to know me?" he offered.

"Sure," I replied. "I think I'd like that." I blushed a little at the comment, hoping it didn't come out wrong. He only smiled again, releasing my hand, which I promptly pulled back to myself, clutching it against my chest in slight embarrassment.

I felt a prickle of magic against my skin, laced with anger and a something else I couldn't put my finger on. Protectiveness? Something like it.

I rose to my feet and offered him a hand, which he gratefully accepted, and I helped pull him to his feet. He wobbled a bit before steadying himself, and I wondered how hard he had hit that tree.

"You alright?" I asked as he stretched a bit.

"Yeah, I'm fine," he assured me.

"Sorry about that," I said, apologizing on behalf of my over-protective friends.

"It's fine. I probably shouldn't have just thrown myself at you. Must have freaked you out a bit," he said with a chuckle, rubbing the back of his head awkwardly.

"So how do you know our Frisk?" Undyne asked, coming up beside me and placing a protective hand on my shoulder, making the guy shift a few steps back to give me space.

"It's uh... kind of a complicated story. And I'd rather not delve into just yet. It'd be better if Frisk remembered on her own." He gave me a look filled with conflicted emotions, hinting at so much more than his words could tell. I wondered at where I knew him, what I was forgetting, and realized the only explanation was that he was from my childhood. The childhood that I'd forgotten. The childhood, that no matter how hard I tried to remember, evaded me. And I wondered what was so drastic that he couldn't simply say it.

"How do I know you? Were we family? Friends?" I asked, far too curious to simply let it go.

"We were friends, back when we were kids," was all the explanation he gave, and seemed he was going to give.

I was about to open my mouth to ask more questions when we heard a soft voice. "Damen? Where
are you?" A girl came stumbling through the trees, pausing when she saw us all standing there, her eyes flickering between all of us before settling on me, her eyes widening in shock.

"Oh my gods! Frisk!" she moved to rush towards me, before Damen stopped her, wrapping an arm around her middle. She shot him a confused glare and he leaned close, whispering something in her ear.

Sans came up on my other side while they were preoccupied, making my stomach lurch with nerves once again at his close proximity.

When Damen pulled back, the girl relaxed, shooting me an apologetic smile, even while her eyes were filled with disappointment.

"This is my sister, Alex," Damen explained. "My twin, to be in fact."

And I realized as I took a closer look at them that they looked incredibly similar in appearance, they even dressed similarly.

"Sorry about that. I'm Alex, nice to meet you," she said, holding out her hand to me. I shook her hand, noting that she was several inches taller than me, and a bit wider built, quite curvaceous. Her features were a bit softer than her brothers, but almost exactly the same, if a bit more feminine.

"Well, this has been interesting and all, but the others are wondering where we are. We should get to the festival before they get too worried," Sans mumbled. When I turned, I noted he was on his phone, responding to a text he must have received.

"Feel free to come along," I offered to the two humans looking curiously between myself and the monsters.

Undyne and Sans began walking back towards the carnival grounds, and I joined them with a last smile to the humans who made no immediate move to follow us.

When we returned to the festival, we rejoined the group, and continued our adventure through the area, though I did notice Sans was avoiding me a little less, placing himself closer at times and looking at me when he thought I wouldn't notice, even giving me a small smile when I caught his eyes once.

After a while, we came to a larger clearing where little fenced areas had been set up, and were filled with men sparring with various types of weapons, all of which looked blunt. There was a little field set up with bows and arrows with targets at various distances.

Undyne immediately went to pick up a sword and shield leaning against the wooden fence, quickly joining in the sparring, and I worried for the men inside, hoping she didn't get too rough with them.

My family dispersed a bit to watch the various sparring contests, and I decided to try my hand at archery. There were a few people already standing about, shooting the distant targets, and as I went over and gingerly picked up a bow, I noticed a few shoot me curious, and doubting, glances.

I'd never held a bow before, though I had been interested in the weapon, so I didn't really know what I was doing. I decided to go based off what I'd seen in the shows I'd watched as I stepped up beside the row of people, picking up an arrow from the quiver leaning against the short wooden pole separating the shooters from the range.

I twirled the arrow in my fingers as I held the bow uncertainly in my hands. I felt a soft hand settle gently on my shoulder as I was contemplating whether or not to try, making me jump. I turned to
see Damen standing behind me with a soft smile on his face.

"I can show you how, if you want. I'm pretty familiar with those things," he offered, releasing my shoulder now that he had my attention.

"Sure," I agreed, glad for the assistance. He placed his hand over mine on my bow, lifting it into a ready to shoot position. I lifted the arrow, holding it gingerly between my index and middle finger. He placed his fingers over mine, spreading them a bit.

"You don't want to hold the bow too tightly," he instructed, placing a hand gently on my waist and shifting my stance, nudging my feet in a better position with his own. His hand moved up from my waist to my back, and I straightened my stance.

Lifting my arrow to the string, he moved his hand from my waist to place it over mine on the arrow, so both his hands were over mine. "Pulling back the string takes a lot of strength with bows like these." He pulled my arm back, using his own strength to assist in this, making it easy for me. "And then, you just line up your target." I narrowed my sight down the arrow, seeing the target a little ways away. He pulled the arrow just slightly farther back before we released. The arrow released from the bow with a thwack, sailing forward to embed directly in the center of the target. I also realized by the way the string bounced back into place, that if Damen hadn't shifted how my arm was holding the bow, the string would have lashed against my forearm, and it was easy to imagine how much that would sting.

Damen released his grip, giving me an encouraging smile as I beamed at him, quite pleased that the arrow had hit its mark, even if that was his doing. Now that I had the stance, I was curious to see if I could do it on my own.

So I picked up another arrow and he stepped back, allowing me to do my thing. I put the arrow to the string, setting my stance and hold on the weapon as I pulled it back, my muscles straining a bit from the unfamiliar resistance. I lined up my shot, seeing it single out in my vision as the rest of the world seemed to fall away, everything going still. I let out the breath I was holding, letting my body go still as I released the arrow, watching it slice through the air with a whistle to imbed itself in the center of the target.

"Not bad," Damen commented as I let out a little triumphant cry.

"Sweet aim!" I heard Undyne exclaim, turning to see her, and all of my other family, watching the display. I noticed with a bit of surprise that Sans was glaring at Damen, left eye just barely showing blue. I quickly turned my attention away from that, trying to ignore the lingering curiosity as to why he would be angry.

I turned back to the target, curious as to how much I could shoot, how accurate my aim would be. I swiftly picked up another arrow, setting to the bow string as I searched for something harder to hit.

I would have used one of the targets at farther distances, if others weren't already, so I turned my eyes farther, towards the trees. One caught my interest as I saw a few brown leaves drifting down from one of the trees. I pulled the string back, my eyes following the path of the falling leaves. The tree was quite far, I was barely able to see the leaves falling from this distance, but I was curious regardless. Setting my eyes to the branches, I saw a leaf as it detached, making its slow decent to the ground, and I locked it in my sights, the entire world falling away, going still around me right before I released the arrow.

It flew from the bow, cutting a path through the air with a slight whistling sound before it pierced right through the leaf, pinning it to the tree it had fallen from.
"What were you aiming for?" Damen asked, walking as far forward as he could, looking at where the arrow had gone. "Holy shit," he whispered as he noticed the leaf. "How did you make a shot like that? Even I wouldn't have been able to make a shot like that, and I've been practicing archery for years." He turned to me, eyeing me a bit with surprise. "Are you sure you've never used one of those before?"

I shook my head, blushing in embarrassment at the praise.

"Our Frisk is a natural at these kinds of things. She's a total badass!" Undyne exclaimed, coming up behind me and clapping me on the back hard enough to make me stumble.

"It's no big deal," I said bashfully, setting the bow down.

"It is too!" Undyne exclaimed. "How about you show them how much of a badass you are!" she suggested, pulling me quickly toward a sparring ring where the more experienced fighters were clashing against each other, the sound of metal against metal ringing in the air.

The ring was filled with burly, sweaty men. "Undyne, I don't think-" I tried to protest, but I was quickly cut off.

"C'mon, punk! You know how to fight! Show those weenies how good you are!" she exclaimed, pushing me towards the gate. When I turned to her with an exasperated look, she gave me a wink and a big toothy smile.

I shrugged and decided why not. I did know how to fight, Undyne had taught me and I'd sparred with her on occasion, but never quite the same fighting style as this. I'd tried my hand at swords, but Undyne had always fought me with spears, so I was unsure how I'd do against an opponent who also had a sword, or one who knew well how to use one at that.

But I decided to indulge Undyne in whatever she had planned, and decided to pick up two short swords rather than the various larger swords displayed. I was strong, but not strong enough to carry, or effectively swing, those huge weapons.

I donned the light leather armor over my clothes, Undyne assisting me with the clasps.

I gently gripped the swords, giving them a small twirl in my hands to test their weight and feel before I stepped into the ring. After a last doubtful look to Undyne, who gave me a huge thumbs up, I stepped in.

One man turned from his current sparring to turn to me, his opponent quickly turning away to find another to fight. "You might not want to be in here, little lady. You might get hurt." His tone was slightly concerned, but also condescending, which I immediately picked up on. I noted several others shoot me doubtful, condescending looks, as though questioning why I would be in the ring in the first place.

Their looks were beginning to get under my skin, and I suddenly felt determined to show these cocky men what for. As I took up a wider stance, I fixed the man in a challenging gaze.

"Kick their butts, Frisk!" Undyne shouted from behind me.

"You can do it, human!" Pap joined in the encouragement.

"You've got this, darling!" Mettaton whistled.

Their continuous shouts of support were further fueling me, and I lifted my blades towards the man
as he looked at me doubtfully.

"You sure you wanna do that little lady?" he asked, sighing a bit in exasperation.

"What? Too afraid to fight a woman?" I asked, through with being looked down on simply for being a girl, though a small one at that. I knew perfectly well how to fight.

The man snorted derisively, lifting his heavy blade. "Alright," he said, stepping forward. "Don't worry, I'll go easy on you."

"Please don't, it'll only make it easier for me to kick your ass," I said quietly, just loud enough for him to hear.

He shrugged his shoulders, not remotely taking the threat seriously before lunging at me, the intended blow obviously meant to end the fight before it began. But he underestimated my speed. He may have been stronger than me, but I was quicker and more agile.

I easily dodged the blow, stepping aside and then closer to land a soft blow against his ribs with the flat of my blade before leaping further back as he swung back towards me, the swing coming a bit delayed as he hadn't expected me to be able to dodge the first one.

A few more attempted hits later, with me landing soft, glancing hits between every one of his, he realized I wouldn't be beaten so easily, and quickly changed up his tactics.

His blows began to come much more precise and quickly, forcing me to act quickly to avoid his meticulous swings. I hopping and twirled and ducked around every blow, remaining light on my feet to give myself further speed.

Sweat was making my shirt stick to my skin and my hair stick to my cheeks, but I fell into the motions of the fight surprisingly quickly. I quickly learned by observing how the man fought that he was brash, using sheer strength more than anything else, though he was surprisingly quick with how big his weapon was. I also knew that he must be very prideful of his skill, and the longer the fight went on, the more he lost his composure, becoming further and further angered that he hadn't yet beaten me.

His anger worked against him, making him irrational and far too predictable. I was able to predict what moves he would make even before he made them, easily able to guess what he would do by the way his muscles shifted before a blow.

I was landing stinging blow after stinging blow, landing solid hits on his arms, legs and torso, further angering him. The longer we fought the more winded he became, his blows becoming sluggish as he pushed himself too hard to try to hit me.

But compared to the monsters, his skill was lacking, and much too easy to avoid. I realized it would be better for myself and his pride if I finished this quickly. I darted beneath one of his swinging blows, bringing myself closer, kicking out and landing a soft blow to the back of his knees, unbalancing him. I landed a blow against his back, the armor on his frame absorbing the majority of the hit, but it was enough, between that at the hit to his legs, to bring him to his knees.

Before he could turn to slash at me again, I placed each of my blades against the sides of his neck, crossed before me, and his whole body went still as he realized that he was defeated.

He let out an annoyed sigh, slumping a bit, his heavy, angry breaths escaping him as his whole frame heaved. I relaxed, and drew back my blades. The man let out a sudden, loud cry, rising and turning, and I saw the glint of steel as it rushed towards my face.
My whole body tensed, prepared to react, though I likely would have been too slow at this point, but before I could, the man was yanked back in a haze of blue, sliding across the dirt to slam painfully into the wooden fencing.

"I wouldn't, if I were you," I heard the threatening growl and turned to see Sans standing at the edge of the ring, eye once against pulsing threatening as he stared at the man who had attempted to hurt me.

I realized as I turned back to look at him that despite the lack of sharpness to the blade, the blow aimed at me would have been very damaging, likely fatal.

"Sans, that's enough," I said, walking closer to the man, who was wincing a bit in pain from the magic inside his muscles.

"Frisk, he almost-"

"I know, and I said that's enough," I insisted, turning to give him an imploring look. Everyone was watching us now, bystanders who had stopped to witness the fight were now looking on in concern, the area uncomfortably silent, no longer filled with the clanging of dancing swords. Now was not the time to be instigating fights. This whole festival was about peace between humans and monsters and this would not help matters.

Sans let out a heavy sigh, but reluctantly released him, though he, as well as every other member of my family, was still standing tense to the side, as though prepared to defend me should anyone try anything again.

I walked over to the man, noticing how he glared up at me as I knelt down beside him. "Do you want to know why you lost?" I asked. He huffed angrily, not bothering to answer me. "You became reckless and predictable because of your anger." I leaned a little closer, my next words quiet. "You almost killed someone today because of it, so I suggest you learn to control it, before someone gets hurt." His expression fell a bit, his eyes turning down in shame as he realized what he had almost done.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled, so quietly I almost didn't hear him.

"Just try not to do it again," I scolded, before standing and offering a helping hand. He looked at me a bit in surprise before sheepishly accepting my offered help. I was much smaller than him, and must look ridiculous helping a man of his size to his feet, but he accepted non the less.

Once he was standing he shuffled out of the ring, shying away when Undyne shot him a threatening glare. Asgore leaned close, placing a hand on the man's shoulder and whispering something to him, face set in a scarily scolding manner. The man paled at his words, swallowing nervously before quickly disappearing.

One man stepped forward a bit, addressing me. "You fight exceptionally well. I've never seen someone handle multiple weapons so easily before. Usually a person has only one dominant hand. But I would be honored to spar with you, if you would indulge me."

I gave a nod, hesitant and surprised at the sudden change in mood towards me. Several others nodded in agreement, giving me respectful or encouraging nods as I looked around, quite surprised in the drastic change of perspective.

Undyne's arm suddenly slung around my shoulders, and as I turned to her she shot me a mischievous grin, sword already in hand, as she knew her spears would be too much against these
opponents. "How about we kick their butts together?" she asked with a conspiratorial wiggle of her eyebrows. I returned her wide smile with one of my own, and I noticed some of the men shuffling nervously at the sudden additional opponent.

All the men turned to us, eager for a fight, and probably hoping they could beat us with sheer numbers. They were wrong. Between the two of us, they were easily beat. By the end of the fight every man was bruised and exhausted, though surprisingly pleased with the challenge they had faced and in good spirits.

Food was passed around as we all shuffled out of the ring, the healing properties of the magic infused treats much appreciated by our battered opponents.

I was given many hugs and pats of congratulations from my family as they all went on about how cool we had looked fighting together, my father almost teary-eyed as he went on and on about how proud of me he was, making me hide my face in embarrassment.

As we all dispersed to eat dinner in the waning light of day, I was a tad surprised Damen had simply excused himself, disappearing in the crowd of people.

Before I could fully sit myself at a table, Undyne pulled me aside, Alphys and Mettaton excusing themselves from their table as well to follow us as she led me between the trees a short distance away.

As soon as they joined us, they all fixed me in diabolical, knowing smiles.

"What?" I asked a bit warily.

"Sans was totally jealous today," Undyne exclaimed, smile only widening.

"Really? Who-" I cut myself off as I realized who.

"Damen, of course!" Undyne exclaimed anyway.

"I noticed it too, darling," Mettaton chimed in. "I've noticed his attraction since your birthday those years ago. I've been on the receiving end of some of those glares." Alphys was nodding in agreement. "And we've all been talking. . ."

"Oh geez," I sighed, preparing myself for whatever they had planned.

"Tomorrow is your birthday, darling," Mettaton explained.

"Yeeaaah," I drawled.

"Aaaand, I was already thinking I would host your party this year. It was meant to be a surprise, but we have some planning to do."

"What kind of planning?" I asked apprehensively.

Mettaton shot me a wink as Undyne grinned and Alphys blushed, clearly they were already all in on this "plan".

"Well, listen closely darling. I know exactly how to get him to admit his feelings for you," Mettaton said with a sweet smile, making my stomach flip at the implications his overly-eager eyes were telling.
Sooo, big plans for the next few chapters. Not gonna spoil anything, but I can guarantee you will be pleased ;D
Also, thank you so much for reading the story and leaving such nice comments. :3
Another Year

Chapter Summary

So let's see how this party goes shall we?

Chapter Notes

Warning: Slight Smut ahead.
Enjoy my readers ;p

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I stood in front of the full length mirror, examining my reflection. I'd spent the entire day, since before the sun had even risen, being prepped for the party at Mettaton's house. They'd blindfolded me when they brought me in, so I couldn't see how he'd decorated his home for the event.

Personally, I thought Mettaton had gone way too overboard, but everyone else had been told to dress fancy for the occasion as well, so I wouldn't stand out too much. But still . . .

The dress I was wearing was a nice, rich blue, bringing out the darker blue flecks in my eyes. The wispy skirt floated around my legs with every movement, giving every slight sway and step a graceful, light appearance, as though I were weightless. The dress had a slit up the left leg all the way to my waist, part of my thigh covered with sparkling, clear crystals that hung between the split fabric in an elaborate design. The dress clung to my frame from the waist up, the sides having the appearance of being tied closed with ribbon, the front dipped almost to my naval, the ribbons crissed and crossed over my exposed skin, the shape of my breasts more than apparent from the low cut. There was no back to the dress, just more crystals like the ones covering my legs, shaped to look like sparkling angel wings against my back. The faint, silver scars were visible on my skin through the gems, filling me with a sense of unease.

The same crystals fell in a single line down my arms all the way to my wrists where it wrapped more elaborately around my forearms and across the backs of my hands like an elaborate bracelet. The heels I wore only stuck to my feet by the ribbon of the shoes being so tightly tied, it crossed over my feet and wound elaborately up my legs clear to my knees, the same color as the dress and could be seen due to the split in the side. I had a small blue ribbon tied around my throat to finish off the look. My fingernails and toenails had been painted a deep red to match the lip stick that had been put on my lips. Mettaton had chosen not to put makeup on me, other than a few black swirls out from the corners of my eyes that wound up to my temples and across my cheekbones. My hair had been adorned with a sparkling hair piece that draped over the crown of my head like a net, the front falling partially over my forehead in a v-shape.

Mettaton had actually bathed me, washing me in his expensive oils and soaps and then covered me in expensive lotions that smelled of cherry and vanilla, leaving a lingering sweet scent clinging to my skin.

The entire ensemble, of course, had been designed and made by Mettaton. It certainly had his trace
of confidence and flair. Personally, I thought too much effort had gone into the outfit, but he disagreed, especially for the new plans we'd been going over all day.

I stood in front of the mirror, examining my reflection, barely recognizing myself in the elaborately beautiful piece. I turned, examining my back in the mirror, wincing at the scars I saw.

Mettaton had disappeared to make sure the last of the preparations for the party were complete. People were already arriving, I could hear them mingling downstairs, the sounds of soft music wafting down the hallway. Mettaton had planned it for me to be the last to arrive, so everyone could see me as I entered the room.

I turned, making a few practice walks around the room, making sure I didn't trip in the unseemly shoes. They were beautiful, but I'd never worn heels so high before, and I'd had to practice walking in them to get used to the feel of maneuvering in the sharp stilettos. My body had adjusted quickly to the feel of the shoes, my muscles shifting easily with each step, which was a good thing because Mettaton had planned for much dancing this evening as well.

Nervousness was curling in my stomach in a tight knot, making my hands tremble slightly. Being alone was making the thoughts of the night to come rise up in my mind, making my heart pound. I was still somewhat unsure, but considering all the planning my mischievous trio had gone through, I knew that they wouldn't let me back down now. And if I didn't do something about this, they would, and that would be worse.

Just as I was beginning to get anxious, the door opened and Mettaton returned, with a few guests. Undyne, Alphys and Papyrus followed after him into the room, stopping short when they saw me turn to them, eyes going wide.

The room was uncomfortably silent for a few moments, making me squirm in embarrassment as all eyes locked on me. Mettaton stood there with a smug smile on his face, pleased with their reactions.

Mettaton had changed his chest plate to look like a suit and tie for the occasion, his normally magenta boots now a glossy black. Alphys was wearing a nice light green sparkling dress that draped around her frame, Undyne was dressed in a nice, tight to her frame red dress with spaghetti straps and Papy was wearing a white suit, the only deviation in color being his tie, which was a nice bright orange, the same color as his magic.

Mettaton crossed the room in a few flourishing steps, wrapping an arm around my waist as he came up beside me. "I told you darling, you look like a goddess. There's no reason to be nervous. You're going to own the night."

"I just feel a bit uncomfortable being the center of attention," I said quietly.

"Darling, you're the monster-human ambassador. You freed the monsters. You've always been the center of attention."

I floundered for a response, but had none because had a point. But that didn't dismiss the fact that it had always bothered me. It made me uncomfortable being the center of attention, it always had. I'd never quite had Mettaton's confidence, though he certainly had rubbed off on me as I'd grown up, but whenever I acted like him it was always in good fun, a joke among friends, never true confidence.

But there wasn't room for such doubts tonight.
"Well, everyone is here darling, and all waiting for you. Are you ready?"

I had to take a deep breath to prepare myself.

"Do not worry, Frisk! This night cannot end badly. I promise you! There is no way my brother would reject your love," Papyrus gave me a beaming smile, not seeming to notice how my face flared up at the comment.

"So Paps knows, huh?" I asked, turning to Mettaton, knowing it must have been his idea.

"Who do you think had to convince Sans to actually dress up for the evening?" Mettaton said in answer.

"Don't worry punk, tonight's going to be perfect!" Undyne said encouragingly, coming up on my other side. "Hell, if Sans rejects you, I might have to sweep you off your feet instead," Undyne gave me an exuberant wink and Alphys giggled. "And I would be okay with this. Honestly, I would be fighting Undyne for your love," Alphys said softly.

"Bring it!" Undyne responded, draping an arm over my shoulder.

Mettaton's arm returned around my waist, pulling me towards him and away from Undyne's arm. "You'd just have to get in line then, because this beauty would be mine," Mettaton drawled, hugging me close to his side.

Papyrus was quietly laughing at the whole display, not at all fazed by Mettaton's flirtiness with me. Hell, Mettaton had always been flirty.

"Okay, okay, that's enough," I said with a laugh, untangling myself.

"Don't worry darling, tonight will be spectacular. It's your night after all," Mettaton said softly, reassuringly.

"Don't worry, we've got your back tonight. Are you ready?" Mettaton asked, turning me to him.

"As ready as I'll ever be," I answered, taking another deep breath to calm my nerves. This night would either end very good or very bad, and either way it was enough to make my heart race in anticipation.

"We'll be waiting for you downstairs," Alphys said, grabbing Undyne's hand to pull her along as they exited the room with a last encouraging wave and wink. Papyrus followed them with one last smile to me and Mettaton, closing the door behind himself.

Mettaton placed a comforting hand on my back, urging me along as we exited the room and walked down the hall. We stopped a short way from the stairs, still out of sight.

I could hear the quiet sounds of conversation drifting up the stairs, tickling against my senses and making my nerves jittery.

Mettaton placed himself in front of me, gently squeezing my sides as he tilted my face up to look at him. "Darling, you are the most beautiful person at this party. Tonight, you are a goddess. Act like
it. Own the room. Head high, shoulders up, back straight. Confidence is sexy. And you have no reason not to be."

I bit my lip, my arms wrapping around my sides to comfort myself, my fingers brushing across the ends of the scars as uneasiness pooled in my chest.

Mettaton noticed where my hands were, and quickly pulled them away before replacing them with his own, fingers softly tracing the scars as his face softened in understanding.

"Is this what you're worried about darling? These scars?" I could only nod in answer. "Darling, these scars are a badge of strength. They prove how strong you are, how brave, how fearless. You are a fighter. The warrior who freed us all. No one is going to look at those scars and think for a moment they mar you, or that they are in any way a blemish. They are going to look at them and think of how amazing you look and they are going to see a true goddess, one who is fierce and powerful. Carry yourself as such."

I took another deep breath, feeling the air fill my lungs as I pulled all my anxieties under my control, putting them to the back of my mind as I let that confidence take over.

"There you go, darling. I'll be waiting downstairs. Make your entrance one to be remembered," Mettaton gave me one last wink before disappearing down the stairs, leaving me alone.

I heard Mettaton announce to the room that I would be down any moment, and the following shuffling of feet and whispers of excitement.

I closed my eyes, letting my body still, concentrating on the feel of my soul in my chest, letting the familiar feeling ground me into this moment and using it to steel myself. I'd been through hell and back, I could do this.

I let my body fall into a stance of confidence, and kept my head high as I turned and walked out. A hush fell over the room at my appearance, and I could feel as all eyes fell onto me. I walked till I was at the center of the massive marble staircase, raising my eyes to appraise the room. I could see the faces of all my family, all my friends. It seemed every monster in the Underground was gathered in the immense foyer, and all were watching me.

The foyer had been decorated with white lights, they twined around the pillars, around the stair banister, matching the sparkling white crystals of the chandelier that hung from the ceiling. White ribbons had been strung up around everything, falling from the chandelier and the ceiling in a pretty cascade. The entire room was bathed in soft white light.

I was grateful for the red carpet beneath my feet as I began my slow decent, eyes scanning the crowd. I could see my mother and father, hands clasped together as they watched me with happy, teary eyes, Flowey in their hands.

Undyne and Alphys looked like they were about to explode with excitement as they watched with stars in their eyes. Mettaton was watching me proudly, giving me a smile of encouragement when our eyes met. Papyrus's cheeks were absolutely glowing and his eyes were sparkling as he watched me from Metta's side.

Every one of my friends, all of the monsters, had a similar look of awe on their faces. I was surprised to note that even Damen and Alex were here, both fabulously dressed as they stood off to the side of the room, each watching me as though they couldn't even believe I was real.

Finally, I turned my eyes to the one person who I'd been too shy to look at. When my eyes fell on
him I felt adrenaline jolt through my veins, warming in the pit of my stomach, my skin tingling at the feel of his eyes on me.

Sans was dressed more fancy than I'd ever seen him or ever though he would. Now I could see the necessity of Papyrus knowing, as Sans would never have put on a suit like that without much urging from his brother.

His suit was the color of charcoal, the dark color starkly contrasting with his pristine bones. The only deviation in the dark color was his cyan blue tie, currently matching the blush on his cheekbones. His sockets were wide, the lights in them shining more brightly than I had ever seen them, and his jaw had actually dropped.

I felt the blush rise to my cheeks at seeing him but managed to keep my confidant stance. His jaw snapped closed as soon as he realized I was looking at him, his normally slack pose straightening, though his hands remained shoved in the pockets of his suit pants.

As I reached the bottom of the stairs, my family rushed forward to start the greetings, my mother and father wrapping me in a tight hug as tears left tracks down their cheeks.

"Why are you guys crying? This is supposed to be a happy night," I scolded them teasingly as they released me from their tight hug. I had to stifle a giggle when I noticed that Flowey had been placed in a pot with a suit design painted on the front and he had a black bow tie tied around his stem.

"Oh my child, you just look so beautiful," Toriel gushed, wiping the tears from her cheeks.

"Our beautiful daughter," Asgore rumbled, making my already flushed cheeks flare up. "We are so proud of you."

"You promised you wouldn't grow up too fast. It seems like just yesterday you were a little girl with skinned knees and baggy sweaters," Toriel sighed wistfully.

I giggled at the image. "I know, Mom. But I can't really help growing up."

"I know. And a beautiful woman you grew to be," Toriel smiled, hugging me softly again.

I felt myself wrapped in a tight hug from behind and turned to see Papy leaning over me with his sparkling eyes. "Frisk you look so pretty. Like the sky, covered in stars."

"A beautiful sight indeed," Mettaton agreed, wrapping me in a hug the moment Papy released me.

"Our tiny human is all grown up," Papy sniffled, tears of joy coming to his eyes.

I giggled. "Pap I've been grown up for two years now."

"You just look so..." Alphys couldn't seem to find the words, simply coming forward to hug me, a hug that Undyne joined, wrapping her arms firmly around the both of us.

It wasn't long until Napsta and several others ventured close to offer a hearty "happy birthday" and compliments. I found myself venturing through the whole room, greeting the guests, giving hugs to everyone in the room, catching up with old friends. Music played through the room and people began to disperse and mingle among themselves, some disappearing into the rooms around the foyer to dance and enjoy the array of expensive food and drink.

I noticed from the corner of my eye that Sans remained a little behind the others, but his eyes never
once left me as I talked with everyone else, his eyes following me around the room.

After I had greeted all the guests, Mettaton pulled me aside, leading me to where Damen and Alex stood, talking quietly. They turned when they saw us approaching, giving me soft smiles.

Alex was dressed in a nice yellow dress and Damen was wearing black suit pants with a matching black vest over a red button up, the top few buttons undone in a more casual look.

They both gave me soft smiles as we approached.

"I thought that our new friends would like to come, so I hope you don't mind that I invited them," Mettaton explained, giving me a mischievous wink that the two couldn't see. I knew exactly why he had invited them.

"Of course I don't mind, it's good to see you guys again," I said with a friendly smile, giving each of them hugs, which they gratefully returned, looking much more relaxed now that they knew they were welcome. "We were actually just about to go eat. Why don't you join us?"

They gave happy little nods and did exactly that as we retreated to one of the rooms that had been turned into a dining room, the rest of our family joining us. Mettaton sat Damen down on one side of me, and then occupied the seat on my other side as we all sat and conversed, and I didn't miss the heated look of anger tainting Sans' eyes as he saw them both interacting with me throughout the meal, Mettaton being more than a little flirty.

When they all began to file away after the meal, I joined Damen and Alex, eager to learn more about the two humans who looked at me with so much familiarity.

As I talked with them I learned that they were from the other small settlement a few miles from us, that they'd both grown up there, close to the mountain. They told me stories of the big city that rested imposingly on the mountain across the valley, stories of the surface and how humans had first reacted to the monsters appearance and transition into the world.

We spent hours simply talking, and I was beginning to see that the two people in front of me were both very good people, and the more we talked the more they began to relax and treat me as if they'd always known me. I thought for a moment that perhaps they had, before I'd fallen into the Underground.

I noticed Sans all throughout the night, mingling with the other monsters but never fully engaged with them, eyes always quietly trailing me.

After a bit of time, Mettaton finally approached me with a coy smile. "I apologize but I'm going to have to borrow her for a few minutes." Mettaton slid an arm around my waist and with a last wave to Damen and Alex we made our way toward the center of the foyer. "You ready darling?" I gave him a nod and a smile, too nervous to speak. The dance we would be doing was one I was more than familiar with, but it would be the first time doing it in front of such a large audience, the only people to have seen it before were Undyne and Alphys who had watched us while we'd practiced it over the years. And this would be the first time that Sans would be watching us.

The sun had just set, making the white lights in the room sparkle even more beautifully against the darkness, giving the whole room a magical look.

The center of the foyer had already cleared, the monsters who had been dancing there had already dispersed to make room for us. As Mettaton placed us in the center of the room, a hush fell over the monsters once again as they saw us take the floor, my own family front and center, all
watching with eager eyes.

Mettaton placed one arm around my waist, the other gently clasping mine as I rested my hand on his shoulder in a ready position. I met his eyes and let that be my focus, drowning out the rest of the room and letting myself fall into that familiar calm. The song that was currently playing came to a stop and the next song started, the beautiful sound washing through the room gently as we began our dance.

The dance was one that Metta had choreographed after we'd watched one of our favorite love tragedies. The music had no lyrics, but washed through the room with haunting beauty. The notes spoke of love and passion, loss and pain in equal measure, sending chills across my skin as our bodies moved to the music. I let it be my guide as much as my familiar dance partner.

Mettaton pressed himself close, leading us through our spins and dips and simple lifts, our bodies intimately close. On one of our moves he hoisted my left leg on his waist, metallic fingers pressing into the bare skin of my thigh as he held me up during our spin. I could feel a familiar agitated magic press against my skin and I knew it was working. Mettaton noticed as well, shooting me a conspiratorial wink, a momentary break in character, before he spun me, the move turning me towards my family, allowing my eyes to meet Sans' for just a moment before I was pulled back in.

As the music played, the emotions rose in me, sending shivers down my spine and goosebumps dancing across my skin in waves as I recalled the beautiful play that had stuck in my heart even after all these years.

My skirt floated around me, swirling around my legs wispily as I turned and spun, losing myself in the movements. As the song rose in tempo I prepared myself. Just as the song hit its crescendo, Mettaton turned me from my spin and lifted me, hands on my waist as he lifted me far above his head. I let my body relax into the move, trusting implicitly in my partner as I lifted my arms, tilting my face up as though towards an unseen light. Mettaton watched me with rapture, each of us falling easily into the roles of the dance.

As the crescendo came down, Mettaton lowered me, bringing me close to his chest, our foreheads touching for a moment as he held me close, as though I were a lover he couldn't bear to let go—the story the dance told.

The last of the notes played out dramatically before the song ended, the room bathed in silence. After a few moments Mettaton lifted me and I opened my eyes as he set me on my feet, still holding me close. His eyes were filled with warmth and affection as he pulled me close to his chest, his arms around my waist as I placed mine on his chest plate, feeling it thrumming with warmth, quicker than usual due to the dance. He tapped his forehead affectionately against mine as the room erupted in applause.

"You did perfect, gorgeous. Let's give them a bow, shall we?" He gave me a smile before turning me and we both bowed to the room as though we were professionals after a performance.

With a flick of his wrist the upbeat music began to play again as he led me off the dance floor, leaving it for the monsters to return to. As we approached our family, I was hyper aware of Sans' heated gaze locked onto me, filled with a heated jealousy and longing. I had to admit, there wasn't much doubt about the emotions behind the lights of his eyes.
Our family gushed over us, tears still staining their faces as the performance had left them emotional. We returned to the dance floor shortly after, Undyne, Alphys, and Papy joining us as we all danced to the much more upbeat music, the room washed in pulsing lights thrumming in time with the beat.

After a bit of time I had to separate myself to catch my breath, stepping aside to the drink table to relax and replenish. Mettaton took this time to start up the couples dancing, letting softer music play through the room. Undyne and Alphys, Mom and Dad, and Pap and Mettaton began to dance, leading the room as other monsters paired up to join them.

I stood beside the table, eyes slowly roaming the room, casually watching as monsters danced and conversed. My eyes met Sans' where he leaned against the wall on the other side of the room, watching me. Before he could look away in embarrassment I gave him a soft smile, one he returned before turning bashfully away, the blush rising on his cheekbones.

A perfect opportunity, one he obviously wasn't taking. I hadn't really expected him to, dancing wasn't really his thing, but Mettaton had presented the opportunity, just in case.

And as the song ended, another began, and Mettaton noticed this missed opportunity, already having planned for its possibility. He came over, offering his hand. I took it with a smile and happily joined him on the dance floor. I didn't miss Undyne's wink or Alphys' conspiratorial smile as Mettaton softly spun me and I knew who was watching us.

After the song ended, I felt an unfamiliarly soft hand rest on my back. "Do you mind if I steal this dance?" I heard someone ask, and turned to see Damen behind us. He gave me a soft smile as I nodded. Mettaton stepped back, leaving one last kiss on the back of my hand and a wink before he walked away and Damen took his place.

Damen's hands were soft on my waist, my hands on his shoulders as he led me, though I noticed he was sure to keep a bit of distance between the two of us, unlike Metta. He was a good dancer, nice rhythm.

"It's nice to see you so happy. Your family obviously cares greatly about you," Damen commented quietly.

"Yeah, they really do. And I love them," I said quietly, a soft happy smile coming to my lips.

"I'm glad, I really am," his smile was pleased and genuine and I could see his heart as I looked into his eyes. It was a gentle, caring, kind heart. "Can I ask you something?"

"Sure," I replied, giving a soft shrug of my shoulders.

"Do you mind if I ask where you got these scars?" he asked, hands lifting to trace them softly along my back. "I don't mean to pry, you don't have to answer, I was just curious."

"It's okay. I don't mind. I had a... near death experience down in the Underground less than two years ago. It was uh... pretty bad."

He let out a soft whistle. "You don't say. I can only imagine how bad they must have been." His face twisted in pain and sympathy, worry creasing his brow. He must have noticed the momentary sadness on my face because he gave me a beaming smile. "Just so you know, even with those scars you're still the most beautiful person in this room. Honestly I think those scars make you look like a total badass." He gave me a wink, causing a laugh to bubble up. "And the monsters, they saved you?" He asked, returning to a more serious question as I relaxed, once again happy.
"They did."

"Good, good. How long have you been with them?" he asked, leading me through a slow spin.

"For ten years now," I answered, mind still a little blown at this. It had felt like a life time but at the same time I could hardly believe it had been so long.

Damen nodded, seeming to be thinking about something. "Do you mind if I ask you something?"

"Shoot," Damen replied.

"You said we were friends when we were kids," I began.

"Yeah," he said, a little uneasily.

"Were we close as children?"

"We were. You, myself and Alex were all very close."

"But you and I especially?"

He nodded. "Yeah. But what made you think that?"

"I don't know. Just a feeling I suppose. I don't remember you, but I feel comfortable when I'm around you, like you're someone I've always known. Someone I can trust." I lowered my eyes as I contemplated the revelation. It was true, my body simply relaxed when I was around him, my nerves simply vanishing. Even now, knowing how close the night was drawing to an end, and what would follow, I was simply wrapped in calm as I looked into Damen's eyes.

"Well, you can definitely trust me. And Frisk," he placed a hand softly on my chin, lifting my face to look at him. "I don't know if you'll ever remember me, ever remember before..." he took a deep breath, his eyes sad. "But if you do, know that I will always be here for you if you need me."

His words left me with a weary apprehension as to their meaning, but I gave him a firm nod and a reassuring smile. "If I remember, you'll be the first I come to. I'm sure I'll have lots of questions when I do."

He gave me a nod, looking up as the song came to an end. "I suppose I should leave you to your friends. Looks like they're waiting for you." He gestured and I saw my mischievous friends standing off to the side, waiting for our dance to end. I gave Damen a soft hug before I went to join them.

When I approached them, they quickly pulled me along into another room.

"Frisk, darling we're getting close, but we need something that he can't resist," Mettaton began.

"He's been so wicked jealous tonight," Undyne commented, smile devilish as she reveled in it all.

"I'm honestly surprised he hasn't said anything or tried anything," Alphys murmured, brow furrowing as she contemplated why it hadn't worked so far.

"But I have a plan," Mettaton drawled, coy smile returning. Leaning close as he explained.

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As the night was coming to an end, everything began to slow down and become calm. Monsters
had begun to return to their homes, leaving the house more empty than before.

I approached Sans where he was leaning casually against the wall, pretending not to have been watching me when I entered the room. I approached him and he turned to me when I called his name, as though noticing me for the first time, forcing me to fight off an amused smile as I watched him try to compose himself.

"Come join me outside," I offered, holding out my hand. "I haven't seen you all night." I left it unvoiced that we hadn't really seen each other or talked much since our kiss.

He gave a nod, placing his bony hand in mine as I pulled him along. He followed me slowly to the back porch. The back balcony that had been elaborately set up with white lights twining around the banister and hanging above our heads.

I pulled him out onto the balcony, turning to him and grabbing his other hand in mine. His cheeks were already beginning to dust blue, but he was attempting to play it cool.

"You owe me a dance," I insisted, smiling when his blush immediately flared up.

"Frisk, come on. You know I don't dance," he grumbled as I pulled him closer.

"Well then let me lead. It doesn't have to be a fancy dance." He sighed, opening his mouth to protest again. "If you don't like the next song that plays, I won't make you." He nodded reluctantly as the last song ended and the new one began, already having been planned.

His expression fell as soft jazz began to play, music he couldn't deny he enjoyed, and reluctantly allowed me to pull him close. He placed his hands hesitantly on my waist as I wrapped mine around his neck, beginning to lead through the simple moves. Despite his protests that he didn't dance, he certainly had good rhythm.

Bryan Ferry's Love is the Drug carried lightly in the air around us as I moved to the music, my hips and body swaying to the beat as my lips mouthed the words of the familiar song.

The blue on Sans' cheekbones only brightened as I pressed myself closer with every sway, pressing lightly against his rib cage as my hands went up to cup the back of his skull as I rolled my hips seductively with the music.

Sans' eyes heated increasingly with each move, burning with desire as I pulled him closer. He bent over to press his forehead against mine, eyes burning as they met mine, my moving lips right in front of his as I quietly sang along with the song.

His breathing quickened, grip tightening around my waist as he pressed me close, my swaying body right against his. My fingers softly kneaded his skull as we moved and I gave him a flirty wink, giggling when he blushed deeper and I was sure he would have turned his head away in embarrassment if I hadn't been holding him so close.

His body was swaying lightly as he stepped and turned with me, my body much more expressive in its movement.

The song was regretfully short, and ended far too soon. The balcony was quiet as we stood there, still pressed close, breathing hard despite the lack of actual strain during the dance.

My heart fluttered against my ribs and I could feel his magic thrumming strongly through his body. I could tell he was reluctant to move his arms, and as another song began to play, one with a nice beat, still Metta's doing of course, I smiled at him softly, one he seemed too starstruck to return. He
pressed me closer, this time being the one to initiate the dance as Goyte's Hearts a Mess played, myself taking full advantage of the beat.

Eventually, that song had to end too and silence covered us. Sans still has his forehead pressed against mine, my hands on his skull while our bodies were pressed close. I could feel my soul thrumming in my chest, reaching out to him with longing. Sans hadn't moved his gaze from my eyes, and as embarrassed as I was I simply couldn't look away from the intense look. Sans squeezed my sides, and opened his mouth to say something.

Right at that moment I heard someone clear their throat, and turned to see Mettaton in the doorway. "It's about that time, darling. Everyone is leaving. Let's see them off like good hosts, shall we?"

I nodded and he turned, walking a few steps into the room to wait for me. I turned back to Sans with a smile before leaning up to plant a soft, firm kiss on his cheekbone, biting my lip to stifle my laugh when I saw it left a red imprint on his cheek.

He reluctantly let me go as I untangled us, giving him a wave and soft smile as I returned to the party with Mettaton to see off our guests, trying to ignore the pit in my stomach as I saw how dejected he looked to see me leaving. But it was all according to plan.

"So, did it work?" Mettaton asked with a coy smile, eyes glinting gleefully. He already knew the answer to that.

"Did you not see us when you so rudely interrupted," I said with mock offense, giggling. I was absolutely giddy right now. The night was turning out better than I anticipated.

As we returned to the foyer and began seeing guests off, I could see Undyne, Alphys and Papyrus all looking towards us with curious looks. I gave them a thumbs up to indicate that it had gone well, and almost laughed aloud when they began jumping excitedly, calming themselves when they saw Sans return to the room behind us, stifling giggles as they saw the lipstick mark on his cheekbone.

After everyone had left, my family began to depart as well. My parents were the first to leave, then Undyne and Alphys, who both leaned close to hug me, whispering, "Details tomorrow," before they left.

I could see Papyrus getting ready to leave with Sans when Mettaton approached him. "Pap, sweetums, how about you stay with me tonight? I have a new script I'd like to go over with you, maybe get some feedback?" Papyrus eagerly agreed even before understanding crossed his face. His cheeks practically glowed as he realized what Mettaton was doing.

"Of course, Mettaton. Sans! I'm sure you can walk Frisk home without assistance," Pap said, far too suggestively.

Sans raised a brow at his brothers odd behavior, but simply nodded in agreement, slight blush already appearing. But he offered his arm when I came up beside him, and I linked my arm with his as we left the house with a last wave, Sans turning away, missing the winks and smoochy faces Mettaton and Papyrus made at me.

I turned away from them with a huff, a blush, and smile, coming to my face. We walked out the house and onto the street, turning to go back to my home.

"You look good in a suit, by the way. You should wear one more often," I complimented, tugging lightly on his tie as he blushed and turned away.
"Yeah, Pap's idea," he mumbled, obviously embarrassed.

"Well, I'm glad. You would have stood out like a sore thumb in your normal shorts and hoodie," I laughed, threading my fingers through his and lowering our arms, swinging them lightly between us. His fingers squeezed mine after a moment and he turned to look down at me.

"Everybody stood out like a sore thumb compared to you tonight," he said, soft smile returning as he gazed down at me affectionately. I turned my face down to hide my blush, biting my lip nervously.

"Are you embarrassed?" Sans asked, smile in his voice, squeezing my fingers.

"Hmph," was all I saw as I turned my burning face away.

He chuckled, pulling us to a stop and turning me with a hand firmly under my jaw to look up at him. "Frisk, you are absolutely beautiful tonight." The words were soft spoken but I heard them as clearly as if they had been shouted. His fingers softly stroked across my reddened cheek as he stared into my eyes. "But that's not really anything new. You're always beautiful. More beautiful than anyone I've ever seen."

Sans leaned forward slowly, and I thought for a moment that he would kiss me, my heart racing in anticipation. He placed his forehead against mine, simply staring into my eyes, and I was unable to tear my eyes away from the mesmerizing gaze.

"We're here," he said quietly, tone disappointed. I turned and saw that he was right. We were standing in front of my house and I hadn't even noticed. I turned back to him, unwilling to say goodbye now that I had him again.

"Do you want to come in?" I asked softly, my own blush rising when I saw his cheekbones flare blue. "It's been a while since we've really seen each other. . . I just thought. . . "

"I'll come in," he said, cutting off my nervous words. I nodded, a relieved sigh escaping me. He kept his fingers laced through mine as we walked up to the house and went inside.

I let go of his hand to go forward, fumbling my fingers along the wall until I found the light switch. When I flicked it on I turned back to him and saw that he had turned to look at his reflection and was blushing, hand raising to touch the lipstick mark.

I laughed as he finally noticed it. "Sorry about that. Here," I walked closer, licking my thumb and wiping at the lipstick mark, rubbing at it. I was mostly unsuccessful, mostly smearing it across his cheekbone. "Sorry. You might wanna. . . " I tugged at his sleeve. I turned with another laugh as I made my way back down the hall, watching him rub at the lipstick with his sleeve until his cheekbone was clean.

"If you don't mind I'm going to take a shower. Kind of need to relax a bit before we talk," I was saying as I walked towards the stairs, Sans slowly trailing behind me.

"Sure thing," he said, voice wavering nervously. I smiled at him before making my way up the stairs, devious wheels turning in my head. He hadn't done anything yet, and I was beginning to get very naughty ideas.

I made my way to the bathroom, smiling when I entered the room and saw my opportunity. I removed the bow from around my neck and the hair piece, setting them gently on the counter. "Hey Sans!" I called, surprised when he teleported in front of the bathroom just a second later, wondering if he had been listening for me.
"Yeah, Frisk?" He asked, standing hesitantly in front of the door.

"I think I left all my towels downstairs in the dryer. Do you think you could grab one for me?" I asked, leaning against the bathroom counter and leaning down to begin removing my heels.

"Sure thing," he said, disappearing the next moment. I quickly knelt down, pulling on the laces of the shoes and slipping them off my feet. I closed the door until it was mostly shut, listening for Sans' return.

I felt him return before I heard him, the telltale tingle of magic against my skin, and I quickly lifted my hands to the clasps on my dress, undoing them and letting it slide off my frame, leaving me in nothing but a pair of scanty black underwear.

I felt him go still, the sounds of his footsteps stopping as he no doubt saw my reflection in the mirror through the crack of the door. I turned towards the shower as though I didn't know he was there, sliding my panties off my legs as I stepped up to the shower, turning on the water.

Instead of the flush of magic I was expecting I heard him take a few steps closer to the door, magic pressing slightly against my skin, felt my skin burning when his eyes settled directly on me.

I smiled coyly as I realized that it was working. He hadn't simply teleported away. After the night of jealousy and teasing, it seemed he couldn't help himself.

I held my fingers under the spray of water until it ran warm, stepping in and sliding the clear glass door shut. I was more than visible through it as I stepped under the water.

I saw the slightest movement in the periphery of my vision as the door was opened just the slightest bit, allowing better visibility from the outside. I tilted my head back, letting the water wash over me as I ran my fingers through my hair, "innocently" arching my back.

I picked up a spare wash cloth, using it to scrub the black traceries off my face and remove my lipstick. After I was done, I turned my body fully towards the door, letting my eyes slide shut as I leaned against the wall, hot water falling over me, steam wafting through the room.

I felt his magic tingling against my skin and wondered how far I could take this. This certainly wasn't apart of the plans we had set up, but I felt like being bad and really teasing him to make up for the two weeks of silence he had given me, even if it was partially my fault.

I tilted my head back against the wall as I felt the arousal in my body, already more than apparent from the nights earlier closeness with Sans. I slid my hands teasingly up my sides as I pictured how it had felt to dance with him, to feel his body moving with mine as that teasing music played. I cupped my breasts, my fingers brushing against my already hardened nipples. I had to bite my lip to stifle my gasp at the unfamiliar shock of pleasure traveled across my skin.

The heat in my core and ache between my legs was quickly taking control over my common sense as I recalled our kiss, how sweet it had been and how badly I wanted to do it again. The magic pressing against my skin wasn't helping my self control as I slowly felt it becoming more heated as he watched me, his emotions fully obvious through it.

I let one of my hands slide down between my legs as the other squeezed at my breast, biting my lip and rolling my head to side as I touched myself teasingly. I was surprised when I felt how wet I was, teasingly sliding my fingers between my slick lips. I slid my fingers up, letting out an involuntary gasp as my fingers pressed against my clit, the intense pleasure behind the gesture catching me off guard.
I could feel my pulse between my legs, my heart rapidly beating in my chest as I felt Sans' magic wrap around me like a hot, tingling blanket. I knew if I opened my eyes, I would be able to see his blue burning eye through the cracked door.

I let out a loud, lewd moan as I rubbed at my clit, my thighs pressing together as my knees trembled. I parted my lips, his name already on my tongue when I felt the sudden pulse of magic before the air went still, feeling suddenly empty against my skin.

_Damnit Sans, you have horrible timing._

I sighed as I opened my eyes, and sure enough he was no longer there. I turned, ignoring the ache between my legs as I walked over to the door. I pulled it open and saw that the hallway was empty, as I had expected it to be, the towel he had been bringing me was left lying on the floor. I picked it up, wrapping it around myself as I turned and walked over to turn off the shower.

I quietly exited the bathroom, pausing when I heard a stifled groan and saw blue seeping under the door to Sans' spare room, the light almost bright in the dark hallway.

I quietly padded up to it, slowly turning the knob and opening his door a crack, not even sure what I was planning on doing. I peered into the room, and the sight immediately made my body freeze.

Sans sat on his bed, his blushing face buried in one hand while the other was in his lap, fingers sliding up a slick blue... _oh my gods._

I swore my heart stopped as I realized what I was seeing, not even daring to breathe as my muscles locked up. I couldn't tear my eyes from the sight of him, let alone move.

Muffled, deep moans filled the room, washing across my senses, sending a shiver up my spine as I felt an aching pulse between my legs in response. I bit my lip to prevent myself from making a sound as I let out a slow breath, fingers tightening painfully on my towel.

I knew that I should probably have been backing away from the room, doing something, but I simply couldn't.

I watched as his hand slid up and down his girthy length, sockets squeezed shut as he tried to stifle his moans, probably unaware that I had even left my shower. I realized as I looked at him that he was holding something in his other hand and I focused my eyes on that, curious. As I noticed it, I took a closer look, seeing that it was black and lacy.

_Wait a second. Are those my panties!? How the hell did he even get those?_ I wasn't even angry, just baffled, because I knew he hadn't come into the bathroom.

And it took me a moment to realize that he was actually clutching my underwear to his face and I leaned back, burying my face in my hands in embarrassment as I realized what he was doing. He was holding my underwear to his nose ridge and could no doubt smell my arousal on them, as I knew those underwear were not completely dry.

My heart was pounding through me at hearing my name said in such a lewd way, but quickly panicked as I realized that now that he was done he would likely hear that the shower had shut off and _he_ would panic.
I quickly and quietly ran to my room, leaving my towel on the floor as I threw myself under my covers, burying myself.

Sure enough, just a minute later I heard his door open and heard his footsteps in the hall, stopping in front of the bathroom before padding over to my room. I heard my door open as he peered inside, my heart fluttering nervously as I hoped he didn't come into the room to check on me. I didn't want to have to explain why I was naked under the blankets.

I forced my heart to calm, made my body relax and my breathing even out as though I were asleep. I heard him listening for a moment before he sighed in relief and shut the door, his heavy steps returning to his room as I heard his door click shut behind him.

I let out my breath in relief as I realized I was off the hook and hadn't been caught spying. Even though he had been spying.

I flushed in embarrassment and arousal as the nights turn of events caught up with me. I slowly climbed out of bed, going over to my dresser to pull out some clothes, sliding on a pair of underwear and putting on my cotton night shorts and a tank top before sliding back under the covers.

My mind was racing faster than my heart as I realized there really was no doubt about how he felt. I contemplated going to him now, but was simply too embarrassed, and instead made a promise to myself to talk to him in the morning once I had managed to calm down.

I lay in bed, mind going over and over what had happened this night, filled with a glowing, light giddiness as sleepiness stole over me and I drifted into oblivion.

Chapter End Notes

Welp, I'm a dirty sinner xD
Songs if you're curious:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=q8h15G8W3KM
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yu-Tp2sxhMI
I hope you lovely readers are enjoying how this story is panning out. This certain evening isn't over just yet :D
Chapter Notes

Sorry this took me so long, I expected to have it posted sooner but work decided to be a bitch.
On another note: smut is hard to write sometimes and this HAD to be perfect. So yes WARNING: Angst, fluff and smut in this chapter.
So here ya go lovelies, the chapter you've all been waiting for ;D

I came out of my peaceful sleep slowly, not even sure what had drawn me out of the heavy blanket of darkness in my mind. The thick tendrils of unconsciousness attempted to wrap around me, their comforting promise of empty bliss beckoning me.

But the sudden, urgent thrum of magic wrenched me out of my sleep, sending a sudden, aching warning through my mind. My eyes fluttered open to find my room washed in a familiar blue glow, my heart throbbing painfully in my chest as I quickly sat up, my covers falling away from me as my eyes searched the room.

And sure enough, there was Sans, stumbling across the room towards me, magic bright and unstable, wavering in the air threatening as it pushed against its surroundings volatilely, threatening to break apart everything.

"Oh gods, Sans," I gasped.

My body reacted to the far too familiar sight instinctively, quickly untangling myself from my blankets to rush towards him. Sans' burning eye locked on me, pulsing threateningly as it settled on its object of disdain. Fear twisted in my gut but I quickly pushed it away as I got close. I realized I should have been more wary of him, he was only half awake, mind still trapped in that nightmare as his magic lashed out, completely out of his control as he was ruled by his emotions, but I couldn't do anything else but go to him, no matter the potential danger.

"Sans," I called gently, holding my arms out to him as my soul reached out in an attempt to comfort his apparent agony.

He seemed to come a bit more to his senses as I said his name, his expression twisting conflictedly as he stumbled into my arms, slumping against me as he nearly collapsed, almost knocking me off my feet. His arms wrapped around me crushingly, the tips of his fingers digging into the tender flesh of my back almost hard enough to split the skin even through my shirt.

I wrapped my arms around him as I was dragged to the floor due to his weight, kneeling on the carpet as he clutched me to his body in desperation, skull buried in my shoulder.

The flames of his magic that sheathed his fingers and trailed up the side of his skull now licked sizzling trails along my skin where they made contact, making me wince from the powerful, burning feeling.

I realized with a shock of concern that this was the most unstable I had ever seen him. I could feel
the frame of the house shuddering as it threatened to collapse around us.

I realized I had to do something about this situation quickly, and wrapped my arms tightly around him, pressing my cheek into his skull as I hugged him tight to my body, not that I really needed to with how tightly he was already clutching me to his rib cage. I could barely breathe through the tight grip, but I wasn't uncomfortable from it. In fact, quite the opposite as my whole body was alight with nerves at the feel of his body pressed so firmly into mine, my heart pounding against my ribs, a fact I was sure he would be aware of soon enough.

Sans' fingers dug painfully into my back as his whole body trembled, his rib cage rising and falling rapidly, his magic thrumming through his bones with rapid little pulses, tingling against my skin with surprising force.

"Shh, shh, it's okay, Sans, it's okay." I attempted to comfort him, my voice strained and quiet due to the lack of air in my lungs. I forced as much air into my constricted chest as I could. "It's not real, Sans. It's not real. There's nothing to be afraid of anymore, I promise."

"Frisk, oh gods, Frisk," Sans gasped, voice brokenly raspy. One of his hands slid up my back to tangle in my hair as he pressed me close, his other arm wrapping around me, his fingers digging into my ribs as he held me as though I were dying. "Please, please. . . I can't lose you too. . . gods I can't lose you. . ."

His words shocked me, and I quickly reached for the right words to comfort him. "Sans, it's okay. I'm right here. I'm right here with you. I'm okay. I'm not going to leave you." Sans' body was still shuddering, tears dripping down my neck to soak into the material of my shirt, magic pressing into the air, making it feel heavy. It was as though he couldn't hear me, my words falling on deaf ears. "Sans. Sans, look at me." My hands pulled gently at his skull, attempting to pull him back so he could see me, but his grip on my body was too strong.

"Sans, please. I need you to focus for me. Focus on me, on right now."

"It's not real," Sans growled, fingers digging into me once again.

"Sans, this moment is real. I promise, I'm right here," I squeezed my arms around him, attempting to reach him through his panic. And then an idea came to mind. These nightmares could be incredibly real, and there was often no way to differentiate from what was reality and what wasn't. Except one thing.

"Sans. Listen to me. Focus on my voice. This is real, and I can prove it." His arms tightened at hearing my voice, his whole body folding easily over mine as he fell forward with me still trapped in his arms. I lifted my hands from his skull to press against the back of his ribs, resting one of my hands on his shoulder blades. "This moment is more real than any of those nightmares could ever be. Focus on what makes it more. Focus on your soul. Feel it. Feel how strong that connection is." Sans' whole body shuddered in my arms, but he seemed to be doing as I said, his breathing calming for a moment.

"Sans, look at me," I urged him, hands pulling gently at his skull. He leaned back enough to rest his skull against my forehead even as his arms squeezed my body tighter, though his sockets didn't open. His cheeks were damp from his tears, even as fresh ones left trails down his cheekbones to land softly on me. I could still see his magic as it flamed out of his tightly closed socket, flickering with pulses of blue, gold and orange.

"Sans," I called softly, moving my hands to cup his cheekbones, wiping away his falling tears with my thumbs, though new ones quickly replaced them. I could see him wince as I said his name, his
magic pulsing through the air dangerously. His brows drew together as though he were attempting to focus on this moment, with difficulty.

Slowly, with urging, his sockets opened, one burning eye settling on my face, showing all the agony and grief he was feeling, making my soul twist achingly as I felt it resonate within my being.

"I'm right here," I said, words gentle and soft as I stroked his cheekbones, fingers rubbing soothingly along his skull. His whole body trembled against me, skull rubbing me affectionately as his fingers made dents in my soft flesh.

"Please don't leave. I can't... I can't..."

"Shh, shh, I know."

"I can't do this without you," he finished, one hand cupping my cheek in his rough grip, fingers still desperate as though he were afraid I'd disappear at any moment. "I need you." Sans seemed barely coherent as he spoke, tormented mind still unsure of the reality around him.

"I'm not going anywhere. I'm here with you. I will always be here for you, Sans," I spoke softly, trying to ease his suffering away with the gentle words. His expression seemed to soften before he buried himself against me once again, body still shuddering.

My own body was beginning to ache being in this position on the floor, so I slowly eased myself up, pulling Sans up with me as he refused to relent his hold over me even a fraction. I stumbled back, pulling him with me until the back of my knees hit the bed and I slumped down against it, falling into the soft cushions as Sans knelt on the carpet beside the bed, head still cradled in the crook of my neck.

Sans was still pressing me against him, and I spread my legs to wrap them around his ribs, allowing him to press me even closer as my fingers began to knead his skull.

I could feel his body trembling, his shoulders shaking with silent sobs in the aftermath of the nightmare. I began to hum a quiet tune, rubbing his skull, neck, and shoulders as he held me. After a few minutes, I lowered his head to press against my left breast, right over my heart and he went still at hearing it beat under his skull. He pressed his head suddenly closer, listening to the sound intently. Thump-thump. Thump-thump. Thump-thump. The sound of it was almost loud enough for me to hear, but he didn't seem to notice anything unusual about its rapid pace, simply seeking solace in the sound of it.

Just as he seemed to calm, his whole body shuddered, flinching into me as his magic flared up again, fingers tightening as he groaned, obviously trying to fight against the darkness that whispered in his mind, refusing to allow him peace. And in my mind I quickly made a decision to ease his comfort however I had to. Might as well. Two birds, one stone.

I cupped his skull between my hands, gently easing him away from my chest. Before he had a chance to open his tightly clenched sockets to look at me, I leaned close.

He must have felt my breath on his lips and sensed my face so close, because his whole body tensed up against me right before my lips settled carefully against his. His whole body went rigid, his hands falling away from me limply. His mouth was still under mine, not yet returning the kiss, and I only pressed more insistently against him.

He seemed to come to his senses a little as he realized what I was doing and his hands firmly placed on the sides of my cheeks, easing my face away from his.
I was relieved to see, when I opened my eyes, that Sans' eyes were back to normal, watching me with obvious distressed conflict.

"Frisk, you don't have to do that," Sans muttered, voice pained as he forced the words out.

I quickly realized why he pushed me away. *He thinks I'm doing this just to help him. He doesn't think that I want to.*

I smiled and almost laughed as I realized just how foolish he was being. He looked at me in confusion as I smiled affectionately at him. I cupped my hands around his and then leaned forward to bump my head against his in an affectionate manner, giggling when his confused expression deepened.

"Sans, you can be such a bonehead sometimes," I said with teasing love as I rubbed my head against his. "Don't you get it yet?" His confused frown deepened, his eyes shining brighter as his understanding hovered at the edges.

"What-"

"Sans, I love you, you silly skeleton," I murmured, my cheeks flushing up as the words left me.

Sans seemed to be floundering for words as he leaned back, hands slipping away from me. I could still see it, that doubt creeping at the edges. A doubt I was all too familiar with.

"Sans, I fell in love with you years ago," I nearly whispered, my eyes flicking down before raising to his again. Much as my nerves were tempting me to look away, I had to be firm about this, lest he doubt my words.

His mouth opened and closed several times as he appraised me, eyes scouring my flushed face with doubtful hope as though he expected me to turn around and tell him I was joking. After what seemed an agonizingly long time, he finally spoke.

"If- when we- after we kissed-"

"I know. I'm sorry for how I reacted," I began.

"I though you. . . I don't know. . . were disgusted by it. For a while I thought you hated me." Sans mumbled, eyes falling.

"Of course not. For a while I thought the same. I thought you just regretted it and couldn't bear to look at me, let alone talk to me. Like I was some sort of mistake."

Sans eyes flashed back to my face, mouth opening to speak, but I cut him off.

"That kiss. It just caught me by surprise. It's like my brain stopped working, I couldn't form a coherent thought, let alone say anything to you. I was so embarrassed and I just. . . I guess you could say your kiss left me speechless," I said the last part quietly, blush rising as I turned my eyes down, choosing instead to stare at his hoodie instead of his eyes, which were quickly beginning to become heated as he realized the truth of my words. "But I by no means disliked that kiss. The exact opposite, actually."

"Frisk, how long have you felt this way?" he asked quietly, eyes glued to me as though he couldn't look away if he tried.

"Years. Since before I turned eighteen, honestly."
"Why didn't you say anything before now?"

"Because I didn't think you could ever feel the same way about me. You always treated me like a kid, I thought that was the only way you would ever see me. And I was just a human, and you're-"

"You're just a human? Frisk, do you have any idea-" he had to stop and take a deep breath. "Frisk, why do you think-" Another pause. "That's exactly what I thought. You're human. And I'm a monster. Just a monster."

It was my turn to cut him off. "Just? Oh, Sans."

Sans chuckled, eyes meeting mine for the first time, causing us both to blush, but neither of us looked away.

"Frisk, I always treated you like a kid because I was so afraid of you thinkin' I saw you. . . how I saw you. . . I was so sure you would hate me if you found out. And I was still tryin' to convince myself for a while there. That didn't really work out."

I could only smile at him and shake my head exasperatedly at how absurd we both had been. And suddenly, all the little fibs that had strained our relationship came to my mind, and I just couldn't leave them the way they were, not now that the truths were getting out there. *Might as well get them all out there.*

"Sans, um, do you remember that night I ventured out into a snow storm?"

"Are you kidding? I'm never gonna forget it," Sans said, obviously still pained and angered from the memory.

"Well, umm. . ." I had to look down now, my face was simply too red, and my heart felt like it was about to beat right out of my chest. Sans caught onto these things, hands gently cupping my face, eyes urging me to look up at him, which I simply couldn't do. "I uh, may have been dreaming about you that night." I said quietly, and felt him go still.

"That-that dream was about me?" Sans asked, stunned.

I hesitantly peeked up at him. His face was so incredibly blue and his eyes were locked onto me in a way that made me instantly know he knew what I was talking about, despite the lack of having actually explained it.

"You know?" I asked, a little worriedly.

Sans stuttered a bit before finding the words. "Well, I kinda saw you that night. I came downstairs because I thought somethin' was wrong or somethin'. And I uhm. . ."

"You saw me?" I asked, a low whine escaping me, embarrassment washing through me, prompting me to lean forward and bury my face in the fluff of his hoodie so he wouldn't see my flustered face.

"I never thought- that was about me?"

I could only nod in answer, too stricken with embarrassment to speak. After a few moments of seeming contemplation, he spoke again.

"Frisk, you put yourself in danger when you went out that night. Why did you leave?" Sans' voice was pained, his sudden grip on my shoulders urging me to sit back and look at him, which I reluctantly did, immediately turning my eyes away.
"I'd never had a dream like that before. I wasn't even sure exactly how I felt about you before that. I mean, I had a pretty good idea, but... that was the first night anything like that had happened. I panicked. I knew I wouldn't be able to act normal in the morning when I saw you. And you're always so damn perceptive I didn't think I could hide it. And I didn't want to mess things up between us because of how I felt."

Sans' sudden, gentle hand on my cheek surprised me as he turned me softly to look at him. His expression was so gentle it made my heart immediately melt and I felt the urge to try to explain everything.

"I never meant to make you think I didn't trust you. Or that I wouldn't come to you if something was wrong. All that time I just- I just didn't want to risk losing you because of my selfish feelings and-"

"Frisk," Sans said my name so softly I almost didn't hear it, but the emotion in his voice made it loud to my ears. And before I could say, or think, anything else, Sans leaned forward, pressing his lips firmly against mine in a gentle kiss.

I immediately melted into the feel of it, my whole body leaning into his as his magic sent little shocks across my skin. His fingers tangled in my hair as he tilted my head back, deepening the kiss before pulling away, reminding me that I needed to breathe.

Sans moved his arms to wrap them around me in a hug once again, leaning back to appraise my flushed face.

"Frisk, was that the only dream you had like that?" Sans asked, a little hesitantly, causing my cheeks to burn.

I shook my head. "Not even remotely." That burning, lustful look returned to his eyes. I could finally pinpoint the expression of desire I had always missed before. "I may have had dreams like that nearly every night for the past two years."

Sans looked a little baffled. Then that expression settled into that predatory look that stole my breath. After a moment of quiet contemplation, he asked me something. "Frisk, no more secrets, right?"

"No more secrets," I promised, crossing my heart as I said it.

"Who else knows about you- me- us?"

I chewed my lip a bit before his knowing look prompted me to answer. "Ton-ton, Undyne, Alphys, and Papy."

Sans sighed exasperatedly. "Even my bro?"

"Why do you think he made you wear a suit to the party last night?"

Sans sighed. "Well, that explains that. He was very pushy about that. Not just normal pushy, like crazy pushy. Guess I see why."

I giggled, just picturing a scolding, blushing Papyrus trying to convince Sans to dress up without spilling the beans.

"So the party last night," Sans started, suspicious gaze already raking my face.
"We may have planned a few things," I admitted before he could ask.

"How much was planned?" Sans asked, voice beginning to take a scolding tone.

"The dance. Ton-ton's flirting. Apparently Damen and Alex being there, but he didn't tell me about that."

Sans sighed again. "And who's idea was all of this?"

"Who do you think? Alphys found out first, Undyne and Ton-ton were quick to know, and then Papyrus. They kinda already saw how we felt though, before I even said anything. Well, maybe not Paps. But, they've been "shipping" us for years apparently."

"Of course they have. Who gave it away? Me or you?"

"Apparently you. They somehow doubted whether I felt anything for you or not."

"Well, it wasn't exactly obvious."

"Sans, do you have any idea how flustered all your teasing made me?"

Sans paused. "Okay you have a point."

"Yeah."

"But that could just be seen as you being bashful. Not actually . . . feeling the same way." A moment's pause. "How much of last night exactly was planned?" Sans asked, eyes boring into me. I immediately blushed, realizing what he was talking about.

I cast my eyes down, turning my face away in an attempt to hide from that scrutinizing look. "That last bit may have just been me," I whispered, almost too embarrassed to speak. His glare only increased, prompting me to specify what I meant. "I kinda planned for you to see me in the shower like that."

"Frisk~" he groaned. "Do you have any idea~" he let out a long groan and I could feel his magic as it pressed into the air, almost sizzling against my skin, making me tremble.

"I kind of do," I whispered.

Sans froze. "You saw me." It wasn't a question. But I nodded anyway. Sans groaned again, burying his face in his hands, his face almost azure with embarrassment.

"If it makes you feel any better, I like what I saw." I almost didn't have the courage to say those words, but not speaking my mind had so far not ended well for me. It was time to see how speaking the absolute truth went.

Sans' body jerked as I said the words, and then he fell against me, face still buried in his hands, almost knocking me back onto the bed. I caught myself just in time, wrapping my arms around him.

"Frisk, you can't just go and say stuff like that. You don't know what it does to me," Sans grumbled, whole body thrumming with barely controlled magic. Much less volatile magic.

I giggled. "I think I know."

Sans let out a heavy sigh, arms wrapping back around me, though he kept his face buried in the
crook of my neck. My whole body felt like it was on fire, my nerve endings ultra sensitive, my whole self responding to his magic.

"I'm such an idiot," Sans mumbled against my neck. I had to bite my lip to stifle my sounds as the feel of his breath wafting against my skin, his lips moving right against the sensitive tendon of my throat.

"Well, if it makes you feel any better, I am too," I laughed.

"I should have seen it. I should have said something. These last two weeks were hell for me."

"Me too."

"Exactly my point. I shouldn't have just ignored you like that, I was just so afraid -"

"I know," I cut him off. "There's no need to explain. I know."

We sat, simply gazing into each other's eyes for a moment before I realized something. "Well, hey. Your nightmares been forgotten."

Sans paused as well as he realized the same thing, smile beaming as he leaned into me. "All thanks to you."

I giggled as he nuzzled into me affectionately. We simply sat like that for a few minutes, content to simply be in each other's arms as we both settled into this new revelation between the two of us.

But the moment quickly became more heated. I could feel his magic against my body, and I could feel when its emotions shifted.

"Frisk, there are so many things that I wanna say, so many things that I wanna do~"

"So what's stopping you?" I asked, voice low.

Sans looked momentarily confused. "I don't want to overstep my bounds here. I don't know -"

"You're not overstepping anything. Tell me what you want," I prompted quietly, face already beginning to turn pink.

"I want to kiss you. And I want to hold you all damn night. I want to do anything I can to make up for all the bad things, to just make you happy."

"You already do."

Sans was shaking his head. "I want to make it all just disappear." One hand cupped my face, fingers gently trailing along my jaw line as his other slid around my waist, pressing me tighter against his ribs, my core heating in response. "I want to do so much more." I didn't misunderstand the words, and I felt that familiar ache between my legs at hearing his voice say those words with so much heated desire.

I raised my hands, gently grasping his face between my fingers. I could see it in his eyes, behind all that desire, the lingering fear that this somehow wasn't real.

"Sans, I love you. I love you so much more than I could ever describe with just words. I have for so long. I love everything you are. I want nothing more than to just make all the bad we have ever been through just disappear. To make all the suffering and pain you have felt vanish. I want to make up for everything I did to you." Sans immediately moved to protest and I had to clasp my
hand over his mouth to stop him while I continued. "I will do everything to make you happy, whatever it is. Not because I feel like I have to, but because I want to. More than anything. And if I make you happy, I will gladly give myself to you. You're already yours. You already stole my heart. Everything else is already yours too."

My words left Sans speechless as he simply stared at me, lights in his eyes shining so brightly as he fully took in my words, his expression softening, his eyes warm. "Frisk, I can't even begin to explain how much I want you. How much I love you. I will spend every day for the rest of our lives making you happy. Making up for these idiotic two years of me just bein' an oblivious moron." I giggled and his smile broadened. "But I don't want you doin' anything you're not ready to do."

"Sans, did my little display last night not already tell you exactly how I feel?" I asked teasingly, and he blushed.

"Are you sure that's what you want?" he asked gently. I could see it, I could see all that unbridled desire brimming in his eyes. But I could also see that he would push it away for me, if I wanted him to. But I by no means wanted him to.

I had waited too long. We both had. I wanted him. I wanted to be his, body and soul. I needed to be his.

"Sans, I am more than ready."

Sans' expression softened gently, but I could see that burning in his eyes. He raised his hands, gently cupping my face, thumbs trailing along my cheekbones as his fingers stroked along my jaw, eyes simply taking in my face and all its features.

"Frisk, if at any point you want me to stop, you just tell me alright?" Sans said, his concern touching my heart. I nodded my consent and he leaned forward, pressing a gentle kiss against my lips.

His lips moved with mine slowly, and I could feel my whole body heating up in response to the tender gesture. My hands raised to clutch gently at his bony shoulders, and he pressed my body closer to his as I did it.

His kiss soon became more heated, lips fervorous against mine. He gently eased my lips open, and I felt my heart flutter in anticipation. His tongue trailed slowly and teasingly along my bottom lip before slipping inside, coaxing mine gently. The taste of him was so sweet, and I let out a quiet, involuntary moan. Sans shuddered at feeling the sound, fingers pressing gently into my lower back, against the indents there.

His tongue twined with mine so naturally, his own coaxing mine into a dance in our mouths. His hands pulled hesitantly at the hem of my shirt, my fingers squeezing against his clavicle encouragingly, before he slid his hands underneath to caress my skin.

His fingers were smooth and warm and thrumming with magic as they stroked slowly up my back, occasionally squeezing me gently, feeling the way my flesh moved under his fingers.

One of his fingers squeezed a tender spot and I winced, realizing that his earlier rough grabs must have left bruises. A little pained noise escaped me, and Sans pulled back from our kiss with concern, fingers easing as he realized what was wrong.

"I hurt you," he said quietly, but before I could protest he leaned forward to place another gentle
kiss on my lips, cutting off my words. He placed his hands over my injured skin, and then I felt the tingling rush of magic sweep over the bruises, easing them away. I let out a soft moan at how much more intimate his magic felt now.

As soon as Sans was satisfied that my skin was properly healed, the flow of magic dissipated, leaving me wantonly wanting more. But his fingers resumed their gentle caress and soft pressing up my back, rubbing and feeling every inch they could.

As Sans' hands trailed back down, softly trailing along my ribs, pausing to feel every one, Sans mouth eased back, and he gently pulled my bottom lip between his teeth, sucking and biting at it, making me gasp. My hands reflexively lowered to press against his sternum and ribs, the fluttering press encouraging him as he gently worked his tongue along my lip before releasing it, leaning back just enough to gaze upon my flustered face.

His fingers rubbed at my waist, passing teasingly over my hip bones before he rubbed his hands across my tummy, gently feeling me. His hands slowly eased up, pressing into my ribs again and stopping just shy of my breasts as his eyes took in every flustered reaction.

I've never seen his eyes so gently warm yet intensely heated. I've never seen his expression so filled with love, the look of it in his eyes making my soul pulse in response.

His hands lowered, and I was momentarily disappointed before they pulled at the hem of my shirt, lifting it just a bit even as his eyes requested permission. I gave him an encouraging smile, putting my hands over his and helping him remove the pesky garment.

He tossed my shirt to the floor, leaning back to look at me, leaving me watching him with wary embarrassment, afraid I'd somehow disappoint him. But his expression was anything but, his eyes raking over my revealed skin with fervor, oh so gentle and caring. He pressed his hands into my ribs and side, looking fascinated with how my soft skin indented against the press of his fingers.

He slowly raised his hands to gently cup my breasts, fingers teasingly pressing them in his hands, and I realized he was testing how fragile they were, how sensitive, his eyes raking in every response with fascination.

I could only watch him in flustered embarrassment, unable to look away from him. I bit my tender lip, watching him eagerly.

After a few moments of gentle caresses and squeezes, his fingers stroked softly over my nipples, and they hardened immediately under his touch, a soft gasp escaping me at the little twinge of pleasure.

Sans' eyes immediately flicked to my face, taking in the expressions there before he slowly leaned close to press a kiss to my lips, finger stroking teasing circles around my nipples before he rolled them between his fingers, making me moan. He seemed to enjoy the response he got, a soft, pleased hum escaping him as he parted my lips, tongue returning to mine as his fingers continued to rub teasingly at my sensitive chest. His fingers were smooth and warm, and his magic thrummed against my sensitive nipples with every press and roll, making me mewl against his mouth in suppressed pleasure while my back arched into his touch.

He leaned back from our kiss, trailing smooth kisses across my jaw and down my throat, gently nipping at the skin of my neck as he went down, tongue slipping out to lick teasingly at my collar bone before lowering even more, tongue leaving a wet trail down my chest until he was running teasing circles just around my nipple. He felt my body squirm impatiently and let out a soft chuckle at how my body was responding to him.
Satisfied with his teasing, his tongue lapped gently over my nipple, gently pulling the hardened nodule into my mouth, rolling it carefully between his teeth while his tongue soothed the sensitive skin. The feel of magic on his tongue was stronger than it had been on his fingers. He continued to play teasingly with my other nipple with his fingers, my head lolling back in pleasure. The little pleased noises that escaped him made my heart pound even more rapidly than it already was. He released my nipple with one last teasing pull of his teeth, and then proceeded to repeat the process over my other one, his fingers replacing where his mouth had been.

The ache between my legs was beginning to drive me crazy, and he felt when I inadvertently pressed my legs tighter against his ribs. He leaned back from his kisses on my chest to take in my lustful look with a predatory one of his own. But he was tempering himself. He raised his hands from their caresses to cup my face again.

"Are you sure you wanna do this, sweetheart?" he asked gently, the sudden, affectionate nickname making my heart flutter. He was so determined to be gentle about this, even despite his own obvious desire. "I want you to be sure about this. I don't want you to do anythin' you're gonna regret."

"I'm sure, Sans. I want it to be you," I said softly, lifting one hand to gently stroke his cheekbone. "And there's no way I could ever regret this."

His expression relaxed as he leaned in to kiss me again, wrapping his arms around my waist as he stood, lifting me with him. He crawled onto the bed, gently laying me down as he knelt above me.

He gently leaned back to look at me, hands trailing up my thighs as his fingers stopped at the trim of my shorts, fingers slipping below to gently caress the sensitive skin in the slope of my legs, fingers teasingly slipping under my pantie line before pulling back out. My skin was tingling from all the teasing touches, and he only smiled when I bit my lip, watching him with obvious lust in my eyes.

His hands trailed up to grab the hem of my shorts, fingers slipping under to teasingly stroke my lower belly before grabbing them and easing them, and my underwear, down my legs. He tossed them onto the floor and gently eased my legs back open with his, leaning back to simply gaze down at my most intimate parts, fascination and predatory desire back.

His hands stroked up and down my bare thighs, his fingers pressing and squeezing into the soft skin. The way his eyes simply took in my body, scouring over every inch of skin, his eyes gazing down at the wet, pink lips between my legs in a way that made me squirm.

"Sans~" I softly called his name and his eyes finally rose from between my legs to meet mine, his smile widening when he saw my flushed face.

Sans leaned forward, pressing his skull against my forehead as he gently kissed me. "Don't be shy, sweetheart. You're beautiful."

"Mmm~" he cut off my words of embarrassed complaint with another kiss, chuckling when he pulled back and saw me pouting.

His eyes simply gazed into mine as his hands slid down my legs, fingers caressing the tendons between my thighs, smiling coyly when my legs twitched from the touch, his fingers pressing into the sensitive skin around my intimate parts, fingers tracing where my pantie line would be.

"Sans, stop teasing," I moaned in complaint, only earning another satisfied chuckle.
"Alright, alright," he laughed, pressing another kiss to my lips as one of his hands trailed softly between my legs, easing between my folds, the gesture making me gasp and my legs shake.

Sans moaned against my lips. "Fuck, babe. I knew that you'd be wet, but damn." Sans' whole body trembled as his fingers continued to stroke me up and down. He must have seen the embarrassed, worried look in my eyes, because he smiled at me, a very teasing smile. "Oh, baby, I love how wet you feel. And all for me?" he chuckled, one finger rubbing a teasing circle over my entrance, biting his lip when he saw me moaning and squirming because of it.

"Sans~" I moaned in complaint. But his teasing was by no means over.

"Hmm, I wonder..." Sans hummed. "How will you react if I press right here?" His fingers slid up, pressing against my clit.

"Ahh~" the sound escaped me, louder than I anticipated, and I bit my lip to cut off the sound as my hips involuntarily bucked into his touch.

"Oohh, like that reaction," Sans chuckled, the sound deep and raspy and sexy, making my whole body tremble. His fingers continued to press and rub and roll around my clit, and it was as though he knew exactly how to make me squirm, every touch expertly made. I tried, and failed, to suppress my moans and cries of pleasure as my back arched, my body pressing into his hand. He seemed to immensely enjoy the way my body squirmed and writhed under him, his bony legs keeping my legs apart even as my thighs attempted to close with every teasing press.

His fingers slid away from my clit, allowing me to slump back into the sheets. My breathing was ragged, my pulse pounding through my veins. But just as I thought I would be able to relax he pressed one finger over my soaking entrance, teasingly rubbing around it. He braced one arm beside my head, leaning close, his eyes asking permission.

I bit my lip, rolling my hips towards his hesitating fingers. "Sans, please~"

That was all the encouragement he needed as he pressed one finger slowly inside me. I could feel every ridge of his bony finger as it slid easily inside my slick folds. I could feel my walls tightening around the unfamiliar intrusion as the pleasure bloomed up my stomach. My eyes fluttered shut, my lips parting as my body arched into his.

I felt his skull press against my forehead once again, I could feel his eyes still on my face, taking in every reaction as quiet moans escaped me with every breath.

His tongue slid along my lip before slipping inside my already parted lips, twining with mine as his finger moved, curling and feeling inside me. Another soon joined the first, curling inside me with little thrusts, a pleased hum escaping him as my moans filled his mouth.

After a few moments of simply being content to feel me, his searching fingers found what they were looking for. His fingers curled right against a sweet spot inside me, sending an immense pulse of pleasure crashing over my body in a wave, making stars appear on the backs of my closed lids.

"Ahhh!" The cry of pleasure left me as my whole body jerked, my toes curling and my fingernails digging into the sheets, my whole body pushing into him, my hips pressing insistently closer to feel that rush of pleasure again. My whole body ached, a tight, hot ball forming in my center, begging
for release.

"There is it," Sans said with a pleased chuckle, leaning back to watch my face as he stroked that spot again, making me cry out with every little press of his fingers.

He felt my walls fluttering around his fingers, my whole body shuddering as that tightness increased, sending heat through my muscles. Sans must have felt that I was close, as his thumb began to rub at my clit as his fingers stroked that sensitive spot.

"There you go, cum for me baby," he said in that deep, raspy tone.

And that was all it took. The pleasure crashed through my body like a tidal wave, washing through every inch of my body in wave after wave as Sans' fingers led my body through the orgasm, my cry of pleasure surely loud enough to have been heard in the next house. I was suddenly very thankful that the house was empty at the moment.

As I came slowly down from the high, Sans slowly eased his fingers out. My sweat slicked body slumped into the bed, my eyes fluttering open to meet his. He had a sexy, pleased smile on his face while his eyes watched me with ravenous hunger.

Before I could think to say something Sans leaned forward, brushing back the bangs that were sticking to my sweaty cheeks, and kissed me passionately. His whole body trembled as he moaned softly against my lips.

"Gods damn you are so fucking beautiful," he whispered. Another kiss. "And perfect." Another kiss. "And sexy." His lips were fervorous against mine, his tongue twisting and curling with mine.

I could feel his magic thrumming through his bones with barely controlled desire. I could feel it all, his love, his lust, everything.

I found myself pulling at his sweater, attempting to remove it and he leaned back from our kiss to smile down at me.

"If you wanted me to take my clothes off that bad, all you had to do was ask," he winked at me and laughed when I pouted up at him in response.

He removed his hoodie, pulling me up to wrap it around my shoulders before hesitantly pulling at his shirt, his fingers fumbling in sudden nervousness. I put my hands over his, pulling it off and tossing it aside.

"Heh, I'm not all soft and fleshy like you so you might be a little disappointed-"

I cut off his words by leaning up and winding my fingers through his ribs, biting my lip to suppress my pleased giggle when his body trembled from the touch. I softly stroked the smooth bone, wrapping my fingers around to press at the inside of his ribs, earning a low, deep moan from him.

"Sensitive bones I see," I teased, as I ran my fingers down his rib cage.

His hands wrapped around mine, stopping my inquisitive strokes.

"Careful what you do, sweetheart. Too much of that and I won't be able to control myself." His quiet words, and the sudden blue glow in his socket when he opened his eyes only had me more eager to touch him.

"And what if I don't want you to?" I asked quietly.
Sans’ eye pulsed blue, predatory desire coming over his expression. "You sure you know what you're askin' for?" he growled.

I could only nod as he leaned down, hands cupping my red cheeks, burning gaze stealing my voice. His lips met mine roughly, his tongue insistent with mine as my fingers resumed their gentle presses against his ribs, stroking across every one before gently caressing his spine. His body trembled, a long, deep moan escaping him as I did that, and I was quick to stroke my fingers up his spine and inside his rib cage before he could pull my hands away.

His entire body was shaking, his breath raspy against my skin as he leaned back, little curses escaping him between suppressed moans. It was when I stroked down his spine and gently pressed against his pelvic bone that his hands shot out, bony fingers wrapping around my slight wrists and pinning them to the bed. When I looked up to see his face, the throbbing ache between my legs returned as I was met with his burning eye, flaming with uncontrolled desire.

"Frisk," he growled my name, low and threatening, making my legs tremble. His expression softened just a bit as he leaned forward again, his face hovering above mine. "I need you." He pressed his skull against my forehead. "Gods, I need you so badly."

I could feel my rapid pulse between my legs, the ache now insistent. I needed more. "Take me, Sans. Please, make me yours." All modesty and shyness thrown out the window as my lust completely took over.

Sans growled, leaning in to kiss me as his hands gripped my thighs, lifting them around his hips. I could feel a tingling press of magic against the sensitive skin between my legs. When he pulled back to look at me I couldn't help but glance down in curiosity, and sure enough there was that telling blue bulge barely contained by his shorts.

I couldn't help but bite my lip as my body squirmed in anticipation. When I lifted my eyes to his again, they were soft and caring. "Frisk, I know how fragile humans can be, especially with their first time. I'll be gentle, okay? And if I hurt you, stop me." I nodded my consent as he leaned in to kiss me, one hand going down to free himself from his shorts as he placed himself appropriately between my legs.

My whole body trembled, a moan escaping me as he pressed softly against my lips, sliding his tip between my glistening folds. He slid the head up between my lips to rub teasingly at my clit, earning another suppressed cry from me, before lowering to press at my entrance. The magic of his length was much stronger than his fingers or even his tongue, and the feel of it thrumming against my sensitive parts was driving me crazy.

"Hold onto me, baby. As tight as you need to," he said softly, encouraging me to wrap my arms around him, my fingers twining with his ribs, earning another tremble through his bones.

His forehead pressed against mine, sweat beading on his skull as he looked into my eyes while he pressed inside me for the first time. I knew that it would hurt, though it was the one thing my dreams had never touched upon. I braced myself for the pain as he pressed inside me at a snails pace, and I could tell from the shuddering of his own body that he was restraining himself.

A pulse of pain twisted up my stomach as his head slipped inside, stretching my walls far beyond anything I was expecting. My fingers tightened around his ribs, clutching onto him as he slowly eased himself deeper, little pained moans escaping me as he stretched inside me.

He stopped before he'd even reached halfway, eyes looking down at me with concern. "I'm hurting you."
"I'm okay," I gasped, though my trembling thighs gave me away.

"Baby, I can stop if you need me to. It'll be the hardest fucking thing I ever do, but I'll stop," he groaned, obviously still holding himself back, but I knew he meant it.

But even despite the pain, I wanted him to continue. Little pulses of pleasure were beginning to mix with the pain, and his girth was filling me deliciously. My body trembled, but only in desire for more.

"Please don't stop," I whispered, timely accompanied by my walls tightening around him, attempting to draw him deeper. I needed to feel more. "It's nothing I can't handle. Please."

He nodded and began slowly easing himself back in. The pleasure was mixing with the pain, slowly getting louder. He stopped before he was fully inside, and I could tell he didn't want to hurt me by going deeper. He settled like that for a few moments, allowing my body to adjust.

"Relax baby girl, relax. I've got you," he said gently, one hand rubbing up my side while the other encouragingly squeezed my thigh. I forced my legs to ease their vice grip on his hips, forcing my body to relax against the bed. "There you go. I've got you."

His hands continued to rub soothingly along my skin while my body slowly relaxed around him. The pain was very quickly disappearing, replaced with little twists of pleasure up my stomach and through my core and the aching desire to feel more.

"Sans," I moaned his name.

"Yes baby?" he cooed.

"Please," I gasped. "Please move."

He smiled and leaned forward to kiss me as he slowly drew himself back out before pushing back in, pushing himself just a little deeper with the thrust, earning a deep moan from me. I could feel every inch of him sliding against my walls, deliciously stretched with every slow thrust.

One slow thrust after another as he slowly pushed deeper inside of me. His pace steadily increased, but didn't get fast. After a few minutes of slow, deep thrusting, his hands gripped my thighs, parting them further, pressing them against the bed sheets as he pulled out, and when he pushed back inside the new angle allowed him to go deeper, sending a pulse of pleasure through my body. But the slow pace wasn't enough.

"Sans, please. Please go faster," I gasped, struggling to get the words out past my moans.

He chuckled, and I felt the sound rumble through my body. Before I could ask again, he pulled out and thrust back inside me roughly, making me cry out and clutch desperately at him. He began his faster, thrusting pace, every push sliding against all the right spots.

My moans were so loud in the quiet room, filling me with embarrassment, and I attempted to bite my lip to stifle the sounds escaping me.

Sans wasn't having any of that, and he leaned forward, pulling at my lip with his teeth just as he pounded roughly into me, my moan escaping me fully. Every one of my moans was accompanied by a low growl or deep moan from him, further pushing me over the edge.

Sans paused in his furious thrusting to lift one of my legs over his shoulder, keeping my other firmly pressed against the sheets as he lifted my hips and angled himself. His next rough thrust hit
against a spot that made me scream, stars bursting behind my vision as pleasure rocked through my body, pulsing through my muscles and curling across my skin. My fingernails were digging into his shoulder blades and scratching against his ribs but he paid it no mind as he continued to pound against that magical spot.

"Sans!" I screamed his name.

"Fuck, yes~" Sans growled, his whole body shaking with its sound. "Say my name again. Scream it for me."

"Ahh!~" I screamed, my toes curling as he hit that spot again. "Sans!"

His name, along with several inane profanities escaped me with every thrust, accompanying my screams that I was sure the entire neighborhood could hear at this point. But I was too far gone to care.

I could feel it, feel his magic keeping me on that precipice, not allowing me to go over until he was satisfied that I'd had enough.

"Ah! Sans, Sans please, please please," I was mumbling incoherently with every thrust, attempting to hold onto the train of thought through the pleasure rocking through my body. "Please, I need-Ah~ I need-mmmph~" his lips crashed against mine, cutting off my pleading words.

"Are you gonna cum for me?" he growled against my lips, fingers trailing down to rub circles around my clit, and I was sure that if I wouldn't have already been tipped over the edge, that certainly would have done it, if not for his magic pulling me back.

"Yes! Fuck yes! Please-ah! Please Sans, Sans!~ Please," my mumbled words slipped in between every cry had a steady growl rumbling through his chest as he moaned, fingers of his free hand groping at my skin while his other continued its teasing play.

"Cum for then, baby girl, cum for me," he cooed, hitting that spot and rubbing my clit just as his magic released me, allowing me to crash over that edge even harder than before, my whole body shaking. I could feel the pleasure straight down to my bones, through every inch of muscle and skin. He continued his deep thrusts as my walls clenched around him, easing my body through the high of pleasure. And my fluttering walls sent him over the edge and he came inside me before I even had a chance to come down from that high, his seed spilling inside of me and overflowing, tingling against my insides with heated warmth, almost sending me over the edge again.

I could feel his length pulsing inside me as he came, pushing himself as deep as he could before his body slumped against mine, his ribs pressing against my breasts as he pulled my leg off his shoulder.

His length felt so satisfying, and I couldn't help but moan in disappointment when he slowly eased himself out, the pleasure pulsing through me near painfully as his length moved against my over-sensitive sex.

His hands raised to tangle in my hair, cradling my head as he pulled me into another passionate kiss, tongue tasting every inch of my mouth. He finally pulled back from our kiss, leaning back to gaze at me with adoration.

I gave him a happy smile in return, but my eyes were beginning to droop, my whole body relaxing exhaustedly against the bed. He chuckled and eased himself off me, plopping down on the bed beside me and pulling the blanket over us both, tugging his hoodie around my shoulders as he did
The blue in his socket dissipated, his eyes returning to normal, leaving the room back in its natural dim lighting. I let my trembling, exhausted legs collapse against the sheets, slowly easing them closed as I rolled onto my side to watch him, pulling his hoodie tight around me, breathing in his lingering scent.

"I love you, Frisk," Sans said, voice loud in the echoing silence. "I love you so much."

"And I love you, Sans," I whispered, eyes fluttering as they attempted to shut. I forced them open. I didn't want to look away from him yet.

He chuckled, seeing me struggle to stay awake. "Don't worry, sweetheart. You can sleep. I'll stay right here with you."

"Promise?" I asked sleepily, my eyes slipping shut.

"I promise. I'll be right here when you wake up," Sans said, hand stroking along my side while his other stroked my hair. The loving caresses soon lulled me into a blissful sleep, and I allowed the velvety, soft darkness to draw me in once again.

Chapter End Notes

Now that the smut train has begun it cannot be stopped >:D
Hope it was to your satisfaction, there will be more where that came from ;P
And omygersh, I cannot believe I got over 200 kudos, thank you guys so much! <3
Sleep was warm and soft and comfortable. I couldn't ever remember sleeping so well and I was reluctant to wake up. I was desperate to return to the comfort and pleasure that had wrapped around me in my sleep.

The sunlight reached me first, lighting the backs of my eyelids as I struggled to remain asleep, to hold onto that peaceful bliss.

I groaned softly, hugging my pillow tighter as I buried my face in the soft material, attempting to hide from the light. I was laying on my stomach, hugging my pillow to my body.

Staying asleep was not really an option as I became more aware of my body and its sensations. I was vaguely aware that I was sore, just the slightest ache to my muscles. But also a more prominent, unfamiliar sore between my legs. And as I felt this I remembered. Last night.

Just as I remembered I became aware of another sensation. Soft, feather light strokes across the skin of my back, so soft I hadn't noticed it at first. I flushed in embarrassment as I realized that I was still naked from the night before, Sans' coat still covering me, though it was only covering my lower half now.

I slowly opened my eyes, squinting against the early morning glow, my eyes easily adjusting to the dim light.

And there he was, laying beside me, watching me with so much love in his eyes as his fingers made patterns on the bare skin of my back.

I blinked sleepily at him as a giddy smile came to lips at seeing him. His eyes met mine and he smiled as he saw that I was awake.

"Mornin' beautiful," he whispered.

"Have you been awake for long?" I asked, no volume in my still sleepy voice.

"Only a few minutes," he answered, leaning in to press a soft kiss to my lips.

I let out a soft hum as I returned the kiss, shivering at the feel of his fingers stroking softly down my spine.

As he finally broke the kiss, his fingers still tracing that pattern, I realized that his fingers were following the shapes of the scars on my back. Suddenly self-conscious I buried my face further in my pillow, reaching down to pull his jacket higher up.
He, of course, noticed my sudden shift in emotion. "What's wrong?" he asked softly, stopping my hands from covering myself. He seemed to realize just a moment later though as his eyes returned to my back. "These?" His hands continued to caress my skin as his eyes softened.

He leaned forward and I jumped at the feel of his lips on the skin between my shoulder blades.

He continued to press soft kisses all along my scars, slowly easing down my back. With each press of his mouth against my body, little blue sparks of magic shot across my skin, sending shocks of pleasure that eased into my muscles as they faded.

"You are so breathtakingly beautiful." Another soft kiss and pulse of pleasure across my back. "And these scars. These scars don't change that. These scars show how strong you are. You are perfect, Frisk." His kisses had trailed all the way down to the bottom of my back, where he pressed kisses into the dimples in my flesh, seeming to enjoy seeing me shiver.

"Hmm," he hummed, and I gasped when I suddenly felt his tongue on my skin. His tongue slid up my spine all the way up to my neck, leaving a tingling trail in its wake.

"Sans~" I complained, unable to hide how breathless I suddenly was.

He chuckled, leaning in with a smug smile to kiss my cheek as his fingers trailed down my spine where his tongue had just been. "Sorry, babe. I couldn't help myself. You just looked so tasty." He nipped my ear lightly with his teeth, laughing when I squeaked, smacking him lightly, the hit having no strength behind it due to the awkward angle.

He hummed contemplatively again as his fingers trailed teasing circles into my lower back before his hand lifted his jacket away from my lower half, leaving me completely uncovered. His hands squeezed gently at my bottom, earning him another light-hearted smack.

"Sans!" I complained, about to roll over to grab at something to cover myself. I stopped as I suddenly felt his fingers sliding softly between my folds, having to stifle my sudden moan at how sensitive I was.

Sans exhaled, the breath whistling between his teeth. "Damn, baby. You just woke up and you're already so wet for me."

I smacked him lightly again, my scolding cut off by a moan as his fingers slid teasingly between my lips, pressing against my entrance but not yet entering me.

"What were you dreaming about last night, huh sweetheart?" he asked as he continued to tease me. I only groaned in complaint, not giving him an answer. "Cause you were moaning in your sleep," he chuckled, finger pressing against my clit, making my hips jerk towards his fingers.

"I was not," I pouted as my body relaxed a bit, his fingers continuing their teasing slides between my folds.

"Were too. Very lewd moans. Sayin' my name and everything. Now you know you can't just tease me like that this early."

"Tease you?" I tried to scold, the words quickly cut off by a moan as his fingers pressed against that spot again. I had to bite my lip and hide my face in my pillow as I weakly glared at his smug expression.

"You're pretty vocal this mornin', babe," he teased, smiling coyly at me.
I huffed, indignant. "I'm still sore from last night, bonehead. I'm not all made of bone and magic like you. I'm soft and fleshy and I get sore."

His expression immediately became concerned as his hand drew away. "Am I hurting you?" he asked, sounding worried.

I immediately moved to reassure him. "No. I'm just sensitive is all." I immediately blushed as I realized what I said, almost regretting saying it when Sans' eyes suddenly became predatory.

"Is that so?" he asked, voice low and deep, making me shiver as his fingers returned to where they were, teasingly rubbing around my entrance.

He hummed as he slowly inserted a finger, my whole body tensing up as I clutched my pillow tighter, biting into the material to stifle my moans as he eased into me at a snail's pace, obviously being very careful with me.

"You okay babe?" he asked softly. I nodded, still hiding in the pillow. The pleasure twisting up my stomach seemed much stronger than it should have been. I could feel every ridge of his finger, could feel every slight movement with ridiculous clarity. It was driving me insane.

I arched my back, attempting to push closer to him, encouraging him to continue. He relaxed as he realized I was giving him permission to keep going, expression devious as he realized just how much his simple touches were affecting me.

He slowly inserted another finger, obviously enjoying my body's reactions to his ministrations, drinking in every moan with a low, breathy growl of his own. He slowly increased his pace as his fingers worked inside me, curling this way and that to feel every inch of me, well acquainted with my more sensitive spots, which he was sure to press just right, leaving me a breathless, moaning mess.

It didn't take long for my overly-sensitive body to reach its brink, sending me over the edge in waves of pleasure as my back arched, my toes curling.

Sans slowly eased his fingers out, allowing me to slump back against the bed. I opened my eyes, meeting his pleased ones.

I gave him a bashful smile as I turned to him. "One hell of a way to wake up."

He chuckled deviously. "You think I'm done?" he asked with a coy smile. "Roll onto your back sweetheart. There's somethin' else I wanna do."

My eyebrows drew together curiously, but I obliged, rolling onto my back as I blushed. Sans smiled, eyes traveling over my naked form with desire. His knees prompted my legs to open as he eased himself between them, holding himself up by his elbows as he knelt over me.

My face flushed red when his eyes moved to the lips between my legs, once again simply looking at my intimate parts. His fingers parted my lips, his eyes drinking in every sight with obvious predatory intent and burning desire. He looked downright hungry.

"Saaans," I complained, squirming under that heated gaze, my core already beginning to throb with need at seeing that look on his face.

His eyes raised to meet mine, devious smile back. "Why so bashful, baby?" he asked, as though he didn't know. I pouted at him and he chuckled, eyes returning to their exploratory gaze. "Here." He lifted my legs, placing them on his shoulders as he situated himself.
My blood was boiling, my body hot and needy as I realized what he was doing.

"Damn babe," he whispered, two fingers keeping my lips spread while his other hand rubbed teasingly around my entrance and clit. "You're so fucking beautiful. So tempting. I wonder if you taste as good as you look?" His deep voice sent shivers down my spine, my legs quivering in anticipation. He chuckled at seeing me squirm before his tongue slid out, licking hungrily at his teeth before sliding up between my folds, tasting me.

My head fell back against the pillow, a breathy moan escaping me at the pleasurable new feeling. The low rumble in Sans' rib cage and low moan that escaped him eluded to his feelings perfectly well.

His tongue slid up and down my slit, seeming to be enjoying what he was doing, his fingers pressing into the sensitive skin of my thighs. My body was soon aching for more and I rolled my hips towards him. His eyes glanced up at me, seeing how impatiently I squirmed for him, before his tongue finally slid up to press at my sensitive button, tongue pressing tight circles around it just right, making my legs tremble.

His low, breathy, satisfied moans echoed my own, further adding to the heat building in my core. His tongue slid from my clit and paused as he seemed to be contemplating something. I looked down at him curiously, biting my lip as I attempted to remain patient.

Finally, his tongue returned, sliding over my entrance before slowly sliding in. I moaned, head lolling back against the pillow, fingernails digging into the sheets. It took me a moment to realize his tongue was reaching further than it seemed it should. Another moment to realize it was definitely longer and thicker than it should be, already beginning to stretch my walls as it eased deeper.

My body ached at feeling anything girthy inside me, but it was a delicious ache, making me hyper aware of every little twist and curl of his tongue against my walls.

His tongue wriggled this way and that, finding all those sweet little spots inside me and caressing them all as he slid his tongue in and out. As soon as he seemed satisfied that he had a rhythm he moved a thumb over my clit and began circling the engorged button.

My hips inadvertently jerked upwards towards his face and he wrapped an arm under my leg and across my hips, keeping me still as he worked.

The combination of his deliciously long, thick tongue and his skilled fingers was quickly making that tense ball in my stomach burn with the need for release.

"Sans~" I moaned his name, desperate for a reprieve from that insistent burn.

He felt my walls tightening and his pace increased while shocks of magic sent sparks dancing across my skin, teasing at all my sensitive spots, my thighs, my neck, my spine, my breasts.

It wasn't long until I reached that brink again, grateful when he let me crash over it, his tongue easing me through the powerful orgasm.

As it faded, I was more than a little bit aware of his tongue still working inside me and my legs trembled at the immense pleasure still crashing through me.

"Sans~" I moaned in complaint.

His tongue eased out of me but his fingers resumed their teasing touches over my clit instead,
giving me no reprieve from the overwhelming pleasure.

"Yeah babe?" he asked lazily, giving me that devious smile.

"Sans~" I complained as my hips jerked against his restraining arm.

"You want me to stop?" he guessed, mischievous smile growing. I nodded, biting my lip to stifle my moan. He smiled, leaning closer to me. "Sorry babe, but I can't do that. You just taste too good." He emphasized his words by sliding his tongue between my folds again. "I don't think I'll ever get enough." Another long lick. "Enough of your taste." Another. "Enough of how you feel inside." Another. "Enough of how you taste inside." Another and he moaned, low and long as his bones trembled. "Enough of tasting you cum on my tongue." Another kiss to my lips and a low moan. "I have to feel it again, baby." And his tongue slid inside me once again, with ease.

I threw my head back as I moaned. "Fuck, Sans~" My whole body was trembling. I didn't think I could handle the crashing pleasure. It just felt too fucking good. And I came again, faster than before, and this time I felt when Sans' body shuddered.

His tongue slid out but his fingers didn't stop moving and I felt as though I would be sent crashing over again. "Fuck, baby," he moaned. "Just one more time. One more for me, please. You can do it sweetheart." And his tongue slid eagerly back inside, immediately finding all those sweet spots as his fingers pressed at my clit, though this time I felt his magic holding me back, letting the pleasure build and build.

And when he finally let it crash over me I almost screamed, his name falling from my lips as my body strained against his arm.

As I came down from that high, for the countless time this morning, Sans eased his tongue out of me, pulling himself up so he was kneeling over me, eyes looking down into mine as he smiled at me.

"Gods damn, babe. I didn't know anything could taste so good," he purred, softly kissing me when I tried to turn my face away in embarrassment. "You did so good, babe. You're so perfect." He gave little pecking kisses all over my face, leaving me a flustered little mess as I swatted at him.

"Me?" I retaliated. "You wake me up like that and I'm the one who's perfect? Please."

He chuckled. "So I take it you enjoyed it?" he had that teasing look in his eyes as he gazed down at me affectionately.

"Hell yes," I answered honestly, kissing him. He returned it eagerly, lips gentle but firm against mine.

"Good," he practically growled, rolling over and pulling me with him so I was sprawled across his ribs. "Cause I plan on doin' a lot more of that."

He kissed me, hands lovingly stroking my sides.

The sudden loud bang of my front door slamming open and the following, familiar, shouting voices made us both jump. I scrambled off his chest as soon as I realized who it was, wincing as I heard them yelling for me from downstairs.

"Shit, shit shit," I began to panic, jumping out of bed and pulling on my clothes as quickly as possible, tossing Sans' things to him as he followed my lead. As soon as I was dressed I tossed his jacket at him, stifling my laugh as it hit him smack in the face, startling him.
The footsteps pounding up my stairs washed away my momentary mirth and made my heart flutter with nervousness.

"Sans," I turned back to him, but he was already ahead of me, disappearing in a blink as soon as my eyes landed on him.

And not a moment too soon, as my door burst open and a very exuberant Undyne forced her way into my room.

"Rise and shine, punk!" she greeted, rushing into the room with Alphys, Mettaton and Pap close on her heels. I groaned internally as I saw them all.

"Really, guys? First thing in the morning?" I complained, trying to sound as calm and collected as I possibly could even while my heart went wild in my chest.

"We couldn't wait, darling," Metta explained, rushing across the room to sweep me up and plop me on my bed. I was immensely grateful the covers had been pulled up, hiding the stains that were very likely on the sheets.

"So, tell us, how did it go?" Undyne asked, rushing over to Mettaton's side.

"Tell us, human, did Sans reciprocate your love?" Pap asked.

"Seriously? First thing in the morning guys? Seriously?" I scolded, though they didn't appear the least bashful. Internally, I was just grateful they had come after our little morning wake-me-up.

"Well? Well?" Alphys encouraged, practically bouncing on her feet while Pap looked on with curious exuberance.

I sighed, realizing I had to say something. "Well, Sans walked me home last night."

"Yes. And?" Undyne prompted, wide grin in place.

"Well..." I wasn't sure how to explain last night, but a blush immediately came to my cheeks.

Alphys gasped. "You guys kissed?!"

"Did he kiss you goodnight?" Undyne quickly added, eager for details already.

"What...!? How...? Well..." I floundered for some kind of answer. Because yes, we had kissed. But it hadn't really been like that. But I also realized I couldn't exactly explain how it had happened. That was just too personal.

They were all eagerly watching me, eyes practically begging me for answers. "Yes," I said meekly, deciding to just give in.

They all squealed in unison, beginning to talk over one another in their excitement.

"Woah, woah, one at a time. Geez, it was just a kiss," I said, exasperated.

"Just a kiss? Just a kiss?" Undyne sounded offended.

"I agree, darling. Just a kiss?"

I sighed, shuffling uncomfortably as my cheeks turned red.
"C'mon Frisk, we need more details than that," Alphys prompted.

I wracked my brain for some kind of story. "Well, it was like you said. He walked me home and kissed me goodnight."

There was a pause.

"And?" Undyne asked.

"And what?" I responded.

"C'mon we need details, darling." Ton-ton prompted.

I flushed. "You hardly need to hear all the details."

"Um, I'm sorry, but yes. Yes we do," Undyne insisted.

I sighed. "Well... I don't know what to say," I said quietly.

"Well, what was it like?" Alphys asked, practically glowing.

I couldn't help but smile as I remembered how it felt to kiss Sans. I decided honesty was the best bet here. Or at least as much honesty as I could get out there. "It was amazing. It was better than anything I'd ever dreamed. His mouth was so soft and warm and... and I could feel his magic thrumming through his body when we kissed, and it was so... so... breathtaking. It felt like my heart would stop when we finally kissed." As my wistful words trailed off I blushed again as I realized I had gotten a little carried away with the retelling.

But they didn't seem to mind. Quite the contrary as they were all practically bouncing up and down as they squealed in excitement.

"Oh my gosh, Frisk!" Alphys squealed, feet tapping happily as her hands cupped her face in barely contained excitement.

"It's so romantic I feel like I'm gonna puke! But in the best way possible!" Undyne shouted, wide toothy grin in place. I couldn't help but laugh at her reaction.

Mettaton on the other hand was practically swooning. "Oh my, darling. It is so romantic."

"I told you, Frisk! Of course my brother would return your love! There was no way he wouldn't! The Great Papyrus could never be wrong about such a thing!"

"So, so, did you guys like, use tongue?" Undyne asked with a sexy eyebrow wiggle.

I groaned. "Oh my gods, you guys. I just woke up. Details like that can wait until later."

"You seem pretty wide awake to me," Undyne commented, eyes narrowing as she suddenly looked at me much more intently, seeming to notice something.

I squirmed under her gaze, but held myself together as I replied, "Yeah, because all your guys's banging and shouting as you entered my house certainly didn't wake me up."

Undyne was scrutinizing me and even Alphys seemed to have noticed something and was looking around the room as though trying to find something in particular. Alphys and Undyne's eyes met and a mutual understanding passed between them, making me suddenly extremely uncomfortable.

"Hey, Papyrus, you mind going and getting breakfast started? We shouldn't continue this
conversation on a hungry stomach," Undyne said, turning to him.

He seemed confused for a moment before nodding, accepting this mission. "Right away! It will be prepared soon and then we can talk!"

Papyrus rushed out of the room with a flourish and Undyne and Alphys fixed me in an uncomfortably intense stare.

"So tell me, Frisk. Why does your room smell like sex?"

Chapter End Notes

Sooooo. . . We're in for an awkward conversation, huh?
Hope you lovely readers enjoyed this chapter ;3
And now I rest.
Soooo, sorry for such a long break. I've had a broken down computer for a few months that needed an expensive replacement part to work again. It took a while to save up for that, but I finally did and here it is, the much anticipated chapter.

My stomach dropped, a stone of nervousness in my middle as everything went still, my mind going blank.

Mettaton looked surprised for a moment before he looked around the room, his gaze finally settling on me in a scolding manner.

"How did you...?" I managed to find my voice but immediately lost it again when I met Undyne and Alphys' eyes.

They both crossed their arms as they looked at me. "Oh, c'mon Frisk. It's us," Undyne said, as though it were obvious. And I realized it was. Of course they would know. I flushed with embarrassment.

"So you can smell that?" I asked, the words barely able to be heard.

"Yes, we can," Alphys confirmed, coming over to sit beside me on the bed, and I could already see the lecture coming.

I turned my eyes down, fixing them on my lap, noticing I had nervously wound my fingers together without noticing.

"Frisk, darling, please tell us Sans didn't pressure you into doing anything."

"If he made you-" Undyne began angrily.

I immediately raised my gaze to meet theirs, a defensiveness naturally coming to my expression. "Of course not. He didn't make me do anything. Sans isn't like that. I would've thought you guys would know that."

"Of course it's not like him darling, but... after last night."

"Our plans may have teased him a bit too much," Alphys finished for him.

"Yeah, the way he was watching you all night-" Undyne started.

"Not that we can blame him," Mettaton interrupted. "It was kind of our fault."

"And kind of exactly what we were trying to do," I mumbled.

"We wanted him to confess his feelings," Alphys said quietly. "We didn't expect things to progress so quickly."
"Darling, we understand how it must've felt finally confessing to each other-"

"That is what happened, right?" Alphys asked. I nodded, unwilling to give much of a response beyond that.

"We understand things must've have been very... intense... but, darling, you shouldn't rush into these sort of things."

"Rushing in? Really? Two years of us dancing around this and when we finally confess it's rushing?"

"She has a point," Undyne mumbled.

"Frisk, were you ready for this?" Alphys asked.

I paused, my cheeks flaring up. "Yes."

"He better have been the most gentle, considerate-" Undyne began scolding.

I couldn't help but laugh. "Yes he was. You have no idea." The sincerity in my voice took the fire out of her and they all seemed to relax.

"Of course he was," Alphys said, assuring them all. "He loves her. That much is obvious."

They all seemed to take a collective deep breath.

"Forgive us, darling. We're still a little overprotective. It's hard to remember that you are an adult."

"And old enough to make these decisions for yourself," Alphys added.

"So, you said we have no idea about how gentle and considerate he was. So tell us," Undyne prompted with a suddenly sly smile.

Alphys and Ton-ton both leaned forward eagerly, all scolding gone in place of eagerness for gossip and details.

I was relieved but at the same time embarrassed. They were my best friends, sure, but something like last night seemed a little personal to go into detail about.

"C'mon Frisk, you can't get away with saying nothing," Undyne insisted when my silence dragged on for too long.

I hesitated again, contemplating what was okay to say. "Well, we... confessed how we felt. Or, I did most of that at first. We kinda, talked about... things... from the last few years and... well. One thing led to another and... you guys know what happened."

"Aaannnddd?" Undyne drawled. I sighed, deciding to just give in and say what was safe. "He was romantic and sweet and gentle. He made every step of last night my choice. He didn't do anything without me giving permission first. I've never felt so... loved before. Last night was better than anything I could've dreamed." My tone was wistful as I recalled everything I'd felt.

"Just last night?" Undyne asked with a raised eyebrow and a knowing look. I blushed.

"Maybe a bit this morning too," I whispered. I sighed as Undyne and Alphys both grinned triumphantly. "Did you guys know that too?"
"We suspected," Alphys answered. I sighed, exasperated. I'd have to be careful around the two of them from now on.

"And Frisk, are you sure you love him?" Alphys asked after a moment of thought.

"Do we really need to ask that?" Ton-ton countered her question. "Do you see the look in her eyes when she thinks about him? When she talks about him?"

"I just want to hear it from her," Alphys protested.

"Yes, I do," I said, not at all embarrassed to be saying it. "I love him more than I've ever loved anyone." I paused. "Well, I mean. I love all of you, and Mom and Dad, but-"

"Sans is different," Metta finished for me. "We understand."

"It's just. . . more. So much more I don't even know how I can feel it all."

"That's how true love is," Alphys finished, meeting Undyne's eyes wistfully, a certain happy connection passing between them.

"And did you. . . ya know. . . souls?" Undyne asked awkwardly after a moments pause, for once seeming somewhat bashful herself, something I never thought I'd see from the head-strong fish lady.

"Undyne," Ton-ton scolded. "That is not something we should ask about."

"I agree with Metta. That's probably a little too personal," Alphys agreed quietly, blushing.

"Oh c'mon don't you want to know?" Undyne protested weakly.

"What exactly are you asking about?" I inquired.

All three of them froze. "So you don't know what I meant by that?" Undyne asked. I shook my head. They all looked at one another, an understanding passing between them.

"We'll leave that for Sans to explain," Alphys mumbled, her face practically a tomato. Undyne and Metta nodded their agreement. My brow furrowed in confusion, the question already on my lips.

"Speaking of," Undyne said, interrupting before I had a chance to speak. "SANS! I know you're listening!" She said rather loudly. I froze, looking around the room.

Immediate understanding came to Alphys and Metta's faces. "Of course he wouldn't have left last night," Alphys said, her eyes scouring the room too as though she expected Sans to just suddenly appear.

"Sans, get out here. You can't hide, and if you teleport away we'll know!" Undyne said warningly. Another moment of waiting and my closet door opened and Sans stepped out, looking slightly disheveled in his quickly thrown on clothes.

My face turned red as I realized he'd been listening the entire time. He only looked slightly bashful as he came into the room, awkwardly rubbing the back of his skull.

"So you were there the whole time?" Undyne asked.

Sans shrugged. "I might have been."
"Sans, since we know. And you know we know, let's just say this and get it over with. If you break her heart or treat her bad, or make her in any way unhappy you'll have every single one of us to deal with, understand?" Undyne said threateningly, every ounce of protectiveness bleeding into her voice. Alphys and Metta were nodding their agreement, protectiveness clear on their faces as well.

"Undyne," I protested quietly. Neither Undyne or Sans turned to acknowledge me.

"Undyne, I will promise you, and you know how I feel about promises, that I love Frisk more than anything and I will always do everything to make her happy. I'd never hurt her," Sans said in all seriousness. Undyne fixed him in a challenging stare, as though she were looking for lies in his eyes. He met her stare with as much fierceness as the fish woman, which I didn't even think possible, and after a few moments she broke off that stare and a wide grin replaced it. She stood, coming over to clap Sans on the shoulder. I expected the gesture to unbalance him, but he didn't even move a fraction, solid as a rock as he accepted the friendly encouragement.

"Good!" Undyne shouted.

"At least we know our Frisk is in good hands," Ton-ton said with a wink to me.

Alphys was squealing, quietly and happily. "It's about time!" She walked over to Sans and attempted to shove him closer to me. The moment was quickly interrupted when Papyrus burst back into the room.

"BREAKFAST HAS BEEN PREPARED!" He declared triumphantly. He relaxed his hero stance as he took in the room. "Sans! Brother, you are here! Good, you will join us in our talks while we eat!" Paps walked across the room and picked me up, tossing me over his shoulder as he exited with me. I looked back and saw the amused faces of everyone in the room, Sans' eyes meeting mine for just a second before I was hauled off down the hallway, though even the brief look was enough to send lightning through my veins.

I heard everyone in the room following us as Papyrus entered the kitchen. He didn't even seem fazed to see his brother already sitting in his chair, and simply proceeded to plop me down beside him.

Sans' amused expression turned gentle as my eyes met his, and I immediately flushed with embarrassment, choosing instead to look down at my plate. I nearly laughed aloud as I saw that breakfast was a healthy serving of spaghetti. Very unsurprising.

I looked up as everyone else came bounding into the kitchen. Mettaton immediately came and took his seat beside Pap. Alphys took one look at me and Sans and nudged Undyne. Undyne understood and crossed the room in a few long strides, coming up behind my chair. I looked up at her and was about to ask what she was doing when she knelt down and picked me up, chair and all, plopping it down not even a millimeter away from Sans' before she took her chair beside Alphys. They both looked far too pleased with themselves as I glared at them.

I could feel the material of Sans' jacket against my arm, and I was about to scooch my chair a little further to give him space when he reached over, placing a bony hand firmly on my thigh under the table. I blushed as I realized I was trapped, but by no means unhappy about it.

We all dug into breakfast eagerly, and though I knew the food was delicious it was a little hard to focus on it with Sans' fingers kneading my skin, slowly slipping farther and farther up my leg as the breakfast wore on. By the time we were all done eating his hand was practically invading my night shorts and I was busy trying to keep my blush under control.
"So I see you have fully reciprocated Frisk's love," Pap said exuberantly. "I hope you were a gentlemen last night," Pap said with a bit of scolding.

"Of course, bro. My Frisk deserves nothing less," Sans said with a chuckle and a squeeze of my thigh when he said my, making my heart warm. I liked the sound of that.

"Our Frisk," Pap corrected, though he seemed pleased with the answer. "But that is good. Now, you will need this." Pap pulled a book out of. . . somewhere as he didn't have pockets, and plopped it on the table in front of Sans as he began clearing away the plates.

"Uh, bro is this your dating book from the library?" Sans asked, amused.

"Of course not, I returned that ages ago. I bought a copy. I thought it might be useful to have around for you," Papyrus explained as he began rinsing off dishes. I could see Undyne, Alphys and Metta trying to hold back giggles.

"For me?" Sans asked, amused gaze meeting mine.

"Of course. My dating with Mettaton went fabulously of course! I didn't need it anymore, but I noticed you never went on dates so I thought you might need it when you did. Of course, you'll also have my expertise as well. I memorized that book, just in case."

Mettaton let out a laugh as he stood and joined Papyrus at the sink. "Of course, darling. I'm sure they'll appreciate the help. But they'll have all our help too."

"Of course! The more people to help, the better! You need not fear for your relationship, you two. You are in good hands!" Papryus exclaimed.

"I don't think we need to fear anyway for these two lovebirds," Undyne said with a laugh.

"They've always been thick as thieves, I don't imagine that will change," Alphys giggled. I flushed with embarrassment as they all turned their eyes on us, and felt an urge to scooch away. Sans lifted his hand from my thigh to wrap it around me, fingers squeezing into my hip instead as he kept me close. Everyone in the room squealed in happy excitement.

"Kiss, kiss!" Alphys chanted happily, quickly joined by Undyne while Pap and Metta watched us expectantly. I was about to tell them scoldingly that it was enough when I felt Sans chuckle and reach over, firmly grasping my chin in his soft fingers as he turned me to face him. He had a mischievous look in his eyes as he leaned forward and kissed me, rather passionately. His fingers wound through my hair as his lips parted mine, deepening the kiss and leaving me breathless.

I didn't hear the excited cheers of our friends until he separated us, leaning back to wink at me, obviously enjoying giving them a show. I gave him a lighthearted smack and a huff of indignation as I attempted to scoot away, which he was not having, instead prompting him to pull me entirely into his lap, effectively trapping me.

"So, darling, I think it's about time your parents knew, don't you?" Ton-ton asked, reminding me that that still had yet to happen.

"Right. Kinda forgot they didn't know," I said, twiddling my thumbs. I noticed the slight shift to Sans' attitude as well. He seemed a bit nervous himself. "Well, might as well get it over with. We can have a picnic with Mom and Dad today and we'll tell them then."

"Sounds like a plan," Undyne grinned.
"I will help you prepare the food for this picnic!" Papyrus offered, immediately going to the fridge and pulling out ingredients for snacks.

"I can help too!" Undyne said, immediately joining him as they came up with a battle plan of snacks.

"Well, we might as well go and let your parents know to expect us," Alphys said, coming over and grabbing Metta's arm.

"You two should get cleaned up and look presentable," Ton-ton said with a wink as they both departed the kitchen.

"We'll get right on that," Sans chuckled, standing with me still in his arms.

"You two better hurry, we'll have this food ready in no time!" Undyne shouted, giving us an encouraging wave as Sans carried me out of the kitchen.

"That went better than expected," I sighed quietly as he shuffled up the stairs, letting myself lean into him and enjoy the smell from his hoodie.

He chuckled. "It sure could've been worse."

"Nice teleporting away," I said sarcastically.

"Hey, they didn't see me in the room," he protested.

"You didn't exactly go very far," I laughed.

He shrugged. "I didn't want to leave you to deal with that storm alone."

"I doubt that was the only reason you stayed," I said.

"True. I also wanted to see what they'd ask. And what you'd say."

"And did my answers satisfy you?" I asked as he opened the bathroom door and set me down on the counter.

"Very much so," he chuckled, leaning close to kiss me.

The sudden knock on the door startled us both and Sans opened to door to reveal a scolding Undyne. "You had better not be expecting me to leave you two alone in here. We are on a time limit."

Sans chuckled. "I was just leaving."

"Uh-huh. Sure you were," Undyne said, clearly not believing him. He shuffled out of the room with one last smile to me before disappearing down the hallway. "I'll get you some clothes," Undyne said. "You hop in the shower."

Undyne departed down the hallway as well, going for my room. I quickly removed my clothes and hopped under the hot spray of water. I heard the light knock on the door a minute later and gave the okay to come in. She leaned in, setting some clothes on the counter before excusing herself, not wanting to intrude too much. I thanked her as she left, closing the door behind her.

I was only mildly surprised when I felt a pair of bony arms wrap around me the moment I was clean.
"Sans!" I protested quietly as I felt his rib cage press against my back.

"Sweetheart?" he asked far too innocently as he brushed my hair out of the way and started pressing kisses against my neck, his hands running up and down my sides, gripping and squeezing along the way.

"You're going to get us in trouble," I attempted to be scolding, but the words were quickly breathless as he began biting gently at my neck, his hands going up to cup my breasts. His thumbs tweaked my nipples, drawing an involuntary quiet moan from me.

"Sans," I protested. He wasn't paying my protests any mind as one of his hands explored lower, sliding down my tummy and between my legs. One of my hands managed to grip weakly at his arm.

"What's wrong baby? Don't you like my hands all over you?" he growled quietly next to my ear, his deep voice igniting the fire in my core.

"Of course I do but..." the thought trailed off as his exploring fingers slid between my lips. My rational thought was quickly losing to my body's need for him. "Sans," his name escaped my lips, more a plea for him to continue than a protest. His chest vibrated against me as a low growl began in his rib cage. One finger slipped inside me, curling until he found my sensitive spot, eliciting a too-loud moan from me. The hand that had been caressing my breast raised to cover my mouth, stifling me.

"Shh, we can't have anybody hear ya now," Sans growled teasingly. "You'll get us in trouble."

Any protest or scolding I would have retaliated with was washed away as his finger continued to stroke that spot, my knees trembling, the only thing keeping me up was his own body.

My mind was awash with pleasure, and there was little room for any other thought. The pleasure was building and building with his expert touch, his magic sparking across my skin and teasing that spot inside me, leaving me a melting mess in his arms. Just as my pleasure was reaching its peak there was a loud knock at the door.

My whole body tensed up as I heard the door knob rattle as someone attempted to turn it. "Shh, the door's locked babe," Sans whispered quietly in my ear. I relaxed just a bit, but immediately tensed up again when I heard a voice shout through the door.

"You had better be alone in there!" Undyne shouted. I could tell she was trying to be scolding but at the same time I could hear the amusement in her voice.

Just as opened my mouth to reply to her Sans pressed his fingers against that spot again and it took all my willpower to keep silent. I forcibly wrapped my hand around his arm. He drew his fingers away from that spot but didn't remove his hand.

"Yeah, I'm alone in here. I just wanted a bit of privacy!" I shouted back to be heard over the sound of the shower.

"Uh huh! Just remember we got a time limit! Snacks are almost done!"

"Already?"

"It's me and Papyrus what did you expect?" Undyne exuberantly laughed. "Your parents are waiting for us. Your mom was already making food so we didn't have as much to make. Hurry up!"
I heard her footsteps as she ran back down the hallway and down the stairs. I sighed as I relaxed, glad she hadn't been more pushy about my company.

"We need to go," I said quietly, squeezing Sans' arm. He sighed heavily but withdrew his hand. I pushed down my own disappointment as I turned in his arms to plant a kiss on his cheekbone. He took the opportunity to nearly lift me off my feet as he pulled me into a proper kiss, my body pressed fully against his. I felt the pulses of magic against my skin from all the extra contact, taking my breath away.

He finally set me down and allowed me to turn the water off. I opened the door and just as I was stepping out I felt a bony hand slap my ass. I squeaked and turned, already scolding before I saw that he had already teleported away.

I sighed exasperatedly as I wrapped my towel around myself, quickly drying off and throwing on the long, flowy skirt and tank top Undyne had grabbed for me.

I went into my room to grab my bag and some shoes before going downstairs. I hesitantly entered the kitchen, already embarrassed before I'd even seen Undyne. I had a feeling she knew exactly what was going on in that shower.

I entered the kitchen to see organized chaos as Papyrus and Undyne rushed around the room putting away cleaned dishes and packing the food and drinks into a couple baskets.

"You guys are prepared I see," I commented as I watched them run around.

"We want this lunch to go nicely," Undyne said as an explanation.

"Your parents are getting good news after all!" Papyrus said with confidence as he finished putting away the last of the stuff, turning and picking up a basket. "Now let's hope Sans isn't late!"

"Now why would I be late bro?" Sans asked as he suddenly appeared behind me, sending a rush of magic across my skin, making me jump. I turned to glare at him, doubly intensified as I scolded him with my eyes for earlier as well. He only chuckled, the mischievous look in his eyes not at all abated.

"Sans! Good, now we are all prepared. Let us set off to the king and queen's house! We shouldn't keep them waiting!" And with that he departed with a flourish of his scarf, basket swinging from his arm.

"Guess we better hurry, before we get left behind," Undyne laughed as she grabbed the other basket and quickly followed Pap.

I was about to follow them when an arm wrapped around my middle, turning me. My lips were quickly sealed with a gentle kiss. As he pulled away his eyes met mine and any remaining scolding melted away. "I love you Frisk." My soul pulsed in response to the words. "I love you too."

He released me, choosing instead to wind his fingers with mine instead as we followed Undyne and Papyrus out of the house and down the street. Sans released my hand as soon as my parents house came into view, showing that they, as well as Mettaton and Alphys, were sitting on the porch drinking tea while they waited for us.

They stood as we came into view, smiling and waving. They joined us on the street carrying blankets and foldable chairs. I noticed with a bit of amusement that Flowey's pot was shoved into Mom's dress pocket, his head sticking out, to make him easier to transport.
Morning greetings were passed around and I gladly accepted hugs from both my parents, even managing to trap Flowey into accepting a wet smooch on his petals as he smacked at me with his leaves.

We all set off down the street with our stuff to go to the park a little ways into town. The walk was short and relaxing, filled with easy conversation. Sans stuck close to my side, but didn't reach for my hand again.

We found a perfect spot in the park beside the creek, halfway in the shade of a large elm tree, the other half open to the sun. We set up the chairs and spread the blankets out on the grass, removing food and drinks and spreading them out as well.

Everyone settled down on the blankets, but it wasn't long before Undyne and Papyrus bounded off to play sports, with Alphys and Mettaton their eager fans, hauling Flowey along with them and leaving Sans and I conveniently alone with my parents.

"So Frisk, Alphys and Mettaton alluded to some news you had for us?" Mom finally asked, looking to me with an encouraging smile. Dad turned to smile at us as well.

I looked to Sans, completely unsure how to start to explain this. "Well, Mom, Dad, I um. . . do have something to tell you guys. It's sort of new news. . ." Nervousness was making me babble. And I had no idea how to explain it. Just saying that Sans was my boyfriend didn't seem to cut it.

"Tori, Asgore, we wanted to meet with you guys today as more of a formality. I guess the news you should know is that I love your daughter, and I wanted to ask your permission before we proceeded with this." Sans had taken the lead and had been brave enough to say what I had been unsure of. It was flattering, and impressive to see him chosing his words perfectly. He even topped it off by taking my hand, giving me something other than my own fingers to squeeze.

"I'm assuming you've already made this confession to her?" Toriel asked gently.

Sans chuckled. "Of course. She was the first to hear it."

Toriel and Asgore looked to each other, seeming to have a conversation simply through the connected gaze before finally coming to a mutual understanding and turning back to us.

"Well it took you two long enough," Mom said with a laugh.

"Wait, you guys knew?" I asked, somewhat surprised.

"Of course we did, we're your parents," Mom answered, sharing a knowing look with Dad.

"We are very glad you two have managed to work this thing out between you," Asgore rumbled.

"The tension between you two has been going on for a long time, but it was just getting worrisome recently."

"So you guys. . . approve?" I asked hesitantly, as I had been unsure how they'd take the news.

"Of course. We want you to be happy, my child. And Sans obviously makes you happy."

"We couldn't imagine someone better for you. We've known you Sans," Asgore inclined his head toward him to indicate he was speaking to him. "For a very long time now. And you've always shown yourself to be of exceptional character. And I've never known you to do this with anyone. Frisk is a first, from what I understand. It means she must be special."
"More special than I could've imagined anyone could be to me. But that's what she is. And I don't plan on lettin' go of her," Sans said with sincerity, bony fingers kneading my hands between his own.

"Good. We wouldn't expect any less for our daughter," Mom said with a bit of protectiveness.

"I trust that she will be safe and happy in your hands?" Dad phrased it as a question.

"Of course," Sans said. "That I can promise you, Asgore."

Dad took a moment to consider him, weighing the sincerity of the promise, before finally smiling, pleased with what he saw in Sans' eyes. "Good. I know you don't make promises lightly. I'll be sure to hold you to that one."

"So will I," I said teasingly as I bumped his shoulder with my own, relieved that this day had gone well.

"I wouldn't expect any less," Sans replied with a chuckle.

It was at this moment that all my friends came bounding back across the grass towards us.

"So, I take it they told you?" Undyne asked exuberantly as she bounced excitedly on the balls of her feet, still full of energy from her exercise.

"They did indeed," Asgore chuckled.

"Yes!" Undyne shouted, punching the air triumphantly with her fists before coming and plucking me off the blanket and into her arms as she spun me around happily.

"I guess it's official now, darling," Ton-ton said with a wink.

Everyone milled around for a few more minutes, simply congratulating me and Sans and talking among each other about the new relationship they had all been waiting for, and after a while Undyne and Papyrus insisted on dragging me out onto the field to join them in their games.

After all the games and food, we lay lounging on the grass, simply talking the waning evening away. It was then that Undyne nudged me, distracting me from the conversation that Metta and Alphys were engaged in. Her gesture prompted me to look across the street to see a certain someone watching us.

Damen stood across the street from the park, watching us and looking as though he had been in the middle of going somewhere before he spotted us. He smiled and waved when he saw that I had spotted him, but I noticed the briefest second of sadness before he did so.

I was about to gesture for him to come over rather than stand awkwardly across the street when he turned, as though hearing someone shouting for him. I looked the direction he turned and saw Alex waving for him. He turned and gave me one last wave and smile, which I returned, before jogging off to join her.

Sans noticed this brief exchange and came over, planting himself firmly at my side. Despite the companionship of my friends and family, I was distracted by what I'd seen from Damen in that moment, a moment of vulnerability before he seemed to put a cheery mask up. I was filled with questions about why he would be sad, reminded of questions about things I didn't remember.

A few minutes of thought and I was gently lulled out by Sans' hands rubbing gentle circles in my
back, prompting me to return to the moment, reminding me of all the wonderful new things I had. One look at the wonderful skeleton by my side and I was once again filled with happiness and surety that no matter what this future would be a happy one.

Chapter End Notes

Despite how the ending of the chapter sounded, the story's not over, I promise. I will be continuing and plan on making up for my long absence. Unfortunately I still may not be able to post chapters as often as I may like, but I will be writing them whenever I have free time. In case anyone is wondering what takes so long between chapters is I have school, yes I take summer classes, and full time work now so I don't have as much time as I would like to write. But like I said, I will write whenever I have the free time and try to keep posting as often as possible. Thank you all for your patience and thank you for sticking around for this story <3
A Nightmare and a Dream

Chapter Summary

Another chapter in Sans' POV

Chapter Notes

I had gotten some requests for a particular chapter to be written in Sans' perspective, so I did, as well as adding a bit to it. Yes, this is going to be a little bit of a repetitive chapter, because it's just a repeat of chapter 21 and 22, just from Sans' perspective. I hope you enjoy it anyway, and the next chapters will pick up where the story left off.

Blood. Blood on his hands, on his clothes. Blood with every strained breath into lungs he didn't have. He could taste it, metallic and salty and hot on his tongue. Sticky on his fingers, splattered on his cheekbone.

Dust. Dust so thick on her he could barely see the color of her porcelain skin underneath it. Dust so thick on her clothes you wouldn't know the color if you hadn't seen it before. Dust in her silky hair, matted to her head and face with sweat and blood and inadvertently spilled tears. Tears of pain and rage and frustration.

Metal. The glint of it in the light as its wickedly sharp blade swung slowly towards him, slow as molasses. Each second dragged through quicksand. The ring of it as it clattered against the marble, ripped from her desperate fingers. The sound of the cold steel ringing in his skull, a sound he couldn't remove.

Thick. The air was thick. Thick with hate. Thick with pain. Thick with blood and dust and rage. So much rage radiating from his own soul he didn't know how he could still breathe past it. The air was thick with LV. It was sticky as tar against his bones, against his soul, so thick he felt it against his being, radiating from her soul. The soul that had looked so pure and so innocent and so good. How hadn't he seen it? How hadn't he seen the lie?

Despair.

Grief.

Guilt.

How could he feel so much of it and still live?

What drove him?

Hate.

Hate.
Hate.

More hate than he had ever felt.

Hate for her, who he had so believed in. Who he had been so fooled by.

Hate for himself for allowing this to happen. Again.

He remembered their deaths. The first time. And the second, even more brutal, a show just for him.

And instead of protecting them, as he should have, he stood back and watched because he didn't want to believe it was real.

He held onto that slim hope that the love in his soul couldn't have been a mistake, couldn't have been misplaced.

So what had he seen in those eyes all those years?

A lie. A dirty filthy lie. A lie to hurt him. A lie to hurt everyone, but especially him for what he'd done, all those years ago, in a timeline that had been erased. Redone.

Screams. Screams echoing down the vast hallway. Screams filled with so much pain and agony it would make anyone cringe, would fill your soul with pain just from the sound of it alone.

Screams that filled him with a sick satisfaction. Screams that muffled his own guilt. Screams that made him forget. He wouldn't let himself feel that pain. He wouldn't give her what she wanted. So he reveled in her pain instead.

Dust. His brothers dust scattered across the white snow. A red scarf, tarnished. His brothers skull crushed beneath her feet like he was nothing. Like he'd never been anything to her.

Blood. Undyne's blood and determination as she fought the true monster in front of her. Blood staining the fierce fish lady's scales and armor. Blood as it dripped down her sliced throat. Dust as she sifted away to nothing. Maniacal laughter of triumph.

Mettaton's futility in the face of her hate and rage. His soul disappearing into nothingness as though it had never existed. The futility of it all. They never stood a chance. None of them.

Even that sadistic flower had been afraid of her, she was so twisted.

Her eyes now as she stared at him with so much twisted hate and rage. He couldn't see a trace of who he thought he'd seen all those years he'd spent with her. The pain and hate in her eyes as she screamed, his magic ripping apart her muscles.

A memory, pushing its way unbidden into his mind.

Beautiful white lights reflecting in her blue eyes as she gazed up at him. The graceful movement of her body as she swayed with him, her body pressed almost flush against his own. Her red lips singing that song as her body moved under his hands. Her arms wrapped around him, his around her. How perfect it had all felt. That look in her eyes in that moment.

The one that had been a lie.

Rage filled him. Rage and agony.
He used her screams to forget. Screams as her bones snapped beneath his hands like twigs, so fragile.

*Her small body cradled in his arms, his hands on her body, on her skin, desperate as it eased his pain. Eased away the horrors of those nightmares. The feel of her ribs beneath her shirt as he squeezed her body close to his own.*

Her ribs, snapping and cracking as her body hit the pillar, her bones practically shattering beneath the force of the blow, her body crumpling, no strength left in her to scream.

*Her lips, so soft and plump and red, parting in surprise as he moved to kiss her. Lips so warm and smooth against his own. The taste of her skin, the taste of her tongue. She had tasted so sweet, so perfectly sweet. Like a dream. The small gasp that escaped her as he captured her lips, captured her tongue. A pained gasp that pulled him out of his daze.*

Scarlet drops on her white lips as she snarled at him with hate, lip torn and blood dripping down her chin as she spat at him with disgust. A strangled, gurgled scream pulled from those lips as her throat tore open beneath his fingers.

*Scarlet on her fingers, on her sliced hand. His soul had pulsed in sympathy and pain as he saw her beautiful skin torn and bleeding. Panic and a sudden urge to alleviate that pain, to fix the problem he had somehow caused. He had caused with his kiss.*

Scarlet as her skin ripped and tore and separated, showing the sticky, red fluid beneath. The sticky red fluid that stained everything.

*Her skin, so soft and smooth beneath his fingers as he caressed it, goose bumps appearing beneath his touch.*

Her skin, purple and black and blue, looking much like space, like the cosmos had splattered on her skin. Fascinatingly beautiful.

*The stars, sparkling high above his head, very real. Because of her. Because of the girl who sat by his side, heart beating so softly in her chest.*

Her sweater, torn and ripped to show her bruised, bleeding skin. Sweat slicked skin as she breathed heavily, muscles trembling in exhaustion.

*That beautiful dress as she walked down those stairs, bathed in gentle white light. He'd never seen her look so graceful, her body light and careful with every step, that blue skirt floating around her, making her look straight out of a dream. The jewels sparkling in her hair, on her pure white skin, making her look ethereal and beautiful.*

The scent of blood and dust and sweat and viscera. It filled his chest and made it hard to breath.

*The sweet smell of honey. Or cherry. Or vanilla. Or rain. It changed every day, but it was always a sweet scent that clung to her skin, coyly filling the air, wrapping his brain in a haze of her.*

Her brains, splattered on the smooth marble, her skull shattered and cracked, like the fragile shell of an egg. Viscera pooling on the stone.

*Her tears. Her tears and her panic. Words she refused to speak. Her arms as she clung to him, trembling in his arms. Chest shaking with sobs.*

Her legs shaking as she fought to stay standing, blade intended for him held in trembling fingers.
Her legs wrapped softly around his hips, her body so soft and flesh so smooth and warm as it pressed against his bones.

Her entrails spread across the marble, her trembling, stained fingers attempting to keep her insides in her torn skin.

Her whole body trembling before she leaned back and kissed him, startling him.

Her body writhing and struggling beneath him as he crushed her windpipe beneath his hands, watched as she struggled to draw breath, watched the light flicker in her eyes before going out, eyes as blank as marbles before he was standing in front of her again.

Her body, so soft and smooth, trembling beneath his soft touch as he kissed her. Her hips, her sides, her breasts, all so soft and warm beneath his hands.

Her body, struggling and kicking at his. Her skull, so small and delicate in his hand as he wrapped his fingers around it. The blood splattering the stone as he bashed her head against the marble. Her fingers, clawing desperately at his hands as he repeatedly bashed her against the wall. Her body struggling and then going still, muscles twitching as she died.

Her body trembling, so warm, so soft, so wet. Her thighs wrapped around him, her warmth wrapped around him. Her body trembling with every rough push of his body against her own. Her walls, trembling, so wet and tight around him. So much pleasure.

So much pain. So much agony. Her chest burst open, blood splattering everything, soaking his clothes and his bones, metallic and salty in his mouth. He could see her red heart beating in front of his eyes, fluttering so rapidly as she bled out so quickly. Pristinely white bones staring in that sea of red flesh and blood. So out of place in a body so filled with pitch and darkness.

Her body trembling against his own as she came around him, her soul echoing the pleasure she felt, the pleasure he made her feel. Moans, so soft in the air.

Screams so loud in the air.

So much satisfaction in that release of pleasure.

So satisfied to hear the pain in her voice.

Moans so soft in the air.

A memory.

Or was it?

Yes. It had to be. It had felt so real. It had all felt so real.

This was real.

Her hands on her body, mocking him. Mocking his foolishness. And he hated the echo of lust that went through him as remembered her as she had been. As he'd thought she'd been.

The curve of her body as she leaned against that counter, reaching above her.

Those eyes. Those blue eyes. Or were they red? They were both. Sometimes they were red, sometimes they were blue. What was different about them? Nothing.
He saw hate and anger and pain in her eyes. He saw the pain he inflicted.

Did he see other pain? No.

What other pain could she be feeling?

None. Nothing but him brought her pain.

The LV in her soul had twisted her. Corrupted her beyond anything she had been.

But she had always been corrupt hadn't she? To have lied, to have pretended. All for this. Just for this moment. Just to hurt him.

What had been in her eyes back then? He didn't know anymore. All he saw was the truth in her eyes now. He could't think past that. Past what he saw in those blue eyes now. The hate. The rage. The agony. The madness, the darkness, the insanity.

*Those beautiful blue eyes.*

A moment. A mistake. Just one little mistake. The memories had distracted him. Just for a moment. But it had been enough. He wasn't fast enough. She won. She got what she wanted.

Cold steel through his bones, sharp and rough, grinding through him with that horrible sound.

He felt it leaving him. His life, his magic, his determination. All of it. There was nothing left in him.

She stood above him, blue eyes filled with triumph, the hint of red on the edges. She laughed, the voice that had once seemed so sweet and lyrical to him was so twisted and sick as she cackled with glee. So pleased with herself. With what she'd done. With what she'd done to him. To everyone.

It was over. He realized it. He felt it. It was all over.

Because of his foolishness. Because of his weakness. Because he hadn't seen what had been so obvious.

And as he faded he looked into her eyes, into those blue eyes. And he saw it, he saw the void in her. He saw it wrapping sticky tendrils around her soul, around her body.

Had there been anything in her before? Had the void, the darkness, always been there? He didn't think so. He would have seen it.

It's what tainted her now. But had she always been like this? Perhaps. . .

He was fading but he saw it, saw that darkness dragging her under, past no return.

*His Frisk.*

The darkness was stealing her. Taking her. But he was fading. There was nothing more he could do.

He saw the darkness dragging her away from him as he faded into nothing.
He was awake. He was in her house.

It had been a nightmare.

That nightmare again. Again. WHY?!

But was it a nightmare? His mind whispered. Maybe this is the nightmare.

She's tricking you. This isn't real. The nightmare is real. She's tricking you. She's deceiving you. STILL.

WHAT'S REAL?!

This isn't real. That room, that blood, those screams. Those red eyes, that wicked laugh. That darkness. That was real. It had to have been. He felt it.

She'd brought him back here, back here, after she killed him. To make him suffer, to make him question before dragging him back in. Again.

He was in her room. In her room. And he was so angry.

She was standing in front of him. She was in front of him. She was speaking. What was she saying?

His name.

It didn't matter. It was a trick. Another trick.

That darkness wasn't a trick. That void that had grabbed her wasn't a trick. That had been real. Was it still there? Was it still inside her?

He saw her. He saw her eyes. They were blue. Clear, sparkling, beautiful blue.

It was a lie. They were a lie.

But it wasn't. The void was gone. The red was gone. The anger and hate and rage was gone. The LV was gone.

Was it? Was it still a trick? Still a lie?

Was this his Frisk?

Had she ever been his Frisk?

The void is gone.

Her eyes. . .

He didn't feel himself stumbling towards her. He didn't feel that her soul was drawing him in, drawing him closer. He fell against her, let her wrap her arms around him. He had no more strength.

Her soul was so close, pulsing so strongly with empathy, echoing his pain, trying to ease his pain.

Was it a trick?
No. This was the soul he felt all those years. This was his Frisk.

Is the void there?

No.

It is. It's here. It'll take her. It will.

He wouldn't let it. He couldn't. He couldn't lose her. Everything else was lost. He didn't care if this wasn't real. He wouldn't lose her to the void, no matter what she'd done.

He heard her voice but not her words. He simply focused on the sound of it. Tried to focus on the feel of her in his arms, of the heart he felt beating rapidly against his body. Tried to forget the pain and blood. Tried to forget her screams.

Tried to forget how good they'd made him feel.

This Frisk wasn't that thing. This Frisk in his arms is different. He could feel it. He knew it.

He felt it in her soul.

He was so lost in his emotions, in the magic that washed unstable through him that he didn't even realize he was speaking. All he felt was her soul. All he heard was her voice.

Her soul reached out to him, and he heard. He heard her words.

"Sans. Sans, look at me." Her voice was soft and imploring.

He couldn't. He couldn't. He didn't want to see the lie in her eyes. He wanted to believe what he felt in her soul. He didn't want to lose that truth too. He couldn't see that that was a lie too.

"Sans, please. I need you to focus for me. Focus on me, on right now."

Right now? This moment? "It's not real," he growled, fingers digging into her soft flesh with desperation.

"Sans, this moment is real. I promise. I'm right here." Her arms tightened around him, as though they were comforting him. Trying so hard to comfort him.

"Sans. Listen to me. Focus on my voice. This is real, and I can prove it." Her voice was painful to hear. Painful to listen to with that twisted memory of her laughter echoing in his skull. He wanted to forget. He wanted this to be all he could remember of her voice. But that laughter wouldn't disappear. Those screams wouldn't disappear.

Her arms tightened around him, drawing him out, making him focus on this moment as her small hands pressed against his shoulder blades. "This moment is more real than any of those nightmares could ever be. Focus on what makes it more. Focus on your soul. Feel it. Feel how strong that connection is." He couldn't help but focus on her words, her soul imploring him to listen, to follow her words. And so he did. He focused on his own soul, felt it within himself.

Had it been there before? Had he felt it before?

Had he felt it in that nightmare?

He had to have. His soul didn't simply disappear. He had simply been distracted by everything
else. More important things had been happening.

But he couldn't remember feeling it. At all. Not in that place. Not with that Frisk.

Had that been Frisk? Or was this Frisk real? Was the nightmare just that? A nightmare?

It must have been. Her soul was too strong, too powerful. He felt it too acutely. The truth of her soul was more prominent than what he had seen in those red eyes. His soul felt hers. It had to be real, this had to be real.

It was just a nightmare.

"Sans, look at me," Frisk urged him, hands gentle on his skull. So soft on his skull. He moved, pressing his forehead against hers, simply feeling how close she was. He didn't want to open his eyes, lest this world fall away and that nightmare return.

He wouldn't be able to stand it if that nightmare returned.

All he wanted to feel was her. Her soul.

"Sans," she called his name softly, trying to reach him. It hurt, hearing her voice. Wanting so desperately for that voice to stay the truth. Her small hands rested on his cheekbones, wiping at his face, so soft and warm and gentle.

Her hands clawing at his, trying to stop him as he stole the life from her.

No! No more. That nightmare isn't real. It isn't. This is. This is real. Focus on it. Focus on her.

Her soul pulsed, pulling his attention back to her. Her urging, her desperation. She was still trying to get him to open his eyes. To look at her.

And suddenly he had to see her. He had to see the truth of her soul in her eyes. He had to know if this was real.

He opened his sockets. Slowly. Fearing what he would see. Fearing those red eyes.

"I'm right here," she said softly, gently, soft fingers still stroking his face, fingers pressing and rubbing his skull comfortingly.

He saw it. He saw her soul in her eyes. It was her. It was his Frisk in front of him.

He nuzzled her affectionately, not caring at the moment what he was doing, he simply needed to feel her.

"Please don't leave," he pleaded. "I can't. . . I can't. . . " he couldn't finish that sentence. It was too painful. Just the thought of this moment slipping through his grasp hurt too much.

"Shh, shh, I know."

"I can't do this without you." And he meant it. More than anything. He couldn't live without his Frisk. If he returned to that nightmare in this moment he wouldn't have been able to fight. He wouldn't have been able to continue if this Frisk wasn't real. Wasn't right here with him. "I need you." The truth was ripped from him, and he didn't care. He needed to say it. He couldn't lose her, she had to understand that. As though if she understood those words she would be able to stop the nightmare.
"I'm not going anywhere. I will always be here for you, Sans," she said the words softly. But there was so much conviction behind them. As though there were no doubt. And his searching soul could find none.

He clung to her, desperately trying to ease away that pain. Trying to make the nightmare disappear. He focused on her soul.

He barely felt when she stood up, dragging his weak body up with her, leading him to the bed. He wouldn't let go of her. He couldn't. She sat down, but he only tightened his hold on her, burying himself in the crook of her neck, breathing in her sweet scent.

She wrapped her legs around his ribs, her fingers gently kneading his skull, so soft, so comforting. All that pain still radiated in his chest, but it felt manageable with her gentle hands comforting it, easing it away. He was so wrapped in her presence he didn't even feel the tears sliding from his sockets, didn't even feel the sobs that shook him.

All he felt was her soul. Her soft hands. Her sweet voice as she hummed a familiar, comforting tune. He relished in all of it. He didn't even feel the time passing. He was so enraptured with the feel of her he didn't even notice she'd moved his skull until he felt and heard her heart beating underneath him. It was beating so strong, he could hear all the separate thumps it made. He could hear it, he could hear what kept her alive. *She was alive underneath him.* He was desperate to hear that sound.

*Her chest torn open, pristine white bones in a sea of blood and torn flesh, a beating heart, fluttering in the last throes of desperate life as she bleed out on the marble.*

He flinched, trying to force the image away. Trying to force away the pain and the guilt the image caused.

He vaguely felt her move, felt the sound of her heart fade. He felt her hands on the sides of his skull. He flinched, preparing for the worst.

He felt her breath, soft and warm against his mouth. He felt how painfully close she was and his whole body tensed, unsure what was happening.

The soft lips settling against his own startled him. They were suddenly the only thing his mind could focus on, bringing this reality into stark clarity, like focusing a picture. He felt himself go still, unsure how to react, his mind going blank. All he could do was focus on the feel of the lips against him.

It took only a moment for him to collect his wits. And he realized what she was doing. She was kissing him. *Kissing him.*

He couldn't let her. He couldn't let her do this. Not for him, not for anything. He couldn't let her kiss him just to make him feel better. He remembered kissing her. He remembered the pain it caused her when that glass shattered. Because of him. Because of what he'd done. He remembered how she'd avoided his eyes, how she refused to speak. As though she couldn't look at him, couldn't talk to him.

He gently grabbed her face between his hands, easing her away. It was so hard, so hard because he wanted to feel her so badly, but he couldn't. *He couldn't do that to her. He wouldn't take advantage of her like that.*
"Frisk, you don't have to do that." He forced the words out. And they were so painful, because all he wanted to feel was her lips against his again.

What he didn't expect was for her to smile at him. A smile filled with amusement. A gentle smile.

Her soft hands settled gently on his own and she leaned forward, pressing her forehead against his, nuzzling him. The gesture only deepened his confusion. What was she doing? Wasn't she relieved he'd stopped her?

"Sans, you can be such a bonehead sometimes," she said softly, mirth in her voice as she continued to rub affectionately against his skull, her soul pulsing inside her chest. "Don't you get it yet?" He frowned, wondering what she could possibly be talking about.

She can't mean what I think she means. Could she?

"What-" he started to question what she meant, desperate for her to clarify, unable to stand wondering, the teasing possibility.

"Sans, I love you, you silly skeleton." The words were softly spoken but they hit him like a brick wall, as though she had shouted them at him. Her cheeks burned red, the splash of color pretty on her cheekbones, her eyes bright with sincerity.

But he floundered, in a sea of confusion and doubt. Years of doubt weighed heavily on him. Was it clouding his vision? Not letting him see the truth?

"Sans, I fell in love with you years ago," Frisk whispered, eyes screaming the truth at him in the moment they were watching his before flicking away, filled with . . . embarrassment? She raised them back to his and they were filled with . . . conviction. Determination. He could feel it radiating from her soul, hitting him in waves.

He was left floundering like an idiot, unable to speak as he searched her eyes for any lie. For anything that his doubts could hold onto. But there was none. And yet he still couldn't believe. It was too good to be true.

He remembered the feel of her lips, the first time he kissed her. He'd seen her, standing at that counter, her curves so evident in the way she stretched to reach the cabinet above her head. After the truths they had spoken, after that wedge that had been between them had been forced away he couldn't help himself. His soul had urged him toward her, he'd been nothing more than a puppet, his soul and his emotions and his desires pulling the strings, blocking out any rational thought about what he was doing.

And he'd hurt her. She hadn't been able to look at him. Hadn't been able to speak. Why?

"If- when we- after we kissed-" He sounded like a bumbling moron, unable to form his thoughts into a coherent sentence, so desperate to get the words out they were tripping over themselves.

"I know. I'm sorry for how I reacted," she said.

He had to know. He had to know why. "I thought you . . . I don't know . . . were disgusted by it. For a while I thought you hated me." He couldn't look at her as he remembered. As he remembered that guilt, thinking he had irreparably damaged what they had right after they had managed to fix it. All because he couldn't control himself.
"Of course not. For a while I thought the same. I thought you just regretted it and couldn't bear to look at me, let alone talk to me. Like I was some sort of mistake."

Her words didn't make sense to him at first. She thought he hated her? How could she ever think that? As if that was even possible.

But he had, in that nightmare. . .

He pushed the thought away. It wasn't real. This moment was. And it was too important.

He looked into her eyes again, so many questions waiting to be asked, but she beat him to it.

"That kiss. It just caught me by surprise. It's like my brain stopped working, I couldn't form a coherent thought, let alone say anything to you. I was so embarrassed and I just. . . I guess you could say your kiss left me speechless." She said the last words quietly, as though she were embarrassed to be saying them. But her words were like a dream to him. He could barely even comprehend what they meant, hearing them coming from her. But the flush to her cheeks and the way she avoided his eyes, staring at his hoodie instead only made it more clear. Her soul pulsed with nervousness and doubt. Doubt that echoed his own. He could feel the truth behind her words, though. Feel her soul screaming it to him. "But I by no means disliked that kiss. The exact opposite, actually."

The gears in his brain were rusted and slow as they fully processed her words. But her soul didn't lie.

"Frisk, how long have you felt this way?" he asked, desperate to have an answer, desperate to have so many answers. She was the only thing he saw as he waited.

"Years. Since before I turned eighteen, honestly."

He was shocked. "Why didn't you say anything before now?"

"Because I didn't think you could ever feel the same way about me. You always treated me like a kid, I thought that was the only way you would ever see me. And I was just a human, and you're-"

He had to stop her, her words seemed so incredulous. "You're just a human?"

I'm just a monster. The thought echoed in his head, the one that had caused so much doubt in his mind before.

"Frisk, do you have any idea-" he was so frustrated and baffled he couldn't continue. Her words just didn't seem real. "Frisk, who do you think-" Another frustrated pause as he let himself breathe, collecting his words before he spoke. "That's exactly what I thought. You're human. And I'm a monster. Just a monster."

"Just? Oh, Sans." She sounded so exasperated, as though she didn't think it was possible for him to think something like that. As though the very idea of him thinking something like that was ridiculous.

But the thought of her thinking the same had seemed just as ridiculous to him. He couldn't help but laugh at how outrageous it was. He looked at her, meeting her eyes. Her sparkling, beautiful blue eyes that held so much truth. More truth than he had ever been able to find in anything else.
And suddenly he felt he had to explain himself. So she understood. "Frisk, I always treated you like a kid because I was so afraid of you thinkin' I saw you. . . how I saw you. . . I was so sure you would hate me if you found out. And I was still tryin' to convince myself for a while there. That didn't really work out."

He remembered how he'd felt, those years ago. How he'd told himself he couldn't feel the things he felt for her. How pointless that had been.

Frisk smiled at him, shaking her head as she realized the same thing he did. They'd both been morons for so long. They'd let doubt blind them.

He saw when a thought came to her mind, the words ready to be spoken and he waited patiently for what she would say, wondering at the nerves he saw, what caused them.

"Sans, um, do you remember that night I ventured out into a snow storm?"

The sudden mention of it brought it immediately to mind, and he was filled with a memory of that anger and that pain as he'd almost lost her, the most important thing to him. "Are you kidding? I'm never gonna forget it."

"Well, umm. . . " Frisk turned her eyes down once again, cheeks burning red, and he could feel her heart. Hear how rapidly it was beating. What could possibly be making her this nervous? It immediately concerned him and he reached out to her, hands gently cupping her face, trying to make her look at him, trying to reassure her with his eyes that she could say whatever she had to say. "I uh, may have been dreaming about you that night."

He was so shocked he couldn't move, couldn't breathe for a second.

"That-that dream was about me?" he asked, completely baffled. The memory surfaced, of her on that couch, blankets tangled around her, hair sticking to her sweaty forehead, her eyes fluttering as she moaned, hands in places he wanted to touch. He couldn't take his eyes off her, remembering how she'd looked that night, remembering how much he'd wanted to be the one in that dream, causing those sounds. And now he finds out he had been.

"You know?" Frisk asked, obviously concerned.

He stumbled over his thoughts for a second, trying to find words, hesitant to be telling her what he'd seen that night. "Well, I kinda saw you that night. I came downstairs because I thought somethin' was wrong or somethin'. And I uhm. . . " he felt how much he was blushing and he couldn't finish the sentence, worried she might be offended that he had seen her like that.

"You saw me?" she asked, an embarrassed whine escaping her. She leaned forward, hiding herself in his jacket, and he was immensely relieved that she wasn't angry, only embarrassed.

"I never thought- that was about me?" he asked, once again wanting to hear it, needing confirmation. She nodded, obviously too embarrassed to speak, but it was good enough for him. Just the thought of her dreaming about him, moaning because of him. . .

He gave himself a moment to think as he remembered how the rest of that night had gone, and was once again angry. "Frisk, you put yourself in danger when you went out that night. Why did you leave?" He had to see her face, had to see her eyes and he pushed her back, irritated when she turned her eyes away. Gears turning in his head about what could possibly prompt her to put herself in danger. He knew she'd been lying when she said it was a nightmare that did it, but now that he knew the truth. . . it just didn't make sense to him.
"I'd never had a dream like that before. I wasn't even sure exactly how I felt about you before that. I mean, I had a pretty good idea, but... that was the first night anything like that had happened. I panicked. I knew I wouldn't be able to act normal in the morning when I saw you. And you're always so damn perceptive I didn't think I could hide it. And I didn't want to mess things up between us because of how I felt."

Her short tirade came to an end. He took a moment to think on her words, remembering the days of her early childhood. She'd never been able to lie around him, never been able to hide anything. He could always tell when she had been keeping secrets, until this. He wondered himself if he would've been able to see it, if she'd stayed and been there that morning. If he'd seen the embarrassment in her eyes. The avoidance. If he would've been able to put the pieces together. He wasn't sure.

He felt her distress over this though, and moved to fix it.

He grasped her face gently, making her look at him. She had to understand that she could trust him. That he cared about her.

"I never meant to make you think I didn't trust you. Or that I wouldn't come to you if something was wrong. All that time I just- I just didn't want to risk losing you because of my selfish feelings and-"

"Frisk," he said, no longer cared about what had happened. He understood. He understood because he'd done the same thing. He had kept the truth from her because he didn't want to risk losing her. She had to understand. She had to understand what she meant to him.

And once again, he couldn't stop himself. Everything he felt from her soul, from his soul, resonated through him so loudly he couldn't ignore it. And he leaned forward and kissed her. He felt her relax against him, returning the kiss and the remaining doubts he didn't even know he'd had faded away. His magic was no longer completely under his control as he kissed her, magic sparking across her skin, echoing the love he had for her. He let his fingers tangle in her silky soft hair, gently pulling her head back as he kissed her, lips moving with hers. Her lips were so soft against his own, the feel of them was driving him crazy, making his bones hotter than he'd ever felt them, his magic filling him to the brim.

He realized just in time that Frisk did need to breathe and he let her go, instead wrapping his arms back around her, relishing in the feel of her body as he leaned back and gazed at her flushed face, her sparkling, dazed eyes. And it made his soul warm knowing he caused it.

And he had another question, as he thought of her dreaming of him like that. "Frisk, was that the only dream you had like that?" Her cheeks flushed, already giving him his answer. But she answered him anyway.

"Not even remotely," she said, shaking her head. "I may have had dreams like that nearly every night for the past two years."

Dreams like that nearly every night for the past two years. And suddenly he was filled with thoughts of her dreaming about him, touching herself as she dreamed, imagining him doing those things to her instead. He felt that possessive, deep desire fill him again. The one he wasn't entirely familiar with.

As he thought about this, about everything that had happened he got immediately suspicious, considering the events of the last few nights.
"Frisk, no more secrets, right?"

"No more secrets," she said, crossing her heart and sending affection through him as he remembered all the times she'd done that.

"Who else knows about you- me- us?"

She chewed her lip nervously and he knew immediately that his suspicions had been right. Something had been up.

"Ton-ton, Undyne, Alphys and Papy."

He couldn't help but sigh. "Even my bro?" That even his brother was in on it. . . he didn't know how he hadn't seen something was up. Pap was terrible at keeping secrets.

"Why do you think he made you wear a suit to the party last night?" Frisk asked, amused.

*That party was only last night? It feels like a life time ago.*

It certainly made sense now though, remembering his little brothers odd behavior. Pap had been fidgety and sweaty and nervous and so ridiculously insistent about him putting on a suit. No amount of protesting from him had made a difference to his brother. He had no doubt that Pap would've wrestled him into a suit himself if he'd had to. He sighed again.

"Well, that explains that. He was very pushy about that. Not just normal pushy, like crazy pushy. Guess I see why."

Frisk giggled, the sound sweet to his ears.

"So the party last night," he started, recalling how jealous he'd felt during that party, watching Frisk interact with everyone, and he had no doubt that jealousy had been deliberately prompted.

"We may have planned a few things," she admitted, seeming only the slightest bashful about it.

"How much was planned?" he asked, imagining that dance she'd had with Mettaton, imagining her interacting with Damen, dancing with him.

"The dance. Ton-ton's flirty. Apparently Damen and Alex being there, but he didn't tell me about that."

He sighed, frustrated that it had been apart of their plan. "And who's idea was all of this?"

"Who do you think? Alphys found out first, Undyne and Ton-ton were quick to know, and then Papyrus. They kinda already saw how we felt though, before I even said anything. Well, maybe not Pap. But they've been "shipping" us for years apparently."

It made so much sense. It wasn't hard to imagine them, conniving and nosy, trying to manipulate things to get the two of them together.

"Of course they have." Another thought occurred to him. "Who gave it away? Me or you?" He was curious if he was the only one who had been oblivious to how Frisk felt.

"Apparently you. They somehow doubted whether I felt anything for you or not."

He almost laughed. At least he wasn't the only one. "Well, it wasn't exactly obvious."
"Sans, do you have any idea how flustered all your teasing made me?"

He had to think for a second, remembering the night of the snow storm, how flustered she'd been that night, among many others. "Okay, you have a point."

"Yeah," she said, as though that made everything else obvious.

"But that could just be seen as you being bashful. Not actually... feeling the same way." Which is what he'd assumed for so long. He felt like even more of an idiot remembering how she'd reacted to all his antics over the years, and completely baffled at himself for not seeing it sooner. It was so obvious now that he knew the truth.

He had to think for another second, remembering what must have been last night. What he'd seen. Frisk sending him downstairs for towels. Coming back up to the bathroom door being partially open, and seeing her naked body in the mirror a moment before he'd pushed it open. He hadn't been able to move, hadn't been able to breathe seeing her like that. He'd completely frozen, unable to take his eyes off her. The way her hips swayed when she walked up to the shower, how she looked, so beautiful, seeing her like that for the first time. How she'd arched her back when she got under the water, enunciating her curves so teasingly. How she'd turned towards him, leaning against the bathroom wall as she'd touched herself, hands sliding all over her body. Hands squeezing her breasts, between her legs, those lewd moans as she touched herself, her legs trembling as she tried to stay standing. He hadn't been able to take it. So he'd teleported away. But not before grabbing a little memento. If she was going to tease him like that, she owed him at least a pair of underwear. He'd been so full of desire he hadn't been thinking rationally, simply doing what his magic urged him to do.

But now, looking back on it, it seemed suspiciously teasingly. "How much of last night was planned?" he asked, trying to be as scolding as possible.

Frisk averted her eyes, turning her face away and he knew he had his answer. "That last bit may have just been me," she whispered, voice barely audible, and wavering just the slightest bit with nerves or embarrassment. He locked his eyes on her scrutinizingly, dragging the truth from her. "I kinda planned for you to see me in the shower like that."

"Frisk~" he groaned, already picturing the scene from that night in a whole new light. Her doing it just for him. Just to tease him. As if it hadn't been bad enough already. "Do you have any idea~" he couldn't continue the sentence, an exasperated groan escaping him, his mind unable to think of anything else but her in that shower.

"I kind of do," she said, so quietly he barely heard her words.

It took him a moment to process them. And then he remembered. He'd noticed the water was no longer running and had panicked, worrying she might come out to look for him. He'd tossed away his dirty suit jacket and came to look for her, finding the bathroom empty. Instead she'd been under her blankets, "asleep". Evidently not. He'd thought it strange that she would go to sleep so quickly like that, but figured she'd been exhausted from the day and had simply chosen to go to bed when he hadn't been out there. Obviously that wasn't what happened.

"You saw me." He looked into her eyes, once again trying to pull the truth to the surface. She nodded, unable to speak. And he couldn't do anything else but hide himself in his hands as he imagined her watching him. Oh gods, I was jerking off with her underwear pressed to my face.

"If it makes you feel any better, I like what I saw."
Her words shocked him, filling him with both embarrassment and arousal. His embarrassment prompted him to lean forward and hide himself against her so she couldn't see his face, couldn't see how much he was blushing. She wrapped her arms around him, which wasn't really helping with his other problem.

Just the thought of her watching him, and liking what she saw. Getting turned on by what she saw.

"Frisk, you can't just go and say stuff like that. You don't know what it does to me," he grumbled quietly in complaint.

Frisk giggled, the quiet sound unbearably adorable. "I think I know." She said these words teasingly, with more confidence. Just trying to rile him up now.

He couldn't help but sigh, allowing himself to wrap his arms back around her, now that he knew he could. He kept his face pressed against her neck, simply enjoying the scent of her.

"I'm such an idiot," he mumbled quietly, mind just racing through the memories of the years they'd spent together. So much time wasted, so much time filled with tension and awkwardness because of him. Because he hadn't been seeing what was so plainly in her eyes now. Now that he was really looking.

"Well, if it makes you feel any better, I am too," Frisk said with a quiet, reassuring laugh.

"I should have seen it. I should have said something. These last two weeks were hell for me." And they were. He'd felt like he'd been dying, unable to let himself near her after what he'd done. Thinking he'd ruined everything they had with one stupid impulsive kiss. He'd kept himself away from her, and now that he knew how she felt he could only imagine what it must have seemed like to her, if her doubts were anything like his. Which he knew they were.

"Me too." The words only deepened his anger at himself.

"Exactly my point. I shouldn't have just ignored you like that, I was just so afraid-"

"I know," she said softly, breaking off his angry tirade before it could start. "There's no need to explain. I know."

He looked into her eyes, and as he did so, his anger faded. The happiness radiating from her soul melted it away and he simply felt content and at ease.

"Well hey. Your nightmare's been forgotten," Frisk said, smiling softly.

He had to stop and think for a second as he remembered that he'd had a nightmare. That's the whole reason he'd been in here in the first place. The nightmare seemed so distant now, like it belonged in another life, almost forgotten. "All thanks to you," he said, immensely happy as he pulled her close, needing to feel her presence as he realized she'd made the darkness of that nightmare completely fade. With just a kiss.

She giggled happily, the sound making his soul soar as she nuzzled into him. They were both content to simply be in each others arms, and he was so happy to be this close to her and be content in the knowledge that they both felt the same way, sitting here, wrapped in each other.

Of course, his mind ended up wandering to other things. Starting with her kiss. And then how she'd looked last night, bathed in soft light, like an angel. And then his mind wandered over other memories. Memories of her body moving against his as they'd danced to that suggestive, now
obviously planned, song. How she'd looked in that shower, moaning... How much he wanted to hear it again.

He wanted to kiss her, he wanted to feel her, he wanted to do everything he'd ever imagined so badly it hurt, but he didn't know how much he could get away with. They had just come to this revelation, he didn't want to mess anything up by moving too quickly. But he felt he had to say something.

"Frisk, there are so many things that I wanna say, so many things that I wanna do~" he didn't know how to continue that sentence.

"So what's stopping you?" Frisk asked, voice low and suggestive.

He couldn't help but wonder if she meant what he thought she meant. If she understood what he meant. "I don't want to overstep my bounds here. I don't know-"

"You're not overstepping anything. Tell me what you want," she prompted, cheeks turning the prettiest shade of pink as she blushed, and he knew she knew exactly what she was suggesting.

"I want to kiss you. And I want to hold you all damn night. I want to do anything I can to make up for all the bad things, to just make you happy." He remembered the many nights she'd had nightmares, just as bad as his, how much he'd wanted to help her back then. How badly he wanted to erase it now.

"You already do."

He was already shaking his head before she'd finished. If she had suffered even a fraction of how much he'd suffered... he couldn't bear the thought. He just wanted... "I want to make it all just disappear." He placed one hand gently on her face, momentarily surprised, once again, at how small she was in his hands. His fingers strayed over the shape of her jaw, her cheekbones, with fascination, his other hand sliding around her waist, pressing her closer, needing to feel her closer.

"I want to do so much more." And he meant those words in so many ways.

Frisk raised her hands, gently grasping his face between her small fingers, staring into his eyes intently. He could see her looking into him, really looking for something in his eyes. He felt his fear, felt his doubts creeping at the edges. How much it would hurt to lose this. And reminded of the demon who would be so happy to tear it away from him.

"Sans, I love you. I love you so much more than I could ever describe with just words. I have for so long. I love everything you are. I want nothing more than to just make all the bad we have ever been through just disappear. To make all the suffering and pain you have felt vanish. I want to make up for everything I did to you." Everything she did to him. Everything she did to him? He couldn't possibly let her think that anything that had happened had been her fault. But she wouldn't allow him to protest, firmly placing her hand over his mouth and continuing to speak. "I will do everything to make you happy, whatever it is. Not because I feel like I have to, but because I want to. More than anything. And if I make you happy, I will gladly give myself to you. I'm already yours. You already stole my heart. Everything else is already yours too."

He couldn't speak, couldn't think. The only thing in his head were her words, echoing over and over in his mind. She was his. She was his. She was his. He had to repeat this to himself so many times, and the words still felt foreign, like he couldn't fully understand them. But he knew how he felt about her.

"Frisk. I can't even begin to explain how much I want you. How much I love you. I will spend
every day for the rest of our lives making you happy. Making up for these idiotic two years of me just bein' an oblivious moron." She giggled and it brought a smile to his face, filling him with a giddy happiness. "But I don't want you doin' anything you're not ready to do." He felt the need to emphasize these words. Because he would in no way hurt her ever again, he wouldn't do anything to her that she didn't want. He wouldn't force her or coerce her into doing anything she wasn't ready to do. She had to understand that.

"Sans, did my little display last night not already tell you exactly how I feel?" she asked, voice low and seductive and the image returned to his mind.

"Are you sure that's what you want?" he asked softly, making sure she meant it, making sure she knew this was what she wanted without a doubt.

"Sans, I am more than ready."

He raised his hands, gently grasping her face between them, eyes traveling over her features, the shape of her eyes, the way they sparkled as they looked at him, the shape of her jaw, her cheekbones, her small nose and her lips, parted so slightly, plump and red and ready to be kissed. He loved the way she felt under his hands, so soft and warm and alive.

He was so ready for this, so ready to be with her. To really make her his.

"Frisk, if at any point you want me to stop, you just tell me alright?" he said gently, making sure she knew he would only go as far as she was willing. That anything she was willing to give was enough for him. She nodded, her eyes genuine and sincere and not the least bit hesitant.

His soul ached for her and he leaned forward, kissing her, gently at first, simply showing her how much he loved her, how much he cared for her, trying to make her understand how much she meant to him with just a kiss. Her hands raised, clutching at his body, her soul thrumming with her desire and he instinctively pulled her closer to him.

Their kiss ignited his desire even further, and he couldn't resist deepening their kiss, his lips desperate against hers, desperate to feel her, desperate to taste her. He parted her lips gently and he felt her soul pulse, felt her heart flutter in her chest, reacting to what he was doing to her. To the anticipation he caused. He wanted to feel more of that, and teasingly tasted her lip, feeling her soft skin beneath his tongue before slipping inside her mouth, gently caressing her tongue with his own, reveling in the sweet taste of her. Her tongue was adorably small, and he easily wrapped his own around hers, feeling her, tasting her. How achingly sweet she was.

The moan that pulled from her throat vibrated against his mouth, making him tremble, wanting to hear, wanting to feel, that delicious sound again. The kiss they shared was quickly fanning the flames of lust that rushed through both of them, her body heating, the magic in his own bones filled him with a tingling energy in response.

His fingers pressed against her, his desire urging him to feel more of her, to feel all of her. He started slow, tugging her shirt up hesitantly, letting her know what he was going to do and giving her time to stop him if she wished. Her hands squeezed gently, encouragingly, at his collar bone, and he let himself relax, his hands slipping under her shirt to feel her skin.

He squeezed her gently beneath his hands, loving the way her flesh felt beneath his fingers, so soft and warm and thrumming with pulses of life. He absolutely loved how she felt in his hands, how her body felt against his, so warm and delicately soft, filled with life, so vastly different from his own being.
As his hands traveled across her skin he felt a particular part of her flesh that was tender, and thought it unusual until he heard Frisk gasp, a pained noise pulled from her throat, making pain twist in his soul like a knife, and realized he had hurt her, bruised her. His mind flashed to that nightmare, to the stars splashed across her skin in shades of purple and blue, and winced as he imagined her skin like that.

He immediately pulled back in concern, his hands easing their grip.

"I hurt you," the words barely escaped him. I hurt you again. He saw the protest in her eyes as her lips parted to give him words of assurance. He didn't want to hear them. The least he could do was feel guilty. And heal her. He sealed her lips with a kiss and spread his fingers out, covering more of her skin as he used his magic to feel where she was bruised, quickly allowing his magic to seep into her muscles, repairing the damage he had done. He didn't expect the moan that came from her throat, and realized that for once he hadn't held his magic back, allowing her to feel all of it, and the emotions behind it, even if she didn't realize that she could.

He felt her soul thrumming in her chest as he pulled his magic back, and was drawn to it, feeling drunk with all the emotions he could feel radiating from it, leaving him powerless to her desires. And his own.

His hands continued to caress her, feeling her, fascinated with the goose bumps that appeared on her skin, despite how flushed their bodies were, fascinated with the sound of her blood pumping through her veins, fascinated with the way her body shivered, relaxing into him, explicitly trusting him. He felt the way her shoulder blades curved under her skin, felt how her ribs bent, felt the knobs of her spine, relishing in the unique beauty of her body, eager to discover every little thing.

As he felt her beneath his hands, he eased back from their kiss, carefully biting her lip, pulling it between his teeth, tasting it, loving the way her flesh indented under his teeth, so smooth and squishy. The gasp the gesture elicited sent another jolt of primal desire through him. Her small hands pressed against his chest, and her soul thrummed with lust, wanting him.

He leaned back, wanting to see that look of desire in her eyes. Her cheeks were flushed a beautiful scarlet, her lips plump and red and wet from their kisses, a slight sheen of skin made her skin shine, and her eyes sparkled, burning with heated desire. Her breath was heavier than usual, gently wafting against him.

His hands continued their exploration almost of their own accord, sliding down to squeeze the flesh of her hips between them, feeling her hips bones beneath the tips of his fingers, sliding across her stomach, feeling how soft her skin was, feeling the toned muscles of her abdomen, tracing the shape of them, fascinated with how her strength could be physically felt.

His hands slid up, following the guidance of her eyes as his hands felt her bones beneath her skin, stopping short of her breasts and watching how her blush deepened, her heart beating harder in her chest, her breathing deepening with anticipation. Every response left him breathless, so fascinated seeing how her body worked, and how much he loved every little reaction.

His desire prompted him to lower his hands, wanting to see the beautiful body that he had been feeling. He hesitated once again, giving her time to stop him. Her eyes only brightened as she smiled at him, her small hands wrapping gently around his own, lifting them and removing the shirt. He tossed it to the side, glad to be rid of it.

His eyes drank her in, hardly believing she was as beautiful as she felt. Her skin was pale and smooth, giving the impression that she was made of porcelain. Her sides curved beautifully, her stomach muscled and strong, her hips showing above the hem of her shorts, the v her muscles
made that her shorts covered only made him hungry to see more. But he settled for returning his hands to her skin, just as eager to see her beneath his hands as he was to feel her. His eyes roamed freely over her skin, over the beautifully, round shape of her breasts, eyes taking in the sight of her skin, and the pink nipples that he wanted to feel and taste. He wanted to taste every inch of her skin.

His hands slid up, drawn to her, moving faster than his own brain could consciously tell him to, led more by his magic than anything else. He was absolutely fascinated with how soft they were, with how smooth the flesh of them felt beneath his hands, fascinated with how her skin indented around his fingers, her flesh curving around them.

He was eager to feel more, to discover more about her, to witness all the things he'd read and learned about humans. His fingers gently caressed over her nipples, immediately fascinated with how they hardened under his touch, a soft gasp escaping her, filled with pleasure, and it made him ache with those primal desires.

His eyes returned to her face, examining every little reaction as he leaned closer, kissing her softly again as he felt her, rolling her hardened nipples between his fingers, earning another moan from her and a satisfied hum from him, glad that she was responding to him the way he hoped she would. He parted her lips, eager to taste her again as he continued to touch her, finding the ways she liked it best as her body arched into his chest, little moans pulled from her lips with every touch.

And now he wanted to taste her. He kissed across her cheek, kissing down her jaw, tracing the shape of her face with his kisses. He pressed a tender kiss in the nape of her neck, beneath her ear, nipping gently with his teeth, feeling the way her flesh shifted, kissing the tendon in her throat, feeling her jugular pulse beneath his mouth, fluttering against lips with rapid, strong pulses. He could feel the blood rushing through her, warm beneath his mouth. His tongue stroked against her collarbone as he slipped down, tracing its shape, enjoying the shape, the feel, of her bones. His tongue slid down her chest, her skin tasting smooth and slightly salty.

He held his desire to push further in check, his desire to tease her much more prominent, eager to see just how much she wanted him. He teasingly rubbed circles around her nipple with his tongue. Her body squirmed against his, her soul throbbing with impatient desire, and he couldn't suppress a pleased chuckle that she was reacting just the way he wanted her to.

Allowing himself to give into his own desires, and give her what she wanted, he slid his tongue over her nipple, feeling the fragile skin and pulling it between his teeth, rolling it between them, carefully testing how rough he could be. His free hand attended to her other breast at the same time, leaving no part of her ignored. Her head fell back and he couldn't resist the low, deep hums of approval that rolled out of his chest. He pulled her nipple teasingly between his teeth before moving to the other one, doing it all over again.

Her soul was thrumming with suppressed lust, wrapping around him, and he didn't misunderstand what it meant when her thighs tightened around him. Feeling how much she wanted him was driving him crazy, that primal desire filling him nearly to uncontrollable levels. He leaned back, locking her eyes in his gaze, drinking in everything they expressed.

He saw everything she felt in them, all her lust, all her love, and his own soul, his own magic mimicked it. He felt his desire soften with his love and he raised his hands, gently cupping her face. He knew where this was headed, and wanted to be sure she knew this was what she wanted.

"Are you sure you wanna do this, sweetheart?" he asked, softly, trying his best to express that she could say no if she wanted. "I want you to be sure about this. I don't want you to do anythin' you're
gonna regret."

"I'm sure, Sans. I want it to be you," she said, voice gentle and imploring as she raised a hand to stroke his cheekbone with her soft fingers, assuring him with her touch. "And there's no way I could ever regret this."

Her words melted his heart. He was an instrument of her desire.

He kissed her, wrapping his hands around her thighs and lifting her as he moved them both to the bed, laying her softly against the sheets and balancing himself as he knelt over her, keeping his weight off her body.

He leaned back enough to gaze lovingly down at her, his hands glued to her thighs; he didn't think he would've been able to remove them no matter how hard he tried to make himself. His hands slid up, closer to what he wanted, stopping at the hem of those pesky, annoying cotton shorts. His fingers slid under them, feeling the slope of her legs, slipping under her underwear to feel the soft joint there, feeling her pulse beneath his finger tips before pulling his hands back out, watching all the emotions burning in her eyes as he did it. She bit her lip and he smiled, letting himself raise his hands to run his fingers across her lower tummy, slipping under the hem of her shorts and slipping his fingers teasingly close before pulling his fingers back and grabbing her shorts, swiftly pulling them down her legs and discarding them.

He gently placed his knees between her legs, and she spread them eagerly for him. He leaned back on his legs to get a full view of her naked beneath him. Her skin shined with a thin sheen of sweat, her stomach rising and falling with each breath, her rapid pulse visibly beating against the thin skin of her throat. His eyes drank in every inch of her skin, from her lust-filled eyes to her hardened nipples to the glistening, delicate pink lips between her legs.

He'd never felt a pulse of desire as strong as he did in that moment, looking down at her, wet and trembling with anticipation just for him.

His hands stroked idly up and down her thighs as he looked down at her, unable to tear his eyes from the beautiful sight beneath him. He reveled in the feel of the soft flesh of her inner thighs, and the strong muscles of her legs.

"Sans~" Frisk softly called his name, pulling him from his thoughts and prompting him to tear his eyes away from her body and to her eyes. Her cheeks were flushed, her hair sticking to her forward, wildly messy around her head, in the most sexy way. Her eyes were full of unsurity. He smiled, leaning forward to press his skull to her forehead, gazing into her eyes for just a moment before leaning in and kissing her, reassuring her with that gesture as much as his words.

"Don't be shy, sweetheart. You're beautiful."

He anticipated her flustered response and leaned in, swiftly stealing her words with a kiss, turning them into a moan against his mouth. He laughed as he pulled back, watching her purse her lips in a pout.

He stared into her eyes as his hands slid back down her thighs, following the slope of her legs and feeling the tendon of her inner legs, her legs twitching as he stroked them, and he smiled, very pleased with that reaction. He pressed his fingers into the sensitive skin around her sex, simply tracing the soft skin beneath his fingers as he watched her.

"Sans, stop teasing," she complained pleadingly, and he chuckled, loving making her want him.
"Alright, alright," he finally conceded with a laugh, his own desire prompting him to continue. He kissed her once again as he slid one hand between her lips, immediately shocked at just how wet she was, slick and warm beneath his fingers, the wetness easily coating his fingers. He could only imagine what she felt like inside, so warm and tight and wet.

He couldn't suppress a deep moan at the thought. "Fuck, babe. I knew that you'd be wet, but damn." He couldn't suppress the shudder that went through him just imagining her body wrapped around him. "Oh, baby, I love how wet you feel. And all for me?" he chuckled, feeling the desire he caused her as he rubbed teasingly over that tight little entrance. He bit his lip as she moaned and squirmed beneath him, reveling in the sight.

"Sans~" she moaned his name, pleading with him, but he wasn't done experimenting, eager to see all her reactions.

"Hmm, I wonder. . ." he said teasingly. "How will you react if I press right here?" he said slowly, sliding his fingers up and pressing against the little sensitive button that made her whole body jerk, her hips pushing her body closer to his hand as a loud moan inadvertently escaped her and she bit her lip to try and suppress the sound.

"Oohh, I like that reaction," he said with a deep chuckle, the laugh resounding with his dominant desire. He continued to feel around her clit, pressing and rolling and feeling, using her soul and her body's reactions to guide him in the best way, the way that would make her feel the most pleasure. The loud moans he pulled from her and the way her body squirmed, and quivered and trembled beneath him with every press only encouraged him more. He watched the way her body arched, her thighs tightened with surprising strength against his legs with every press against her clit.

Not wanting to leave any part of her wanting he raised his hand, easily wrapping it around her breast and continuing to play with her hardened nipples. She was getting wetter and wetter with every moment, that slickness coating his fingers, his hand, soaking her legs and the sheets beneath her. The thought of feeling inside her filled his head, and he couldn't ignore it. He drew his fingers away and her body immediately relaxed, slumping into the sheets with exhaustion. Her pulse was pounding through her so strongly he could hear her heartbeat in the quiet room even without the aid of his magic, her ragged breathing filled the air, accompanied by the quietest of moans with every breath.

He slid his fingers down, pressing against her entrance, rubbing around it, feeling her and teasing her at the same time. He released her breast to lean against the bed, keeping himself upright as he leaned closer to watch her, looking at her eyes for confirmation.

She bit lip impatiently, sexily wiggling her hips towards his fingers, almost pressing him inside her with the movement. "Sans, please~" The words were a quiet, heartfelt plea for him to continue.

He couldn't deny her what she wanted, or what he wanted, and he slowly eased a finger inside her, surprised by just how tight she was, her walls fluttering around his finger. She was so very warm inside, so wet and fleshy and it made him want her so badly.

Her eyes fluttered shut, her lips parting, yet no sound escaped them as her whole body arched, pushing closer to his own.

Every reaction brought fascination and a dominant lust he had only ever felt for her. He leaned closer, watching the way her eyebrows drew together, tracing the curve of her parted lips with his eyes, pressing his skull against her sweaty forehead, eyes tracing the shape of the face he knew more intimately than his own. Each moan vibrated against his mouth, each breath wafting against him, music to his ears.
And as he watched her he was filled with the sudden desire to taste her again and his tongue slid out, tracing the shape of her lip before slipping into her mouth, his tongue curling with hers.

Despite how tight she already felt, he pushed another finger inside her carefully, once again fascinated as her walls stretched to accommodate them, and hoped she could handle more than just his fingers.

He felt and tasted each delicious moan he pulled from her as his fingers explored inside her, eager to discover everything, to feel every part of her.

After a few moments of simply exploring the new feel of her body, he began searching for that one thing in particular, curling his fingers and pressing until he found it. That little rough spot inside her that he'd read so much about, about what it would do to her. And he wasn't disappointed in the least as her sweet cry of pleasure filled the air, her walls tightening and spasming around his fingers, the inside of her growing even wetter. He heard her fingernails scratching against the sheets and he felt her body temperature increase as her hips pressed against his fingers, seemingly of their own accord.

"There it is," he chuckled, far too pleased with himself. He leaned back, this time watching her face as he stroked that rough spot, hungrily devouring every expression. The way her lids fluttered, her lips parting, trembling, the pulse that pressed against the skin of her throat as she moaned.

Her walls fluttered and he followed the rhythm her body, and pulsing soul, led him through. He felt her whole body trembling, her walls clenching and spasming around his fingers with every press against that little rough spot and he felt that she was close, so close to that delicious release of pleasure. And he was so eager to make her feel it. He began rubbing his thumb in tight little circles around her clit as he stroked that spot, only increasing the tightness of her body around him.

"There you go, cum for baby," he coaxed, his magic filling his voice, compelling her to follow its direction.

And she did, every muscle in her body tightening up, her thighs crushingly tight as they pressed against his, her back arching, her fingers almost ripping through the fabric of her bed sheets. His fingers followed the fluttering rhythm of her walls, increasing the pleasure of her orgasm as she experienced it, so strong her cry of pleasure was almost a scream.

He eased his finger out as her body relaxed, slumping against the bed. It took her a moment but her eyes finally opened, meeting his own. His thoughts were filled with so much predatory intent, and he knew she could see it and it only turned him on more. He wanted her. He wanted to feel her. He wanted to make her cum again, and this time he wanted to feel it around his length.

Her sweat slicked body, with trembling muscles and sexy, tousled hair was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen. He pushed the hair that stuck to her face back and kissed her, roughly, insistently.

"Gods damn you are so fucking beautiful," he whispered, realizing after a moment he had spoken his thoughts aloud and simply went with it. He kissed her again. "And perfect." And again. "And sexy." He moved his lips with hers, tasting her, so sweet.

He felt her hands as they clutched at his hoodie, pulling at it weakly. He leaned back, looking down at her teasingly.

"If you wanted me to take my clothes off that bad, all you had to do was ask," he winked, laughing when her cheeks turned even redder, her lips going into that adorable pout that made him want to kiss her.
He pulled his hoodie off his shoulders, hesitating just as he was about to toss it aside, and changed his mind, instead lifting her small form and wrapping its fluffiness around her instead. He looked forward to being able to smell her scent on the garment later.

As his hands began to pull at his shirt he took in her body, seeing how fleshy and toned she was, and was immediately reminded that his body was nothing like hers. Would she prefer a human body? One that was soft and fleshy and muscled like hers? From what he'd seen of the human internet, that was how they depicted human attractiveness. Would she be attracted to him, when he was all bones?

He was pulled out of his thoughts when she put her hands over his once again, pulling them up and removing his shirt, tossing it aside just as he had done hers.

"Heh, I'm not all soft and fleshy like you so might be a little disappointed-" his words and thoughts were immediately interrupted when she sat up, winding those small, soft fingers around his ribs. He saw her bite her lip and saw the mischievous, pleased laughter in her eyes as his body responded the touch, his body shuddering as she pressed against his sensitive bones. When she slipped her fingers around it, feeling the back of his rib he couldn't hold back a moan of his own.

"Sensitive bones I see," she teased, and he knew she was far too pleased with his reactions as she slid her fingers down his rib cage, feeling each one. He was none too pleased with her coyness. He was supposed to be making her react this way, not the other way around.

He wrapped his hands around hers, stopping her. "Careful what you do, sweetheart. Too much of that and I won't be able to control myself." And he meant it. He could feel his magic raging through his body, almost out of his control. His soul desired her so badly, and the pleasure from her small touches wasn't helping him keep that desire in check.

"And what if I don't want you to?" she asked quietly, teasingly, her voice an invitation.

He felt his magic pulse in response, filling him an urge to just bend her over and fuck her already. "You sure you know what you're askin' for?" he said, the words an inadvertent growl.

She nodded softly, eyes challenging him. He leaned down, gently cupping her face between his hands, holding her in place as his magic stole his control and he kissed her, rough and ravenous.

Her hands continued to press against his ribs, feeling him the same way he had felt her, feeling every inch she could. Her exploring hands hesitantly stroked down his spine and his whole body shuddered, a groan escaping him. His brain was clouded with pleasure and he couldn't process the thought to stop her fast enough. Her fingers slid up inside his rib cage and he'd never felt more out of control as he did with her hands on him.

His magic washed through him with pulses, shaking his already trembling body with its force. He was so focused on the feel of those small, soft hands inside his rib cage he didn't even hear himself.

He fought to pull his trembling body and unstable magic back under his full control as she slid those hands down to his pelvic bone, almost pulling a cry of pleasure from his own chest. He suppressed it, his hands finally catching up with his minds commands and wrapping around hers, pinning them to the bed sheets roughly. His dominant nature reared its head, his eye flaming to life as he fought to keep himself from ravishing her this very moment.

"Frisk," he growled, having to take a moment to calm his magic. He saw the desire in her eyes and realized he couldn't hold himself back anymore. He needed her. He physically needed her. Needed her like he'd never needed anything in his life. His magic was already coursing through his bones...
with intent.

He forced himself to relax and softened his expression as he gazed down at her, thinking instead of how much he loved her and reminding himself of the other things he had read about humans.

He leaned down, eyes meeting hers. "I need you." He pressed closer, conveying all his need and desire with that one look. "Gods, I need you so badly."

"Take me, Sans. Please, make me yours." Her voice was so filled with lust and pleading desire for him to do just that.

He growled in response, the bestial sound pulled from the recesses of his rib cage, a sound only pulled up from great anger or great lust. He kissed her, his hands gripping her thighs too eagerly as he lifted them, resting them on his hip bones. When he pulled back to speak her eyes flicked down with curiosity to look at him and he almost chuckled.

She bit her lip once again, in that way that drove him crazy, her body trembling, her hips squirming. She lifted her eyes to meet his after a few moments. "Frisk, I know how fragile humans can be, especially with their first time. I'll be gentle, okay? And if I hurt you, stop me." She nodded eagerly and he leaned in to kiss her as he freed himself, having to hold himself back even as he positioned himself appropriately between her legs.

Her body trembled in anticipation of feeling him, and he slid slowly against her entrance, sliding his length up between her lips, liberally soaking himself in her warm, wet juices. He slid his length up and rubbed his tip against her clit, enjoying the surprised moan that escaped her before his control wavered and he pressed against her entrance.

"Hold onto me, baby. As tight as you need to," he cooed gently, smiling encouragingly when she wrapped her arms around his rib cage, her fingers gripping onto them in nervous anticipation, making him shake again.

He leaned close, pressing his forehead against hers, staring into her eyes, wanting to see the expressions in them as he filled her. He slowly pressed inside her, his slick length almost struggling to push inside those tight tight walls. His tip pushed inside suddenly as her body gave way to his will and he slowed himself, going as slow as he could force himself, his body trembling against his restraint as he wanted nothing more than to simply push all the way inside her. But he could tell by the way her muscles and her walls trembled that she wasn't used to his size.

She was just as wet and warm and tight as he'd imagined though, tightening and fluttering around him. She felt so good he almost couldn't control himself.

Her moans were quiet, soft and pained, different from her earlier sounds.

He had to stop himself, force himself to think about what she must be feeling. "I'm hurting you."

"I'm okay," she gasped the words, forcing them out. But she couldn't hide the truth, the way her whole body shook. Just the thought of hurting her, no matter how good she felt to him... he couldn't stand it.

"Baby, I can stop if you need me to. It'll be the hardest fucking thing I ever do, but I'll stop," he groaned, almost not wanting to say those words but he had to. And he meant them. She did feel amazing, more amazing than anything he'd ever felt, than he imagined he could feel, but he wouldn't continue unless he knew she felt the same way.

"Please don't stop," she whispered quietly, her walls timely tightening around him. "It's nothing I
can't handle. Please."

He couldn't deny her what she wanted, though he was determined to stop if he continued to hurt her for much longer.

He continued to push inside her, stopping before he'd gone too far, not sure just how much she could handle and not wanting to risk hurting her more. He forced himself to stop, going still, forcing himself to simply enjoy feeling her as he gave her a moment. But her body was so tense he couldn't tell what she was feeling.

"Relax baby girl, relax. I've got you," he coaxed gently, one hand rubbing soothingly along her side while his other squeezed the leg she had wrapped around him like a death grip. Her legs slowly relaxed their hold, her whole body slowly easing against the sheets. "There you go. I've got you."

Her body had relaxed, her walls still gripping and fluttering around him, though he thought he could sense that the reason was different than it had been a moment ago.

"Sans," Frisk moaned, her voice fueling that fire inside him. How delicious it was to hear her moaning him name.

"Yes baby?" he answered.

"Please," her words halted as she gasped. "Please move." There was no longer any pain in her voice, just desire.

He smiled, immensely pleased that she was alright and he didn't have to stop. He leaned forward to kiss her, slowly easing himself back before pushing in, her wetness causing him to go in deeper than before and she moaned again.

He was holding himself back, being gentle with her as he slowly pushed deeper inside her with every thrust until he was fully hilted. She felt so amazing, he could feel every fold and wrinkle of her insides tight around him as he moved slowly with her.

The sudden memory of seeing her stretching reminded him just how flexible she was and what he could get away with doing. So he grabbed her thighs, gently easing them down until they were pinned against the sheets, giving him better access to her body.

"Sans, please. Please go faster," Frisk suddenly gasped, barely able to speak past the moans every move coaxed from her. Her soul was screaming at him for more.

He chuckled, more than happy to oblige, his own body hungry for more. He pulled back pushing inside her roughly, making Frisk cry out, her hands tightening their grip on him and it filled him with hungry satisfaction, desperate to make her feel more, to feel more himself.

Her moans were so deliciously loud with every thrust, drowning his senses in her sweet voice. When she bit her lip, attempting to stifle her sounds it only ignited that primal desire. *Fuck no, that ain't allowed.* He wanted to hear every sound he forced from her. He leaned forward and pulled her lip between his teeth, having to remind himself to be gentle as he thrust roughly back in her, that delicious sound filling every empty space and washing against him like a tide.

His desire filled his head, leaving room for little other thought than this moment right here with her. He wanted to make her feel so good she couldn't think, wanted to make her feel so good she had no control, just like him. He lifted one of her legs over his shoulder, keeping the other firmly in place on the bed as he pictured exactly where that little sensitive spot was inside her, and how to angle her to hit it. He felt when he did, that rough spot rubbing against the top of his dick and Frisk
screamed in pleasure, her walls spasming around him with every push against that spot. Her legs were a vice around his hips, her fingernails scratching against his bones, though it was a sense he was only dully aware of, intently focused on the feel of her.

"Sans!" she screamed, his name ripped from her throat in her throes of pleasure.

"Fuck, yes~" he growled, the sound animalistic and primal. "Say my name again. Scream it for me," he commanded, hitting that spot and pushing her towards that edge of pleasure again.

She screamed in pleasure, her whole body taught as a bowstring as he continued to ravish her.

"Sans!" her name screamed his name over and over, swearing and mumbling incoherent words half the time. He was unraveling her, and he felt it. But he wasn't ready to let her go just yet. He wrapped his magic around her, finding all the right places to hold with it to keep her from going over until he was ready for her to.

Soon enough she was a quivering, begging mess beneath him. "Sans, Sans please, please please. Please, I need-" Another pleasurable scream cut her off and he could see how hard she was trying just to speak these few desperate words. He cut off any continued begging with a rough kiss.

"Are you gonna cum for me?" he teasingly asked, his fingers trailing down to rub against that sensitive little clit, and he had to increase his magic to keep her from tipping over as he did so.

"Yes! Fuck yes! Please-" Another scream. "Please Sans, Saaaans~" She could barely speak. "Please." She was so far gone, he could feel it. He could feel her soul echoing everything she felt and it filled him with so much satisfaction.

The hand that wasn't pressing and teasing that cute little button gripped her thigh, squeezing and feeling her. He gave himself a few more satisfied moments of teasing her before he finally conceded, eager to feel her cum for him.

"Cum for me then, baby girl, cum for me," his voice was a soft command as he rolled his hips against that spot and pulled back that magic, releasing her. That tidal wave of pleasure washed through her more intense than before, her soul echoing it, giving him just a small taste of what she felt. What she felt because of him.

Her walls clenched around his girth like a vice, walls spasming wildly as every muscle in her body tensed up against him or around him. He continued to move inside her, making sure those waves of pleasure didn't fade away too fast. Her body was so very tight around him, her walls clenching around him and pulling away his remaining control, tipping him over as well. His orgasm washed through him, filling his bones with pleasure, more satisfying than it ever had as he came inside her, filling her with him, pushing inside her as far as her body would allow, wanting to push it in as deep as possible.

As his high faded, he felt hers come down as well and his bones felt like jelly, that exhausted tiredness seeping into his body. He eased her leg off his shoulder, putting her down into a more comfortable position.

She still felt so good inside but he forced himself to pull out of her, having to hold back a disappointed groan as he did so.

Their pleasure continued to echo through their bodies, and as he felt it all he was filled with love once again. Gods he loved her. How could he possibly love anything so much? He didn't know, but he didn't care. It felt so good to love her and he just reveled in feeling it.
He pressed his body fully against hers, raising his hands to tangle in that soft, silky hair as he kissed her, his love driving him forward, his magic pulsing with all his barely contained emotions.

He finally pulled back, allowing her to breathe as he gazed down at her. She was so beautiful, and adorable and amazing and perfect. Gods how could something as perfect as her exist? How could something as perfect as her belong to him?

She smiled at him, a small genuinely happy smile and it filled him with an echoing happiness. Her eyes fluttered, threatening to close. He chuckled and eased his weight off her, falling to the sheets beside her and pulling her fluffy blanket over their bottom half's, pulling his hoodie tighter around her, making sure she was snugly trapped inside it.

His wavering magic finally began to dissipate and the blue glow in the room dissipated as the flames in his socket disappeared. Her body eased slowly against the sheets, her tired muscles slowly relaxing. She rolled onto her side, gazing at him with sparkling eyes, pressing her face into the material of his hoodie and breathing deep, and his soul pulsed with affection as he saw her breathing in his scent the same way he did hers.

"I love you, Frisk," he said, never meaning anything as much as he meant those words. "I love you so much."

"And I love you, Sans," she whispered, eyes fluttering in exhaustion as she forced them open. Seeing her attempting to stay awake was adorable and he chuckled.

"Don't worry, sweetheart. You can sleep. I'll stay right here with you." He had no intention of going anywhere. Nothing in the world could make him leave her side right now.

"Promise?" she asked sleepily, her eyes sliding shut.

It was the easiest promise he had ever made. "I promise. I'll be right here when you wake up."

His hands returned to her body, one hands slowly easing through those silky curls while his other slowly massaged her muscles. He felt her soul fading into sleep as he watched her, her breathing deepening and evening out, her heart beat slowing to that peaceful rhythm.

As he watched her sleeping so peacefully he realized he wouldn't be able to sleep this night. He couldn't. He wouldn't. He wouldn't be able to close his eyes, he couldn't let this night disappear like that. He feared what might return if he let go of this moment, like it would slip between his fingers like air if he didn't keep it firmly in his grasp.

And so he laid and watched her, hands gentle on her to keep her from waking. He traced the shape of her face, his eyes following the shape and curves of her body, memorizing every little detail of this moment. He was determined to ingrain this moment in his memory. He would never forget how this night felt, how she looked now beside him.

As the night slowly eased by he kept his eyes on her, never letting his mind wander to anything but her.

During the night she shifted several times, her eyes fluttering and her body moving as she dreamed. He wished he could disappear into her head, see what she saw, feel what she felt.

The night passed faster than he could anticipate. The light slowly becoming grey before the sun peaked above the horizon, washing their dark world in soft golden light.

He heard the world slowly waking, the birds outside beginning to sing, the rustling of trees in the
wind as little surface animals came awake, rustling through the brush around her house.

Frisk shifted several times in her sleep, kicking the majority of the blankets off her body and Sans moved his coat to cover her better, deciding to simply slide it over her legs so he could see more of her body.

As she shifted and turned, her soul's energy shifted with the change of emotions her dreams caused, and he no longer had to wonder what she was dreaming about. Her back arched, her eye lids fluttering, almost opening. Her fingernails dug into the pillow that was in her grasp, her hips pressing into the mattress. Her heart beat sped up even in her sleep as her body temperature rose.

As her body shifted and curled and pressed against the bed, soft moans would periodically escape her, filling the silence of her room.

"Sans~" she moaned quietly, startling him and he thought for a moment she might have woken up. But she merely shifted in her sleep once again, moaning as she clutched her pillow tighter to herself.

As he watched her, his own magic grew agitated in response to the emotions emanating from her, aching for her. But he repressed it, letting her sleep.

After a few minutes, her body relaxed into the bed, her soul calming once again.

He watched her as the minutes crawled by, his soul aching with the love she brought to him.

Frisk rolled onto her stomach, hugging her pillow. The sight of her warmed his soul and brought a smile to his face.

The sun slowly began creeping through the windows, shining soft light on the beautiful girl sleeping by his side. The brighter light shined on her skin and made the silver scars on her back more prominent.

He slowly reached out, lightly tracing the scars beneath the tips of his fingers, his mind wandering.

Frisk shifted in her sleep, stirring slightly. She hugged her pillow tighter, burying her face in the fluff of it, taking a deep breath. He realized she was waking and smiled. He was happy to have her back in the waking world.

The soft groan that escaped her as she struggled to stay asleep was adorable, and he felt the urge to lean forward and kiss her, but resisted, letting her come awake on her own. She opened her eyes slowly, squinting against the brightness and he watched with wonder as her pupils adjusted to the light. Everything about her fascinated him. It's like every time he thought he knew everything something else would surprise him. There was seemingly always new things to learn about her.

She noticed him and her eyes warmed, sparkling with excitement as a happy smile immediately came to her. He couldn't help but smile back.

"Mornin' beautiful," he greeted.

"Have you been awake for long?" she asked quietly, her voice still thick with sleepiness.

"Only a few minutes." The answer was an immediate reaction and he leaned forward to kiss her, distracting them both from the little white lie that didn't matter. He didn't want her to worry about him.
His hands returned to stroking across her back and she shivered from his touch, sending an immense pulse of satisfaction through him. When he pulled back he noticed that she had turned her face into her pillow, her hands lowering to pull at his sweater and her soul shivered with unsurity.

"What's wrong?" he asked, immediately concerned. He wrapped his hands softly around hers, hoping the gesture would calm her, and he returned his eyes to her skin, immediately finding the source of her discomfort. The scars on her back left little silver lines, and she noticed he'd been tracing them. "These?" He continued tracing her scars, leaning forward to press a kiss to a particularly long scar between her shoulder blades, her body jumping when he did it.

He felt the desire for his touch in her soul, even beneath all the insecurities that hummed through her and continued to leave kisses across her skin, using magic to help ease her doubts away. With every kiss he sent a shock of magic into her muscles, letting it tickle across her skin.

"You are so breathtakingly beautiful." He continued to kiss her. "And these scars. These scars don't change that. These scars show how strong you are. You are perfect, Frisk." He reached the small of her back, kissing the adorable dimples in her skin, and a sudden desire to taste her prompted him to trace his tongue up her back, her skin smooth and faintly salty, and he enjoyed feeling the bumps of her spine curving beneath his tongue.

"Sans~" Frisk's voice was breathless as she half-moaned his name.

He chuckled, immensely enjoying seeing her reactions to every little thing he did. He leaned forward, kissing her cheek and letting his hands return to their place on her back.

"Sorry, babe. I couldn't help myself. You just looked so tasty." He leaned forward, nipping her ear lobe softly, teasingly, chuckling as she squeaked in surprised, the arm that was mostly pinned beneath her attempting to smack him in reprisal.

His devious mind was thinking of every little thing he could do to leave her flustered, and of course wandering to his own desires.

As his hands trailed circles on her back, he felt the urge to see her, and lifted his coat off her body, tossing it far enough away that she couldn't easily grab it. He couldn't help himself when he saw her naked body, his hand sliding down to squeeze her ass, and she attempted to smack him again, just as flustered as he wanted her to be.

"Sans!" she complained to accompany the hit, her muscles tensing as she prepared to move. He stopped her by swiftly sliding his hand down and between her legs, her whole body freezing as she felt him touching her.

He wasn't so shocked when he felt how wet she was, her juices already having started staining the sheets, her earlier dreams obviously having left her a wet mess. And she had been dreaming about him. Moaning his name.

"Damn, baby. You just woke up and you're already so wet for me," he teased, pleased when she tried to smack him again, his fingers, eagerly sliding over her entrance, a moan escaping her.

"What were you dreaming about last night, huh sweetheart?" he asked rhetorically, already knowing exactly what she had been dreaming about, teasing her with it as his fingers teased her. "Cause you were moaning in your sleep." His fingers pressed against her clit, her hips jerking into his touch.

"I was not," she said breathlessly, her body relaxing as he slid his fingers back between her folds,
feeling her.

"Were too. Very lewd moans. Sayin' my name and everything. Now you know you can't just tease me like that this early."

"Tease you?" she started to complain, her words trailing off into a moan as he pressed against her clit, leaving her a trembling mess beneath his hands. She bit her lip, glaring up at him from her partial hiding place in her pillow.

"You're pretty vocal this mornin', babe," he continued to tease, pleased with every reaction.

She huffed at him. "I'm still sore from last night, bonehead. I'm not all made of bone and magic like you. I'm soft and fleshy and I get sore."

Her words immediately concerned him, as he hadn't once considered the possibility that he had hurt her. Or that he was hurting her now. "Am I hurting you?"

Her expression immediately softened, trying to reassure him. "No. I'm just sensitive is all." She blushed as she said the words.

Sensitive, huh? So that's why she was so easily a moaning mess this morning, because she was extra sensitive to his touch. His devious mind began turning, plans forming.

"Is that so?" he asked, mind wandering to dirty things.

His fingers returned to her entrance, gently rubbing around it before slowly inserting a finger, feeling how warm and wet she was, and how her flesh even felt more tender to the touch. Her walls tightened around him, all her muscles tensing.

"You okay babe?" he asked, not wanting to hurt her. He would put aside his desires if she wasn't comfortable.

She arched her back into his touch, seeming unable to quite speak, letting her body reassure him instead.

He carefully inserted another finger, hungrily taking in every delicious moan she made. He curled and pressed against that rough spot inside her, relentlessly moving his fingers against it, rubbing against it in just the way he knew would unravel her the fastest.

It didn't take long for her body to shudder around him as her pleasure released. Her muscles tensed, her fingernails clutching at whatever they could, her toes curling, her back arching. He pulled his fingers out as her walls released their vice grip, and she relaxed against the sheets, a new sheen of sweat making her skin glisten.

She rolled onto her side, smiling at him. "One hell of a way to wake up."

He laughed. She had no idea. "You think I'm done? Roll onto your back sweetheart. There's somethin' else I wanna do."

Her expression grew curious but she did as he said, rolling onto her back. Right behind fucking her, this was the thing he had wanted to do the most. He was so impatient to taste her.

She blushed as she looked up at him, and he smiled reassuringly, his eyes trailing over her naked form. He used his knees to push her legs apart, lowering himself between them and holding himself up on his arms.
Her cheeks flushed even redder, her heart beat picking up in pace as she realized what he wanted to do. He turned his eyes to the wet pink lips between her legs, parting them with his fingers and drinking in the sight of that pretty little pussy. The one that belonged to him and him alone.

"Saaans," Frisk moaned his name quietly in complained, her body squirming under him.

He forced his eyes to return to her. "Why so bashful, baby?" he asked teasingly. She pouted at him in that adorable way she did and he chuckled, eyes returning eagerly to that beautiful view. "Here," he prompted, lifting her legs and placing them on his shoulders as he lowered himself more.

He spread her lips with his fingers once again, examining the wet lips and swollen clit hungrily. "Damn babe," he said quietly. "You're so fucking beautiful. So tempting. I wonder if you taste as good as you look?" He was eager to find out. She squirmed, her thighs trembling and he chuckled, glad that her body seemed to want this almost as much as he did.

His tongue slid out, sliding hungrily along his teeth before he leaned forward, sliding his tongue up between her folds. He was immediately enraptured with her taste. Her consistency was smooth, like she was almost melting against his tongue, and her taste was damn near indescribable. But she was so, so delicious. He didn't think he could get enough.

Her head fell back against the pillow as she moaned, her body squirming impatiently under him. He could tell she wanted more.

He was content to simply taste her at the moment, letting her squirm and squirm, making her want him more and more, his fingers pressing into her muscles. When she rolled her hips towards his face he glanced up at her to see her watching him with lustful blue eyes. He watched her as he slid his tongue up her slit to roll around her clit, her thighs trembling as they clenched around his skull.

As he continued his ministrations, his mind wandered to something. He wanted to taste her, wanted to feel inside her, really feel inside her. He slid his tongue back down over her entrance, contemplating if she would be okay with him doing something like this, knowing how different his magic was to how humans worked. But he decided to simply go for it, and make sure she enjoyed it when he did.

He slid his tongue inside her, using his magic to extend it as he slid further and further in, almost gripping painfully tight to her thighs as he tasted how delicious she was inside, her warmth wrapped around his tongue so deliciously, every curve of her walls wrapped his tongue amazingly as he moved it inside her. He made his tongue fit her body perfectly, curling it inside her until he felt that rough spot under his tongue, tasting it, feeling how wet she became and so tight around him as he curled against it.

He followed the rhythm of her body, letting it lead him in how to please her best. As he settled into that rhythm he returned his fingers to her swollen clit, rubbing around it once again. Her hips jerked up towards his face as he did it and he had to wrap an arm around her and hold her down to be able to keep a good grip on that sensitive little button.

He kept up his relentless ministrations on her body, feeling the pleasure build and build in her soul with every passing moment.

"Sans~" she barely managed to moan his name, her soul pulsing with need.

He simply increased his pace, letting loose his magic and letting it dance across her skin, following the paths of her pleasure to spark across every sensitive part of her body.
It was only moments then until she came around him, her walls spasming around his tongue, and he followed that rhythm as he led her through it. Even as her spasming walls calmed and those waves of pleasure dissipated, he didn't stop, his tongue continuing to work inside her, reluctant to let her go just yet.

"Sans~" she moaned pleadingly.

He eased his tongue out of her so he could speak, instead continuing to press against her clit so that high of pleasure wouldn't dissipate.

"Yeah babe?" he asked, already knowing what she wanted.

"Sans~" she moaned louder, his hips straining against his arm.

"You want me to stop?" he asked teasingly. She nodded, biting her lip in a way that was _so_ seductive as she tried to stay quiet. He smiled, pleased as he leaned forward. "Sorry babe, but I can't do that. You just taste too good." He licked between her folds again to emphasize his words, loving when her legs trembled from it. "I don't think I'll ever get enough," he continued, licking her again. "Enough of your taste," he said, enjoying just that. "Enough of how you feel inside." Another long, teasing lick. "Enough of how you _taste_ inside." He licked her again, just imagining it, his bones shaking as he thought of her. "Enough of tasting you cum on my tongue." He couldn't hold back to deep groan that escaped his rib cage as he remembered. "I have to feel it again, baby." And he couldn't resist slipping his tongue back inside her, hungry for more.

Her head fell back against the pillows as she moaned lewdly. "Fuck, Sans~" she could barely get any words out past her moans, and it only pleased him more. Her whole body was trembling, her walls like a trembling vice around his tongue as he worked inside her. And she came undone almost immediately, her orgasm washing through her with waves as her whole body tightened around him.

He slid his tongue out, looking up at her as his fingers continued to work. "Fuck, baby," he groaned. "Just one more time. One more time for me, please. You can do it sweetheart." He slid back inside her, using his magic to wrap around her muscles and hold back that last orgasm, not wanting to release her so quickly again.

He let her pleasure build until it was near unbearable before letting her go, shuddering himself when she came, almost feeling as though the orgasm was his own as he soul pulsed with her immense pleasure, overflowing with it.

She screamed in pleasure, his name the only words that could slip from her lips as her whole body tried to arch off the bed.

She drew in a trembling breath as her body finally eased against the sheets and he finally eased his tongue out, pushing away his twinge of disappointment to be doing so as he knelt over her, looking into her eyes.

"Gods damn, babe. I didn't know anything could taste so good," he said, kissing her when she tried to hide from him in embarrassment. "You did so good, babe. You're so perfect." He left little pecking kisses all over her face, and almost laughed as she continued to swat at him in embarrassment.

"Me?" she asked. "You wake me up like that and I'm the one who's perfect? Please."

He chuckled. "So I take it you enjoyed it?" he asked teasingly, already knowing the answer to that.
"Hell yes," she answered exuberantly, kissing him suddenly. One he eagerly returned, grateful for the contact.

"Good," he growled, more than pleased as he wrapped his arms around her, rolling over to lay against the sheets and leaving her sprawled across his chest. "Cause I plan on doin' a lot more of that." He kissed her, hands sliding over her body.

The loud bang of a door being slammed open surprised them both, and he groaned internally as he heard the familiar voices of their nosy family shouting from downstairs.

Frisk scrambled off him, rushing to put on her clothes.

"Shit, shit, shit," she mumbled as she fumbled with every piece, and he followed her lead, with much more ease.

She tossed his jacket his way as soon as he was fully clothed, catching him by surprise as he had just turned to look at her, hitting him in the face and draping over his shoulders.

Frisk turned to him with panic as those pounding footsteps approached down the hallway. "Sans," he heard her voice, but he was already ahead of her, teleporting away not a moment too soon as her bedroom door slammed open.

In his rush to disappear, he didn't choose far to go, simply appearing in her closet, as it was the first thing that popped into his mind. He realized a moment later as he was hiding in there that it might have been a good idea to teleport away again.

But as he focused on the words of their conversation, knowing how nosy their family was and the amount of questions they would be asking, he was reluctant to do so.

This was a conversation he wanted to hear.
An Unexpected Talk With a Cinnamon Roll

Chapter Summary

We finally get to talk to Papyrus about things :p

Chapter Notes

So sorry once again for being so late in posting. Working during the holidays is time consuming. Working graveyard during the holidays is even more time consuming cause all I want to do is sleep. But hey, I found a way to write easily on my phone so hopefully I'll be able to slip in more writing time here and there. Yes, the beginning of the chapter has a little bit of smut. Enjoy :3

The early morning light creeping through the curtains woke me from a deep, peaceful sleep. I was reluctant to wake and leave the dreaming world I'd been in, but the bony arm that tightened around me gently coaxed me into the waking world without too much reluctance.

Sans had me pressed flush against his ribs as we spooned, one arm beneath the pillow under my head and the other over my hip, wrapped tightly around me.

For a moment I thought perhaps he was still asleep, until one hand conspicuously slid up around my breast.

"Sans," I said softly, almost laughing as he feigned sleep, his hand tightening its grip ever so gently. "I know you're awake, bonehead."

"No you don't," he grumbled sleepily into my hair. I laughed softly, half turning towards him, only making it easier for him to grab me. He buried himself further into my pillow, my hair shielding his face as he tried to hide from me and any teasing scolding I had prepared.

"Sans, if you want to grope me first thing in the morning, all you have to do is ask," I teased, my voice dropping into a more flirty tone.

"Well, since you're givin' me permission. . ." The mischievous lights of his eyes met mine as he slightly raised his head, his fingers pinching my nipple ever so gently, sending a flash of pleasure across my skin.

I bit my lip to stifle the moan that tried to escape, but it wasn't necessary as Sans leaned forward not a moment later, planting a kiss firmly on my lips, stealing my voice.

These mornings were still not something I was used to. I wasn't sure I would ever get used to them. Waking up next to my bony lover, always wrapped in a loving embrace; one that was quick to turn heated. It was like waking to a dream every single day, and I had never been happier.

This morning was a little different than usual, what with the extra company in the house. The extra
company who, at this moment, I could hear beginning to make a ruckus in the kitchen downstairs.

Most mornings Sans and I spent together in bed before showering and greeting the day. But with Pap downstairs I knew that it wouldn't be an option. I loved having Papyrus here, and I admit he wasn't the only one missing our sleepovers, but I didn't miss the lack of privacy.

I expected he'd be bounding upstairs any minute to drag us out of bed, and I knew Sans had to get back to his room before then.

Which is why it surprised me when Sans wrapped his arm around my waist as soon as my feet touched the floor, not allowing me to get out of bed just yet.

I turned to him, and as my eyes met his I flushed as I noticed that mischievous look hadn't yet left his sockets.

"Where do you think you're goin'?" Sans growled playfully.

"Downstairs, before you know who comes up here," I said insistently, once again trying to pull myself out of bed. But his arm was like iron, not budging a fraction, even pulling me in closer. "Sans-" I started to complain but was quickly cut off as he slid a hand between my legs.

"Oh, c'mon babe, we have time. Paps will be occupied with making breakfast for a while," Sans coaxed, his fingers teasingly stroking me as he did so. "It's not like you don't want to, I can tell you do," he teased, referring to the wetness already coating his fingers and likely beginning to stain the sheets.

I had to stifle a moan as his fingers slid teasingly between my lips, his arm pulling me even closer, giving him better access. I was about to protest when two fingers slipped easily inside me, my walls tightening around his fingers as pleasure bloomed up my stomach.

Sans chuckled. "I mean c'mon baby, you want me so bad you're practically pulling me inside you." Sans curled his fingers inside me, my walls tightening to accompany his words as I tried to stay quiet, letting out a shaky breath in place of the moan that tried to escape me. And I couldn't resist when he pulled me back against his body, laying me back in bed beside him, cradling me against him as his fingers worked inside me, stroking that spot that sent shivers across my skin.

"I'd love to spend all morning treating you right sweetheart, but we just don't have the time. And besides, I think you're plenty wet for me already, don't you?" Sans asked teasingly as I felt my wetness slide down between my legs.

Right at that moment I felt something warm and hard press up against my backside, making my skin tingle, and I wiggled my butt against him, earning a very satisfying groan.

"Looks like I'm not the only one eager this morning," I teased right back, wiggling again.

Sans growled as he ground against me, making me gasp as he slid between my legs and rubbed teasingly against my wet lips and clit.

"Well since we're both so eager let's not waste any time," Sans breathed in my ear, his breath stirring my hair as he wrapped one arm underneath my ribs, hand cupping my breast while he put one bony knee between my legs, pulling it over his as he opened my legs wider for better access.

He slid easily inside me, making me gasp and moan, my wetness giving him easy access as he stretched me out.
"Fuck, you are tight this morning babe," Sans groaned, fingers digging into me as he bottomed out and gave me a second to adjust. He didn't continue until I ground myself against him impatiently, pulling a moan from myself and a low rumble from Sans as the movement sent pleasure through us both.

I had to bite down on the pillow beneath me to stifle any sounds trying to escape as Sans started a slow, steady rhythm.

His body moved with mine gently, lovingly, until I pushed back against him insistently, wanting more.

He chuckled, pleased as always to be getting such reactions from me, loving making me want him more and more.

But he always obliged, giving me exactly what I wanted.

He picked up his pace, his pelvis smacking into my ass with every rough thrust. I was left clutching desperately at the pillow beneath my head, using it to stifle as much sound as possible.

Sans didn't slow his pace, pushing us both towards the edge as fast as he could. He spread my legs a little wider with his, reaching his free hand down to rub little circles around my clit, keeping my legs spread with his own even as my thighs twitched and fought to close. It didn't take long for the extra stimulation to push me over, my orgasm washing over me in waves, my spasming walls triggering his own, his bony hands digging into me as he came.

As we both came down from our high I finally let go of the pillow I'd been clutching and Sans allowed me to slump into the sheets. I simply laid there for a few moments, trying to catch my breath. Sans trailed his hand up and down my side as we both relaxed. I couldn't help the disappointed noise that escaped me as he pulled out. He only chuckled in response, rolling me over to kiss me.

This time his arms released me as I sat up and pulled myself out of bed, immediately throwing on a pair of underwear to keep from making more of a mess. Sans sat up as I gathered my clothes and towel. I turned back to look at him as I reached the door, and giggled as he pulled himself off the bed as though it took tremendous effort. He came up behind me, wrapping his arms around me.

"Ya know it takes one hell of a woman to get me out of bed in the mornin'," Sans grumbled as he nuzzles my hair.

I laughed. "You could stay in bed, ya know."

"And miss out showering with you? Sleep is tempting, but you're infinitely more so," Sans teased as his teeth nipped at my ear lobe.

"If you say so."

"I do," he growled insistently, arms tightening around me. He kissed me once more before letting me.

I opened the door just a crack, peering into the hallway. The sounds of boisterous breakfast making still drifted up the stairs and I stepped out, Sans following close behind as we made our way into the bathroom.

Sans got the shower running as I removed my clothes, stepping over just in time to help me out of the last of them, his hands lingering for longer than was surely necessary as he did so, though I
voiced no complaint.

I stepped under the warm spray of water as Sans removed his garments, quickly joining me.

The room was quickly filled with steam, coating everything in a layer of water and chasing away the cold air. It swirled and spun in the room with every shift of movement, stirring around our heads with every breath.

Sans insisted on washing me, as he did almost every time we showered, his hands sliding smoothly along my skin, along my muscles, lathered in soap, massaging me. His hands kneaded my skull and gently untangled my curls as he washed my hair. As I rinsed the last of the soap from my body I turned, wrapping my arms around Sans and his around me as we simply stood under the soothing warm spray, simply seeking solace in the moment spent together before I finally pulled away and stepped out of the shower.

Sans stood under the spray as he watched me dry and dress and go about the rest of my morning routine before giving me a gentle smile as I exited the bathroom.

I made my way downstairs just in time to see Papyrus shoving a tray into the oven. My customary cup of coffee was placed on the counter, steam rising from it, already warm and prepared.

Papyrus brightened as he turned and saw me, a wide smile coming to his face.

"Good morning, Frisk!" He greeted with his normal morning cheer, handing me my cup of coffee as I sat down at the table.

"Mornin' Paps, thank you for making my coffee," I thanked him as I took a sip, letting out a pleased hum as the liquid left a trail of warmth down my throat and pooling in my stomach.

"Of course Frisk. I know how much you like to have your morning energy boost!"

I giggled as Papyrus pulled up a chair beside me.

"Did you and Sans sleep well last night?" Papyrus asked.

"Yes, we did. Sans is still in the shower," I explained.

"Oh, good. I thought perhaps you forgot you left the water running." I laughed at that. "It is not like Sans to get up so easily in the morning, let alone be taking a shower first thing when he wakes up. That lazy bones always liked to say it was too much work first thing in the day."

"That does sound like Sans," I giggled.

"Nyeh, yes it does. I think you are good for him, Frisk. I have never seen him so motivated to start the day."

"Never as motivated as you of course," I teased, giggling happily when his cheeks flushed orange.

"Well of course. I always had to be motivated enough for the both of us!"

"You do keep us all motivated and up beat in the morning."

Paps was practically glowing with the praise. "Why thank you Frisk!" Papyrus sat contemplating for a moment before continuing. "It's just that Sans always seems genuinely happy to be awake. He never has those dark circles under his sockets anymore. He never fakes being up beat anymore."
I had to pause for a second as I took in what Paps was saying. "I'm surprised you noticed all that Paps."

"Well of course I noticed. I am his brother! And your friend as well, tiny human. You have both been so much happier since you confessed your love. Neither of you ever look tired or sad anymore. And I am glad! I always tried my best to stay optimistic and excited and keep everyone happy and motivated. But sometimes that's not enough. I am glad that both you and Sans found that kind of peace in each other. There's nothing like having someone to wake up to that makes waking up so wonderful." Papyrus stared off wistfully for a second.

Hearing Papyrus talking about the whole situation with so much surety and understanding was a sobering thing.

"Yeah, it really is wonderful Pap."

Papyrus smiled as he looked back at me. "I've had Mettaton for a long time. Undyne and Alphys have had each other, and Miss Toriel and Asgore. And now you and Sans have each other and everything is perfect. No one ever has to be lonely or sad ever again!" He declared. I laughed.

"Yep, it looks like we all have our happily ever after."

We sat at the table for a few more moments before Papyrus turned to me again.

"Frisk, do you mind if I ask you something?"

"Go for it Paps," I encouraged, raising my almost empty cup to my lips again.

"Have you and Sans made love yet?"

The question caught me completely off guard and I sputtered as I choked on my coffee.

"Oh no! Tiny human are you alright?" Paps asked with concern as he leaned forward and began pounding a bit roughly on my back. It took me a few moments to catch my breath.

My face was scarlet as I set down my cup. "I'm alright Paps," I reassured and he finally ceased his pounding on my back.

"Are you sure? Humans aren't supposed to stop breathing like that are they?"

"No, the coffee just went down the wrong tube is all, I'm fine now," my voice wavered a little with embarrassment.

"Oh right. Humans have a tube for breathing and a tube for eating and drinking. It is bad when anything goes where air should," Papyrus said, as though he were reminding himself of the things he'd learned about humans.

"Yes, but I'm fine now," I said, patting his hand reassuringly.

"Good," Papyrus said, grabbing my cup and carrying it to the sink, as though he were afraid of me taking another sip.

I had just begun to relax when Paps turned back to me. "So, Frisk, now that you are alright, have you and Sans been intimate yet?"

My face immediately turned scarlet once again. "Why do you ask Pap?"
"Well, I know that when two people love each other, the way you and Sans do, or the way Mettaton and I do, or Undyne and Alphys, that that's what they do. It just makes sense that you and Sans would as well, yes?"

I stuttered for a second as I tried to find a reply. "Well, yes. . ." was all I managed. Papyrus watched me expectantly for a few moments before I knew I had to answer his question. "Yes, Paps, we have."

"And does Sans make you happy? Does he treat you well?"

I had to pause for another moment before answering. "Yes he does. He makes me very happy."

"And he treats you well?" Papyrus repeated.

"Yes, very. Sans is always a perfect gentleman," I answered earnestly.

Papyrus seemed content with that answer. "Good. I just want to make sure that that lazybones is treating you right! I would hate for Sans to be lazy about something that important!"

I couldn't help but laugh at his reasoning. "Thankfully that's one of the few things he's not a lazybones about," I said through my unending giggles.

"Good," Papyrus huffed. "I don't need to ask Sans if you make him happy. I can tell you do," Paps said with an exaggerated wink.

Papyrus joined me at the table again, letting my giggles subside before he changed the subject. "So, Frisk! I decided to try my hand at baking! Miss Toriel gave me a recipe to try!" And then he proceeded to tell me every step and ingredient of the cinnamon rolls that were now baking in the oven. And of the disastrous first batch, that thankfully had been rectified.

He pulled them out not a few minutes later and Sans came downstairs as the sweet scent filled the kitchen.

"You are just in time for breakfast, brother!" Papyrus greeted as Sans took his seat beside me. I was trying to hide my blush as I recalled our previous conversation, and didn't miss the questioning look Sans gave me as Papyrus filled our plates with goodies.

Later, I mouthed before Papyrus served us our breakfast and we all dug in.

We spent the day as we always did, later joining our family before everyone went their separate ways, Papyrus taking off the join Mettaton for an evening.

And as Sans and I retired to my room and began settling in for bed, he finally asked his question.

"So what were you so embarrassed about this mornin'?"

The question brought my earlier conversation with Papyrus right to mind, and I couldn't help but flush with embarrassment once again.

"Oh, ya know, Paps just had some interesting questions this morning," I alluded.

Sans' brow furrowed questioningly. "Like what?"
"Well, he just decided to randomly ask if we'd had sex yet."

I laughed as Sans jerked in surprise, an azure flush coming to his cheeks. "W-what is Papyrus doin' askin' questions like that?"

"I mean, we know Papyrus is a sweet cinnamon roll, but I don't think he's as innocent as we think. A pure hearted, sometimes naïve, cinnamon roll but not innocent. Or oblivious for that matter. I mean, he's been dating Mettaton for almost ten years now, and if Mettaton is nearly as sexual as he is flirty then, well. . ." I left it off at that, watching Sans' brow furrow with slight agitation.

"Well yeah, I figured as much, just from how the rectangle acts but still. . . I don't like to think about it."

I giggled and Sans huffed. "First of all, Ton-ton hasn't been a rectangle in ten years. The nick-name doesn't fit anymore. And secondly, I know you're still the big, bad, protective big brother, but I thought you let go of that resentment a long time ago. I mean, it's pretty obvious Metta and Pap are probably never going to leave each other. So, ya know. . . get over it." I stuck my tongue out at him as he glared down at me. "Besides, it may not have seemed obvious to you at first, but Metta has always loved Papyrus and no matter how much of a flirt he is, he'd never hurt him. And if you're worried about him tarnishing his innocence, well. . ."

"Yeah yeah yeah, I get it. Can you stop talking about it." I laughed, sealing my lips. "I know. Alright, I know. But it's still hard not to have some kind of resentment. I mean, not just with Papyrus but with you-"

"With me?" I asked incredulously.

"Yes, with you. He has always been way too flirty with you."

I laughed, my belly aching from the strain. "Oh my god, Sans. He flirts with everyone! He flirts with Alphys and Undyne, hell he's even flirted with you just because he knows it bothers you. It's just how he is. He doesn't mean anything by it. Yes, Metta loves me, just like he loves the rest of the members of our family. But you haven't heard him talk about Papyrus. You should have heard him go on and on when they first started dating. He was infatuated. It was adorable." Sans sighed heavily. "You know I'm right." He turned away from me indignantly. "Saaannns," I drawled, poking him in the ribs.

"Alright, alright. I know you're right."

"And he's family. You know you love him," I stuck my tongue out at him teasingly again.

"Reluctantly," Sans grumbled.

I giggled. "Only somewhat reluctantly." I let him sit for a moment. "Do you really still have resentment for him flirting with me?"

"It's hard not to. The way he always treated you, touched you. . ."

"Sans. He didn't mean anything by it," I said firmly. "Besides, touched goes a little far. The most he's ever done is smack my ass. But even Undyne's done that."

"Still. It's hard to let go of how jealous it made me watching him interact with you-"

"The way you wanted to interact with me?"
"Yes," Sans admitted. "Like on your birthday, watching him flirt with you all night. Watching you two dance to that song and act the part of lovers. . ."

"That's what it was. Acting. He's a performer. And he's made me into one, like it or not. And I know my birthday was all about making you jealous, but I am sorry."

"Dont be. I needed to feel it. I needed that extra push. Frankly, I needed a lot of other pushes. There's just some things you don't forget feeling, even if you've moved on from it."

"I understand," I said quietly. He relaxed as he met my eyes, and we simply sat like that for a few moments.

"So about that sex question," he finally reminded me. I groaned and laughed.

"So yeah. Paps just asked if we'd had sex yet."

"And?"

"Aaaand, I told him the truth. I didn't see a reason to lie to him."

"And what'd he say?"

"Just that he was happy for us. And glad that you were treating me right and not being lazy about something."

Sans laughed. "Well it's kinda hard to be lazy about something like doin' you," he winked, pulling a giggle from me.

"Yeah, I imagine it would be." I paused for a second. "He also mentioned that he noticed that neither of us were exhausted or sad anymore. He notices a lot more than you think."

"He actually said that?"

"Yeah, he did."

Sans sat, contemplating it for a moment. "I always tried my best to keep it from him. All the bad stuff. Everything I was burdened with. I'm his big brother, it's my job to protect him. Guess I wasn't good enough at hiding it."

"Well hey, neither was I apparently."

"Well then I guess it's a good thing we don't have anything to hide anymore."

"Yeah," I smiled happily at him, nuzzling into him eagerly as he pulled me into an embrace, holding me close.

We chatted away half the night, talking about nothing, talking about everything, just filling the darkness with words until we finally fell asleep in each other's arms.
Chapter Summary

So we get to see a Sans birthday for once, and with him and Frisk together it gets a little more interesting ;p

Chapter Notes

So this entire chapter, practically, is smut. Also, things get a little more dirty than usual. Hope you lovelies enjoy it ;3
Also, check notes at the end of the chapter to see what the birthday party decorations looked like :p

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Today was Sans' birthday. Every year since I'd known him, it had been a small occasion with just family and a few friends. But this year things were different. Being his girlfriend I felt obligated to do something more. So, conspiring with the rest of our family, we planned a surprise birthday party for him at Grillby's

It was surprisingly not difficult to keep the secret from him, all things considered. Mostly because he never asked about his birthday, as I'm sure he expected it to be like every other year. The only time it was almost spilled was when Papyrus asked him what kind of party he would want if he ever had one. Sans, of course, answered, "just a generic birthday party". And that was that.

Of course, I decided to go with it. If he wanted "generic" that's what he'd get. We set up Grillby's and invited all the family and Sans' old friends.

The morning of his birthday, I stopped him before he'd gotten too handsy, something he was thoroughly disappointed about, trying to coerce me into giving in by pulling the "it's my birthday" card, to which I almost caved. But I managed to stay strong, his ministrations only further teasing himself, which would work out much to my advantage later.

But, I prompted Sans out of bed, and convinced him to go to breakfast at Grillby's to cheer him up before we went to see the family.

The look on his face when we walked into the establishment to a chorus of "Surprise!" was hilarious. His sockets widened in shock and then he almost doubled over with laughter at seeing the decorations I'd put up. The very generic decorations.

Which was quite literally black and white decorations all with labels. I had a banner strung up from the ceiling that just said BANNER, a few party "games" along the wall. His cake was a massive tiered white cake, black on the inside, that had cake written on top. Balloons hung everywhere with the word balloon on them, his stack of presents were all white with barcodes and the word present written on top, and so on. The entire room was strewn with "generic" decorations.
Everyone was dressed very casually, to match Sans' usual style. Most wearing hoodies and sweats or shorts. And everyone was wearing pink fuzzy slippers on their feet.

When Sans had caught his breath, he walked into the room to greet his old friends.

Soft jazz flooded the room as everyone mingled. Card games were played and everyone drank and ate and enjoyed the evening.

After a few hours of relaxing, and we were about to begin opening presents, I gave Grillby his signal and the thin layer of "generic" burned up to reveal the real decorations. I'd had Alphys help me with crafting all the decorations, beautifully done up, everything uniquely, artfully done.

Sans smiled giddily as the real party was revealed, his eyes lighting up even more as he took everything in.

Then we sat him in his chair in the center of the room and subjected him to the mountain of presents. Most were joke books or gag gifts from his friends, silly shirts or other such things. The ones from Grillby and the rest of the family were the ones that were useful. New jackets, actual shoes/clothes, a collection of science books from Alphys, sheet music for his trombone, and the sax—which he also loved to play. Papyrus had gotten him a very large, expensive telescope, one I had helped him find. Papyrus was giddy with happiness seeing Sans light up at receiving it, giving Papyrus his customary, "you're the best bro" response. I got him a matching projection light that, when turned on, projected the multiverse into the air around you, and you could change the settings to see certain universes/galaxies/planets or whatever else you wanted to see in space.

When he managed to free himself from the mass of people he sidled up to me.

"Did you really go through all the effort of hand-decorating all this stuff?" he asked.

"I might have had a little help. How could you tell?"

"Cause you can't get decorations this nice in any store. And it has your style written all over it. I know Alphys was always good at drawing people and things but you were always good at coloring. I recognize your style. Hers too."

"So we made everything ourselves. I wanted to make it special."

"You didn't have to do that you know."

"I know, but I wanted to. You deserve something nice. You always said you'd hate having a big party, and yet here you are, enjoying yourself," I teased.

"Guess you just know how to throw a good party."

"I guess I do," I said with a wink. Sans chuckled and we returned to the party and guests.

After presents, the cake was cut up and passed around and more gambling and card games were played. I had Papyrus, Undyne, and Grillby keep him distracted for a small portion at the end of the night so I could slip away. Thankfully they were successful and he didn't notice my departure.

I escaped to his house, setting up the best surprise.

I set up what was probably considered too many candles in his fake room, as I couldn't get into his real one, lighting some incense and filling the air with sweet, cloying smoke. Thankfully the space was clean, likely Papyrus' doing, and I didn't have to go through the effort of preparing much other
than the candles and myself.

Not too long after it was all set up I received a text on my phone.

*Where'd you go sweetheart?*

> Didn't feel good. Decided to call it an early night.

*Do you want me to come home?*

> No! That's why I didn't say something. Enjoy your party. I'm okay.

*It'll be over soon babe. And then I can come home and take care of you.*

I almost snorted as I lewdly thought, *yeah you will.*

> I'll see you when you get home. *Your* home.

*What are you doin over there?*

> Because it was closer. And you need to bring all your stuff here anyway :p save you the second trip.

> Alright, well I'll be there soon. Everyone's leaving so it won't be long.

> Alright, see you soon <3

And then I finished setting up and I waited. It only took about ten minutes before I heard the clamoring outside. Sans came in, obviously with a few other people, and I heard the sounds of lots of things being set down. Obviously all his gifts. The people who helped him bid him farewell and the front door was shut. The house fell quiet and I felt the ball of nerves in my abdomen tighten, my heart beat speeding up.

"Frisk?" Sans called into the quiet house.

My heart leapt into my throat.

"In here!" I called from the room, hearing the following shuffle as he made his way upstairs.

When Sans opened the door, his jaw dropped.

The room was lit only by the copious amount of candles, filling it with a glowing orange, flickering light. The incense had filled the room with a thin layer of smoke, the candle light dancing on it as it swirled about the room. And his sockets were glued on me, dressed only in a sheer lingerie top that barely covered the tops of my thighs. The sheer material left little to the imagination in the dim room. But I'm sure it wasn't the tantalizing outfit I wore that caught and held his attention, no. It was more likely that I had tied myself to his headboard with a red silky rope and tied a little red bow around my neck. His last birthday present: me.

He closed his mouth and his expression grew heated as he took me in.

"You don't look very sick," Sans growled quietly, stepping into the room and shutting the door.

"I mean, in a way I am," I said teasingly. "Sick with need for you." I almost laughed at how cheesy I sounded, but continued to keep up my flirty facade as I spread my legs, revealing my nakedness to him. "And you did say you'd come home and take care of me, didn't you?"
Sans chuckled. "That I did, baby, that I did." He took another step further into the room, eyes grazing me.

"I figured I'd save this present for last," I said in a sultry tone.

"The best surprise, I see," Sans commented as he reached the end of the bed, bony fingers sliding along my ankle and up my calf.

"Just for you," I said with a wink, wiggling my hips suggestively.

He chuckled, the sound deep and seductive. "All for me? I just don't know where to start." He tsked, fingers lightly tracing up my leg as he stepped further around the bed. "Looks like you're all tied up and I got you completely at my mercy. I just don't know where to start."

His fingers trailed up my thigh, sliding over the smooth material of my very revealing nightgown.

"I'm all yours, Sans. Tonight you get to do whatever you want to me." I wiggled my hips again as his fingers trailed up my side.

"Don't I usually?" Sans asked, eyes traveling over my body.

"Well yeah. But tonight's all about you. C'mon, there must be something you want to do that you haven't gotten to yet."

"Well like you said, baby. I get to do whatever I want, and maybe.." he paused, sliding a hand between my spread legs. "Maybe I just wanna make you feel good." Two fingers slid between my wet lips, easily slipping inside me and immediately curling again my sensitive spot, making me see stars as I moaned, my arms straining against their binds. "Maybe I wanna make you feel so good you sing for me," he growled as he sent a small spark of magic from his fingertips and inside me, making me moan even louder. "And maybe..." He slid his fingers out of me. "Maybe I want a taste." He brought his glistening fingers up to his mouth, his tongue snaking out to teasingly lick my juices from his fingers as he watched me bite my lip. The thought of letting him continue was tempting, but I forced my legs to close as he leaned forward, about to crawl onto the bed.

"Oh, c'mon Sans. You get to do that every night. Isn't there anything else you want?"

His brow furrowed as he watched me close myself off, obviously frustrated he wasn't getting what he wanted immediately, especially after this morning's teasing.

"You aren't thinking creatively enough. How about you untie me from the headboard and lay down and I'll show you what you want." I seductively licked in his direction, teasing him with what I was implying. And he understood perfectly, the lights in his sockets brightening even as his expression got more predatory.

He leaned forward, loosening my ties, separating me from the headboard but keeping my hands tied, using the extra length of ribbon to grip in his hand as he pulled me forward.

"I have a better idea," Sans growled, voice low. "I get to do whatever I want, right?"

"Of course, Sans."

"Then I want you off the bed and on your knees. I want to watch you," his dominant attitude was in full effect now, and it was making my core ache.

He wrapped the length of ribbon around his hand as he pulled me off the bed, taking control.
He guided me onto the floor, wickedly mischievous smile coming to his face as I knelt on the floor, the ribbon twined in his fingers as he prompted me to look up at him as my cheeks flushed crimson.

I'd had these ideas for treating him for his birthday for weeks, having perused the web for suitable ideas, but actually being here was making me incredibly nervous that I wouldn't live up to his expectations.

But I bit my lip seductively as I looked up at him, trailing my hands up his bones enticingly.

"How about you take off that hoodie," I suggested. He did so carefully, keeping the end of my ribbon in hand as he did so. He removed his shirt as well, leaving his ribs bare and I reached up, trailing my fingers along the bottom ones before trailing my fingertips down his spine to his pelvis, satisfied when I saw that he was already hard under the hem of his shorts.

Noticing this, how easily I affected him, was giving me confidence. I seductively licked my lip as I trailed my hands over his hardness over the material of his shorts, eliciting a groan from him. His blue eye flared to life as he glared down at me and my confident, teasing look.

His grip on the ribbon tightened as he pulled my hands up, almost pulling me off my knees as he held me up.

"Now that kind of teasin' ain't allowed," Sans growled, reaching his free hand down to grip my chin, lifting my face to look at him. "Now you're going to be a good girl and do only what I tell you, aren't you?"

I nodded my head, biting my lip as I looked up at him with my best innocent look. He smiled down at me as he released my chin and lowered me a bit so I was comfortably on my knees again, letting me have the limited use of my hands. His other hand lowered the hem of his shorts, freeing himself.

I gently wrapped my hands around his length and gave him a teasing look before slowly licking up the underside of his dick, feeling it twitch under my tongue as I saw his hands clench. A swell of satisfaction filled me as I ran it back down a up and around the head of his cock, sticking the tip into my mouth.

The hand not holding onto my bonds reached forward, winding softly through my hair as that rumble started in his chest.

I kept one hand wrapped around his shaft and placed the other against his pelvis to brace myself as I slowly bobbed my head, slipping him further and further into my mouth with every motion.

I used my tongue to press and rub against the underside of his cock, following the tips I'd seen online of how best to please a man, pressing my tongue into the underside of his dick an inch or so under the head and running up the underside, feeling him twitch and groan as I did so. I pressed the length of my tongue against his dick, pressing and rubbing up and down as I moved a bit in and out, giving him friction but not moving away from that spot that made him feel good.

"Fuck~" Sans moaned, a growl coming from his chest as his fingers tightening in my hair.

Slowing my ministrations, I glanced up at him, a heat coming to my belly as I saw him watching me with that flaming blue eye, saw it pulsing with magic as I pleased him. His jaw was parted slightly and I could see the sharp edges of his teeth and the blue glow from his tongue.

He growled when his eyes met mine, and I took the opportunity to rub my tongue almost roughly
against his own sensitive spot, a satisfied hum escaping my throat as his head rolled back, his cock throbbing. Another growl escaped him as he looked back down at me, the hand in my hair keeping my head tilted back as I quickened my pace and the pressure of my tongue.

I felt when he started to twitch more and slowly lessened my pace before pulling back completely, smiling teasingly up at him as his sockets narrowed, taking the opportunity to slide the tip of my tongue up the underside of his cock teasingly.

A gasp escaped me as his magic wrapped around my bound wrists, lifting me clear in the air as his hands both wound through my hair, trapping my face between them. A growl passed through his clenched teeth as he locked me in that burning gaze.

"You think you're in charge here, sweetheart?" he growled, voice a deep, rumbling baritone as it washed over me, warm breath wafting across my cheeks.

I bit my lip as a nervous twist went through my stomach, an ache throbbing between my legs as he chuckled darkly.

"That is definitely not how this is." He flipped me around holding me against his ribs as his magic kept my arms suspended above my head.

My eyes focused on what was in front of me and I saw why he had turned me around, blushing furiously as I was met with our reflection as we faced a large mirror.

"Now I want you to see. See that you. . ." Sans magic wrapped around my thighs, lifting and spreading them so we both had a clear view of me and how wet I already was. "You belong to me. And you are mine to do whatever I please with."

His hands reached around, gripping and squeezing my thighs as they trailed between my legs. I blushed, trying to turn my head away in embarrassment as his hands settled over my lips, but the tingling magic that gripped my jaw and turned my face forward wouldn't allow for that as he spread them with his fingers, giving us both a perfect view of myself.

"And you aren't the only one who can tease," Sans growled quietly in my ear as one bony digit slipped inside me and caressed my g-spot, making my body tremble and stars burst in front of my eyes.

I moaned lewdly as he slipped another finger inside me, quickening his pace, my hips rocking into his hand and rolling against his fingers as my legs trembled in the waves of pleasure.

He stopped short just as the pleasure was starting to build, slowly pumping his fingers in and out of me as my hips rolled, impatiently wanting him to put his fingers back on that spot.

"See how easily I can make your body dance for me? How easily I make you sing? How easily I can make you beg for more?" He chuckled, teeth nipping at my earlobe as his fingers pulled out of me, his eyes glued to the lips between my legs as he saw my juices dripping down his fingers and my thighs. "So tell me, sweetheart, ya want more?"

A bit my lip, hesitating for just a moment before I answered. "Yes."

"Yes what?" His teeth nipped at my neck as his fingers trailed up between my slick lips to rub teasingly gently against my clit.

"Yes, Sans. I want you." I wiggled my hips again to emphasize my words.
"Want me to what?" He asked, pretending to be oblivious even as he continued to play with me.

"I want you to fuck me," I nearly whispered as my body ground against him.

He raised a brow and I almost groaned in frustration that he wanted me to say more than that.

"I want you to fuck me, hard. I want you to take me and use me and make me scream for you," I conceded, giving him what he wanted.

He chuckled as he stuck his fingers back inside me, curling against my good spot again. "Naughty, naughty. Begging me to fuck you dirty while you moan and writhe and drip all over my fingers?" He chuckled again as he slowly teased me. "Well, since you're beggin' so nicely I guess I should oblige."

He lowered my hips a little and I felt, and saw, his length slide between my cheeks and against my glistening lips, rubbing against my swollen clit. He rubbed against me, liberally coating himself in my juices before slipping his tip inside me and I moaned as he started stretching me out.

He started with his slow, easy pace as he always did, allowing himself to slowly push all the way inside me so my body adjusted without hurting me before picking up his pace.

There was something so lewd and yet so hot about seeing him fucking me in that mirror, his flaming eye locked onto our bodies as they moved together.

"Who's are you, sweetheart?" Sans growled in my ear as he pounded into me.

"Yours~" I managed to gasp past my moans.

"Say it again," he growled demandingly.

"I'm yours, Sans. All yours-Ahhhh!~" My words were cut off as he hit my g-spot, having quickly angled himself to do so.

"You're damn right you are. All mine." That rumbling growl continued in his chest, his fingers spreading my lips so we could better view his slick length sliding in and out of me. My swollen clit was practically popping out and he gently began rubbing it with his thumb.

But, again, he slowed his pace as my pleasure started to build, slowly thrusting in and out of me and pulling that ecstasy right out of my reach.

After a few moments of slow thrusting he eased out of me, and I couldn't help the disappointed moan as I suddenly felt empty inside.

He flipped me around to face him, laying my still bound wrists around his neck and pressing a passionate kiss to my lips, tongue twining with mine as he pressed me against his ribs, walking us both to the bed. But he didn't lower me to the sheets as I was expecting, instead laying down himself and cradling me on top of his rib cage before pulling me back and untangling my arms from around him. He used his magic to shift me back over him.

"I think I wanna watch you fuck me. I wanna watch you pleasure yourself with me, sweetheart." His magic released my hands, letting them lower. I twisted my hands in their binds a bit as I reached down and grabbed his cock in my hands, positioning myself on top of him. But just as he was expecting me to lower myself onto him, I instead rubbed his length between my wet lips, teasing him just a bit.
The dangerously dominant look that came back to his eye hinted that if I tried that again, he'd take back control fast. So I gave us both what we wanted, and let him slip easily back inside me.

My body shuddered as I felt him filling me again. I gave myself only a moment to adjust before picking up my own pace.

I spread my knees further against the sheets, almost doing a split on top of him as I ground my hips, feeling his cock rub past my g-spot as he thrust inside me. I picked up my pace, winding my fingers through his ribs and using them to brace myself as I did exactly what he wanted—pleasured myself with him.

I felt his chest rumbling beneath my fingers as I moved, his own hands going around my thighs and waist as he held onto me.

"You're so fucking beautiful," he whispered quietly, eyes traveling over my body as I moved on top of him, pressing my clit into my pelvis with every roll of my hips against him.

But once again, as my pleasure was building, his hands tightened like steel on my body, stilling me. I whimpered as I attempted to move past his grip, getting only the slightest twinge of pleasure as I did so, though it wasn't nearly enough and I ached for more.

"Sans~" I moaned in complaint, attempting to grind against him, though his magic had joined his hands and kept me completely still. I could feel his cock twitching inside me, but he wasn't giving into his desires either.

"You got awfully confident earlier, sweetheart. Teasing me with your tongue the way you were. Stopping right before . . . Tsk tsk. Now, I think you gotta be punished for that, don't you?"

I bit my lip and whimpered again as he lifted me off his length and sat up, burning eye trapping me in his gaze.

"Now I want you on your knees again. All fours." His words were more of a command than a request and I did as he asked when he slipped out from underneath me.

His magic grabbed the ribbon, pulling it back forward and winding back around the headboard, practically pulling my face into the sheets.

His bony fingers gripped my hips, almost digging into me as he raised me level with himself. I felt him rub teasingly against my opening before thrusting roughly into me, hitting my g-spot as he did. I nearly screamed in pleasure, pressing my face into the bed as he continued to pound into me, suddenly giving me no respite.

His hands gripped my ass, squeezing my flesh between his hands as he thrust into me, a rough growl escaping him with every push.

He was merciless, magic holding me back even as I almost quickly caved again. To make it worse, he reached one hand around me, rubbing his fingers against my clit, making my knees almost collapse. His magic wrapped around my hips, holding those up as well as he worked over me.

My pleasure doubled and then tripled, and still he wouldn't let me go over that edge, holding me so close but not letting me tip over.

After he deemed enough time had passed he leaned forward growling in my ear. "Ya ready for me to let you cum, sweetheart?"
"Yeeesss~" I moaned as he continued to pound into me.

"Good. Then sing for me baby."

His magic released me and I did just that, all my muscles clenching and trembling in the throws of ecstasy, wave after wave crashing over me. My tightening, fluttering walls tipped him over and I felt him twitching as he came inside me.

He thrust a few more times, slowly, sending more waves through me before finally pulling out.

He plopped against the sheets and his magic untangled my wrists from their binds as he pulled me against him, kissing me lovingly.

"You are the best birthday present by far," he chuckled, very happy as he nuzzled into me.

I giggled. "I'm glad you liked it. I was a little nervous, to be honest."

"Why? Cause you didn't want me to know just how kinky and dirty you are?" he asked with a teasing twinkle to his eyes.

"Shut up," I laughed as I lightly smacked him. He chuckled as he held me close. "I'm certainly glad you enjoyed yourself though. I wasn't the only one getting into it. Mirror?" I reminded.

He chuckled again. "What can I say, seein' ya on your knees like that just gave me all kinds of dirty thoughts. I blame you entirely."

"Oh of course, it's entirely my fault," I laughed. "I'm sure you definitely never wanted to do anything like that before," I teased.

"Well, I mean. . ." He didn't finish the sentence, just winked at me as he gave me a dirty smile. I laughed as I lightly smacked him again.

"But I'm not the only one with hidden little desires. You got pretty into it when you were on top."

"You felt good," I said, entirely justified in that response.

"And when you were going down on me," he hinted with another teasing look, making me blush.

"I wanted to treat you," I said, teasingly licking towards him.

He shivered, remembering how it felt. "Gods damn, that felt good. That little tongue of yours is somethin' else. So soft and tantalizing. Felt so damn good."

"Oh I know. I'm not the only one who twitches when my good spots are hit," I teased.

"No, but I can bet you twitch more," Sans growled lightly as he pressed me tighter to his ribs. "Ya wanna reminder?" He asked, teasingly brushing against my clit.

"I concede, I concede," I moaned, and he pulled his fingers back from my overly sensitive clit.

"Thank you, baby. Really," he said genuinely after a few moments. "I don't deserve a woman half as good as you. You're too good to me."

"I know," I giggled, teasing him. "But yes, you really do. You deserve everything I can give you."

"I don't know about that. But I'll accept it all regardless. How could I ever say no to you?"
"I love you so much Sans," I said quietly, kissing him firmly.

"I love you too, Frisk. So goddamn much. You are my life. My everything. I just wanna make you as happy as you make me."

"You do. Maybe even more."

"I doubt that," he laughed, hugging me close.

I shivered suddenly, as my body finally started to cool.

Sans chuckled. "Sorry," he said, finally pulling the blanket over the both of us.

I sighed contentedly as I was wrapped in warmth. My eyes started to droop and Sans laid back against the sheets cradling me against his ribs as he began to run his fingers through my hair, the one gesture that always soothed me.

My body relaxed until I fell asleep against Sans, greeted with wonderous dreams.

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Chapter End Notes

http://m.imgur.com/gallery/bSdLx
Please note the link above to see the fabulous decorations Frisk put up for Sans :3 at least before the surprise :p
Also-this is how dirty is done. With lots of love at the end.
I awoke in my bed on a seemingly normal morning. The sun had yet to rise, and my room was still dark. The first thing I noticed was the absence of another person at my back. Still half asleep I reached across the sheets, hands searching for him. I found the bed empty, which woke me a little more from the heaviness of my sleep.

The first thing I felt was unease. An unease I couldn't place.

The sounds of rattling dishes and cookware just barely reached my room and I relaxed as I realized Papyrus was cooking breakfast downstairs for everyone and figured Sans must be with him.

I let myself relax into the mattress before I realized that ball of nerves in my stomach hadn't dissipated much. And it wasn't until I pulled myself into a sitting position that I realized what was off.

The sudden, unfamiliar weight against my shoulders made my insides go cold. I turned my head and felt long strands of hair brush against the skin of my back, tickling my skin.

What the hell?

I pulled my legs to the side of the mattress, letting my feet settle on the plush carpet. I slowly stood, feeling the weight of the long hair sway against my skin.

I turned on the lamp beside my bed and jumped when the periphery of my vision was filled with a halo of red.

I looked down at the hair that had fallen over my shoulder. The red hair. Dark red auburn locks, shades darker than Undyne's vibrant red.

I stood and quickly walked over to my mirror, and was shocked to see my face still staring back at me. My same face, same blue eyes, now surrounded by ridiculously long, wavy, red hair.

I could only stare at my reflection in shock as that unease and nervousness pooled in my stomach. My hands nervously clenched at my sides as confusion and fear continued to storm through me.

A dull ringing echoed in my ears as I stood there, swaying, trying to get all the confusing emotions raging inside me under control.

I felt small and weak and helpless. And I didn't know why.

I was so focused on myself I didn't hear my door open or the shuffling of feet as someone came in, pausing in the threshold.

"Frisk?" Sans voice startled me out of my reverie, sounding very confused.

I half turned toward him, fighting some irrational fear as I felt the hair shift with the movement.

"Oh thank gods, I thought someone got into your room. Frisk, what happened to your hair?" Sans asked, closing the door and coming toward me.
I opened my mouth but didn't have an answer. I pushed away all the emotions I was feeling as I turned toward him.

"I have no idea." I lightly pulled on the strands of hair, swallowing as I felt that fear pushing at the edges of my control.

Before Sans could ask, the answer dawned on me.

"Undyne and Alphys," I said as I realized.

"Undyne and Alphys?"

I sighed as I put the pieces together. "Yeah. You remember the convention that Metta got us tickets for?"

"You guys spent most of the sleepover talkin' about it. So yeah."

I pulled on my hair as though it were the answer to his question, swallowing my fear at the sensation. "They must have somehow done this. We were talking about cosplaying, remember?"

"I remember wanting to get you alone all night," Sans said casually, with a light chuckle.

I smirked at him half-heartedly and he chuckled as he answered more seriously. "So what about the cosplaying?"

"Well the character we decided I was going as has long red hair. I was just going to wear a wig but I guess they had other ideas."

"Okay, but how did they do it?"

"I showered last night. They must've gotten something into my shampoo or something."

I turned, looking disgruntled at my reflection. My stomach was doing flips inside me and my chest felt tight. Sans walked over, fingers gently running over my hair. I had to repress the urge to flinch away as he did so.

"Well, red looks good on you. Always has. Makes your blue eyes pop."

"It's not the red I have an issue with," I said quietly. I furrowed my brow as I pulled on the long hair again, trying to understand why it made me feel so uncomfortable.

I sighed as I turned away from the mirror, no longer caring to figure out my emotions, I pulled on some more covering pjs and pulled my hair up the best I could, so it would stop swaying around me with every move. It wasn't helping with my unease.

"Are Undyne and Alphys awake yet?" I asked.

"Undyne was when I left. Alphys had a long night so Undyne's letting her sleep in."

"I don't suppose you have anything to do with that?" I asked.

He rubbed the back of his skull sheepishly. "I might have. Alphys asked for some help with her latest lab stuff so I helped her."

"Lab stuff," I snorted as I shook my head. "Well you could've told me you were going to help her last night. Made me nervous when I woke up without you."
"Sorry 'bout that," Sans said as he came and wrapped his arms around me, gently kissing me. "I'll make it up to you, I promise."

I kissed him back before gently disentangling myself.

"I could make it up to you right now," Sans growled quietly in my ear as he pulled me closer again.

"Not right now." The response was automatic, and I felt a twinge of guilt as I saw his expression fall. "I really need to talk to Undyne and deal with this hair situation," I elaborated.

Sans smiled gently in understanding as he kissed me again and let me go. I smiled gratefully at him as I grabbed his hand and we went downstairs.

Alphys was a big lump on the couch covered in a mountain of blankets, her tail the only thing sticking out.

I could hear Undyne and Papyrus in the kitchen, and put on my best scolding look as I entered the kitchen with my arms crossed.

Undyne and Papyrus turned and Undyne's face lit up.

"It worked!" She shouted, punching the air triumphantly.

Papyrus looked confused as he took me in. "Frisk?"

"Yes, it's still me Paps."

"Your hair. It's different."

"Courtesy of Undyne and Alphys," I answered the unspoken question as I glared at Undyne.

Her glee wilted a bit. "You don't like it?" She asked, somewhat dejected.

I sighed. "My hair is almost to my knees. My knees. Don't you think you should've asked before messing with it?"

"Sorry, punk. We wanted it to be a surprise."

I gasped as I felt someone grab the ties on my hair and release them, my hair falling in a long, heavy cascade around me.

"Personally darling, I think you look fabulous with the new hair," I heard Metta say as he walked around me, one hand running through my hair.

As he stepped around in front of me, I felt my agitation dissipate a little as I saw his other arm occupied holding a sleepy Alphys who had her arms wrapped around his neck, curled up in a ball in his arm as her tail swung back and forth.

"Our Alphys was reluctant to get off the couch this morning," he explained to us as he carried her over and handed her to Undyne. I giggled as I saw Alphys bury her head further into Undyne, obviously reluctant to fully wake.

"Hey Alphys," Undyne coaxed as Metta came back over to me. "It worked. You should see Frisk's hair."
At that, she peeked around her arms, gasping and pulling away as she saw me. She scrambled out of Undyne hold and Undyne laughed as she set her down gently.

She came over, joining Mettaton in running her fingers through my hair.

"It's so pretty on you," she said, smiling happily. "I'm so glad it worked. I wasn't sure it would."

"It worked, and the red is pretty," I conceded. "But can you please cut it off. It is way too long."

"What! But how are you going to cosplay as her without the length? You need it to be long," Alphys protested.

Undyne laughed, coming over. "We can cut some off. She doesn't need it to be that long."

Alphys huffed. "Fine, but it needs to be long enough. We've been planning our cosplays for a while now. We all have to be in character. This is a once in a lifetime opportunity!"

"There's always more conventions," Metta reminded.

"But this is the first. It's the most special. It has to be perfect. That's why we decided to try and make your hair authentic. And it worked. Please, Frisk, please just keep the hair until after the convention. Then you can cut it short again." Alphys looked at me with pleading eyes.

"I think Frisk should do whatever she's most comfortable with," Sans interjected, coming up behind me and placing a hand gently on my back.

He seemed concerned, and I wondered if he could sense my nervousness.

As I contemplated what to do, I realized that I couldn't cut it short so soon, not just for Alphys, although her pleading eyes might have convinced me too, but because I didn't like feeling weak. I wouldn't let myself give in to whatever fear this was that I was feeling. I was going to leave the hair until I conquered it and figured it out.

I nodded my consent that I'd keep it and Alphys bounced with joy, clapping her hands.

"C'mere, punk. I'll cut it while Papyrus finishing cooking breakfast."

Papyrus nodded as he returned to his task and Undyne sat me down in a chair, grabbing a pair of scissors from a drawer.

She got to cutting off several inches, until my hair was at least above my waist line. When she was done Metta swooped in, taking the scissors from her and doing some touch up. When he was done he handed me a mirror and I saw that the way he had cut it, making it shorter around my face, framed it in curls. My red haired curled around my cheekbones, temples and jaw. It was cute, despite how off it felt to have long hair.

We all sat down to breakfast, talked for a while about the convention we'd be going to, before everyone departed to do what they needed to do. Undyne and Paps were going to the school to help mom teach, as they always did, with gym and cooking classes. Alphys was returning to her work at the lab and Mettaton was getting back to writing scripts and prepping shows, and other responsibilities that came with being a star. Sans had a meeting with my father, though he was reluctant to leave until I assured him I would be fine on my own.

Normally I'd spend the day doing something, anything. But I couldn't. Instead I sat on the floor of my bedroom, my legs crossed, in front of my mirror, running my hands through my hair.
My insides felt hot and cold at the same time, so many emotions raging through me I couldn't place them all.

My head was pounding, and every time I tried to find the source of the pain or the fear an even more intense pain would lance through my skull as I felt myself hit a wall in my head. The same wall I'd shied away from when I was a kid.

I sat for hours. My alarm going off barely reached me through my haze. I stood and turned it off, crawling into bed.

Not too long after, Sans came home, quietly entering my room. He sighed as he saw me already huddled under the blankets.

I heard the shuffling of clothes coming off and felt him lift the blanket and lay down beside me, tucking the blankets tighter around me as he laid an arm across me. He sighed again as he leaned forward, kissing my temple before settling in beside me.

"I love you," Sans breathed quietly as he relaxed, hand running soft circles on my tummy.

I was tempted to turn and tell him I loved him too, but I chose to stick to my plan, just going to sleep before he could ask questions about my day or try and heat things up like he usually did. I loved him but I just couldn't tonight. Not with that pain in my head that wouldn't subside.

So I allowed myself to settle in beside him and forced myself to relax.

I didn't feel myself fall asleep. I was just suddenly drifting in the darkness, surrounded by a sea of fear and unease.

I felt the weight against my shoulders, even in my sleep. I felt like I was hiding. Hiding in the darkness. Hiding from something.

I felt a presence against my skin, something that made me feel small and weak and helpless. And then I felt fingers in my hair, lifting me as though I weighed nothing, felt a searing pain in my scalp and knew that worse was to come.

I fought the sensation, struggling against an invisible enemy.

As my fear rose, so did the heat in my body, an insistent press against my skin, a pressure just beneath the surface, as though it were trying to break free of me.

The thought to fight back occurred to me, for a second, an indescribable rage bubbling up before fear stifled it. A choking fear that I couldn't fight back. As though the enemy were too big, too strong.

_Fight back._

A voice whispered in my head, so quiet I almost didn't think it was there.

Fear pressed against me, almost blocking out my other senses.

_Fight back._ It said again, more insistently.

That searing heat rushed through my veins as I gave into it, let it take its hold, let my anger and fear fuel the flames in my chest.

I broke free, the fingers disappearing from my scalp, along with the weight from my shoulders. I
forced the darkness away, screaming away all my frustration and anger and emotion.

It all disappeared and everything settled. Everything was still. Eerily still.

I opened my eyes, and found myself standing in waterfall, in front of a familiar black and white door.

I stood there for a moment, staring at it.

*Why am I back here?*

I couldn't understand how I'd ended up here, or why. I looked left and right down the path but saw nothing else out of the ordinary.

My fear was gone. The pain in my head was gone. The searing heat in my veins was gone. All that filled me now was curiosity.

I reached a hand forward and placed it on the door, watching baffled at it simply swung open under my touch, inviting me in.

I slowly entered, not even noticing the door shutting behind me. As I came into the blank room I saw the dark, tall figure standing in the center, but this time he turned to me as I approached, as though he had been expecting me.

His cracked face greeted me, with a soft kind of confusion as he took me in.

*What are you doing here child?* The figure asked. *How did you get here? How did you find me?*

The figure's voice was garbled, confusing. And yet I could understand him. Clear as day.

He tilted his head as he waited for an answer.

"I don't know," I responded, my voice echoing in the quiet around us. "I was in a nightmare and then. . ."

My voice trailed off as he reached out a white hand. It hovered over my chest and I felt a pressure. It sent warmth through my veins and made me gasp before he pulled his hand back and the feeling dissolved through my body again, disappearing entirely.

*How curious. You were in a great state of emotion before you came here?* He asked, voice contemplative.

"Yes," I answered quietly, still not understand who he was or why I was here. I had so many questions but before I could even grasp one to ask he began to speak again.

*You are very curious. Very curious indeed. I sense there is something missing. Something in your mind that you can't reach.*

"I dont-"

*Now is not the time for questions or explanations, from either of us. Your time here is short. I can feel you slipping away already.*

I opened my mouth to speak but he raised a hand, cutting me off.

*I need you to do something for me. I can help you, but only if you let me. Can you do that?*
I nodded my consent.

*Good. I need you to close your eyes.*

I did as he said, closing them.

*Now concentrate. Concentrate on the emotions that led you here.*

I followed his instruction, letting myself fall back into that dark nightmare. I felt the fear again, felt the helplessness, felt the anger.

*Ahh. Very strong emotions you are feeling. Seek them out. Find their source.*

I focused, sweat beading on my brow as I focused, pushing through the emotions that were like a thick wool in my brain, making my thoughts sluggish. They got stronger as I pushed further, before I hit a wall and that pain returned to my head. I instinctively shied away from it.

*No, don't run from it. Push against it. You are stronger than that. You must get past it to find the answers you want.*

I tried to do as he said, pushing, even when the pain became agonizing. I pushed and pushed. I screamed as I fought to get past the pain.

I barely registered when that cold hand settled on my sweat-slicked forehead. I pushed, determined to beat this. It was my mind, I was in control. I pushed and pushed. And felt the wall cracking beneath my control.

I heaved, screaming in agony and triumph as I felt it crumble. I felt my body collapse to the floor with it, those white hands wrapped around my arms, keeping me up.

My eyes flew open, that cracked face hovering in my vision, a sad smile graced his features.

*I hope to see you again soon, child.*

Velvety darkness wrapped around me and I came awake with a start, breaching the water of dark unconscious, gasping for air.

My breath settled, my heart settled.

I turned and looked at Sans, grateful that my sudden awakening hadn't brought him with me.

I eased myself out of bed, laying my pillow under his arm in my place. I crept silently across the floor, eased my door open and then slipped out, silently shutting it behind me.

I made my way downstairs, putting on what boots were by the door, slipping on a hoodie as I walked out into the night.

It only took me fifteen minutes to walk there.

The quaint little house appeared suddenly through the trees. The inside was dark, and I knocked quietly, once then twice as I waited.

A light turned on in the threshold and the door slowly opened.

"Frisk?"
"Hi Damen," I said with a smile.

Confusion replaced sleepiness as he looked me up and down, worry settling in confusions place.

"I'm fine. I just. . ." my voice trailed off. "I did say you'd be the first to know. And well. . . I remembered. I remembered everything."

Chapter End Notes

So yes, you will soon be getting answers about Frisk. And Gaster too. Also, sorry (not sorry) about the cliffhanger :p
Enlightening Conversations

Chapter Summary

We finally find out about Frisk's past.

It was dark, so dark. Dark and cold. The cold was frigid against my skin. I had to clench my teeth to keep them from chattering.

I was hiding. And I needed to be silent. My hands clutched my arms so tightly I was sure I must be losing circulation.

I waited. Waited until it had been long enough into the night before creeping out of my cubby and into the kitchen.

I thought I was quiet enough. It wasn't until a big hand grabbed a fistful of my hair and lifted me off my feet that I realized I wasn't quiet enough. Or he'd been waiting for me. Either way I was caught. And I knew that the familiar searing pain through my scalp was the least of my troubles.

I kicked at the air futilely, hoping to connect with something. He shook me roughly and I stilled. I saw the dim metal flash from the periphery of my vision. And when he relaxed I reached for it.

I almost fumbled as I grabbed the knife from the kitchen counter. I didn't hesitate. The knife sheared easily through my hair and I dropped heavily to the floor, the familiar weight gone from my shoulders. But it was one less thing for him to hurt me with.

As I looked up at him, at his seething anger, my stomach dropped. I knew that I would pay for this too.

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We met beside the usual twisted tree in the woods between our houses. I was early this time, dressed in the biggest hoodie I could find. I had the hood up, hiding my face.

"Frisk?" Damen quietly whispered.

"I'm here," I answered from my huddled ball inside the gigantic hoodie.

Damen came up beside me, draping one arm across my shoulders as he huddled close, wrapping a blanket around us both.

"I see you managed to find a hoodie," Damen began. "That's good. Winter will really be starting soon and you need warmer clothes than the ones you have."

"I'll be fine. I always am. You worry too much."

"It's my job to worry about you. No one else will."

"Alex?" I reminded.
"Alex too, I suppose," he conceded with a smile.

"How is she?"

"Good. She's covering for me."

"Good. At least you won't get in trouble tonight."

"Well, I might still get in trouble," Damen said with a mischievous smile. "Because I got away with this." He pulled a chocolate bar out of his pocket, showing it off to me as though it were gold.

I gasped as I turned to look at it, and didn't realize my mistake until I heard Damen suck in a breath.

"Frisk," he hissed, quickly moving to kneel in front of me. I tried to turn my face away, but his hand wrapping under my jaw forced me to look at him. "Your face."

"I'm fine," I cut him off roughly. "I've had worse, you know I have."

"That's not the point. He hurt you. Badly. Again."

"Damen. I am fine. Please trust me."

"I trust you. It's him I don't trust."

"Oh, and you can say you're totally fine right now?" I asked accusingly.

He opened his mouth to protest but before he could I reached forward, pulling up his sweater. I saw the red welts on the sides of his ribs before he hastily pulled it back down again.

"It was only three hits."

"With a belt," I reminded.

"This is nothing compared to what he did to you. What he does to you. Frisk."

"I don't want to hear it again Damen. I know you're worried and I know it's because you care but please, please. He's my only family and. . ."

"He's not your only family. I'm your family too. Me and Alex. We love you. I love you. I can't just watch him hurt you every day and not do something about it."

"Damen, please. Please."

He huffed angrily as he sat back down beside me, wrapping us both in the blanket again.

"You should've told me."

"I was going to tell you. I just wanted us to have a normal moment before things got. . ."

Damen sighed. "Yeah I know."

"I guess it's not the only thing, either."

"It's not?" Damen asked, anger tainting his voice.

I sighed as I pulled the hood down. Damen gasped again as he saw my now mangled hair. He
reached out a hand, softly stroking the short strands.

"It was so pretty," he said sadly.

"I had to." His eyes met mine, full of understanding. He leaned forward, pressing a kiss to my head before wrapping us tightly in the blanket again.

I allowed myself to relax beside him. The only peace I had were these moments. I wouldn't let these be tarnished by anything else.

So we sat. Sat and talked and ate chocolate. Until we had to go back.

~~~

It was dark and quiet when I entered the house. It was late enough. He should've been asleep.

But he wasn't. He was waiting for me.

I froze as I saw his looming form in the darkness of the living room, lounged on the couch. I could practically feel his anger as I stepped into the room. The lights turned on, momentarily blinding me and sending panic through my veins at the loss of vision.

"You were out again," he growled.

I swallowed but didn't answer.

"Where you goin', huh? This late at night."

I took a deep breath, but again, didn't answer him. I wouldn't ever give away Damen. He couldn't know about Damen and Alex. I wouldn't turn his anger on anyone else but me. And talking was always a bad idea. It always made him angrier.

"Right. Silent. As always."

He stood and I flinched, despite my best efforts. He stood still for a moment before he seemed to explode with his anger. I felt him grab what was left of my hair and toss me against the wall. The breath was knocked out of my lungs and I was stunned as I fell to the floor. I felt his heavy booted foot connect solidly with my ribs, and I screamed, felt nausea rise up alongside my pain. Nausea was always the worst.

He settled, very suddenly, staring down at me as his chest heaved with heavy breaths.

Just as he was about to reach down and grab me, we both heard a shout.

"Get away from her!"

Small arms wrapped around his shoulders and neck, as though this person had jumped on him.

My enraged uncle reacted, startled, elbow connecting solidly with the small kid who had latched onto him. I heard the oof as the air was knocked out of him and saw his arms slip from around him.

And then he fell. And I heard a sickening crack.

The looming man who had just a moment ago been seething with anger turned to look behind himself with shock.
And I saw Damen from between his legs. He was laying on the floor, blood beginning to pool around his head. I saw the blood on the corner of the glass table where he no doubt had hit it.

"Damen?" I whispered, his name barely escaping my throat.

"Oh gods," my uncle gasped, voice filled with panic and fear. Something I had never heard from him.

Anger filled my chest as I saw Damen still on the floor. He had done this. He had hurt him. He had hurt my only true family.

Before I could even register what I was doing I had grabbed one of the pokers by the fireplace and swung it.

It connected solidly with my uncle's knee cap. He yelled, caught completely by surprise, and lost his balance. He fell back, and the moment seemed to be almost in slow motion. His head thwacked against the wall and he slumped to the floor, very unconscious.

I scrambled across the floor to Damen. My eyes took only a moment to see that Damen had hit the table hard enough to leave splintering cracks along the surface from the corner and there was an alarming amount of blood on the floor around his head.

I quickly moved forward, pulling him into my arms as tears began to leave tracks down my cheeks.

Understanding dawned on Damen's face and he held the door open for me. I stepped inside, wrapping my arms around him in a hug as soon as he closed the door.

"I missed you," I said, squeezing him tight.

He seemed shocked for a moment before returning the hug. "I missed you too. It kinda sucks when you don't remember. Are you-?"

"I'm okay, really," I said with as much sincerity as I could as I pulled back.

He held my arms as he stood back, looking into my eyes, judging the truth of my words. He finally conceded and let me go.

"Is now a bad time to ask about the hair?"

I laughed at the question. "I kinda forgot about the hair for a second. Umm... my friends Undyne and Alphys did this. It's for a cosplay."

"Right. Makes sense." He said, setting aside that curiosity very quickly. "Do you want to stay for some tea? So we can really talk?"

"Of course. I wouldn't be here in the middle of the night if I didn't intend to stay."
"Right. Right. Well, my home is your home. Always has been. Make yourself comfortable," he said, leading me into the living room.

"Do you mind if I step away for a second to make tea?"

"I think I'll be okay without your presence for a few minutes," I teased.

"Yep, I know that, just-"

"You worry too much. Always have."

He sighed. "It's my job to worry about you."

"Just go make us some tea," I said, gently pushing him out of the room.

"Yes, yes. Tea. Tea will help with this," he mumbled, almost talking to himself as he left the room.

I walked over to the small fireplace in front of the couch, grabbing the pack of matches from the top and starting the already prepared logs of wood.

I sat, staring mesmerized into the flames, letting them be the only thing to occupy my mind while I waited.

Damen returned shortly after, handing me my hot cup of tea. The cup even had a cozy on it.

"Afraid I'm gonna burn myself holding the cup?" I asked teasingly.

"Hey, I'm just being a good host," he protested as he sat beside me with his own cup of tea.

"I see you don't need a cozy," I pointed out.

"Well that's because I'm a man," he said jokingly, puffing out his chest and flexing his arms, just the same as he had when he was a scrawny kid.

I snorted as I laughed. "Or because you don't drink your tea as hot as me?"

"Or that," he said relaxing beside me. "But also the manly thing."

"Uh-huh," I laughed, taking a sip of my tea. The warmth rushed down my throat, spreading through my stomach and warming my chest. It was just the right amount of sweet.

"Still got good tea making skills?" He asked, taking a sip of his own tea.

"Mhmm. It's just the right amount of sweet."

"Good to see some things don't change," he smiled gently at me, a smile I returned.

I took another big drink before setting my cup down on the table beside the couch.

He seemed to sense the change in atmosphere and set his own cup down, waiting for me to speak.

"Alex?" I asked.

"Asleep," Damen answered. "She still sleeps like a log."

"Good. Good."
There was a silence for just a moment.

"Frisk, this isn't something that we have to talk about-"

"Yes it is," I cut him off firmly.

He sighed. "Well, right now, right after-"

"I am not made of porcelain I can handle talking about it."

He sighed, and finally gave in. He held out his hand, palm up and I gladly put mine in his offered palm, winding our fingers together. He squeezed my hand gently as he waited for me to speak.

"I'm sorry for disappearing," was the first thing I thought to say.

He chuckled. "Forgiven. Sorry for interfering and trying to tackle your uncle."

"Forgiven."

He opened his mouth as though he were prepared to apologize more.

"Forgiven."

He let it go, squeezing my hand again gratefully.

"Frisk. . . what happened? Before you left?"

~~~

"I won't lose you. I won't lose you. Not you too," I gasped as I clutched Damen to me, sobbing softly. I held him so tightly I could feel his heart beat against my own chest, but just barely. It seemed to be fluttering lightly under his rib cage, as though he were having trouble holding on.

My trembling fingers found the flow of blood, pressing against the wound to try and slow it. But it's like I could feel his life slipping away between my fingers. The most precious thing to me and I was losing it.

Anger filled me. Anger and heartbreak. My chest hurt so badly I felt like I couldn't breathe. My whole body hurt, the pain radiating through my limbs from my center. Nothing had ever hurt so badly.

I felt when his heart slowed, when the blood flow slowed, likely coming to an end.

I clutched him closer, desperately, feeling all that pain and anger. Protectiveness welled up in me.

I can't lose him. I WON'T lose him.

My blood felt like it was boiling and my chest felt like it was on fire. It felt like my very skin was about to tear. I concentrated on his heart, and felt when the last slow beat pulsed through his chest before stopping.

And I refused to let it happen. I clutched him close and it felt like a storm was going through me. I felt so much pain but also so much relief. I felt my life pulse in my chest, and I gave it to him. I gave him the only thing I could. The only thing I had. My very life.

I was so focused on the feeling of it all raging through me I didn't feel his heart pick up its pace
double time. The wound closed beneath my fingers, the skin knitting back together.

I gasped as I felt his heart beat again, as I felt his own life resonating in his chest once more, stable.

I pulled back, looking down at his face. It was so peaceful. And full of color, no longer drained and pale. His chest was rising and falling with deep breaths, as though he were asleep.

I lowered my head to his chest, listening to his heart beat. I felt his life force thrumming through him underneath my head. I don't know how I felt it, I just did, even though I'd never felt anything like it before. I just knew, with absolute certainty that he was alive, he was healed, he was safe.

I knew at that moment, as I looked back over at my unconscious uncle that I had to keep him safe. I had to keep both of them safe.

I wrapped my arms around Damen and lifted him up with me. My legs shook and I felt weak. My whole body felt weak and drained. But I knew I had to do this. I had to get him away.

I forced my trembling legs to move as I carried him, apologizing profusely in my mind as his legs dragged along the ground.

I carried him until I knew he was far enough away from my house. And I hid him inside a hollow tree that we used to meet at. I laid him down on the soft moss inside, removing my hoodie and wrapping it around him. I'd have carried him home if I could, but I knew I wasn't strong enough. And I didn't want to get him in more trouble with his family. So I made sure he was safe and comfortable and made my plan.

I returned to the house, grateful to find my uncle still unconscious. I grabbed a pencil and some paper and made a note for Alex.

Alex, Damen did something stupid. Very stupid. He's at the hollow tree. He's safe, he's warm. Come and get him as soon as you wake up. Clean him up before you let your parents see him. Don't go back to my house. Don't let him look for me. It's not safe there. My uncle knows his face now.

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I love you both.

Keep each other safe.

Frisk.

I sighed as I folded the paper, holding back my tears.

I made the walk to their home, climbing the tree up to their window and slipping the piece of paper under it, leaving it cracked. She knew to check the window for important notes. They did every morning. The cold seeping inside from the crack would remind her, in case she forgot. And she would be checking for a note from Damen when she woke up and he wasn't there.

I had to make so many reassurances to myself as I left. I knew she would find it. I knew she would find Damen. They would keep each other safe.

I couldn't stay. Not now. Not anymore. And if Damen were awake he would want to follow me. He'd want to take Alex with us. And I couldn't do that to them. They still needed their family, as screwed up as it was. And my uncle could follow me. And I couldn't endanger them like that.

I had to keep reminding myself of this as I walked away from my only family.
I walked. Just walked. For hours. My feet guided me.

I didn't realize until I was at the base of the looming mountain where I was. The place no one went. The place rumored where no one came back.

Morbid curiosity itched at my mind, prompting me to walk up the mountain. I reached a place, a small alcove on the side of the mountain. I turned to watch the sunrise from my high vantage point, letting the beautiful sight ease some of the pain in my soul.

I knew that Alex would be awake. I knew they would be together again.

Tears left tracks down my cheeks as I turned away. Turned away from my home. My family.

I was tired. So very tired it felt like I could barely move. My ribs hurt and my neck was cold, along with my fingers and cheeks.

I walked forward, toward the alcove. Perhaps a place I could rest, sleep.

I tried to step carefully over the vines.

The sight of the dark hole into the mountain caught me by surprise and I leaned forward as I looked into it. It was dark, pitch black inside. The sight of the looming hole sent a shiver down my spine. It looked so ominous and foreboding, like it was the maw of a monster about to eat me up.

But even as I felt fear I also felt transfixed by the sight. As though there was something more I should be seeing. I felt a compulsion that didn't seem to be my own. To see what was below the darkness.

I shook my head, trying to clear it as I turned back around. And a root that I could've sworn wasn't there a moment ago caught my foot and I fell.

I felt myself slipping, felt the weight of my body falling into the darkness. Felt myself fall into it like I was falling into water, felt it wash over my skin, cold and tingling. But there was no splash, just more empty air.

I didn't even realize that I'd screamed as I fell. I felt myself hit the ground, felt the pain, felt my head hit the floor, could've sworn I heard my skull crack as I was knocked jarringingly into unconscious.

The last thought in my head was that I wouldn't wake up.

~~~

I sat and I told Damen everything. What happened in my house, how I'd left them, how I'd fallen.

I told him of my entire trip through the Underground, of the first, second and third time. I told him the truth. The whole truth. Of what had happened to me. Of what I'd done. I omitted nothing.

And as I expected he consoled me. He told me it hadn't been my fault, he forgave me for me, because he knew I never could.

He never once doubted that I was telling the truth. He didn't ask questions. He just sat and listened and understood. As he always had.

I briefly told him of my years with my family, told him how I'd rescued my partial brother Asriel.
Everything important. The only thing I couldn't bring myself to mention was the strange figure inside my dreams. Inside Waterfall. I didn't understand what it was and didn't want to speak of it until I understood it.

Damen told me what had happened after I had left, as well.

My uncle had been found in our home and taken to a doctor. He'd been shortly accused of murdering me, suspicion that the blood in our house had been mine, before they decided they didn't have enough evidence. How he'd ended up unconscious, why there was no body. Too many questions. So instead he'd been punished and he left. And that was the last they'd seen of him.

He told me how him and Alex had stayed for a few years, taking care of their mother and looking for me. How when their mom had died they'd finally run away. How years later they'd seen their father again. How he'd changed, how they'd made things right again. How they were still trying to make things right.

At the end of it all, Damen just had a few words.
"You saved me."

Those words resonated between us, a gift to me, a balm to the pain and worry I'd had before I'd forgotten.
"You saved me. I don't know how, but you did."

"You're still alive. I know it, I knew it before I knew it but it still seems like a gift."

"After I was knocked unconscious, I felt myself slipping away. I slipped away. I felt cold and dark. And then I felt you. I felt warm, I felt like I was wrapped in light. And I knew it was you. How?"

"I don't know. After my uncle..." I had to take a deep breath. "I knew I couldn't lose you. I wouldn't let you die. I held onto you and I felt that. I don't know how it saved you, but it did."

"Well, magic is real."

"I'm human," I reminded him.

"I know. But even for a human... When you were down in the Underground, you could "save" and "load". Mess with time. It may not be magic, per-say. Or not monster magic or whatever, you know more about this stuff than I do, but it's still pretty magical as far as I'm concerned. Maybe how you saved me and how you did all that other stuff is connected."

"Determination is how I saved and loaded and reset everything."

"Exactly. Could it be the same thing?"

"I don't know. I don't know enough about determination to say. I'll have to look into it."

"Well, however you did it, whatever you want to call it, you saved me. I knew it then and I especially know it now. Thank you."

He hugged me, tightly, and I hugged him back. So grateful to be here again, to have remembered. Because despite all the pain I'd been through, it was worth remembering him. Remembering them both. Having my family back.

We were finally together and I hadn't realized, until I was here with him, hugging him, that I had
missed him. Even without remembering, I had missed him. And it finally felt like I was whole. Like I finally had filled in all the blanks in my life. Whole like never before. I had everything I needed now.

We finally pulled away, simply holding hands. I watched the embers in the fireplace glowing.

"I have to get home soon, before I'm missed."

"I know. But you'll come back soon?"

"Of course," I said, bumping my shoulder against his. "And you have to tell Alex the good news. Cause we're probably going to be celebrating with her next time I come over."

Damen chuckled. "Probably. She always loves an excuse to celebrate things. And she'll be so happy to know that you remember. She missed you too. And she'll want to thank you as well, for saving me."

"It won't be necessary-"

"Oh, it'll be very necessary."

"-but I will accept it nonetheless," I finished as I shook my head, a smile on my lips.

We sat for a minute more before I rose from the couch and Damen followed, accompanying me to the door. We hugged one last time before I left, making my way quickly home.

I made it before the sun had even risen and was grateful to find the house still quiet.

I went upstairs and climbed into the shower, not wanting to risk waking up Sans by trying to crawl back into bed.

As I stood under the warm, relaxing spray, my serenity faded as nervousness returned.

How was I going to talk to Sans?

I was sure he would be happy that I remembered, but I didn't know how to explain it all. It wasn't the pain of my past that made me nervous to speak of it, because I knew he could handle that, it was the fact that I didn't know what was wrong with me. I had saved Damen, and I didn't know how. I kept returning to that place in my dreams, and I wasn't entirely sure it was more than just dreams. I wasn't sure if I was crazy, but I knew I definitely wasn't normal.

How do I explain to someone the things that I had been seeing, feeling?

I didn't know. What I did know was that I had to try, and trust that Sans would understand and perhaps be able to help me figure it out.

Despite my self-assurances, my stomach did flips as I turned off the water and prepared to return to my room.

This would be one hell of a conversation.
I dried the water droplets from my skin and hair as best I could, wrapping myself in a towel to avoid putting on my dirty clothes.

I hesitantly opened the bathroom door and, when I heard nothing but silence, I slowly walked down the hall and to my room, gingerly opening the door.

I came into the room slowly, attempting not to wake Sans. He stirred just as I shut the door behind myself. I turned to see him rolling over in bed to look for me.

"Frisk?" He asked sleepily.

"I'm right here," I answered giving him a smile.

"What're you doin' up so early?" He asked, rubbing the sleepiness from his sockets.

"I just woke up early and couldn't go back to sleep. I thought I'd take a shower and let you sleep in."

Sans chuckled. "The gesture is appreciated. But you know me. I'd rather wake up and shower with you," he implied with a wink.

I rolled my eyes as I smiled, walking over to my dresser and riffling through my clothes.

I gasped as I felt Sans' bony arms wrap around me and the tingle of him teleporting.

"What are you putting on clothes for?" Sans growled in my ear, making goosebumps spread across my skin.

I opened my mouth to respond before Sans slipped a hand between my legs, very suddenly, catching me off guard.

"You're already naked, why get dressed now when we can just take advantage of it instead?" Sans nipped my earlobe as his fingers pressed teasingly against my clit.

My words were lost to me as I tried to hold onto the importance of talking to him.

But his fingers dipped between my lips and up inside me as his other hand released my towel and it dropped to the floor, leaving my skin free for him to grope.

"It's been a few days since I had you to myself," he continued to growl as he stroked that sweet spot
inside me. "And I don't wanna wait any longer."

He spun me around, keeping his fingers working as he kissed me, roughly, passionately. The sudden jarring insistence was making my head spin, as this wasn't at all how I thought this would go when I came into my room. But it had been a few days, and I did miss his touch. And with his fingers where they were and his lips on mine, I couldn't form enough self-control to stop him. This conversation could wait. Besides, this would help me relax, which would helped me talk to him.

I let my explanations to myself ease me into relaxation as I let Sans take control.

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He'd seen her leave. He'd woken up and felt the bed sheets empty beside him, the warmth leaving them, and heard the front door click as she'd left.

He'd been concerned, following after her in case something was wrong. And he'd seen her go to that human's house.

He'd let her in and she'd hugged him.

Sans had forced himself to return to Frisk's house, trying to force himself not to be jealous or overthink.

But then she'd been gone all night.

And when she came back home the first thing she'd done was shower.

He was going ask her about it. He was. Until she'd lied about getting up. She'd lied to him. Meaning she'd had something to hide.

And he couldn't help it. He couldn't help how angry he got. How jealous. How possessive.

She'd been with Damen all night and she had lied about it.

His reaction to seeing her was irrational.

She was his. And he was going to show her much that was true.

~~~

Sans had me melting into his touch, his fingers unrelenting as they moved inside me, leaving me a moaning mess in his arms. He was forced to hold me up as my knees trembled and buckled underneath me.

His lips stole every moan that escaped me as they captured mine and refused to let me go.

His fingers pushed me to the precipice before they pulled out, wrapping around me as I whimpered in complaint.

"You're not gettin' off that easy," Sans growled against my lips as wrapped his hands around my thighs and lifted me, carrying me to the bed.

His teeth nipped at the skin of my neck as he lowered me to the sheets, his tongue leaving tingling trails where his teeth left indents.

His magic burned through me like fire, in a way that left me breathless. Very rarely had I felt so
much passion from him, but I was so wrapped in it I couldn't resist.

His hands were unusually insistent as they caressed up and down my body, almost rough as they gripped at my skin.

His lips returned to mine with a new kind of fervor, almost bruising against mine.

I could feel his hardness as he pressed himself against me, magic thrumming through his bones in rapid pulses, leaving sparks on my skin where we were connected.

He removed his clothes quickly, tossing them to the side impatiently.

His knees pushed my legs apart roughly as he lifted my hips, teeth pulling at my lips.

"Who's are ya, sweetheart?" Sans growled as I felt the tingling warmth of him pressing between my lips.

"Yours," I answered breathlessly.

"Say it again," he demanded, teasingly pressing against my clit.

"Yours Sans, yours," I mumbled, my mind lost in the haze of pleasurable signals going through my body.

My core ached with need and I couldn't help but press myself against him impatiently, urging him to just push inside me.

"You're damn right you are. You're mine. All mine." As he said this he pushed inside me, the head slipping inside me easily, stretching me out and pulling a gasp out of me at the sensation.

His magic continued to spark across my skin, sending little pulses of pleasure through me as he began to move his body with mine.

His magic was intense and unrelenting as it worked its way through my body, filling me. His voice surrounded me, enveloping me. But I was too far wrapped in pleasure to hear his words.

I peaked quickly, and this time there was no lingering, no teasing. He didn't bother to hold me back as pleasure jolted through my muscles, making my hands tighten and my toes curl. I was so awash with ecstasy I didn't hear myself scream his name.

Sans stopped only long enough to pull out and flip me over, hands gripping my hips as he held my backside up to his height, slipping easily back inside my slick folds. The new position allowed him to go deeper and incite new pleasure. His hands were rough as they gripped my hips, giving him control as he pounded into me.

I came even more quickly this time, and once again there was no holding back. This continued for what seemed like hours to me, Sans completely unrelenting. He only ever stopped long enough to switch positions and I lost track of how many times I came. He only stopped when I began begging for a release from the overwhelming pleasure. With one last push over the edge he finally let me go.

My exhausted muscles slumped into the sweat dampened sheets. My muscles would occasionally twitch as they tried to relax.

Sans fingers ran gently through my hair as he lay in the bed beside me. His sudden silence was
drastic in comparison to how he had been as he'd made love to me, his voice ever-present even when I was too far gone to hear him.

I struggled for only a moment to resist the heavy pull of unconsciousness. The comforting lull of his fingers through my hair was too much to resist.

I promised myself as I drifted off that I would talk to him as soon as I woke up.

~~~

Sans stared down at Frisk's sleeping face as the rage returned to him, burning hotly through his bones. It made it hard to breathe. The peacefulness in her expression did little to quell his anger, even as he wished it would. All he could see as stared down at her was that human's face.

After a few minutes he could no longer resist the tight pull at his soul and he forced himself to tear his eyes from her as he rose from the bed. He dressed quickly and made his way out the door. His footsteps were heavy as he made his way through the house.

When he came outside the bright sunshine and light warm breeze shocked him. He had half expected the weather to match his gloomy mood.

The sun was warm and the breeze was gentle against his bones, but it did little to comfort him.

He stalked away from her house with only one thought to fill his mind.

Him and that human needed to talk.
I came awake with a jolt, warning shot through my veins and my heart was pounding in my chest as sweat made the sheets cling to my skin.

I rolled over in bed, hands searching and found the space beside me empty. I sat up looking around, and found that I was sleeping alone in my room. Bright sunlight still streamed through the curtains, and a gentle breeze wafted through the open windows, the curtains making the quietest of ruffling sounds.

Sans was gone. His clothes were all gone, shoes included. And suddenly the events from my return ran through my mind and I groaned internally as I desperately hoped his drastic attitude didn't mean what I thought it meant.

I quickly threw on some clothes and shoes as I ran out of my room, taking the steps two at a time as I ran outside and made my way to Damen's house as quickly as my feet could carry me.

~~~

Sans stalked across the neatly polished lawn in front of the quaint little cottage. Smoke rose from the chimney, white and fluffy, into the sky. The house was surrounded by birdsong, and critters scurried away through the brush as he passed, as though they felt his anger.

He almost walked right up to the door when he heard the sounds of splitting wood coming from around back. He made his way toward the sound and sure enough there the human stood, chopping wood. He was standing in the clearing, shirtless, the sun making his skin shine with tones of gold over his sculpted muscles. The view only fanned the flames of his anger and he grit his teeth as he stalked over.

The human turned, a question on his face as he heard the footsteps, the axe swinging lazily in his grip. His eyes widened and his mouth opened in a surprised O as he saw Sans.

"Sans," he said, obviously very shocked as he set the axe down, leaning it against the block of wood. "What are you doing here?" He peered behind Sans, looking around before returning his eyes to the skeleton. "Is Frisk with you?"

Sans exploded as he heard her name pass through his shapely lips with such familiarity. "Don't you say her name," he hissed as he stalked closer, hands clenching at his sides.

Damen tensed as he realized just how angry the monster stalking toward him was, stepped back a few paced to distance himself and holding up his arms placidly.

"Woah, whatever is going on, I'm sure we can talk this out," Damen tried to reason with him.

"What the hell was Frisk doin' at your house last night?" Sans asked, demanding an answer, and quickly.
Damen fumbled as he tried to process what to say, hastily backing up when Sans stepped
threateningly closer.

"Woah, woah," he said, hands in the air as though they could keep him at bay. "Frisk didn't tell
you? I would've assumed she'd talk to you when she got home. She had planned on it-"

"I don't wanna hear nothin' from you other than an explanation," Sans cut him off gruffly, fingers
wringing the air as though they were already around Damen's neck.

"Look, whatever is going on, I'm sure if you just go back to Frisk, she can-

"Frisk is indisposed at the moment. I'm askin' you."

"Indisposed?" Damen mouthed to himself, concerned for only a moment before assuring himself
Sans wouldn't have hurt her. "Look. It's really not my place to say. You should really talk to Frisk."

"Not your place? You've been too damn familiar with her since the moment we met you and I'm
gettin' real sick of it. Frisk spent the whole night at your house. The whole damn night! And lied
about it. So I wanna know what's going on, and I wanna know right now!"

~~~

My heavy breathing filled the silence around me as I sprinted between the trees. The sudden
shouting reached me through the trees and I picked up my pace.

I burst into my clearing to see Sans stalking towards Damen, magic wavering around him
threateningly, socket pulsing with blue flame. Damen was backing away from him, hands up as
though to try and pacify the enraged skeleton.

"Hey!" I shouted as I made my way to them, coming between them and demanding their attention.

I heard the sigh of relief behind me. "Thank gods you're here."

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" I demanded of Sans with as much scolding as I could
muster.

He seemed taken aback for a moment as he stared at me. I'm sure I was the last person he was
expecting to see.

"Frisk?" he asked, as though trying to confirm I really was standing in front of him. His expression
settled back into its angry one as he glared at me. I straightened my shoulders and glowered back
defiantly. I had nothing to hide.

"Fine," Sans growled. "I know where you were last night."

"No really?" I interrupted with impatient sarcasm. "What of it?"

My response only seemed to make him more angry. "You spent the night with that damn human
and you lied to me about it!"

I bristled as my own anger bubbled up inside me. I opened my mouth to angrily respond, hands
clenching. Damen put a hand gently on my shoulder, trying to calm me. The gesture made Sans
glower as he continued to speak, not giving me a chance.

"I would've figured you were better than this. But I guess I was wrong. You wanna cheat on me?
You wanna lie to me? Fine. You wanna be with him, I'm fine with that too. Be with him. I don't
share. You two deserve each other."

Sans turned, teleporting away.

"Sans!" I shouted after him, knowing my words followed him. But he didn't come back. "Gods
damnit!" I stamped my feet angrily.

"Frisk, it's alright," Damen reassured, hand stroking my arm as he tried to ease my anger. "He'll
listen. He loves you."

"Exactly. He loves me. He loves me and he stood there and accused me of being a cheater and liar
without giving me a chance to explain. He didn't bother to try and trust me for two seconds. He just
disappeared as though that's going to help. I can't believe him!"

"What did happen when you got home?" Damen asked.

"I showered, went back into my room to change into some clean clothes. I had hoped he wouldn't
wake. But he did. Or he already was. Guess he saw me leave last night and come here. I thought it
easiest to just say I had woken up, start with "I remembered" before I got into talking about you. I
knew you made him jealous. But he just. . . distracted me. I fell asleep and now. . ." I growled
angrily, shaking my head.

I sighed as I turned around. "The shirtlessness probably didn't help."

"Hey, I was just on my own, cutting firewood. I wasn't expecting your raging jealous boyfriend to
appear in my back yard."

"Yeah. Sorry about that." I sighed. "I need to go after him before he works himself up even more."

"Do you know where he went?" Damen asked as he walked over and threw a shirt on.

"I'm not entirely sure but I'll find him. He can't hide from me forever."

I angrily stalked away as I made the claim, intent on solving this as quickly as possible. Damen
paused to step inside, likely grabbing his shoes and a coat as I continued on.

I came out onto the street at a pace faster than I should have been. It was mid-day and the streets
were busy as people made their way around town. I bumped right into someone, falling back on my
butt.

"Sorry," I quickly apologized, accepting the offered hand before I even looked up. I had risen to my
feet before my eyes met theirs, and it took me a few slow moments to recognize the bearded face in
front of me. I gasped as I pulled my hand from his grasp as though it had burned me, my anger
returning tenfold, this time with a new target in front of me.

"It's. . . no problem," he said, as he stared at me curiously, not understanding why I reacted the way
I did.

*He doesn't recognize me.*

I took a few wary steps back from him, swallowing as anger and fear encased my soul. I felt a
child, standing here in front of him. He still diminished me in size, even now.

"You don't recognize me?" I hissed angrily. I knew that it was irrational. It had been a long time
and I did look different, but the anger was something I couldn't push away. *After everything he had
"I think you should leave," he said quietly, the subtle threat in his tone.

"Damen?" He asked, bewildered. His eyes flicked between the two of us, really taking in my enraged expression before his own changed drastically. His eyes widened and his mouth fell open.

"Frisk?" he asked incredulously. "You're alive. How-" In his surprise he took a step towards us and I tensed.

"Stop," Damen commanded, pushing himself more in front of me and putting a hand against his chest, pushing him back.

"But-"

"Don't," Damen said threateningly. "You need to leave. Now."

My uncle opened his mouth and shut it several times before he finally gave me one last agonized look and turned and walked briskly away.

I felt his presence depart but took small comfort in it. I had remembered, yes, but seeing him was different. Seeing him had pulled me back into the past, back to being that helpless child who cowered in the dark, afraid of stirring his anger. He was still that big bad monster that haunted my nightmares and my deepest fears.

I didn't hear Damen talking to me soothingly, his hands running up and down my arms as he tried to reach me. I didn't feel time, I didn't feel the presence of other people as they passed us on the streets. I didn't hear Damen's soothing words as they attempted to reach me.

At some point he wrapped an arm around my waist, guiding me away. I didn't feel the earth beneath my feet or see the curious expressions of concerned passers-by. At some point I was just in my room, sitting on my bed and Damen knelt in front of me, endlessly speaking. But I couldn't hear him.

At some point I found myself alone, and took comfort in that.

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Damen sighed as he looked at the little house beside Frisk's. He had resolved himself to this. He had to go through with it. For Frisk.

He took the steps up to the door slowly, knocking lightly. The tall skeleton answered the door-Papyrus, he recalled his name was.

"Oh hello there! I wasn't expecting guests! Frisk lives next door, if you're looking for her," Papyrus said cheerily.

"I'm not looking for Frisk. I'm looking for your brother, actually."
"Sans? He came home not too long ago. He said Frisk was busy and he was taking a nap. Perhaps you should come back later, when he's woken up."

"I'm sorry. Papyrus, right?" Papyrus nodded happily. "It is really important that I talk to Sans. I promise I won't let him get angry at you if I wake him up. Please."

Papyrus seemed to sense the importance in Damen's desperate tone. "Well... alright. But if you wake him it's on you!"

Papyrus let him inside and lead him to Sans' bedroom door. "If you would like something to eat or drink, just let me know. I am making lunch."

"Thank you, Papyrus," Damen said with a sincere smile as Papyrus nodded and disappeared back down the hallway.

Damen took a deep breath to steady himself as he knocked on the door. He got no response and shook his head exasperatedly as he pushed the door open. The room inside was dark, eerily so. And empty.

"Sans?" he called softly. He gasped as he felt a tingling sensation rush across his skin and felt the floor disappear. His vision seemed to go black for a moment before he found himself standing in a different room.

The skeleton sat on the mattress, elbows resting on his knees, head bowed. The room was dim save for the faint flickering blue light coming from the skeleton's left eye socket.

Damen took a quick look around and noticed no door. He swallowed nervously as he realized he was trapped now. *Well shit.*

"Do you have a death wish?" Sans rumbled, his voice shaking the darkness as he raised his head and fixed Damen in that burning gaze that sent fear through his soul.

Damen swallowed uncomfortably and straightened his shoulders, determined not to show any fear in front of him.

"We need to talk," Damen said with as much conviction as he could muster.

Sans chuckled darkly, the very figure of fear. Sans seemed as though he were going to say something but Damen didn't let him. Sans had done enough blusterous talking for one day.

"I would've expected better of you," Damen started.

"Excuse me?" Sans glowered, slowly standing, the threat emanating off him in waves.

"Frisk has said good things about you. I expected better. You didn't bother to trust her. Didn't give her the benefit of the doubt. Didn't even give her a second to explain to you what was happening. And now she is sitting comatose in her bedroom. I can't get through to her and you're too damn stubborn to see that she needs you. She needs you to trust her much more than you do."

"This is your problem," Sans growled.

"Did you not hear me?"

Sans sighed, gritting his teeth as he tried to feign uncaring. "What's wrong with her?"

Damen snorted. "Maybe if you hadn't disappeared like an idiot you'd know." Sans opened his
mouth to angrily retort and Damen cut him off. "She's not speaking to me. She won't look at me. I can feel that something wrong. Really wrong. And this isn't you. Well, I'm sure you're part of it, but she's not sitting in there comatose because of you. Trust me, if she could she'd be in here giving you the yelling you deserve. But she can't. So I have to."

"So what do you want me to do?" Sans asked.

"I want you to be there for her like she was always there for you!" Damen shouted, glad to see the guilt creeping into Sans. "Talk to her. Listen to her. I'm sure you'll reprimand yourself once you know what's actually going on."


"Have Frisk's eyes ever changed color before?" Damen asked, the sudden question nagging at him. Sans' sockets went dark. "You mean red?"

Damen quickly backpedaled at he realized what he'd implied. "No, no. Not like possession."

Sans visibly relaxed before squinting suspiciously at Damen. "You know about that?"

"Yeah, I know about that. I know about pretty much everything."

"She told you?" Sans asked, almost with disbelief as he glared daggers at Damen.

"Don't glare at me like that. Yes, she did. Because she trusts me. You'd know everything that's going on too if you weren't such a jerk."

Sans glared even harder."So what do you mean?"

"I don't really know," Damen, said, confused himself. "They were just... different. It's hard to describe. Like they were glowing or something."

Sans looked equally confused at the explanation. "No, I've never seem her eyes do anything like that." Sans seemed genuinely confused as he stood for a moment in thought, as though the explanation were there, but he just couldn't fully grasp its meaning.

"Well, let's go," Damen commanded, reminding them that they had Frisk to get to. Sans decided to let it go, for now.

Sans sighed again and Damen felt the world fall lurchingly away. His stomach dropped before the world rose around him again. Gods he hated that. And he had a sneaking suspicion it was deliberately that uncomfortable.

Damen was glad to see that they were standing in front of Frisk's door.

Sans gave him one last contemptuous look before gently easing the door open and going into her room, shutting it behind him. Damen sighed as he made his way downstairs, giving them some privacy. He had a feeling there'd be yelling soon.

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I felt the presence come into my room with a stark clarity. I knew it was Sans, and that only made me angrier. How dare he.

I swallowed uncomfortably as he came closer, but refused to look up at him.
"Frisk?" Sans asked. I could still sense his jealousy, his anger, lingering at the edges even as he tried to act calm.

"How dare you," I said, allowing myself to give in to my anger. "I trusted you. I trusted that you would do better than that. How dare you accuse me of being a cheat. A liar. As though you don't know me better."

Sans had the good sense to look guilty.

I stood up, and watched him flinch back from my boiling anger. "You really wanna know what's going on? I remembered."

"What?" he seemed genuinely confused at the explanation.

"I remembered my past. My childhood. Everything I forgot when I fell into the underground."

Sans' expression fell as he realized what I was saying. "Frisk-"

"Don't. Don't you dare. You have no right to suddenly act concerned. Maybe if you were less of an ass you would've known this sooner. Maybe if you had trusted me rather than getting angry and jealous you'd know this by now. You decided it was better to fuck me into submission the moment you knew I was spending time with someone else. Yes, my immediate reaction was to tell a little white lie, to avoid making you angry before I had a chance to get to the important things. Like remembering."

"I'm sorry," Sans mumbled. "I'm so sorry, Frisk. You're right, I know you're right. I fucked up. I fucked up hard. I should've trusted you, I know. I just... I don't know what came over me."

I sighed as I contemplated my next words carefully. I stepped closer, looking up at him angrily. "You wanna know what Damen is to me?"

Sans nodded slowly. I saw that all the anger had left him.

"Damen is my best friend. He's my family. He's my soulmate."

Sans' face fell, sadness filling it as he knew he was not able to be angry.

"Do you wanna know what you are to me?" Sans didn't nod this time. "You are my best friend. My family. You are the love of my life."

Sans' brows knitted as he took in what I was saying. He shook his head. "But-"

"I don't mean monsters meaning of soul mates, Sans. Think of what else that means."

His expression relaxed as realization came to him. He knew perfectly well the show I was referencing.

"So-"

"You have nothing to worry about. Other than making this up to me," I warned.

Sans chuckled, not caring about my lingering anger as he hugged me tightly. I sighed exasperatedly as I accepted the hug, letting it ease away the anger and fear.

Sans finally released me. "So what happened? Damen said you were comatose in here, but you seemed pretty quick to start yelling at me when I came in."
I sighed. "How about I explain what I remembered first."

"Alright," Sans allowed, following me back to the bed and sitting down gingerly beside me.

I told him the story of my childhood. How I'd been orphaned as a toddler and left with my uncle as my guardian. How he'd blamed me for the death of his sister and best friend. How he'd treated me. This made Sans' anger return, and I was glad it was no longer aimed at me or Damen. I explained how Damen and Alex were my neighbors in our small farming community. Damen's mother had been sick, too sick to defend him from a father who beat him. His sister did her best to protect him, but she could only do so much. I explained the stories of both our lives before falling into silence.

I reached over for the jacket I'd worn the night before, pulling a few pictures out of my pocket that Damen had given me. One of Alex and him, and another of Damen and his fiance.

Sans' expression turned to one of guilt as he held the picture.

"Damen's gay," I explained out loud as I too looked at the picture of Damen and his fiance kissing in front of a pretty blossoming cherry tree. "It's why his father beat him. It's why other kids bullied him and disliked him. That's part of the reason we were so close. I was that kid with the dead parents and the scary uncle and he was the little boy who liked other little boys. We were outcasts. No one liked us. It made us close. His friendship kept me alive. We're family, ties stronger than blood."

We sat for a moment in silence before I took the pictures back, setting them down on the bedside table. Now to the hard part. "When we were children, Damen tried to protect me. I always told him to stay away, to stay out of it. But one night he didn't listen. He followed me home. He jumped on my uncle as he was about to hurt me. My uncle just sort of reacted. He elbowed Damen and he fell. His head smacked into the corner of a glass table hard enough to leave cracks in it. He started to bleed out on the floor. There was so much blood. . . " I swallowed painfully as I remembered, having to remind myself that Damen was alive and well. "I reacted as well. I knew I had to protect him. I hit my uncle with a bat while he was distracted. He fell back, hit his head on the wall and passed out. I went to Damen, but it seemed there was nothing I could do. He'd lost so much blood and he wouldn't wake."

"So how is he here?" Sans asked, watching my face closely.

I took a deep breath. "I put my hands over his wound as I held him. I felt his loss in my soul, like it was tearing apart. I knew I couldn't lose him. I couldn't. I refused to let it happen."

"You can't just say 'no' and death will go away," Sans tried to reason.

"I'm not so sure," I said with a small smile. "I felt his soul, felt his life slip away. And I didn't let it. His bleeding stopped, his wound knit back together and his soul got stronger. I saved him. I don't know how, but I saved him. I felt it."


I finally looked up, meeting his expression. I felt words weren't enough. I looked to the candle that sat beside my bed, locked it in my gaze. I allowed my emotions to rise up inside me, felt it as a warmth that filled my muscles and pressed underneath my skin. The candle flared to life brightly and Sans jolted into a standing position beside me.

"Frisk, how did you. . .?" Sans started to ask in disbelief.

I turned to look at him. His eyes were fixated on the candle, and stayed like that for several long
moments before he turned to look at me. He sucked in a shocked breath as he took in my face. "Your eyes. . ."

"What?" I asked, unsure what he was seeing. Sans grabbed my arm and made me stand, guiding me over to my mirror. I looked at him in confusion before turning to look in the mirror. I was shocked to see my eyes glowing. Shimmering with light. It was like light was moving and shifting beneath my eyes. Like the rippling of sunlight through water. It was mesmerizing and beautiful.

There was a soft knock on the door. I turned and felt the warmth dissipate from me. I turned and saw my eyes were back to normal.

I went quietly over to the door and opened it to see a concerned Damen standing outside. He relaxed as he saw that it was me who had answered the door.

"So, uh. . . how's it going?" he asked casually, taking note of Sans still standing confused in the middle of my room. He hadn't turned to look at us.

"Well. . ." I started, looking at Sans. "I got all the story telling out of the way but. . . We have another problem."

Sans finally roused himself and turned to look at me. "We need to get everyone. And I mean, everyone. We need to tell them what's going on. And maybe Alphys can help me figure out why it seems you have magic."

"Magic?" I echoed.

"She's human. I thought humans couldn't have magic?" Damen asked for me.

"Maybe not anymore, but they used to. It was wizards and warlocks and other magickers that sealed us in the mountain, long ago," Sans explained.

I nodded my agreement slowly.

"Frisk, we need to make sure that whatever this is, it can't hurt you. We've never dealt with humans having magic before, not that we can remember, we just. . . need to make sure you're safe, first and foremost."

"Alright," I agreed, taking his hand as he grabbed for it, squeezing it comfortingly, trying to ease his sudden anxiety.

Sans called the family, Damen called Alex to bring her over. We sat in the living room with tea while we waited. Alex arrived first, and she sat beside us as Damen caught her up on what was going on. The doorbell rang as the sun was setting and anxiety rushed through my own soul. Damen took my hand as Sans went to get the door. I accepted it gratefully, leaning into him and allowing him to wrap a comforting arm around me. This would be a long night.
Undyne and Alphys were the first to come into the living room, Mettaton right on their heels. Undyne took one look at Damen's arm around me and her eyes narrowed suspiciously while Alphys just tilted her head curiously. Mettaton raised a brow as he saw us, and he put a hand on his hip as he gave me a questioning look. Papyrus came in after him, though he didn't seem fazed at all by the sight of Damen and I. He just gave us all a friendly wave and a big smile, which Alex returned with almost as much exuberance. Mom and dad filed in behind him with Flowey in his pot in mom's arms. Even Flowey looked at the other humans on the couch speculatively.

Sans reentered the living room behind them, and Undyne turned her head to watch him, watch how he reacted to the scene. They were all looking at Damen and I speculatively and I saw Alex shift uncomfortably on Damen's other side as she realized that my family really didn't know anything that was going on. I felt Damen's arm slip as though he were going to pull it away from me. I took his hand in mine, squeezing his fingers reassuringly. He smiled at me appreciatively, letting his arm stay where it was. It was a comforting gesture that was helping give me strength.

"Hey you guys," I greeted them, gesturing for them to take seats on the couches and chairs. There were hot cups of tea steaming on the table, ready for them. They all sat gingerly, not understanding what was going on and a lot of questions on their faces.

"Frisk, why did Sans call us all here so late?" Asgore asked as he picked up his cup of tea, holding it firmly between his hands, the cup dwarfed in his grip.

I opened my mouth but I wasn't quite sure how to answer.

"He said it was urgent," Toriel interjected when I didn't answer. "Nothing's wrong, is it sweetie?"

"No, everything's fine," I assured her.

"He said it was important family business," Undyne began crossing her arms, pointedly eyeing Damen.

"Yes," I said. Sans took his seat on my other side, taking my free hand in his own, winding his fingers through mine, and I accepted the gesture gratefully. Undyne looked between Sans and Damen incredulously. She wasn't the only one, which was to be expected considering the amount of jealousy they'd seen him display in the past towards Damen.

"Are you sure they should be here?" Undyne straight up asked, getting right to the point.

"Yes," I answered with conviction when both Damen and Alex looked to me uncertainly. "Damen and Alex are family. They need to be here tonight too."

"Frisk, darling, I don't think we quite understand," Metta said softly.

I took a deep breath. "It's hard to explain," I began. "You all know that Damen and Alex recognized
me from a time before I fell into the underground." My family nodded. "Well, I finally remembered everything from before."

"You what?" Undyne asked, eyes going wide. My whole family took the news similarly.

"When did this happen?" Mom asked, leaning forward, looking concerned, Asgore beside her similarly so.

"You guys," I interrupted before anyone else could start to talk. "Yes, I remembered. It was just recently. Sans already knows," I said looking to him. He gave me a smile, and I could see that it was apologetic. I shook my head, trying for a moment to forget all the drama.

"And so they're...?" Metta began to ask, looking to Damen and Alex.

"They are family," I assured. "Not by blood but... through other circumstances. It's a lot to explain. It's a long story, but I know you guys would want to know. So I will tell you, but it will probably go by easier and faster if I tell it without a bunch of interruptions and questions."

My family settled back and all nodded, allowing me to talk. And I told them everything, the whole story, from the beginning. What happened when I was child up to now, leaving out the part where I saved Damen and fled to the mountain for last. I told that part slowly, just an unsure how to explain it as I had when telling Sans. As I expected, they took the news with a lot of questions when I finally got it out. Sans had to interject to keep them from all speaking at once.

"Maybe Frisk should show you," Sans suggested, looking to me as he said it to make sure I was okay with this. I nodded my consent. "It would be easier that way."

I let go of Sans' and Damen's hands as I closed my eyes and concentrated. I placed my hands flat against each other and just let myself feel. I focused on memories to bring emotions up, letting them play through my mind. Fear and anger started a flame in my chest but it wasn't enough. I focused on my love for Sans and Damen and Alex and the rest of my family and I felt the warmth stirring in my soul. I focused on something else, something stronger. The need to protect the ones that I loved. I focused on that need and from the depths of my soul the warmth rose and filled my body. I let the heat gather between my hands and opened my eyes as I spread my palms. I saw the flame flicker to life between my cupped hands, and was astonished that it had worked. The little orange flame flickered between my fingers, bigger than a candle's flame. I heard the collective gasp from my family and raised my eyes to meet theirs. Every one of them was looking at me with wide eyes, mouths open as though they couldn't believe what they were seeing.

"Frisk, your eyes," Alphys gasped as she looked at my face, prompting my whole family to do the same. She climbed down off the couch and came in front of me. I closed my hands and let the flame disappear as my focus faded, though I still felt the magic pressing under the surface of my skin, ready to be released again. Alphys cupped my face between her hands, looking into my eyes. "You have magic," she whispered softly as she looked into my eyes.

"But that's not possible," Undyne muttered quietly behind her, standing to peer at me over Alphys' shoulder.

"We just saw it," Metta reasoned. "What else can it be?"

I saw that mom and dad were looking at each other incredulously, a silent conversation going on between them. Flowey was watching me with eyes as big as saucers from his place on the living room table.
"Sans?" Alphys asked, looking to him questioningly, looking for answers.

"I don't know Alphys. I don't know any more about this than you do," Sans said, shrugging his shoulders helplessly.

Alphys pursed her lips as she contemplated. I let my grip on the magic slip and felt it recede. "Frisk, how long have you been able to do this?"

"I don't know. Not very long," I shrugged, unsure. I didn't want to admit that I'd known about it for a while and had been reluctant to tell anyone, as I hadn't understood it myself.

"What are your thoughts Alphys?" Sans prompted.

Alphys sighed as she conceded. "I think we've never seen a human grow up with monsters before. The other humans that fell into the underground, well..." She let that thought trail off. I noticed Asgore's head bow as she brought it up and Toriel reached over to take his hand comfortably. I noticed when I looked over to them that Flowey was now looking at me intently, analyzing me, thinking. It was a look I didn't entirely trust.

"Frisk grew up with us. She grew up surrounded by magic, eating magical food. I don't think we truly understand how that can impact a human child," Alphys continued her train of thought. "There are only a few monsters left who remember the time before the war."

"The time before the war was different," Asgore began. "but even then, for many years before the attack, humans had kept themselves separate from us. I don't think even Gerson would remember a time when monsters and humans interacted freely with one another. Even now relations are strained. To remember a time when monsters and humans interacted with no distrust and separation, not a monster alive could remember that time. If it even existed."

"But it's more than just interaction," Alphys reasoned. "I'm sure even during that time human children weren't as subject to monsters as Frisk has been."

"Well, humans have had magic before," Undyne reminded.

"It was wizards who sealed us under the mountain," Asgore put in.

"You don't think being around monsters could've given them magic do you?" Undyne asked.

Alphys shook her head, not as a denial but simply unable to answer the question. "I don't know. When you think about it, it's been more than just growing up with us. Frisk has been with Sans. Has been with Sans," she tried to put it delicately.

"You don't think I could've caused this do you?" Sans asked, suddenly worried.

"No," I answered for him. "I may have had inklings of this from before we even got together."

Sans and Alphys looked at me, surprised. "You've known about this for this long and didn't say anything?" Sans asked, growing angry.

"Frisk, why didn't you say anything?" Alphys asked before Sans could scold me.

"Because it wasn't anything more than a feeling before this," I said, and then remembered the candle incident the night Sans and I had talked about the resets. I choose to keep that to myself.

"Alphys, you've been working a lot with humans since we came to the surface. Is there anything
you can do to see if this is going to be harmful to Frisk?" Sans asked with concern.

"Yes," Alphys answered quickly. "I don't think it is harmful."

"But you don't know for sure," Sans interrupted.

"No, I don't know for sure," she conceded. "I do have a new project I've been working on. A way of reading people's stats by taking a look at their soul. It should be able to tell us a little of what is going on inside her soul. Whatever is going on we should be able to figure it out."

"Alright, good," Sans seemed to relax a little beside me.

"We should wait until morning," Alphys continued. "Let Frisk rest up. Have a good breakfast. Make sure nothing like fatigue or hunger will mess with the readings."

"Okay," Sans nodded in agreement, turning to give me a gentle smile. I smiled back reassuringly.

"We'll all stay the night, that way we're all here if you need us darling," Mettaton said as I rose from the couch. I let him wrap me in a hug, Undyne joining it. Soon the whole family was gathered around in a group hug. I even managed to pull Damen and Alex into the fray. Damen and Alex decided to take the spare room Sans used to sleep in. Sleeping arrangements were made and we filed out of the living room. We didn't even make it all the way upstairs before I heard the family downstairs discussing things, likely talking about everything they had learned this night.

Damen and Alex hugged me goodnight before going into the spare room. Sans followed me into mine. I walked over to the bed and collapsed dramatically on the mattress. I truly was exhausted. I hadn't slept well since before the night I'd gone to Damen's. Sans chuckled as he fell into bed beside me, his weight enough to jostle me and almost toss me in the air. I turned on my side and saw that Sans was staring at me with a gentle expression.

"Everything's going to be fine," Sans said reassuringly, though the words sounded more for himself than for me.

"I know," I replied. "I'm not worried."

"Frisk, how can you not be worried. If this magic turns out to be harmful-"

"You're the one who's afraid of that," I interrupted. "I don't feel like I'm in any kind of danger from it. Alphys will figure it out and it'll be fine. You said it yourself."

Sans sighed heavily. "You should be more worried."

"Sans-"

"Alright, I'll drop it," he said, raising a hand in defeat, not wanting to argue. We'd done enough of that recently. I sighed as well, pulling myself under my blankets. Sans joined me a moment later. "You need to rest," he said, wrapping an arm around me and pulling me against him, wrapping me in my blanket and putting a pillow under my head. His fingers started to run through my hair the way he knew I liked, his magic a light blanket over me, trying to lull me to sleep.

And as I began to drift off and hang in that space in between being awake and asleep, I had a thought. I reached for my magic as I drifted into unconsciousness. I allowed myself to be emerged in the memories of my childhood and of running into my uncle again today, using the fear and anger it brought, and my magic, as a thread to find what I needed.
At first I hung in a dark space, floating, surrounded by a vast nothingness. The fear lingered in the background of my mind while my magic became more prominent, a warmth floating around me. I focused on my destination and felt earth beneath my feet again and stagnant air filled my lungs. I opened my eyes and sure enough I was standing in Waterfall in front of the colorless door. It seemed it had worked, my magic had lead me back here.

I stood for a moment staring at the door, contemplating. I remembered the first time I’d had the dream that led me here. How desolate and empty the Underground had been. All the monsters in my dream had been talking about Gaster. About being forgotten. I remembered the room behind Sans' home in Snowdin, the picture of him and Papyrus and a mysterious third figure with the words "don’t forget". I’d been too wrapped up in everything else before to give it much thought but as I did the pieces began to come together.

I placed my hand on the door and let it swing open under my touch. I came back inside the room, the door shutting behind me. He stood in the center of the room, and turned as I approached.

So you found your way back.

"I did."

Do you know who I am? He asked quietly.

"Yes. W. D. Gaster," I said with certainty.

You are a clever one, Gaster said as he eyed me contemplatively. His arms were crossed behind his back and he stood tall above me, the very figure of authority.

"It wasn't hard to put together. Were you the one that put those monsters in my dream. The ones talking about you?"

I was. Long ago. I never expected anyone to find this place, let alone fall into it by accident. Though your dream wasn't one I orchestrated specifically.

"So where are we?" I asked.

A desolate place in the void. This place was once just an empty space, as most of the void is. But I have managed to shape it into some semblance of the home that I lost. Unfortunately I can't create people or souls. The "monsters" you encountered were nothing more than clay dolls with a recording placed on their lips. A clue should anyone come looking here for me.

"Did anyone come looking?" I asked.

Doubtful. I have caught the occasional glimpse of the world outside the void. I know that I have been forgotten.

"Perhaps. I had never heard of you before I came to this place but I have seen mention of you before. In the little lab in Sans' house."

Ah yes. I suppose I shouldn't be surprised he tried to hold onto my memory when he felt it slipping away. Likely he doesn't even know what that piece of paper means anymore.

"You were the royal scientist."
"I was.

"Who are you to Sans and Papyrus?"

**Who do you think I am?**

As I looked at him, it wasn't hard to guess. "Their father, perhaps. A relative of some kind. You look like them."

Gaster laughed softly. **Yes, the resemblance would be hard to miss. I am their father.**

"What happened to you?"

**That is a complicated story, child. And one I'm not sure I have time for.**

"I'm not going anywhere this time," I assured.

Gaster tilted his head as he looked at me. He saw that it was true. **So you have learned to control it. That magic in your soul.**

"Sort of. I think," I said, unsure. "It's just something I feel. I didn't feel myself slipping away before, but now I can feel the pull. That I'm not supposed to be here."

**And yet you are. And you have found a way to dig your claws in and hold on.**

"Yes," I said, nodding. My grip on my magic was solidifying this place for me, making it easier for me to be here. "But if I'm not supposed to be here, how did I get here in the first place?"

**You have a connection to the void. An old one.**

"But I've never been to the void before," I tried to reason.

**Haven't you? When you would die as a child it was this space in between life and death, this void, that you hung in. But that is not the only way you are connected.**

I stood in thought for a moment before it came to me. "Chara." Just saying her name aloud sent shivers down my spine and I felt as though I were being watched.

**Yes. Chara. The young princess. She is another that has been trapped in the void. When she died she refused to pass on, and so she lingered in this place. Her hate and anger stewing for countless decades, centuries. Until your actions destroyed the barrier and shook even the void. When you stepped back in time to the start of your adventure you passed through the void to do so. Right into her domain. Your souls were similar in composition. It allowed her to slip inside. And having her inside gave you a deeper connection to the void, just as she has.**

I nodded as I listened. It made sense. Some of it I had known, or guessed.

"Does she know of you? That you are here with her?" I asked.

**Well, I am not quite here with her. Gaster began to explain. The void is a vast place. Endless as the open space above this world. Saying we are together in this place is like saying you are in the same place as a star thousands of light years away. Because she is a living soul, I managed to find her, feel her presence. But I am hidden, a piece of what I once was scattered into this remote, faraway place in the void. I don't think she could feel my presence even if she thought to look.**

"Is she truly trapped here?" I asked, voicing a fear that I held deep in my soul.
"She is but a soul. And a damaged, tainted one at that. If you are wondering if she could ever leave this place, the answer is no."

"But she did before," I reminded him.

"Only through possession of you. Souls like the one you and Chara have are rare. Even more rare that they would be compatible enough for her to slip inside it. She cannot escape this place without a vessel. And it is doubtful that another compatible vessel exists in the same time as the two of you. Or that that soul would find its way into void where she resides is near impossible. Even so, I doubt she would feel them if they did. She seemed to only have eyes for you because of your connection to her past life, her past family. You gave her an opportunity for power. For revenge. Now that the barrier is down and the monsters freed that opportunity has fled. She has nothing left to gain from possessing you. She cannot obtain the power she sought. And if you cannot give it to her, neither can any other.

"So she's trapped here?" I asked.

"Yes. She has been rather dormant since you freed the monsters and moved on."

"Good. I hope it stays that way." I let that knowledge reassure me. "You never answered my question, though. About how this happened to you."

"True. I didn't. Gaster looked up, contemplating for a moment. It was an experiment gone wrong. The determination extraction machine malfunctioned. It blew up, ripped a hole in the side of the lab and I was tossed into the core. But it didn't just tear a hole in the lab. It tore a hole through space and time itself, for a time. For just a moment, there was a tear into the void. I saw it, saw that it was my only chance of survival. Well, perhaps not survival, but something like it. When I hit the core, I scattered, but in those last moments of awareness, I reached for the void. Doing so caused a rift. Living souls, even fragments of them, shouldn't able to enter the void the way I did, physically. Even if it was only a fragment of a physical piece, it still had negative side affects. It sent a ripple through this world. All memory of me vanished.

"So how did Sans remember for even long enough to make a note of you?" I asked.

"I had wondered that myself. It wasn't until I was in the void and looking down on this world that I saw that my son had been participating in the determination experiments without my knowledge."

"Why would he do something like that?" I asked, remembering the amalgamates.

"This was before Alphys' experiments. At the time Sans and I were working on it, we hadn't yet decided to use determination on monsters. We didn't know then what Alphys knows now. What it does to monsters. I had a suspicion, which is why I avoided using live test subjects. I used inanimate objects, and even created a device to hold determination similarly to the way a human soul does, a knowledge that died with me. Sans knew how important this research was to monsters escaping the Underground. He'd practically grown up in the lab with me, he knew my dedication, my passion, for finding answers. He decided to use himself as a test subject. It was he who first decided to use monsters as a vessel, not me. The idea originally came from him. He had marked "suggestions" in my lab notes, which Alphys later found and decided to pursue with the monsters who had fallen down.

"If Sans was using himself as a test subject then how did he avoid... what happened to the other monsters when they were injected?"

"I'm not entirely sure myself. At the time I had no idea how powerful of a monster my son was."
Though I suppose it shouldn't have come at any great surprise.

"He's a boss monster," I reasoned.

Yes, like myself. Powerful magic.

"Alphys never experimented on a boss monster, only the ordinary monsters who had fallen down," I said, trying to make sense of it.

She didn't, but I don't think it would've made a difference. A boss monster, such as Asgore, may have been able to hold the determination for longer, perhaps long enough to use its power, but it would have torn him apart sooner or later. The consequences of monsters using determination do not disappear just because the monster is more powerful.

"So then how did Sans--"

I believe the answer may be in my son's magic.

"What do you mean?"

Sans and Papyrus take after me, it is true, but Sans is the only one of us who can teleport.

"If he didn't get that power from you, did he get it from his mother?" I asked. "I've never seen any kind of reference to her before."

No. Sans' mother was a healer. A great one. He certainly didn't get his healing powers from me. But nor did he get teleporting from me. That was a power he discovered on his own.

"What happened to her?" I asked. "Their mother."

She died birthing Papyrus. It is what drove me to pursue my work in the way that I did. I admit I wasn't the best father. Sans took care of Papyrus more than I did. I was often at the lab and him and Papyrus were often with me. Though Sans is the one who took an interest in my research. Papyrus never had a care for it.

"So what does his teleporting have to do with the determination experiments he was doing?" I asked, getting back to the subject.

Gaster seemed grateful for the return to the subject. Sans' teleporting wasn't exclusive to this plane of existence. I was aware of the void before I ended up here. The mountain's lava wasn't the only thing that powered the core. And it was the explosion so close to the machine that was connected to the void that tore a hole from our dimension to the one we stand in now. Sans also knew of the void from the mentions of it in my research notes. It seems even at such a young age he found a way to teleport here. This is where Sans would inject himself with determination from our lab. Likely he did it here so that I wouldn't find out. And so that if anything went wrong, no one else could be hurt. There is something about this place that changes things. The rules of the void are different from the rules of our world. Perhaps it was being here that allowed his soul to stay together even through the determination being forced into it. That is the most likely answer.

"Where did the determination come from, that you were experimenting with? Was this before or after Asgore declared war on humans?"

Both. I was there during the time Chara fell into the Underground. Before she arrived my research into our escape had been near futile. I put my talents to bettering life for the monsters.
"Such as creating the core."

Yes. When the young princess took ill, I did everything I could to try and cure her.

"Did you know at the time what was killing her?"

I knew that it was poison. It wasn't until after her death, when I looked back on the videos those children had recorded that I realized it was something she had done to herself. I couldn't have saved her, not with all the healing power in the world. She simply kept eating those poisonous flowers. You can't save someone from themselves. After Asriel died, we discovered Chara's soul. That it had lingered. Asgore ordered me to find a way to preserve it, while her mother wanted to put her to rest. I did as the king commanded, and made the chambers that the king used to keep the human souls here. After Toriel had left and Asgore declared war, he gave me his daughter's soul to use. To discover a way for us to escape. It was her soul we got the determination from. The other humans that eventually fell, that Alphys used, had plenty of determination, but nothing like the levels of determination that Chara had. That you have. I believe it is also the level of her determination that made my son as powerful as he is.

I gawked as I put two and two together. The determination he had injected into himself had been Chara's. I wondered if Chara knew this. If this was part of the reason she hated him so much. That he could beat her because of what her soul had provided him.

"I never saw her soul. Her coffin was empty. I was the seventh soul that they needed."

Yes, because we used up her soul. First I weakened it with my experiments and then Alphys with hers. We used no other soul's determination. We didn't need to. And we needn't weaken any of the other souls Asgore had collected when we had what we needed from Chara's soul. But her soul was eventually drained to the point where it vanished. Alphys drained it of determination with the fixed determination extraction machine. After that there was nothing physical left of her. I had warned Asgore it might happen, but he ordered it be done regardless.

"Chara was still his daughter. Why would he order such a thing?"

I cannot say for certain what he was thinking at the time. He was angry, he was grieving. He knew that the determination in her soul might help us escape. And he knew that the soul that was left behind wasn't truly her, only a remaining fragment. If he believed for even a second that she was still in there, I'm certain he would never have ordered such a thing.

"So if her soul was drained here, how did she linger in the void?"

The physical manifestation of her soul remained in this world. I'm sure if I hadn't built the machine to keep it here, it would've have vanished on its own over time. But there was that part of her, her spirit, that lingered in the void.

"So there's a soul and a spirit."

Yes, you can think of it that way. One is physical. One is what's inside the soul. Keep in mind that once our experiments began, Chara's spirit had already fled her soul. She was aware of nothing, felt nothing. Her father knew this as well.

"Could her spirit have returned to her soul after she died?"

No. Without a physical body to house her soul, her soul couldn't contain her spirit.

I nodded, thinking over all of this. Another thought occurred to me, a small curiosity. "The giant
skull shaped beasts that Sans can summon in battle-

Ah yes. "Gaster blasters" I named them. A creature I found in the void and learned to summon. A skill I taught Sans.

I nodded as I came to understand that as well. "What did the determination that Sans was injecting into himself do to him? I don't imagine it had no affect at all."

Oh no. It had great affect indeed. It augmented his powers, for one. And for a boss monster... well that alone is concerning. Luckily my son isn't the ambitious type. I don't think there would be a monster in the Underground that could match his power. Not even the king. It also allowed him to have the memory that he acquired. It gave him the ability to remember me even as the rest of the world was forgetting me. It is what gave him the ability to remember the timelines when souls like your own began to mess with them. I believe he may even have the capability of influencing the timeline in a similar way that you do.

"He can?" I asked incredulously, wondering if he ever had.

He could, perhaps, though he never has. Only one soul can have control over the timeline at a time. A rule of this world. I imagine it would be far too chaotic if more than one soul could control it. Thankfully, that's not possible. It was you who had control, and before you it was that sentient flower. Asriel. Between his time it was some of the other fallen children. If perhaps you and Asriel were to both perish perhaps he would gain control over the timeline, but I doubt that is something that will come to pass. And I doubt it is something my son would care enough to discover. I don't doubt that his experiences with time fluctuations has put him off to it.

"Yeah, I'm sure it has," I agreed. "You said I found my way here by accident. How?"

Your budding magic seems to have led you here. You were always a curious child, I don't doubt your magic felt the void, what with your unknowing connection to it. It is likely that your magic sought this place as you slept, and eventually found its way here. It was your magic, prompted by your strong emotions, that called out to me and led you here again, when you were having that nightmare about your past.

"The one you helped me remember. Thank you for that."

Gaster chuckled. It was no problem. Indeed I have been ever so curious of you since you found your way here. It was very unexpected when I saw you. I knew of you before, of course, but after that I truly took a look at you. I could see your magic plain as day, even though you could not. I wanted to see what you were capable of.

"And what am I capable of?" I asked.

I do not know the scope of your power. But indeed it must be great to have used it in the way that you have. I can sense that there is much potential, if you learn to control it.

"Is that something you can help me with?" I asked.

It is. I imagine the rest of your family will be helping you as well.

I nodded as I stood in thought for a moment before yet another thought occurred to me. "When I first came here, afterwards I tried to tell Sans about this place and I couldn't."

Yes, that was my doing. Gaster sighed. I apologize for that, for the trouble it caused. But I feared I didn't have a choice. I didn't want you to alarm anyone by telling everyone of the mysterious
monster you'd seen in your dreams. I am not so sure that the world is ready to remember me yet. And reminding anyone, even if it were to bring back their memories, would only cause them pain as I cannot leave this place and no one can stay for long. I don't doubt my son would drive himself into the ground trying to find answers to free me. So please, do keep this knowledge to yourself. At least for the time being.

"Very well," I agreed. Gaster had been nothing but kind and helpful, and would continue to be so. I wouldn't betray his trust in that way after what he had done for me. I would concede to his wishes.

I sense that morning draws near, child. You should allow yourself to rest before you have to wake. We can continue our conversation at a later time.

"Alright. I will be back soon," I promised, closing my eyes and letting go of my grip, my magic receding and this place falling away. I allowed myself to drift into unconsciousness and rest.

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Sans woke me when the sun had risen, shaking me gently awake.

"Everyone's awake," he said when I had rubbed the sleep from my eyes. "They're downstairs. Breakfast is ready and everything."

"Alright, I'm up," I assured as I groggily climbed out of bed and dressed. We went downstairs and sure enough everyone was there, talking. It seemed my family had a lot of questions for Damen and Alex. Sans and I joined everyone at the table and we listened to Damen and Alex tell stories, some I had heard, others I hadn't.

We departed shortly after breakfast, all of us making our way to Alphys' lab in town. She led is to a large room that looked like some mix between a lab and a doctors examination room.

I steeled myself for what we might discover in this room as I took my seat on the cot. This was going to be eventful.
Lab Tests

As we all filed into the lab, I took my spot on the cot in the center of the room, the paper crinkling underneath my legs. The room was chilled and goosebumps rose on my skin. I shivered and stroked my arms, trying to dispel both the chill and my nerves with the gesture. Everyone else's nerves were rubbing off on me, the tension filled the room, and it was making my stomach clench. Alphys walked over to the corner of the room and pulled a clunky machine towards me.

Sans came over and took his place beside me, taking my hand supportingly. Damen stood on my other side, his arm brushing against mine as he shifted, watching Alphys get everything ready.

The machine that Alphys brought towards me was surprisingly big. I'd heard a little about her research that had gone into making it over the years. Alphys tended to go on tangents about her lab and science stuff to Undyne, Metta and I, most of which went over our heads.

The core use of the machine was to take a look at a persons stats by examining their soul. It could test levels of attack and defense, LV and EXP, and also record levels of certain traits, such as determination, perseverance, justice, kindness, integrity, bravery and patience. There were many more, of course, these were just the main ones recorded, as they were the ones observed from the other fallen humans. The main use of the machine was to test a persons soul to discover hereditary traits such as illnesses that people might be susceptible to and how to guard against them. It is also meant to be used to find if a person is sick- illnesses that doctors and healers aren't always able to diagnose with a certainty, and possible treatments. The machine was meant to be a gesture of peace towards the humans and instill more trust with outlying regions who still didn't know much about us here in the valley.

Alphys fiddled with some buttons and switches, the machine coming to life with a low whirring sound. She made sure that everything was in order before removing the glass container that would be put around my soul, syncing it with the little tablet beside the machine. She approached me, separating the two parts to the container as she did so.

"So Frisk, this is going to feel a little strange, your soul may feel distant or disconnected while it's inside the reader, but it's totally normal," Alphys explained. She made sure that I was ready before putting the two halves in position.

"It does feel a little weird," Damen put in from beside me, giving me a comforting smile. "But at least it doesn't take long for it to read what it needs to."

"Okay, on three. One. Two. Three." She snapped the glass container shut and everything went dark. It was more than a sense of being disconnected, everything disappeared, all my senses, all at once. For just a moment even my sense of self and memory vanished completely.

I breached the world of consciousness like a drowning man breaching the surface of water. Everything was overly loud in my ears, the voices too booming for me to make sense of. My skin prickled with sensitivity, so intense I could feel the air stir with the movements of those around me. I could taste the dust from the air on my tongue as I sucked in a labored breath, my lungs burning as though I had been drowning in that darkness. I had to squeeze my eyes shut as the light pierced them like little burning needles.

I don't know how long it took me to recover, but gradually the overwhelming sensations faded. I realized that I must have fallen over, as Sans was cradling me in his arms, heatedly talking with Alphys.
“What the hell happened?” Sans demanded angrily. “That machine was supposed to be safe.”

“It is!” Alphys protested back strongly. She stood in front of the machine, fiddling with it. Undyne was beside her, hand on her shoulder in support. I noticed the glass container was beside her, empty. My soul had already returned to my chest.

I heard talking and questions from all around the room, everyone concerned about what had happened. Papyrus and Mettaton stood holding hands, watching Alphys worriedly, my mom and dad were asking her questions that she was too busy to answer. Flowey was the only one watching me, with a curious expression still on his face as he silently observed everything happening.

Damen stood close to my other side, a hand on my leg. Alex beside him was holding his free hand tightly, biting her lip. She nudged his shoulder as she saw me come back, and he too noticed my return to clarity.

“Hey, are you alright?” he asked, coming into my field of vision, concerned as he took my hands. Sans turned as he realized I was back too. The room went quiet as everyone focused back on us.

“Yeah, I’m okay,” I assured him as I squeezed his hands. He let out a deep breath he had been holding, shoulders sagging in relief. “We lost you for a second.”

“What do you mean?” I asked, looking up at Alphys as she came up beside us.

Sans nudged Damen and he let my hands go, stepping aside, taking Alex’s hand and giving it a squeeze and a smile. Sans came in front of me and I returned my eyes to him. “Frisk do you mind if I take a look at your soul to make sure you really are okay?”

“Yeah, of course,” I answered.

Sans nodded, eyes going to my chest. A moment later my soul hovered in between us, sparkling with deep red light. His hands hovered around it as his eyes examined it, looking into it, making sure I was okay. When he relaxed everyone else in the room let out a collective sigh of relief.

“Alphys what happened?” Sans asked as he stepped aside and let her come up in front of me to examine my soul as well.

“I honestly don’t know,” Alphys answered. “Neither Damen nor Alex, or anyone else involved in the testing of this machine reacted this way.”

Sans looked away, contemplating.

“You have an idea,” Alphys prompted as she finished examining my soul for herself.

“Yeah. When she went unconscious her heart stopped. It’s like she was suddenly just an empty body, a machine cut off from its power source,” Sans explained. “She reacted the way a monster would’ve reacted.”

Alphys met his eyes, though she seemed surprised for only a moment at his suggestion. “It does make sense,” she mumbled.

“How does that matter?” Damen asked from beside me.

“Monsters are more soul and magic than they are physical matter, like humans,” Alphys began to explain. “If a monster were put on this machine and it wasn’t removed pretty much immediately, it would be at risk of killing them. Without a connection to their souls monsters can’t survive.”
Humans aren't quite the same. You can survive short amounts of time being separate from your soul without it negatively affecting you. You know what you felt going into the machine, this reaction was not at all like any of the others.

"No it wasn't," Damen agreed. "It made me feel empty, kind of emotionless, which makes sense." Alex nodded her agreement at his explanation. "But Frisk legitimately died for a second. That definitely doesn't seem normal."

"Did you at least get what you needed?" Sans asked, turning to watch Alphys.

Alphys looked up as she remembered, turning back to the machine. "Yes, actually. I've improved it since the last time you saw it in action. It doesn't take more than a few seconds to get a good read now. I've got what we need."

"So what does it tell you about what happened?" Sans asked.

Alphys took her tablet in hand, scrolling through whatever was on the screen, analyzing it with the serious, intense expression she got on her face when doing her lab stuff.

"Well, I'm not sure it can tell us that exactly." Alphys mumbled as she scrolled through it. Sans beside me took my hand in his tightly as he waited for her. "Attack and Defense are surprisingly high, but I suppose that's to be expected considering the amount of training she'd done since she was young. No LV or EXP, of course." Sans actually relaxed at that, as though he had partially expected the answer to be different.

Alphys was nodding as she scrolled through, not surprised by what she saw. Until one thing caught her attention. She almost dropped the tablet, fumbling to keep it from hitting the floor before steadying her grip and scrolling through it, tapping away as her brow furrowed.

Sans beside me tensed again. "What is it Alphys?"

She was shaking her head, not paying attention to him. "Alphys," Sans demanded again, more loudly, and she snapped her head up to look at him before turning her eyes back to the tablet.

"It doesn't make sense. It's not possible," Alphys mumbled, half to herself.

"What is it?" Sans asked again, concerned as he took a step towards her. She looked up at him and gestured him over, showing him the tablet. He gawked as he looked through it, taking it fully from her hands to fiddle with it as well.

"Is something wrong with Frisk?" Toriel asked, shuffling nervously. My father peered over her shoulder with concern.

"I mean. . ." Alphys looked at Sans but he was too busy scrolling through the tablet to take much notice, face screwed in concentration. "I don't think so but. . ."

"But what?" Undyne demanded, peering at the tablet over her girlfriends shoulder, thought it was obvious she didn't understand what was on the screen.

"Frisk's determination is high. Way too high," Alphys said, looking to me.

"It's real, there's no malfunction happening. These numbers are actually the numbers," Sans mumbled before looking up, handing the tablet back to Alphys.

Alphys took it from his hands, fiddled with it for a second, and held it up for the rest of us to see. A
little bar graph was shown on the screen. She scrolled across as she spoke. "These are all the levels of determination in humans I have been getting readings from. I have gotten quite a few who were just passing through to add to these numbers. These are all normal. Now this is Frisk's." Alphys scrolled to side and it showed mine sky rocketing above all the others. Eyebrows rose all around as we really saw what they were talking about.

"What could cause something like that?" Alex asked, cutting off Damen as he opened his mouth, likely to ask the same thing.

Alphys shook her head. "I'm not entirely sure."

Sans had a thought. "What if what happened to Frisk when she was a child had something to do with this?"

"What do you mean?" Alphys asked.

"I mean, think about what happened to her when she fell into the Underground. She survived literally the whole of the Underground either trying to kill her or capture her. What happened to her isn't exactly what happens to every human," Sans met my eyes and I could see more than just what they understood. Everything with Chara and Asriel had an impact as well. All the death's and resets. It took a lot of determination.

"I mean, maybe," Alphys admitted. "But this..." she shook her head letting the thought go.

"And it's not just the Underground," Damen put in. "Everything from before, too. Frisk survived a lot. Even if she didn't remember it after she fell, it might have still affected her."

"This is true," Alphys agreed, nodding. "I mean if her determination is this high it might be able to explain what she can do. This might not be magic at all."

Sans looked to me, contemplating. "I think we may have a way to test this."

"How so?" Alphys asked.

"What was your first thought when Frisk told you how she saved Damen?" Sans asked her.

"Well she has a red soul, a determined soul. It's been known that red souls could influence time. Never in any massive way, but if her levels of determination were near this high when she was a child it could have augmented this ability and given her the power to bring Damen back by bringing him back through time."

"I'm assuming that's what almost all of you thought?" Sans asked.

"The flame thing?" Damen pointed out.

"Frisk's childhood could have caused an increase in whatever abilities she had..." Alphys said, trailing off as she bit her lip, unsure now.

"I think there's only one way to tell. Frisk needs to use her magic with that machine around it," Sans suggested. "That way it can get a proper reading on what exactly her soul is doing."

"After what happened last time, I don't know," Alphys responded, worried.

"What if we gave her a tether, something to keep her aware while we did it?" Sans asked.

"What do you-" Alphys started to ask before she got it. "That might actually work."
"What might work?" I asked.

Sans came back to my side. "If I can make a temporary connection to your soul my magic can give you a tether to it so it's not completely cut off, and my magic can also make sure that your heart doesn't stop while we do it."

I nodded as I understood. "Alright."

"Are you sure this is a wise idea?" Asgore asked. "If there's risk-"

"There's not," Sans assured him. "As long as I'm connected to her soul nothing can happen to it."

"Gory, they know what they are doing. They wouldn't put Frisk in danger," Toriel assured him, putting a hand on his shoulder. He took it in his own as he nodded his consent.

"I'm gonna take your soul out again, is that alright?" Sans asked.

"Of course," I nodded. My body tingled as he drew it out, letting it hover between his fingers.

"This is gonna feel a little intense," Sans warned, waiting until I nodded my consent before his magic sparked to life between his fingers. The magic made me gasp as it made contact with my soul, my whole body tingling with ultra-sensitivity as my soul brightened in response in his grip. I gave myself a little shake, letting out a shuddering breath as I steadied myself. "You alright?" Sans asked, looking up at me.

"Yeah, I'm fine," I responded, nodding for him to continue. He did so, eyes returning to my soul as his magic slowly wrapped around it and eased closer. His magic sparked across my soul like little crackles of lightning, clinging to the surface of my soul and forcing me into an uncomfortable clarity, like the magic was all over me, all through me.

Alphys came up as he stepped aside, his magic firmly in place. The tell-tale blue glowed faintly from his socket as he remained in use of it.

Sans took my hand as she got the glass container in place once more.

"This is still going to feel uncomfortable and disconnected," Alphys warned. "But now that Sans' magic is there nothing more than that should happen."

I nodded, my hand tightening around Sans' as she counted down before snapping it shut around my soul again. There was a moment where everything went silent, as though my ears were full of cotton. It was hard to breathe and my chest was tight before the sensation of Sans' magic grew substantially stronger, pulling me back into clarity as my heart picked up pace, likely due to the sudden strong magic coursing through it and forcing it to beat.

My soul hovered inside the glass container, blue magic still surrounding it. But the glass container seemed to enhance the light of my soul and sparkling red light reflected all around the room the way sunlight caused a jewel to sparkle.

"You still with us?" Damen asked as he took my other hand.

"Still here," I answered with a reassuring smile.

I heard sighs of relief. Alphys gave me an encouraging smile as she walked over to the tablet, picking it up and walked back to us so that Sans could see. She messed around on it for a moment before looking back up at me.
"So Frisk, go ahead and try and reach for your magic so we can see what this thing tells us," Alphys prompted.

I did as instructed, reaching for my magic. It came a little more easily than before, as though it were becoming used to being used. I felt the warmth fill me and Sans beside me shivered. Alphys looked to him questioningly as he watched me intently.

"What do you want me to do with it?" I asked, magic firmly in my control.

Alphys looked to Sans. "Well, it certainly feels pretty intense. It feels like magic. And strong magic, at that. But that could still be the determination, just manifesting in a way we haven't seen before."

Alphys looked down at that tablet as though she were looking for something. "Look, the determination level rose a little," she said, pointing.

"That isn't a guarantee though," Sans said back.

"Okay, so how about this," Damen interrupted and everyone looked to him. "We all wanna know how she did what she did when she saved me. So how about we just have her do it again?"

"That's not funny Damen," I said, shaking my head.

"That might not be that bad an idea actually," Alphys said.

"What, you can't be serious?" I said, incredulous.

"It doesn't need to be as bad as it was when I was a kid," Damen said, trying to calm me even as he pulled a pocket knife from his jeans.

"All we need is a small cut," Sans agreed. "And there's still several of us here who can heal him."

"Exactly," Damen said, flicking it open.

Before he could do anything more, I reached forward and deftly plucked it from his fingers before he realized what I was doing. "I'm not going to let him cut himself for some experiment."

"It's no big deal Frisk," Damen assured, both Damen and Sans reaching for the open blade. Before either could reach it, I quickly turned it inward in my grip and let it slide through my flesh with burning pain. I grit my teeth as I let them take it from me. It was too late now.

"If I can heal Damen, I can heal myself," I insisted.

"Frisk-" Sans started, ready to scold me as he reached for my injured hand.

"You said it yourself, you can heal it if you need to," I insisted, pulling my bleeding hand away from him. Blood was beginning to leave a warm trail down my wrist and arm.

"There's nothing to be done about it now," Alphys said, grabbing Sans' arm and stalling him. "Let her try so we can see what happens."

Sans sighed as he allowed me to put my hand back in my lap, reluctantly nodding.

I concentrated on the feel of the magic that kept me connected to my soul. It was a little harder to keep a firm grip on it what with my soul separated by glass, but I managed, using Sans' magic as a thread to find my way to it. The healing part came surprisingly easy. I focused on my torn flesh and
felt the magic traveling through my body to coalesce on my the injured part of my hand. The burning of the pain subsided first, becoming dull background as my hand warmed, as though I were holding it over a fire. I felt my flesh knitting back together- it was the kind of strange sensation that was impossible to describe, even more so now that I was doing it myself. The bleeding stopped and the flesh sealed until there was nothing more than a pale scar, and then not even that.

Sans beside me lifted a wet cloth Mettaton handed to him and wiped the blood from my hand. Everyone seemed astonished at what they saw, despite what I'd told them of the incident with Damen.

"That was surprisingly easy," I said, looking up to Alphys as she went through the results from the machine. "Are we good now? Do we have what we need?"

"Oh, yes," Alphys said as she came back out of her head. "You can take the container off now."

Sans stepped forward to do just that as Alphys continued to scroll through the tablet.

As it separated the sensation of my soul returned with clarity and the feel of the magic filling me increased. I didn't realize until the container was gone just how much of my magic I'd been pulling out to control it through the machine, because right at that moment I truly felt the power in my grip. I know my eyes sparked to life as well because Damen beside me jumped. I let my grip slip, but this time the magic didn't simply fade away. This time I had to force it back down before it returned to the recesses of my soul. Sans' magic faded as well as my soul returned to my chest.

"So what was it Alphys?" Sans asked, sidling up beside her to look at the results.

"Both," Alphys answered, sounding confused. "Her determination rose, yes, but it brought magic up with it. She has both high determination and magic. And that healing wasn't done by reversing time, like we suspected, she was just using actual healing magic, just like any of us would."

"So our child really does have magic?" Toriel asked.

"Yes, it would seem so," Sans answered for Alphys as he examined the tablet.

"Well, it's not harmful is it?" Damen asked, getting back to the whole reason we were here.

"No, it's not," Alphys answered. "It's ingrained in her soul just like it is for a monster. It's a part of her. How it is I don't know."

"Well, humans have had magic before, it's not impossible that it would happen again," Alex pointed out.

"In the humans that fell before Frisk, we saw that magic had died in their souls. There was nothing left of it in any of them," Asgore said. "For it to suddenly appear again after so many centuries doesn't make sense. Why now? Why Frisk?"

"We don't know if her determination was always this high, but it has certainly always been high," Alphys stated. "Magic may simply be reoccurring. And Frisk may not be the only one beginning to show signs of it again. Perhaps it's her high determination that caused it to manifest so strongly. Maybe magic is returning to the humans, just slowly and Frisk's determination caused it surge in her soul. We don't know. And we can't know without knowing if other humans are showing signs of it."

"Humans still show a fear of us, a fear of magic," Undyne put in. "If they were seeing signs of magic in their own people they either wouldn't be so afraid of it, or more people would be coming
"We'd probably be hearing about more people panicking over their own having magic, more like," Sans added.

"This is true," Alphys agreed. "Frisk may not be the only one. But I don't know if it's wise to put a word out about it. Maybe more would come to us if they knew we could help, but suggesting magic is in humans again might alarm people, and that might not end well for us."

"I think it is best that Frisk keep this magic of hers hidden, at least until we figure out where it comes from, and teach her to control it," Asgore said.

"We can do that," Undyne agreed. "Magic training can't be much different for humans than it is for monsters. And Frisk showed that she's a quick learner with combat."

"Obviously she's learning magic very quickly too. But we don't even know if her magic includes combat skills," Mettaton spoke up. "She has shown mainly healing."

"But there's also the flame she conjured," Undyne reminded him. "Fire is usually combat magic. Not to mention her skill with normal combat training could be attributed by her magic. She could be a natural at it because it's what her magic is. It's not uncommon for some monsters to have both healing and combat skills. Toriel and Sans both do."

"Magic to monsters is instinct, maybe that's how it is for Frisk too," Alphys suggested. "Subconsciously drawing from it."

"It feels natural, now that I'm using it. Like it's getting easier and easier to use," I added.

"That's good," Sans said, taking my hand again. "That means it's more likely to not be dangerous."

"It is quite surprising that she hasn't shown herself to be more dangerous before, if this magic has always been there," Undyne said contemplatively.

"Why would Frisk have been dangerous?" Damen asked.

"Because young monsters that don't learn to control their magic from a young age can become unstable, and if their magic is in any way attack magic, it can become volatile and hard to control," Asgore explained. "More at a whim of emotion rather than will."

"But this magic has only just shown signs of appearing," Alphys pointed out. "It has been dormant before now. And thankfully control has come easy. At least for now."

"So should we start training today?" Undyne asked.

"Well, I think today we should go home, relax, rest up, figure out what kind of magic it is that Frisk is developing, and get into the training tomorrow," Alphys suggested.

I nodded in agreement. "I do feel a little taxed."

"That happens when you get in the machine," Damen said, and Alex nodded beside him.

"Her being tired might not help with the whole 'control' thing," Sans said. "It's safer to start training when she's well rested."

Everyone nodded in agreement to the suggestion of rest. It hadn't been too long in the lab, but the stress of it and figuring out what was going on had left us all grateful for a day to relax.
So everyone took the day. Sans and I returned to my house while everyone went home to recuperate, shower, grab some overnight clothes, and join us back at my house. I myself enjoyed a nice long, hot bubble bath and some chocolate and music. Sans spoiled me from the minute we walked in the door, whether this was due to his relief of the days events or him still making things up to me, I wasn't sure, but it was a welcome change after the last few days.

The rest of the day was spent doing pretty much nothing. It was a mix between game night and movie night and very little was talked about what had progressed. That was a stress for tomorrow.

At the end of the day, everyone went to sleep here and Sans and I retired to my room once again. As the door shut behind us I allowed myself a relieved breath. This day was finally over. And tomorrow would be even harder.
Once more, I am sorry for the delay in writing. Life and school got ahead of me. Finals are coming up but I felt like I should hammer this out. Hopefully I can keep them coming. And thank you to anyone still following this much delayed story :p

We slept well and comfortably that night and the whole house was already awake by the time Sans and I trudged downstairs. Toriel and Papyrus were at the stove and Undyne was at the counter cutting up fruit. Flowey was in the windowsill, face towards the sunlight, soaking it up. He looked serene at that moment. Asgore sat at the kitchen table with a cup of tea watching mom gently instruct Pap. Mettaton and Alphys sat beside him chatting with Damen and Alex. I felt my soul grow warm with happiness at seeing them being accepted so quickly.

A chorus of good morning greeted us when we entered the kitchen. Sans went over and grabbed a cup of coffee for each of us and we sat down beside everyone else. Breakfast didn't take long to cook and everyone sat down at the table for another family breakfast. As we sat with our cups of coffee and tea after the meal, relaxing, there was a knock on the front door.

I lifted my head, looking towards the door. "I wonder who that could be?"

I rose from the table and made my way into the front hall. I opened the door with a smile on my face and my uncle stood on the precipice with a wooden chest in his arms. He looked mildly surprised to see me, and took a hasty step back when my expression grew angry.

"What are you doing here?" I asked as calmly as I could muster. He set the wooden chest down and stood floundering for a response. I heard an intake of breath from behind me and my uncle was thrown back onto the lawn in a flash of blue.

I turned to see Sans striding down the hall towards me, socket glowing blue. He looked furious. I had to physically block his path as he tried to push his way out the front door towards my uncle.

"Sans, stop," I commanded quietly and calmly, taking control of the situation before it got out of hand. He looked down at me incredulously. I firmly pushed him back and turned to see my uncle propping himself up on an arm as he looked over at us. I heard more footsteps coming down the hall towards us as I moved out onto the porch.

"Frisk," Sans said waringly as he reached for me. Damen interfered, grabbing his arm and stopping him.

"Don't," Damen said, just as firmly as I had. "Let Frisk handle this."

I moved down the steps toward my uncle. "What are you doing here?" I repeated my question. His eyes drifted behind me and widened a bit in fear. I heard the shuffling as the rest of my curious family came out to see what was going on. I knew likely they all looked equal to Sans as they saw who had knocked on my door. I heard movement and turned to see Damen physically push himself in front of an angry Undyne and put a placating hand on my father's arm to keep them from interfering as Sans had done.
My uncle swallowed uncomfortably and looked back to me, pulling himself into a sitting position.

"I'm not here to cause any trouble," my uncle said quietly.

"So why are you here?" I demanded.

"I'm here to bring you that," he said, gesturing to the chest still on the porch. I turned to look at it before turning back to him. "Frisk, I just want to say something, before I go."

"What makes you think we wanna hear anything you have to say?" Sans asked angrily from behind me.

"Sans," I scolded, not turning to look at him. I gestured for my uncle to continue.

"I know that nothing I can say or do is going to make up for the way I treated you, everything I did. I don't expect you to ever forgive me. That's not why I'm here. I just... " He let out a heavy sigh. "Your mother was my twin, did you know that? She was the most important person in my life. And your father was my best friend since we were all little kids. They were my whole world. I never told you what happened to your parents."

"No, you didn't," I responded quietly.

"It's not a happy story."

"I want to know anyway," I said quietly, calmly. I felt almost emotionless, serene, as I pushed my anger away. Like my soul was as still as an undisturbed pond. "You owe me that much at least."

"I know I do," he said quietly, grief in his voice. He sighed heavily once again. "Some men broke into your parent's house one day while your father was at work. Your mother was at home with you. You weren't very old. They came with the intention to take everything of value. They threatened to kill you if your mother didn't do everything they said. You were just a little baby." He sighed. "There was a struggle. One of the men put his hands on you and your mother hit him, tried to force him away. He pointed his gun at her. Your mother was a fighter, and she managed to tear the gun from his fingers and shoot him. He died, but this only made the other robbers angry. Your mother, she protected you. After they killed her they fled, probably afraid of the consequences of what they'd done. With the only valuables they could find. A silver locket that your father had given her when he asked her to marry him, and a little music box that our mother had given her. Your father came home that night. He heard you screaming and crying the second he opened the door. He found your mother still slumped over you as she tried to protect you. Your father called me. I found him beside her body with you wailing in his arms." My uncle's words choked to a stop.

"How do you know all this?"

"Because your father and I, we went to the authorities, figured out who the dead man was and found the rest before the authorities could. Your father forced them to tell him what had happened. What they had done."

"Forced?" I asked. My uncle didn't answer, but the grim look on his face was enough to understand what he meant.

"We killed all those men," my uncle explained. "And we covered it up. No one ever knew what we had done. The authorities assumed they just got away."

"And what happened to my father?" I asked quietly.
My uncle swallowed his grief as he answered me. "He hung himself. After he had gotten his revenge. He left me with you. He made me promise to take care of you in his suicide note." My uncle laughed, but there was no humor in it. "I probably would've done the same if I hadn't been a coward."

"Choosing life isn't the cowards way. Ending it is," I said.

"Your father was a good man. The best. He loved your mother."

"Did he not love me? I was still alive and yet he left me alone."

"You don't understand. Have you ever loved someone so much you couldn't imagine life without them? Can you imagine the pain of losing them, of facing the rest of this dreary, miserable life alone?"

I paused in my rebuttal as I thought of Sans and remembered my nightmare. The one where Chara and I killed him and I remembered that pain. The pain of my soul breaking apart in grief. "Yes, I do understand," I said so quietly he almost didn't hear me. He nodded.

"Your mother was his world, his happiness. So were you. He loved you so much. You should've seen him doting on your mother when she was pregnant with you. He'd sit and caress her belly and sing to you, promise you the happy life you'd have once you came into this world. The day you were born... I've never seen him a happier man. But in that day he lost her, seeing the life he would have without her, he wasn't strong enough. I wasn't strong enough either."

"What happened to you?" I asked. "You changed."

"I did," he said regrettfully. "After... after they were gone I didn't know what to do. I wasn't fit to raise anyone. But I couldn't break the promise he had forced me to make. I forced myself to stay strong until you were five. When you needed me most. After that... I couldn't stand it anymore. I had to give myself something. Something to keep me going. I didn't know how much it would affect me."

"What was it?"

My uncle pulled a little pouch out of his pocket and tossed it to the grass at my feet. I knelt down and opened it, looking at the translucent, sparkling powder within. "Drugs." He nodded sadly. I sighed as I realized. I pulled the pouch shut. "Why do you still have this?"

"That in there was what was left of my stash the night that... the night that you went missing," he explained. "When I woke up and saw the blood on the floor I was sure I had killed that boy. It gave me a moment of sobriety. Realizing what I had done, what that stuff had done to me." My uncle sounded furious as he remembered, glaring at the little pouch I still clutched in my fist. "I went to the healers of our village, told them what I had been using. They tended to my wounds and kept me restrained while my body was cleansed of the vile stuff."

"I came to him when I heard where he was, that he was awake," Damen put in from behind me. I turned to see him coming down the stairs towards us. The rest of my family watched the scene in silence.

"You did," my uncle said as he recalled it.

"When I heard from the healers what they had been cleansing him of, I understood. I understood what had been wrong with you. I knew that Frisk was gone. We had tracked you to the mountain. We feared that you were dead," Damen explained. "And I was so angry at him. I hated him for
what he had done to you. For forcing you to flee as you did. So I told him you were dead. That he had killed you. That the blood on the floor had been yours not mine."

"That the drugs had confused me, and I'd gotten the whole thing mixed up," my uncle chuckled dryly. "I know now that that wasn't true, was it?"

"No, it wasn't," I answered.

"Even still, I believed it at the time. When the healers finally let me go home, I found the place exactly as I had left it. I remembered that promise your father had forced on me, and realized everything that I had done. I swore from that day on that I would never touch the stuff again. I carried what remained of my stash every day. Sometimes the cravings came. So bad I thought I would die without the stuff, and I'd hold that pouch in my hand and make myself suffer. I deserved no less after what I had done." There was a moment of silence as my uncle stared down at the grass. "I didn't come to ask you to forgive me. I came here to bring you what remained of your parents belongings. I always kept them from you, and it was not right of me to do so. They are yours, whatever peace they may bring you."

I turned again to look at the chest, and felt myself pulled to it as I realized what was inside. I turned back to my uncle. "Thank you," I said quietly. "You are right though. I can't forgive you." My uncle hung his head in shame. "Not now at least. I know that the anger and hatred I saw from you was not you. It was the drugs. But even still. You almost killed my best friend. The closest person I had to family at the time. That I can't forgive so easily."

"I know," my uncle said quietly, rising to his feet. He looked exhausted, his body sluggish. "I am glad to know that you found a family. A real family. I hope that they continue to make you happy and keep you safe."

"You don't have to worry about that."

My uncle nodded and turned to leave. I watched him depart down the road before turning around, my eyes locking on the chest. I walked over to it and placed my hand on its smooth surface. Damen came up beside me and put a hand on my shoulder as I stared at it.

"You don't have to do this now," Damen said quietly. "Only when you're ready."

"It's been so long, Damen. I can't just wait," I said sadly. I picked the heavy chest up in my arms and my family parted as I went back inside the house.

"Frisk are you alright?" Sans asked gently as he came up beside me.

"Right now, no. But I will be," I reassured. I turned to the rest of my family who stood quietly waiting. "Thank you for not interfering. I need to be alone for a little while. To go through these things."

"Are you sure?" Both Damen and Sans asked.

"Yes," I answered as I made my way towards the stairs. My family let me go in silence. I went straight to my room and shut the door behind me. I put the chest down on the floor and sat down in front of it, staring at it as though it would miraculously open itself.

Minutes passed. Finally I reached forward, my fingers stroking the smooth, soft surface of the worn chest. I undid the clasps and sat for a moment more before easing it open.

The first thing that caught my eye was a sparkling jewelry box. It was made out of what looked
like hundreds of shards of broken glass, all catching and reflecting the light like jewels. I lifted it out of the chest and opened it. A soft melody began to play. There was no spinning ballerina as I'd seen in other jewelry boxes, instead there was a small metal tree with leaves that looked like frozen drops of water that spun in a little circle, sending sparkles of light around me, reflecting the dull light of the room around me tenfold. It was beautiful and mesmerizing. Inside the jewelry box lay two silver wedding rings with an engraving inside of each. *My everything* written in a swirling elegant font. A silver locket lay beside them with a long chain. It was round and had a similar engraving of a tree on the front, the branches reaching high and the roots low. I opened it to see two pictures inside. On the left was my mother and father, kissing at what I presumed to be their wedding. The other was a picture of my mother and father together, smiling at the camera with me in my mothers arms. The rings and jewelry had been sitting on top of a small, leather bound photo album. I opened it to see the inside filled with pictures. My mother was a beautiful woman with long, dark hair that curled prettily around her face and my father was a tall man with lighter hair. I could see plainly which features I'd gotten from who. I took mostly after my mother with my naturally dark hair and petite stature. I had my fathers eyes and my mothers face—high cheek bones, small straight nose, sharp jaw and almost pointed chin, very pixie/elf-like in appearance. There were lots of pictures, of my mother and uncle and father from their childhood years to adulthood. There was a picture of my mother with a bow in her hands, the arrow notched back. *She must have been a hunter,* I thought.

As I flipped through the pictures it was almost as though I could feel the emotions through them, all the love and happiness and before I realized it my tears were leaving little droplets on the pages. I closed it and set it aside as well. Underneath everything was a beautiful white dress. I lifted it carefully out of the chest, the satin was smooth as water over my fingers. I placed it gently on the ground, the beautiful, sparkling material hard to take my eyes off of. The lace on the neckline and sleeves I knew would look beautiful. Underneath the dress was an outfit, the same outfit that my mother had been wearing in the picture with the bow. A pair of black worn leather pants, soft and malleable from wear. A smooth blue top, dark as a sapphire that tied together at the bosom along with some comfortable looking black boots with laces and buckles and a black warm looking cloak. Underneath all those clothes, at the bottom of the chest was a knife. It was a long knife in a black scabbard that looked almost keltic. I removed the knife, the metal still gleaming even after all these years. There were more markings on the blade, like something from viking times. I replaced it and set it aside.

I took one last look at all the stuff around me before placing them carefully back in the chest. I kept only the locket out, staring at the pictures inside for a few minutes before placing it around my neck. I had a comforting weight on my skin, like it was right where it belonged. I could picture my mother and father smiling at me approvingly. It felt nice to keep them close to my heart. I closed the chest and set it beside my bed and as I turned to go, I felt a searing pain lash through my head, bringing me to my knees. I clutched my head between my hands, my head pressed to the carpet. As the pain receded I took in a desperate breath.

*What the hell was that?*

Just as I thought it had faded completely it returned, insistent. This time a ringing came to ears and I felt a presence. The pain receded again just as I recognized who's.

I quickly lay on the floor, and as I expected the pain returned. I pulled my magic to hand and suddenly heard Gaster's voice, almost deafening inside my head.

*Frisk!*

*I can hear you, you don't have to be so loud,* I thought back.
You can hear me now, but you couldn't a minute ago. You are an extremely difficult person to contact. We need to speak. Now. And I can't keep this thread of contact for long.

Okay, I'm coming.

The pressure in my head receded. *Fuck,* I thought as I brought my magic more firmly in my control, concentrating. *What the hell is wrong now.* I faded into that place more quickly than I had before. It was jarring. One moment I was laying on my floor, the next I was standing in front of Gaster's door. I wasted no time in opening it. It shut firmly behind me and then disappeared.

Gaster was pacing across the floor of the room.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

His head jerked up as he took notice of my presence. *I don't know.*

"What do you mean you don't know? What was so urgent you had to contact me right now? It's the middle of the day."

Yes. He huffed, the sigh angry and impatient. *Something is wrong, but I can't determine exactly what. It feels like something is building. Like the void is trembling. Can you feel it?*

I opened my mouth to answer, that no, I couldn't before shaking my head and concentrating, feeling with my magic instead of my physical body. At first I didn't feel anything other than the void, but then I did. A darkness crept against my being like oil; it seemed to be seeping from the void. The void trembled, every so slightly, and it did feel like it was containing something, or like there were ripples of something yet to come.

*The void is technically outside of time and space. When something big happens, the void reacts. I felt the barrier fall before you had completed your journey. I felt the death's in the underground when you were a child resonate here before they had occurred. Something is going to happen. Something big. And likely bad.*

"What could be causing this?" I asked, letting my magic recede.

*That darkness feels awfully familiar, doesn't it?*

"It couldn't possibly be Chara. I haven't seen her or felt her since I was child. I saved after I left. I made sure she couldn't go back to anything. She hasn't tried to posses me."

No, she hasn't, but are you sure you haven't seen her?

"I mean, I have nightmares but-"

*Precisely what I mean. Have you had one that is particularly vivid? More so than others, even once you had awoken?*

I paused. "Yes, a little while ago. Right before my last birthday."

Gaster took a few steps closer to me. *Do you mind showing me?*

"What?" I asked, confused.

Gaster came forward and placed a hand on my chest, over my soul. *Bring your magic to hand and think of that dream. Let me see it.*
I nodded and did as he asked. My soul felt the shocks of emotion from the memory of it, though it only lasted a moment. I felt Gaster's magic around my soul as he saw my dream with as much vividness as I had. His body jerked, almost pulling away from me.

_This was no ordinary dream._ He said forebodingly. _This was something Chara caused, I can feel the magic around it. Her darkness._

"But how could she cause something like that?"

_In here, with as much damage as she left your soul with after what she made you do... easily._ She hasn't tried to possess you, likely because she knows she can't and that it would be futile. _But she was silent for a long time._ Long enough to build up to this. And this dream didn't just affect you, it affected my son as well.

"Sans?"

_Yes, it seems he had the dream the same night you did. And continually since. After the dream was rooted it was easy to keep it going._

"Why hasn't it continued to affect me?"

_It seems your magic has protected you, without your conscious effort or thought._ After the pain the dream caused your soul, your magic acted as a sort of shield from it.

"Sans has magic too, why hasn't it protected him?"

_Different kinds of magic react to these things differently._ Likely like you, he hasn't realized they are anything more than a dream. _But the Chara in your dream was really her, speaking to both of you._ A way of interfering without really interfering.

"What does that have to do with now?"

_That is her darkness making the void shake. I don't know what she up to. She can't influence the physical world any longer._ She has no physical form and cannot possess anyone without a suitable soul.

"Are there no more souls out there like mine?"

_Similar to yours yes, but your soul was strengthened by the time she possessed you, hardened by your journey and your childhood._ Any normal soul would've broken with being possessed, with as much darkness as hers has. _With as much determination as it has accumulated._ Without a live host, she wouldn't be able to remain in their body. _And I have searched for souls like yours since you were a child and have found none._ Yours is the only one she could take. _Which she can't any longer._ You strengthened yourself from her after her first possession. _Your magic manifested when you were young._ Caused by death of your friend. _The amount of determination that that caused._ Your soul has always been special and always especially determined. You and that boy had a special bond, and when you lost him the massive and sudden amount of determination it caused made your magic manifest. _The possession as well made it stronger._ All the murder, all the deaths. _The amount of determination from your soul, and hers, is more than any human soul was thought capable of._ That massive amount of determination made your magic solid in you. _Because of it, just like she can no longer come to you in dreams, she can no longer possess you._

I almost sighed with relief. "Then what is she doing now?"

_I do not know. But we both need to find out what before it happens. I was hoping your magic could_
He removed his hand from my chest and my magic faded, along with the feeling of his. "I'm sorry, but I can't feel anything more than you can."

*I know. I think it is time that you told your family about Chara. They will need to be aware of the danger. And perhaps Sans or even Alphys can help figure out how to find out what she is up to so we can find a way to stop it before it starts."

"Are you sure? I mean..."

*Sans already knows, yes?"

"Yes."

*The rest will understand.*

"Will they? Sans already knew about the saved and resets. He had knowledge of them even when there wasn't solid memory. He knew that something like what happened could happen. He'd seen it before. But everyone else. . . How am I supposed to tell them that they've died before? That I killed them?"

*You did not. And they will understand. They are your family and they love you. And Sans will be there to explain as well. So you won't sound completely insane. Gaster gave me a small smile, likely trying to lighten the mood. I returned it but the knot in my stomach didn't dissipate.*

"Okay, if you think they need to know then I will tell them."

*Good, and while you do that I will continue to search the void here. I am more familiar with it, and I should be able to feel where this sense of trouble is coming from given enough time.*

"Alright, I'll talk to you soon." I waved goodbye as I let my consciousness drift away.

I came awake and stood quickly, adrenaline and worry making me feel rushed. I hesitated as I came toward the door, my stomach twisting. I swallowed as I steeled myself.

I placed my hand on the door knob, and then everything went black.
His hands nervously fiddled with his phone as he walked through the trees, the sunlight peeking through the branches. He nervously called her name again.

"Frisk?" He got no response. Once again. He silently cursed at how useless he felt. It had been two weeks since Frisk had suddenly disappeared without a trace. They'd all been searching relentlessly.

Just a few hours ago some hunters had reported seeing someone with long red hair running in this forest. They'd only seen her for a moment, but they all knew it had to be her. They'd been searching this forest for hours, each with their cell phones in hand to contact each other if she appeared.

He teleported again, calling her name as he did so. This time he heard a rustle in the trees, and turned toward the sound. He knew it was probably just a forest animal, but he slowly approached the sound as he called her name again. "Frisk?" An eerie silence greeted him. The quiet did not suit the sunny forest he stood in. Instead of calling for her again he silently approached where he'd heard the sound.

He parted the branches and gasped. She was crouched there in the dirt, her hair an unruly mess, dirt and sweat smeared on her skin, her clothes torn. Her head jerked up to look at him and terror filled her eyes, stopping his relief in its tracks.

"Frisk?" He called quietly. She didn't respond, just moved further away from him and that's when he saw the trap around her ankle. A hunters trap had caught her and she hadn't been able to work her way free yet. Her hands worked at the rope but couldn't seem to undo the knots. "Frisk, are you alright? Where have you been?"

She didn't answer his question, just worked more frantically trying to free herself. She didn't look up at him, but he could see tears leaving tracks in the dirt on her cheeks. It wasn't until he took another step toward her that her head jerked up to look at him and she moved away from him, as far the rope would allow her, absolute terror in her eyes, truly like a trapped animal.

"Frisk, don't you recognize me? It's me, Sans," he said gently, kneeling down so he wasn't looming over her. He could see no recognition in her eyes at all. She was watching him like a terrified animal. She flinched, a small cry escaping her when he tried to reach out to her. Something was wrong. He took a few steps back and sat down. She relaxed a little but didn't take her eyes off him. She flinched again when he moved to lift his phone. He sighed, calling the only person who he could think of to help right now, sending coordinates so he could find him.

A little while later he heard him approaching through the trees and he saw Frisk's panic rising.

"Approach slowly. She's unhinged right now," Sans explained.

Damen stopped suddenly when he saw Frisk in the shape she was in. "Is she all right?" he asked, coming up beside Sans.

"I don't know. She won't let me anywhere near her. She doesn't recognize me. See what you can do."

Damen knelt down and crept slowly closer. Frisk froze, staring at him like a deer in headlights.
"Frisk? It's me, Damen. I'm your friend. Your family. You've been missing for a while. We've been worried sick."

She didn't respond to him. He sighed, moving slowly closer. She struggled against the rope to move further away from him. He got closer and then stopped, not wanting her to panic too much.

"Can you understand me?" Damen asked. Frisk paused and then slowly nodded. "Okay, good. I'm not gonna hurt you, okay? Your foot's trapped. I'm gonna help you."

She nodded again after a moment, going still as Damen got closer, but Sans could see the tension in her, like she was ready to flee. He was about to say something when Damen spoke.

"You have to promise me you won't run away, okay?" She didn't nod this time. "Do you know who I am?" She shook her head. "Do you know who you are?" Again she shook her head. "Okay. I don't know what's happened to you, but I'm your best friend. And I can take you back to your family. They can help you remember. Do you want to remember?" Frisk watched him for a moment before slowly nodding. "Okay, so you can't run away, okay? Promise me." She didn't move. "You have to promise me or I can't help you out. I'll to call them out here." Frisk hesitated, her eyes moving to the rope around her ankle before raising her eyes and nodding her approval. "You promise?" Again she nodded. "Okay."

Damen motioned at him, likely telling him to be ready, before he moved forward, gently undoing the knots, wrapping a hand around her ankle as he lifted it out of the trap, not letting her foot go. She didn't try to jerk out of his touch or run, as they expected. Instead she warily watched him. Damen reached out a hand and he saw Frisk tense. He slowly inched closer, slow as molasses, his hand staying on her leg. She froze, watching him. He got close enough and gently placed his hand on her cheek, staring into her eyes. "Frisk, I'm your family. Your best friend. I'd never do anything to hurt you. I'm here to protect you." He gently stroked her cheek as he calmly talked to her, voice soothing. She relaxed into his touch, slowly calming down. Damen moved ever so slowly closer as he talked until he was right up beside her.

He heard Sans stand and Frisk's eyes flashed to him, panicking again.

"Shh, it's okay, he's not going to hurt you," Damen soothed putting an arm gently around her. He turned to watch Sans step further away, phone in hand. Sans gestured toward him with the phone and Damen moved in Frisk's line of sight so she couldn't watch him. "It's okay. He's just calling your family." Frisk tensed. "It's okay. They've been worried about you since you went missing. He's letting them know you're okay. You don't have to see them right now."

He turned to see Sans talking quietly on the phone. When he turned back to Frisk he saw that she was watching him, but she didn't seem as afraid. She gently leaned forward and put her hands on his cheeks, staring into his eyes, as though she were looking for something. "Do you mind if I pick up you?" Frisk hesitantly nodded. Damen lifted her into his lap, cradling her. He put her head over his heart and he felt her go still at hearing it. She wrapped her arms around him in a tight hug and just lay there, listening.

He heard Sans hang up and look to him. "We gotta get her home," he said quietly. Damen nodded.

"I'm gonna stand up now, is that okay?" Damen asked. Frisk nodded gently, not moving her head from its spot on his chest. He stood up, keeping her where she was. Damen looked back at Sans and then down to her. This was the first time she was calm. "Frisk, we're gonna take you home where we can get you cleaned up and fed and make sure you're all right. You're gonna feel something strange in a second, like you're falling. Just hold onto me, okay. Hold on really tight and don't let go." Frisk nodded that she understood, her arms tightening around him.
He heard Sans step closer and put an hand on his shoulder and then the world fell away.

When it reappeared he stumbled, not used to teleporting. He righted himself and felt Frisk's arms around him like a death grip. "It's okay, we're here. It's not going to happen again."

They stood in Frisk's room, exactly as it had been left. He walked forward and gently set her down on her bed, though it took a moment to get her to let go. When he did she looked up at him imploringly as he held her hands.

"Let's get you clean up, how about a shower?" Frisk watched him with confusion, as though she didn't understand, but she nodded anyway.

Sans watched quietly by the door, trying not to move and catch her attention.

"I gotta get you some clean clothes, okay?" He gently eased his hands out of hers and went to her closet, picking out some comfy, covering pajamas. He walked back and took her hand, letting her hold it as he led her to the bathroom, Sans silently following after a moment. Damen went inside, turning on the faucet and making sure the water wasn't too hot. A towel was on the rack and her clean clothes on the counter.

He turned to leave but Frisk held tight to his arm, stopping him. "It's okay. You just gotta take those dirty clothes off and wash up. You'll feel better afterward, I promise." Frisk was shaking her head, scared again.

"Please don't leave me alone," she whispered in a broken, panicked voice.

Damen relaxed. "Alright, alright. I don't have to go if you don't want me to." Frisk visibly relaxed, blinking away tears.

Damen turned to see Sans leaning against the wall outside the bathroom, an angry look on his face. Damen shrugged at him, mouthing sorry as he shut the door.

Sans huffed angrily, his hands wringing the air. He could've gotten Alex, he thought angrily, before pushing the thought away. This was easier. She trusted him, wasn't afraid of him. Getting Alex up here and getting Frisk to trust her would just be wasted time. And he knew now wasn't the time to be jealous. They had other things to worry about. He turned and went downstairs to explain what was going on with Frisk.

Damen helped Frisk out of her dirty, tattered clothes. As he helped lift her shirt over her head, he noticed the locket she wore, hidden beneath her shirt. He reached a hand out to it, and Frisk panicked, clutching it tight.

"You don't have to take it off," Damen said reassuringly. "I just wanna take a look at it. Do you mind?"

Frisk hesitated, and then nodded, letting it rest on her open palm. Damen gently ran a finger over its surface and then opened it, seeing the picture inside. He knew immediately what it was. They looked just like Frisk.

Damen smiled at her and let it go. He could see Frisk calm down now that she knew it was safe.

"Do you know what this is?" he asked her gently.

She shook her head. "I was wearing it when I woke up. It's pretty."
"Yes, it is."

"It feels important. I don't want to take it off."

"You don't have to."

She relaxed, and finished undressing. He helped her step into the shower. "I'll be right here." She nodded as he shut the glass door and went and leaned against the counter as she got cleaned up. She picked up the bottle of body wash, opening the cap and smelling it. He saw her smile, breathing in deeply. Damen couldn't help but smile too, seeing her happy. She squeezed way more soap out than she needed, lathering herself down and getting most of the dirt off herself. She turned this way and that, obviously enjoying the hot water. She even turned the temperature up after a few minutes, seeming to relax under the steamy spray.

Eventually she looked up at him, giving him a sleepy smile. He returned it. He came over and opened the shower door, picking up a wash cloth. She watched him curiously.

"Do you mind if I-"

She smiled and nodded before he finished. She stepped closer and out of the way of the water. He got the cloth wet and wiped down her face, cleaning all the dirt from it. "You should probably wash your hair too." She nodded and picked up the bottle of sweetly scented body wash. He didn't correct her, just let her wash up and when the soap was all gone from her hair she turned the water off. He noticed that she had lost weight, and she started to shiver now that the hot water was gone. He walked over and handed her the towel. She stepped out and dried off, putting the clean clothes on. He gently helped her brush the knots out of her hair.

When they were done he opened the door and immediately the smells of home cooking reached them. He heard her stomach grumble from beside him.

"Are you hungry?"

She nodded.

"There's food downstairs. Really good food. Your mom and Papyrus are great cooks." He saw her hesitate. "Everyone out there is nice. They all love you. They want to see you."

"Will you be there?" she asked quietly.

"Of course. I'm not going anywhere until you're okay. I promise," he smiled and let her take his hand, squeezing it for reassurance.

She took a deep breath and nodded. "Alright, I'm hungry."

He laughed. "Alright, let's go eat then. There's a lot of people down there, but don't worry. I'll be right here."

She nodded and they made their way downstairs. Sans was leaning in the doorway to the kitchen and saw them coming, gesturing to the people in the room. The hushed conversation stopped. Sans went into the kitchen before them. Frisk paused on the threshold, looking wide eyed at everyone inside. Her grip on Damen's hand tightened in worry and he squeezed her hand as he gently led her into the room. It was warm from the oven being on. Toriel was standing in front of it. Everyone else sat at the table.

No one moved or spoke at first, not wanting to scare Frisk. Toriel was the first person to approach.
Damen put himself behind Frisk, letting his presence comfort her and also to keep her from bolting as she tensed up.

"Child, dear, I am your mother. Toriel. I know you don't remember me, but I've been so worried about you. I made your favorite pie. Butterscotch cinnamon," Toriel smiled gently at her, but Damen noticed the disappointment on her face when Frisk didn't recognize her.

"I also made you some spaghetti, Frisk!" Papyrus said, much more quietly than usually, but with just as much exuberance. He gave her a beaming smile, and Frisk couldn't help but return it.

"Do you want to sit down?" Damen asked.

Frisk nodded and he led her over to the table, sitting her down between Sans and himself, where she usually sat. A plate of spaghetti with lots of parmesan and a plate of pie was placed in front of her. Everyone ate and talked during dinner, trying to remind Frisk of who they all were, telling stories of her. She ate several servings before finally stopping. After it all they moved to the sitting room, Frisk with a hot cup of her favorite tea.

Damen started the fireplace, knowing it would comfort her. And it did. She sat in the chair closest, staring into the crackling flames.

"So, Frisk, do you really not remember any of us?" Sans asked gently. She shook her head, turning to meet his eyes, keeping her hand in Damen's. "Not even Damen?" Again she shook her head.

"Do you remember anything? Anything at all?" Alphys asked. Again Frisk shook her head.

"Do you know where you've been the past two weeks?" Sans asked.

"Not really," Frisk said quietly. Everyone in the room seemed to relax at hearing her speak. "I woke up in the woods. It was dark. There's... spots missing. I don't know if I was asleep or..." Frisk shrugged. "I don't know. I don't know who I am. Or who any of you are. I can't remember anything."

"It's okay," Damen said. "We'll figure it out."

There was a soft knock at the door and everyone looked towards the sound.

"I'll go see who it is," Sans said, rising from his chair.

"I'll come with," Asgore said, rising as well. "It's probably another friend wanting to make sure Frisk is back and safe."

The room was quiet. They heard the quiet voices talking for a few minutes although they couldn't make out what they were saying. The door shut and a moment later Asgore and Sans returned. Both looked unsettled, Sans more than Asgore.

"What is it?" Toriel asked quietly. Asgore shook his head, taking her hand. \textit{Not now}, it seemed to imply.

Sans didn't sit, just stood staring into the fire. Frisk was looking between everyone curiously, seeming to pick up that something was wrong.

After a few moments of silence, Sans looked directly at Frisk with a piercing look. "Several people were murdered in a human village not far from here."
"Sans," Asgore scolded, trying to interrupt him.

"What?" Several people asked, shocked by the news.

"That was Grillby at the door. News just got out." Sans hadn't taken his eyes off Frisk. She looked scared. "It was brutal, they said. Very, very brutal."

"Sans," Asgore said again, more forcefully. Sans didn't even look at him.

"The bodies were hidden pretty well. They just found them."

There was a moment of silence. Frisk was panicking. Damen wrapped an arm around her. "Hey, it's okay. It's okay. What the hell Sans," Damen said angrily.

"Now is not the time for Frisk to be hearing this," Asgore chimed in, an angry look on his face as well.

Sans sighed and stepped into the hall.

Damen managed to get Frisk calm. Then his phone vibrated in his pocket. Everyone that would text him was already here. He pulled it out, and noticed a text from Sans. *Well, almost everyone,* he thought.

_We're gonna need to take a look at Frisk's soul. Judging by how panicked she's been, I'm gonna need your help to keep her still._

**Why?**

_Just trust me._

_Chara?* He asked apprehensively. If Sans thinks that murder was her. . . No one else knew about this.

_Maybe. You're gonna have to trust me._

_Okay._

Sans came back into the room and everyone watched him. He didn't sit down.

"I'm gonna need to take a look at Frisk's soul," Sans said quietly after a moment of everyone watching him.

Toriel rose angrily from her chair. "You are not seriously implying that my daughter -"

Sans cut her off. "Tori, you know how much I love Frisk. I would never hurt her. But right now I need you all to trust me. I just need to see her soul. I need to be sure of something."

"You had damn well better have a good reason," Toriel huffed, taking her seat again at Asgore's becking.

"I do. Damen, think you can help?"

Damen nodded reluctantly, keeping his arm tight around Frisk as Sans came close. She tensed up again as he knelt in front of her.

"Frisk, this isn't gonna hurt, but it's just gonna feel a little strange," Sans tried to reassure her. She
tensed up trying to pull out of Damen's grip as his eye flared blue.

Sans eyes drifted down to her chest, his magic crackling in the air. For a moment all he did was look. And then his brows creased with confusion and he reached forward, placing his hand on her chest, his magic sparking across her skin.

She was trying to pull away, but Damen wouldn't allow it. He kept her where she was, trying to be reassuring as he did so.

Sweat was beading on Sans' skull and he seemed frustrated. After a minute he gave up, letting his hand slip away, genuine fear in his eyes as he let out the breath he'd been holding.

"Undyne, come here."

"What's wrong? Why didn't you just-" "Just come here," Sans said impatiently, trying not to show how panicked he was becoming.

Undyne sighed but got up from the couch and walked over, crossing her arms.

"I need you to try to coax her soul out," Sans said, stepping out of the way.

"Seriously, you couldn't do it yourself?" she asked, confused.

"Just do it."

She sighed and shrugged, kneeling down in front of Frisk. Frisk was beginning to tremble in Damen's arms, feeling the different kinds of magic invading her body. A moment passed and Undyne began to look worried, then frustrated. Then she gave up too, looking up at Sans, bewildered.

"What's wrong?" Asgore finally asked.

"Her soul isn't there," Sans said, fear evident in his voice.

"Just because you guys can't get it out-" Alphys started.

"Come here," Sans suggested. "You reach for it and tell me what you feel."

"Combat magic isn't really-"

"Every monster can do it Alphys, just try."

Alphys came up slowly and knelt down, Undyne putting a hand on her shoulder for support. Alphys tried, and failed.

She turned to Sans with true panic in her eyes. "T-T-There's nothing there."

"Her soul can't just be gone," Toriel rose from her chair. Toriel, Asgore, Mettaton and Papyrus all tried to reach her soul. Not a one of them could.

"But how is this possible?" Metta asked.

"It shouldn't be," Sans said gruffly.

"I-I-It's not," Alphys stuttered. "Humans c-can't live without a s-s-soul."
"Hey, it's alright," Undyne tried to reassure her, putting an arm around her girlfriend.

"No, it's not alright!" Alphys panicked. Undyne sat her down.

"But she is, so how is this possible? What's wrong?" Asgore asked calmly.

"I'm not sure," Sans said quietly. "But this may explain why her memories have vanished."

"Was this what you were worried about?" Toriel asked.

"No," Sans said, shaking his head. "This is... I've never heard of this even being possible. It shouldn't be. But there is one more thing I can do."

Sans came forward, placing his hand on Frisk's chest again. She pushed herself further against Damen and he rubbed her arm comfortingly.

Sans' magic flared up for a moment, his eye going bright, the magic seeming to go into Frisk before he pulled away and Frisk slumped over, Damen holding her up.

"What did you do?" Damen asked.

"I put some of my magic inside her chest, where her soul should be. That way we can't lose her if she disappears again."

"Sans, are you sure that's a good idea?" Toriel asked. "That's supposed to be..." her words trailed off.

"I know, not exactly for this type of situation, but we can't risk her running off again. Especially not like this when we don't know what's wrong with her or how much danger she's in."

"We're going to have to do some tests at the lab," Alphys said quietly, seeming to have calmed down a bit.

"Not tonight," Damen spoke up. "She's exhausted. We don't know when she last slept. She needs to rest. And she needs to be calm, especially before she goes in there."

Everyone else nodded, seeming to understand.

"How about we all get some sleep, no one has slept enough since she went missing," Alex suggested.

"Do you mind if we give you a hug goodnight, dear?" Toriel asked Frisk.

She hesitated looking to Damen for support. He nodded at her, smiling reassuringly. She nodded hesitantly and Toriel came forward, giving her a soft hug. Everyone got their hugs and good nights in before Damen took Frisk upstairs.

"You did good," he said gently and Frisk smiled at him.

He took her into her room.

"Do you want me to stay?" Damen asked.

Frisk hesitated, thinking on the question, then shook her head. "Will you stay close though?"

"Of course. Did you see that door we walked past? I'll be right over there. You come and get me if
"You need me, okay?"

"Okay. Thank you, Damen," Frisk said softly.

"You're welcome, Frisk," he smiled and shut the door gently behind himself.

When he left I was finally able to let out my breath.

They're going to hurt you, that voice in my head whispered again.

Shut up, I responded for the millionth time. Damen is nice.

They seem nice sure, but didn't you feel what they did to you? What they all did to you? Didn't you feel what that skeleton put inside your chest? So you couldn't get away.

But it didn't really hurt.

Of course not. Not yet.

Just shut up.

Don't you want to remember?

I said shut up.

You've been ignoring me for too long now. You are in serious danger and I'm trying to help you. You need to remember. The voice said it gently, coaxingly. That warm light came into my mind again, the one that made my body feel tingly. The one that made my stomach twist with fear.

It's not a good idea.

You're afraid of it, I know. It's because you don't want to remember. Because deep down you know it's bad. I haven't pushed because you got away. But now they caught you, and he put something inside you so now you can't escape. You have to remember, so you can get away. I'm trying to protect you. Please. I've kept you safe, I've kept you alive. You need to trust me now.

I sighed, sitting down on the floor, thinking. I wanted so badly to remember what it was I had forgotten.

Fine.

Okay. But not yet. When you remember you're going to want to get ready. Get dressed, in case we do need to leave.

I sighed again. Fine.

I stood and walked a few steps to my closet before my eyes were drawn to the chest beside my bed. I went over to it, gently pulling out the contents, looking them all over. A beautiful little sparkling box, a photo album of people I didn't recognize, the people inside my locket. The people they don't want you to remember. I set them aside gently.

I saw the clothes at the bottom of the box, it seemed to be exactly what I was looking for. I put them on, cloak and everything. They fit me perfectly. I could even fit the dagger that was at the bottom of the chest into my boot.
Am I ready enough now? I asked exasperately.

Yes, you’re perfect.

I closed my eyes and let her bring that light back into my mind. I hesitated once again as it was in front of me. The girl in my head seemed to go still, as though she were holding her breath. And then I reached for it and felt the whole world fall away.

Chapter End Notes

So this story is about to take a turn, and I certainly hope everyone enjoys it. I will try to get the next chapter out soon.
As soon as I reached for that enveloping warm light, I felt myself pulled back, the world I was standing in disappearing around me. I felt it reappear but it felt different and I felt the presence in my head change. It began to laugh, a laugh that made my skin crawl. I felt myself falling, and though I opened my eyes, I couldn't see anything. I hit the ground, the air knocked out of my lungs. I didn't move. That presence in my head suddenly felt hostile, I felt it in my body, trying to invade me. But then something stopped it and I felt it grow angry rather than euphoric.

NO! You can't still be stopping me! Damnit! Damnit Damnit Damnit! LET ME IN!!

I had no idea what the voice was talking about but it terrified me and I pushed against it with all my might, feeling the warmth from the center of my chest grow, making my body feel tingly. With a scream of rage the voice vanished. The presence vanished.

I lay for a moment, alone for the first time since I woke up. For a moment I felt lonely, and then I felt relieved. I slowly opened my eyes. The chamber I was in was dimly lit, no sunlight to be felt. There was a luminescent yellow glow coming from beneath me and as I turned my head I saw big yellow flowers had cushioned my fall and they were the only source of light in this dark cave.

Tall pillars overgrown with vines surrounded me. I slowly eased myself off, being careful in case the fall had hurt me. I slowly stood and stretched, making sure I wasn't hurt. I felt a little winded, maybe I'd have a bruise, but nothing else. Those flowers had saved me.

I looked down at myself to see that I was exactly as I had been before I reached for the light. The same clothes and everything. It was a comfort, though I was surprised for some reason that I couldn't understand.

I looked around but I couldn't see anything else around me except an empty cave and darkness ahead of me. I turned to look at the glowing flowers. I didn't want to pull one out of the ground, they seemed too special to do that to. But I knew I would need a source of light in here. So I knelt down and removed a single, large petal. It would have to be enough.

Not wanting to waste any time, I continued to the only entrance into this chamber and made my way down the hall and through the archway. As I came into this new chamber, I noticed it was brighter, also filled with the same yellow luminescent light, brighter than before and there was someone humming a tune. My fingers softly stroked the smooth petal I had in my hand for comfort. I walked further into the room, but I couldn't see anything, there was just a tall yellow flower swaying in the center of the room.

I hesitated, not wanting to reveal myself. Something about this place felt dark. Not just physically, but like I felt it against my skin. It was cold, bitterly so. It made my throat and my lungs ache.

I got right up behind the flower before my footsteps made a noise and the flower swiveled around. It startled me, and I took a hasty step back. He looked like the flower that had been in the little house with the rest of the monsters. The one that hadn't spoken, just watched me. Except his face somehow looked... friendlier.

His face was surprised and then he turned to face me, fear evident on his small features.
"What are you doing here? When you get here? I didn't hear you fall."

"I just got here a minute ago," I answered, unsure.

His eyes drifted down to the petal in my hand and his eyes widened. "Oh no, no no no. You have to put that back, if she sees that you've done that to one of her flowers she'll kill you."

"Who will?"

"Toriel. The caretaker of these ruins."

"Toriel?" I asked, remembering the kind looking fluffy monster who called herself my mother. Why would she kill me, she seemed so nice. Is this what that voice was talking about?

"You need to put that flower petal back, where she won't see that it was removed. Quickly, she comes this way every day."

"But I need it to see. It's too dark here," I explained.

"Just put it back, I'll come with you. You won't need it if you have me."

He lifted his roots from the dirt and climbed up me until he was resting on my shoulder, vines wrapped around me. "Sorry, I hope you don't mind, but there's no time." I nodded and turned to do as he asked. "I'm Flowey by the way."

"I'm. . . Frisk," I responded, using the name that those people had called me.

I returned to that chamber and placed the petal back onto one of the flowers underneath the others, letting it rest there naturally.

Flowey's head snapped up and toward the entrance. "Go," he whispered urgently. "Hide, quickly."

Adrenaline shot through my veins at the fear and urgency in his voice. I ran as quickly and quietly as I could to the far corner of the room and hid behind a mound of rocks, using my small size to squeeze between them. I could still see the chamber through a small crack in between them. Flowey's light dimmed until it was gone and darkness surrounded us. I could feel him trembling right as I heard footsteps.

I heard someone humming, a female voice. The tune was not pleasant as the one Flowey had been singing was, but was rather unsettling.

I saw her silhouette as she came into the room and went still, daring not even to breathe. She walked forward, and something about the swayed steps she took was unsettling. She came into the ring of light, and she was not what I expected. She didn't look like the Toriel I had met. The dress she wore was torn and dirty, her fur seemed darker, more coarse. Her eyes were red, blood-shot, and not at all kind. They looked insane. Her eyes scanned the chamber as she approached the bed of flowers. She looked up and then back down at them. Her hands brushed over them and I was relieved that the flowers had kept their springy shape even after my fall. She looked around for a moment more before turning and leaving the chamber. The humming and the footsteps faded, and only when it was completely silent did I allow myself to breathe.

Is this what that voice wanted me to see, wanted me to remember?

I shook the thoughts from my head. It didn't matter now, that voice was gone and now I was here, in this place where I very obviously wasn't safe. Even less safe than I had been before.
I slowly eased myself out of my hiding place.

"We can't wait here, we have to try to get you out of here before she comes back," Flowey whispered, still obviously on edge.

"What's wrong with her? She looks. . ."

"Crazy?" Flowey finished. "She is. She was my mother once. She lost me and my sister and she lost it. Completely."

"Lost you?"

"It's a long story, there's no time to explain. I was her son once. Then I died. And now I'm here."

"As a flower. Are monsters reincarnated or something?"

"Something like that. I'll explain later, when we have time. When we're safe."

"You said she'd kill me."

"Probably not right away. She'll try to act motherly, like she's protecting you from the other monsters here. Take you back to her home and then. . ." he trailed off. "Some of them get away, through to the other side."

"What other side?"

"The rest of the Underground, where you are, is out past these ruins. The only door to it is through her home."

"So it sounds like I can't get through it without being caught."

"You might be able to, if you're careful. She normally doesn't kill those who fall right away, but you aren't as small as the other humans. You're not a child. We've never had an adult fall, I don't know what she'd do to you."

"Okay then. So avoid her."

"Try to avoid everyone down here, for that matter. Down here it's kill or be killed. Everything is out to get you."

I sighed. "Good to know."

"You're pretty fast and light on your feet, ya know. I've never seen a human move so quietly before. You were. . . almost graceful. Do you know how to fight?"

"I don't know. Maybe? I was just moving instinctively."

"Well, at least you've got good instincts."

"So where we are now, the Underground. Everything down here wants to kill me."

"That's correct."

"Why?"

"Because they want your soul."
"My soul?" I asked, recalling Sans and the others trying to reach my soul, and being unsuccessful.

"Yeah. You've probably never heard of it before. Humans who fall down here don't. It's a little heart that comes out of your chest. All glowing and pretty."

"I don't think I have one."

"All humans have one. You've just never seen yours before."

I didn't correct him. "So to get out of these ruins I have to get out through Toriel's house."

"Yep."

"What's on the other side?"

"A snowy forest. It's cold. Very cold. Thankfully you seem to have dressed warm. I saw a human escape to the other side once who was wearing shorts. They didn't listen to me when I told them to steal something warm from Toriel. They were afraid she'd be more angry at them."

I nodded in understanding. "So this place must be huge if there's forests underground."

"It is."

"So how far till I get out?"

"Out out?"

"Yeah."

Flowey paused. I turned to look at him, seeing a sad look on his face. "No human has ever made it out."

"None?" I asked. "Surely there had to be some."

Flowey shook his head sadly. "No one. I have followed every human that fell down here, whether they wanted my help or not. Dozens fall. Many die here. Others die in Snowdin, or Waterfall, or Hotland. Very few make it to the king. But no one gets past him."

"So they all die."

Flowey nodded.

"Why do they want to kill us?"

"Because human souls are powerful. And in this world power is everything. Power is how you survive."

I paused as I thought this all over. "You said in this world it's kill or be killed."

"Yes. Everyone you meet is going to try to kill you, sooner or later. You have to fight back if you're gonna survive."

"Is that what the other humans did?"

"Yes."

"All of them?"
"Yes."

"But they were children. *Children.*"

Flowey sighed sadly. "I know. But down here there isn't a choice. And the more they kill the more the other monsters want their souls."

"Why?"

"Because when you kill your soul gets more powerful."

I nodded. "So if I just don't kill, my soul won't be as tempting to them."

"You can't get through without fighting. Without killing. No one has done it before."

"Well I'm certainly going to try."

"LV- Levels of Violence and EXP- Execution Points, is what your soul gets when you kill. But even without any of that the monsters will want your soul anyway. Even without that it's still powerful. And they might be more eager for an adult soul than a child soul. It might be more powerful, even if it's not there are monsters who will think it is."

"Flowey, I will do what I have to to survive. But I will not kill."

Flowey sighed, shaking his head. "You will change your mind, sooner or later. You won't have a choice, but for now, we need to get you out of the ruins. It's arguably one of the most dangerous places in the Underground. There are worse monsters outside here, but here is small and you can't hide, at least not for very long. Will you let me help you?"

"Won't you be in danger if you're with me?"

"Yes, but I'll be fine. You need me. As long as you listen to me, you might be able to get out of here."

"Okay, then let's get going."

Flowey nodded and we made our way out of the room. The chambers after the one we met in were a little less dark, there were vines that glowed dully, or water that did. Whenever I heard a monster, I quickly hid. I found a room with a bowl on a pedestal and Flowey prompted me to take as much of the candy inside as I could carry. He said I would need it.

I had almost made it through this place when I saw a monster I wouldn't be able to sneak past. A ghost was laying across the path, the only path forward.

"This is bad," Flowey whispered. "He can lay there for days at a time. And since he's a ghost, attacks won't do much against him. You're going to have to let him start a fight and run. He usually doesn't care enough to chase anyone down."

I nodded and came out of my hiding spot and towards the ghost. He rose slowly when he heard me coming. His eyes widened when he saw me.

"A human," his voice was soft, barely audible. He sounded surprised. "It's been a long time. You aren't so small." The ghost seemed to shrug. "Whatever. A human is a human." He let out a hefty sigh, as though he didn't want to be doing this, and then I felt a strange sensation in the center of my chest, my body tingled as it felt the energy was being pulled there, and then out. A bright red
heart shimmered in front of me, sending sparkling light across the room.

*Is that my soul? Is this what those people were trying to get out of my chest?*

I didn't have time to contemplate it as magic came flying right at it. I tried to dodge, but was unprepared, and a small bit of magic hit it, sending intense pain through my entire body. I shook the pain off, concentrating on getting out of the way of the other attacks.

"What the- how did you recover so quickly?" the ghost asked, frustrated.

I ducked and dodged, but I knew I could only do it for so long. The ghost hadn't moved and wasn't leaving me any openings to run past him. I knew that sooner or later others would hear this fight and come to see what was going on, to try to steal the kill.

Deep down in my soul I felt something. Something instinctive. I closed my eyes and let it rush through me. I felt the magic of the monster in front of me. And I manipulated it.

"What the-"

I opened my eyes to see the ghost's magic forming a top hat on top of his head, and I couldn't help but laugh. The ghost looked bewildered.

"Dapper hat, good sir," I complemented, tipping an invisible hat toward him. I giggled as he looked back to me. He didn't even look angry, just surprised. I noticed at that moment that he was hovering much lower to the ground then before.

"Hold on tight," I whispered to Flowey, taking a few steps back. Flowey's vines tightened around me and I sprinted forward. The ghost looked shocked and didn't move. I launched myself over him, tucking and rolling on the other side. He turned to look at me.

"That's a good look for you, I think you should keep it," I complemented with a wink before turning and running. As I got further away, my soul returned to my chest.

"Good job," Flowey said. "Though I wonder what happened. I've never seen him do anything like that with his magic before."

"It suits him," I said. "He didn't seem quite as vicious as some of these other monsters we've seen."

"He's not. He's usually just a lazy ghost, only attacks because he has to. But he can deal some serious damage. How's your soul feel?"

"A little sore, but I don't feel too hurt."

"Good, usually his attacks hurt much worse. Your soul must have a high hit threshold or something."

We continued forward until we reached Toriel's house. It was set back in the cave, looking decrepit. A barren tree stood in the chamber, though the wood seemed to be glowing dully, just like everything else here. I went behind some rocks where I wouldn't be seen.

"So, you have a red soul," Flowey said.

"Yes, it appears I do," I responded, wondering what he was getting at.

"That might actually be able to help you down here. Red souls are usually the most determined. And with a lot of determination they can sometimes have this... ability."
"What kind of ability?"

Flowey sighed. "An ability to save and load."

I paused. "Is that what it sounds like?"

"Probably. It means that you can set a save point in time, and if you die, you can return to it."

"How do I know a save point works?"

"You can feel it. Close your eyes and picture a yellow light. See if you can get it to appear."

I paused, remembering the yellow light that had led me here. "What else can this power do? Can you teleport or. . ."

"No nothing like that. Though in rare cases I've seen it be able to reset a timeline, back to the start, though never outside of this place."

_Is that what I did, restart? Or go back to a save?_ I shook my head, trying to dismiss the thoughts.

"Okay." I closed my eyes and pictured that warm yellow light. It appeared quickly, naturally. As though I'd done it a thousand times before. I set my save point and opened my eyes.

"You did it," Flowey whispered, relieved.

"Did you see it?" I asked.

Flowey shook his head. "No, but I felt it. I have that power too. Or I did. It can only belong to one person down here at a time."

I nodded, kind of understanding.

"Now I want you to wait here, I'm going to go check out Toriel's house. As soon as she's asleep, we can try to sneak through."

"Okay."

"I'm gonna have to leave you alone, so don't go anywhere."

I nodded that I understood and he crawled off me, disappearing into the rock at our feet, as though he were pulling himself inside it. _Well that's useful._

I sat in the dark for what seemed like hours, though it knew it couldn't have been that long. He returned, and crawled right back up on my shoulder.

"She's asleep. Now we can do two things here. We can make straight for the exit, or we can grab a few things that might help you out in the rest of the Underground."

"What kind of stuff?" I asked.

"A backpack. I saw a scarf and some gloves and a hat that might fit you. It'll help when we get out into the cold. Some extra socks. And she made a fresh pie. They're usually pretty tasty, and a good way to recover health. Not to mention your going to need food sooner or later, and that's hard to come by."

"Alright, if you think I need it, then let's get it. I want to be prepared out there."
"Okay, as long as you move as quietly as you have been, we should be fine. She's a pretty heavy sleeper."

I nodded, and crept out of my hiding spot, not wanting to waste any time. I came up to the house quietly, and slowly eased the door open, relieved when it didn't make any sound. I came inside and shut it. Flowey tapped my shoulder, and gestured with his vines to go right. I went, letting him guide me inside the first room in this hall. I went inside to find a children's room. I saw the black leather backpack leaning against the end of the bed, empty. I went over and opened it, first placing all the slightly smooshed candy bars inside. Then I went over to the slightly ajar closet. I eased it open and ruffled through what was inside. I grabbed all the extra socks there were, just in case. There was a gray beanie that was almost too large for my head that I stuck inside and a pair of black, fur lined gloves that would have been bulky on a child's hands but were nice and tight on mine. There was also a soft, long scarf. I grabbed a few of the plain t-shirts inside. I knew they wouldn't fit me quite right, they'd be too small, but I could probably fit them on if I needed to. I also found several pairs of very very stretchy black leggings that I might be able to make fit. I might need layers out there. I stuffed everything into the backpack and crept quietly from the room, shutting the door. Flowey led me back and to the left, through the little sitting room and into the kitchen. There was a pie on the counter, freshly cooked.

I went over and grabbed the knife from the counter and searched the drawers until I found some saran wrap. I cut the pie into even pieces and wrapped each thoroughly, placing them into the backpack as well. I grabbed a few water bottles out of the fridge and then closed my backpack. I took off my cloak, putting the backpack securely in pace and then putting it back on. I would need it to be completely secure if I was going to be doing as much dodging as I had been. I saw a little note pad on the counter, and a pen. I quickly penned an apology for taking her stuff. Flowey watched me incredulously and I just shrugged at him. I was just trying to be nice.

As I turned to leave the kitchen, Flowey leaned close to my ear and quietly whispered, "Take the knife too, you might need it."

I showed him the knife already stashed in my boot, but did as he asked, wrapping the kitchen knife in a cloth and sticking it in an easily accessible pouch on the backpack.

We made our way out and down the stairs. I sprinted, light footed, down the hallway, eager to be out of this place.

I felt relief wash over me as I saw the door ahead of me, until Toriel stepped out of the shadows and blocked it. I came to a halt, my body tense. Flowey was trembling.

"I knew I heard that flower slinking around when I laid down. I must have missed you coming down here, child. It's a shame that flower got to you before me. Now's he's tainted you. It's not nice to steal from people you know," Toriel spoke, her voice shrill, sounding just as unhinged as she looked. A creepy smile was spread across her face.

"Sorry about that. But it's apparently not that great out there and I'll need all I can get if I'm going to survive," I responded, seeing no point in lying.

"Yes, it is very dangerous out there. Which is why I'm going to offer you a home here. No more fighting, no more killing. Just a nice home, with lots and lots more of that pie you've got stashed in your stolen backpack."

"Right, and what happens to the children that stay here? There were lots of different clothes in that kids room I saw."
Toriel's expression grew angry, her smile turning to a grimace. "It's no business of yours what happened to them!" she shouted.

"It kind of is considering the same fate probably awaits me," I responded snidely.

Toriel grit her teeth. "That flower has been filling your head with lies, hasn't he? Making me seem like some sadistic, crazy monster. Then I guess there's no hope for you."

I felt my soul come out of my chest, and before I knew it, she was throwing fireballs at me. I managed to dodge. "A fast little one, aren't you?" Toriel sneered, increasing her attack. They were powerful and unpredictable, but sloppy. I could dodge them easy.

I moved back, forcing her further from the door. She pursued me. "You can't run, I wouldn't bother trying."

I circled around her slowly as I dodged. She was so caught up in trying to land a hit she wasn't paying attention to where I was going until I turned and sprinted for the door.

"NO!" she shouted, but she was too late. It opened surprisingly easily under my touch, and shut automatically once I was on the other side. I heard her hit it and her screaming in rage on the other side.

"Why did the door do that?" I asked.

"The door can open for anyone except her. She's trapped in the ruins. You're safe now. You did good in there."

I breathed a sigh of relief and smiled at Flowey. "But it's only going to get harder," Flowey said. "No one has ever been able to get through the ruins without killing, I'm surprised that you did. But it probably won't last. The further into this place you get, the more dangerous the monsters become."

"Thanks for letting me know, but I think I can stick with my dodging tactics."

"Well, you are good at that," Flowey admitted. We continued down this hallway until we reached another door. This one also opened easily and shut behind me.

It was much brighter on the other side. It took a moment for my vision to adjust. And even though Flowey had told me what was on the other side, it still surprised me. The cavern roof was so far above us I couldn't see it. Tall trees lined the path that led from the door. Snow covered everything in a thick blanket and drifted lazily down from above.

It was cold, just as Flowey had said. Piercingly so. I removed my pack and took out the things I'd need.

"You can't just be hanging around my shoulder like that, you gotta be warm too." Flowey was shivering and he nodded gratefully in agreement. I unclasped my cloak. "Here, wrap around my neck, under my hair. It'll keep you warm and you can hide so other monsters can't see you. You'll be safer that way." Flowey nodded. I lifted my hair and he wrapped loosely around my neck, his head nestling under my chin. I let my hair fall. I pulled the scarf from my pack, wrapping it around us both warm. I put the beanie and gloves on as well, putting the pack back on and putting my cloak back in place. Only Flowey's head peeked out now, and he could easily hide in my hair if he needed to.

I took a deep breath and felt Flowey squeeze me reassuringly. I continued down the snowy path,
knowing that a long, dangerous path was ahead of us.

Chapter End Notes

So yes, this is not normal Undertale anymore, as you can probably guess. Sorry if this particular AU isn't your thing, but I like it and it suits the route my story will take.
The snow crunched pleasingly beneath my feet, and though it felt better to be out of the ruins, out of the tight spaces and heavy darkness, the path I walked left me feeling unsettled. More so than before. My heart beat heavy against my ribs, my breaths deep, even as I tried to remain calm. I knew rationally there was no immediate danger, but something felt wrong.

I felt eyes on me, and kept hearing things in the still forest around me. It didn't seem likely there were forest animals down here. Everything was too still, too cold.

My whole body was tense, ready for something to go wrong. I noticed a heavy branch laying across the path and felt a wave of de ja vu.

_Have I been here before?_

I shook my head, trying to clear it. I needed to focus.

I stepped over the branch, continuing down the path, though I felt like I was expecting something to happen. Sure enough, before I'd gone too far, I heard it crack, like a breaking bone. I swiveled around and saw no one, and I wasn't surprised.

My heart was beating more loudly, adrenaline running through me. Even Flowey seemed on edge, tightening and loosening around me.

I stopped when I saw the bridge ahead, staring at it as though I were waiting for something. But it seemed like just a normal bridge across the path.

I shook away my discomfort and forced myself forward. The closer to the bridge I got the more nervous I felt.

As soon as my foot landed on the wood I heard a dark chuckle from behind me, too close for comfort.

I swiveled around, and came face to face with-

Something in the depths of my soul pulsed through me with force and the barrier in my head, the one I hadn't realized was there, crumbled. Everything came flooding back.

_Sans._

But this wasn't. Just like Toriel wasn't Toriel.

I stumbled back from the shock, and in my haste to move to a safe distance I moved too quickly and my foot caught. I felt myself falling back, but he caught me, wrapping an arm around my waist.

"Easy there, sweetheart, don't wanna hurt ya self now," he said.

But his voice wasn't his voice. His face wasn't his face. It was all wrong, just like this whole world was wrong.

I shoved against him, catching myself and stepping away from him, ready to defend myself if I needed.
I pushed away my panic and focused on the now.

I took a second to observe him, to see just how much danger I was in. But he didn't look ready to tear my soul out, he just shrugged and put his hand back in his pocket.

He seemed taller, bigger, his very presence emanating power. Not just power. LV. I could feel it. The lights in his sockets were no longer a friendly glowing blue. They looked like hot coals inside his skull. His teeth were sharp, like a sharks, every one of them. One gold tooth shined in the dull light. There was a crack in his skull going from his right eye up. The same eye that went dark when he used his magic. An old injury that never healed properly here. He had a smile on his face but it was not a friendly, joking smile. It was almost sinister. And arrogant. And lewd all at once. Gone we're the shorts and odd pink slippers. In their place were black jeans and black chucks with gold accent. He wore a heavy leather jacket. His posture was slouched, but not quite lazy. He looked like he was always ready for a fight. A fight he knew he'd win.

I swallowed as I took another hesitant step back. I had to remind myself this was not the Sans I knew. I was tense, ready for anything.

But he wasn't moving, just watching me, eyes traveling over me. The look in his eyes actually made me uncomfortable, and I noticed my cloak had fallen open when he'd caught me. I quickly fixed it, letting it cover me and block out the cold that had seeped in.

Flowey was shivering, obviously afraid.

"Ya don't have to look so tense, I ain't gonna kill ya," Sans finally spoke, sly smile tugging at his mouth. He was like a cat watching a mouse. Even his voice was different. Almost deeper, more rough. There wasn't warmth in it, just a perpetual amusement.

"Yet," I responded. He chuckled.

"Smart to be ready. But do ya think that'll help ya?" He smiled, a cocky smile.

"It has so far," I answered, almost glaring at him defiantly.

Flowey's leaves tapped against my neck to get my attention, and he leaned close to my ear, whispering so quietly I could barely hear him.

"Frisk, you have to get away. The other one will be here soon. This one likes to toy with people, but the other will kill you on sight. Brutally."

I barely nodded, so he knew I understood.

"So what's that little weed tellin' ya?" Sans asked, shifting his weight.

Flowey sighed and crept forward so his face was under my chin and he could see better.

"That I need to go."

Right on time I heard someone call Sans' name. It didn't sound like the Papyrus I knew, but it had to be him.

I looked at the path behind me, grateful he wasn't in sight yet.

I jumped over the side of the bridge and into the deep snow beneath, sliding under the bridge where I wouldn't be seen.
I heard Sans chuckle, and then heard Papyrus come up. His voice was harsh, angry, rough. I crept forward just enough to get a glimpse of him. He looked like an edge lord, and I almost laughed. His face has cracks just like Sans'. And it was set in a seemingly perpetual grimace.

There was a ringing in my ears and my mind was going over and over what had happened. I wasn't paying attention to whatever he seemed to be scolding Sans about.

Chara what did you do?

Chara had made me forget. She had made me kill those men, the ones that had come after me because they knew who I was. She had made me reset.

But reset to what? This wasn't my world, this wasn't my family.

It was as though she had reshaped my world after her own dark, twisted image.

But how? I reset and I'm exactly as I was. She knew that would happen. She tried to possess me and it didn't work.

Even if she didn't possess me she's still getting what she wants. If I reset I'll just end up back in the ruins, not back home. She has put me in a world where she thinks I'll be forced to kill my family because of what she's made them. They don't know me. And they're not just fighting me for my soul for freedom. They're blood thirsty.

My hands tightened into fists as I contemplated what I could do.

Gaster might be able to help me.

I shook away my thoughts as I heard Papyrus walk away. I crept out from beneath the bridge and Sans teleported in front of me, startling me and pushing me back against the bridge.

"Ya gonna try to run now?" He asked, tilting his head as he watched me.

"Well considering you can teleport that's probably not the best thing to do," I answered, with more attitude than I intended. I didn't really know this Sans, but I knew showing fear would only fuel him.

He did seem shocked at my steeled, confident expression, even more so when I stepped around him and climbed back up onto the path. Even Flowey whispered my name in warning when I turned my back on him.

He teleported in front of me on the path, as though trying harder to unsettle me.

"Do you have to do that?" I asked as I jumped back, somewhat startled.

"You seem to be handlin' this whole monsters thing pretty well," Sans commented, watching me, examining me, as though he were trying to look inside me. I knew his skill, I knew he was reading my soul.

I crossed my arms almost defiantly. "Kinda have to that quickly if I don't wanna die down here. And you didn't rat me out to your brother," I called him out.

"No I didn't. He'd kill ya, and then what would be the fun in that. I see the weed has been keeping you informed. You know who I am?"

"Sans. He's Papyrus. I know."
Sans chuckled. "So you actually think you can get out? Hasn't the weed explained how this works yet?"

"No one gets out. They all die. I get that. It's kill or be killed, every man, or monster I guess, for themselves. I get it. Doesn't mean I'm not gonna try. I've faced worse than you lot."

Sans actually laughed at that. "Have you met the monsters down here? Have you even had to fight anyone yet?"

"I saw the monsters in the ruins. I met an apathetic ghost that tried to kill me. And then Toriel tried to kill me."

Sans looked surprised. "You actually met that crazy old woman and actually got out, without having to fight anyone else? I know you didn't kill Nap."

"No I didn't."

Sans was shaking his head, as though the pieces just didn't fit.

At length, he shrugged. "Well, this ain't the ruins. You can try to run and hide, but it won't work as well out here. And these monsters will tear you to shreds in seconds. I can help ya out though. Get you past Snowdin. For a price." With that his arrogant smile returned.

"What, my soul? Even I know that's a steep price to pay."

He shrugged. "We can arrange something else if ya like," he said with a suggestive wink and smile.

I ignored how that comment made my heart pick up. I had to forcefully remind myself that this wasn't my Sans.

"No thanks. I'll manage."

He chuckled, as though he hadn't expected my answer to be any different.

"Suit ya self, sweetheart." I frowned, not liking that nick name. It sounded demeaning, rather than affectionate. But I ignored the angry twist in my soul and turned away from him.

"Good luck out there," Sans chuckled, before disappearing.

I turned, making sure I was alone before I walked into the trees for cover.

"Frisk where are we going?" Flowey asked, concerned.

I shushed him, continuing on until I was fairly certain I was a good distance from the path. I sat down and closed my eyes, subtly using my magic to make sure Sans wasn't lurking in the trees watching me. When I was certain I was alone, I spoke to Flowey.

"Flowey I need to do something real quick, and it's gonna seem like I've fallen asleep."

"What? You can't go to sleep out here, you'll freeze to death!"

"I'm not going to sleep. But I need you to trust me. Can you do that?"

Reluctantly Flowey nodded. I removed my backpack and lay down, closing my eyes. I concentrated, searching for Gaster's place. I felt a sense of darkness and danger and decided not to
fully go there, instead only concentrating a small piece, so I could see.

That door appeared in my minds eye, but it was foreboding. I reluctantly looked inside, and saw Gaster standing there, his back to me.

I almost solidified myself to talk to him, but came a little closer instead. Something felt wrong and it sent pangs of warning through my soul. And even though I knew he shouldn't have been able to sense me, he turned and looked right at me. But he wasn't Gaster either. I felt it deep in my soul, the darkness that enveloped him. It was sticky, oily, against my whole being, making my skin crawl and my stomach turn with nausea. It made me feel dirty just from looking into his empty sockets. He smiled, a cruel, sick smile. I struggled against the pull of the darkness before pulling myself out and back to my body, drawing in a deep breath as I shot up, my heart hammering in fear.

"Frisk! Frisk!" Flowey was yelling, as quietly as one could yell, urgently, leaves tapping frantically at my face.

"I'm okay," I reassured, not even sure myself that I was telling the truth.

"You were out for a couple minutes, but it felt like you were slipping away. What happened?"

I calmed my breathing, letting my heart slow to normal.

Gaster couldn't help me. I was on my own here. Nor was this a dream Chara had thrust me in. My soul was solid in my chest. She had distorted my world. I needed to fix it.

Someone needed to know the truth. I concentrated, making sure we stayed alone.

"Flowey, I'm going to tell you something, and I'm going to sound crazy, but I need you to listen."

"Okay," he said, coming forward so we could look at each other while we talked.

"Flowey, I know who you are."

He looked confused. "What do you mean?"

"Asriel," I spoke his name softly and felt the shock go through him, his eyes widening as he backed away from me.

"How do you-" he looked afraid.

"Because I've been here before. I've done all of this before."

I saw understanding come to him.

"You reset."

"Sort of. This is the part that's going to sound crazy. But you need to trust me."

Flowey nodded slowly, seeming wary.

"Flowey, I fell into the Underground when I was a child."

"But all the children that have fallen have died."

"I fell down here and I freed everyone. The barrier came down," I continued, knowing his
questions would only grow.

"But that's not possible."

"How many souls does the king have?"

"Six," he answered quietly. "Dozens have fallen but the most powerful monsters claim them. Alphys has stolen more than her share for her experiments. Sans has stolen more than anyone else, who actually kept it for himself. Undyne was capturing souls for the king, until she was tempted to steal one for herself and became addicted to the power it gave her."

_Souls must be weaker in this world than in mine if they're stealing so many._

"Have you kept track of every monster that has taken a human soul?"

"I have. There have been 97 children that fell before you came. Only 52 of them died in a place where their souls could be taken, or at least taken by a monster who could actually handle the soul. A lot of monsters can't. Most of the monsters in the ruins couldn't. The soul would usually overpower them and kill them. But it doesn't stop them from trying. And they disappear pretty quickly after a human dies too. The last to fall was about . . . 106 years ago. It's been a while. Meaning all these monsters are a little too eager for a new soul to steal. The king has 6, Alphys kept 10 for her experiments. At first the king ordered the experiments done, but he called them off a long time ago. Alphys didn't stop and the king won't come out of his castle, so he can't directly enforce her to stop. Plus, there's no one to replace her, and she keeps the core running. The king knows that, so he leaves her be. 2 of those 10 she actually absorbed herself. Toriel has 8 souls, but she can't exactly use them in the ruins. And she's too crazy to use their power fully. Undyne has 5. Papyrus has 3. Mettaton has 2 and Grillby has 2. The monsters with souls don't have to worry about being murdered by another ambitious monster for EXP. Normal monsters don't stand a chance. That group runs the Underground respectively. They haven't tried to kill each other yet, although Papyrus and Undyne have gotten close plenty of times. Sorry, I'm ranting now. You probably know most of this."

"No, I don't, and I'm going to need to know everything about these people. But first, you didn't mention how many Sans has."

Flowey sighed. "He has 16."

"I get Toriel not being able to use them, but Sans has plenty to take down the barrier."

"Yeah, I know. I don't know why he hasn't. No one else knows how many he has. People down here know he's powerful, but none of them realize just how much."

"One soul is enough to pass through the barrier, so why hasn't the king just absorbed one and gone out and taken the rest."

"He's paranoid, after our death's. And he knows how strong the humans are, they did seal us down here. He's waiting until he has all seven, then he'll be obligated to take it down to keep the people from rebelling. Seriously rebelling, anyway. He says he's waiting until he knows the monsters are strong enough to truly wipe them out. I think Undyne and the rest are battling to get the most first. Whoever reaches seven souls first becomes our new leader. Takes down the barrier and leads us to the destruction of the outside world."

I nodded, thinking it over. "Okay, I need you to tell me everything."

"But haven't you been here before?"
I sighed. "Yes, but it wasn't like this. When I fell down here as a child, the Underground wasn't... this. I freed everyone, and these people, all these monsters, were my friends. My family. Toriel and Asgore adopted me."

"They did?" Flowey asked, shocked. "Toriel and Asgore would kill each other if they ever saw each other again."

I shook my head. "Let me tell you how this happened. Everything. Then maybe you'll understand."

So I told him everything. How I fell down, how different this world had been. How different he had been. He seemed shocked and unsettled to find out that he'd been the main enemy down here. And he was saddened to hear about Toriel.

"My mother was actually kind?"

"Yes, she kept me safe. She helped me."

Flowey looked sad. "It sounds like how she used to be."

"In my world she was never anything else."

I told him all about my journey, about every friend I made, how I'd made them. I told him about how he helped me save everyone. And then about how I reset.

"Why did you start over? When everything was perfect..."

"I don't know. I was a child who had just had a journey I didn't want to end. So I went back. I wanted to know everything this world had to offer. It was the biggest mistake of my life. When I reset, that's when I left myself vulnerable. That's when Chara possessed me."

Flowey looked terrified, slapping a leaf over my mouth. "Don't speak her name," he whispered. "It's forbidden to speak the dead princess's name."

"Why?"

He shook his head. "It has been since she died. Since we both died. No one is to speak our names, on pain of death. The king made it so. If anyone hears you speaking those names... Others say her name is cursed, that bad things befall those who do. Like she's still listening."

"Probably because she is." I finished telling him what Chara had made me do, how I won it all back.

"This is the only world I have ever known, so I can't even comprehend it being anything that... nice. But if what you're saying is true, how did you end up here? What happened to the world?"

"I think Chara did." I told him how I lost my memory. How I'd reset and woken up to this.

"But is she still around? Isn't she still a threat?"

"I don't think so. She can't influence this world without a host. I imagine that's the only reason she tried to possess me."

"But if she made the world this then who knows what she's capable of."

"I don't think she's the only one behind the world becoming this," I said, picturing the Gaster I had seen. "In any case, I don't have any idea where she is, or how to deal with her right now. We can
only do what we can do." I took a deep breath. "Now this is going to be the craziest thing you hear me say, but Flowey, I have magic."

Flowey looked at me confused. "But humans can't have magic."

"I do. My soul is a determined one. One of the most determined. I saved a dying friend when I was a child. The magic manifested in a time of great emotion. After what Chara and I did, the amount of determination in my soul from the both of us made it fully manifest. Chara changed this world and then she wanted to take my body, in all its strength and magic. I don't know what she planned to do with it, but it'll never happen. I'm telling you all this because I need you to understand. These aren't just monsters trying to kill me. These are my friends, my family. Toriel was my mother, Asgore was my father. Sans, Papyrus, Undyne, Alphys, Mettaton. They were all my family. I befriended every monster down here. Chara changed this world. She wants to make me kill. She wants me to become like her, because down here she thinks I wouldn't have a choice. But I do have a choice. I'm going to get through this place, and change as many monsters as I can along the way. Then we will free everyone, just like we did last time."

Flowey was shaking his head. "I want to help, I do, but Frisk, this isn't your world. If we take down the barrier we'll just be doing Asgore's job for him. He has decreed war on all humanity. When he gets that barrier down he plans on wiping out the human race, and every monster is behind him. That's the only thing that unites everyone down here. It's why everyone hasn't killed each other. More than they already are, anyway. Their hate of humans overcomes everything, more than even their need for power, for some."

"Toriel wanted me to stay. Why?"

"Because she's crazy."

"But what did she want from me? She offered me a place to stay instead of just ripping out my soul and taking it right away."

Flowey sighed. "She would have treated you like her child until she became paranoid, thinking you were after her, or turning the other monsters against her. Then she'd kill you."

"Yes, but she would've let me stay. As her child. Sans also didn't kill me right away."

"I don't know what the Sans in your world was like, but I can guarantee he's nothing like this Sans. This Sans is the most dangerous, powerful person in the Underground. More than the king, more than anyone. The only reason he hasn't taken complete control is because he doesn't care enough to. He's taken more human souls and probably killed more monsters than anyone. I don't think anyone's LV is higher than his. And he's the most unpredictable. Everyone else's motives are clear, but not his. He's killed monsters, he's killed kids, but considering his power, he could be much worse. He could be king, but he doesn't bother. He let's his brother be in charge, even when he's easily more powerful. He could take down the barrier at any time, and he doesn't. And no one knows he's capable of it. I don't have any idea why, maybe he just likes living in this small, chaotic world. Whatever the reason, it's probably not a good one."

"I'm not saying that the monsters down here aren't twisted and corrupt and cruel. But some semblance of what they were is still there. If I can't change this place by action alone, if I reach the king and the plan is still "kill all humans" then we won't take down the barrier. We won't risk that. And we will make sure it stays that way until I find how to put this world back to the way it was."

"If it can be," Flowey said quietly.
"If it can be."

"And if it can't?"

"Then I'll spend the rest of my life trying to fix this place. Trying to get my family back. However I have to. I have saves, so technically I have as many lives as I need. And I'm skilled enough. I've been through enough with Sans, and training all my life to be able to survive this. I'm not going to say it'll be easy... but for me it will be," I said with a confident smile, one that Flowey returned.

"I admit, you are the most... qualified. No one else has fallen who knew how to fight. How to survive. Or had all the chances you do. You even have magic."

"Magic is a last resort. I will die as many times as I need to, but I will not use magic unless I have no choice," I said sternly.

"Why? That might be your most useful tool down here," Flowey objected.

"Monsters already want my soul, imagine what they will do to me if they find out I have magic," I said quietly.

"Alphys would literally rip your soul apart trying to figure out how. They'd all want you dead, or worse."

"I can't risk it. And it's kinda my trump card for when shit hits the fan, no one can know about it."

"Shit hasn't already hit the fan?" Flowey asked.

I laughed. "Trust me, things can always get worse."

"That's comforting."

I smiled. "I'm an eternal optimist."

"You sure about that?"

Flowey and I shared a smile. And then he perked up, seeming to realize something. "Oh my gosh, how didn't I realize this sooner. You're my sister."

"Yes, I am," I said with a warm smile. Flowey wrapped around me in a hug. "It's so good to have a family member who isn't evil."

I laughed. "It's finally good to have you here and not evil too," I said with a giggle.

"Hey I gotta ask you something," I said when our hug ended. "You said earlier that Undyne and Papyrus were trying to kill each other. Why?"

"Well, Undyne trained him, but he got too cocky. He challenged her. They were a pretty even match. Papyrus left some bad scars, but ultimately she won. He rules Snowdin now, controls the dog monsters, as well as some others. He keeps trying to get more power, so he can take her place as leader of the royal guard. Kinda the most powerful position besides the king here."

"And she rules Waterfall."

"Yep, and Hotland since her and Alphys are pretty buddy buddy."

I nodded. "Undyne didn't just kill Papyrus."
Flowey sighed. "No she didn't. Probably because he was her pupil or something. And he kinda saved her life once, when he was still in training. Found out that some of her guards were planning to overthrow her through force. She shut it down as soon as she found out and no one's tried anything since. She let him live that one time, but I doubt she'd do it again. They've had small spats, here and there, but nothing serious. And just because she spared him once doesn't make her a good person."

"I know," I nodded. "I get that. But there's a chance." Flowey sighed doubtfully. "I'm going to prove you wrong, just like I'm going to prove Chara wrong."

"I'd love to see that, Frisk," Flowey said. "I'm with you, no matter how hopeless your venture seems."

"It seemed hopeless to you from the start. More hopeless before you knew how capable I was."

"True," Flowey conceded. "We should probably get going."

I nodded my agreement. We'd spent enough time talking. I secured my pack and returned to the path. It took several hours and one death, which Flowey commented as a good thing, "At least we know the save works," before we reached the town. Every monster I met was more feral, more bloodthirsty, but the solution to befriending them, or at least making them a little less murdery, was generally the same as it was back in my world. I fought, or rather dodged, and all the while smothering them with compliments. Kill them with kindness, as it were. Papyrus' traps were actually cunning this time, but I managed to avoid them. And of course every step of the way I felt eyes watching me, and knew exactly who it was. I knew word had spread that there was a human down here, I could see the monsters on the streets milling about and talking about it. I hunkered down for a few hours before the town quieted and the monsters on the streets returned to their homes. I took the time to eat a piece of pie and drink some water, refueling. I could see some monsters walking around, likely part of Papyrus' guard that was on watch. But the streets weren't busy, and the lighting had grown a little darker. I took light footsteps through the snow and used my cloak to cover my tracks. It was difficult, but not impossible to sneak through the town. I got past the brother's house, and was ready to make a run for it when Papyrus caught me, lying in wait.

I actually almost died once before I decided I needed to demonstrate what I was capable of. I took out my knife and fought back without really fighting back. I fought him until he was exhausted from angrily wasting his magic trying to do me in. He tripped up, and I got him on his back, knife at the ready, making it very clear that I could kill him.

"Well, what are you waiting for?!" he sneered, trying not to appear weak even as his chest heaved and his body trembled from the effort he'd spent.

"I am going to walk away," I told him quietly. "And you are going to lie here and let me."

Papyrus laughed at me. "Don't you know how it works down here, human? It's kill or be killed. If you let me live, I will kill you. I will not stop hunting you."

"I know."

"Then you are weak. You do not deserve the power that you have," he spat the words at me.

"No. Mercy is not a weakness. I am not weak. That is why you lost. This whole place is weak. Which is why I am going to save it and prove you all wrong. I will not kill. And even with that I am still more powerful than any of you."
I took a step back and Papyrus watched me with hatred in his eyes, even as he looked unsettled by my determined words. "You want to know why you lost?" The question was rhetorical, but he sneered anyway. "Because you are filled with hate and anger. You put all your power into your attacks, so arrogant and sure you could defeat me. You let your pride make you angry when you realized I wasn't an easy target. That I was beating you. When you are angry, you are easy to read. Your moves were predictable, just like everyone else's. And you fought and fought until you exhausted yourself. You were your own undoing. You're lucky that I was the one you were fighting, or you would be dead right now."

I stood and began to walk away. At that moment he made one more desperate move, launching a bone straight for my head at almost blinding speed. But I was faster. I turned, smashing apart his attack with my knife. He slumped to the ground as he realized his last attack failed, watching me angrily. "Oh, and by the way. Doggo is out to kill you. He's trying to start a coup against you. I heard the dog monsters talking about it before they tried to kill me. Might want to take care of that before it becomes a real threat." I almost left it at that. *Kill them with kindness.* "And also, your outfit's pretty dope." I gave him a smile, one he returned with an incredulous look. And with that I turned and walked away from him, to the tunnels of Waterfall, where there were even greater dangers.
Further Down The Rabbit Hole

I stopped shortly into tunnel. The cold had disappeared and now the air was warm and wet. I removed the cloak, hat, scarf and gloves, rolling them and putting them back in my backpack.

"Hey Flowey, you can ride inside the pack. I'll keep the top open enough for you. It'll probably be more comfortable," I suggested.

"Yeah, sure. Your stuff is pretty comfy," he agreed, sliding off my neck and nestling in the pack, his head peaking out so he could look around.

I slung it back on my shoulders and continued into Waterfall. I passed by Sans' empty sentry station, shaking away memories. I hadn't gotten far into the tunnel before I felt the magic crackling in the air a split second before Sans teleported in front of me again.

"Fucking hell, do you have to do that every time?" I asked, exasperated as I took a hasty step back to keep from bumping into him.

He was quiet, his smile gone. He was watching me closely, and an unsettling silence hung over us. I was about to say something when he took a step towards me. I tried to stumble back but he reached me, hand grasping one of the straps of my backpack, using his magic to slide it off my shoulders. He tossed it aside, Flowey protesting.

"It's fine Flowey, just stay in there," I told him, ready to grab the knife in my boot if I needed.

Sans took another step toward me, his continuing silence extremely unsettling. He backed me against the wall, watching me, examining me to the point of making me very uncomfortable.

"You haven't killed a single monster down here," Sans said quietly. "Your soul has no LV, no EXP. Nothin'. No human has ever walked out of those ruins without plenty of it. They'd be too weak to survive out here if they didn't. But you have. Ya even got past my bro without once dying. And ya let him live."

"Yes, I did."

He was shaking his head. "We ain't never seen a human as old as you down here. We haven't seen a human actually capable of skilled fighting, letting alone fighting the way you do. Ya almost remind me of our royal guard captain. You could kill any one of the monsters you encountered. But ya didn't. Ya dodged and ya ran, and you complimented them when they were trying to kill you. It's not possible."

"It is, you guys just don't know any better way. I don't care if you guys think this place is kill or be killed, but the world doesn't have to be like that. There are better ways to survive."

"You actually believe what you told my bro," Sans said in disbelief. "You think you're stronger than any of us, without having to kill a single person."

"Because I am."

He was shaking his head. "You let him live, even when he told you he'd come after you."

"I let him live because it doesn't matter if he comes after me. I'll beat him next time, and the time after that."
"And what if he never stops? What are you going to do? Keep fighting him for the rest of your life? Odds are you'll slip up and he'll kill you."

"It doesn't matter if he does. I'll just come back. I'll just keep trying."

"You know that I know."

"Yeah, I know."

Sans chuckled, but it was dry, without humor. "That little weed's been tellin' ya all about us, hasn't he?"

"I need to know everything I can about my enemy," I said. "That's the best way to survive."

Sans chuckled, cracking a smile. "Guess it is. I guess you also know that now my bro owes you."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

Sans raised a brow. "What, you don't know? I thought you knew everything." Sans chuckled at my scowl. "You could've killed him. You know it and he knows it. But ya didn't. You let him live. So now he owes you a life debt, so until he saves your life or does something you consider worth his, he can't try to kill you again."

"If that's true then why do I hear him and Undyne are still trying to kill each other?"

"Oh, that? Well, he saved her life, sure. But he tried to kill her afterwards. Meaning she could have killed him if she wanted. She didn't, so the life debt was paid. It's hard to know if he still owes her a life debt because she let him live. Cause he did still save her life that one time. Neither of them really know, so they spat and they argue, but they don't come to killin' blows. That weed really has been keeping you informed about everything. So you think you know us? You think you know me?" he asked with dangerous connotation, his voice lowering, taking a step closer to me, expression growing dark. I pushed myself further against the wall, ignoring the rapid beating of my heart. I wasn't afraid of him, even like this. He was close, close enough to touch. I knew rationally I wasn't safe, my hand was still at the ready to reach for my dagger, but somehow I knew he wouldn't kill me.

"I know you well enough."

"Ya think that do ya?" he asked stepping closer, putting his hands against the wall and blocking me from moving anywhere. He leaned close, and everything about his demeanor screamed danger, but I still wasn't afraid. Yet my heart wouldn't stop beating so quickly and I tried to ignore the warmth in my belly.

"Why haven't you taken down the barrier Sans?" I asked quietly.

I saw his expression shift dangerously, obviously not expecting me to know that.

"16, right?" I asked and his expression darkened more, his hands almost clawing at the wall. "That's plenty to take down the barrier. But you haven't. And no one knows you can. No one knows what you're capable of. They're all still racing to get 7 souls so they can be the one to take it down and be the new king. Or queen," I shrugged. "But not you. You have more than enough. So why haven't you?"

Sans didn't answer, just watched me quietly. He leaned forward again, lifting a hand from the wall.
"And if you're trying to be intimidating, you can stop. I'm not afraid of you," I said firmly.

Sans cracked a smile again, dark expression lifting. His hand came closer, stroking my neck. Before I knew it, I had raised my leg, my hand on the hilt of my dagger, my thigh brushing against his. "If that's true then why is your heart beating so quickly?" he asked, arrogant, lewd smile back in place. I didn't answer him, didn't move. I was hardly going to give him the satisfaction of knowing the truth about why my heart was beating out of my chest. He chuckled, the heat in my belly growing, before removing his hand and taking a step back.

I let out a heavy breath, grateful that his presence wasn't so close, my heart finally slowing. I put my leg down, letting my hand relax. Sans watched me contemplatively for a moment more.

"I can't wait to see how far you get. The horrors of this place just keep on getting worse. Till next time, sweetheart." And with that he disappeared and I could finally breathe easy.

Flowey was watching wide-eyed from his place in my backpack. "Frisk, are you alright?" he asked.

"I'm fine," I answered, picking it up and slinging it back on my shoulders.

"He could have hurt you," Flowey said, concerned.

"He could have. But he wasn't going to," I answered.

"How can you know that? You have to be more careful," Flowey pressed.

"I may not know this Sans, but I'm good at reading people. It's exactly as you said. He toys with people. He kills me now and he loses his fun."

Flowey sighed. "Just be careful. Please."

"I will be, I promise," I assured him.

With that, we continued into Waterfall. I knew Sans was watching me every step of the way. Every monster I fought and let go. I stuck with my tactic from before. Making it clear I could beat them before letting them live and getting out before they could try anything else. I even saw Napsta as I was sneaking through the tunnels, giggling when I noticed the top hat was still on his head, though I knew he had to have kept it there himself. I met one person in this entire place who was almost exactly as they had been in my world. Onionsan still hung out in the same place, hesitantly watching me before I greeted him, half expecting him to try to fight me. But he didn't. He was shy, afraid, but he was the same happy, exuberant Onionsan when I managed to coax him out. I even spent a little while in that room, grateful to meet one of my old friends that wasn't trying to kill me. We talked, and neither of us wanted to say goodbye. I promised I'd come back to visit him, and that seemed to cheer him up.

I managed to avoid Undyne for a good amount of time before she caught me, where we always fought. She was hard, harder than she had been before, harder than Paps, but Sans was still worse and I managed. She was a lot more rash than her old self, and my compliments seemed to only make her more angry. More angry, just like everyone else. And she obviously wasn't used to being beaten. She did the same thing Papyrus did, though it took her longer. She wore herself out and let me lead her all the way to Hotland trying to get me. She collapsed, just as she usually did, and I saved her, just like I usually did. She tried to kill me again when I did, and I put the knife to her throat so she knew that I had won, before I ran into Hotland where she couldn't chase me, as weak and encumbered as she was.

I stopped when I was safely away from her, the heat oppressive. I found a safe spot to stop, and
decided I needed less suffocating clothes. Flowey cutely hid behind his leaves to give me privacy while I changed clothes. The long-sleeve shirt had to go. I managed to make one of the kids t-shirts fit, but it barely fit over my boobs. It was a blue shirt with a little gaming controller image on the front, cute and nerdy. I managed to get it on, but it didn't even cover my belly button. I also took off the thick, leather pants, putting on one of the stretchy pair of leggings instead. I put my boots back on, and although I hardly looked appropriate in these clothes, I wouldn't be slowed down or go into heat stroke. Flowey and I rested for a minute, drinking plenty of water and sharing another slice of pie.

We continued to Alphys' lab, and I was dreading meeting her. Usually she wasn't a fighter, and I prayed that had stayed the same.

Her lab was open, and she was waiting for me. She definitely wasn't my usual Alphys. She was cunning, smart, and obviously twisted. Mettaton showed up, but he was drastically different too. He had his body already, but it was like he was two people in one, the part that wanted to kill me, the other that apologized every time he made an attack. This wasn't some silly game show anymore, they were both out to get me from the start. Thankfully I was still right, Alphys wasn't a fighter, and Mettaton seemed to be wrestling with himself, making it easy to avoid his attacks. I went after Alphys, and I could see she expected me to kill her, but just as before, I made it clear I could before I escaped, Mettaton too busy with himself to really come after me. Knowing this whole life-debt thing was going to be the biggest help down here.

I got through Hotland, having to stop for water breaks a couple times until I got to the entrance to Mettaton's hotel.

"You don't have to worry about going in there," Flowey explained.

"Why?"

"Mettaton owns this place and he made the rule that there is no fighting, there is no killing and there is no capturing inside his hotel. He's killed a handful of monsters who have broken the rule. Now no one dares. Even humans are to be treated as welcome guests."

"Seriously?" I asked.

"Yeah. There was a kid once who tried to hide out there. He was there for weeks before Alphys finally came and took him. Mettaton didn't enforce his rule with her. She hadn't killed him on his ground, just taken him, and she created him so he let her get away with it. So I wouldn't suggest staying for too long. But a rest might be nice. Mettaton's resort has the best food, the best service, and the best music."

"Well, we could both use a break. And probably a shower, after Hotland," I said with a laugh. I was covered in dirt, ash, and sweat, my leggings torn in one spot from all my dodging.

Flowey agreed and we entered the hotel. I was on edge, but it was exactly as he had said. The monsters weren't surprised to see me, and although they gave me some dirty looks, no one said anything or tried anything. The receptionist let me pay for a room and a meal, and I went straight there, not wanting to push my luck being out in the open with the hostile monsters.

"Hey Flowey, think you can do some snooping around and make sure we're safe and that no one is secretly planning to come capture us. Particularly Alphys. I'd hate to get caught here in the middle of the night."

"Sure thing," Flowey said, taking right off.
I was about to take my tattered clothes off when I felt that familiar crackle of magic and Sans appeared in my room, leaning against the wall with an amused look on his face.

"Okay, this whole teleporting into another person's hotel room is not okay," I scolded.

"You're getting pretty far. How many monsters owe you life debts now?" he asked.

"Enough," I responded.

He chuckled, shaking his head. "You really are unbelievable."

"What are you doing here?" I asked, getting right to the point.

He shrugged. "Just checking in on you. Also..." his eyes roamed over me, and I felt almost naked in the clothes I was in. "Lettin' ya know my offer from Snowdin still stands," he said with a wink.

I sighed again. "My answer is still no, thanks," I said with a scowl.

"Ya sure about that sweetheart?" he asked, pushing himself off the wall and walking toward me, backing me up until my back was against the wall instead. I cursed at myself for taking off my boots and leaving the knife on the nightstand. "You been risking your life out there for a while. I can help ya relax, make ya feel good," he said in a quiet, deep, seductive voice. My heart picked up again and I ignored it as I kept my face set in a scowl, hoping it would make him back off.

"And I said no," I said firmly.

Sans chuckled then grabbed my arms, pinning them against the wall, catching me by surprise. I let out a gasp as he leaned close, putting his skull right up next to my face. I turned away, breathing heavy.

"So what, do you resort to rape now?" I asked angrily. That made him pause, then he smiled.

"No," he said, chuckling. "I may be a monster, but I don't take anyone unless their askin' for it. Usually their beggin' for it," he chuckled. "I just like to watch you squirm. And you can say you aren't afraid of me all you want, sweetheart. But your body doesn't lie." With that he laughed and let me go, stepping away. "I also wanted to warn you. Best you find a way to survive down here. Going to the king... ain't gonna end well for ya." With those cryptic words he vanished.

It took me a few moments to relax. Flowey returned shortly after.

"Everyone's out there talking about you, but no one seems to be making any nefarious plans yet. They're all talking about how you beat Undyne, Papyrus, and Mettaton, and got away from Alphys, actually, about how they all owe you life debts. Most don't seem to believe it, but it's going around enough to give them pause."

"How would they know about that though?" I asked.

Flowey shrugged. "I'm not sure, apparently the rumor's just going around. But it's a good thing it is. It's gonna make monsters pause before coming after you."

Either someone saw me fight one of them, or Sans has been spreading rumors.

I wasn't sure if he was trying to help me or not. I shook away that thought. I just needed to focus on moving forward.

I showered, and Flowey and I ate. Flowey settled nicely into my backpack with all my soft clothes
and I was able to relax and sleep on a real bed. Worries of the next day plagued my mind, but I pushed them away, falling into a deep, much needed sleep.

The next morning we got our stuff together and headed straight out. Flowey wanted to wait a little longer, but I knew I couldn't linger. I needed to get to Asgore, so I knew for sure if it was possible to save this place yet.

I got through the core, with trouble. I fought Mettaton again. He wasted his energy, and he broke himself down. When he lay on the floor, power fading, he spoke to me.

"Please kill me," he begged in his broken voice. "She made me like this, turned me into this... monster. Made me kill. I don't want to kill. I don't want to fight anymore," he sobbed, that maniacal part of him gone. I knelt down beside him, putting a hand reassuringly on him.

"Alphys will come for you," I said.

"She will not save me. I failed her. She'll take apart my body for parts and start over with someone else, please." Mettaton seemed truly terrified.

I shook my head. "Alphys owes me a life debt, she knows it and I know it."

Mettaton watched me, unsure what I was getting at.

"Do you have enough energy to record what I'm saying?" I asked. He slowly nodded and then a small red light came on on his chest plate. "Alphys. You owe me a life debt. I intend to hold you accountable for it. You will save Mettaton. You will repair his body, but you will do it right. The way we both know you can so he isn't breaking down and relying on you. And you will take out that software that you put inside him to give him his killing drive. And you will set him free. He will no longer work for you, no longer owe you. Do that, and you won't owe me anything. Leave him here to die, and I will hunt you down and I will end you. You and I both know that I'm capable of it. And you won't be able to build yourself another robot before I do. Even if you did, they wouldn't be able to beat me." My strong words ended and the light went off. Tears leaked from Mettaton's eyes.

"Thank you," he whispered before his power went out completely and he slumped to the ground.

"You really care about them, huh?" Flowey asked quietly.

"I really do."

And with that assurance that he would be okay, I continued on.

I continued until I reached the entrance to the judgement hall. My heart was racing. I removed my backpack, leaning it against the wall. I took out the extra knife, tucking it into my other boot. I had no idea if I'd even see Sans in there, but I had to be prepared.

"Flowey, I need to go on alone from here," I said.

"What? No! You can't do that. I've come this far with you," he protested strongly.

"I have a feeling I know who's waiting for me in there. And even if he's not, the king is just up ahead. It's going to be too dangerous. I have my saves, I'll be fine. But you need to wait here. I'll come back for you when I know how to save this place."

"If you can," Flowey said despondently.
"I will try. But I will come back for you no matter what. Just wait for me, alright?"

He sighed, clearly not happy with it. "Alright."

"Promise me," I said.

Again he sighed. "Fine, I promise," he said, much like a pouty child.

I leaned forward, giving him a kiss on his petals before standing and bracing myself.

I stepped into the judgement hall. The room was still beautiful, bathed in warm light. I saved and walked forward, stopping short when Sans appeared. He wasn't smiling.

I took a deep breath, waiting for him to make the first move.

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War

Chapter Notes

So much happens in this chapter, I had to go over it a million times to make sure I wasn't missing anything. But it is here.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

We stood, just watching one another for a few moments.

"I suggest you turn around and go back the way ya came," Sans said quietly, any humor he'd previously shown gone.

"And you already know I'm not going to do that," I answered quietly. Tension was thick in the room, almost suffocating.

Sans shrugged. "Can't say I didn't warn ya."

I'd felt how ready he was, and anticipated the initiation of this fight. He didn't spare a moment, pulling my soul out of my chest. I was lucky he started the fight the same way, always with a strong first attack. The wave of magic from the gaster blaster almost hit me, if I hadn't dodged right when I did. Even his magic felt different. More powerful, more raw, fueled by old hate and rage.

He looked shocked when he saw me roll out of the way, and effectively putting myself closer to him. And then he cracked a smile, shaking his head.

"Ya really are somethin'. It's a shame I have to kill ya," Sans lamented, throwing another attack my way.

I dodged, familiar with this song and dance by now.

"You know it won't matter if you do," I responded.

"Ya can't fight forever," Sans growled.

"Neither can you," I said, continuing to duck and dodge.

"I ain't the one who's going to be dyin' over and over. That gets kinda tiring. Ya wouldn't know that but ya will," Sans threatened.

*If only you knew.*

I continued to evade attacks. It was a surprisingly long time before I slipped up and he got a shot in. I died, and when I came back, there was no respite. I died again, the shock of the first death slowing me down. I managed to adjust and fell back into my rhythm.

I don't know how long we fought, I lost track of the amount of times I died. Some death's were quick, unexpected, a slip up. Others he managed to catch me, and the death's were always more brutal. More slow. More agonizing. Like he was trying to prove a point. Trying to wear me down and make me give up. But he had no idea what I could endure.
I even hurt him once, on accident. I was dodging an attack and knocked his legs out from under him. His head cracked against the marble, the crack already on his skull widening and a red fluid spilling out from the wound. He stared at me aghast and I froze, panicking, thinking I'd really hurt him. I didn't have to worry though, as he killed me instantly, before I could make any kind of move. I was careful not to do anything like that again.

But my mind was racing after what I'd seen, not entirely focused on the fight. He'd bled but it wasn't blood, or ketchup, as Chara had imagined in my dream. It was bright red, brighter than blood, and almost shimmering. I didn't recognize it by how it looked, but by how it felt. It felt like concentrated determination, in physical form. What I felt through my soul, but instead I felt it against my being, and it unnerved me. Monster's weren't supposed to be able to handle having determination inside their bodies. But he could. Enough to be bleeding it out. I couldn't help but wonder and worry about what he'd done to himself to get that way. What my Sans had likely done.

Sans was right in a way. This much fighting, this much death, was exhausting. Even though I fought, I wouldn't hurt him. I knew it wouldn't be easy to, even if I was willing. I might have had to resort to magic, and I definitely didn't want to do that. It would only make him more eager to kill me, and this was hard enough as it was. Not to mention I didn't have full control over it in general, let alone with combat.

When he talked, I could tell he wasn't killing me because he hated me. He was keeping me from the king, for whatever reasons he had. He knew he couldn't let me go, he knew I wouldn't stop and he couldn't guard this hall forever. But I knew I wouldn't kill him, or get him to let me through.

After enough time, I knew that this fight would never end. So I did what he wanted. I gave up. I let him kill me and when I came back I didn't continue the fight. It took a few deaths for him to realize I wasn't avoiding his attacks anymore. When he did, he stopped, glaring at me from across the room, chest heaving.

"What the hell are you doin'?" He asked, hands clawing at the air, still in a killing mode.

"I'm done," I answered, head bowed, waiting for the next death.

"What the hell do you mean you're done?"

"You know I won't kill you. And I know you won't let me pass. This is pointless."

"Then die and give me your soul already," Sans snarled.

I shook my head slowly. "No."

"No? That's all you have to say? No!?" Sans was furious, the rage from the fighting and killing consuming him. His socket flared with angry red magic as he leaned toward me, as though he was going to attack again. I couldn't help but flinch, though the attack never came. He just glared at me, furious that I was doing nothing.

"I won't kill. And I won't give up," I said sadly.

"Ya don't get both. Either ya kill me or ya give me your soul. This will never end another way," he growled.

I shook my head again. "No."

"I couldn't give up. I had to save my family. And I knew no other way than getting to the end, maybe having Asriel come to full power. Maybe he could fix things that way. But if that was to happen I
needed to get past Sans. I just couldn't think of a way to do that without killing him, which was out of the question. This was frustrating beyond belief. We were at a stalemate, neither willing to give up.

I shook my head, trying to strengthen my resolve. I have to find a way. I had to take a deep breath to calm my uneasy soul.

"Is this what ya want your life to be then? Stuck in this fight forever? Do ya think I'll just give up? Let ya pass?" he asked with barely contained rage simmering in his voice. Somehow the near calm was more terrifying than his outright rage.

"No. I know you well enough to know that'll never happen."

"So what? This ends one of two ways. If ya give me your soul, I'll end it for ya quick, and I'll let that weed go. No one will blame ya for lettin' go." His voice had softened, trying to be persuasive.

"I'll know. I won't just give up, give in like that. Not after everything I've done to get here. And you and I both know the kind of soul I have. You already know I'm too determined to simply give in."

His expression twisted, but he somehow kept himself in control. "That's the only option, if ya don't have the stomach to kill."

I swallowed down my frustration, trying to think of a solution. He might believe me, if I told him the truth. But would it matter? He obviously has his own goals, keeping the barrier from coming down. I doubt it would change anything. And to get my world back this one would probably have to end, and he probably wouldn't like that either. Not to mention he might hate me more, if he knew that it was all my fault. This whole world. He might hate me if he knew I wanted to end it. I shook my head again, frustrated with myself for not being able to think of an answer.

Sans scoffed as he watched me. "Ya think you're so high and mighty, don't ya? Ya think you're better than us, refusing to kill, refusing to hurt others. Lookin' down on us because we do."

I shook my head as I met his angry glare with a soft look of my own. "No, I understand completely. I see this world for what it is. I understand how dark it is. How it can twist people. Whatever you've all done, whatever sins you've committed I'm sure it was because you had to. Because in this place, you know no other way."

My soft, understanding words only seemed to enrage him more, and before I could react, a bone hit me straight through the head. A flash of pain, darkness, and I was standing there again. His teeth were gritted, his hands in tight fists.

My shoulders slumped. I felt so heavy, so exhausted. The weight of this world seemed to suddenly be crushing me. It felt like this would never end.

Sans let out a hiss. "I will break you. You humans are weak. You will give up."

I gave him a soft smile. "Do what you will. Whatever you think you can do, I can assure you I've suffered worse. And I haven't been broken yet."

"We'll see about that, sweetheart."

He teleported in front of me, grabbing my arms. He started by dislocating my shoulders. I couldn't help my startled scream as my nerves were suddenly assaulted with pain. It felt like shards of glass were piercing my flesh beneath my skin.
The torture was slow, agonizing, worse than my Sans was capable of. It was as though this Sans knew the human anatomy, and exactly how to hurt me most. The torture lasted for as long as he could make it, before the injuries killed me.

After my first death he paused. "Ya still won't fight back? Even now?"

"No," I said with conviction, showing him my determination haven't wavered in the slightest, even as my body trembled with the memories of pain.

He shook his head. "You're damn stubborn I'll give ya that. This is on you."

And the torture started again. I don't know how long it lasted, or how many times I died. Enough that I knew keeping track would be pointless.

At some point it simply stopped. I raised my head as the world came back and the pain didn't continue. Sans just stood there, staring at me with a dark look on his face.

"Ya really aren't easy to break, are ya?" Sans asked with a dry chuckle. "Fine. I'm sick of all this torture and bloody business. I'm sure you are too. If you're gonna keep us stuck in this loop, I'm gonna at least enjoy myself."

My blood ran cold at the implications of those words. *He doesn't mean what I think he means. He wouldn't stoop that low. He's trying to scare me.*

I was trying to reassure myself with those words, but I wasn't sure I meant them as Sans stalked closer to me, as though trying to give me a chance to fight back.

My heart raced with nervous anticipation as he approached. I backed away from him as he came closer. He had a sinister look on his face, like a cat ready to pounce. He teleported in front of me, pushing me back against a pillar, pressing his body against mine.

"You wouldn't," I hissed, not hiding my anger.

Sans chuckled darkly. "Oh I would. But don't worry, sweetheart, you'll be begging me not to stop before too long."

His magic had me restrained against the wall as his hands began roaming my body. They caressed my hips, my breasts. He was being surprisingly gentle, considering what he was doing.

My body wanted to give in, let it happen. Indulge in something and get away from the pain and suffering. I just barely managed to hold onto my resolve as I tried to push him away.

He chuckled at the futility of the gesture as he pressed me further against the wall. His hand wrapped around my throat as his tongue slid across my jaw. I thought for a moment he'd kill me and this game would be over, but he didn't.

His hands ventured lower, stroking between my legs over my clothes, igniting a fire in my belly that was hard to ignore.

*I can't let this happen.* I was beginning to panic as I realized he fully intended to do what he wanted, regardless of the morals of the situation.

I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to think through my panic. *I have to stop this.*

I was trapped completely by his magic and his body, I couldn't weasel out. The only thing I could
do was force a reload. I subtly reached for my magic, letting it wrap around my heart. But before I could do what I needed, the load happened and I was standing there again, a safe distance away. For a stunned moment I thought perhaps he had killed me when I wasn't focusing on him, but he looked equally startled.

Before I could fully adjust to the change of events, Sans had slammed me against the wall with his magic, furious again.

"How the hell did you do that?" He demanded. "The only way to force a reload is to die, and I know damn well that shouldn't have been possible. What did you do?"

I frantically shook my head. He was right, and I had almost done exactly as he said, but I hadn't managed to. The reload had simply happened.

Sans teleported in front of me again, threateningly grabbing my throat. "This isn't a game. And I expect an answer."

I could only shake my head. "It wasn't me."

"What do ya mean it wasn't you? You're the only one in control of this timeline."

The pieces suddenly clicked. She created this world. I'm not the only one in control.

Just as I realized what must have happened, I felt that dark presence against my skin, making it crawl. I felt the blood drain from my face. Sans tensed up as he saw my expression change.

I was shaking my head, more in denial than anything else. "No. No no no." I was whispering the words frantically. I was struggling against Sans' magic, only prompting him to tighten its hold on me. He took a look around the room, but didn't seem to sense a change. She's coming.

"Sans let me go. Let me go now. You have to leave," I continued to struggle futilely against the magic holding me.

"What the hell are you talkin' about?" Sans growled, clearly on edge with the way I was acting.

But it was already too late. I felt the presence solidify in the room and Sans swiveled around, finally sensing her too.

What I saw was enough to make me go still and my blood ran cold. Chara stood in the room, actually stood in the room physically. She stood in the shadows between the pillars, the whole room seemed to go darker with her in it. Her red eyes appraised us with glee and a wicked smile graced her face. She seemed like just a child, but everything about her screamed that she was so much more, so much worse.

I shook my head. "It's not possible," I whispered breathlessly.

Sans glanced back at me for a second, registering my expression before turning his glare on Chara. "Who the hell are you?" he growled at her, summoning a few bones, ready to strike at her.

Chara giggled and tilted her head as she watched him. "Heya Sansy, it's been a while hasn't it?"

"Do I know you?"

Chara laughed at that, the high sound making me tense. "Aww, I'm hurt that you've forgotten all our fun memories, Sansy."
Sans was obviously growing irritated. "I'd remember meeting such a fucked up lookin' kid."

Chara's cold smile twitched. She then turned her eyes on me, still pinned to the wall. Our eyes met, and it was like a jolt of electricity rushed through my body. I felt myself reaching for my magic instinctively. "Frisk. Old friend." I glared at her and she laughed.

Sans was watching us with growing agitation. "Who are you? I ain't askin' again."

Chara shrugged. "Well I suppose I shouldn't be surprised he doesn't remember us, Frisk," Chara spoke to me, ignoring Sans as if he hadn't spoken, as if he weren't even there. "We did reset everything."

"What the hell are you talkin' about?" Sans demanded, magic growing more threatening as he demanded Chara address him. "Even a reset wouldn't be enough to make me forget you." Sans had turned to look at me, glare trying to pull a response from me, but I couldn't tear my eyes from Chara. He was obviously getting pissed that we seemed to be having a conversation that he was left out of, standing between us.

"Well we found a way to reset, and make everyone forget."

"What?" Sans asked, startled, turning to look at her.

"Oh yes. You think this is the first time Frisk has been down here? You really thought that she knew how to fight like she does naturally? Or that she knew everyone's weaknesses just through intuition? Oh no, we've had this song and dance many times before, Sansy."

Sans turned his eyes to me, and they were smoldering with barely contained rage. "Is that true?" he demanded of me. I swallowed uncomfortably, unable to answer him.

"Oh Frisk, you might as well tell him the truth. We are all here because of you, after all," Chara said with a twisted smile.

I felt my fear and shock finally sliding away, to be replaced with rage and hate. Chara was no longer simply a possessing demon. The source of all my anguish was right in front of me, an enemy I could fight. And I could feel hate roiling inside my chest, making it hard to breathe. I fought to keep my magic in check.

"What is she talkin' about?" Sans asked, quietly, calmly. Ready to explode. I couldn't speak past the rage, couldn't tear my eyes from Chara, ready for her to try something.

Chara only smiled sweetly at me. "We've done this many times before. This isn't the first time she's fought you here like this. Usually though it's because she's killed everyone in the Underground," Chara said with an overly sweet giggle that didn't match her words.

"What?" Sans asked in disbelief as he turned his now confused eyes on me. "Her soul has no LV, that's not possible."

"Oh it is. She found a way to wipe her soul clean too."

Sans expression twisted in the beginning of anger. He would actually believe that.

I finally found my voice. "All that LV is on you Chara, and you know it."

Chara giggled, clapping her hands together like a belated child. "She speaks." Sans was glancing between us, trying to understand what was happening. "Well, it may have been my soul that has the
LV, but it was your hands that wielded the knife." Chara gave me a smug look, daring me to refute it. I had to swallow my rage.

"Not only did she kill everyone, but she freed everyone too. Took down the barrier. And then reset it all again. And again. And again," Chara was laughing at my growing lack of control.

Sans turned his back on Chara, fully facing me.

"Ohh, bad idea doing that Sansy," Chara teased, but didn't move. He ignored her.

"Is what she sayin' true?" he demanded, eyes boring into me.

"Yes, but-" I didn't get anything else out as Sans wrapped a hand around my throat again, cutting off my words. "So you've been through here. Killed everyone, and still actin' like some kind of saint. You've been toyin' with us. Toyin' with me, knowin' I didn't know."

I tried shaking my head but he was no longer listening. I heard Chara sigh from behind him. She moved, and Sans launched an attack her way without turning around. The attack didn't hit. It was as though the bones he launched hit an invisible wall and disintegrated. He let go of me, whirling around to stare at the child who hadn't moved in shock. She crossed her arms, tilted her head, watching him.

"How did you-" Sans shook his head, launching more attacks. None of which got close. And Chara didn't move a muscle.

"Are you done Sans?" Chara asked coldly.

Sans' hand twitched, as though he were going to try again.

Chara watched him for a few moments. "Well then, let's get this party started."

I felt the darkness spread out from Chara's being, shrouding her in a dark power. She smiled evilly and several sharp daggers appeared in the air, launching towards Sans, who stood shocked. I grasped my magic and everything slowed. It didn't look like he was going to move out of the way fast enough.

I untangled myself from Sans' magic, launching forward as soon as my foot hit the floor. I had my own knife in hand, deflecting hers as I put myself in front of Sans. One dagger slipped through and sliced across my ribs. Chara looked shocked, and then pleased. I collapsed to a knee as I felt pain lance through my body, my blood dripping onto the marble. Something about the pain was different from any normally inflicted wound. The injury was burning and itching, and it was like there was a tingling coldness spreading through my veins. It felt like cold, dark magic was invading my body.

I had to grasp my magic fully, letting it spread through my body, crackling in the air as I fought to push away the poison in my veins.

"So you're gonna protect him are you? Even now, even knowing what he is?" Chara asked. "Even after all the death's, all the torture. He would've had his way with you if I hadn't shown up, and still you take a knife for him." Chara tsk'd disapprovingly. "You never seem to learn."

"They are my family," I said firmly, rising to my feet and letting the warmth of my magic fill my body, my muscles, every fiber of my being, making me feel powerful and invincible. "I will never do anything else." As I said this, I released my magic, letting it create a shield behind me, isolating Sans on his side of the room, where Chara couldn't get to him.
Chara scowled as she started into my eyes, filled with light. "You are a fool. Even still you cannot see this world for what it is."

"How the hell do you have magic?" Sans asked breathlessly from behind me.

I couldn't answer him, as Chara prepared for another attack. I felt it against my skin, far more powerful than she should have been capable of. Daggers came at me, and I fought to keep up, injured as I was. One of the daggers hit my barrier, aimed at Sans on the other side. He had his hand against the barrier, and jumped back in surprise when the dagger hit the barrier right in front of him. The barrier wavered, like a stone hitting water, but couldn't break through it. Chara was staring at me hatefully.

"I will kill him Frisk. You can't stop me."

I felt my own rage boiling over. "As if I would ever let that happen."

Chara continued to launch daggers my way, now solely focusing on me. "You will watch him die. And you will finally break."

"Not a chance in hell," I growled back.

We fought, and I almost slipped up when Sans pounded a fist against the barrier I had created, attacking it with magic. I stumbled as the magic wavered through me, and almost didn't block the dagger aimed at my heart.

"Damnit Sans! Don't do that!" I yelled back at him. When I glanced back at him, I was at least relieved to see that he had stepped back and was watching me with obvious frustration.

"Then put the damn barrier down!" Sans yelled back. "I ain't just gonna stand here and watch you two fight!"

"Stay out of it Sans! Get out of here while you can!" I warned as I ducked and dodged.

"Like hell!" Sans responded.

But I didn't have time to focus on him. I strengthened the barrier as I continued to duck and dodge, gradually getting closer to Chara. Finally, she slipped up, and I got close enough. I jumped at her, dagger aimed for her heart when I felt the world fall away around me. There was suddenly no ground beneath my feet, no world to ground my magic, and the barrier dissipated, the magic expended to keep it up returning to me. The world came jarringly back to me, but it was no longer the judgement hall. I stumbled and fell the floor in a much dimmer place. I leaped to my feet, dagger in hand, heaving, and saw that I was standing in a corridor in Waterfall.

"What the-" I screamed in frustration as I realized what she had done. "She was right there! Fuck!"

I felt a tingling presence appear behind me and whirled around, dagger aimed at whoever it was, anger taking control. A bony hand wrapped around mine, stopping my attack and I stilled as I realized it was Sans behind me. I felt a moment of panic as I pulled away from him. I was surprised that he let me. I stood there heaving, trying to force down the rage and blood lust that had filled me as I got ready to strike. Sans watched me silently as I composed myself.

"You calm now?" Sans asked quietly, his own voice eerily calm.

I nodded, putting my knife away. My hands were still shaking.
"I have to get back there. Take me back."

"No," Sans said in his still tone.

"What?" I asked, looking up at him.

"We ain't goin' back there yet."

"Chara can't wait. I had her. I was so close."

"And now you're in no fightin' shape. Not to mention she completely teleported ya out of there. There's no guarantee ya could even get close to her."

I scowled.

"Don't worry. She isn't comin' after us either."

"How could you know that?"

"I just know."

I huffed impatiently.

"Why'd ya jump in front of me?" Sans asked, gesturing to my bleeding ribs.

"She caught you by surprise. It probably would've hit you."

Sans scoffed. "Ya think that would have killed me?"

"There was something wrong with that dagger, like it was poisoned. Either way," I shrugged.

"Why aren't you trying to kill me right now?" I responded with as much attitude. I wasn't in the mood for games right now.

"Ya jumped in front of that attack to try and protect me, for whatever stupid reason. Ya didn't once fight back during our fight, even when ya could've. I'm gonna believe what I've seen. You've never killed a single monster down here. So I'm gonna give ya the chance to tell me what the fuck is goin' on before I force it out of ya."

I sighed, the adrenaline leaving me, the pain throbbing through me. I put a hand to my ribs. My magic had forced out whatever darkness had been on the blade and stopped the bleeding, but it still hurt like hell.

Sans took a step toward me and I instinctively stepped back, tensing up.

He held up his hands. "Truce. I won't attack if you don't. And I can help heal that," he said, gesturing to my hand. I nodded slowly. "That means magic away too."

I looked at him, surprised as I realized I was still holding onto mine firmly. I relaxed, letting the magic recede into my soul. As I did, I almost collapsed, Sans catching me before I hit the stone floor. My magic had been all the strength I had left. He knelt down while he supported me, pulling my hand from my ribs and putting his own in its place.

He was being surprisingly gentle, and it unnerved me after everything that had happened in the judgement hall. He healed my side and then let me go. I sat down on the floor, trying to gather my strength.
My head jerked up in sudden panic. "Flowey-"

"He's fine. I teleported him away too. He's not too far from here. I made sure he stayed put."

I relaxed a little, glad he was safe.

"I have so many questions I don't even know where to start. So ya killed everyone?" Sans asked quietly, eyes boring into me. I didn't look up at him, just wrapped my arms around my knees.

"Yes."

"Wouldn't have thought ya had it in ya," Sans commented, almost with amusement.

I laughed lightly. "Technically I don't. It may have been my hands, but it wasn't my will."

"What do you mean?"

"Chara possessed me. She used me to kill everyone."

"Possessed you?" Sans asked. "She seems like a little kid to me. Not a normal one, mind you, but she isn't a spirit."

I shook my head. "She was at the time. This is the first I've seen her like that. It shouldn't have been possible. She'd dead."

"You did looked shocked when you saw her. And terrified."

"Because the only way she's ever managed to influence this world is through me."

Sans clicked his tongue, nodding as he began to understand. "No wonder it looked like ya hated her. Even I could feel that rage inside you. I didn't think your soul was capable of it."

"There's a lot my soul is capable of," I mumbled.

"Chara," Sans said quietly. "That's the name of our long dead princess. The first human who fell. I don't suppose it's a coincidence it's the same name?"

"Nope," I said, shaking my head. "That's the same Chara."

"She died centuries ago, how is that possible?"

"She died. But she had a soul like mine. She held on I guess."

"That's why she was able to possess you."

"Yeah."

"She also said ya took down the barrier."

"Yeah, I did that too."

"How?"

"Asriel helped me," I answered truthfully.

"That weed?" Sans asked as though he didn't believe it.
I nodded, a bit surprised he knew the truth of Flowey's identity already. "Yeah. He got to the human souls and then... well it's complicated, but he took it down."

"And I'm guessing ya reset because once the barrier was down ya saw the war ya didn't want."

I shook my head. "No. The Asgore I knew when it came down was different. There was no war."

Sans shook his head. "I can't really believe that. It's kinda his life's mission to destroy you all. It's kinda the whole Underground's mission. There isn't a monster down here who doesn't hate humans."

"Yeah I know," I said with a weary sigh.

"So if it wasn't that, why did you?"

"Stupid reasons. After my first reset, Chara possessed me. Went on her killing spree. The only person she never managed to kill was you. She hates you most of all. I managed to stop her, expel her, reset and fix it all. Took down the barrier. There was peace for a long time."

"You called us family in there," Sans gaze was piercing, but his voice was quiet and soft.

I felt tears well up in my eyes. "You all are. You may not remember me, but you all are."

"I have a hard time picturing ya winnin' any of us over that much, but... I can see ya tellin' the truth," Sans said quietly.

"I am. Befriending you all was... easier before." I didn't elaborate and though I could see the curiosity, he didn't ask.

"Is that why ya never killed?"

I nodded. "I could never bring myself to kill any of you."

"So why are we here?"

For a moment I couldn't answer. "She did this. She brought us all back. And somehow she has enough power to manifest physically."

"She said you reset."

"Technically I did. But only through her influence," I said vaguely.

Sans opened his mouth to ask more questions, but a sudden ringing in my ears drowned it out. I clutched my head as an immense pain filled it. *You think you can save them but you can't.* That was all Chara said to me. Suddenly I felt like I was dying, my soul crumbling away before I was jerked back to reality. Sans was shaking me. I gasped in a desperate breath.

"Frisk!" Sans shouted, the surprise of hearing my name coming from him made me focus back on reality. My head ached.

"I can hear you," I said weakly, pushing him away. A sick feeling twisted inside my soul. I felt a loss fill me.

"You couldn't a second ago. What the hell happened?"

"Teleport us to Onionsans chamber."
"What? Why?" Sans asked, confused.

"Don't ask, just do it," I said forcefully. He saw the desperate anger in my eyes and grabbed my arm, teleporting us there.

The metallic smell of blood immediately assaulted my senses. I opened my eyes to see the water was no longer clear, but was filled with blood and gore, dust floating through it all.

Nausea overcame me and I turned, puking into the water on the other side of the path. *It was his death I felt.*

"What the hell?" Sans said quietly.

He turned to look at me as I righted myself, rage simmering in my soul once again. "Chara," I hissed her name. "Fuck!" I shouted, pounding my fist against the stone, cracking it in my anger. I quickly reeled in my rage, trying to control myself. I stood up, turning to take in the gruesome sight. She had killed the only monster down here who wasn't completely corrupted.

Sans was watching me. "How could she have-"

Sans was cut off as someone came sprinting into the chamber. We both turned, startled to see Papyrus come to skidding halt as he took in the sight of the chamber. "What on earth?" Papyrus looked to Sans and I, but before anyone could say anything, Undyne came rushing through the other entrance, also skidding to a surprised halt, gasping when she saw the state of the water.

"Onionsan!" she shouted. She turned her eye on me, glaring. "How dare you!" She looked ready to pounce, spear in hand.

"It wasn't her, Undyne," Sans said gruffly and she stopped. She looked between Sans and I, then Papyrus.

"What are you doing here?" she asked Papyrus.

"I'm here to stop you from killing the human," Papyrus answered, coming toward us.

"You have a debt too?" she asked.

"Unfortunately," Papyrus grumbled.

"Well, I'm not here to kill the human, I owe her one too, for now. I came because I heard her shout, I was hoping to save her from someone," Undyne said, glaring at me.

"What are you doing with her, Sans?" Papyrus asked.

"Trying to kill her I hope," Undyne mumbled. "That way I can stop you and get this stupid debt paid."

"If anyone will be doing that, it will be me," Papyrus said, each of them inching closer to us.

"You guys can relax, I'm not killing her right now either," Sans said, trying to calm them both.

"Really? Then why is the stone cracked?" Papyrus said, gesturing to cracks I'd left.

"And why is the human bleeding?" Undyne asked, referring to my still blood stained clothes.

"I'm not bleeding, or injured, anymore," I added, trying to dissuade any thoughts they had of attacking me while I was weak.

"You healed her Sans?" Papyrus asked with disbelief.

"It looks like there was a fight," Undyne added. "But why would you heal her? Do you owe her a debt too?"

Sans didn't answer, just gave her an impatient look.

"And who else would have killed Onionsan but her?" Undyne asked instead, addressing her previous concern as she continued to glare at me.

"It wasn't her. I've been with her for a while, she wouldn't have had time to," Sans answered her.

"No one else down here has any reason to kill him," Papyrus reasoned.

"Have you seen her kill a single person down here?" Sans asked them both. Undyne and Papyrus exchanged a look.

"So what happened then?" Undyne asked.

Just then I felt the pain return to my head, blocking out the world. I felt a darkness so suffocating I couldn't breathe weigh down around me, felt a sinister blood lust coming towards us. It was like watching a dark storm approaching on the horizon, growing ever bigger. I was jerked back to reality to find myself on my knees, Sans shaking my shoulder again while Papyrus and Undyne watched us with confusion, tense as though ready for a fight.

"We need to go, we need to go now," I said in a panic as I felt it drawing closer.

"What do you mean?" Undyne asked.

"Whatever killed Onionsan is coming back," I said, meeting Sans' eyes. He saw the genuine fear in my eyes and nodded. I pulled myself to my feet.

"If they're coming back then we're gonna kill them," Undyne said. Papyrus nodded, summoning a weapon as well. I was shaking my head.

But it was too late. Several monsters came in through the doorway Undyne had. It was royal guards one and two, but there was something off about them.

Undyne turned to face them. "You two! What are you doing here?"

They didn't respond to her. They didn't say a word, or acknowledge that she had even spoken, they just stared straight at me. Their eyes were black, void-filled pits. Soulless.

They walked toward me. "Hey! Your captain asked you a question, answer me!"

They didn't listen. "Did you do this to Onionsan?" she demanded, angry spear ready to strike.

They got too close to her and several spears struck at their feet and they stopped, finally turning their eyes on her. "You will not ignore me!"

One of them reached for her, weapon in hand and I leaped forward instinctively, pulling her back. Shocked she fell back, and I put myself between them and her. I glanced back briefly to see her stumble and almost fall. Papyrus caught her and righted her and, furious, she pulled away from
"Undyne, they aren't normally like this," Papyrus said quietly.

"No they aren't," Undyne answered, obviously pissed and confused.

The monsters were looking down at me, completely still, like statues. I tried reaching out to them with my magic, but didn't feel anything. They felt like an empty shell, like the void itself was standing in front of me.

_She took their souls._

I felt panic as yet another impossible thing presented itself.

The monster reached for me, its hand brushed against my skin and I felt a cold darkness reach for my soul. I saw that darkness, felt it growing. These weren't the only monsters like this. Many more would follow. A war was coming. A war Chara was starting. I saw the darkness, felt it.

I jerked away, and before the monster had time to move any further I had raised my knife, sliding it in the open space at the bottom of his helmet, up underneath his jaw and into his brain. He went stone still before quickly sifting away into a pile of dust. The other monster reacted, ready to strike me when a glowing blue bone struck him through his armor, leaving a gaping hole in his chest before he disappeared as well.

I turned to see Sans staring at the pile of dust with a blatant uneasiness, if not fear.

"You saw it too?" I asked him quietly. He slowly nodded.

Undyne looked to me, confused. "You actually killed him." She sounded surprised.

"Brother, why did you do that?" Papyrus asked. "Why are you protecting the human? If you owe her a debt it's been paid."

Sans shook his head, obviously still very shaken. "He didn't have a soul."

Undyne and Papyrus shared an incredulous look. "That's not possible," Undyne said, looking at the piles of dust at my feet.

"You could see it in their eyes," Sans continued.

"I know you are the master of reading souls, Sans, but that isn't-"

"It is," Sans said forcefully, cutting his brother off.

"They weren't acting normal, but that doesn't mean-" Undyne tried to interject, siding with Papyrus.

"Look at her soul then," Sans said, pointing at me. "She still has no EXP."

"You may be able to see her soul as it is, but we can't," Papyrus said impatiently.

"Yeah, so how do we know it's true," Undyne muttered.

"There's no time for this," I finally spoke. I could feel it, the ticking clock. I eased my own soul out, knowing the great risk I was taking doing so. They all looked startled. "Quickly then," I prompted. I could see the conflict in Papyrus and Undyne's eyes. As though weighing whether or not it would be worth it to try to take it. But they did as I prompted, reading the stats they could on
my soul. They both looked shocked.

"But you killed him," Undyne muttered.

I returned my soul to my chest. "No, he was already dead. He was just a vessel, an empty shell."

"Nothing can survive without a soul, not for long," Sans muttered.

"Someone was giving them a new way to stay powered," I said, and Sans understood my implications perfectly well.

"We don't have time. They aren't the only ones. More are coming. A lot more. The capital has already fallen."

"What?!" Undyne shouted.

"How could you possibly know that?" Papyrus asked.

"Sans," I implored, knowing he was the only one who would might trust me with this. He met my eyes, looking into them, looking at the soul reflected there, seeing the truth, and gravity, of my words.

"She's telling the truth," Sans said, vouching for me. "You guys, I know a little more about what's going on, but now isn't the time for questions. I'll explain everything once we're safe."

"The woods outside Snowdin, the ones in the valley, how far do they stretch?" I asked.

Sans shrugged. "They're massive. They stretch all the way to the cavern wall, and apparently further. No monster has really explored them. But I think Grillby has some old maps of them."

"It's the perfect place to hide. You can all probably feel it, the old magic in those woods. It's the exact place that we need. We need to start evacuating people there."

"And how exactly do we do that?" Papyrus demanded. "Do you expect people to listen to us?"

"Yes. You are powerful people in your respect areas. Tell them war is coming. Papyrus, you can get the people in Snowdin, Undyne can get Waterfall."

"What about Hotland? I'm not leaving Alphys," Undyne said, looking ready to stride right there.

"Sans and I can get them. Alphys can get the word to anyone in Hotland and the core to start evacuating to Snowdin. She can get activate the alarms to warn everyone. We need to do this fast."

They nodded, trusting mine and Sans' word surprisingly quickly.

"If this is all some kind of trick, human, the suffering you'll face-" Undyne began to threaten.

"Will be inconceivable, I know. This isn't a trick. I'm trying to save you all," I explained. "Again."

They reluctantly nodded and went their separate ways, sprinting down the halls, phones in hand, calling everyone they could think of. Sans held his hand out to me. I took it and in a tingling rush of magic, the world fell away. When it reappeared we were standing in a new corridor, Flowey sitting in my pack on the floor.

"Frisk!" he shouted excitedly. "You're okay!"

"Of course I'm okay," I said, rushing over.
"Frisk why are you with Sans?" Flowey asked, watching Sans distrustfully.

"I don't have time to explain, but right now we can trust him," I said in a rush, turning my back to Sans as I reached into my bag, grabbing a clean shirt.

"Trust him?!" Flowey nearly screeched. "After how many times he killed you?"

"Flowey, it's Chara." At that he went silent. "She's back. We have bigger enemies. Right now we need to save everyone." Flowey nodded reluctantly, but spoke out again when I quickly removed my bloodstained shirt.

"Frisk what are you doing? Sans is right there!"

"No time, Flowey," I said, quickly throwing on the clean shirt, one better fitting, wiping the blood off my skin as best I could with the already dirty shirt.

"I've been meanin' to ask, what's with the scars?" Sans asked from behind me.

I turned around, slinging the pack back on the shoulders, leaving my bloodstained one on the floor.

"It's complicated," I said, not willing to get into the story right then.

Sans just nodded and held his hand out to me. I took it and we teleported away again. We appeared in Alphys' lab.

Alphys had been leaning over her workbench, and she straightened and whirled around as we appeared. Mettaton lay on the table and he also turned his head, surprised to see us.

"Frisk, darling?" Mettaton asked, smiling at me, almost beaming.

Alphys turned to glare at Mettaton. "What are you doing here?" she asked. "And why is she with you?" she asked Sans.

"Big problems Alphys, no time to explain. War is coming, we have to evacuate people. Now," Sans said.

"What? What are you talking about? What does this have to do with the human?" she asked, glaring at me.

"Alphys, there's no time to explain right now, I'm going to need ya to trust me anyway."

She sighed heavily, listening more now that Undyne's name had been mentioned. "Fine. Did the barrier come down? Did the war start?"

"Not quite, but I'm gonna need ya to trust me anyway."

"Alright. I'll activate the alarms. The whole Underground is going to know what's happening though, so you better be serious. Where are we evacuating to? The old tunnels?"

"No," Sans said. "The forest outside Snowdin. The capital isn't safe. Those tunnels aren't an option, nor would they help."

Alphys shook her head in confusion, but went with it. She went over to her computer and I walked over to Mettaton.
"It's good to see you again, darling," he said with a genuine smile. "Thank you for helping me. I already feel like myself again."

"Good to see your programming is back in order," I said with a smile.

"There, now every phone and TV in the Underground is in full alarm mode," Alphys said, approaching the table again. "And I'm almost done with Mettaton here, as you can see. Debt almost paid," she said with a glare at me.

"Do you need to-" Sans started.

"Just hurry," I said, not willing to leave Mettaton unfinished. Sans glanced at me. "We're gonna need every fighter we can get," I said quietly. "If the repairs are this quick that means all she did was upgrade his batteries and fix the software inside him, giving him back his body. So he should be in full, powerful shape."

Sans looked shocked. "You did that for him?"

Family. I mouthed. He nodded, clearly not understanding, but he accepted it.

"Good job figuring that out," Alphys mumbled, clearly not pleased that I understood her work so well. After a few minutes she set aside her tools and Mettaton sat up. He wasn't exactly the same old robot in appearance, but the killer side of him was gone. "Now he is self sustaining. Doesn't need me, unless he gets himself seriously injured. And I let him watch this time so he knows how to do basic repairs for himself. Happy?"

"Yes," I said. As soon as the words left my mouth, Alphys grabbed a scalpel from her station, but Mettaton quickly grabbed her hand.

"You forget now I owe her a debt," Mettaton said.

"Sorry, Alphys, but I can't let you do that either, we need to go," Sans said.

With a huff she put it down and stormed out of the room. Out in the main lobby of her lab she grabbed an emergency bag and was heading for the door when through the other came five monsters with pitch black eyes.

"Sans," I said warningly, and he turned. Alphys and Mettaton turned as well. The monsters didn't hesitate this time, rushing straight for us.

Alphys jumped back as one slashed at her. I put myself between them.

"Hey! I'm one of you, what are you doing?" Alphys shouted from behind me.

I dropped my pack, pulling out my dagger as I met blows with the monster. Sans attacked beside me, and in no time the monsters were piles of dust on the floor.

"We need to go. Alphys, Metta, grab my hand," Sans said. Alphys and Mettaton didn't hesitate to listen this time, clearly unnerved by what had just happened. I grabbed my pack and grabbed his hand. The moment I did, the world fell away and we stood in a wide clearing a distance from the forest we were designated to meet. I shivered as I regretted not being able to change into warmer clothes before we got here. I saw a mass of monsters being led by Undyne, Papyrus and Grillby flee into the woods with what bags they could carry.

Undyne rushed over when she saw Alphys, wrapping her in a hug. "I'm glad you're okay," she
mumbled, before quickly letting her go. It warmed my heart to see that some things never changed.

"You too," Alphys said. "What's going on?"

"War," Undyne mumbled.

"Is everyone out?" I asked.

All but Sans regarded me coldly. "Yeah. All the areas are clear. Seems they all got the emergency message Alphys sent out," Undyne said.

"Hotland is the only place who hasn't had many people come through yet," Papyrus explained.

Sans and I exchanged a look. "Yeah, it seems whatever is happening got to them," Sans explained.

"Those monsters, please tell me it wasn't what it looked like," Alphys asked.

"Sorry Alphys, it is," Sans sighed.

"No souls? Seriously?" Alphys asked incredulously.

"Wait, you could see that too?" Undyne asked.

"Yeah," Alphys said. "Couldn't you?"

"I mean... sort of. I just didn't want to believe it," Undyne mumbled.

The influx of people continued for about ten minutes more, all filing into the forest and following the paths that Undyne, Papyrus and Grillby had designated. At one point Grillby pulled Sans over, obviously asking about me. Whatever Sans said, Grillby trusted him and didn't say anything more about me.

Meeting places had already been set up, as well as bases where the monsters could settle in. Grillby did have old maps of these woods, in case of a human invasion these things had already been planed. People were being evacuated to safe areas in groups, with monsters working under Undyne and Papyrus leading their groups.

We stood in the snow watching the people pass by us. Many shot me strange, sometimes hostile looks, but didn't say anything, surrounded as I was by all the big leaders of the Underground.

I took the opportunity to change into some warmer clothes, layering up as we waited for the rest of the monsters to reach us.

When we were nearing the end of the flow, we saw at the end of clearing the monsters that were sprinting towards us.

We immediately reacted, everyone drawing weapons, Alphys stepping back behind Undyne. I turned, taking off my pack and tossing it to Alphys.

"Watch him," I said. Alphys looked about to object but didn't have time.

People came sprinting towards us, but some obviously weren't fast enough. A bunny monster with a young child in her arms was sprinting towards us as we ran out to her, but we weren't fast enough. The huge monster behind her cut her down ruthlessly. She turned to dust, her child dropping into the snow with a terrified scream. Others were being cut down around them.
Desperate, I grabbed the kitchen knife from my boot, wrapped my magic around it and threw it. The shot wouldn't have been possible without my magic guiding it, but the knife struck the attacking monster and he crumbled away. I rushed forward, picking up the child in my arms. She seemed startled, but clung to me like her life depended on it. I struck down the next monster that reached for me. Undyne, Papyrus, Sans, Grillby and Mettaton attacked the wave of corrupted monsters beside me. I stepped back toward Alphys. It took a bit of effort to ease the terrified child's arms from around my neck, but I managed, passing her to Alphys, who accepted without complaint. I was relieved to see she had also kept Flowey safe.

Seeing that we were fighting, other fleeing monsters turned to fight beside us.

I joined the fight until the attacking monsters had all fallen. We quickly fell back, retreating to the woods. As I took my bag back from Alphys, slinging it back over my shoulders, the child turned, jumping back into my arms and wrapping tight around my neck again, trembling. Shocked, I held her, stroking her ears. Everyone else watched with more surprise that I felt, but didn't try to tear her away from me.

As we continued into the woods, hours passed, and corrupted monsters continued to follow us. We fought, over and over, getting further and further ahead of the groups following us. It seems the further into the woods we got, the harder it was for those pursuing to follow us.

We hiked through the woods, taking only the occasional break to eat or rest. Everyone was exhausted, but we had to keep moving. We hiked to the nearest cavern wall in silence, too on edge to speak. Undyne and Papyrus went over the layout of the area and the plan with us as we walked. Turned out Grillby was an old war general from back when the monsters were still on the surface. They had devised different group leaders to take people through the woods and then through the labyrinth of tunnels through to the continued forest on the other side of the cavern wall. Turns out the Underground didn't even end there.

It took days to reach the cave system beyond the forest, and days more to get through the tunnels. I could see that if you didn't know where you were going, it would be nearly impossible to find your way through the caves. And the magic of the area did a good job of keeping any enemy out as well, magic that Grillby had activated as soon as he got the news.

After days more of walking we finally met with the other group leaders in the woods outside the caves, where most of the rest of the monsters were. Everyone was confused, but the monsters who had fled the attacks had already begun telling of the corrupted monsters who had come after them. With Alphys' help they got the official word out onto everyone's cellphones, explaining the situation. How the corrupted monsters were now soulless, and civil war had started.

Bases were to be set up in the woods. Everyone put aside their questions for a few days to settle into this new situation. Trees were cut down and suitable shelters built. They were like little towns built over the course of a few days, it was impressive the way the monsters worked together when forced into this kind of situation. It seems everyone understood they needed to work together to survive. The shelters were rough, but enough to keep out the weather. There were sources of water in the warmer cave systems, where many Waterfall and the few Hotland residents were residing.

The capital had fallen. The king had obviously been taken, or corrupted as well. Papyrus, Undyne, Alphys, Sans, Mettaton and Grillby were the new people in charge. More than half of the Underground's population had been lost to Chara, but no one else knew that truth. After all the affairs had been settled, and I'd found the family of the little girl I'd saved, we set up our base of war operations in a massive cave room. A wide, stone table had all the maps, all the plans and progress laid out.
Finally, when everything was settled, everyone gathered demanding answers about what Sans and I knew. Undyne, Alphys, Papyrus, Mettaton, and Grillby.

"So what the hell happened to those monsters? Cause it seems to me this trouble all started with this human," Undyne began, indicating me.

"Don't forget, Undyne, in addition to the debt you owe her, she saved you from your own men. And saved Alphys when all this fighting started," Sans reminded her.

"Sounds like you trust the human now, Sans," Papyrus said, as though it were an accusation.

"I don't trust anyone," Sans answered back snidely. "But she did save us all. And she's had more than enough opportunities to kill everyone herself and she never did. She's put herself on the line enough times. We wouldn't have known about the corrupted monsters until it was too late."

"And she seems to be the one who understands the most about what's happening," Alphys put in.

"How did you know this was happening?" Papyrus asked me with his usual distrust.

"Because I know who caused it," I answered, and then jumped when everything went still around me, even the air. It was as though I was stuck in a frozen movie scene.

I tensed. "It's just me," Sans said and I jumped when he walked toward me.

"We need to talk," Sans demanded. "We haven't had time. But I want to know everything, from the beginning. And we need to figure out what to tell them."

"What do you mean figure out what to tell them?" I asked.

"Obviously we can't have them knowing everything about the resets-"

"To hell with that," I interrupted. "This is serious. The entire Underground is at risk of being wiped out. They need to know exactly what they're up against."

"You expect me to tell my bro, all of them, that ya can set back time? That you've killed them? That you've taken the barrier down? How do ya think they will take that?"

"Well, if I explain it all from the start, like you want, they will understand. Besides, doesn't Alphys already have her theories on this stuff. She'll believe it in a heartbeat. So will Undyne, she trusts Alphys. Everyone else will too. This is a long story, and I'm not explaining it twice. But they need to know, Sans."

Sans grit his teeth, clearly not pleased with the prospect. "Is she seriously that big of a threat?" Sans asked.

"Yes, she is. And I'm guessing she's not doing it all alone," I said quietly.

Sans tensed at the implications of those words. "What do ya mean?"

"Sans, who is Gaster?" I asked. Sans jolted and before I had time to process, he had teleported, wrapping a hand around my throat and pushing me against the wall.

His magic had flared up in his socket and he looked panicked. "How the hell do you know that name?" he asked in a rough growl.

"He's your father isn't he?" I asked back calmly. He only looked more panicked, hand involuntarily
tightening around my throat. "He died, and no one remembers him except you I take it?" I asked calmly. When Sans didn't react I pushed him away, using magic to force him back a step.

"So how do you know about him?" Sans asked again, a little more calmly, though I could see that his hands were grasping at the air.

"Because I met him," I said. Sans jolted again.

"He's dead," he whispered.

"Yes, died in the core right?"

"Do ya really know everything? How many times have you been down here and done this?"

"Enough times," I responded. "What is he in this world?"

"The most evil son of a bitch you'll ever meet," Sans answered. "He died, yeah. After I pushed him into the core. It was the only way to kill him, but unfortunately the determination that fueled that machine, as well as his own experiments on himself gave him what he needed to stick around."

"Wait, you pushed him in?" I asked. The Gaster in my world had fallen in by accident.

Sans gave me a confused glance. "I thought ya knew that?"

"Things are a little different from what I understand. This world is not my world," I started to explain.

"What do ya mean?" he asked.

"I first fell down here when I was a child," I explained. He looked even more confused.

"If you had fallen down here as a child, then the reset point would have been you as a child," he reasoned.

I shook my head. "Chara's doing. I don't understand myself how she did it, but she sent me back the way that I was."

"You reset."

"I did. Chara stole my memories, hid my soul somehow. I didn't know her, I didn't know myself, I didn't know anything. I reset completely by accident. I thought it would give me my memories back- that's what she implied. She sent me back the way I was, full fighting form."

"So when ya say the barrier had come down and there was peace-"

"More than ten years of it," I said. "And my world was completely different. You were all different. My world was not kill or be killed. There was only one enemy who believed that. In all, there were only seven souls in the Underground, all belonging to the king. There was no "every man for himself". Everyone worked together to get the barrier down to free everyone. Asgore wasn't evil. He killed to bring his people freedom and happiness. He was grieving over his children, filled with sadness, not hate. He made peace with the humans, with my help. And then Chara, she twisted my world. Turned it into this."

"I can't even imagine this world being any different. I'm starting to think ya might be crazy," Sans said, shaking his head.
"After everything you've seen? I have magic because of everything I've been through. I have so much determination that it gave me these abilities. Triggered them in me."

"I could sense the determination in your soul, but I couldn't quiet grasp it. I've never had that problem before," Sans mumbled.

"We never fully figured my magic out. I didn't get much training before I was sent back."

"Ya said you'd met Gaster, was he different in your timeline too?" he asked.

"Yes, he was like a nice, old fatherly figure. He's the one who helped me figure out that I had magic and warned me about Chara before she jumped me."

"Yeah, doesn't sound like my pops at all," Sans said darkly.

"I'm guessing, if he's like you say he is, he's probably the one helping Chara," I said.

"I suppose it might make sense, if that kid's as fucked up as she seems. If she was a spirit residing in the void with him, they could figure out a lot, cause a lot of damage. But she did all this, sent ya to this place from your own timeline. Could she have done that on her own?"

"I don't know."

"The void doesn't know time or space. It's likely my Gaster reached out to her, and helped her."

"He helped her create this place," I whispered. "Is it possible that when Gaster died in the core that it could have split him up into more than one him?"

"A good and a bad? Maybe," Sans responded, thinking it over.

"Is Gaster the reason why you've kept the barrier from coming down?"

Sans looked at me, startled. After a moment he nodded. "Yeah. I knew Gaster hadn't died. I also knew he wasn't strong enough to influence our world. But I feared he may find a way. I knew I needed to destroy him before the barrier came down and we went to war. Seems he found another corrupted soul to help him."

"Sans, I have one more thing to ask," I said quietly.

He nodded warily.

"What did you do to yourself to get so much determination?" I asked.

Sans' expression darkened. "I should've figured you'd know what that was."

"Monsters can't hold physical form with determination in them."

"Not usually, no. My old pops decided to make me one of his experiments, after I'd collected a human soul. He dissolved it, putting its power inside me. He'd done so for others, unsuccessfully. He had no evidence that it would work on me," Sans shrugged. "It did, but it was torturous. And I could've died."

"Your father turned you into a science experiment, knowing it could kill you? Were there any other successes except you?"

"Nope. Like I said, he was a son of a bitch. I was born a boss monster, just like him, with extremely
powerful magic. Soul stuff my specialty from the start. Even without the extra determination, I surpassed Asgore."

"Humble I see."

Sans shrugged. "Gotta know what you're capable of down here. Anyway, he figured I might hold together more easily than normal monsters. There was one other boss monster he killed with the experiments too, but I survived."

"If you were as powerful as you sound, why didn't you fight back?"

"To keep my little bro safe," Sans answered. "I became his guinea pig so he'd never expose Papyrus to any of it."

I felt my heart break a little inside. "Some things never change, I guess."

"No, they don't."

I nodded, taking a deep breath. "I can tell you my whole story. All of you," I said, tilting my head to our friends.

Sans sighed, looking at them. "Alright. We can tell them everything, except about Gaster. No one remembers him except me, and I'm not gonna do that to my bro until we know for sure he's involved and have a way to fight him. I'd prefer we do too that without involving them, if we can."

I nodded, accepting his terms. He moved me back to where I was, taking his place before unfreezing everything.

"What do you mean you know who caused it?" Undyne asked.

I looked to Sans once more and he nodded. "I guess I have a lot to tell you guys."

"Let's start with something important to know to understand what's going to be said. Alphys, you've been doing research for a while about your timeline theories."

Alphys nodded.

"Well, it's true. All of it. Souls with enough determination can have control over timelines."

Alphys looked surprised momentarily before the wheels started turning in her head, realizing the meaning of it. "There's only been one with enough determination to do something like that before she came down here." Flowey fidgeted, but no one else noticed.

Everyone else was looking between Alphys and Sans confused.

Sans began to explain the science behind the saves and loads as best he could, Alphys joining in. He also explained that he was able to retain his memories through them. Alphys watched him closely, as though she realized how, that he had to have determination, but didn't say anything about it.

"You mean, we can't actually kill you?" Undyne asked me incredulously when the explanations were done.

"Nope," Sans answered for me. "Technically, if she gives up. But other than that..." he shrugged.

"How many times did we kill you then?" Papyrus asked.
"None," I answered with a shrug.

"You don't expect us to believe that," Undyne said accusingly. "Not now that we know the truth."

"It's true," Sans said, vouching for me.

Alphys nodded. "I've been recording these fluctuations in time for a while. There wasn't any for a long time until recently. I watched her fights with you guys, there were no fluctuations during your battles." Alphys gave me a look, meaning she wasn't telling them everything that she knew. Did she know about all my recent deaths with Sans? I pushed the thought aside for a moment.

"Now, I am going to explain what is going on, but there is a lot to tell."

Everyone nodded, settling in chairs around the small fire going in the room. The story took hours to tell, and I answered a million questions. At times it seemed no one believed me, not even Sans. Flowey was shocked to hear about his other self. Everyone was. I explained it all, from start to finish, and how I ended up here.

"No wonder you can beat everyone, I trained you," Undyne said as she shook her head.

"I think it was the endless fights with me that did it," Sans mumbled, watching me closely. Now he understood. Now they all did.

"So Chara, the dead princess, has amassed enough power to corrupt our world. Why did she reset you as an adult though? Wouldn't it have been easier to reset you as a child? It would have been harder to survive," Alphys reasoned.

"Because when she did she was trying to possess me," I said. "But she couldn't. I'd inadvertently protected my soul."

"You got through the ruins without memories?" Sans asked.

I nodded. "With help. And instinct of course."

"And magic," Alphys said.

"I haven't used magic against any of you," I defended myself. "Or much at all since I got down here."

"Still can't believe it's possible for you to have magic," Undyne grumbled.

"Yeah, I know."

"So what does Chara want now?" Sans asked, changing the conversation.

"I don't know. She wants this world, even more so now that it reflects her more clearly."

"She's stealing monster souls now," Alphys said, shaking her head.

"We can't let her get away with this," Undyne said passionately.

"We can't fight her right now though," Sans said. "Technically she's dead, who knows what it'll take to kill her. She probably has the king, and the souls he had. Not to mention the army of soulless monsters surrounding her. We probably couldn't get to her if we tried."

"We'll figure out a way," I encouraged. "I'm not letting her get away with this either."
"We get that you aren't our enemy, but we don't know you, and whatever world you came from isn't this one," Undyne said. "We aren't the people you knew."

"I know that," I nodded. "Regardless, I care about all of you. I won't let any of you die to her."

Everyone seemed to accept that as an answer. They still didn't fully trust me, which was understandable in this world, but they trusted me enough to trust that I wasn't their enemy.

Exhausted everyone let the conversation end there. We said our good nights. Everyone began filing out of the room. Alphys lingered, addressing Sans and I.

"You guys fought a lot," she commented.

"Yeah," I said.

She nodded. "Guess that would explain all the sudden fluctuations. And you have determination," she said, addressing Sans. He reluctantly nodded.

"Kinda figured. I found some old determination experiment records. There was a case of it working. Guess now I know it's you," Alphys was nodding. "But she's right. We can find a way to fix this. We should work on capturing some of the corrupted monsters, see if there's any way we can fix them."

"I can teleport some of your lab equipment out here," Sans said. "Later."

Alphys nodded. "It would be appreciated."

With one final goodnight, she left. Then Sans turned to me.

"I really couldn't have broken you, could I?" Sans asked to start.

I met his gaze with a steady one of my own. "No, you couldn't have. I'd been there before. Died more times than I could ever count. No amount of death or torture is enough to break me. Because nothing will ever hurt worse than killing my family. And even that I set right. I survived it all."

Sans nodded. "Suppose so. I underestimated you. I suppose I should also apologize for what I did," he said quietly, so quiet I almost didn't hear it. I didn't answer at first, too shocked, and he continued. "The horrors that my pops released on the Underground, I couldn't risk it happening again. Especially not if we were vulnerable during a war. Even I'm not heartless enough to release him on humans either. I had to kill him first."

I nodded. "You thought you had to. Simple as that."

Sans looked at me for a moment. "Ya know you're a little too understanding."

I shrugged. "I felt that darkness that infects this world for myself. Chara has been inside me, inside my soul. I know her better than anyone. I know the darkness it took to create this place better than anyone. I know what it took to corrupt you all. I understand this world better than any of you could."

"Ya may have felt that darkness, but ya still grew up in a happy, good world. Ya didn't have to struggle to survive down in this place, where even your friends, or family, would kill ya if they thought it would get them somethin'."

"True. But I've suffered plenty, in my own ways. No parents, an asshole guardian. I've felt the
suffering of loss. I've felt the suffering of sin. I know plenty to understand this world, even if I
didn't live it."

Sans nodded, accepting that. "So you explained that we were all family," Sans said, changing the
subject.

"I did," I said, unsure where he was going with this.

"Was that all we were?"

His words made me freeze for a moment. His eyes were piercing as they looked into mine,
searching for something.

*This isn't my Sans. This isn't my world. If I can do what I came to do, this world will never come to
be.*

I steeled myself, putting up my poker face, letting my heart harden. "Yes. Are you implying
something else?" I knew my voice had gotten colder, but I had to play this part.

Sans shrugged. "Just seemed like there was somethin' ya weren't tellin' me is all."

I shrugged too. "Nope."

He took a few steps towards me, prompting me to step back. "Ya said ya weren't afraid of me, but
your body always told me otherwise. Unless that heartbeat tells of somethin' else." There was a
deeper tone to his voice as he pushed me back against the wall. Unfortunately, my heart responded.

"You aren't the Sans I know," I said. "You're unpredictable. I'm wary. But no," I said, pushing
against his chest. He didn't budge. "It's nothing more than that."

"Ya sure?" Sans asked with another suggestive smile. I could see the lust in his eyes, but nothing
past that.

I let mine show my irritation. "Yes," I said with a more firm shove. "I'm a human, you're a monster,
what else do you think we could be?" I asked with the slightest bit of disgust. I saw the look in his
eyes and felt guilt twist my soul. But he held his smile and backed away from me. *Seems even this
Sans has those same doubts*. "You were family, just like the rest. But that's all there was to it."

He turned away from me. "Well then, night sweetheart." There was no warmth to the words. He
left me alone in that war chamber.

Exhausted I made my way to own makeshift room. It was a small round cave with a bed that had
been teleported in, a makeshift door covering the entrance to give me a bit of privacy. I settled in,
my body felt like lead as it sunk into the mattress. I had countless worries and thoughts, but before
too long the deep embrace of sleep claimed me.

Chapter End Notes

So news (totally unrelated to this story or fandom): I lost one of my closest and oldest
friends about two months ago, and had a breakup a few weeks ago. My summer did
not start off all that great, and I kinda let this slip away from me for a little while. My
life is slowly getting back to normal, and I will try my best to keep writing, as I am still
motivated to do so. But if updates stay slow, you understand why. Thank you for your continued support and patience.
Answers, Yet More Questions

Chapter Notes

I feel like I say this at the beginning of every chapter now, but sorry this took so long.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I was lying on grass thick and fluffy as a carpet beneath me, bright sunlight warming my skin. I
could feel the thrum of the earth beneath me, the wind gentle as a caress. The air was light and
sweet in my lungs. I felt light as a feather, no longer burdened, the world peaceful around me. I
stared up at the thick fluffy clouds in the beautiful sky above my head, a soft smile on my face as I
relished the bliss of the moment.

I felt a soft caress against my cheek, light as a feather, and lazily turned my head. My Sans was
laying beside me, gently running his fingers over my cheek, a blissful smile on his face. He had a
gentle expression as he watched me, his expression full of love and wonder. It made my heart sing
to see it. I felt so much love and happiness blossom in my chest that it felt unreal. Like a dream.

His hand cupped my cheek, fingers softly stroking my jaw. He leaned forward and I did the same,
rolling onto my side. He leaned close, till our faces were almost touching. His breath tickled my
face and I felt the tension as his lips remained just a hair away from mine. I closed my eyes,
anticipating the kiss.

I jerked awake, the air frigid against my skin, likely having woken me. I’d kicked my blankets off
myself in my sleep.

The sudden dark weight of the world chased away the bliss of the dream. I swallowed, my throat
tight. I sat up, swinging my legs over the bed. My toes touched the cold stone. I reached my hands
up to rub my face, surprised when I felt the tears on my cheeks. I’d been crying in my sleep. But I
was having such good dreams.

I sighed and wiped the tears away, trying to ignore the painful twisting inside my chest as my mind
let go of the happiness of my dream, coming fully into the reality around me.

Sleep felt out of my reach. A part of me wanted to go to sleep and never wake, wanting to live
forever in that peaceful dream. The other didn’t want to risk sleeping, knowing the disappointment
and crushing pain that would greet me once more when faced with my reality outside of my
peaceful dreams.

I heaved another heavy sigh, looking over to see Flowey huddled under his blanket, thankfully still
asleep. I pulled myself to my feet and changed into some different clothes. I didn’t bother to throw
on shoes. The stone of the caverns was always smooth underfoot.

I exited my room, surprised at how much warmer it was in the halls. I left the door ajar to let the
warm air in and slipped silently down the hall to the training room.

It had been several weeks since the civil war had started. We’d managed to hold out. Alphys was
helping create safe shelter and sustainable energy in these remote, previously uninhabited areas of
the Underground. We’d made no progress on how to defeat our enemy. Chara had continued to
send enemies after us, but none managed to reach us. It seemed she had no idea where we were, the protective magic woven into the very stones of this part of the Underground keeping us safe and hidden. Most of the monsters she sent got killed by the wards in the forest as they tried to reach us. Despite this, she had been generous in wasting their lives. We knew eventually she would deplete her army, but even with the way she was sending them out, it would take years for this to happen.

The monsters were angry and impatient, grieving their losses and wanting to fight, but with no solid enemy to beat. Spirits were low, which was to be expected given the circumstances. We’d managed to make our situation livable but not much beyond that.

Relations with my fellow monsters was still tense. I hadn’t managed to get much closer to anyone, much to my disappointment. I was grudgingly accepted. They seemed to understand it was to their benefit to have me on their side, but they seemed not to care for the past I had with them. As far as they were concerned, I’d come from a whole different world entirely, and they cared not at all for the bond I’d had with them.

I shook the heavy thoughts from my head as I entered the training room, eager to exhaust myself. I’d begun training with the monsters to control my magic. I was making surprisingly slow progress and it was frustrating.

I started my usual training routine, exhausting my body, going till I was about ready to collapse before I allowed myself to stop.

When my body felt warm and strong I allowed myself to bring my magic to hand. I hadn’t done much magic training on my own, but I was eager to progress.

I had my magic firmly in my grasp, felt it sizzle through my veins, heating my muscles, thrumming through my soul.

I put my hands together, concentrating on manifesting the magic physically, trying to bring my emotions to hand to help solidify my control. My magic was surprisingly uncontrollable and volatile outside of adrenaline inducing moments. It came when needed through instinct, as was natural, but I had little control in calm moments like this. Strong emotions helped, but weren’t always enough.

I could use my magic for simpler things. Looking, hearing, seeing, defending, healing. These things came easily. Attack magic was not nearly the same. It was wild and uncontrollable. I knew I was capable of so much more, and yet the control required to use it would not come to me.

I had never had this much trouble with learning something and I was determined to figure it out. According to the monsters, because I was human, magic would not come as naturally to me as it did to them and it would take a lot more work and time for me to master it. Time was a luxury we didn’t have. The more time passed the more at risk we were of being discovered. The more time Chara and Gaster had, the more opportunity they had to beat us. I wouldn’t allow it. I needed to learn how to control this and find answers so we could end this war and I could get back to repairing this world.

I focused my will, letting the magic crackle between my hands. The magic felt like a sentient being, alive all on its own, with a will of its own. It wrapped around my fingers, sizzling across my skin. My magic had no particular color, like a monsters did, it was simply bright, like pure light. It sparked like little bursts of lightning, it crackled in the air with visible electricity.

I slowly spread my hands, letting the energy stretch between them, crackling through the air. I took a deep breath and willed the magic to coalesce and condense in the open space between my hands.
I kept my breathing deep and even as the magic pushed against my control, like a wild beast. The magic coursed through my body, threatening to make my muscles twitch as it pushed against my very skin, as though trying to break free of my body. I kept myself as still as the stone beneath my feet, managing to retain control.

The magic was now a bright ball of crackling energy in the air, pushing against my control and it tried to push further into the world around me, wanting to spread, as though wanting to be free and wild.

Sweat dripped down my face and off my chin as I struggled to let the magic out slowly. I could feel it writhing in my control.

I felt myself snap like a rubber band pulled too far and gasped as the magic suddenly slipped from my control. Fear pulsed through me and my body naturally tensed, even as I realized I couldn’t react fast enough.

An arm wrapped around my middle and I felt the tingling sensation as the world dropped away for just an instant. We didn’t manage to teleport very far, the volatile air back around us a moment later. The ball of energy that I had been slowly releasing suddenly burst, exploding, seeming to warp the air around us.

I managed to comprehend that the arm around me was Sans. He pushed me to the stone, covering my small frame with his own body as the magic hit us like a shock wave. If we had been any closer we likely would’ve been seriously hurt, if not worse.

The magic in my body had receded when I had lost control, snapping back into my soul painfully. I let out a pained groan as the pain dissipated, leaving my soul aching and sore, like muscles after a too vigorous workout.

Sans’ chest was heaving against me, and he remained on top of me for a moment, even as the air stilled, as though unsure if the danger had passed.

He shifted and leaned over, glaring down at me angrily. “Are you okay?” He asked, the concerned question not matching his expression.

I nodded, letting out a trembling breath. “Yeah I think so.”

He let out an angry breath. “What the hell were ya thinkin’? Are you trying to get yerself killed? Ya can’t go usin’ magic like that without someone around as damage control.”

“I wasn’t exactly trying to blow myself up. I thought I had control. It just snapped all of a sudden.”

His brows drew together as he regarded me angrily. “That’s usually how it happens. That’s how unstable monsters kill themselves.”

I sighed, angry with myself. Not for trying, but for failing. “I’ve been able to use my magic before.”

"Instinctively, when your life was in danger. That’s risky enough, this is just foolishness. You’re lucky ya didn’t hurt yourself or someone else before, now you’re just pushin’ your luck.”

“I know, alright, I know. I’m just so goddamn sick of not having control. This training is too damn slow. I’m not making enough progress. I can’t fight Chara if I don’t have enough control.”

Sans sighed, letting go of some of his anger. “I know. But even monsters spend their whole
childhood learning to control their magic, and it comes much easier to us than to you humans. Just don’t do it again. Alright?”

I huffed. “Alright.” I tensed as I fully caught up with where I was, pinned to the floor beneath Sans’ body. “You can move now, everything’s fine.”

Sans pulled himself off me with a blank expression, lowering a hand to help me up. I ignored it and rose to my feet as well, taking a step away and putting some distance between us. My heart was aching having him so near. All I could see was the dream I had had and I felt a pang of loneliness. All I wanted was to feel his kisses, his embrace. But I knew that was out of my reach.

I swallowed painfully.

“How does your soul feel?” Sans asked softly, watching me.

“Sore. Like I overextended a muscle.”

Sans chuckled. “Ya kinda did. I can help with that.”

I tensed even more as temptation washed over me. “I’m fine.”

Sans raised a brow speculatively as he examined me. “It’s not like I’m gonna do anythin’ too invasive.”

”Anything to do with souls is too invasive,” I said defensively, probably coming off a bit too cold.

He shrugged. “It’s gonna take longer to recover. Ya sure?”

”Will it heal on it’s own?”

“Yeah.”

”Then I’m fine.”

He shrugged. “Suit yourself. What are you doing up in the middle of the night anyway?”

“I could ask the same of you.”

”I couldn’t sleep. Went for a walk and saw your door open so I came to check on ya. And it’s a good thing for you I did.”

“I didn’t hurt you did I?” I asked with sudden concern as the thought occurred to me.

“Nah. Rattled me a little but nothin’ too bad. Although it’s a little strange. When that magic of yours went off, it warped the world around it, I couldn’t teleport very far.”

“I noticed that. It felt very weird, like there was no air or something.”

”Yeah, somethin’ like that. I take it that wasn’t intentional?”

“No,” I said, shaking my head.

”One more thing to be wary of during training. Gotta be more careful. It can twist other people’s magic. I barely managed to get us far enough away.”

I sighed, kicking at the stone, my eyes wandering the chamber as I avoided looking at him. “I
guess I’ll have to be careful. See if I can focus on controlling that.”

“Yeah, you should do that.”

I glanced up to see Sans watching me with one of his piercing looks. I quickly looked away, not liking how vulnerable I felt with him looking into my eyes. As though he could see every truth in my soul.

“I think I’ve tired myself out enough. I’m gonna get back to sleep,” I said curtly.

“Yeah. Get some rest. Your soul will heal faster that way.” The piercing gaze didn’t let up and I uncomfortably made my way out of the room, with him watching my every move.

I returned to my room and lay in bed. It was much warmer now, but I wrapped myself in blankets regardless. I stared up at the bland gray ceiling, my mind swirling.

I managed to fall asleep, though I had no idea when, as I didn’t feel myself drifting off. I spent the day catching up to Undyne, Alphys, Papyrus and Grillby, who had been away tending to the people. We met in the war room, documenting all the things we’d done and the things we planned to do. Sans wasn’t there.

Everyone filed out before too long and I was left standing at the table with Grillby, going over the magical fortifications in the woods. The spells had been written down and Grillby was helping me learn what the convoluted symbols meant. I’d garnered a vague understanding just by looking at them. My magic gave me knowledge, a feeling, but it was something that took practice to understand and translate in my conscious mind.

After a few minutes of examining the sheets of paper, I finally noticed Grillby staring at me and glanced up. I’d been leaning on the table, hands flat over the thick parchment, my hands tracing the symbols. As my eyes met Grillby’s he leaned forward, trapping my hands under his.

His face was a few inches from mine, his flaming eyes staring deep into mine, as though searching for something. The intensity in his eyes was enough to match even Sans’.

I remained silent, not wanting to break the tense silence that draped over us. His hands were hot on mine, almost burning them, and I could feel the heat radiating from him, warming my cheeks.

Finally he let out a breath he’d been holding, the heat of it washing over my face like opening a hot oven.

“What are they to you?” Grillby asked in his crackling voice. His tone was stern and authoritative, demanding an honest answer as though I would lie.

“They are my family.”

Grillby contemplated my answer for a few moments, weighing my words. “What would you do for them?”

“Anything.”

He watched me silently for a moment more. “You do know what they’ve done, don’t you? What we’ve all done.”

“I do.”
"And still you’d fight for them? Die for them?"

"Yes."

"They’ve killed. All of them. They’ve killed plenty of humans. All children. They’ve killed their own."

"I know."

"There is no such thing as friends down here. Only begrudging allies who stick together to survive. Even family means little. Even family would slaughter one another if it meant freedom or power."

"Not all. Would Undyne or Alphys betray one another?"

Grillby smiles. "Probably not."

"Sans protects Papyrus. And I can’t imagine Papyrus betraying Sans either."

"I admit, neither can I. Papyrus may envy Sans his power, but he would never kill him, even if offered that same power as a result. Certain bonds are strong. But it is not common. We kill one another readily enough. Betrayal is common here. One must never trust another. Not implicitly. You would accept their actions so easily? You would forgive them so easily?"

"I do. I understand why this world is the way it is."

"They are not merely victims of their circumstance. This world may have been molded into what it is, twisted, but they still chose to do the things they did. I chose. We were not forced. We were not possessed."

"No, but even still you’ve all done what was needed to survive. You’ve done what this world has taught you to do."

"In our place would you have done the same? Would you have killed? For power? For freedom?"

I bowed my head, staring down at our hands. "No, I wouldn’t have. Even to survive I couldn’t kill another."

"Even those deserving?"

"Who is deserving?" I asked, meeting his eyes once more with a steeled one of my own. "Even the most evil of people have a reason why they are the way they are. They were born into their world, their reality. Shaped by it. Everyone thinks that their understanding is right. Even when they know what they’re doing is wrong, they rationalize it."

"Just as we all have. But that doesn’t make us right. That doesn’t make what we do right."

"Say the barrier came down, say you won the war, wiped out mankind for the injustice done to you. Would it be worth it, what you would have to do to get there?"

"Yes," Grillby said without hesitation, sure of his answer.

"You realize not every human is evil. Not every human has LV. Most do not."

"Have you seen the surface in this world?"

"No, I haven’t," I said with a shake of my head.
“It is a cesspit of hate. They hate anything that is different from them, monsters most of all. But they hate each other as well, for the most ridiculous of things. They hate those that love others of the same sex. As though that is a sin. They hate those who’s skin is different from their own. They hate each other for a difference of opinion about the gods, even though they all come from the same ones. They fight and kill each other for these differences and call it just because they believe they are right.”

“I know. There are certain things in these worlds that doesn’t change.”

“No, but they can be worse. And I’m sure they are worse here.”

“Even so, do they deserve to be wiped out?”

“Yes.”

“When you say every human, that means every human. The sick and the old. The defenseless and the innocent. The babes in their cribs. Would you slaughter even them?”

“Yes. For our victory I would. For my people I would. Because that is what they did to us.”

“And you would believe you are in the right?”

“No, I’d hold no such illusions. There is no good reason to kill an innocent.”

“But you would do it all the same.”

“For my people to be safe and free, I would suffer the burden. I would take no joy in such an atrocious act, but I would act.”

I was nodding slowly, grief in my heart at the thought of these monsters slaughtering babes in their cribs for their cause. For their revenge and freedom.

“You would not. That is the difference between us. Even to protect your own, you would not kill an innocent.”

“No, I could not bring myself to.”

“I don’t know whether that makes you strong or weak, but it makes you good. I can see it in your eyes. That darkness. The darkness that infects our world. It’s inside you, apart of you. It may not have been born in you, but it remains all the same.”

“I know. I struggle with it all the time.”

“And yet you still have light in you. You still choose the light.”

“I do. Everyone has light in them. Everyone is capable of good.”

Grillby let out a humorless chuckle. “Perhaps. It is not an option we monster chose often.”

“I know,” I responded quietly. Sadly.

“It is strange.”

“What is?”

“That I would trust a human more than any monster down here. More than my own kind.”
“Even more than Sans?”

“Even more than him. While it is unlikely that he would ever betray me, even for power, it is not impossible. But I cannot ever conceive of you killing me. Or any other monster. You I trust. Implicitly. I have never trusted someone in such a way. It is strange.”

“Trust is a hard thing to come by in this world, but it feels good to have someone to trust.”

“I don’t imagine you trust us, even with your history with us.”

“No, not really.”

Grillby cracked a smile. “Good. You would be a fool to. But I will say this, whether you believe these words or not. Should anyone, however unlikely, try to kill you I will defend you. I will stand by you and protect you. It is the least I can do for someone who I can trust to do the same.”

I was shocked at the genuine words. “Thank you. I appreciate it. I haven’t had many friends here. I haven’t been able to trust anyone, except for Flowey. It’s nice to know someone else has my back.”

Grillby nodded and finally released my hands, standing straight. “You will earn their trust in time as well. It is a hard truth to miss. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I have people to tend to.”

“Of course.”

We bid each other farewell and Grillby departed. I repeated our conversation in my head as I stared absently down at the spells spread out on the table, pleased with the turn of events. It seems I was slowly breaking through to them. At least one of them. Perhaps the others would follow.

As these thoughts turned over in my head I became aware of someone else watching me. I glanced over my shoulder and noticed Sans in the entryway to the chamber, leaning casually against the stone as he watched me with an odd look on his face.

"If you’re looking for Grillby, he just left. You can probably catch him.”

Sans was quiet for a moment. “I ain’t lookin’ for Grillby,” he said quietly, pushing himself off the wall and walking toward me slowly, eyes locking onto mine.

“Well, I’m a little busy going over these,” I said, quickly diverting my gaze and returning it to the table.

Sans didn't respond, just slowly walked towards me, his gaze making my hair stand on end. I felt an urge to turn and watch him, as though there was danger at my back, but refused to look up from the table.

“Did you need something important?” I asked curtly as he walked up behind me.

Once again Sans didn’t answer. He grabbed me, wrapping his hands around my wrists and pushing me against the table as he pushed everything else out of the way, pinning my arms as he leaned over me. I could feel him against my backside, his breath on the back of my neck, stirring my hair.

“Sans, what the hell?!” I said in shocked anger. My stomach fluttered, my heart picking up double time. “Get the hell off me.” I said with gritted teeth, trying to sound harsh even as my belly warmed.
I felt his magic tingle against my throat. “That’s enough out of you,” Sans growled, sounding impatient. “I’m done listening to you lie and pretend. The only truth I’m gonna hear is gonna come right from your soul.”

I opened my mouth as if to speak, but no words would come out. His magic kept me from speaking. I felt a chill go down my spine as I realized I couldn’t fight back with words. He wasn’t listening anymore. I could feel his magic hovering around my soul, reading it. All the answers he needed were made clear to him. I couldn’t have lied if I tried, not with him reading my soul.

His hands released my wrists and his magic wrapped around them, pulling them up towards the edge of the table and holding them there. His hands stroked down my sides as he bowed over me, his jacket pressing into my back, his hips pressing against my ass as he took a deep breath, his face burrowed in my hair. No doubt he could feel all the loneliness and longing in my soul, practically begging him to continue even as my rational mind tried to fight the desire rushing through me.

His hands squeezed my hips and then ran back up my body, pulling my hair to the side. He ran his lips gently over my throat and shoulder. My soul fluttered, reaching out to him as I fought the feeling, wanting to resist. I could feel the lust radiating from him, but that was it. It was like his soul was still, impossible to read or connect to, even with his magic as a thread.

He ran his lips up and down my neck, goose bumps blooming across my skin. I shivered and squeezed my hands into fists while his ran back down my body and up under the hem of my shirt, stroking the bare skin of my back and sides. His magic tingled against my skin as it pulled my shirt up my body and arms, landing on the ground on the other side of the table. He unhooked the bra I was wearing and did the same with it.

The protests came to my lips but no words would come out. I knew the only way to fight back would be to use magic, and I knew I wouldn’t do that. It wouldn’t be safe. If I was angry enough and desperate enough I would try, but this was Sans. I couldn’t deny that I wanted him. I couldn’t summon the will and control to fight him.

I let myself slump into the table as I resigned myself.

”There ya go, quit fightin’. Let me feel what ya feel.”

I swallowed as he pulled the leggings and underwear off me, leaving me naked and vulnerable. His hands grabbed my ass, squeezing and feeling me, going down and stroking my thighs. He ran his hands up between my legs, stroking the sensitive skin of my inner thighs. One hand went up, tracing my spine and then slipped under my body to grab my breast in hand, squeezing it. His other went between my lips, stroking me. I gasped at feeling him and he shivered at feeling how wet I was. My wetness was already starting to trickle down my thighs, revealing more truth than I could ever deny.

He opened his jaw as he stroked me, tongue snaking out and stroking up my neck from my shoulder up to my ear, stroking the sensitive skin of my earlobe, gently biting the tender skin. He pressed his head against mine, his quickening breaths stirring my hair.

He continued to stroke between my legs, as though relishing the feeling of me. Finally, as though sensing my body’s impatience, he stroked up and began rubbing my throbbing clit, sending pulses up inside me as my hips pressed back into his touch and a moan escaping my throat. I pressed my mouth against my arm, trying to stifle the sound, but he heard it and responded, a deep resounding growl echoing me. I felt it in my chest, like the deep sound of a bass, felt it through my whole body. The sound was powerful, as though having fought for release.
His fingers followed the rhythm of my pressing hips, stroking the areas of my clitoris that were most sensitive. I could feel the tightness between my legs increasing, throbbing in time with his fingers, my insides pulsing as I got close. I could feel the magic in my soul surfacing without my conscious effort, sizzling through my veins as it contributed to the pleasure twisting through me. Sans growled again, hand squeezing my breast as he felt my magic sizzling against him as well, likely transferring my pleasure and echoing it in him. It had been so long that the pressure quickly tipped me over the edge. My legs clenched, my back arching. My magic seemed to burst out into the air around me as it pushed all throughout me. I felt Sans respond as he felt my release against his own body. I could feel his own magic twining in response to mine, twining with it. Even still, it felt like I was blocked off from truly feeling him. I moaned loudly as I came, biting my lip to try, unsuccessfully, to hold it back. His chest rumbled, the sound emanating sounding much like a growling lion. His fingers followed the rhythm of my orgasm and pulled away just as the pleasure became over-sensitive.

My body slumped further into the table as my muscles relaxed, my breathing heavy. I was about to try again to speak when Sans’ fingers returned to stroking between my legs, gently tracing my entrance. He didn’t hesitate to insert his fingers, the bony ridges stretching me out as he stroked me. He curled his fingers, wasting no time in finding that sweet spot and stroking it, immediately finding my rhythm and matching it. I could feel the tightness that had just dissipated returning, the magic that had just relaxed and calmed becoming heightened again. My thighs clenched together as my hips rocked against him. I moaned with every twist of pleasure, not managing to stifle them much. It didn’t take long for that pulsing pleasure to return, my insides heating and pulsing before tightening and that sweet release followed. My fingers dug into the stone of the table and I bit my lip, almost breaking the skin as my magic burst through me again. His fingers moved in time with my orgasm until it faded before they pulled out.

I slumped once more into the table, the muscles of my thighs twitching as they attempted to relax. I felt Sans pull his hand up and heard him lick my juices from his fingers.

I felt him rock his hips into me, and this time there was a distinct hardness pressing into me. He reached down, releasing himself from his shorts and rubbing between my legs, wetting himself with my juices, rubbing against my clitoris before lowering and pressing into me. He trust a little roughly and his head slipped into me, pulling a startled gasp from me as he was suddenly stretching me out, making me ache. I heard, or more felt, a soft rumble, almost an apology, as he rubbed his skull against my neck. He slowed as he pushed into me, managing to bottom out. He took a moment to adjust, and I could feel his cock twitch inside me as I tightened around him. He began to thrust, slowly at first, and then faster. He was hitting all those sweet spots deep inside me with every push. He leaned back a bit, looking down at me as he thrust into me, the hand that was knotted in my hair pulling me up a bit with him, though my arms did not leave the table.

The hand that had been around my breast went down and spread my ass as he looked down at himself thrusting into me. He was growling with every thrust, the sounds from his chest mimicking my own moans. This time I could feel that he was holding me, overly sensitive as I was, back from the edge.

He continued to pound into me roughly for several minutes before he finally leaned close, grabbing my breast again, his hand pulling my hair roughly as the sharp points of his teeth ran across my jugular. I could feel my pulse as he pressed his teeth against the skin, almost breaking it. I could feel him slowly releasing me from the edge and my pulsing insides pulled him to the edge as well. As he let me go, his teeth slipped back and dug into the flesh in the curve of my shoulder, his magic pulsing straight into my flesh and masking any pain I would have normally felt. Instead I felt the pleasure like lighting inside my muscles as we both came. Our magic danced in the air together, and this time I felt his soul, as though a barrier had been lifted, or rather that he’d lost
control of his defenses. His magic against my soul gave me the perfect thread and I felt all the hidden emotions that lay bottled up inside him. The same loneliness and desire that resided in me. I felt the anger and hate and pain deep in his soul. I could feel all the LV he had accumulated, I could feel every life he had taken. I could feel how hardened his soul had become to survive such a burden. I could feel all the darkness that resides in his soul. I felt the shame and regret. I felt the desire as his soul hesitantly reached out to mine without his control, as though searching for something, trying to connect with something. Our bodies moved together, our magic and emotions twisting and blending together. Just as I couldn’t hide the truth, neither could he. I could feel the deep-seeded fear and distrust he harbored. I could feel his want and need to connect to others, and the crippling fear of opening up, the fear of being vulnerable, of being hurt. I could feel the tears as they trickled down my cheeks.

As the high of the orgasm faded so did our magic and the connection broke as he withdrew from me, blocking himself off again hastily. He pulled his teeth from my shoulder and pulled himself out of me as he released my hair. I felt his breath against my throat and then he vanished, the air behind me suddenly vacant.

I slowly opened my eyes and pulled myself up onto my elbows, wincing as my shoulder burned with sudden pain. Blood dripped down my shoulder, across my chest and back. I reached up to touch the little puncture wounds as I stood straight on trembling legs. The injury was nothing serious but it was painful enough to be distracting. I reached down, pulling my leggings and underwear back on. I slowly walked around the table, pulling on my shirt and tucking my bra under my arm. I let myself heal my arm just enough to stem the bleeding and then stopped. I needed this reminder of what had happened. For both of us.

I was angry and disappointed and hurt that he had simply shut me out and vanished after initiating this, after forcing me into this position and making me vulnerable. True, I couldn’t lie, but neither could he, and I was determined to confront him with this. I wiped the tears from my face.

I straightened the spell sheets and then walked slowly out of the room, making my way to the bathing room, lying in the steaming spring water that flowed through the chamber, letting it cleanse me. I returned to my room, throwing on clean clothes and discarding my now blood stained shirt.

I lay in bed and relaxed, dissecting what had just happened, going over it from start to finish, making sure I hadn’t misunderstood anything. I knew that this was something that I couldn’t hide from any longer. Whether he was my Sans or not, I loved him. The desire I had felt had been obvious enough. My chest ached as I thought over the emotions I’d felt from him. I’d felt all his desire and need, but I hadn’t felt anything like the love deep in my own soul. I didn’t know if his soul was even capable of it, as dark and twisted and broken as it was. And that broke my heart.

I turned over and buried myself in my blankets as I sobbed.

Chapter End Notes

I know it's been a while since I posted. I apologize. Thank you to everyone for your kind words and concern. I'm not really doing much better, but I'm managing. Work and school are keeping me busy, but I felt like writing a chapter. I'll try to keep the flow going.
I spent the next days trying to distract myself from what had transpired between Sans and I. I was plagued by dreams of my other world, my other life, my Sans. And yet they would warp and change, and it would be this Sans that I dreamt of instead. They were never lewd dreams, more a desire for the love that I’d had and lost. And it left my heart aching. I spent the days training with Undyne and the others trying to control my magic. Grillby joined in at one point, offering some sound advice. Start with magic less volatile and learn to control it instead, then perhaps the rest would follow.

The others began to see how Grillby treated me, began to see the trust he showed in me, and I could tell it confused them. They also began to regard me more with curiosity and would ask me questions of my other world and the life I’d had with them.

I trained away all my troubles, spending every hour that wasn’t occupied training by myself. Sans had warned me not to, but I was taking Grillby’s advice and not using any attack magic, unless supervised. Instead I was practicing with projecting, trying to obtain a certain image.

My soul ached for days after the incident where I lost control. But it, finally, seemed to recover. On the other hand, the wound on my shoulder was taking longer to heal. Every time I bathed I was forced to look at it and remember.

A week passed and I still hadn’t seen a sign of Sans. I couldn’t find him and so I couldn’t confront him. He was avoiding me completely.

Finally, on one of our meeting days, he finally trudged into the war chamber. Papyrus and him were the last in, and it was obvious by the way Papyrus was scolding him that he’d been dragged along. He didn’t look at anyone in the room as they entered, simply followed his brother and plopped into one of the chairs, looking down at the notes and maps spread out on the table.

I watched him as he entered, suddenly filled with anger towards him. I stared at him but he refused to look at me so I returned to the discussion at hand and put away my anger. Only once during our meeting did Sans look up at me. I was examining the maps and plans, when I felt him watching me and glanced up, meeting his eyes. They were smoldering as they watched me and I felt a shock of emotion run through me. He looked away from me almost immediately, and focused back on the discussion. I glanced at him several times more but he didn’t raise his eyes to mine again.

As the meeting drew to an end, Sans was the first to stand and depart, everyone else soon following. I sighed in frustration and noticed Grillby lingering in the room, as though he had been about to leave and then changed his mind.

I looked up at him as he approached me. “I’m not exactly sure how to do this, but I can see that something is bothering you. Has Sans done something to you?”

I was shocked silent at the question, and I floundered for a response.

"If we trust one another, I would hope you would speak with me about it. Perhaps I can help. Sans does trust me. We are old friends.”

“I thought you didn’t have friends down here,” I teased as I avoided the question.
Grillby cracked a smile. “Well, as close to friends as you get. So?”

I sighed, staring down at the table absently as I thought over what was okay to tell him.

“We had a bit of a... confrontation. He’s avoiding me.”

Grillby raised a brow as he contemplated my lack of explanation. “Has Sans hurt you, killed you?”

“Well... yes, but that’s not really the problem.”

Grillby let out a laugh. “Well if it’s not him killing you I can only imagine what else it must be.”

“Everyone had been trying to kill me.”

“Fair point. But Sans can be... overzealous about it. He can be consumed by blood lust during a fight and can be especially... cruel. If that is not it then...” Grillby saw me shift uncomfortably. “I won’t pry. But let me say this. Sans is a complicated man. He trusts no one, and cares only for a few, though those he does care for he would lose his life for. If you have earned his ire, that would be something to be concerned about.”

I huffed. “More like the other way around.”

“Sans can be especially defensive when those he cares for become angry with him. He tends to shut down.”

“Are you suggesting I’m someone he cares for?”

“I’ve seen him take an interest in you. Which is not uncommon. And not surprising, you are a beautiful woman. His interest may have been shallow at first, you are the first adult human to ever fall. But perhaps it has become more. If it has, likely he has no idea how to confront these feelings in himself. I know I wouldn’t be too quick to open up to anyone in such a way, let alone a human. No offense.”

“None taken. I get it, I suppose. Do you really think that’s what might be happening?”

“I’ve known Sans for a long time and I’ve never seen him take an interest in anyone else quite like he has you. Usually that interest disappears the moment he gets what he wants. I couldn’t be sure, but that would be my best guess.”

“So what would you suggest I do about it?”

“To be honest, I don’t know. I can sense a connection between the two of you, and while I don’t want to seem like I’m accusing you of anything, I can see there are parts of your story that you omitted. And that is your business. If you care for Sans in any way, be patient with him. Perhaps don’t assault him with your anger right away, just give him a chance to come to you.”

“Even if he’s fully deserving of my anger?”

Grillby smiled. “Perhaps not. Think of it this way. Treat him like he’s a mistrustful animal. Show him he can trust you so he approaches you, and then you can do whatever you need to do.”

I nodded as I thought over it. “Thanks for the advice.”

“It is what friends are for,” Grillby said with a nonchalant shrug.

“We’re friends now, are we? Why Grillby I’m flattered.”
He let out a soft chuckle. “We’ll see how long it lasts,” he responded teasingly, sounding much like the Grillby I knew.

With one last smile, Grillby departed and I was left alone to mull over his words. *Someone he cares for huh? Doubt it. More likely he got what he wanted and he lost interest.* I sighed as I shook the thoughts from my head.

*No, no more doubts. I know I what I felt.* I scolded myself.

I heaved a frustrated sigh. I had training to do.

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(*Some time later...*)

I paced across the stone floor, letting myself focus as I waited.

"Are you sure this is a good idea Frisk?" Flowey asked from his place perched on my shoulder.

"Trust me, I know what I'm doing," I answered with a calm smile. Flowey huffed, but accepted my answer.

I heard the distinct footsteps approaching before they entered. I opened my eyes and smiled at Papyrus, Mettaton, Undyne and Alphys as they came across the room to me. The cave we stood in was massive, the roof high above our heads, almost as wide as it was tall. Perfect for what I needed.

"Hey punk, what's so urgent you needed to call us all here? We're pretty busy y'know," Undyne grumbled as she came up to me with a sour look on her face. Papyrus and Alphys didn't look too much more pleased than she did.

"Sorry I pulled you from your busy lives. I'll explain once everyone is here," I stalled.

"If Grillby can get Sans here," Papyrus complained. "If you'd just explained why this is so important, I'm sure my brother wouldn't be trying to get out of it."

"Well, that would ruin the surprise," I said vaguely.

"You said this was urgent. Life and death urgent. We don't need surprises, we need an explanation," Undyne seethed, her irritation almost to anger.

I just smiled it away. "Just wait. It is urgent. But it can wait until we are all here."

"I'm sure Frisk has her reasons, it won't be long till they're here," Mettaton chimed in. I smiled, glad he was still on my side.

It was only a few moments before I heard the footsteps approaching, cutting off any more complaints. Sans entered with Grillby at his back, looking none too happy to have been dragged here.

"What the hell is so important?" Sans asked, irritated. I turned away from him, not giving him the luxury of a response.

"Now that you're all here, we can get started. Just so you know, this isn't a life or death situation, but it was the only way to get you guys all out here at the same time."
"Then I'm leaving," Sans growled, turning his back.

I reached for my magic, letting it settle inside me with familiar warmth. "This is something you are all going to want to see." I turned my glowing eyes on him. His eyes darted away from mine and he shifted uncomfortably, but he held his place. 'I've been practicing magic on my own.'

"You're doing what?" Undyne asked. "I thought we told you-

"Nothing dangerous," I assured her before she could go on a tirade. "There's something that I wanted to show all of you."

I turned to the vast chamber around us, closing my eyes and focusing. My soul drifted out of my chest and floated in between my hands. I drew all the magic that was inside me to the surface, and then let it explode out around me into the vision I wanted them to see.

I heard the collective gasps around me and opened my eyes, pleased to see it worked as well as it had during practice. The universe filled the chamber around us, the stars high above our heads, looking further away than just the chamber ceiling, as though we were truly looking out at the night sky. I let the illusion spread, carrying my memories to those around me.

I felt the soft, springy grass beneath my toes, despite the fact that I was wearing shoes. I felt the cool, clean breeze waft against my skin, stirring my hair. I heard the sleeping sounds of the forest around Mt. Ebott. And I knew from the awed sounds of those around me that they all felt it too.

I brought the stars down around us, so they floated among us. It's like we were in the world's coolest interactive planetarium. I glanced around at my family and was pleased to see that they much resembled their old selves. All the anger and hate and darkness that always lingered in their expressions was gone, filled with the awe that always filled them when first presented with the surface. Even Sans had lost his barriers as he stared around in wonder, reaching out to touch the glowing stars that drifted his way.

I left them wander a little, exploring the space around us. Undyne laid down, spreading out, her hands feeling the grass that wasn't really there.

"It's amazing," she said quietly, with a peaceful smile on her face. Alphys knelt beside her and she took her hand. They exchanged amazed smiles.

"It seems so real," Mettaton said quietly, almost to himself.

"To me it is," I explained. "What you are seeing, what you are feeling, those are the memories I hold of the surface. Something you once experienced. And now, for the best part."

I gestured to one side of the room and let them see the make-shift sky turn grey, making the stars slowly disappear as color came to the horizon. Slowly, the sun rose, bringing warmth and life with it. The sounds of the forest waking surrounded us, the breeze getting warmer. The sun's rays washed over us and I felt the collective sighs as everyone looked at the light with rapture, not seeming to mind the pain of the bright scene. It was magical light, so I didn't bother warning them not to stare.

I felt warmth return to my heart at seeing their peaceful expressions as they closed their eyes and felt the warmth of the sun for the first time in their lives. I was glad to feel it myself, even if it wasn't real. I was especially glad at what this vision had brought them. It was as though, for a brief moment, the sun had burned away all the darkness that lay inside them. All the rage, hate and grief and simply washed it away. Only a content, awed peace filled them at this moment. Flowey
tightened around me in a hug, though he couldn't seem to tear his eyes from the scene in front of him.

I did feel eyes on me though, and turned to see Sans staring at me with the same awed expression that was on everyone else's faces. No anger, no sarcasm, no barriers. Nothing. It almost felt like I was looking at my Sans. Almost.

I turned back to the vision of the sun. "I don't know how this war will end. So I wanted you all to experience the surface for yourselves. Just in case."

"Thank you," Alphys said quietly.

I could feel my magic waning and reached a little further, reaching for the magic around me to assist in keeping the image up for longer. I wanted them to have this peaceful moment for as long as possible.

And just as that wish passed through my heart I saw static, for just a brief moment. No one else seemed to notice. The illusion didn't waver. At first I thought perhaps I had imagined it. Until the static came back, bringing with it a very familiar, very sinister face.

And then the sensations of the world disappeared. I no longer felt my body. I hovered in that place, that cold cold place that brought nothing but a sense of disconnect and fear. Gaster's face was in front of me, a crooked smile spread across it, surrounded by the inky darkness of the void. I felt my energy draining away from me, slowly. It was as though I couldn't fight. As though I'd lost all my strength.

And then I felt a tug from the other side, trying to pull me back out of the void. Back out of Gaster's grasp. For a few moments I was stuck in between a very painful game of tug of rope, and my soul was the rope. My soundless screams didn't carry in the void. It felt as though I were being ripped in two and Gaster's face contorted into one of anger and frustration. And then I felt myself slipping back and away from him. Gaster struggled to maintain his hold, but it slipped away and I was brutally pulled back into my own world, the pain of the whiplash leaving me unable to comprehend what was happening for a few moments.

Slowly my senses returned to me and I saw the concerned faces of my friends hovering over me, and for just a moment I forgot that they weren't the family I knew. Sans' relieved face the closest to mine and I realized with a sudden jolt as I returned to myself that his hand was firmly wrapped around my soul.

Panic and anger seized me and I shoved him away from me, using what little magic I had control of to push him back. He stumbled back and my soul slipped into the safety of my chest.

My heart was hammering, sweat was making my hair stick to my face, made my shirt damp in places. I steadied myself with one arm as I pushed myself into a sitting position. Flowey wrapped around me, attempting to comfort me even as his leaves trembled.

"Frisk are you alright?" Grillby asked from where he knelt at my side, placing a warm, comforting hand on my shoulder to help steady me.

Mettaton leaned close, offering silent support as he placed his hand on one of mine.

"What happened?" I asked, breathless.

"You tell us," Undyne responded, looking frustrated and confused.
"You dropped," Papyrus explained as he offered a hand to Sans, pulling him to his feet. "The illusion vanished and your soul was dimming."

"Like it was being drained," Alphys interjected.

"My brother pulled you back," Papyrus said defensively.

"If we wanted your soul Frisk, we would've taken it by now," Undyne added.

"I know," I said, allowing myself to calm down. "It was just a gut reaction."

Sans had turned his back and walked a few paces away, his shoulders tense.

"What did happen to you Frisk?" Grillby asked.

"Illusion magic wouldn't have been draining enough to do that to you," Alphys commented. "It's like someone was fighting Sans to get your soul."

"Cause someone was," Sans grumbled quietly, turning back to us. His face had returned to its emotionless mask as he regarded me, yet I could see the seething rage in his eyes. "Ya reached beyond yourself to maintain that illusion, didn't ya?"

I nodded, my jaw tight, frustrated with myself.

"Ya reached outside yourself and left yourself vulnerable. And someone was waiting for that opportunity."

"Chara?" Alphys asked, clearly afraid of the answer.

"No," Sans said quietly, so quietly I almost didn't hear him myself. He gave me a knowing look.

"Not Chara," I answered for him. "She wouldn't be strong enough to grab my soul. Besides, she's more in the real world now than she is in the void. No, it was Gaster."

Sans' expression tightened. The only other person to react was Alphys, who jolted a little at hearing the name.

"Who the hell is Gaster?" Undyne asked gruffly.


"What do you mean the last royal scientist, Alphys is the royal scientist," Undyne argued.

"She hasn't always been the royal scientist though, has she?" Sans asked. Undyne looked confused.

"No, she was instated a couple hundred years ago," Undyne said, as though she was struggling with the question.

"And who was it before her?" Sans asked.

"Obviously no one important if I don't remember them!" Undyne huffed, frustrated at the questioning and her lack of understanding.

"The last royal scientist created the core. Started the human/monster experiments. Alphys just picked up where he left off. Ya sayin' that's not important?" Sans asked.
"I've seen his name before, in the old lab notes I found tucked away in his lab when I first moved in," Alphys said. "I wasn't sure why it didn't seem familiar. If he was a scientist it should have. But every time I tried to question it, it's like something would distract my mind from finding answers. How did he die?" Alphys asked with suspicion.

"He fell into the core. His being was scattered into a billion pieces," Sans said with a dark look on his face. I shivered just seeing the hate reflected in his eyes.

"And you remember him," Alphys said, looking him over with her piercing gaze as she put the pieces together.

"I do," Sans responded.

"How though?"

"That's not important," Sans evaded. "What is, is that Gaster is a very powerful monster who's soul shattered. His soul had determination in it, not much but enough. He's been residing in the void, and now he's likely joined forces with Chara. Chara has more power in this world now, but he still holds all the power in the void. Now on to the bigger problem. If we have any chance at all of winnin' this war, we need Frisk alive. We need her power. Gaster was the one fighting me for her soul. He had it in his grasp and he left a link between her soul and the void."

"Oh no," Alphys mumbled, looking thoroughly defeated.

"What? What does that mean?" Undyne asked.

"It means she's vulnerable to him now. If she lets her guard down for even a moment. . ." Sans let that thought trail off as everyone grasped what he was saying.

"He can just try again," I said quietly, fear settling in my chest.

"And I can't be with ya 24/7 to make sure he doesn't succeed next time."

"So what do we do?" Flowey asked, now very concerned.

"Sans, I don't think you'll have a choice," Alphys said quietly. "If Gaster is as powerful as you say and he gets her soul. . ."

"This war is over," I finished quietly, none too pleased with the turn of events.

"It's not completely hopeless though," Sans began. "Grillby, ya wanna tell them?"

"Of course you conveniently have a solution," Papyrus interjected.

Grillby ignored his comment. "There is a place, further in the woods then we've dared to venture. It was built long ago, when we were first imprisoned here to be a safe haven for the royal family should the humans ever pursue us into this place. A last stronghold, as it were. It was built to be impenetrable from any outside magic."

"From what I've observed of the runes and spell work around the house," Sans continued. "It should be safe from any outside magic. Even from the void."

"And why didn't we know about this place until now?" Mettaton asked.

"Because we can't fit the remaining population of the Underground into it," Grillby explained.
"And no one was gonna run and hide, not during all this," Sans added. "This house is basically indestructible. The perfect safe haven."

"And what, am I supposed to just hide out there until we know how to win?" I asked.

"Basically," Sans answered.

"But-"

"There's nothin' that you can do to protect yourself from Gaster," Sans cut me off. "And like this you're more of a danger than a help."

"Great, so I have countless days of isolation to look forward to," I mumbled.

"That would not be ideal," Grillby put in. "It would still be best if Sans were to stay with you."

"What? Why? If no magic can get into this place then I'm safe," I argued.

"And should we be wrong? Should Gaster find a way to get past the wards of that house? Sans is the only one with the magic capable to pull your soul back from the edge."

"Hate to admit it, but Grillby has a point," Sans agreed.

"You have got to be kidding me," I complained. Flowey patted my cheek consolingly.

"Don't worry, we'll have to hike out there to keep you guys updated on the goings-on. You won't be completely isolated," Grillby tried to reassure me.

"That makes me feel so much better," I grumbled, not bothering to hide my displeasure with the situation.

"Can't wait to spend time with you too, sweetheart," Sans said with a hint of sarcasm. "In any case, we have to get there before ya need sleep. So we need to leave as soon as possible."

"What? Why?"

"Your soul is most vulnerable when you're asleep," Alphys explained.

"So unless ya want us fightin' over your soul again..." Sans let that thought trail off.

"No thank you. Let's just get moving."

Sans nodded. "Alphys, I'll need all your lab notes packed and ready for me. I'll keep studying them while I'm out there."

I departed the chamber, leaving them to sort things out. I went back to my room and packed the few things I had, dressing for the cold trek and slinging my backpack over my shoulders.

I let my hands absentmindedly drift over the small pink scars that had formed on my shoulder. I was nervous, nervous and angry. Now, suddenly, Sans was acting like he hadn't been avoiding me. As though nothing at all had happened between us. He had agreed a little too quickly to being stuck with me. Sure it was life or death basically, but still. I was angry. It was like all the anger I'd been ignoring or avoiding since the incident between us was just bubbling up. I had to swallow it down, not liking how it felt. I'd traded grief with rage.

I pushed those thoughts away and left to meet up with the others. As I approached the group of
them waiting for me, I was stopped by a gentle hand.
"Frisk, I think it's best if Flowey stays with us," Mettaton said, reaching out for him.
"Why?" I asked, disheartened that I wouldn't even have my friend with me.
"Hate to admit it, but Flowey is the best scout we've got," Undyne explained. "We need him here."
"Don't worry, we'll keep him safe," Mettaton assured me.

I sighed as I exchanged a hug with Flowey. "Don't worry about me Frisk. Just keep yourself safe."
Flowey leaned in close to whisper in my ear. "And don't let the skeleton pull anything out there." I gave
him an exasperated look as he pulled away, exchanging one last hug before I let Mettaton take him.

"You ready?" Sans asked, looking even bulkier with his backpack over his shoulder.

"No, but I don't really have a choice." I turned to give my goodbyes when I was wrapped in an unexpected hug from Undyne.

"Thanks for showing us the surface punk," Undyne mumbled as she pulled away, a blush on her cheeks and a stubborn look on her face, as though she were trying to deny she was doing anything nice, even as she did it.

Mettaton came and gave me a hug as well, sweeping me off my feet. "You gave us an experience we might never have gotten without you. We are all eternally grateful, even if some of us are too stubborn to admit it." Mettaton set me on feet and I smiled.

"More stubborn than Undyne?" I asked. Undyne huffed, crossing her arms and pointedly looking away.

"Well, in case something goes horribly horribly wrong out there," I said, walking over to Papyrus, who stood with a scowl on his face. I wrapped him in a hug and felt him stiffen.

"What are you doing?" He asked roughly, threateningly.

"Giving you a hug. In case I never get the chance to. And you're going to hug me back."

"And what makes you think that?" He grumbled, sounding very displeased.

"Cause I'm not letting go of you until you do," I threatened. He sighed and then begrudgingly hugged me back. Although not as begrudging as he would have liked to seem. I felt him relax as he gave me a genuine hug. "I suppose I should thank you too. Seeing the sun was. . . how would you say it? Pretty dope." I couldn't hold back my giggles as Papyrus let go of me, acting as aloof as possible, even as his cheeks got a rosy tint. I got my seemingly reluctant goodbye hugs from everyone else and then we were off.

As soon as we were out of the presence of our friends, my mood soured again. Sans didn't say a word, it was as though he could sense my irritation. It wasn't exactly how I'd wanted to solve that problem.

The trek out to the fortress took almost a full days hike. Sans and I didn't exchange words the entire trip. When we finally came in sight of the cabin, I couldn't help but let out a massive sigh of relief that we'd found the place. Without a map, it would have been nearly impossible to get to it. The forest around it was a maze designed to keep intruders out. And I was surprised to see that this
"fortress" was a massive wooden cabin tucked into a dense copse of trees.

"This little wooden cabin is supposed to be indestructible?" I asked, mostly to myself.

Sans answered me and I jumped, surprised to hear him break his silence. "Apparently it is."

"Somebody could just burn it to the ground," I mumbled, my irritation leaking into my tone.

"I'm sure they thought of that when they built it," Sans responded, seeming not to notice my tone.

I sighed and made my way to the door, attempting to push it open. The door wouldn't budge. I pushed harder, reluctant to ask Sans for help.

"Ya just gonna try and force it?" Sans asked, amused.

I sighed. "I don't suppose you have a key?"

"Magic is the key," Sans answered. "And whoever opens the door has control of this place. No one can get in unless that person invites them."

"You mean you'd be stuck out here in the cold?" I asked.

"Yes, but that'd be awfully rude," Sans responded with a hint of attitude.

Don't tempt me.

I focused on my magic, letting it seep into the door. And suddenly, it opened easily.

"Well that worked better than expected," I commented, surprised.

"Told ya," Sans said, almost smug.

I stepped inside and then paused, looking back at him and debating whether it would be worth it to leave him out in the cold. His expression darkened as he saw me consider it.

"Don't even think about it," Sans threatened. "I can't protect ya from out here." He walked up to the doorway and then stopped, waiting.

I stared at him for a few moments, letting my anger and displeasure show. "Fine. Come in." I finally reluctantly conceded, knowing it was the smartest thing to do.

The cabin was even bigger on the inside.

"I'll get the fire started," Sans said, dropping his backpack and going over to the fireplace. I trudged my way down the hall, examining the rooms, dropping my backpack on the king sized bed in one of the master rooms, claiming it for myself. I was surprised to see that there wasn't a speck of dust in the house. It was as though it had just been built yesterday. Electricity powered the house, a fact I was surprised to see. I wouldn't have expected it, if the house was supposed to be built at the dawn of the monsters arrival to the Underground. I shook my questions away, knowing I'd find answers, the very least of which would be "magic", as it always was.

I went to the overly luxurious bathroom leading off from the bedroom that I'd claimed. "There better be hot water out here," I mumbled quietly to myself. I shut the door, and turned the water on, waiting until it was steaming hot before I removed my clothes. I ducked under the warm spray, inviting the burning warmth as it brought tingling life back to my nearly numb extremities. I showered for much longer than was necessary and then dressed in the comfiest pajamas I could
find. I found that there was a massive walk in closet full of clothes of various sizes and styles. I
dressed in some comfy sweats and crawled under the covers, surprised at how fresh and clean the
bed smelled.

_Magic must have preserved this place._

I let my mind wander as I drifted into unconsciousness, thinking of being anywhere but here.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry that I'm not responding to many people's comments. By the time I get around
to them it's usually been long enough that it feels awkward to respond to them. But
thank you all for your comments, I'm very glad people are still sticking with this story.
I'll try my best to respond to them in a timely manner in the future. BTW did you
know I've written more than 300 pages of this story? It's basically a book. Probably the
biggest book I will ever write. I don't know whether to be proud of that or not, but it's a
thing.
I awoke in the warm, plush comfort of the luxurious bed. My tired mind was reluctant to wake up. It dragged itself out of sleep, the dreams slipping away until they were nothing more than a feeling. As I came awake my mind recalled something. I'd had nightmares last night, and it was unsettling that I couldn't remember them. What I did remember was my half-asleep mind imagining a presence in my room, a feather light touch on my cheek, and when I'd come awake the room had been empty and I'd been alone. I had simply rolled over and fell back into sleep, passing it off as nothing more than apart of my dreams. Now that I was fully awake, I was fairly sure I hadn't imagined it at all.

I stretched out as far as I could and still had room on the mattress to spare. After a few minutes just laying in bed I reluctantly climbed out, relieved that at least the cabin was warm. And to say that it was a cabin was a bit of an understatement. It was more like a palace, able to house dozens of people if need be, although the majority of the space remained unused.

I padded across the room, taking a long, relaxing shower and throwing on some clothes. It had been four days and I was quickly becoming stir crazy. There was a TV in the place, another odd modern addition to the cabin, and shelves full of TV shows and movies to watch. There was a gaming room with every console I could want and a high powered computer with plenty of games. I even found stuff from the surface in the rooms. There was a library inside the cabin full of books I'd never read, as well as many of my favorites. I spent my days occupying myself however I could, and normally I would have been content in this place for much longer if necessary. If it wasn't for the looming sense of danger, not knowing what was happening on the outside, as disconnected as we were from everything. We'd had to forego using cell phones in case they could be hacked and traced.

Four days I'd spent occupying my time, trying to distract my mind from everything that had happened. Four days I'd spent avoiding any confrontation with Sans. He'd tried speaking to me a few times, just casual comments. They were always met with silence. I hadn't traded words with him since our brief conversation upon arrival. And as my silence stretched, the more he tried to initiate conversation. Whenever he got too persistent I simply left and locked myself in my room with a book, in no mood to deal with him.

All that time he'd been avoiding me I'd wanted nothing more than to trap him and force him to confront me. Now I couldn't face him. I couldn't face my anger. My shame. I couldn't face the memories, the dreams, that plagued me on every sleeping night, brought to my mind every time I looked at him. Couldn't face the blooming hope at the things I'd felt from him as we'd connected. I fought with not only my anger, but also with my doubt. So I avoided even looking at him at all costs.

Sans wasn't disconnected as he usually was. Not as hard, I guess. He acted as though he had nothing to hide. He was calm when he talked to me, as though he were just waiting for me to explode. As though he weren't afraid of my anger. And that thought upset me even more. That he'd feel no guilt, despite what he'd done.

I shook my head and opened the door. I was quickly bombarded with the smells of breakfast and I could hear the sizzling of cooking and the banging of pots and the closing of cupboards. I sighed inwardly, my countenance darkening.
Sans had been doing this every day. Cooking every meal that I hadn't begun to prepare before he could. Keeping the fireplace eternally lit, keeping the place organized and clean. I wouldn't have expected this kind of behavior from him. And I didn't like the way he acted. As though he expected me to thank him. But I couldn't stay in my room all day. Soon enough he would come bearing breakfast, and while I could ignore him, it wasn't in my growling stomach's best interest.

So I shuffled down the hall and made my way to the kitchen. The dining table had been set and the plates were nearly full of food. Sans was in the process of taking the bacon off the stove and onto a separate plate.

He turned and greeted me. Which I promptly ignored, choosing instead to just move my plate further from his and take my seat, eating as fast as I could without making myself sick. Sans just shrugged, bringing over the plate of bacon and sitting down.

One of the wonders of this house was that there was never a shortage of what we needed. Food, hygiene products, medical supplies. Whatever you wanted it was like the house simply made appear no later than a day after you wanted it. The closet had adjusted to have only clothes that fit me. One of the magical perks Sans had explained to me during one of his attempts at conversation. Apparently several powerful monster had expended their magic and given their lives trying to make this place what it was. The perfect fortress, one that the royal family, and surviving families, could reside in indefinitely if need be.

I ate, trying not to show how much I enjoyed the food. I had been surprised that first morning to find that this Sans could actually cook. One of the things I hadn't expected. I had expected him to be a lazy, careless slob who couldn't make more than a microwave meal. Apparently I was wrong. A fact I hated to admit. It only made me angrier to see that he had any redeeming qualities.

"You're gonna choke on your food if ya keep eatin' it like that," Sans teased, no malice in his tone. I pointedly looked away from him, pausing my frantic eating to drink my coffee. Sans sighed and didn't say anything more until I had risen from the table. He stood when I did, blocking my way to the sink. So instead I simply set my plate back down on the table and turned to leave.

"Ya can't give me the silent treatment forever," Sans said exasperatedly.

I simply walked away.

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Later that evening, some time after I'd eaten dinner, locked away in my room, Sans came in, leaning in my doorway. My room had been the one place he'd been courteous enough not to enter. My displeasure showed, but I held my stubborn silence.

"We're trapped here for who knows how long, ya have to talk to me eventually," Sans said with his scary calm voice.

I sighed, attempting to reel back any angry retorts. He was treating me as though I were the one acting immature. As though my behavior weren't warranted.

Sans sighed heavily, standing straight and taking a step into my room. "Whatever ya gotta say, just say it."

I finally allowed my gaze to settle on him. He didn't even flinch, even with how angry I knew I must have looked. He kept his relaxed posture, hands shoved into his dark jeans.

"You raped me," I said with as much malice as I could muster.
And then Sans did flinch, a reaction I hadn't expected. A shadow crossed his features before it vanished and he was back to his calm self. "Ya lied to me."

"Lied to you? That's what you have to say to me after what you did?"

Sans sighed. "Would ya have told me to stop?"

"Yes," I stated angrily. "And I did."

Sans sighed angrily, and I wasn't sure if that anger was directed at me or at himself. Maybe both. "Ya weren't honest. Not with me, not with yourself."

My anger was becoming harder to control. "It doesn't matter. What matters is what comes out of my mouth, not what you think you know. No means no."

"Had ya wanted me to stop, I would have."

"I told you to get off me. You didn't give me a chance to say anything more, but that was enough. That was all you needed to hear."

"If you had been truly desperate, ya could've fought me easily. Ya have the magic for it, and ya know it. And ya lied to me."

"Lied to you about what?" I asked, becoming increasingly angry with his lack of remorse.

"Why didn't ya tell me our souls were bonded?" He asked, fixing with an accusing stare. As though I had betrayed him.

"What? What are you talking about?" My anger slipping as surprise took its place.

"I knew I recognized somethin' in ya when we first met. I was so sure I saw it in your eyes. I felt it when we were together. And when I was fightin' for your soul, I know what I found inside it. My magic. A piece of my soul."

I was shocked silent as he confronted me, my anger slipping away.

"What?" The question barely got past my lips.

"Don't even try to deny it. The fact that we were that intimate and ya hid it is impressive, I'm surprised ya didn't slip. But the fact that ya didn't bother to mention there was a piece of me inside your soul, that kinda irks me. I mean, I could feel that it was different, my magic and yet not. So I know it must have been from your world. But still. I asked ya directly what we were. I don't like bein' lied to. I asked ya directly and ya acted like I was nothin' to ya."

I diverted my eyes from his piercing gaze and let myself perch on the edge of my mattress as nerves blossomed in my chest. I really can't lie anymore.

"I didn't exactly act like you were nothing," I started meekly.

"Ya certainly didn't tell me the truth."

"How could I? And it's not exactly what you think. That magic didn't exactly get into my soul the way that you're thinking."

He raised a brow as he considered me. "Bondin' souls is the most intimate thing two people can do. It doesn't exactly happen often down here, but I'm not ignorant about how."
I sighed. "It was a precautionary measure."

"A precautionary measure? Against what?"

"Before I was reset to this place, my Sans-"

"Your Sans?" he interrupted, sounding amused, as though it was something he had never expected me to say.

"The Sans from my world," I rephrased. "Guessed that I was possessed. He put some of his magic into my soul in case I went missing again, so that they'd be able to find me and keep me from hurting anyone."

Sans sighed. "I guess that makes sense. But ya still lied. Someone doesn't just put a piece of themselves into another persons soul without a certain kind of bond already formed. Doesn't matter the circumstances. What was I to ya?"

I sighed, unable to avoid an honest answer. "The love of my life."

Sans was quiet and I couldn't look up to see how he'd reacted to my answer. After an uncomfortably long silence he let out a gentle chuckle. "No wonder. I wasn't imaginin' anythin'. You were never afraid of me were ya?"

I couldn't help the smile that tugged at the corners of my lips at the absurd question. "No. I wasn't. No matter how big, bad and scary you all were I've faced worse. Could I trust you? No. But I was never truly afraid."

"So every time I approached ya, and your heart would pick up," he took as step towards me as he said it, and my heart did indeed respond. "After what ya had in that other world, it explains all the loneliness I felt in ya."

"And what about your own loneliness?" I asked, confronting him as I finally raised my gaze to his.

"Guess I shouldn't be surprised ya felt all that. And here I try so hard to keep myself protected."

"You couldn't exactly keep your defenses up in a moment like that," I said, my mind flashing back to our shared orgasm as our souls had, for a brief moment, been open and vulnerable to each other. I couldn't help the small blush that crept onto my cheeks.

"No, I guess I couldn't." Sans was quiet for a few moments as he contemplated what to say. "Openin' up to anyone down here, in any way, is how ya get yourself killed. I've had to learn that lesson the hard way."

"But ya don't. Love comes easy to ya. There's no consequences for it. But for us, for me, there is. My own father turned me into a science experiment knowing it would likely kill me. He threatened Papyrus' life to get me to do what he wanted. He made sure I couldn't fight back. And then I had to kill him to keep us safe. I've had to kill countless friends for comin' after me first. I've had plenty of lovers try and weasel their way in, make me soft, to try and gain an advantage. Some even tried to kill me. Didn't end well for 'em. Trust ain't exactly a good thing here. But how could I not show interest in ya? You were damn beautiful. I wanted ya. And down here I get what I want. You quickly showed that you were strong, smart. Foolish as ya were, I admired what I saw. Ya pulled me in from the very start. Or I guess, my magic pulled me in. Or both. Whatever. How could I resist all the things I felt inside ya? All that tension between us. What I know now was all that
wantin' deep in your soul. How could I not want someone who wanted me so badly, in such an innocent way as you."

I couldn't respond, having to avert my eyes from the smoldering coals of his.

"But much as I feel that want in your soul, I'm not the person ya knew. Not even close. That magic in ya, I felt it. Strong, but soft. Mine, but weaker. Gentler. The product of a much, much different world. It's not tainted by hate. By darkness. Not like this place is. Not like we are. That's the world ya want to return to, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said softly, unable to deny the truth.

"Even if it meant destroying this world to get it?"

I swallowed. "Yes. This world was never meant to be. None of you were ever meant to be this way. I have to fix it, to make it right again."

"And ya miss ya family, don't ya? Ya miss the other me."

I sighed. "I do. Of course I do."

Sans chuckled dryly. "Guess even you can be selfish. I can't even imagine a world like yours. I don't think I could ever live in it, I don't think any of us could. We're too paranoid. Learned too many lessons. And yet, from what I felt of that magic inside ya, it feels better than the world we have now. A peaceful world. Or at least, much more peaceful than this one. I can't deny I'd rather the world be that than this, given the choice. But what if you can never fix it? What if you're stuck here?"

I paused as I contemplated it. "Then I would do my best the make this world better."

"You would accept this place as it is?" Sans asked quietly.

"I would."

"You would accept us as we are?"

"I would."

"You would accept me as I am?" Sans had crept closer than I expected when I wasn't watching, and suddenly his hand was under my jaw, tilting my head back and forcing me to look at him as he loomed over me.

I paused, not sure how to answer, my heart aching as I thought over the possibilities.

"You know I ain't the man ya knew."

"I know," I responded quietly.

"And yet ya wanted me. Your soul let mine in all too easily. Ya protected me, even when it almost cost ya your life. Ya loved him. The old me."

I paused, and he waited for my response. "I did."

"Ya can't deny that ya feel somethin' for me too," Sans made the statement with confidence, and yet I could sense the question in it.
"I can't deny that." I was done lying. There was no point. He'd see right through me. He'd already seen right through me.

"I'll help ya get your world back. And I can keep ya from gettin' too lonely in the meantime. And if we can't fix it, then I'll keep ya company then too." Sans said it with all sincerity.

I could feel his longing as well as my own. And yet I felt how reserved his was, as though he were holding himself back from feeling too much. I didn't want to push. And I knew I wanted this too. My soul had wanted it from the very start. Had wanted him. Even if he wasn't my Sans, I'd grown fond of him in ways I hadn't expected. That's why I'd been so angry when he'd forced the truth out of me. I hadn't expected him to resort to such tactics to get what he wanted. It hurt to think that he might actually hurt me. Betray me. But I know now what it must have felt like from his perspective. He was so desperate and alone. I had no doubt that he would have stopped himself if I had truly wanted him to stop. But my soul had practically begged him to continue, had given away everything I'd tried to hide. I never learned to hide the things deep in my soul like he had. I'd never needed to know how, not like he had. I knew now why he'd avoided me afterwards. He'd felt betrayed, that I'd loved him, let him into my soul, even if it was another him, and then lied and left him alone. He'd felt betrayed. Betrayed and guilty. He hadn't been able to face it, like I hadn't been able to.

"You want the truth from now on, so I'll give it to you. I love you, Sans. Any version of you. I couldn't stop myself from loving you if I wanted to. I know what this world is, and I know what it's made you. I saw the LV in your soul. Felt it inside me. And I accept it. It's broken my heart to discover this place, to discover what it did to the people I love. I'm sick and tired of always being paranoid and mistrustful. Of being distrusted. I'm tired of being alone." I couldn't stop the tears that were forming in my eyes, distorting my vision. Sans wiped them away before they could leave tracks down my cheeks.

Suddenly it was as though every emotion I hadn't truly allowed myself to feel bombarded me at once. All my anger and grief at this new world. All my isolation and loneliness. All the love that I missed.

Sans knelt on the carpet in front of me, coming closer to my eye level as his large hands gently framed my face. "Ya don't have to be alone anymore." He watched me with a gentle patience as I got myself back under control. "I'm sorry for what I did to ya. For everythin' I've done to ya."

"I know," I said gently. I'd felt all I'd needed to in his soul. I knew even the truths he hadn't wanted me to see. He was just as desperate and lonely as I was. He'd sought out the truth in the only way he knew how. Straight from the soul. And once he had his answer in hand, he hadn't been able to hold himself back from actually feeling something.

"Can I kiss ya?" Sans asked.

"I'm surprised you're asking now," I teased lightly.

"Well, if your answer is a yes, I won't need to ask again. I'm tryin' to be courteous. Unless you'd prefer my other methods?" he asked with an alluring tone. I couldn't help how my body naturally responded to the rough growl of his tone.

"I suppose I don't mind them." I left it at that.

A mischievous smile spread across his lips, and his sharp teeth glinted in the light as he leaned in close. He paused as though for dramatic effect just a hairs width from my lips, lingering, relishing the moment. He stroked my lips softly with his own, his breath tickling me, before finally leaning
The kiss was passionate and deep, and filled with more fire than I expected. It was rough, rough enough that I worried for a moment that it might leave my lips bruised. But I didn't care. It just felt too good. His lips molded to mine as if they belonged there, moved with mine as though they had a thousand times before. Kissing him was just as amazing as it always was and I felt the tiny thrill in my soul to be feeling it again. I felt tears burning my eyes as I, for the first time in a long time, felt something truly good. Just as I was wanting more, Sans tenderly opened my lips, tracing my bottom lip with his tongue before slipping it inside and caressing mine. He tasted different than my old Sans. It was hard to describe as there wasn't exactly a strong taste. His tongue was warmer, for one, almost as hot as Grillby's hands. Kissing my old Sans had been sweet, innocently sweet. Like candy and sunshine. Kissing this Sans had a lot more fire and spice to it.

Sans kissed me long enough to leave me breathless. He'd pull back just long enough to let me catch my breath before continuing. His hands explored my body as he kissed me, caressing me everywhere. Up and down my legs and thighs, my hips and waist, my ribs and back, my breasts and shoulders, down my arms to fingertips, lightly tracing my hands with his own. His fingers trailed up, tracing the shape of my collar bones and up my neck, tracing the veins, feeling my pulse beneath his fingertips. He lightly caressed my jaw and wound his hands through my hair, running his fingers through the soft strands, letting them curl around his fingers. The gentleness of his hands didn't match the fire of his kiss, but somehow it fit perfectly to set me on fire.

Sans caught me off guard as he pulled back from our kiss, trapping my lower lip gently between his teeth and pulling on it as he roughly grabbed a fistful of hair. A tiny gasp of surprise escaped me, the breath tickling his lips. He released mine and a seductive smile pulled his lips up as he leaned back, holding my hair with one hand as his other trailed back down my neck.

"I just love the sounds ya make, kitten. All those lovely little gasps and moans. I love how I can just make ya purr for me."

I blushed, attempting to look away but his hand through my hair kept my gaze locked onto his. He wouldn't let me look away.

"And don't even try to be bashful. We both know you're not that innocent. Ya want me bad, I can feel it. I bet you're just aching inside thinkin' about me. Gettin' warmer and wetter. Needin' to feel me fill ya up. To satisfy that ache in ya." He let out a deep, pleased chuckle that resounded in my chest as he saw my cheeks flushing and breath speeding up, hearing my heart hammering in nervous anticipation of exactly what he was saying. I couldn't tear my eyes from him, he wouldn't let me. He kept me trapped in his gaze, like I was entranced, a poor little kitten facing a dangerous lion, completely in his control.

Sans released my hair a bit, tugging on the long strands as he stepped back. “Stand up, kitten.” The authority in his voice compelled me to comply. I did as he asked and felt his magic rush across my skin in a wave, startling me. I heard the tearing sound and my clothes fell to the floor in tatters, leaving me completely bare.

“Sans!” I protested. He only smiled mischievously, reaching out to caress my bare skin, his eyes traveling over my naked form. He reached up, fingers lightly brushing against the scars on my shoulder. I blushed, tempted to try and hide myself. Lust smoldered in his eyes as they traveled me, and my own body responded in kind.

“Bed.” Sans growled the word and I sat, scooting back onto my mattress. Sans prowled after me with an animalistic smile, his burning eyes locked onto mine. One hand reached out and gripped my ankle, pulling me back across the mattress towards him, as I had moved too far for his liking.
Butterflies fluttered in my tummy, my rapid heartbeat filling my ears. My legs had parted a bit as he’d pulled me, and he pushed himself between them before I could close them again.

“Where ya think you’re goin’? Ya can’t run or hide from me, kitten.” Sans growled, lewd, teasing smile spreading as he looked into my eyes.

The hand around my ankle slowly began sliding upward, with a teasing feather-light touch, sending goosebumps blossoming across my skin. His hand kneaded my thigh, sliding up and gripping my bottom.

He leaned forward, capturing my lips in another fiery kiss. His tongue twined with mine, stealing my breath. His hands exploring my skin stoked the fire inside me, and I felt as though it would soon rage out of my control and consume me.

His kisses trailed across my jaw and down my neck, his dangerously sharp teeth nipping at my delicate skin, sending a thrill through me. His tongue slid across my collar bone, down my chest between my breasts and down the curve of my stomach before he pulled back, eyes blazing.

The hand not currently squeezing my bottom slid up the inside of my other thigh, squeezing as he slid upward, his eyes appraising me, teasing smile pulling upward as he watched my anticipation of his touch.

His fingers slid up between my lips, spreading them and appraising me. Seems he had the same habit my other Sans had of simply taking me in, as though trying to commit the image of my naked form to memory.

“Tell me what ya want,” Sans purred, fingers sliding teasingly up and down.

“You.” Breathless, the word barely escaped me as a whisper.

“Ya gonna have to do better than that. C’mon kitten, tell me exactly what ya want.” Sans was taking full control of the situation, and the teasing touch was hard to resist, pushing through even my bashfulness.

“I want to feel you inside me,” I implored quietly, trying to resist rocking my hips for emphasis.

Sans did as I requested, sliding his fingers between my slick folds, stroking me. “That can’t be all ya want.” Sans’ fingers did as I said, curling and stroking that sensitive spot. “I can do that,” he growled. A gasp escaped me, a moan pulled from my throat and filled the quiet. My head fell back against the sheets, my eyes fluttering shut. Pleasure bloomed across my stomach, goosebumps flooded across my skin and my hips raised, pressing into his touch, following the rhythm he lead me through, already intimately familiar with my body’s movements.

I could feel the heat ignite in my chest, my magic slowly building inside me with a familiar warmth, pulled to the surface as I lost control of myself. My magic slipped out and sparked across my skin in tingling trails, highlighting the pleasure through my body.

A rumble began in Sans’ chest as he felt it brush against his bones, bringing my trail of pleasure to him.

He leaned forward, tongue sliding across my breasts, slipping over a hardened nipple, sending
sparks of pleasurable magic across my chest, which mingled with my own, enhancing it.

His fingers lead my body through a dance, expertly leading me. I could tell by the way the pleasure slowly built that he was deliberately taking his time, leading me to the edge as slowly as possible, letting it build as much as possible. He would build me up right before the edge and then slowly lead me away, letting those pleasurable pulses wash over me until they were almost too much before easing them away. Every time they got closer they got stronger, sending waves of lasting pleasure through me. I lost track of time as he kept me hovering in that space of pleasure before the orgasm.

Sans could only hold me there for so long, however. Eventually, those pulses of pleasure began to take control, my body becoming increasingly sensitive as my hips pressed more insistently into his touch, seeking the increasing high of pleasure he was leading me through. He managed to pull me back, holding me right on the edge.

“Do ya want me to let ya cum?” Sans asked teasingly in my ear, breath stirring my hair.

“Yes,” I gasped, attempting to find my voice through my moans.

“Then you can do better than that.” My eyes fluttered open, meeting the smoldering coals of his.

“Sans,” I began to say in protest. His fingers interrupted me, sending pleasure pulsing through me as my body tipped back towards the edge.

“Yes?” He asked with amusement as he pulled me back.

I swallowed my complaints, unable to resist the command in his eyes as his fingers kept me on a string of pleasure that only he could pull.

“Yes, let me cum,” I moaned.

His fingers pulled the pleasure back but he hesitated, raising a brow as though asking for more. He’s not going to make me beg.

But that seemed like exactly what he wanted, and my body wouldn’t allow me to resist him.

“Sans please. Please let me cum, please.” I begged, the words barely escaping me as his fingers moved with me at the behest of my words.

He complied, finally leading me toward that edge and my body pressed so close to feel it. "Then cum for me, kitten," he purred, his rumbling voice and fingers unraveling me. My hips raised, the muscles in my legs and stomach straining as my whole body tightened at feeling those pleasurable pulses rocking through me, my insides fluttering as I neared that precipice. My magic began to reach beyond my skin, sparking in the air and wrapping us both in a cloud of pleasure. My whole body tensed, my fluttering walls tightening around his fingers like a vice as the pleasure reached its peak and broke over me like a tidal wave. I felt the fluttering release through every muscle, the whole world falling away in the pleasure. My magic burst out and I could feel his magic twisting with it, contributing to every pleasurable pulse that pushed through me.

My muscles twitched as I relaxed into the mattress, the high slowly fading as warmth spread through my muscles, my magic lingering in me as I lay in a haze of pleasure. I opened my eyes, meeting Sans' smoldering gaze as he leaned over me. Sans' fingers continued to gently massage inside me, keeping the fire inside my belly burning. The ache in my muscles from the strain was dissipating and my body was heating again, impatient for more. I felt insatiable at that moment.
"Sans," I implored, biting my lip as I pressed my hips towards his fingers, trying to get that friction again.

"Yeah, sweetheart?" he asked with a knowing, teasing smile, reaching up with his free hand to stroke my bottom lip with his index finger. I flicked my tongue out, stroking the smooth bone, gently biting down. I saw his eyes brighten as they watched me, hungrily taking in my wanton look.

"I need more," I whispered, pressing my hips up into his touch.

"Then you gotta guide me, kitten. Tell me everythin' ya want. Every step of the way," Sans purred gently, that dominant look in his eye, all too pleased to have me under his control. I bit my lip impatiently and reached down, wrapping my fingers around his wrist, guiding his hand inside me to get what I wanted. He smiled that devilish smile and let me lead him, likely enjoying seeing me use him to pleasure myself. That warmth in my belly spread into a raging fire again and the rhythm of my hips picked up. I reached down with my free hand, sliding my fingers between my lips and began rubbing circles around my engorged clit, trying to push myself towards that edge as quickly as possible. Sans chuckled and pushed my fingers out of the way, replacing them with his own. Both hands were busy with their ministrations and he leaned close as he watched me writhe beneath him.

"Is that what ya like, kitten?"

"Yes," the word escaped as little more than a moan.

"Ya want me to make it even better?" Sans asked with that alluring tone of his.

"Yes," I moaned again, my voice barely under my control.

"Yes what?"

I let out a groan of impatience as that pleasure hovered on the edge and wouldn't push over. "Yes, Sans. Please make me feel good."

Sans chuckled. "If ya insist." Magic sparked from his fingertips, tracing every sensitive muscle inside me, tracing paths of pleasure I didn't usually feel, highlighting them all at the same time. The world fell away as the bliss of pleasure carried me away. I couldn't think past the cloud in my mind. My soul felt like it was soaring, above the reality I was in. It didn't take long for the orgasm to take me, even more powerful than the last, rocking through my whole body with force and leaving my muscles a trembling mess as the high faded. Sans' fingers continued to slowly massage inside me as he peppered fiery kisses across my skin and down my abdomen. He removed his fingers as he settled himself between my legs instead, lifting them over his shoulders as he positioned himself. He had a hungry look in his eyes as he gazed down at me, taking me in. I felt his chest rise as he took a deep breath.

"Everythin' about ya is enticin'. The way ya look, the way ya smell, your voice when ya beggin' for me," he deep chuckle escaped him as he saw me flush, my legs shifting. "I wanna hear more." It was less of a statement and more a command, the deep allure in his voice and the burning look in his eyes leaving me unable to deny him anything. He opened his jaw and slid his tongue out, hungrily licking his teeth as he waited for me to speak.

"I need more, Sans. I need to feel you. Please let me feel you." I pushed away my reluctance and instead tried to make my voice just as enticing as his, wriggling my hips for emphasis as I gave him what I hoped was a seductive look, gently biting my lip.
"I suppose I can oblige," Sans gave me an animalistic grin before dipping his head down and sliding that hot tongue between my folds. My insides pulsed at the simple contact, wanting more. He teasingly slid his tongue between my folds for a few moments before sliding up and pressing against the sensitive side of my clit, rubbing until that especially good spot popped up and he trapped it under his tongue, massaging it with the just the right pressure and rhythm to start that fire in my belly again. Pleasure twisted up my stomach and heat pooled inside me, increasing with every press of his tongue. His hands gripped my ass as my hips raised, pressing into him with furthering insistence. He led me right to that edge and sent me crashing over in wave after wave of pleasure. Before the high could fade completely he sent his magic sparking through me and, sensitive as I was, sent me into another orgasm. Before my walls could even stop clenching, he moved his tongue lower, slowly pushing inside me as it conformed to the shape of me. The feeling of his tongue pressing against my g-spot and the sweet spot deep inside me forced yet another orgasm out of me before the last one had even ended. This one was so powerful it made me scream, my legs constricting around him, my muscles clenching almost painfully. I let out a helpless moan as the pulsing subsided. Sans chuckled and the vibrations through his tongue made me throb inside and I whimpered.

He eased up, gently moving his tongue inside me so as not to rub too much against my overly sensitive spots, instead letting me feel the gentle after-pleasure. His hands kneaded my sweaty skin, pressing into my muscles, massaging out the tightness in them as he eased me into relaxation. After some time, he slowly began rubbing against my sensitive spots again, gently at first as he felt if I was ready or not, letting the fire inside me slowly build. He led me through orgasm after orgasm. After some point I figured out he was waiting for me to tell him to stop.

"Sans," I moaned breathily, barely able to get the words out. My voice was beginning to sound hoarse from all my moaning.

He slid his tongue out, pausing from the gentle massage he'd been giving me as he met my eyes with that smoldering gaze. "Yes, sweetheart?" I rolled my head back against the pillows as I tried to find my voice, the haze of pleasure hard to think through.

"Have you had enough yet?" he asked with that teasing tone, and as he looked at me I could see that he knew the answer to that already. I wasn't, not yet. I felt as if I should have been. I'd never had this many orgasms back to back, and my body was exhausted, but I could feel that fire still burning inside me, my aching walls wanting to feel more of him. I gently shook my head in answer to his question, gently biting my lip with an imploring look, hoping that would be enough. He chuckled, easing my legs off his shoulders as he leaned over me. "What do ya want then, kitten?" I could see the outline of his bulge through his pants, my pussy clenching just at the thought of feeling him inside me. He smiled smugly as he saw me gazing at him, seeing the desire in my eyes. I could see he wouldn't relent, and I would have to answer him.

"I want to feel you inside me. Please, Sans. I need to feel you. I need to feel more." My words were quiet, but that didn't seem to matter. Sans smiled a pleased smile as he leaned in, kissing me passionately. He pulled back once I was breathless, fire in his eyes. I saw red in my periphery and my eyes flashed down to see that he'd freed himself from his pants and was slowly stroking up and down his length. He leaned back to take all of me in as he pulled my legs around his hips and pressed his tip between my lips. He was even warmer than I was, and my walls clenched in anticipation as he rubbed himself between my lips.

"Is this what ya want, kitten?" Sans asked seductively.

"Yes," I answered, wiggling my hips. I pressed my hips into him and he almost slipped inside me. He pulled back with a growl, and when I blinked his face was suddenly right in front of mine, hand
wrapped around my neck. He wasn't too rough, but he wasn't gentle either. His fingers pressed into the hollow beneath my jaw, and I felt a pleasurable twist up my abdomen as my stomach fluttered. A small gasp escaped me. I felt almost lightheaded. I felt as much as heard the rumble in his chest, as if in warning.

"Don't get carried away, kitten. I'm the one in charge right now, no cheatin' allowed. If ya want somethin' ya gotta beg for it first."

I swallowed and then complied. "I need to feel you Sans, please. I need to feel you fill me up and make that ache go away. I need to feel you hit all those good spots inside me that I can't reach. I want you to fuck me hard and fast. Don't hold back."

"Are ya sure ya know what your askin' for?" Sans asked with a dangerous growl to his tone.

"Yes," I answered breathlessly, arching into him.

He smiled a dangerous, pleased smile as he leaned back, his fingers tightened a fraction on my neck as he looked down at me spread beneath him. "Well, if you insist." I shivered as his voice washed over my skin, his hips pressing into mine with a sudden thrust. He slipped between my folds, burying himself, not wasting any time as he thrust into me with rough pushes. My thighs wrapped around his hips, lifting my own hips to give him better access to go deeper. He angled his hips just right to hit that sweet spot way back in me and I cried out in pleasure as he hit it over and over roughly, sending relentless pleasure rocking through my body. The bed shook beneath us at the force of our moving bodies.

Sans' name escaped me amid a stream of curses as I clutched the sheets beneath me tightly as my hips rocked back into his. The haze of pleasure wrapped around us both and the world fell away. Our magic twisted together, sparking in the air around us. I began to reach that peak quickly and Sans sped up, pushing me towards that edge. I tumbled over, screaming his name as my body arched off the bed. Sans slowed, drawing out the orgasm. The pleasurable pulses slowed and my tensed muscles relaxed as my body gently moved with Sans', enjoying the gentle rhythm of pleasure. Sans slowed as he repositioned me onto my side, lifting one of my legs over his shoulder and pressing my other into the mattress as he leaned back on his heels so he could look down at me spread wide beneath him. Slowly he began to speed up again, magic curling around my body as he coaxed my body back into the rhythm. One hand traveled up and down my leg while the other reached down to knead my breast.

I collapsed into the pillows, just letting the waves of pleasure take me over. I reached up, gripping the pillows above my head. Sans grinned and reached down, pulling my other leg over his shoulder, my hips clear off the bed. He leaned over me, wrapping his hands around my wrists as he pinned them into the bed, speeding up his pace until he was relentlessly pounding into me. There was the slightest feeling of pain mixed with the pleasure, and I was surprised at how much I enjoyed it. I lifted my hips further as I wrapped my legs around him, my calves pressing into the sides of his skull. He hands released my wrists, his magic remaining firmly over them. One hand wrapped around my thigh and the other wrapped around my neck, gently squeezing. My stomach fluttered and my walls clenched around him. My muscles tightened as I neared the edge once more, my inner walls clenching as I came. Sans growled, gritting his teeth as he tried to maintain control of himself.

He let out a animalistic growl as he flipped me over before my last orgasm had even ended. He raised my hips, my face pressing into the pillows as he pounded into me from behind, another orgasm quickly following the last. I screamed, the pillows muffling me as I gripped the pillows so tightly I wondered at how the fabric hadn't ripped. He slowed just enough to allow my muscles to
relax as he reached down wrapping his fingers through my hair as me pulled me back onto all fours. He leaned forward, wrapping his other hand around my neck as he leaned close, his tongue sliding across my sweat slicked skin. His sharp teeth pressed dangerously into the thin skin in the hollow of my shoulder. They pressed lightly, not enough to break the skin, but just enough to send a little pulse of pain twisting with the pleasure. His hands around my neck made me just the bit light headed and the pull on my hair was just a bit painful. The signals of pain twisted with the pleasure as he began to pound into me again. His magic twisted through my muscles, soothing them as they clenched around him again in an even more powerful orgasm. I heard Sans swear as he thrust into me roughly, spilling his seed inside me with a growl. His hands tightened their grip, his magic pulsing through me as I felt the echoes of his pleasure, felt his soul as it opened up to mine. Another orgasm immediately followed the last, my magic twisting with his. The pleasure lingered between us and we drifted in a heavenly moment of pure bliss for several long moments before it finally faded.

"Sans," I gasped as the pulses finally faded, my voice hoarse from moaning.

"Yes kitten?" Sans growled with a lilting, dominating tone as he slowly moved inside me, hand tightening around my throat. Just the sound of his growling, deep baritone was enough to make warmth pool inside me as pleasure twisted up my stomach.

"Sans... I can't..." I moaned quietly as he gently hit that spot inside me that was beginning to ache.

"Aww, kitten, I thought ya could handle more than that," Sans teased, slightly out of breath himself. "Do ya need me to slow down?"

I nodded weakly, letting out a whimper as he gently eased my body down into the sheets beneath him. He didn't pull out though, just continued to very gently move inside me. He released my hair, trailing his hand up and down my skin instead. His fingers traced the lines of the scars on my skin, tingling magic tracing the shape of them. He peppered kisses up and down my neck and shoulder, occasionally nipping it with his teeth and trailing his tongue along the curve of my neck. He was gentle with me, but he didn't allow the pleasure to dissipate as he moved his body gently with mine.

Hours passed, the night lost in a haze of pleasure like I'd never experienced. Over and over, Sans gently led my body to that edge and over, occasionally joining me in my orgasms. His magic wound into my body keeping my muscles from tiring out too much.

Only when my body had reached its absolute limit and I was begging Sans to let me rest did he relent, easing out of me, hands and magic rubbing any tightness out of my exhausted muscles. I was lulled into a gentle, warm sleep with the feel of Sans' hands and lips still exploring my skin.

Chapter End Notes

Ya know it really sucks how I'll re-read my own stuff a thousand times and still miss typos, but I'll read a random book once and find errors. My brain just skips over them when it's something I've written.

Also, it makes me kind of sad to see how much this fandom has seemed to die down. I don't really see new Undertale fanart/fanfics circulating around anymore. Looking at art and reading others people's fanfics always gave me so much motivation to write my
own stuff.
Which also reminds me how grateful I am that there are still people loyally reading
this story despite how damn long it has taken me to write. It makes me glad to know
I'm not the only person who will forever be obsessed with this fictional world and my
love of the skelly.
I awoke to the light, tickling sensation across the skin of my back. The heavy weight of sleep didn't want to let me go, and I struggled to pull myself out and open my eyes. I reached up, trying to rub some of the sleepiness out of them as I turned to face my bed mate.

"Mornin'," Sans greeted quietly, his voice raspier than usual. He had an intense look on his face as he eyed my skin, fingers tracing my scars.

"Morning," I replied, my voice especially hoarse. I cleared my throat, watching him closely, trying to figure out the emotion on his face. "Is something wrong?"

"Nah, not really," he responded quietly, but I could see he wasn't being entirely honest.

"Something's bothering you." I rolled onto my side, propped myself up on my arm. My hair tickled my skin as it shifted. Sans settled his hand on my hip and I could see the conflict on his face.

"Whatever you have to say, say it," I said, echoing his words from last night.

"You have a knack for forgiving people who don't deserve it, ya know that," Sans said quietly, and I could swear I heard anger simmering in his voice.

"What?" I shook my head. "Why are you saying this all of a sudden?"

"The other me killed ya countless times and ya still fell in love with him."

"He was killing Chara after she killed everyone, it wasn't exactly unwarranted," I interrupted. But he just kept on going.

"Ya forgave that weed for everythin' he did, ya let him into your family after he tried to kill ya," Sans continued, voice becoming increasingly angry.

"He was basically my brother, I couldn't just kill him," I responded, defensive.

"And why not?" he asked, smoldering eyes meeting mine as though challenging me.

"That's what you would have done, right?" I asked snidely.

"Of course. Ya do what ya have to to protect yourself."

"Well, don't be offended if I don't follow your advice. Especially when it comes to issues of morality," I said angrily.

"Ya forgave me, after I killed ya, after I tortured ya, after I..." Sans grit his teeth, his fingers digging into the skin on my side.

"After you raped me, right?" I finished. "I'd figure you would be glad for that, all things considered." Sans didn't respond, he simply gritted his teeth. "Let me guess, you're regretting last night. You're having second thoughts because now you feel guilty."

Sans huffed, looking away from me. "You should hate me after everything I've done."
"Well, I'm sorry to break it to you, but I don't. In case you forgot, I got a glimpse of your soul too. You can't lie to me any more than I could to you. You care, I know you do."

"Yes, I wanted ya," Sans seethed. "But-"

"But nothing," I interrupted, sitting up and looking down at him. "I won't let you lie to me. I'm not going to force you to say anything you don't want to, but you will not lie to me. You owe me better than that. Yes, you could have done a bit of a better job wooing me, but you will not let me in and give me something to hope for and then walk out of here because you feel bad, or you feel like you don't deserve me. I will not allow that. You will respect me and do right by me, especially after everything, or I will not hesitate to kick you out of here and give you what you want. So?"

Sans sighed, meeting my eyes. "I won't do anythin' else to hurt ya. And the gods know I'm too damn selfish to let go of the only good thing I've ever gotten my hands on."

I relaxed my defensive posture a little. "Good," I said with a curt nod. "And yes, I'm probably a little too forgiving, but I'm empathetic and I understand people. I like to think that it's a good thing."

"Here it isn't."

"No, it probably isn't, but it's how I am. I choose to see the best in people. And I won't let this place change me."

"That kinda belief will get ya hurt, especially here."

"I'm optimistic, not blind. Besides, you just said you wouldn't hurt me," I pointed out. "I'm not foolish enough to trust someone who would stab me in the back."

"Are ya sayin' ya trust me completely?" Sans asked, raising a brow bone.

I hesitated and he laughed. "Don't answer that, just the fact that ya hesitated is enough to show ya learnin' a thing or two from bein' here."

I sighed. I turned, eyeing the open door to the bathroom. "I could really use a bath right now."

"Changin' the subject?" Sans teased. I opened my mouth and he cut me off. "Don't worry, I'm done arguin'. I'll get the bath started, you stay here." I was about to protest when he winked and vanished.

I heaved another sigh and plopped back down on the bed. I heard the bath turn on and watched as steam slowly started to drift out of the bathroom.

"Ready," Sans announces from the bathroom doorway.

I groaned and flipped over, letting one of my arms poke free of the heavy blanket as I tried to will my tired muscles to push me up off the bed.

"Need some help, sweetheart?" Sans asked teasingly.

"Nope," I said with protest, pulling my legs to the side of the mattress and sitting up, tossing the blanket aside. I stood on shaky legs, grabbing the side of the mattress to steady myself as my legs trembled, attempting to hold my weight.

"Ya sure ya don't need help?" Sans asked with a smug smile.
“I am fine,” I insisted as I stood straight, summoning all my strength into my weary muscles as I took small, shaky steps towards the bathroom.

Sans leaned against the doorway with an amused smile as he watched me struggle towards him.

I shot him a small warning glance as I stumbled past. He turned, smacking my rear. I squeaked and turned to glare as I attempted to hold my balance. He simply smiled smugly back with his arms crossed.

He leaned forward, sweeping me up into his arms. I let out another alarmed squeak as I grabbed hold of him. He walked over to the massive jacuzzi bathtub and stepped inside, sitting with me in his arms. The hot water surrounded my weary limbs, the heat seeping into my muscles and easing away the tension.

I let out a relieved moan as I relaxed into him. He chuckled, shifting me so my back was against him and I could spread out my limbs. He began rubbing his hands into my muscles, rubbing away the lingering aches.

“Ya know it makes me quite proud to know I fucked ya so hard ya couldn’t walk the next day,” Sans teased with a rumbling chuckle that resonated through my own chest.

“I could walk, thank you very much,” I said defensively.

“Sure ya could,” he chuckled.

"I haven't been this sore in a long time. Not since I first started my training with Undyne. I was sore for months. I didn't miss it.”

"I imagine not. But gettin' that sore sure was worth it," Sans purred.

"Easy for you to say, you don't have muscles to get sore. But yes, I suppose it was," I agreed.

"Oh, only suppose huh?"

Sans ran his hands up the insides of my thighs, tickling the sensitive skin between my legs in a gentle caress. I felt the gentle warmth in my belly and sucked in a small breath. "Okay, it was definitely worth it," I said huskily.

Sans chuckled as he ran his fingers up between my throbbing lips. "Ya really are insatiable aren't ya?" he teased. "But you should probably rest today. I pushed ya a little far last night. Wouldn't want to over-do it. Magic can only push ya past your limits so far."

He moved his hands, sliding them up my hips to gently caress my breasts. I let my legs close and I stretched them out.

"That's probably for the best," I agreed. The ache in between my legs had increased, making me more aware of just how sore I was down there. I needed to rest.

The rest of the day passed in relaxation. I made breakfast and we relaxed as I introduced Sans to some of my favorite games and shows. As the night neared and drowsiness began to make my eyes droop, I lifted myself from the couch in the main room to go to bed. I looked back when I noticed Sans wasn't following me.

"Well, are you coming or what?" I asked with an outstretched hand.
Sans eyed it for a moment. "Ya want me to join ya?"

"Of course," I replied, grabbing one of his hands in mine. "My body may be tired, but that doesn't mean you can't join me. Even if we aren't having sex, you can still sleep in my bed."

Sans looked at our hands contemplatively for a moment before he stood and picked me up, carrying me to my room. We crawled under the covers together and as we drifted off a thought occurred to me. This house could seemingly make anything appear, and as I drifted off, I pictured one thing this house might be able to give me.

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At first I drifted lazily awake, unsure why I wanted to get up as sleep tried to drag me back under. But then I remembered and sleep slipped away from me as I gingerly sat up so as not to wake Sans. My eyes drifted around the room, hope blooming in my chest. And there it sat, right on my bedside table.

My old phone, the one from my world, sat on the table. I reached over and picked it up, dreading that it might not work or that it couldn't be real. But I pushed the power button on and the familiar background of me and my Sans greeted me on the screen. My Sans had his arm around my shoulder leaning close, his cheek pressed against mine as I took the selfie, the most happy, peaceful smile on his face. A smile spread on mine, and tears sprang to my eyes as I saw him.

I carefully crawled out from under the sheets and tiptoed across the floor, slipping out of my dark room and leaving this Sans deeply slumbering under the mass of blankets, snoring lightly.

I made my way down the hall to the main room, picking up a pair of headphones as I settled myself on the couch and opened my phone up. The phone service wasn't working, and the internet wouldn't pull up, but all of my photos and videos that I'd collected over the years were still saved and I flipped through pictures and videos even as my vision grew watery.

My soul warmed, happiness blossoming in my chest as I watched my family on the screen, a video I'd recorded of a nice, peaceful day on the surface during one of our many picnics. I could feel the gentle pain in my heart at seeing my old family, and how different they were from who I knew now. My heart skipped as I came across a video I hadn't thought about in a while, one that I'd watched over and over when I'd first found it on my phone. Sans had stolen my phone and begun recording when I'd left the room, leaving me a sweet, loving message. I closed my eyes as I listened to his voice, how happy and light it sounded as he told me how much he adored and loved me. I opened my eyes as I entered the room in the video, catching him in the act and trying to get it back. He pulled me in for a kiss to cut off my complaints, recording us. The video ended there, on the still image of our kiss and I had to blink away the tears so I could see it. They made tracks down my cheeks, following the many others I'd shed this morning. I continued to flip through the memories on my phone, oblivious to the world around me or how much time was passing.

"Frisk," I heard the worried voice of this Sans cut through one of my videos and my eyes rose to meet his. He teleported in front of me between one blink and the next and I hit the power button as I removed the headphones, letting them rest in my lap.

"What's wrong?" Sans asked, clearly worried as he knelt in front of me, fingers brushing away my tears. He had an uncharacteristic gentle, worried expression on his face and his voice was so gentle it almost sounded like my old Sans, causing new tears to form in my eyes. My heart ached.

"Nothing," I hastily said, even while I knew that answer wouldn't suffice.
"It ain't nothin', you're sittin' alone in here, cryin' on the couch. What happened?"

I tried to think of a good excuse, but decided it was unnecessary. "I wanted something, and the house delivered," I said as I raised my phone.

"A phone?" he asked, clearly confused.

"My phone. From my world," I explained. "With everything still saved on it."

"Oh," he said as understanding dawned on his face.

I nodded. "I wasn't sure if it was possible. It doesn't fully work, but it has all my old pictures and videos..." the words trailed off as Sans sat back, averting his gaze with a conflicted look on his face. "I just wanted to see them again," I finished quietly. I squeezed the phone tight between my fingers as I watched him.

"I didn't know the house was capable of it either," Sans said quietly. He raised his eyes back to mine. "I'm glad it could give ya somethin'."

I nodded, not sure what response I had expected from him.

"Do ya mind if I see?" he asked quietly.

I hesitated. "Sure." I unplugged the headphones and held the phone out to him. He sat down beside me and took it in his hand, simply holding it and staring at the blank screen for a few moments.

"Is it weird that I'm scared to see this other world?" he asked so quietly I wasn't sure I'd heard him correctly. Before I could answer he shook his head and hit the power button, looking somewhat shocked at the picture on the front screen. He stared at it until an uncomfortably long silence had stretched out.

"Heh, I can definitely see how different it is already," he commented quietly, softly stroking the side of the screen with my face on it, tracing the shape of my jaw in the picture. "Ya look good with short brown hair."

"Thanks," I responded, leaning a bit more into him as I looked down at the picture too.

"Although, I think I prefer ya with this hair," he commented. "It suits ya, with how much fire ya got in ya." I wasn't sure how to respond. "And I have gotta say, I'm much more handsome than this guy."

The unexpected comment drew a small laugh out of me and Sans looked down at me with a soft, for him, smile. "And I could probably take 'em in a fight too," he continued as he contemplated the picture. I giggled, leaning into his arm.

"Mhmm," I said quietly.

"What, you don't think so?" Sans asked, feigning offense. "C'mon, ya fought us both, who was stronger?"

I laughed at the absurdity of his questioning. "I couldn't say, I couldn't beat either of you."

He grunted. "True. But I could take him, for sure," he said assuredly with an amused smile.

I reached over, opening the phone. He flipped through the photo gallery, taking in my many snapshots of my family, some they were posing for, many others were candid shots, and many, many of
them were selfies with me and each and all of them. I had been one of those people who liked to take too many pictures, wanting to forever capture every happy moment with the people I loved. Sans hummed quietly as he looked at each and every one of them.

"I can see how different everyone is, how carefree. How peaceful. No one is burdened. Everyone just loves and trusts each other. You can see it in their expressions. I could never have imagined seein' the people I know with these looks on their faces. Even my little bro looks worlds different. So innocent and happy and excited about the world. They look like strangers to me."

"They were my family, and I loved them more than anything in the world," I said with a gentle fondness in my voice.

"I can see why ya want it back," Sans said quietly. He was flipping through the pictures of me and my other Sans, and I blushed as I saw a few were rather naughty pictures my Sans had snapped of me with my phone when I wasn't paying attention. I noticed the tension in Sans as he flipped through the pictures. When he was done with pictures, he began watching through the many videos with me, starting with the ones I'd begun to record on the surface. Not all of them were recorded by me, my friends had occasionally picked up my phone and recorded things for me, knowing how much I liked the memories. We flipped through a few that were clearly taken by Undyne and Metta as they recorded me and Sans interacting on our days out as a family, their mischievous giggles filling the audio as they recorded my Sans and I interacting.

I noticed the increasing tenseness in Sans and reached over, attempting to grab my phone. He wouldn't loosen his tight hold, so I kept my hand placed over his.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

He was silent for a few moments before he looked at me. "I know I shouldn't be, but I can't help but be jealous and envious of this other world, of this other me. Of how much ya all had together. I never really knew what love looked like before."

My heart ached as I heard his words. I plucked my phone from his grasp, setting it on the couch and taking one of his hands in mine as I looked at the pained, conflicted, almost angry, expression on his face.

"Do ya ever feel guilty about bein' with me?" he asked suddenly, meeting my eyes with a piercing look.

I slowly shook my head. "A little, at first but-"

"Do ya feel like you're cheatin' on him with me?" Sans clarified with an increasingly burning look.

"I did at first. I didn't want to fall for you, but I did. Because you're still you."

"But I'm not," Sans said with impatience. "This other me, this guy I see in these videos ain't me. I don't see anythin' about myself in him, not countin' the similar resemblance. There ain't nothin' of me in this guy. It's like looking at a stranger. Like a polar opposite. So... sweet and caring and kind and..." Sans trailed off with a vague look of disgust on his face.

"It's not as far from the truth as you would like it to be," I said defensively. "You are gentle and caring when you want to be. You were to me just this morning when you thought something was wrong."

"That's different-" he began to protest.
"Is it?"

"Yes! I ain't like that with anyone else. I certainly don't treat our family the way he does in those videos. Not to mention, I kinda killed ya, tortured ya and-"

"So did he," I responded.

"When pushed to the limit. After some monstrous little brat killed everyone he loved and he was left with no choice. I would've killed the brat on sight, for no better reason than I didn't like the way they looked. Or because I needed to keep their soul to myself. I killed ya-"

"Because you had to. You had your reasons, just like he did. And much as the action was wrong, the intention was well enough meaning."

"I tortured ya! Because I was bored, because I wanted to break ya. I tortured ya and killed ya when you had done no wrong, nothin' to deserve it. Because I was trying to break ya down and scare ya away. I took what I wanted from ya. Me an' this guy ain't the same person."

"No you're not," I conceded. "But you aren't as bad as you paint yourself in your head."

"I'm exactly that bad, sweetheart."

"No, you're not. You will twist your truths to confirm how fucked up you are, because you want to be seen as big and bad. But I see more than that. I see all those parts of you that you don't want to see in yourself. Because you see it as a weakness or whatever. But those sweet, gentle parts of you still exist. And I fell in love with you. Not because you're him, but because you're you."

Sans stared at me flabbergasted for a few moments, as though he couldn't believe what I was saying.

Before my brain could even catch up to the fact that he'd moved, I was caught in a very passionate kiss that stole my breath. Sans wrapped an arm around my waist, pulling me into his lap and grabbing a fistful of my hair as his fingertips dug into my skin in a passionate hold. I barely had time to breathe as he opened my lips, wrapping my tongue up in his.

He hands didn't hesitate to pull my clothes from body, tearing them a bit in his haste. His hands and lips explored my skin as he exposed it. His teeth left little indentations all across my skin, along with little purpling hickies, as though he were marking my body as his territory, his magic buzzing through me, exciting my own.

As soon as I was naked, Sans turned me around so my back was against him and my legs were straddling his own, my shins pressed against the soft couch cushions beside his legs as his thighs kept my knees spread. He spread his legs till mine were spread as wide as the couch would allow. I could feel the heat of the burning fireplace wafting against my skin. Sans' magic rippled through the air, wrapping around me and pleasingly stroking all of my sensitive spots as his fingers toyed with my quickly hardening nipple and trailed across every curve of my body. His lips and teeth trailed up and down my neck and shoulders as his hands explored everything else. They trailed up the insides of my thighs, warmth pooling between my legs as I grew wetter. His fingers delicately stroked the tendons on the insides of my thighs and my legs twitched, making him chuckle.

"You're so sensitive, sweetheart," Sans purred in my ear, causing the throbbing ache between my legs to double. It wasn't fair how easily he could turn me on. Just the sound of his voice made me melt.

Any protests I'd thought of making were cut off as he slid his fingers between my lips, his free
hand going up to squeeze my breasts and roll my nipples between his skilled fingers. The ones between my lips slid up and down enticingly, becoming slick with my wetness as he stroked my clit, sending little pulses of pleasure through me. My hips rocked into his touch insistently. He released my breast and reached down, sliding his fingers inside me and stroking my sweet spot as he rubbed my engorged clit between two fingers. Both hands managed to be perfectly in sync with my rhythm as my walls got tighter and hotter around his fingers and my breathy moans could surely be heard throughout the empty home. Our magic filled the air as I got close, my walls clenching to the rhythm of his fingers until I tipped over the edge in a wave of pleasure that pulsed through my muscles. Sans rumbled behind me, the quiet growl echoing my own cries as the high faded into a softer haze.

He removed his fingers and I felt that familiar hardness press against my backside. Sans growled as I pressed back against him, rocking my hips against his. He removed himself from his shorts and rubbed between my lips, liberally wetting himself with my juices. I glanced down and desire shot through me, twisting in my abdomen, as I saw him. He gently rocked his hips, sliding against me, rubbing against my clit until I was rocking against him impatiently. I heard his pleased chuckle as one hand went under my bottom, lifting me just enough to position himself as he thrust into me. I gasped at suddenly being filled and I heard him groan as he pressed his skull into my shoulder, the magic that was flaming from his eye leaving sizzling trails on my skin.

"Gods damn your so tight," Sans moaned breathily as his hands gripped my hips, lifting them as he slowly pumped into me, getting deeper and deeper with each push until he was buried inside me and my walls had adjusted somewhat to fit him. "I guess it's a good thing your so damn wet for me."

"I can't help it, Sans," I moaned, rocking my hips against him to increase the pace a little, reaching back with one arm to grip his skull as he pressed into me. "You just feel too good," I said with an accompanying moan as he thrust roughly back.

"You're one to talk, babe," Sans chuckled, somehow managing to laugh and growl at the same time. His teeth pressed into my shoulder as our bodies picked up in rhythm, his fingers kneading my tensing muscles as I braced my legs against the couch to move with him. He turned his head, lightly nipping my wrist as my fingers gripped his skull tightly as the pleasure rocked through me.

"And who'd have thought," Sans continued, his sexy baritone filling the quiet spaces between my moans. "You'd be so damn dirty." He chuckled and reached up, wrapping a hand around my throat and gently squeezing until I grew lightheaded, my head falling back against him. "I mean, I knew ya liked it rough. I could tell ya liked to be nice and submissive, just lettin' me dominate ya, but damn sweetheart." He chuckled. His magic wrapped around my wrists like tight little ropes and pulled my arms out to the side, he reached between my lips, stroking my clit as he thrust into me. His fingers stroked my jaw as he gripped my throat, tilting my head back. I felt just about as exposed and vulnerable as a person could, and gods damn it was such a turn on. "Ya just love lettin' me have my way with ya, don't ya, kitten?"

"Gods yes, Sans," I moaned as I gave myself over to him fully. I felt the tightness between my legs, the heat building inside me as I neared the edge again. My muscles strained as I attempted to move my body faster against him, and he picked up speed as well.

"Ya just love that I can unravel ya so completely, satisfy ya so well," Sans practically growled the words, his hot breath tickling the lobe of my ear as his voice filled me. I could only moan in agreement as I was overtaken by pleasure. "I'm the only one who can give ya what ya need, ain't I, sweetheart?"
"Yes, Sans," I managed to force the words out, though they sounded more like a moan.

"Who's are ya?"

"Yours," the word barely made it past my lips as I felt him holding me back from the edge, the pleasure almost too much to handle.

"I didn't hear ya," Sans rumbled possessively as his teeth nipped at my ear.

"Yours Sans, all yours," I said more loudly.

"That's right, kitten. All. Mine." Sans thrust into me roughly with each word, making me cry out as he rubbed into that sensitive spot just right and I felt myself slip a little more. "Cum for me, sweetheart. Just for me." His magic released me, tracing paths over my skin as I came hard, every muscle clenching as I pressed against him as much as I could. I slumped back against him, his arms cradling me as his magic released my wrists, a very pleased rumble shaking his chest. I reached back with the little strength I had in my arms, sliding my hands against his skull as I relaxed against him. The high had barely managed to fade when he started moving again, pulling soft moans from me at how sensitive I was.

"Ya should know by know I ain't done with ya yet," Sans said alluringly as his hands slid easily across my sweaty skin. He pushed my body forward and I gasped, my breasts pressed against the soft couch between our spread legs and I held myself up with my hands on the carpet. Sans untucked my knees, spreading my legs a little further as my feet pressed against the backs of the couch cushions. He tossed my hair over one shoulder so my skin was completely in view as he gazed down at me spread completely wide beneath him. "That's what I like to see," he said with a very pleased hum.

His hands traveled up my legs and grabbed fistfuls of my ass as he spread me, thrusting into me. I could feel my skin tingling where his eyes traveled over my exposed form. As open as I felt in this position, I knew I held a lot of power too.

I lifted myself a little more with arms, arching my back and defining all of my muscles as I turned my head to look seductively back at him with the sexiest look I could muster. I parted my lips just a bit as I saw his eye flare up even more, slowly sliding my tongue along the shape of them, gently biting my lower lip. "Is this how you like me, Sans?" I asked huskily.

He let out a restrained growl as his hands tightened their grip on me. "Fuuuck yesss," he hissed as I pressed against him with every arch of my back. I unabashedly let out my moans, not bothering to restrain them as I knew how much they riled him up.

He reached forward a bit, grabbing my hair in his fist as he pulled me back against him as much as he could while he thrust into me. I sped up, clenching with my inner walls as I felt us both getting close. I screamed his name as we tipped over the edge in a rush of pleasure, my fingers digging into the carpet. I felt the warmth of him spilling inside me, the magical tingling deep inside making my pulsing walls clench all that harder as the orgasm lingered. I gathered what strength I could, letting the magic buzzing through my veins lend me strength as I pushed myself back up.

"Where do ya think your goin', I ain't finished with ya yet," Sans growled warningly behind me as he grabbed my throat in hand, still in full domination mode.

"Oh, neither am I Sans, don't worry," I purred right back, wiggling my hips against him an earning a rough moan as I knew he was still sensitive too. I felt him twitch inside me and gasped a little, my eyes fluttering as I pressed into him.
I lifted myself off him and heard the disapproving, almost threatening, growl from behind me. I couldn't help the soft laugh that escaped me as I turned myself around to face him, reaching down with a hand to grab him. He smiled, pleased once again as I ran my fingers up and down his shaft, the soft ridges on the underside of his length easily giving away his most sensitive spot. I slowly pumped my hand up and down, sliding my thumb around his tip, an all too pleased smile spreading across my lips as his head leaned back and I heard the sounds emanating from his chest.

He stopped me before too long, grabbing up a fistful of hair and tilting my head back as his fiery eye settled on me with a dangerous look. "Ya look a little too pleased with yourself there, kitten. Best stop teasing me if ya know what's good for ya." I bit my lip as my walls clenched in anticipation. With one last teasing pump of my hand, I positioned myself over him, letting him thrust inside me. I gasped and moaned and I saw a pleased look on his face as he watched me.

"Now that's the kinda expression I wanna see on your face," he chuckled, pleased as I began to thrust back into him. My hands roamed upward, lightly tracing the shapes of his ribs. Sans let out a pleased growl as I wrapped my fingers around them, using them to brace myself. My head rolled back and Sans didn't hesitate to take advantage and start kissing and biting my exposed neck.

My hands trailed upward, tracing the curves of his bones on the way, as I grabbed his skull between my hands, leaning forward to kiss him. His hands traveled up and down my skin as our bodies moved together and our lips were trapped in a passionate kiss.

"Cum with me, sweetheart," Sans purred alluringly as our bodies got close. I nodded, a moan slipping from my lips as I continued kissing him, my moans filling his mouth as I pressed and pressed until we tumbled into pleasure together.

"Sans," I moaned as my walls clenched, my fingers gripping his skull as I pressed my forehead to his.

"Fuck yes, baby, scream my name," Sans growled as he sent his magic pulsing through my muscles, pulling another orgasm out right after the last and I did just that. My body slumped against him as my muscles relaxed and he wrapped his arms around me, holding me up. He moved our bodies till I was laying on the couch and he was on top of me, very gently thrusting into me as he captured me in a deep kiss.

The rest of the day was a haze of bliss.

Chapter End Notes

OH BOY three chapters in one week! I'm on a roll! Except I shouldn't say that because every time I say that I jinx myself and the roll stops. So I'm not on a roll. I'm just doing my best. Also, the roll might slow because school has started. Goodbye spring break, hello stress and homework.

Also, I so very much wish I had artistic talent. I'd love to be able to illustrate my own stories. Man that'd be dope. But then again, I'd be drawing a lot of smut and it would just turn into one more thing I gotta hide from all the people in my life who think I'm a totally normal person with totally normal fetishes. Totally normal.

Also also, I swear the plot will pick up in the next few chapters, I just had some
essential smut to get out of my system first. And I'm sorry if the tone of this chapter seemed to be all over the place. I was trying to focus on too much at once and it kinda turned into a mess but whatever.
Several more days passed rather uneventfully. Sans and I kept ourselves occupied, filling our days with training. Training me that is. We were making agonizingly slow progress, somewhat hindered in this environment. There was a training room but Sans was reluctant to let me go all out, worried that I might damage the house or that my magic would effect the house in a way we didn’t expect and ruin our cover.

I, of course, argued for a solution he wasn’t too thrilled about. Going out of the house to train instead, where the most I could damage would be trees. He was reluctant to allow this, despite my arguments.

The opportunity to change his mind presented itself when Grillby showed up to give us a report. The distinctive knock startled us at first, and Sans insisted on making sure it was safe before even allowing me into the front hallway.

Sans waved me over when he saw it was Grillby, opening the door so I could invite him in.

Grillby didn’t stay for long, simply reporting that nothing had changed and making sure we didn’t have much to report ourselves before he left again.

As he stepped outside I made a point to step outside with him, the snow freezing my bare feet as I waved him off and turned back to give Sans a smug look once Grillby had disappeared through the trees.

“See, I can step outside without being snatched up by the boogeyman.” My tone was light, to show him just how ridiculous he was being. I crossed my arms as I gave him an imploring look.

”We don’t know how safe it is out there. We shouldn’t risk it,” he insisted, looking wary, as though someone was gonna snatch me up the moment we let our guard down.

“I was fine being outside this place for weeks before that attack. Besides, how am I supposed to learn if I have to restrain myself so much? I can barely even use my magic in there. I need to learn what I’m capable of as fast as possible. You're the one who said I have to use my magic every day, as much as I can, to get stronger.”

"We wanted ya to learn to use it so ya wouldn't hurt yourself. Not so ya could run off to the front lines,” Sans said, clearly irritated.

”That's a better plan than nothing. Which is what is happening right now. You and Alphys aren’t finding answers any faster in your research notes. You haven’t found some secret weakness yet. I will not be useless. This is my fight as much as it is yours. More so, even. I have to be ready to fight it.”

"Frisk-“

"Unless you want to keep me restrained 24/7.-“

"Don’t tempt me,” Sans grumbled, clearly becoming frustrated.
“There’s not much you can do to stop me from doing what I need to to train. You can help or not, it’s up to you,” I finished.

"Do ya really think ya can handle fightin' them? Chara? Gaster? Do ya really think ya can beat them?"

"If I train, if I learn to control my magic and figure out what I'm capable of, yes I think I stand a fair chance. Especially cause I know I won’t be fighting alone."

"Ya couldn't even beat me in a fight."

I sighed in frustration. "No, I couldn't. But you are stronger than them."

"Am I? Do ya see me runnin' off to fight them all? Even I'm not that strong."

"No, but I don't plan on taking them all on at once. I'm not that stupid."

"So tell me, what exactly is your plan to get yourself killed?" Sans demanded, glaring down at me in frustration.

"I take Chara out first. Now that she's physically in this world I know that she can be killed. She proved that when she teleported me out of that fight. I just have to get to her."

"And Gaster?" Sans asked. "Keep in mind, I had to push my old man into the core when he was distracted. Not to mention, that bastard is smart. Too damn smart. If you go into the void to try to deal with him, you'll only leave yourself vulnerable. You're not gonna get enough control of your magic to fight him there. That's where he's strongest."

"That's what you and Alphys are going to figure out, how I can beat him. How we can beat him," I amended as I saw Sans grit his teeth. "Listen, this is not a fight you can leave me out of."

"And why not? You're human, you're the most vulnerable of all of us."

"Excuse me? I can hold my own against any monster in the Underground."

Sans snorted.

"Except for you," I corrected myself before he could point it out. "Not to mention, I have saves," I reminded him.

"Which ya don't fully control," Sans pointed out.

"No, but Chara hasn't tried to take control again, so it must not be easy for her."

"Doesn't mean she won't in a fight. Besides, you're the most important person down here. You're the only one who can put the world back to the way it was. You're the one who controls the resets and shit. You're not expendable."

"I am not going to let everyone go out there and fight without me."

"Even if we die, there is still a chance ya can fix it all. If ya die. . . the world is stuck like this, which if ya don't remember, is a little worse off than it was cause of Chara and my old man."

The rage simmering in his voice made me pause. But I wouldn't settle on this. I couldn't. It was my fault the world was like this in the first place. I didn't know for sure if I even could fix this world, and if the world was stuck like this and they died because of me, I wouldn't be able to. . .
I sighed, not bothering to finish that thought. "I won't let you guys fight my battles for me. Chara took your home from you, killed so many monsters. So I can't tell you guys not to fight. And you can't tell me not to fight. Chara is my demon. She is my problem."

Sans glared at me for a few moments. "Ya really won't listen to me on this will ya?"

I shook my head. "No."

"Then prove it," Sans growled, taking a few threatening steps towards me, following me out into the snow. "Prove that you can fight. Prove that you can handle yourself. If ya can beat me, then ya can beat anyone."

Sans didn't give me time to argue, yanking my soul rather roughly out of my chest and throwing an attack my way. It startled me; I wasn't expecting it as I dodged out of the way, knocking up a cloud of snow as I jumped aside. I could tell the attack had been reserved but I was still angry.

"Sans, what the hell? You know I can't beat you," I argued, backing away from him.

"If ya can't beat me than ya can't beat them," Sans yelled, stalking after me as he launched several more attacks my way.

"Chara couldn't beat you, there's no way she can beat us if we fight together!" I tried to reason with him.

"Not with Gaster on her side. I don't know what he's capable of, but I'm not takin' any chances. Ya ain't goin' anywhere near 'em."

"Sans-" My protests were cut off as he kept attacking me, each one getting more difficult to dodge than the last. I was cold and I didn't even have a weapon. This was in no way a fair fight. But I did what I could, and as I held my ground Sans got more and more determined to beat me and prove his point.

One attack managed to slip through, brushing past my soul, sending a small lance of pain through me. I could feel how weak the attack was though, despite how angry Sans looked. Even if an attack hit me head on it wouldn't do any damage, just sting a little. Sans was being very careful not to actually hurt me.

As I ducked and dodged I had to pull my magic to hand to warm myself as the cold began to slow me.

I could see Sans wouldn't relent until I proved I was strong enough to handle myself, and I certainly wasn't going to allow him to beat me and keep me from this fight. So I grit my teeth, said fuck it and actually put some effort into fighting back, determined to win.

All I needed to do was get my hands on him, somewhere vital, to prove that if I had a weapon I could handle fighting back. I could win.

I could tell how much different this fight was than our others. How much easier. He had no desire to bring me harm, no desperate anger to fuel him, other than this anger to prove me wrong, likely to keep me safe. There was no blood lust in him and it certainly made things easier.

And just as I thought I was gaining ground, slipping closer and closer, just inches away from landing a hit, he pushed me back with his magic. I managed to catch my balance in the air and land, skidding, on my feet, my backward momentum making me slide through the snow, knocking up the powdery flakes in a soft cloud.
Too late I sensed the danger at my back. I felt a tear, a rip, in reality as it opened up behind me. I felt the cold, bitter cold, colder than cold, felt the darkness as it wrapped around me. I felt the sinister intent in it as fear twisted through my soul.

I couldn’t stop my momentum and I fell back, unable to propel myself away.

I saw the cloud of snowflakes as they drifted back to the ground, as though it were happening in slow motion.

I saw the look of horror and painstaking fear and absolute desperation as Sans realized what was happening.

I felt his magic as he teleported.

He appeared, right in front of the tear as he desperately reached for me, with his hands and his magic, trying so hard to reach me, to pull me back out of the void.

I saw the absolute panic register on his face as he realized he wasn’t quick enough. The magic that had been flaring in his socket winked out. The burning coals of his eyes dimmed as I saw his lips begin to shape my name.

And then the void closed around me, the tear closing itself with Sans on the other side.

As the darkness fell suffocatingly around me, smothering the light of my soul, I registered two things.

I was physically in the void. Body and soul. Something that was certainly going to be the death of me.

And I heard the all too pleased static chuckle of the being who had me fully in his grasp.

They won.

And then the darkness enveloped me.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this is a shorter chapter
Man school is KICKING MY ASS
I will have the next chapter up shortly though, don't worry
I told you guys I'd get to the plot
Enjoy the cliffhanger
Love you BB's
Sorry not sorry
I came slowly awake, struggling to pull myself into focus. I felt sluggish. My whole body felt strangely heavy. My soul-

As I registered my soul, I forced myself out of the heavy pull of unconsciousness, noting how uncommonly heavy it was to resist as I peeled my eyes open. I suspected some kind of drugs had to be making me feel this way.

I noticed a few things at once. It didn’t look like I was in the void. I was in a startling white room, filled with strange machines and concoctions, like some insane scientist’s laboratory. Except it was immaculately clean looking. Bright lights kept the entire place well lit. A little too well lit, as the bright white glare was making my eyes hurt. I was strapped to a rather uncomfortable gurney of sorts, my hands and feet bound firmly to the bed in thick restraints, the kind I’d seen on TV on insane asylum patients. I pulled against them anyway, feeling immediately how futile the effort was.

My body was heavy and slow, my head felt like it was full of cotton, and I suspected that the IV in my arm was not meant to be helpful to me.

My soul was hovering outside of my chest, held out by thin threads of black magic that, much as I attempted to pull my soul back in, would not relent. My soul remained completely still.

I began to panic, but even that was slow and restrained, my emotions dulled.

The strange chemical smells of the room assaulted my senses, burning my nose. The air was frigid against my skin, which I was mortified to note was completely bare.

I struggled meekly, trying to fight off panicked tears, for several moments before I heard a quiet, contemplative hmmm.

I swiveled my head to see Gaster striding across the room towards me, from where I wasn’t entirely sure as there didn’t seem to be a doorway out.

He looked more put together than I recalled, wearing a pristine white lab coat over equally clean black clothes. I could barely see the void that seemed to always be twisting around him. But I could still see it in his sockets as he gazed at me with a cold, calculating look. I could feel it in the air that surrounded me that I was no longer in my world. I could feel the vast, dark emptiness beyond this small space.

“You have been exceptionally difficult to find,” he said as he stood over me, his eyes appraising my vulnerable soul. “But I suppose it gave me time to find a way to get you here. Most people don’t handle being in the void so well. Not like this. I underestimated you. Your soul is stronger than I thought. But of course, I suspected that to be the case.”

Gaster’s voice had a strange, monotonous tone, his posture was stiff and rigid, his hands held formally behind his back. It was as though he was completely devoid of emotion. He had none of the gentle, kind, fatherly qualities his other self had. He was completely cold and emotionless as he regarded me like I was a test subject, his eyes sharp and inquisitive.
"How-" the word was barely a whisper and was quickly cut off.

"I was unable to feel your presence and I knew that you could only be in one place," Gaster continued, as though I hadn't tried to speak.

I swallowed as I felt anger rise in me, my soul shined a little brighter. I could see my magic swirling deep in my soul, making it look like a fire was burning in the center of it. "What the hell did you and Chara do to my world?" I demanded, glaring up at him. He looked down at me with a surprised, but detached expression, as though he hadn't expected me to speak up, let alone with such fervor.

The corners of his lips tugged up a fraction before his mouth settled back into the hard line, his eyes shining down at me condescendingly as he let out a soft, raspy chuckle. "Your world?" Gaster asked with vague amusement and a small shake of his head. "I suppose I shouldn't be surprised you still have fire in you. But just so you don't get so carried away." Gaster waved his hand and the magic that had begun to build in me was snuffed out, receding back into the depths of my soul where I could no longer even feel it while his magical hold tightened around my soul, making me feel drained and weak and completely restrained.

"I would not have brought you here if I could not keep you contained," Gaster explained. "And as for our world. Well, we were simply returning it to its proper state." He stated this as though it were scientific fact.

"Proper state?" I seethed. Even without my magic, I managed to sound sufficiently angry, determination burning inside me. "You corrupted my family, this entire world. Turned into a cesspool of... of..."

"Of what? Hmm, child? Do you believe you know this world? Do you hold those childish fantasies of saving it?" Gaster spoke down to me as though I were nothing but a child. "Let me put those fantasies to rest. You cannot restore this world to what it was. All that you knew is gone."

"It's not," I argued. "I have seen traces of who they were still in them. I know I can fix this place, I know I can-

"And how do you propose to do it, hmm?" Gaster asked, bored.

I grit my teeth as I glared at him with hatred. I didn't have an answer and he knew it, looking down at me with an infuriatingly smug look.

"Now, if you are done with your inane arguing, it is time we get started."

I tensed at those words, but was unable to do or say anything to fight back. And the torture began.

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"She's been missin' for three days!" Sans shouted, becoming increasingly infuriated at everyone else's calm in the face of this situation.

Frisk had quite literally slipped between his fingers. He'd felt his father's sick presence as the void swallowed her. And he was pissed. Pissed at her, pissed at Gaster, and most of all pissed at himself.

He'd pushed her out there, right after he'd told her how unsafe it was. He'd insisted on proving a
point about how vulnerable she was. He'd basically delivered her right to their enemy. Because he'd been an idiot and let his guard down. And now she could be dead for all he knew.

_She ain't fuckin' dead._ He swore to himself. He absolutely refused to believe it. He knew his father better than that. Gaster wouldn't just kill her. She was too valuable. A soul with more determination than any other they'd come across and not to mention the magic. _She's too damn valuable._ He refused to even entertain any other possibility. And when the others had brought up that very concern he'd almost tore their heads off. Their concerns, however much he told himself they couldn't be true, only made him more desperate to find her.

He knew there were worse things than death. He knew she knew that too. And if Gaster had her... There was really no telling what he was putting her through to figure her out. He'd tear her apart piece by piece to learn every aspect of how she functioned. Just like he'd done with those other human children. Now his prize was even more of a scientific enigma. Gaster wouldn't hold back in his methods to learn everything about her soul.

Just the fact that he knew she was suffering and he was helpless to help her infuriated him. He'd never been helpless before. He hated how it felt. He'd never been scared to lose something so much. It terrified him. He hated be scared. So he turned that fear into murderous rage.

"We know this Sans," Grillby said quietly, calmly, snapping Sans out of his worried thoughts. "But we have been searching. If she is truly where you believe she is then the chances of finding her in a place as vast as the void..."

"It is like you said, brother. She can't be dead. If they had killed her or gotten what they wanted from her, we would already be dead. This war would have ended," Papyrus tried to reassure him, offering him words of comfort Sans had already told himself.

"Unless they're just toying with us," Undyne grumbled quietly from her spot leaning against the wall with her arms crossed. Sans shot her a glare and she looked away almost guiltily. Despite her outward attitude, her posture was defensive, her muscles tense and her hands clenching, her eyes simmering with anger. She would never admit it to anyone there, not even to herself, but she was worried. Not just about losing the war, she was worried about the stupid human who had risked herself for them and stupidly got herself caught knowing what was at stake.

"Ya can't even imagine the horrors Gaster is puttin' her through right now. We _have_ to find her," Sans said insistently.

"We know, but we cannot simply abandon the war happening out here," Grillby reasoned, continuing even as Sans shot him one of his murderous looks, as though Grillby were suggesting the war was more important than her. Grillby suspected that to Sans it wasn't. Sans' glare also didn't faze him one bit. He'd been on the receiving end of them before. But Grillby didn't miss what the look in the crazed skeleton's eyes meant. He knew how much this human must mean to him, and he sympathized with his friend. "And we cannot safely and effectively search the void like you can."

Sans let out a quiet growl of frustration. He knew that Grillby was right, but it didn't make him any less pissed off about it.

"We will continue to keep our eyes peeled for her here," Mettaton assured. "In case she reappears." Flowey, who was perched on the robot's shoulder, nodded. He looked exhausted. He'd been searching for Frisk tirelessly since he'd heard the news of her disappearance.

"Let us not waste any more time talking about it," Grillby insisted. "We must all return to our
duties. If we find her, we will contact you immediately."

Sans nodded, allowing them to leave as he teleported back to the void to continue his desperate and fruitless search for his human.

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Agony unlike anything I'd ever experienced teared through my soul, making every cell in my body ache as Gaster rooted around inside it with his tools. He seemed completely unfazed by my strangled screams as my body fought against the restraints with every ounce of willpower my exhausted muscles could muster. Adrenaline pumped through me, lending me strength I should not have still had.

Not even my mind could be a safe haven. As Gaster tore at my soul, my mind was filled with visions of every horror imaginable. Every fear I'd harbored since I was a small child would rush through my mind.

I was young and small, weak and completely defenseless against the big brute of a man that haunted my nightmares. Fingers twisting through my hair as I was lifted off the ground, agony pulling at my scalp. Large, rough hands left bruises like constellations across my pale skin. Blood beaded from cuts and gashes and scrapes, a startling contrast against the black and blue and purple, the ugly, fading yellow and brown splotches of skin. I tasted copper in my mouth, salty and bitter. Every breath I drew sent stitches of pain across my side. Hunger would claw at my belly, making it rumble, filling the night with sounds like a displeased beast, making me feel as though I were not alone. Cold would nip at my skin, keeping sleep at bay as I lay shivering in bed, terrified of the darkness and the secrets it hid.

I couldn't keep track of how much time had passed as Gaster poked at prodded at my body and soul. He always healed me before the damage could become permanent or kill me, but it turned out under his skilled supervision, he could do a lot before I reached that breaking point.

Bitter loneliness ate at me from the inside every night as I huddled alone in a dark corner where I hoped my presence wouldn't be noticed. Being invisible was best. Being out of sight was best. Being silent was best. As long as he didn't notice me, he usually wouldn't hurt me. Images of a family I never had would fill my head, lending a warmth and hope that would quickly be snuffed out the moment I heard that familiar rough, angry voice, sending panic through me. I knew this wasn't how family should act. I knew it was wrong. **He wasn't my family.**

My real family lay in a puddle of blood, his head cracked open on the glass table in our grungy living room. I held him in my arms as panic and sobs rose in my chest. I held him tight to me, my fingers squeezing at that wound on his head as though I could stop the blood that seeped through my fingers, dripping down my arms and pooling on the carpet, staining my clothes. I could feel his heartbeat underneath my fingertips, growing weaker and weaker, felt that light in his chest dim until it was snuffed out. I held him until he was cold, desperately clinging to him in the hopes that if I just held on tightly enough that he would wake up, that I could heal him. A foolish child's fantasy. One that those calloused, careless hands were quick to dash as they pulled me, kicking and screaming, away from him. **The only family I had.**

He'd started with my body, slicing and cutting and tearing me apart. He was dissecting me and writing down whatever he discovered in a black bound note book in a strange hand writing I couldn't understand. It didn't look like any language I'd seen before. It looked like a strange compilation of inane symbols that had no meaning.
I tossed myself into that black abyss, resigning myself to whatever fate had in store for me.

My family. Sans, Papyrus, Undyne, Alphys, Mettaton, Mom and Dad, Asriel. All of them. I lost all of them.

They were bleeding, they were suffering, they were dying. Dead. Dead. Dead.

I killed them. I killed them so many times. Their dust was on my hands, burning my skin, getting caught in the tangles of my hair. I felt their pain. Their suffering. I felt their hate.

My own mother turning to dust as she looked at me like I was a monster.

My father, so righteous. Always fighting for his people. For his family. Only to be cut down by his own child.

Papyrus holding his trembling arms out to me in a gesture of peace and friendship with a hopeful, fearful expression. The confusion and denial as he was cut down.

Undyne, full of hatred and anger, desperately fighting until the end only for that determination and fortitude to be crushed.

Alphys, stricken by fear and grief, unable to even fight back.

Mettaton, so powerful and yet so delusional, unable to even put up a fight as he was reduced to nothing more than scrap metal.

Sans. Death. Pain. All on an eternal loop. My knife slicing right through him, snuffing out that fierce light in his sockets. His death at my hands. Over and over and OVER.

That unimaginable pain of grief and anger and guilt.

When Gaster moved from my body to my soul, that was when the real torture began. Agony unlike anything I’d ever felt assaulted my senses, and if it weren’t for Gaster keeping me conscious I was sure I would have blacked out many times over. I’d experienced more pain in my lifetime than many others, of that I was certain. I’d been tortured and killed more times than I could keep track of and yet nothing could hold a candle to the agony of having your soul dissected while you were forced to remain conscious.

I was weak and helpless, unable to maintain control of my own body. My will was not my own. My body was not my own. My mind was not my own.

I was invaded. By darkness. By rage. By hate.

By LOVE.

I felt every moment of myself slipping away. Becoming a demon I didn't recognize in my reflection. The kind of monster I despised with every fiber of my being. Just like the monster that ruined my life. Only this time I had no one to blame but myself.

The pain threatened to drive me mad. At first I’d cursed and threatened him, trying to hold onto my rage and hate to ground me. I told him explicitly everything I would do to him when I was free. And then I ended up a begging, blubbering mess on that table, screaming until my throat was raw
and my lungs burned and I had no energy left in me to scream. Gaster seemed completely immune to anything that came out of my mouth.

My mind had broken. At this point I would have given anything to end my agony. Death would have been preferable. The endless void of nothingness would have been preferable. Just simply winking out of existence would have been preferable. And yet I was stuck, tethered to my body by his blasted magic.

Time felt as though it had stilled, as though I’d been here, suffering, for an eternity. Maybe I had. I had no way to tell. Time didn't work the same in the void as it did in the real world, and in this dark corner of the void that Gaster had claimed for himself it felt so separate from the real world that I wasn't even sure if time was moving forward here.

Gaster made a contemplative *hm* as he found something interesting. I heard his voice, dully against my ringing ears and I attempted to latch onto them, my mind unable to fully process them. "How interesting," he murmured as his tools widened the gaping slit in my soul that was held painstakingly open by the black threads of his magic. I let out a small whimper, unable to do anything more as agony teared through me once more. My throat ached at even that small sound but the pain of that was nonexistent in comparison to my soul.

I settled my eyes on his figure looming over me, attempting to pull his bleary silhouette into focus. I realized I had tears in my eyes and I tried to blink them away so I could look at him, trying to get my mind to focus enough to see the expression on his face.

He looked curious and I noticed with a small pang of surprise that there was more than my blood staining his bony hands. The red shimmer of raw determination coated his hands and, I noticed with some surprise, had dripped onto my chest, pooling against my skin and mixing with my blood. I could feel it, on the outside instead of the inside, and I wondered how I hadn't noticed it yet. It just felt so wrong. I focused, with a bit of effort, on Gaster. My stomach twisted horribly, nausea washing over me as I saw the gaping slit in my soul, determination slowly dripping out the deeper he dug.

I sucked in a panicked breath as I saw what had caught his attention. He was coaxing out the blue magic that lay buried deep in my soul. "Sans."

"I wasn't aware my son had bonded with you," Gaster said, giving me a questioning gaze. I swallowed painfully, my soul aching as I saw his magic pulled to the surface. The brightness of my soul dulled in response to my emotions, and Gaster gazed down at me contemplatively.

"I wonder," Gaster whispered vaguely as he reached out with tweezers, gripping the thread of magic and using the tiny scalpel-like tool to prod at the blue magic that was embedded in my soul. He pulled with those tools, as though trying to cut the magic out out.

I gasped as I felt an overwhelming sensation wash over me. For just a moment I was no longer here, trapped in this hell. I felt Sans' presence surround me, as though he were right next to me. I felt his arms around me, felt his lips against my skin, felt his warmth drape over me like a warm blanket, his love enveloping me. I felt everything he felt for me, his memories of us, of me, filled my mind. I saw myself through his eyes, felt every ounce of love and adoration that he held for me. I felt the happiness he had with me. There was clarity. For just a moment I felt whole. I felt healed. There was no pain.

I let out a gasping sob as I was wrenched out of that vision and pulled back into reality. Gaster had pulled his tools away from the magic in my soul, looking down at it as though in frustration.
"Unfortunately it is not possible to separate his magic from your soul without killing you," Gaster grumbled in disappointment. "It seems the bond between souls is equally strong, even among different species. I had assumed your soul was pure and untainted, but I was wrong." Gaster let out a sigh and I braced myself as he reached back in with his tools, sending agony ripping through me once more. Despite the physical pain, the visions were worse and I struggled to make my mind focus on here. "But I suppose it will be interesting to test this as well. Strangely my son's magic has not waned, even after that part of this world was stripped away." Gaster continued his monologue, as though he were no longer paying attention to that fact that I could hear him.

"What do you mean?" I asked, wincing at how broken and raspy and weak my voice sounded. Gaster ignored me for a moment and I wondered if he had even heard the whispered words.

After a painstaking silence, he spoke. "Chara found me, tucked away in the void as I was. Together, we stripped the world of its mask, simply turning it into what it truly is. All those falsities that allowed people to overlook just how dark the world really is. Now, no one can hide their true nature. The world is as it should be. Stripped of its weakness and vulnerability."

"Love and hope and light aren't weakness," I insisted. Gaster gave no indication that he had even heard me so instead I said, "What did you do with those parts of it?"

For a few moments Gaster simply resumed his work, and I struggled to retain my train of thought. He paused as he answered me. "We simply tossed them aside, as we were tossed aside. They are fragments drifting in the wind. They are no longer significant."

All thought was washed away as Gaster returned to digging around in my soul with vigor. I struggled to hold onto anything I could to ground myself and keep myself sane.

As I drifted in the haze of pain I managed to find one thing left to hold onto. I reached for that magic in my soul that gave me comfort, letting it carry me away from the horror and pain.

I felt Sans' magic and let it lend me strength and comfort. In that place, I felt nothing of my physical body. Nothing of the suffering. Only the comforting warmth of his presence. I held to it tightly, using it to keep myself sane.

I felt when the rooting in my soul stopped and eased myself out of that comfortable place, confused. As I focused on Gaster again I saw him looking down at me with a vaguely annoyed expression.

"Are you here now?" he asked with a slight twinge to his voice.

I nodded weakly, my body slumping into the table as the agony receded to no more than background noise as I was given respite.

"Hmm. You were unresponsive for longer than necessary. I suppose the lack of screaming is a good thing," he narrowed his eyes as he examined me, his eyes flashing down to my soul. I noticed the blue magic had brightened considerably and was just now dimming again. "You found refuge in that magic didn't you?"

I swallowed, unwilling to answer him.

He seemed to contemplate this for a moment. "I suppose just a little bit of exposure to it cannot hurt. It will keep your mind from breaking too soon. Having you as lucid as possible is best." He shrugged. "You may return there, and I will pull you out when I need to."

He reached forward with his tools and resumed his work and I was quick to retreat from the
ensuing agony.

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At some point, longer than I cared to keep track of, the agony stalled and I felt a new presence enter this area of the void. Curiosity willed me to focus back on reality and out of my safe haven. As I became more aware of my surroundings I became aware of the intimately familiar presence.

I jerked myself back to awareness as panic flared through me.

**Chara.**

She stood in the room, eyeing me laying on the table with a pout on her face, looking very much like a petulant child about to throw a tantrum.

"Is this entirely necessary, old man?" she asked in that high pitched voice of hers. The tone of voice grated on my nerves.

Gaster sighed heavily, also looking vaguely annoyed at her presence. "Yes, it is. What are you doing here? I thought you were working on collecting the rest of the souls we need?"

"I have been trying!" she argued with a stamp of her foot. "They're hiding in those damn woods. They're impossible to get to!" she crossed her arms and glared at Gaster like this was his fault. "We could just-"

"Absolutely not," Gaster cut her off with an authoritative tone, brokering no argument. Chara pouted, but didn't continue her thought. She sighed heavily. "If her soul is so damn valuable, why can't I just possess her and take control? Wouldn't it be more to our benefit to have her magic and determination working *for* us?"

"You know very well that is an unreliable solution. She has grown stronger since she was a child. And repeated exposure to your presence has prompted her soul to form defensive mechanisms. She can fight back far too easily."

"You helped me last time!" she argued.

"Last time was essential to our plan. Do you want to be the one strapped to this table while I gather information?"

Chara sighed and then shook her head, looking at me almost as if she pitied me.

"And the last time you took control, she was caught unawares. Now, not only does she have defensive magic to protect her, she also has my son's magic, which she has learned to tap into. Magic that you failed to mention to me. Surely you would have felt it in her soul when you resided in her last time."

Chara huffed, looking away, glaring at the wall instead. "Ya, he kinda put it in her after I killed some people."

Gaster glared at her, the look on his face could match even Toriel's level of scolding. After a lengthy moment he sighed. "No matter." Chara looked at him, surprised, as though she expected he'd be more angry with her. "That is past and we have succeeded thus far, though not as fast as I would have liked."

"So what do you propose we do?" Chara asked, walking over to stand closer to me, peering down
at my exposed soul enviously. "At this point we're just throwing vessels at them pointlessly."

"Perhaps that is an incorrect strategy," Gaster mused, swatting at Chara's hand as it reached out to touch my soul. She pouted but didn't fight him. "Perhaps what we need to do is to deploy every card we have."

"Throw all the vessels at them at once and hope it works?" Chara asked, somewhat excited yet also doubtful.

I felt fear trill through me.

"Yes. I believe I can help in drawing them out." Gaster gave a positively sinister smile and reached out with his tools, his magic seared through me and I felt a wave of unbearable agony wash over me. I felt something missing. When I managed to focus my bleary vision on them, I saw that Gaster had managed to remove a tiny sliver of my soul. He put it into a tiny container and handed it to Chara. "That should be enough to lure my son to you. Send a message that if they want their human back alive, they will show up. Bring our army. While you are doing that, I will follow through with my plan on my end."

"Are you sure you're ready for that?" Chara asked.

"I have gathered enough information, I believe we can move forward to the next steps." Gaster gave me a smile that send shivers down my spine.

I fought weakly against the restraints and Chara and Gaster gazed down at me with amusement.

"Go," Gaster commanded. "There is no reason to delay any longer. Let's end this pointless conflict."

Chara gave an overly pleased smile, glancing down at me with a wink as she disappeared with the piece of my soul.

Chapter End Notes

I told you guys I would post it soon. So here it is.
The plot thickens!
A Lost Gamble

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chara stood in the woods, waiting for them to respond to the message she sent out into the void, knowing Sans would hear it. She smiled a pleased smile as Sans and the whole gang came walking through the trees to greet her. They all came, just as she instructed. They thought they were strong enough. They thought they stood a chance at fighting back. They were wrong.

Perfect. She thought, as they delivered themselves to her in the most perfect fashion.

"Where the hell is she?" Sans snarled at her. "I can feel her. If you did anythin' to her-"

"Oh, it's a little late for that Sansy," Chara sang with a giggle, pulling out the little container, and with a little reluctance, tossed it to Sans. Oh, how she wished she could keep that sliver to herself. But she knew Gaster would be furious with her if she used it up.

He caught it, staring down at it in shock as he sucked in a pained breath. The lights in his eyes winked out and Chara could feel the rage of his magic as it built in the air. She could practically taste his blood lust as it surged through him. It was delicious. As was the expression on his face. Sans looked nauseous and faint. He also looked about ready to kill everyone. The people behind him shifted uncomfortably, feeling his unstable magic building. The annoying, tall one called out to him.

"Sans? What is it brother? Where is the human?"

Sans grit his teeth, his fingers tightening on the little container. He held it up so those behind him could see it. There was a collective gasp as those behind him registered what it was he held. Alphys put her hands to her mouth, looking pale and incredulous, and (as was just like her) oh so curious. She had never attempted to tear a piece from a soul before. Every time those clumsy hands got a soul, they tore it apart. They were never so successful at pulling a piece from it's main source. Undyne looked furious, as was her nature, shaking with rage. Papyrus simply stared at it, agape, as though he simply couldn't believe what was in front of them. Mettaton let out a dramatic gasp as he stared at it in shock. Grillby looked at it in disbelief before rage overcame his expression and he summoned his magical, flaming bow, looking very ready to put an arrow through the insolent child who dared deliver such a thing to them. They were all so amusing.

"Where is she?" Sans asked with a very dangerous tone, pocketing the container where it would be safe.

"How do you know she's not dead?" Chara teased.

Sans grit his teeth. "If she were dead, this piece would be gone too. Where is she?" he hissed once again, very much done with her games.

Chara just let out a smile, one to unnerve them, and tease at the possibilities and the truths. As they moved to attack her puppets came forward at her behest, filling through the gaps in the trees, filling the open clearing.

She was pleased to see that they looked shocked, some even looked afraid. Sans just stared at her, not seeming to care about the army coming towards them. She shrugged. She knew he could hold his own, and she looked forward to fighting him when her puppets weakened him.
With a wave of her hand, her servants rushed forward and the battle began.

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"What are you doing?" I asked weakly as Gaster went about his preparations. He'd healed my soul (as much as it could be with a piece missing) and my body completely and had me prepped for whatever was next.

Gaster didn't answer me, just simply went about his work. I was left to watch him anxiously, dreading whatever he had planned, desperately trying to find a way out so I could go and save my family. Fight by their sides at the very least.

But I was thoroughly trapped.

When Gaster waved his hand, stealing my sight, that was when I really began to panic. I couldn't see anything he was doing and it unnerved me. I had no idea how to fight back if I didn't even know what he was doing.

Gaster placed something around my soul, making me feel somewhat disconnected, similar to the machine that Alphys had used on me. Only this one felt like it had a very different purpose. I suddenly felt like I wasn't alone. I felt as though I were in a crowded area surrounded by countless people that I couldn't see.

I realized just moments later what it was as the strange devise pushed the multitude of monster souls into my own. I lost all sense of myself as my mind was filled the images of the lives and deaths of the deceased monsters that were being pushed into my soul. Every single monster that Gaster and Chara had killed so far. Every single soul. I felt everything these souls had ever felt. All their rage, hate, sorrow, joy. All their dreams and fears. Their whole lives. I felt all the LV that they had being transferred into me, as well as the LV from their deaths. The deaths that I was forced to relive as I gained their essence.

There was so much, in my head, in my soul, I felt as though I had lost all sense of myself. My soul felt filled to bursting and then some with magic and LV. All that LV pushed through me, pulling out all my hate and rage. I struggled to hold onto who I was through that storm.

It was more than LV though, it was knowledge. My mind was making sense of the all the things I had failed to realize until now, putting together pieces of a puzzle that seemed so obvious.

Slowly that storm settled, the memories falling into the background in my mind, as any other memory would. I felt that rage of magic as it settled into me, filling me with more magic and power and determination than I had ever felt before. Having LV in my soul made it feel heavy but light at the same time. I felt changed.

I could see now what Gaster had hoped as he'd pumped their souls inside me. He had hoped that all that LV would overwhelm me and I'd turn into another puppet for him to use, too driven by hate and rage to hold onto myself through it.

I could feel Gaster standing beside me, studying me, as though waiting to see if I would come back into focus. I felt a wild inclination to simply reach over and kill him. My rational mind stopped me just in time, and I was shocked at how different my soul felt. I had felt no guilt, no remorse at the thought of taking his life. Not an ounce. I felt as though I should be disgusted with myself. I felt like I had turned into the monster that I feared. I knew now that my soul held more LV than any other that currently resided in the Underground, maybe even the whole world.
I struggled to keep myself in sight, the person I had been. I used rational thought to dictate what was right. I latched onto everything that I had learned, keeping my goals in sight.

Slowly I opened my eyes, knowing that my magic had rushed out of his restraints and filled me. My soul was shining like a beacon, magic roiling inside like a storm of fire. It threatened to overwhelm me, a wild beast barely in my control. But I could also feel all the knowledge of innate magic that the monsters had and used it to keep myself focused and in control. I knew how to use this magic that Gaster had handed to me. This would be the mistake that undid them.

They just lost.

Gaster realized at the same moment that I did what had happened, attempting to reign back in control of the situation. But I had already disentangled myself from his magic, snapping free of the restraints, yanking the IV a little roughly out of my arm as the magic sizzled through my blood, burning away any remaining drugs and hopping off the bed, landing lightly on my feet. I danced away from Gaster's grasping hands as he attempted to restrain me physically. His magic hovered at the edge of mine, attempting to find a way back in.

All in one moment I reached out, looking for my family. I saw the fight. I saw that they were losing. Slowly but surely. Some were injured and they were all fighting hard. They were considerably stronger than the husks they faced but the sheer numbers. It would overwhelm them.

I knew I had to stop this. However I had to.

Gaster would have to wait.

I reached out, opening a tear in the void, simultaneously trapping Gaster in this place so he would not be able to follow me, not be able to do anything, trapped in here.

I gave Gaster a smug, triumphant smile as I stepped through the tear, pleased to see the infuriated look on his face.

I landed softly in the snow amidst the chaos of the battle. Despite my lack of clothes, I didn't feel the cold. The magic burned too hot inside me to allow that. I assessed the positions of everyone on the battlefield and sent my magic out in a wave, separating the opposing sides as I put myself between them.

The enemies went flying back, some of them hitting trees on the way, knocking more snow down around us. My family had skidded back gently, and uncomprehending of what had just happened, they were getting ready to spring into attack once again.

Chara appeared in front of me, knife in hand as she if she fully intended to fight me, her eyes flicking to the still open tear above me in worry. Everyone behind me had gone still as they realized what was happening. I put a shield behind me, so that they couldn't attack or do anything else stupid.

"Gaster?" she called, as if she expected some sort of answer.

"He can't help you now."

Chara scowled at me. "Guess he was wrong. Even as a monster yourself you can't be controlled."

"Frisk?" I heard the quiet, deep rumble of his voice from behind me. It sounded incredulous. Pained. As though he couldn't believe what he was seeing. I knew without having to turn and look that he was staring at my exposed soul. He could see the LV there. They all could. They knew
what Gaster had turned me into.

"This fight is over Chara," I said quietly, with far too much calm as I gathered the energy that I might need in my soul. The magic sparked out of it with visible electricity. It twisted across my skin, through my hair, pushing out into the air around me. They could all feel it. How volatile and unstable it was. How violent. I could sense their fear.

"Like hell it is," she snarled, moving as if to lunge at me.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," I said, gathering every ounce of magic inside of me until it threatened to burst. "You know how many souls. You know how much magic I have. I can blow this whole mountain away. With that tear in the void there, I could destroy this whole damn world, void and all. You would have no place left to hide. No place left to run."

Chara looked at me in fury. She hesitated, not sure if she was going to call my words a bluff. "You're lying. If you do that, you not only kill all of them, you also render this whole universe apart. Everyone would cease to exist. There would be no more resetting, no more fixing them. You wouldn't do that to your precious family." She spat out the word as though it disgusted her.

"Why wouldn't I?" I asked, putting all of my hate and rage to the front. I couldn't hesitate. I had to do whatever it took to stop this. And I could. Without hesitation. The LV made sure of that."This world is no longer my own. They are no longer the family I knew. You and Gaster saw to that. After everything you've done, after what the two of you have done. I would destroy it all just to crush the two of you. Consequences be damned."

She was shaking her head in disbelief even as she looked at the ticking time bomb that was my soul. All that magic that spilled out, instilling fear in everyone present. She could see the LV too, she could see what it had turned me into. And she was afraid. She didn't know what I was capable of anymore. She couldn't predict what I would do any longer.

"Do you really want to test me?" I asked as I let a little more magic leak out, barely keeping it contained. My hair whipped around me as my magic tore through the air like a strong wind. Chara flinched as if she expected I wouldn't be able to control it. I didn't know how long I could. "Gaster already gambled once trying to turn me into a weapon. He lost."

She glanced back at her army. She knew it was pointless.

"Child," Gaster's voice slipped through the tear, quiet and furious. He knew what I was capable of doing. He knew I would do it if they left me no choice. If I tore the void asunder they too would cease to exist, along with everything else. That wasn't a risk he was willing to take. "Do not push her. She will not hesitate."

At that she finally relented. Her dagger vanished.

With a wave of my hand, I cut the ties to the void, the soulless monsters dropping simultaneously like puppets who's strings had been cut. Without their power source to keep them up, they turned to dust, coating the snow in a field of it. With one last fearful, furious glance at me, Chara vanished. I let the tear behind me close, making sure Gaster was sealed inside and anything else that entered would be trapped inside as well, in case she was foolish enough go to him.

There would time to deal with them later.

I reigned in my magic, pulling it all inside my soul with some difficulty. I pushed it as deep into the recesses of my soul as I could, locking it away, putting it completely in my control. The air went
still, the barrier I had erected vanished. My soul slipped back inside my chest where it was safe.

For a moment no one moved.

My strength slipped away. The adrenaline of the moment passing. Without my magic to lend me strength, I was slipping.

I could still feel the fear and mistrust from those behind me.

As I collapsed, darkness enveloped me.

I wasn't entirely sure if I would wake up again.

Chapter End Notes

PLOT, GLORIOUS PLOT
I came awake very slowly, the loud voices and shouting rousing me from a deep sleep. The first thing I noted was that my soul felt whole again.

_They must have put the missing piece back in._ I thought as I assessed how healed I felt. There were three distinct different kinds of aches in my soul. The first was an ache left over from the torture it had endured. Even though my soul had been healed it hadn’t quite recovered from the ordeal of being ripped apart for who knows how long. And despite the fact that the missing piece was once again in place that spot still ached. The second ache was that of an overly strained muscle, likely due to all the magic that I had forced to the surface of my soul in order to create what was, essentially, a bomb. The third ache was that still present ache of trying to keep all that magic still in place and in control. I had emotional dreams, I recalled, and my magic had responded. Thankfully, now that I was conscious _that_ ache, at least, was fading as the magic receded under my control.

I also processed how different I felt inside. I could feel that I wasn't quite myself. I could still feel how the LV was making me feel different. I wanted to murder Chara and Gaster and the logical part of my brain was the only thing keeping me in check. I needed more than that. I needed more than logic to dictate whether my actions were good or bad. I didn't like the lengths I'd nearly been willing to take to get revenge. It wasn't me. So I reached for something that would give me a piece of myself back.

I reached for that blue magic buried deep in my soul, losing myself in it. I felt Sans' presence wash over me once again, warm and familiar. I felt myself, just as well as him, through that bond. I saw myself as he always saw me and I pulled that person back into focus, letting the LV fall into the background of my soul, no longer in control. I was satisfied when the desire to kill my enemies with no remorse had faded. I knew what needed to be done, it just wasn't in me to feel nothing about it, even worse to feel blood lust for it.

Once I had myself back in control, all that love, real _love_ filling me again and blocking out the LV, I stood up, ready to get started. Determination burned through me. I knew where to go next.

The arguing in the other room pulled me back into focus of my surroundings. I noted I had been brought back to the cabin and had been lying in the bed I had claimed as my own. Sans had obviously covered me with his enormous jacket and then left it on me, simply placing me in bed.

I listened to the voices of the others as I quickly got dressed into something a little more covering.

"We can't just ignore what we saw her do Sans!" Papyrus was yelling.

"She was willing to kill us!" Undyne pipped in, voicing her agreement with Papyrus.

"She was bluffin'," Sans argued right back, deep, guttural voice carrying. He was very, _very_ pissed, as much as he was trying to hide it.

"She wasn't," Alphys pitched in. "We all saw how serious she was. How far do you think she would have gone if they hadn't backed down?"

"But they did! We won because of her!" Sans was trying so hard to defend me.
"We haven't won yet," Grillby spoke, sounding less angry and more neutral than the others. "They may have lost their puppets, but we don't know what Chara and Gaster are up to now."

"Plus, all that. . . LV," Mettaton said quietly, as though he didn't like having to say it.

"But there has to be more to it than that!" Flowey said vehemently in my defense. "She's never hurt anyone down here. She's never had LV in her soul, there has to be a reason-

"It doesn't matter the reason!" Undyne cut him off. "She has more LV in her soul than I've ever seen from anyone. We all know what that kind of LV does to a person. It doesn't matter who she was, what she is now is. . . is-"

"Is what?" I asked as I came into the room. "A monster?" They all turned to stare at me as I stood in the entry way to the main living room. There was a very uncomfortable silence as they all looked at me with a look of vague guilt and very obvious mistrust.

"What the hell are ya doin' awake?" Sans asked as he teleported to my side, hands raised as though to grab me. "Ya should've been sleepin' for much longer than that. It's only been a few hours. Your soul needs much longer to heal than that-"

"I'm fine," I cut him off, stepping away from his grasping hands. He didn't seem to know yet if he was going to physically restrain me or if he needed to catch me from falling.

"You're not fine, sweetheart," Sans growled, obviously displeased. "I saw what was done to your soul. Ya need to rest, to heal-"

"I have healed enough," I assured him. "I am still healing, but this can't wait for me to recover all the way." I turned to the rest of them. "I didn't gain that LV by choice if that's what you're wondering."

There was a silence as if they weren't quite sure how to respond to that.

"Then how?" Grillby asked, taking a few steps towards me. I felt Sans tense from at my side as though he thought Grillby might try to attack me. I could see in Grillby's burning gaze he didn't mean me harm, he just wanted the truth.

"Gaster pumped it all inside of me," I explained. "All the souls they stole."

There was another astonished silence as they all looked at me first in disbelieving shock and then horror.

"But- t-there's so many," Alphys whispered as she stared at my chest. "How can your soul withstand all that? That much LV would destroy a person."

"We obviously saw that it didn't," Papyrus growled, staring at me with growing mistrust, as though he were getting ready to skewer me any second. "We saw it all in there. We just couldn't comprehend how much it actually was."

"Why didn't you just destroy everything?" Grillby asked.

"Because there are better ways to win this war. I can do it and save everyone," I assured them. "I haven't lost myself. That was what they hoped, when they poured them all inside me. That I'd lose myself in all that violence and hate and rage. That they could turn me into another one of their weapons."
"And why didn't they succeed?"

I shrugged. "I'm not entirely sure. I held onto myself I guess. I held onto to the things I valued, the things I wanted to achieve by winning. They seemed more like logical thoughts at the time, but I have regained myself. The LV is not in control. And it is more than logic to me now."

"How?" Grillby asked once more, pushing me for a reassurance that they couldn't refute.

I gave once quick glance back at Sans, who was looking at me with a protective yet conflicted expression on his face. With a shrug, I willed my soul out of my chest so I could show them instead. Fear stabbed through my gut at feeling my soul out in the open, as though expecting pain, but I pushed it aside. Everyone except for Grillby seemed shocked that I would do that. I pulled the blue magic to the surface and they stared at it questioningly. I felt Sans tense even more beside me as he shifted closer protectively.

"Y-you've bonded with someone," Alphys said.

"Why does it feel so familiar?" Papyrus asked as he stared at it intently, as though the answer were just out of reach.

"Because it's Sans' magic," I explained. They glanced at Sans, clearly shocked and not quite understanding. "Not this Sans. The other one. The one from the world before it turned into this."

Grillby stared at my soul intently, gauging it. They could all still see the LV, of course, but they could see how deep it was buried. They could no longer feel the violence of it. They could see that there was more in control.

"I didn't know a soul bond could negate the affects of LV," Alphys mumbled as she took a step closer, staring at my soul with a critical scientist's eye.

"Shouldn't we talk about how she's bonded to Sans," Undyne interjected.

"I'm not surprised," Alphys spoke at the same time Grillby said, "Irrelevant."

"It was also how I kept myself sane in there," I said quietly. I glanced at Sans to see the pained expression on his face as I brought it up. "Did you see it?"

"I saw the damage done," he mumbled, his voice deep with regret. "I know how that damage got there. It would've been enough to drive any other soul mad. To completely destroy someone. But you..." He didn't bother to finish that thought, just gazed at me as though he couldn't quite believe I was real. "I don't even know how it's possible. Because it shouldn't be. None of this should be possible."

I gave a wry smile. "You've also never seen a human soul with this much determination or magic, or soul bond with a monster, before either."

"That we haven't," Grillby said as he raised his eyes to mine. He gave a curt nod and I let my soul nestle back inside my chest. It felt unnerving to have it out in the open after all the time it spent outside of my chest.

"So... you really are you?" Mettaton asked quietly.

"Of course she is," Flowey spoke up, coming to nestle on my shoulder, softly pressing his face to my cheek. "My sister wouldn't be anything less than amazing."
I gave a small, dry laugh. It felt so strange to laugh after everything that had happened. I gave Flowey a soft hug before setting him back down. "Thanks for the vote of encouragement, little bro."

I took a deep breath as I focused on them again, letting them see that I was back to being serious. "I know what they did to this world."

"What?" Sans asked. "How could you-"

"Gaster monologued the whole thing like an idiot," I explained with a shrug. "He didn't think I'd be able to utilize that knowledge at the time."

Sans chuckled, shaking his head almost disbelievingly. "Of course he did."

"Gaster stripped away the pieces of this world he decided were... weak. He stripped them away and I quote "tossed them aside as they were tossed aside". They became fragments drifting in the wind and some other vague bullshit. It was enough though. He stripped away the pieces and tossed them into the void. Which brings me to my next point. I know who can help us." I gave a dramatic pause as I smiled. "Gaster can."

Everyone stared at me like I was insane.

"Excuse me?" Sans asked, incredulous.

"The other one," I explained further. "The one that I knew from my world. He didn't simply vanish. He existed in the void before and he still does. This Gaster simply gathered more strength and made himself more powerful. Perhaps he shoved the other, undesirable, piece of himself into a deep, dark corner of the void where I wouldn't be able to sense him. Whatever it is I know he's in the void. And now I can find him. He can help me figure out all the rest that I need to know."

"Nuh-uh. No way. Not happenin'," Sans began to argue, once again looking angry as he glared down at me. "There's no way in hell you're goin' back into the void. Especially not to talk to Gaster. No matter what version of him it is."

"Sans-" I began to argue with as much determination in my voice as I could.

"I said no."

His sockets had gone black and his whole body had gone tense, his voice dripping with venom. Everyone else in the room shifted uncomfortably as the air itself seemed to become more dense.

I opened my mouth to argue and I felt the air go suddenly still. I glanced over to see everyone frozen in place and I turned to Sans angrily. "I have a pretty good guess on how to save the entire fucking world and I need Gaster's help to do it. I can save everyone. I can end this whole war, this whole damn place can finally be saved."

"Don't matter," he growled, his voice shaking me with its sheer force of power, clearly brokering no more argument from me. But I certainly wasn't going to back down and certainly not that easily.

"The hell it doesn't!" I nearly shouted. "All I have been doing nearly since I got here is to try to find answers, to try to find a way to put everything back to the way it was. And now I have everything I need. I won't let you-"

"And I said no!" Sans shouted right back, leaning in dangerously close. "I ain't lettin' ya put yourself at risk again. The last time ya were this foolish ya ended up in Gaster's hands. Just look at what that mistake turned ya into. I ain't lettin' it happen again."
I stared at him, flabbergasted. I was livid. "You don't get to tell me no! You don't get to decide what I'll do!"

"Yes I do," Sans growled dangerously, magic flaring to life in his socket as he hissed his words at me. "Even if it means I have to restrain ya myself."

I laughed at him and he tensed even more, looking about ready to do something violent. "As if you could even control me. You couldn't keep my magic in check even if you wanted to. I have control now. I have even more of everything now. I have more magic, more determination, and yeah, more LV. And I know how to use it all."

Sans was shaking with anger, his whole body trembling with it. "I'll do whatever the hell I have to to stop ya. I don't care how powerful ya think ya are, sweetheart. Ya can't fight me."

"Why the hell does it matter so much to you anyway?" I asked. "When it means the fate of the whole damn world, whatever happens to me pales in comparison."

"NO," Sans growled, stepping forward and wrapping his hands around my upper arms, tightening almost enough to be painful.

"Why the hell do you care?!" I demanded. I wouldn't let him get out of answering me.

"BECAUSE I FUCKING LOVE YOU!" Sans shouted right back, his chest heaving, his fingers digging into my skin.

I felt the fire and the fury leave me. He's never said that to me. He's never actually said those words. I didn't know he even knew what real love was.

"I won't lose you," Sans said much more quietly, the fire dying down in his socket as his rage sputtered out. "I can't- I can't- Not again-"

"Sans-" I said gently. He shook his head.

"Not even the fuckin' world matters more than you," he mumbled quietly, his gaze burning into mine. I could see his vulnerability, his pain. All the worry and guilt he'd buried under rage after I'd gone missing. He was finally admitting to himself exactly what he felt and it terrified him.

I reached up and Sans' hands loosened. I cupped his cheekbone in my hand. "To me it does. Gaster is locked away, I made sure of that. I can feel that place. I can feel my magic tight around it and Gaster is sealed inside. He can't hurt me. In there he's useless. And without him Chara is powerless. She ran and there's no where else for her to go. I will be safe. I have to do this. I can't live in the broken pieces of my world."

Sans gazed at me and I could see the conflicted torment in his eyes. "Are we not good enough for ya? Am I not good enough for ya?" he asked quietly, his eyes drifting down to stare at my chest, looking at my soul with a painful sort of grief. I felt the tingle of his magic as he reached out to my soul, feeling it. He sounded defeated.

"Sans, I love you. You know this," I said gently, reaching up to kiss him deeply. At first he didn't react, and I pulled away just as he kissed me back.

"Why?" Sans asked, sounding desperate.

I floundered for a moment, unable to truly explain how I felt or why I felt that way. I just did. With every fiber of my being. There was no way to explain how I felt or how I'd fallen for him. There
"I know what Gaster did to ya in there," Sans said quietly, his voice full of grief and anger and guilt. "I was around when he started the experiments on the souls. I saw what he did to them. To those damn kids. Everyone else at least was merciful enough to kill them quick, or as quick as they could. But not my old man. No, he tore them apart piece by piece until they broke. Until they died. Some of 'em just went insane. Some went comatose. Some of them lost themselves so completely there was nothin' left inside of 'em. Until they were just an empty shell. They all had to be put down. Some died quick. Gaster was so brutal they died too fast. They died the most agonizing death a person ever could. But the real unlucky ones were the tough ones. The ones later on where he learned to keep them alive during his damn experiments. I've never felt more agony from another human bein' as I did from those souls. I can only imagine what Gaster must have put ya through. Ya too damn tough. And he turned ya into the exact thing ya hate. Ya tried so hard to be good. Ya never hurt, never killed. Ya soul was damn spotless for how powerful it was. And all of that was for fuckin' nothin'. He- he," Sans was choking on his anger, his teeth grinding together.

"Sans-

"It was my damn fault ya were in there in the first place," Sans hissed. And I realized all that anger was directed at himself. He blamed himself. "I don't know how ya can still love me. I don't know how you ever could. And now, because of me you're-

"Sans, stop," I said forcefully, reaching up to put my hand over his so his angry tirade would end. "This wasn't your fault. We didn't know this would happen. I was foolish, you were right. I pushed and I got caught. But it wasn't your fault. I never blamed you. And I love you. You couldn't do a damn thing to change that.

Sans opened his mouth as if to argue and I leaned up on the tips of my toes, wrapping my arms around his shoulders and pulling him down so I could kiss him deeply. At first he was unresponsive, his whole body tense. My magic reached out to him, caressing his battered, tortured, guilty soul, easing away that pain as much as I could. I reassured him with my magic, let him feel what I felt, as much as I could through that link.

And then he kissed me back just as fiercely, wrapping his arms around my waist and straightening up, his feet leaving the floor as he held me and kissed me back, his tongue hungrily finding its way to mine. His hands were desperate on my skin. We pulled back, breathless, and Sans just held me flush against his body, seeking the reassurance of feeling me, his soul reaching out to mine, letting my magic reassure him. He was no longer blocking me out, hiding, as he always was.

"Sans, it was the piece of you that kept me sane, that kept me me," I reassured him quietly.

His brows knit together and I saw some emotion so conflicted on his features I couldn't make it out. He gently shook his head. "That ain't me." The words sounded pained.

I opened my mouth to argue but Sans didn't allow it, pulling me into another kiss instead, this one more gentle. I sighed and let it go. I wasn't going to argue that right now. I'd show him instead, later. When we had more time. Finally I pulled away and he set me on my feet, keeping my body close. I sighed and resumed the argument I had been putting up before this one.

"We know the world cannot be left like this. Especially not after the damage Chara and Gaster caused. We have to put it back together. This isn't just about me, or about us. It's about everyone we love. Our family. We can take away their pain, their hate, their anger. We can give them back the world that they know. The peaceful one. The one where they don't have to be afraid. Don't have to distrust one another. The one where they can love without fear. Let me do this for them, for me,
Sans gazed down at me with a pained expression for a few more moments before he reluctantly nodded. "Ya ain't fightin' alone."

"I never planned on it," I assured him.

"Ya ain't talkin' to Gaster on your own either," he insisted, his voice regaining some of its fire. "I gotta be there. Just in case."

I nodded as I accepted this. "Okay."

He took a very deep breath, his hands cupping my face, his forehead pressed against mine as he stared into my eyes, looking for reassurance. "Okay."

Okay.

Chapter End Notes

YES! LET'S DO THIS! SO MUCH PLOT!
Sans closed his eyes and took a deep breath before he stood straight and unfroze everyone. No one seemed to notice anything amiss. Before they could catch on to the change in atmosphere Sans took my hand and teleported us out of the room and into my bedroom.

"We'll give it a few minutes, let them think we're talkin'," Sans explained. I nodded and leaned against him, putting my head on his chest. We simply enjoyed the quiet before we walked back out into the living room after enough time had passed.

"Did you two figure your shit out?" Undyne asked when we re-entered.

"Yeah," Sans and I said together before we explained the plan to the others.

Step one: talk to Gaster. Step two: deal with Chara and other Gaster. Step three: put the world back together again.

Hopefully it went that smoothly.

Everyone else decided that now that Chara's puppets were gone they would be moving people back to their homes while Sans and I talked to Gaster.

"Ya didn't sleep that long." Sans turned to me as we finished setting up our plans. "Ya should rest a little longer before we do this."

"There's no time," I argued, shaking my head.

"Frisk," Sans pushed, his tone getting argumentative.

"I will not be the only one resting. I know no one here has slept since before the battle. Does anybody else feel like sleeping while there's shit to be done?" I asked of everyone else.

They seemed mildly uncomfortable under the scathing look Sans shot their way. But they shook their heads regardless.

"There's no way we can sleep. Not now," Grillby voiced his agreement.

Sans sighed heavily.

"But I will be taking a shower," I conceded a little. "If you have the energy for it, you can heal me a little more."

Sans looked like he would argue more, but he finally caved.

"We'll get some food prepared to help everyone recuperate before we all head out," Papyrus suggested, pulling Undyne with him towards the kitchen.

Everyone nodded their agreement and Sans followed me back into my room.

"I feel absolutely disgusting," I groaned as I made my way towards the bathroom.
Sans stopped me with an arm around my waist, turning me to face him. He opened his mouth, then seemed to think about his words. "We have some stuff to talk about, before this is over." The look on his face was unsure. I nodded, reaching to place my hand over his where it was squeezing my hip.

"I know," I agreed. "But first-

"Gaster, I know," Sans finished the thought for me.

I leaned up, pulling him down for a kiss. He melted into it, seeming grateful for the assurance. It was hard to pull away, but I did, making my way into the bathroom and stripping my clothes. I stepped under the hot spray of water, letting it wash away the gross feeling on my skin. I lathered and scrubbed my skin until it was pink. The feeling of unease across my body wasn't completely gone but feeling physically clean was certainly a good first step. I ignored Sans as he watched me bathe, not wanting to cause any unnecessary distractions.

I allowed myself a moment to relax and mentally prepare myself for what was going to be happening. I was so close to the end, I could feel it. I was so close to finally being home. I pictured everything I wanted and filled myself with determination as I finally turned off the water and stepped out.

I had to swat Sans’ roaming hands away when they reached for me, giving him a halfhearted scolding glare as I shimmied past him. I put on some clothes that would be suitable for fighting, in case I found myself in a position where I would be before we came back here.

Sans watched me with that vague sense of disapproval at this whole situation but didn’t voice any more complaints. I grabbed the knife I had in case I needed it, tucking it into my boot.

Once I was ready Sans stepped closer to me, placing his hand between my breasts and letting a bit of his magic seep inside, healing what damage he could. I could feel most of it was not damage he could heal but I let him do it anyway. I knew it was comforting for him. His magic lingered on my soul before he reluctantly let me go.

Sans followed me as we made our way out into the main room.

I paused in the doorway as I saw everyone huddled together by the couch. Sans and I exchanged a confused glance as we approached them.

"What’s goin’ on?” Sans asked warily.

They all jumped in a way that was far too in sync as they realized we were there.

As we came closer I saw that Alphys held something in her hands that they were all looking at.

"What’s so interesting?” I asked as I came closer. Upon closer inspection I saw that it was my phone that she held, one picture of me and the whole family displayed on the screen. Sans seemed to recognize it at the same moment I did. He stepped over and plucked it from her hands, giving them all a disapproving glare.

"Don’t ya know it’s rude to snoop,” he growled. Alphys looked somewhat guilty.

"Sorry,” she said quietly. “I couldn’t help myself when I saw what was on the screen.”

“It’s alright,” I stepped in before Sans could snap at them some more. “It’s not like it’s a secret
anyway. They’re just as welcome to it as you,” I said to Sans.

He sighed, handing the phone to me.

“So that was really us?” Undyne asked with a conflicted look on her face.

“Yeah,” I answered, staring down at the picture wistfully before shutting it off and setting it aside.

"I never imagined the world could be like that," Grillby said quietly, contemplatively.

"That's what love and peace looks like," I said sadly.

"That was us," Undyne said again. She looked as though she still couldn't quite grasp what it was she had seen. I nodded.

"That's who we are without pieces missing from us then," Alphys commented, reaching for my phone and opening it, flipping through the pictures again, staring at them like they were some kind of great puzzle she was trying to figure out.

"All the good pieces that is," Papyrus grumbled, sounding pissed off, as though now he understood what had been stolen from them.

"Not all of the good," I argued. "They couldn't possibly do away with all of the good."

"Have you met us?" Papyrus scoffed with an uncharacteristic sarcastic lilt to his tone.

"Yes, actually. And I know you guys better than anyone. I know who you guys really are. And I know it's not possible to strip away every good aspect of a soul that is inherently good."

Papyrus looked inclined to argue with me more but decided against it. I guess he figured he couldn't argue with the person who had more LV than all of them combined and was still managing to be a good person.

"No wonder you miss us so much," Mettaton said sadly as he stared over Alphys' shoulder. "I couldn't imagine the world being like this but I imagine I'd give anything to have this place back."

He smiled down at the pictures wistfully and then suddenly pulled the phone from Alphys' hands.

"Hang on darling, is this-" Mettaton blushed and glanced up at Papyrus before looking quickly back down at the phone.

"What?" Papyrus asked, sounding irritated as he stalked over. Alphys snickered behind her hand, stepping away as Mettaton tried to hide behind her. He was shaking his head.

"It's nothing darling," he tried to assure. Alphys yanked the phone from his grasp and he let out a panicked sound as she tossed it to Papyrus.

I'd never seen Papyrus make that face before. He blushed wildly, his skull turning crimson as he stared down at the photo with a slack jaw. He fumbled and dropped the phone, Alphys nimbly catching it as though she had expected him to drop it. He glanced quickly up at Mettaton in astonishment, his jaw quite literally snapping shut as he quickly turned his back and walked as far across the room from him that he could, crossing his arms with a scowl on his face. Mettaton looked away from him with an equally furious blush.

Those who didn't quite understand the exchange understood a second later when Alphys turned the phone around to show the picture to everyone. It was one I had captured of Mettaton and Papyrus from my world, sitting in the grass on a sunny day, holding hands and kissing. They stared at it
incredulously, looking between the flustered duo and the picture.

"Why are you all staring at us like that?" Papyrus huffed angrily, refusing to meet anyone's eyes and especially refusing to look even remotely in the direction of Mettaton. "It's not like there's not worse pictures on there. If you're going to fixate on embarrassing pictures do it to the ones of my brother and the human that I definitely did not need to see."

Alphys snickered at his attempts to change the subject.


I couldn't help but laugh as well. "Sans has a point. I kinda figured you must have seen something, flipping through pictures like that. And it's not like that isn't out in the open already. It's your fault for looking."

Papyrus huffed, clearly not pleased with how nonchalant I was acting about it.

I laughed again at how ridiculous this whole reaction had been. "Alright, that's enough gawking, we have shit to do."

"Agreed," Grillby intoned, his serious demeanor bringing everyone else back into focus.

Everyone scarfed down the food with urgency. We said our brief goodbye's as everyone filed out of the house, going on their separate ways to take care of the people they'd left in the make-shift settlement area.

"Are ya really ready to do this?" Sans asked as he eyed me, looking as though he hoped I would say I wasn't.

"Let's do this," I said assuredly, taking his hand in mine. He sighed, pulling me close to him and wrapping his arms tightly around me, prompting me to do the same. "I'll guide you where to go when we get in there."

"Don't let go of me," Sans said seriously. I nodded my understanding and I felt the world drop away from us, my stomach feeling light as we teleported.

I felt the darkness of the void surround us and shivered as inadvertent fear washed through me. My hands tightened painfully in the material of Sans' jacket and he squeezed me back in a comforting manner. I relaxed my body, forcing the fear away and calm in its place as I reached out with my magic, searching for that familiar presence. At first my magic went to this world's Gaster, and I saw an image of him in my head, frustratedly pacing the space he was trapped in. He must have sensed my presence as his head whipped around, looking around the room with a furious, hateful expression, searching for me. I quickly retreated from that image of him, looking deeper.

It took longer than I expected to find that familiar, fatherly figure huddled deep, deep in the void, similarly trapped. I could barely sense his presence in this place, and knew I only could because of how heightened my magic was.

I reached out to Sans' soul, letting my magic show him the thread to that place as he teleported us there.

We appeared in the white space and I could immediately sense how empty and cut off from the rest of reality this place was. The whiteness of this place stretched further than my mind could comprehend and yet it felt like we were standing in a small room.
Gaster turned, confused as he sensed us here. He looked at first confused and then incredibly pleased when he saw me.

I let out a relieved laugh as I smiled at him. I released my hold on Sans, not entirely aware of how tense he'd gone. Sans stopped me as I moved to go towards Gaster, pulling me slightly behind him with his arm tight around me. I saw the red flames flickering in his socket as he looked at Gaster furiously. I could see the reason for his panic. This Gaster looked exactly like the other one. Only someone who was looking at his demeanor would notice the drastic change in personality between the two.

"My son," Gaster greeted sadly as he stared at Sans with grief written plainly on his features.

"Wings," Sans hissed right back, clearly not sensing the changes in this Gaster. Right, his name is Wing Ding. Forgot about that.

"Sans," I said insistently, pulling on his arm to get his attention. He wouldn't take his eyes off his father. I could feel how furious he was. "Sans. Calm down, this isn't the Gaster that you know."

"It is alright Frisk," Gaster said quietly, calmly, as he held his arms out in a gesture of peace. "I can imagine the version of me he must know."

"So you know what happened to the world," I asked. Gaster nodded, the grief evident on his face.

"I saw what the other me did. I wasn't unable to stop him. He trapped me here, before I could get to you. I tried to reach out to you, but it turns out even I cannot reach that far," Gaster said sadly.

Sans stared at Gaster for a few more moments before he let out the tense breath he'd been holding, the lights returning to his sockets as he glared at Gaster mistrustfully.

"If ya try anythin'," Sans growled in warning.

"I know," Gaster assured.

I stepped out from under Sans' arm the moment it loosened, ignoring the warning rumble in his chest as I stepped towards Gaster and away from his protective hold.

I smiled at Gaster, unable to hide my relief. I walked forward and wrapped Gaster in a tight hug, ignoring Sans when he hissed my name in warning. Gaster seemed shocked at first and then he hugged me back, patting my head like I was a little girl.

"I'm glad we found you," I said as I pulled away.

"As am I," Gaster agreed.

"I take it you can see what happened to me?" I asked, the seriousness in my voice immediately coming through.

Gaster nodded, his face falling. "I do indeed. I am so sorry for what he did."

I nodded. "I know. But now I have enough power to end this nightmare."

"Yes, you do," Gaster agreed.

"So, Dadster, what do we do?" I asked, giving him a light smile.

Gaster chuckled, the lights in his sockets sparkling with amusement. "You sound so much like my
son." Gaster glanced up at Sans across the room. "Well, you know, the other one."

I laughed. "Yeah, Red can be a little rough around the edges."

"Red?" Sans asked, mildly irritated. His aggression was simmering down as he saw our amusement.

"Well, it's better than saying "the other one," I teased. "While we're on the topic of names, why don't we start calling the other you Dings or something."

Gaster laughed aloud at that. "I doubt he would like that."

"I mean we can call you Wings," I suggested.

"It makes no difference to me," Gaster chuckled.

"Can we get to the back to the actual important shit please," Sans grumbled, growing impatient.

"Indeed," Gaster agreed, looking over at Sans in amusement. "The first step to putting the world back together, is to put together all the shattered fragments that still remain in the void. I will have to reunite with... Dings."

"Will ya end up more like him?" Sans asked warily.

"Yes and no," Gaster explained. "I will be whole again. There were times when I let those parts of me take control, although not to his extent. I do have regrets of the person I was and the things I had done. When I was shattered and drifting in the void, I refused those parts of myself. I cast them aside, choosing only to hold onto the pieces of me I deemed important. He thought the same, and so we each pulled in the fragments we cared about. Seeing what he is, what he has done, I have some perspective on myself. I will not allow those parts of me to be in control any longer. But nevertheless, I must reunite with him. Chara is another fragment that must be dealt with. She is but the determination that remained in her soul. In her hate and rage, she cast aside the parts of herself she found undesirable. She must be disposed of if we are to proceed with ease."

"I can do that," I assured him.

He nodded at me before looking at his son again. He seemed to think about something and then Sans vanished.

"Where did he go?" I asked.

"I had to push him from this place while we talk. He cannot re-enter until I allow it," Gaster explained.

"Why did you do that?"

"Because he will not like what I have to say." Gaster said quietly, the seriousness chasing away the light atmosphere that had been there a moment before. "I fear he would whisk you away. He is too afraid of losing you. And this, my dear, must be entirely your choice."

I nodded. "I understand. So I can save this place?"

"Indeed you can. But nothing is without risk and everything comes with a price."

"Just tell me what I need to do."
Gaster saw the determination in me and nodded. "Your magic can pull the shattered pieces of the world back into place. There is a good chance that doing so could kill you." He paused as he let me contemplate this. I nodded.

"I thought so."

Gaster nodded, continuing. "Even if you succeed, it will come at a cost. Your soul will be tied into the fate of the world. Because of how vastly shattered the world was, your magic must remain. If you were to die, your very soul would be the piece that held the world together until it fully healed. Even if you survive, your magic will have to stay. It will be the glue that holds the world together. Because of this, and in result of using so much magic, the very essence of your soul will change. It will still be a human soul, but it will age in the same manner that a monster's does. You will age in this way at least until the world healed itself fully. I do not know how long that would take. Considering the damage, it could be a millennium or more."

"So I would age the way a monster does? At least the ones that don't have kids," I asked to clarify. "Although, most of them do have kids," I added as an afterthought. It wasn't often you encountered a millennium old monster. Most chose to have families and such.

"Yes. Which brings me to the other part of this. You will not be able to bear children for the duration of the time that you are tied into the fabric of the world."

"Because for monsters that requires you do take a piece of your souls to create a new one."

"Yes. Something your soul will be incapable of doing."

I nodded, feeling the slight pang of sadness. I certainly hadn't been ready for kids any time soon, but just the thought of having that choice taken away from me for an indefinite amount of time was sad. Well, a thousand years or more will certainly be enough to time to prepare for that at least.

"I am willing to sacrifice my life to fix things," I assured Gaster. "I can sacrifice a little bit more if I have to."

Gaster nodded. "Will you tell my son of what must be done?"

I hesitated before nodding. "Yes, I will."

"You understand he will not be happy with it."

"I do, but I can't hide the truth from him like that. I'll make him understand."

Gaster nodded in understanding. "Very well. Let us take care of myself first."

I voiced my agreement and then felt the rush of panicked magic as Sans reappeared. He teleported to my side, pulling me away from Gaster.

"Are you alright?" He asked, hands skimming over me to make sure I was okay.

"I'm fine," I assured him.

"Why the hell did ya need kick me out of here?" Sans demanded of Gaster, glaring at him mistrustfully.

"We needed to have a conversation that did not need to include you," Gaster explained. The explanation only seemed to make Sans angrier.
"Let's just get this first step taken care of, shall we?" Gaster suggested.

"Yeah, let's put you back together," I agreed.

"What are the risks?" Sans demanded.

Gaster took a deep breath. "There is the risk that I will not be able to maintain myself through the merge. If this so happens, I will ask that you kill me to avoid risking a problem with the rest of the plan."

"No problem," Sans snarled.

"Sans," I scolded before turning back to Gaster. "We will do only what is necessary."

"Frisk, you must make me a promise that you will not let that monstrous part of me cause any more damage than he has already wrought."

"I promise that if you do not succeed, I won't let him cause any more damage. I will do what is necessary."

Gaster stared at me for a moment, contemplating my choice of words before he nodded in acceptance.

"Then let us do this."

Chapter End Notes

Plot Plot Plot
Extricating Gaster from the prison of this area of the void was easier than expected. The spell had held, but because of the prison I'd created around Dings, it was weak. Sans teleported us all away once I'd undone the spell, bringing us to the area of the void where my magic remained.

Gaster decided it was best for Sans and I to not be directly in the room when he reunited with his other self. Just in case something went wrong. Sans and I remained just outside the space, looking in as I let Gaster inside, making sure Dings couldn't pull anything.

When Dings saw his other self, his sockets widened incredulously, filling at first with shock and then with hatred and fear. He was shaking his head as Gaster took confident strides towards him, backing up until I put up a magical wall to stop him. He glanced around, looking for me, and then snapping his attention back to Gaster when he couldn't see me.

"It was wrong of me to deny any part of who I am," Gaster said softly. "Now I will fix the mistake I made."

"Don't you dare!" Dings protested. "I finally rid myself of all that weakness, I won't allow it!"

Before Dings could react, Gaster reached forward, wrapping his arms around Dings and pulling him in as though for a hug as Dings struggled. I saw the bright light as the two pieces of his soul merged together again, the light nearly blinding us as we had to look away. I saw the two forms meld together in the light and as it died down I saw there was only one left standing.

He stood stock still for a few moments before slowly flexing his fingers and turning, looking for us with a pleased grin on his face. Sans grabbed my hand tight, urging me to wait when I moved to enter.

I took close a look at Gaster, gently searching with my magic. I could feel that he was different than either of his separate selves had been, how he was both and yet different than either had been on their own. I could also sense which parts of him were in control. Sans looked at him warily, not quite sure whether or not to trust him. I sighed, grasping his hand and moving us into the space before he could stop me.

Gaster relaxed when he saw us. "I believe I am myself again."

"I think so too," I said, relief evident in my voice. Gaster gave me a gentle smile.

"I don't know about you, but this all seems a little too easy," Sans mumbled suspiciously as he angled himself so he was slightly blocking me from Gaster.

"Would you like to view my soul to be sure?" Gaster offered.

"Already am," Sans said. "I can still sense those parts of him."

"Well of course. I didn't just do away with them. They are a part of me once again."

"I don't like it," Sans grumbled in complaint.
"Alas, neither do I. But it was denying them that got us here in the first place," Gaster said with regret plain in his voice. "I understand your caution. The version of me that you knew was not to be trusted. He could put on any face to deceive his test subjects. Make them see whatever he wanted them to see of the kind of monster he was. Yet you always knew. What do you see now?"

Sans paused, hesitant. "I only knew the truth because I grew up with ya. If I had been in those cages, ya might've fooled me too."

"I sincerely doubt that, son," Gaster said with a slight smile. "You have always been sharp. You can always see the truth. Even when you think you are uncertain. Trust your instincts."

Sans took a deep breath, eyeing Gaster with one of his piercing looks. At length, he relaxed a bit. "I can't say I see anythin' just yet, but I'm not gonna say I trust ya completely."

"I wouldn't expect you too. Just so long as you allow me to help you. Which brings up the next step of our plan."

"Chara," I said, trying to keep the eagerness out of my voice. I could finally deal with my demon.

"Perhaps now you should rest," Gaster said softly. "You will need your full strength when you face her."

I nodded and didn't miss the significance of the look he passed between Sans and I. Sans seemed to notice it as well but chose not to say anything, all too eager to get me out of there and resting.

"I will wait here for you. I will be ready when you need me," Gaster promised.

I nodded and took Sans' hand in mine. "Let's go rest."

Sans nodded, giving Gaster one last accepting nod before teleporting us back to the house.

I allowed the magic that had kept that place sealed tight to return to my soul, no longer needing to fear what Gaster might do.

We stood together for a few moments but I couldn't keep the pleased smile from spreading on my face. "We did it."

"So far so good," Sans mumbled, also looking relieved. "It still feels too easy. In any case, I'm gonna give everyone else an update so they know what's goin' on. I'll be back soon."

I nodded and Sans reluctantly released my hand, teleporting away.

I sighed, my soul doing nervous flips in my chest as I contemplated the conversation ahead.

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I sat on the mattress, nervously fiddling my hands as I waited. I had changed into a comfortable nightgown.

Sans called my name from the other room when he returned. "In here!" I called back, trying to ignore the knots in my stomach and the pounding of my heart.

I gave Sans a strained smile as he came into the room. He wasn't fooled at all, taking swift steps over to me, concern evident on his face.

"What's wrong?" he asked as he knelt down to come to eye level with me where I sat perched
nervously on the edge of the mattress.

I took another deep breath to try to calm my frayed nerves. "Sans, there's something I need to tell you."

He tensed, my words putting him on edge.

"There is more to what we have to do than I told you," I started softly.

"I figured," Sans grumbled, sounding impatient. "What aren't ya tellin' me?"

I paused, swallowing as I hesitated. "I can put the world back to the way it was," I began, my voice quiet and dry as I struggled to get the words out. I didn't want to have this fight.

The lights in Sans' socket vanished as he came to his own conclusion. "It's gonna kill ya, ain't it?" the tone of his voice sent fearful shivers up my spine. He didn't sound pleased at all.

"Well-"

"Don't lie to me, Frisk," Sans growled, the magic beginning to glow in his socket, not quite flames yet.

"There's a chance that it could," I said quietly.

He was already shaking his head, his hands resting on my thighs, slightly digging into my skin.

"Even if I can do it without dying, there's consequences," I continued quietly. "My life will be tied into the survival of the world. I'll age like a monster does until the world fully heals. Which isn't really a bad thing. But I won't be able to bear children, at least not for a very long time."

None of this seemed to register with Sans. He was still shaking his head, the flames in his socket beginning to lick up the side of his skull. "I ain't gonna lose ya. I ain't gonna let ya sacrifice anythin' else."

"Sans," I implored quietly, trying to gently persuade him.

"No." He said the word with finality, pushing me back onto the mattress so suddenly I gasped, finding him suddenly above me, pinning me to the bed. "Do whatever ya want to Chara, take down the damn barrier. But ya ain't sacrificin' yourself for us."

I sighed. I knew the only way he would understand would be if I showed him.

I pushed against him with my magic, flipping our positions so I was the one straddling him. I put my hands firm against his chest as his hands went to my hips, attempting to push me back off. He froze when my soul drifted out of my chest, filling the dim room with the sparkling red glow, so much more intense now than it used to be.

"Sans," I said his name quietly. His hands on my hips loosened as he gazed at my soul nervously. "I won't fight with you about this again. I need you to understand. You will always be more than enough for me. I am yours. But this world, our family, deserves better. This can't just be about you and me."

I reached down, grabbing one of his hands and slowly pulling it towards my soul. I could feel him resisting.

"Frisk, ya don't know what you're askin' for," Sans said quietly, his voice laced with an excitement
he was trying to hold back, as well as nervousness and doubt and disbelief.

"Yes, I do," I assured him softly. I pulled his hand until it was almost touching my soul and then let go, settling my hands on his chest, bracing myself. I would leave that final step for him to choose to make.

"This ain't the same as me just seein' your soul through my magic," Sans tried to warn me.

"I know that," I assured him. "I still want this."

He hesitated, staring at my soul nervously, looking back up into my eyes, his full of doubt. I nodded, my fingers tightening gently against his ribs in a gesture of reassurance. He swallowed and then propped himself up on his elbow. With one last deep breath he reached forward slowly and gently caressed my soul with the tip of his index finger.

I gasped, unable to stop the throaty moan that pushed its way past my lips as an indescribable pleasure pulsed through my entire being at the contact. It was more than just sexual though, it was that sensation of being wrapped in his tight, loving embrace amplified as he held the essence of my entire being in his hand. If he wanted he could destroy me, he could consume me, and yet I knew without a single doubt that he never would. I felt indescribably safe with my soul in his grasp. This hadn't exactly been what I expected. I had expected it to feel intimate, but I didn't expect it to feel so good. I held myself up on trembling arms, my fingers tight around his ribs. I saw the lights in his sockets dilate as he stared at my soul in rapture, as though it were the most amazing thing he'd ever seen or felt.

I knew he was seeing what I saw, all my memories and emotions from my perspective. He was seeing everything through my eyes. My love for him included. I saw the tears form at the edges of his sockets as he felt my more painful memories. When I thought I'd lost Damen. When Chara made me kill my family. When Gaster tortured me. He felt my world as wholly as I felt it. All the love and peace and goodness that it held. How much happier everyone had been. How much more right the world felt when it was whole. He felt my desire to return our family to their lives, to give them the world and the future that they all deserved.

He felt more than just my memory, he saw every ounce of determination and LV and magic in my soul. He saw everything that it made me, everything that I was down to my very core, even the things I didn't fully understand about myself. He was seeing me for everything that I was. And he still stared at my soul like it was the most beautiful, wonderful, extraordinary thing he had ever laid eyes on. The look of awe on his face surpassed even that of what it was when he looked up at the stars.

I clenched my teeth, pressing my lips together and holding my breath as I forced back any more moans as he gently ran his finger down the side of my soul. He closed his sockets, concentrating on what he was seeing and feeling from me, everything up to and including this moment. He was seeing all of my happiness, love and trust, all because of him. I knew with everything he saw, he understood now. I would never be okay leaving the world the way that it was. Not because he, or anyone else, wasn't enough but because I knew there was so much better for them and they deserved the chance to be in a world where they could truly be whole and happy, with or without me.

I felt him coax the blue magic to the surface of my soul and he gazed at it sadly. I felt him register the thought that had been on my mind since our last fight. He looked up at me and, realizing how tense I was, released my soul, giving me reprieve from the pleasure that continued to wrack through my body. I let the air out of my lungs, taking a few deep breaths as my whole body finally relaxed, my muscles aching from the strain. Despite how intense the sensation was, I felt a slight
pang of loneliness from having that thread of connection gone.

"Frisk, are ya sure that's what ya wanna do?" Sans asked, sounding doubtful and hopeful at the same time.

I nodded resolutely, not quite having caught my breath yet. I reached down, pulling the hem of my nightgown up and over my head. I saw the hungry look in his eye as he saw that I had nothing on underneath. I pulled at his shirt and smirked when it vanished. He hadn't even bothered to move.

I ran my fingers gently up his ribs, noting the lights in his sockets wavered as they watched me. I placed my fingers on his sternum. He took a deep breath, looking at me for assurance again.

"Ya sure? This ain't somethin' ya can take back. A soul bond is forever."

"Yes. I am absolutely sure. I am yours Sans. My body, my heart and my soul. It's all yours. I want to belong to you completely."

He nodded and I pulled my hands away as his soul drifted out. It was smaller than my own and shined with a much deeper red. Sans sat up all the way and I could feel our souls straining to be closer to one another. Sans stopped before they could get close enough to touch.

"Ya ain't gonna like what ya see," Sans said softly, his voice laced with so much grief that it broke my heart just to see it. I could see his soul, how damaged and hardened it had become as a result of this world, of the life it had forced him to live. Just looking at it, I understood all the resistance I had felt from him in opening up to me. In this world, you simply didn't do that. And yet he had. He had allowed himself to fall in love with me and give himself to me as fully as I gave myself to him.

"Please," I said softly, leaving plenty of words unspoken. Sans nodded and I reached forward slowly, hesitantly, towards his soul. I did the same thing he had done, stroking his soul with a feather light touch. I felt his whole body tense, his sockets closing for a moment before he forced them open, choosing to look at me instead.

I saw his most important memories flipping through my mind, the emotions of them the most prominent thing. I saw the hard life he had, the damage that had been done to his soul. I felt his hatred for his father, for the whole damn world. I felt every betrayal he’d endured, every lesson he’d learned. I saw him raising Papyrus because their father couldn't be bothered, too busy with his experiments to contribute much to their lives. I saw how he watched the world crush Papyrus’ innocence and his hatred for the world for doing that to such a pure soul. I felt the experiments that Sans had endured from his father, how ruthless Gaster had been through his eyes, and I understood his hatred for him. Having your own father turn you into an experiment knowing it could kill you. That was a harsh lesson to learn from about trust, one that a young child should not have learned. Sans had endured so much pain going through the experiments to gain the raw determination he had. Gaster had performed the experiments in the void, allowing him some flexibility he didn’t have in the real world. The excess determination had a place to escape once in the void. Gaster had watched Sans change through the years, only withstanding such experiments because of the natural power of his soul, something that the determination only served to enhance. I saw how Gaster had attempted to do the experiments on himself when he saw how his son had grown powerful. How Gaster had watched Sans change through the years, only withstanding such experiments because of the natural power of his soul, something that the determination only served to enhance. I saw how Gaster had attempted to do the experiments on himself when he saw how his son had grown powerful. How Sans had pushed him into the core as Gaster became unstable, not willing to risk him becoming so powerful or causing any more damage to the world. I saw how the whole world forgot him, everyone except Sans, and his relief at the outcome.

I saw every friend, every lover that ever tried to gain his trust and love, each desiring only to gain his power and reputation. I saw how much it hurt him to see people only using him throughout his whole life. How much he desired a true connection. Something that this world couldn't have given
him.

I saw his memory of meeting me for the first time. As though there had been something familiar about me. I saw how beautiful he saw me, as though I were the first bright light his soul had ever seen. I felt his struggle as he started to fall in love with me, not even sure himself what it was he was feeling, as he had never loved in such a way before. Feeling the moment he realized and accepted his love for me was beautiful. That moment had been one that had begun to heal the damage that his soul had endured in his long lifetime. Everything up to this moment came together and I saw every aspect of who he was, I saw all the things I knew I loved about him, all the things he wouldn't acknowledge about himself. I saw him in a way I never had, and yet I saw everything I had always known. I felt my love for him increase until my soul felt like it would overflow with the sensation.

I felt acutely how he felt at this moment, his absolute trust in me for allowing me to touch his soul, something that could utterly destroy him with even the slightest wrong intention from me. I felt all his pleasure, his joy, his trust, the warm fuzzy, euphoric feeling of loving and being loved and being so content in someone else's hold. The sexual and the romantic love mixed and melded into one beautiful feeling inside of him, and I felt my own soul echo that feeling.

I slowly released his soul and felt his body relax. He looked at me, and I could see the worry in his sockets, as though what I had seen would scare me away.

I gave him a warm smile and reached up, gently caressing his skull. Relief washed across his features, smoothing out the worried creases as he pulled me forward into a deep kiss, one that I eagerly returned. We kissed until we were breathless, neither of us willing to part. I could feel my magic sizzling to the surface as I lost myself in the feel of him, his magic doing the same and it danced between our separated souls, twining together, attempted to draw our souls towards one another. I could feel my soul straining to be connected with his, the nearly irresistible pull of his. I could feel his soul calling out to mine, coaxing it in.

Sans parted us, his hands gently caressing my face, tracing the shape of my jaw and cheekbones, fingertips gently tracing the shape of my red lips. The lights in his sockets burned with an intensity I had never seen before, setting a fire in my soul that threatened to consume me. I could feel how much he desired to make me his fully, and to be mine in return.

"Do ya trust me?" Sans asked, his voice a deep rumble that shook me to my core.

I nodded, not entirely sure if I could find my voice right now.

"Frisk, I need ya to tell me. I need ya to say ya ready for this. I have to know you're certain," Sans said, pushing me for a definitive answer that he couldn't refute.

"Yes. Please Sans, yes. I trust you completely. You are the only person I trust with my soul. I need to be yours. I'm ready for this." I managed to find my voice, raspy and deep as it sounded.

His eyes dilated like that of a cat eyeing prey, and yet I could see all the love in his eyes as he smiled a positively wickedly pleased smile. "Then how's about I show ya how souls really bond, sweetheart."

I nodded eagerly as Sans leaned forward, kissing me again, immediately stealing my breath and sending a shiver down my spine, goosebumps flushing across my skin.

Sans' hands roamed everywhere, feeling every inch of me. His magic sparked across my body, making my skin ultra sensitive to every caress and kiss.
Sans’ tongue twined deliciously with mine as his hands took control of me. When he was finally satisfied with simply feeling me up, and I was a squirming impatient mess in his lap, he finally moved one of his hands between my legs as he trailed kisses down my neck. His fingers slipped easily between my lips, my wetness easily dripping down his fingers as they teased me. My hips pressed into his touch, my body craving more.

"Now, now, we don't wanna rush things, sweetheart," Sans purred seductively, his voice making me melt, his sharp teeth brushing the sensitive tendon beneath my ear made me shiver, a surprised breath sucked in between my teeth, and I could feel him smile, pleased at every reaction he caused in me.

I bit my lip and tried to be patient as he simply ran his fingers between my lips, his free hand tight against my hip, gently kneading the flesh and making sure I didn't buck my hips too much. I could feel my core heating with every gentle stroke that got teasingly, achingly close to my clit, my soul aching in desire in tandem with my body. His own soul responded, reaching out to mine as mine was reaching out to his, but I could feel his self control as he restrained himself, enjoying feeling every moment. He was enjoying taking his time and relishing every second.

At length he gave me reprieve, gently rolling his fingertips over my clit, his magic sparking directly from them into my body, making me ache with a desire deep inside me. A high pitched moan escaped me, and his chest rumbled with every pleased growl that echoed me. I attempted to roll my hips into his, desperate for more friction, but he made sure I only felt what he wanted me to feel. The buildup was agonizingly slow, it was driving me crazy, and Sans could feel it. And he seemed far too pleased with the power he held over me.

As my orgasm got closer, Sans increased his magic, letting it dance over my skin and through my body and soul, making every inch of me feel good as my muscles clenched and my walls fluttered before that tight release followed, my magic bursting forth with the release of pleasure, carrying what I felt and echoing it in Sans. Stars burst behind my eyes, the orgasm rushing through me like lightening. Sans’ magic buzzed through my body, heightening every second of pleasure until it was nearly unbearable. As the high faded my tense muscles relaxed into him, my walls occasionally fluttering around his fingers where they caressed inside me.

Sans chuckled, thoroughly pleased. “If ya thought that felt good, ya haven’t felt nothin’ yet sweetheart.” He licked his teeth as he gave me a hungry look, dominance and possessiveness burning in his eyes. “Course, I gotta make sure your body’s nice an’ sensitive for me. And I think I wanna taste before I fuck ya senseless.”

With that wicked grin that sent heat straight to my core Sans laid back against the sheets, his soul drifting closer to his rib cage as he wrapped his hands around my spread legs and lifting me back with him, my muscles flexing as I held my balance through the awkward shift. He repositioned me as easily as if I weighed nothing, placing my legs on either side of his head, my still trembling knees barely able to keep me from sitting directly on his face. My own soul was pressed against my sternum to avoid being pushed against the wall, sparkling with my anticipation.

I gripped the headboard for support as a flush crept over my face. Sans’ mischievous grin met my shy gaze as I quickly glanced down at him. The red glow of his eyes was bright in the dim room, and as his jaw opened the red glow of his long tongue bathed my skin in a red glow. The room was just bright enough that Sans could see my body easily, but still dark enough for his magic and magical appendages to glow brightly.

Sans licked his teeth again, his warm breath wafting over my sweaty thighs. His tongue flicked out, teasingly licking the sensitive skin of my thighs right up to the sensitive tendon in the curve of my
"Now let's see if ya taste as good as I remember, kitten."

His hands went up, grabbing fistfuls of my ass, semi-supporting me as he kept me positioned just right. Something about kneeling over his face like this felt especially dirty, and I flushed with embarrassment as I felt my juices dripping down my thighs and onto him. He didn't seem to mind though, his tongue trailing down my thighs wherever they got wet. I felt as much as heard the gentle rumble from him, his tongue sliding up between my folds as though he couldn't resist himself now that he'd had a taste.

“Fuck, sweetheart, ya taste even better than last time,” Sans purred, the gentle hum that escaped him sounding very much like someone eating something especially tasty.

He slid the length of his tongue between my lips, slowly sliding it back and forth, gently teasing my swollen clit and slowly building up that fire inside me again. The tingling magic from his tongue sent little twists of anticipation through me as I thought of how it felt to have it inside me. I was hot and aching inside when Sans' tongue finally prodded gently at my entrance, his eyes watching every lewd expression my face made. When my gaze shyly flicked down to his, I was entranced by his gaze, unable to tear my eyes away from him. I gently bit my lip and saw the lights in his sockets brighten as they watched me. My whole body quivered in anticipation as he gently slid inside me, slowly stretching me out. His tongue slowly pushed as deep as it would go, curling and twisting into every good spot inside me, stretching me out until it was nearly painful.

When I attempted to hide my face behind my arm, his magic pulled my arms behind my back, holding me up. I could see by the burning look in his sockets that he wanted to see every lewd, embarrassing expression on my face. My trembling knees tightened against his skull as he moved his tongue gently inside me, my own hips rocking and pressing into his face in an attempt to get more pressure from him. I knew later I'd be embarrassed about riding his face like this, but right now it just felt too good. I needed to feel more, and his teasing, gentle pace was agonizing.

My muscles tightened as his tongue pressed more firmly against those sweet spots inside me, giving me some reprieve from the increasingly insistent ache inside me, making stars burst behind my tightly closed eyes. My head rolled back, the silky strands of my hair tickling his bones. His tingling magic pulled my chin forward so that he could see my face clearly. My back arched and every lewd moan blended into the next as Sans relentlessly moved inside me, his magic and my own flushing across my skin. My soul was displaying a light show in the room around us in hues of beautiful glowing red, pulsing with the rhythm of the pleasure washing through me. I was no longer cognizant of the lewd expressions twisting my features, of how my flushed chest rose and fell in quick succession as I struggled to breathe enough through every gasped moan that overtook me, of how every muscle in my body had tightened to show every sculpted detail of my sweat slicked skin- but Sans was. The pleased rumble in his chest made gentle vibrations travel across my skin and inside me where my increasingly tightening walls were pulling him inside me insistently. I was vaguely aware of Sans' hands gripping and sliding across my thighs and hips, up to my breasts where they gently pinched and rolled my nipples, his magic sinking into my skin as they continued to repeat that path.

My core heated, my fluttering muscles tightening with every pulse of pleasure that tipped me closer to the edge, and just as I was peaking Sans reached up, his fingers caressing my soul, sending shocks of pleasure rocketing through me like I'd never felt before. My orgasm crashed over me more intensely than ever before, the pleasure curling through my very soul, making pleasure spark through every cell in my body. I screamed his name in pleasure as wave after wave of pleasure pushed through me as his fingers continued to stroke my quivering soul. I felt as much
as heard the deep moan from his as he felt my pleasure through his hold on my soul, his magic sparking through the air as he temporarily lost control.

His fingers reluctantly pulled away from my soul before the pleasure became painful and the orgasm faded, my tensed muscles relaxing painfully. His magic eased through me, soothing any aches the orgasm had brought me. His tongue slid out of me and I couldn't help the gasping moan at the sensation of movement against my overly sensitive muscles.

"It only gets better from here, baby," Sans purred, his eyes appraising me with that teasing look of his as he smiled up at me in a way that could only be compared to the cheshire cat.

"How?!" I asked incredulously with a soft laugh, the lingering bliss making me giddily happy.

Sans chuckled as he lifted me back into his lap and sat up a little. "Don't worry, sweetheart, I'll show ya." Sans wrapped his arms around me, pulling me close as he kissed me. He separated from our kiss, leaning down to gently stroke my soul with his lips, pushing pleasure back through me. I gasped and moaned, my hands tightening against him as his tongue stroked my soul, sending raw magic directly into it and almost catapulting me into another orgasm. He pulled away before it got that far, leaning back up to kiss me on the lips again.

I pressed my hands against his ribs before he could shift us.

"Wait," I said breathlessly, barely managing to pull away from his kiss.

"Ya havin' second thoughts?" Sans asked worriedly.

I laughed at the absurdity of that question. "No," I assured with a firm shake of my head. "I just. . ." I paused, suddenly a little embarrassed. For what reason, I wasn't sure. I had no reason to be embarrassed, especially not at this point in our relationship, but I still was. Sans allowed me to collect my words. "I just wanted to make you feel good too." I said quietly, gently running my fingers across his ribs for emphasis. I saw the lights of his eyes get larger as they watched me with gentle amusement now that he knew what I was getting at.

"Ya know ya already do, babe, don't worry about that," Sans said with a gentleness in his voice that wasn't common to him. Not this him at least. His hands lovingly caressed my skin in an attempt to ease my apprehension.

"I know that. I just. . . you know what I mean," I said with a slight pout, biting my lip and sliding my fingers between his ribs to grip them more firmly, being careful to avoid touching his soul. I felt a low rumble shake his chest as he watched me with a hungry kind of impatience, his hands tightening fractionally giving away the pleasure I was making him feel already.

"I don't think ya understand how badly I want ya right now, sweetheart. I don't know how much self control I have," Sans said in that deep, sexy voice that could prompt me to do just about anything for him. "But if ya really want, I can't really say no to ya, can I?"

"Well, I really really want to," I said, lowering my voice in a way that I hoped was sexy too as I caressed his ribs.

Sans chuckled, seeming pleased with what I was doing. "Do ya think ya can be the dominatin' one?"

I laughed. "That depends, can you actually be submissive?" I asked with a quirked brow. "Cause I'm not sure I can picture that."
"For you babe, anythin'," Sans said with a gentle squeeze of my ass. "sides. I think it would be pretty sexy to see ya try," he commented with a little challenging glint in his eyes that immediately stoked the determination inside me to prove just exactly what I could do.

I felt my lips curl up and I knew my face must look very similar to his own when he got particularly mischievous. I braced my hands against his ribs, and with a rough push from both them and a bit of magic, he fell back against the sheets with a thump. He looked surprised at my sudden shift in attitude, but then smiled, seeming pleased. His hands gripped my sides, bringing my attention to them. I caught his hands in my own, pulling them away from my sides and up towards the headboard, having to bend over him to do so, my breasts brushed against his ribs, mildly distracting me. My hair draped around us, creating a curtain on either side of his face.

"If I'm gonna be in charge, I think I want your hands up here," I purred teasingly.

I saw the mild frustration on his face. "Aww, c'mon sweetheart. Let me touch ya."

I smiled, understanding why Sans enjoyed this role so much. "Hmm," I murmured, as though thinking about it as I wound my fingers through his, keeping them pressed against the pillows as my lips brushed teasingly against his own, not quite kissing him. "I don't think so," I said at length, unable to hide my smug glee at having control like this. Sans let out an irritated huff but didn't fight me. "Besides, you said you'd do anything, right?" I reminded. I focused, trying to channel my own magic just like he did. I released his hands with an overly pleased smile when I succeeded, my magic keeping his hands pinned up.

Sans let out a low growl. "I think ya gettin' carried away there, kitten."

I laughed. "Nonsense. Anything, remember?" I reminded once again with a quirk to my eye brow, as though challenging him to go back on that. He watched me with barely contained impatience, his eyes skimming over my soul.

"Don't worry, we'll get back to that as soon as I have a little fun too," I assured him, running my fingers up his rib cage as I leaned down, kissing him firmly. He hungrily accepted this, his tongue twining with mine in a way that was very dominating, as though he were trying to remind me he still had control here. I pulled away from the kiss slightly light headed, having to remind myself exactly what I was doing. I kissed a path across his cheekbone to his jaw, gently biting it before dipping my head down to his neck bones. I slid my tongue gently across them, sliding along the dips and almost laughed aloud as I heard the low rumble from him as I kissed down his neck to his clavicle, occasionally giving him a gentle nibble that would cause him to shiver.

I trailed wet kisses down his sternum, my fingers winding between his ribs, gently caressing the insides of them, my tongue joining in that venture as I kissed and bit and sucked every rib I could, eliciting a deep moan and shiver from him. I could feel his arms straining lightly against my magic on his wrists, as though he was just itching to touch my skin. I moved to kiss the other side of his ribs as my hands slid up his spine and inside his rib cage, gently caressing them. I could hear Sans getting breathless and pushed myself to make him just as flustered as he always made me feel. I bit one of his lower ribs a little more roughly, earning me a startled noise that was somewhere between a yelp and a groan as his rib cage rose. I pulled back quickly.

"Did I hurt you?" I asked worriedly, meeting the flaming light in his socket as he gazed down at me, his chest rising and falling more quickly.

"Not even a little bit," Sans said, that impatience back in his voice as he watched me.

As I realized that what I had done had felt good for him, a pleased smile curved my lips. I leaned
back down, sliding my hands back inside his rib cage as I bit down on another of his ribs. He drew in a startled breath. I drew my fingernails down his ribs and spine a little more roughly than I usually would have, biting down his ribs.

Sans groaned, his wrists straining against my magic. "Fuck, babe." Sans moaned. "You're really testin' my self control here." He bucked his hips up into me, the distinct hardness of his erection rubbing against my hot core in a way that made me gasp, and I became aware of the fact that he was no longer wearing his shorts.

"That's not allowed," I said breathlessly, rising myself up on my knees more and sliding my hands down his spine towards his pelvis, letting my nails scrape against him. I shimmied further down, letting my tongue drag teasingly down his spine, situating my hips away from his own. My hands pressed teasingly against his pelvis around his cock, earning me another frustrated growl that I couldn't help laughing at.

"I think you're enjoyin' yourself a little too much there, doll," Sans growled.

"I think I'm enjoying myself just the right amount, actually," I said teasingly as I smiled up at him, sliding my hands around his pelvis again. I could feel Sans' impatience growing and gave in before he snapped and took back control of the situation. I wrapped one of my hands around his cock, letting my other slide back up inside his rib cage as I leaned over him with my ass in the air. I slowly stroked his length, letting my thumb press against the ribbed underside of his dick. I leaned forward, swirling my tongue around his tip, prompting him to buck his hips upward.

I kept at it for five, then ten, then fifteen minutes, letting my hands roam where they could reach while I pleasured him with my mouth. I was surprised as the time passed that Sans was letting me go at it for so long. I could see he was thoroughly enjoying himself, despite his impatience.

When I could see that he was once more at his breaking point, I reached up, barely able to reach his soul. I let my fingers caress it as he had mine, surprised at the unfamiliar pleasure that twisted through me straight to my own soul as I felt every aspect of his pleasure. I felt how good it felt to have my fingers against his bare bones, the sensation similar and yet entirely different from any sensation my skin had felt, his bones far more sensitive than my skin. I felt how good it felt to have my mouth around his cock, so warm and wet and tight in all the right places. His whole body stiffened, his hips bucking into me as he swore, his hands snapping free of my restraints to wind through my hair, his cock twitching and pulsing as he came, spilling his seed down my throat. I used magic to dull my gag reflex so I could take him in deeper.

I released his soul and his hands loosened, his chest rising and falling with his deep breaths. I slowly pulled back, letting my mouth squeeze him as I came back up, earning me another soft swear from him, before I released him fully. His hands framed my face gently.

"You're fuckin' perfect, ya know that?" Sans asked rhetorically, pulling me up until he could kiss me and my hips were once again lined up with his. "Now, let's get to the real fun part."

"This wasn't the fun part?" I teased, breathless from the kiss and everything else.

Sans chuckled. "This can't even compare to what I have in store for ya."
"Then how about you show me and stop teasing me?" I suggested, kissing him back passionately as he laughed.

"I think you're the one doin' the teasin', sweetheart," Sans chuckled, kissing me back, his hands eagerly roaming my skin now that they could again. I placed my hands on either side of his skull, gently caressing it as we kissed.

I rocked my hips against him, his length sliding between my lips and against my clit, my soul pulsing eagerly as it reached out to him.

"Let's take this slow, doll," Sans chuckled, sounding just as breathless as me. "Don't wanna overwhelm ya."

He rocked his hips back against mine for a few moments before lining up with my entrance. I lowered my hands to grip his ribs as he lowered me onto his length slowly, letting me stretch out around him. Sans groaned, and I could see he was trying to restrain himself.

"Gods, you're always so fuckin' tight, babe. *Tight* and *wet* and *hot*," Sans growled, thrusting deeper into me with each strained word. My walls tightened and fluttered around him as he bottomed out, gently rocking into me and making stars burst behind my eyes as he pushed into that sweet spot deep inside me. "Right here between your legs, right inside ya, is exactly where I belong."

"Yes," I moaned in agreement.

"No one else could ever make ya feel this way, could they sweetheart?"

"No one Sans, no one but you," I agreed, my words punctuated by a throaty moan.

"You're damn right," Sans growled, beginning to thrust more roughly into me until all I could do is hold on through the pleasure. He reached down, rubbing tight circles around my clit, sending sparks of magic inside me.

"Who's are ya, sweetheart?" Sans demanded.

"Yours, Sans," I moaned, leaning against him, rolling my hips against his as best as I could.

"Damn right you're mine," Sans growled, free hand tightening against my skin as he brought me closer against him. I felt myself getting closer and his hand wound through my hair, tilting my head back to look at him, his forearm supporting my back. "Are ya ready for me, babe?" Sans asked gently, his change in tone prompting me to open my eyes and meet his. I saw that my soul had drifted closer to his.

"Yes," I moaned, barely able to find my voice.

"Then cum with me," Sans purred, leaning his forehead against mine as his magic coursed through me, pushing me over the edge as his soul pressed softly against mine.

The moment his soul pressed against mine I felt more pleasure than I had ever experienced. My orgasm pushed through my own body, but more than that I felt Sans' pleasure as he came with me, I felt him feeling my pleasure and felt that he felt mine, so many layers of pleasure I got lost in whose pleasure was whose. I felt the distinct feeling of my own pleasure, of feeling him pushing deep inside me, his tingling magic pulsing against my inner walls as I came, how good he felt inside me as his cock swelled and pulsated against me as he came with me, and I knew he was feeling that. I felt his own pleasure of my silky walls tight and hot around his length, squeezing against him in that fluttering rhythm as my orgasm crashed through me, the sensation of pleasure
he felt from it as it forced him into his orgasm.

I didn't even realize that I had screamed until I felt Sans react to it, hearing my hoarse voice moan in a way that was lewd and unrestrained and completely out of my control. His name pushed past my lips, I moaned it over and over again and I felt Sans' twists of pleasure as he heard me, my voice pushing his orgasm to be even stronger.

Our shared orgasms pushed through more than just our bodies, it pushed through our souls. If I had thought his fingers or tongue against my soul felt good, that was nothing in comparison to feeling his own being press against mine, his magic pushing its way into my soul as mine did his, the two twining together intricately as our souls pressed so close to one another they were nearly melding together. His magic danced through my body and soul, my own wrapping around his body and soul in a way that was more instinct than conscious control.

I felt everything I had felt touching his soul as he felt me, all of his love and joy pulsing through me, mixing with my own. I felt his joy at feeling my love for him and how happy he made me and vice versa. I felt everything that he was and felt all of my love and his love swelling and overflowing until love and pleasure was all I could feel. I had never felt more whole feeling him inside of me in every way possible. I felt complete and safe and happy and loved in a way that I never had. I felt him so close and deep, wrapping me in the sensation of him in a way that I never wanted to end, and I felt his own feelings mirroring my own.

The pleasure of the orgasm that had washed through our bodies and souls lingered for much longer than usual and even as the high faded, the joy from our souls lingered, the pleasurable sensation of feeling his soul against mine softening into a more gentle feeling of love as he gently rocked his hips into me. The sensation of feeling both of our feelings at once was slightly overwhelming, but I felt my soul adjusting to the sensation.

Despite the fact that no words were necessary, I could feel everything that Sans felt as he felt it, he voiced it all anyway, in the best way that he could. Neither of us truly had words to describe how we felt, but he tried.

"I love ya so damn much, Frisk," Sans said gently, his voice deep and rough. His words sent joy to my soul and his voice sent heat between my legs. I didn't miss the smirk that spread on his face as he felt how I reacted to voice. He rolled his hips into me again, stars bursting behind my fluttering lids as he pushed gently inside of me. "Ya saved me. Ya saved me from the darkness of this world. I never knew true love until I found ya. And I love ya so much more than I ever thought it was possible to love another person. Ya gave a light to my life I've never experienced. I didn't realize how badly I needed it until I met ya. Your love turned me into the best possible version of myself I could be. Before you I was broken. Broken by this world. I can't even imagine my life without ya. You're apart of me now. I'll never be whole without ya. I need ya." His words held more weight because I could feel every emotion behind them as he said them. I could feel the truth of them resonating inside my soul. I could also feel he had so much more to say, but didn't know how to find the words to say it. But he knew I felt it all regardless, and was content with that.

As he talked he continued to move his body with mine, his desire mingling with my own as our bodies and souls heated, wanting to feel that pleasure again. Sans' hands roamed my skin, reveling in the feel of me. I felt how much he loved feeling me beneath his hands, my legs wrapped around his hips, my breasts pressing against his ribs. I felt how soft I was under his hands, how he loved feeling the difference between the hardness of my muscles and softness of my slick skin, and how plump and supple my breasts felt, so much more fleshy and squeezable than the rest of my toned body. He loved to feel the places like my hips, spine, shoulder blades where my bones were most prominent underneath my flesh. My ribs and collar bone, the shape of my jaw and cheekbones. His
Just as he explored my body, I explored his, my fingers running over his bones, from his clavicle to the bottom of his ribs, inside his rib cage and down his spine, across his shoulders and shoulder blades, the more sensitive bones of his neck. I relished in the feel of his body under my hands, how smooth and warm and thrumming with magic his body was. I noticed how his bones were slightly more rough on the inside of his rib cage compared to the silky smoothness of the rest of them. As I caressed every part of his body my hands could readily reach, I memorized all the places that felt best for him, pleased when that rumble started in his chest, feeling it against my skin.

Sans shifted us before we got too carried away again, keeping me pressed tight against him so our souls and bodies stayed pressed together as he shifted so he was on top of me. I pressed my hips up so he could angle himself more easily to press into that sweet spot inside me, making pleasure jolt through my body with every press against me that he made. His movements became more forceful, more rough as he slammed into me, my walls gripping him tightly with every thrust. Every moan I made only pushed him further.

As his hands roamed my body his lips captured mine, his tongue slipping into my mouth to caress mine, relishing in the taste and feel of me just as I did him. He kissed me until I was breathless and my body and soul were aching for release again, his own desires mingling with mine.

Sans pulled away from our kiss to trail a burning path down my neck, pressing the sharp points of his teeth against my sensitive skin, feeling my pulse beat against his teeth as he pressed into the hollow of my neck. He moved to the curve of my shoulder where my scars were from the last time he bit me, his magic sizzling across my skin, making it ultra sensitive.

I could feel myself unraveling in his hold as he pressed his hips roughly against me, his magic pushing pleasure through my body and soul. I felt my soul heat as my body got close, my magic pushing through us both as I lost control of myself. I screamed his name as I came around him, my orgasm bursting through my soul and body, mingling with his as he was pushed over the edge by the burst of my magic and pleasure coursing through him too. His teeth pressed into my flesh in the exact spot they had last time, pushing magic into my flesh as the slight tingle of pain mingled with the pleasure, giving the pleasure a different feel. I felt the tingling sensation of his cum as it coated my insides again, heightening the pleasure I was feeling.

At length the high faded and our bodies slowed, making sure the pleasure didn't get to be too much, but also making sure that it didn't fade. Sans pulled his teeth out of my flesh, his tongue sliding over the small puncture wounds, my blood salty and metallic in his mouth, something that tasted good to him. His magic allowed my skin to knit back together so the bleeding stopped, easing away any pain that would get to be too much for me.

Several orgasms later and Sans’ soul tired, not able to stay in the open for as long as mine, and he reluctantly allowed it to return to his chest, but not before admiring the vibrant sparkling red of my soul that marked his. At first the sense of loneliness and disconnection was so strong that I felt a wracking pain in my soul, tears slipping from my eyes, ones that Sans was quick to wipe away as he smothered me in kisses and loving caresses, his fingers gently caressing my soul as it became used to being separate from his own again. As the loneliness faded, and my watery vision was clear I focused on my soul, noticing that now my soul had two separate colors of magic wound through it, the blue and the deep red. I could feel them both as similar and yet distinctly their own. As I reached out to that thread of red magic I realized I could still feel him, feel his emotions. Not as clearly as when our souls were pressed together, but still enough, and sighed in peaceful content as I realized I would always be able to feel him this way, if I just focused on him.
Sans didn't allow the night to be over, even after his soul was away. Instead he used this as a way to switch up our position, fucking me every which way. Every time I came I focused on that thread of magic that connected us and I was able to feel his orgasm and pleasure just as clearly as if our souls were still touching.

Sans gave me reprieve when morning approached and my body began to be overwhelmed with the sensations of pleasure. With one last tender caress from Sans, my soul returned to my chest and we lay a tangled mess of limbs, still wanting to be as close to one another as possible. As my body relaxed dreariness finally began to creep up on me, Sans spoke. It was strange that his voice could sound both rough and soft at the same time.

"Ya know not every soul is capable of bondin' like that," Sans commented offhandedly.

"Really?" I asked.

"Yeah, sometimes no matter how much two people care about each other and are attracted to each other, their souls just aren't compatible. That's where the idea of soul mates came from. That only one person can fit with your soul."

I let out a happy sigh as I nuzzled into him, my nose brushing against his jaw. "Well then I guess that makes us soul mates."

Sans chuckled. "Damn right we are." He leaned over, kissing me gently.

"I never had a doubt," I said with a happy giggle, completely filled with bliss at this moment. I reached out to his magic in my soul, letting it comfort me and felt him chuckle.

"Ya know I can feel it every time ya do that," Sans mentioned, nuzzling me.

"Seriously?" I asked.

"Yeah, stop focusin' on it for a sec and I'll show ya." I did as he suggested, letting my focus wander away from that piece of him, focusing on him in front of me instead. I felt when his soul reached out to mine, his magic pulsing inside my soul as it responded to him and I felt his emotions fill me, less strong than my own.

"Well, I guess you'll always know when I'm thinking about you," I said with a soft smile, pressing my lips to his cheekbone.

"I don't mind that," Sans hummed happily, kissing me right back.

"Which pretty much means I'll be thinking about you constantly. You'll feel me constantly."

"Still don't mind," Sans stated matter-of-factly with a small, carefree laugh.

"Good." I laughed with him, kissing him back softly but passionately.

We kissed and caressed one another until sleepiness stole over us and we fell into the most peaceful, blissful sleep ever, that thread of magic connecting us as we drifted into unconsciousness thinking about one another.

Chapter End Notes
Sorry this took so long you guys! Life gets busy, you know how it goes. Also, smut chapters are the hardest to write for some reason. So it always takes me longer to get them out. But here it is!
Plot will pick up again in the next chapter.
I awoke sprawled across Sans' chest, my cheek resting on his sternum and my breasts pressed against his ribs. His magic hummed faintly against my skin where our bodies were pressed together, his bones soft and warm against me. I could feel my heart fluttering inside my chest, beating strongly against his ribs. He was idly stroking my hair, the gentle sensation likely what had pulled me from the heavy lull of my peaceful sleep.

I slowly looked up at him to see him gazing thoughtfully at the ceiling. I felt love and joy swell in my chest, my soul automatically reaching out to his. Glancing down at me, he realized I was awake, responding to my emotions as they rose around the edges of his senses, snapping him out of his thoughts. A gentle smile spread on his face, the lights in his sockets dilated and shined brighter as they took me in. His soul reached out to mine in return and we sat in blissful silence simply feeling one another.

Sans reached down, pulling me up so he could kiss me. His magic sparked across my skin as his tongue captured mine, leaving me breathless, each of us responding to each others love and desire. At length I had to untangle us from the kiss. He reluctantly released me with a soft sigh. I felt sadness radiate in my chest. His sadness. He knew this was the last time we would lay together like this. I took a deep breath, gently kissing him, letting him feel all my love to ease some of his pain and apprehension.

"Let’s go save the world, shall we?" Sans suggested gently when I pulled away from him. I nodded, my own apprehension and anticipation filling me. I let my focus slip away from his soul and he did the same, our emotions our own again. With one last quick kiss I swung my legs over the bed and stood on shaky legs. Sans chuckled. "You need to be in tip top form if you're gonna be fightin'."

"I'll be-" fine.

Sans didn't let me finish, sitting up and giving my ass a playful smack. "Let me fix ya somethin' to eat while ya take a shower."

I nodded and made my way into the bathroom, turning on the hot water and getting under the spray, letting it ease the tension in my muscles. I scrubbed my skin and hair clean, taking time to relax and get my thoughts and emotions in order. Sans came in, setting some fresh clothes on the bathroom counter before joining me under the water, his hands roaming my skin. I let Sans get carried away, knowing he needed it. I needed it too.

His hands roamed between my legs, across my breasts. He drew out our souls, letting us feel one another fully as he made love to me against the shower wall, being sure to be extra gentle.

Parting us was one of the hardest things I'd done. His soul was just as reluctant to release mine, but we knew we needed to go. We could stay wrapped in each other's embrace forever if we let ourselves.

As I stepped out of the shower, drying my skin, I noticed the clothes Sans had grabbed were the hunters clothes I’d worn when I first came down here.
I slipped on the clothes quickly and made my way back into the room, slipping on my boots and tucking my knife into it, grabbing an extra to slip into the other. I tied my hair up into a tight bun to keep it in place and grabbed my mother's locket, securing it under my shirt, tucking it into my cleavage where it would be safe.

“I let the others know what we’re doin’. They’re gettin’ ready too. They wanna be there,” Sans informed me as he watched me finish my preparations.

“This is my fight. But alright. There is one more thing I want to do after I deal with Chara anyway that they should all be there for.”

Sans quirked a brow. “Speaking of the little demon, how exactly do ya plan on killin’ a kid that’s already dead?”

“Well, for starters I have a few questions for Gaster. Before this place, Chara couldn’t manifest in the world without possessing me. He should be able to tell us what his other self did and what her weakness is.”

Sans nodded, following me as I made my way out and to the kitchen. I ate the meal he had prepared for me. The food was rejuvenating and healing, easing any aches and tension in my body, instead giving me a buzz of energy. I ate quickly and then Sans held his hand out to me. I took it, letting him pull me in close.

He gave me a quick, passionate kiss before he teleported us away to Gaster's place in the void.

“Ahh. I was wondering when you two would show up,” Gaster said with a soft smile, looking up from whatever notes he had been reading, looking completely unsurprised at our sudden appearance. His gaze flickered between the two of us, flickering pointedly to my chest, and a knowing smile graced his face. “Are congratulations in order then?”

I blushed and Gaster gave a soft chuckle. “Do not worry. I will not tease you. So, down to business, yes?”

I gave a nod, all other thoughts slipping from my head as I presented Gaster with my questions. He answered them to the best of his ability in a way that I would be able to understand, Sans assisting with some explanations. How his other self had managed to give Chara a physical form that could sustain itself without a soul. Using excess energy/magic/determination from the void to give her form.

Gaster gave me suggestions on how to fight her, and what dangers I might expect in our fight.

With the important information gathered and the plan formulated, Gaster switched the topic.

"Sans, if you do not mind, I would like a moment to talk to Frisk alone," Gaster asked politely, looking prepared for an argument he knew was coming.

Sans immediately tensed, eyeing Gaster suspiciously. "Why? Anythin' ya need to say ya can say with me here."

Gaster let out a soft exasperated sigh. Before he could attempt to argue with Sans more I spoke, knowing that Gaster likely wouldn't get very far unless I intervened.

"Sans, it's alright. I'll talk to him alone. I'll be safe."

Sans' glare didn't relent as he wrapped an arm protectively around my shoulders.
"Sans, you already know the worst of what could go wrong. I'm sure whatever it is it isn't more concerning than what we already know. Please," I implored, reaching up and gently cupping his jaw, turning him to look at me. His expression softened as he met my eyes and I could see the conflicting emotions there. He wanted to protect me but he also wanted to respect what I wanted. At length he nodded, giving me a quick nuzzle before he shot Gaster a warning glance.

"Just call for me if ya need me," Sans said pointedly, letting Gaster know he could be back in a heartbeat if he tried to harm me.

Gaster watched calmly as Sans let me go and teleported away to give us privacy.

"I would like to remind you that the magic inside your soul is unstable and double check that this is what you want to do. You did not have full control of the magic you possessed before the . . . incident with your soul. Now you have even more than a human should be able to survive with. Tapping into that reservoir of magic to do this spell is very risky. It could destroy you," Gaster gently reminded me.

"I know. But I am ready to do this. I am aware of the risk. Sans is aware of the risk. This is something that I need to do. I have to fix my world. Give my family their lives back. Let them be their full selves. I will gladly risk my life for this if I need to."

Gaster nodded. "I would also like to ask you a question." He hesitated and I gestured for him to continue. "Are you sure that bonding souls with my son was the right thing to do at this time?" he inquired, looking concerned.

I felt myself tense, trying to remind myself that the words were spoken out of concern. "Yes," I said a little too harshly. I took a deep breath and calmed myself. "I knew what I was doing in bonding with Sans. I love him. I trust him. I needed him to know exactly how I felt about him. But more than that, I needed him to understand how I felt about what I needed to do. I won't regret what we did."

Gaster nodded slowly. "I understand that. But if you die putting the world back together that will damage his soul."

I felt my chest tighten at the thought. "Will it kill him?" I asked, my voice strained.

"No," Gaster quickly assured me. "He will live and his soul may eventually heal. But it will not be a pleasant thing for him, to lose his soul mate."

"Sans must have known the risk when he bonded with me," I assumed.

"Of course he did," Gaster confirmed. "He chose to bond regardless of the risk. That just shows how much he loves you. But that makes the risk of this even greater. If you are to put the world back together, no one will remember this reality except you. With that other bond in your soul, the truth will have to be revealed to Sans. It will not be something you can hide."

I paused as I thought over that. "I am okay with that," I finally decided. "I wouldn't want to hide this from him anyway. I would want him to know the whole truth of what happened."

Gaster nodded. "Very well. As long as you are sure you can still do this. As long as Sans can still let you do this."

"He saw my soul, Gaster. He understands," I assured him with a soft smile.

Gaster nodded as he contemplated what to say next. "As I am sure you noticed, the bonds in your
soul are very distinctly individual. When you return the world to the way it was, you will be returning to one of your bonds at the loss of the other. Are you prepared for that?"

I hesitated, having to take a deep breath and push down my sorrow and doubts. "As I told Sans, this is about more than just me and him. This is about the whole world. There has been too much damage in this fragmented place to repair it. What kind of life can we give our family here?"

"The same life they have always known," Gaster said softly. "It is not like they can remember and miss a world they never knew."

"I know. But even still. I remember. And there have been too many lives lost. I don't believe in this world that we can truly accomplish peace. I have reached the monsters because of our ties. How can I reach the humans that are more than likely a reflection of what Chara believed them to be? How can I set my family free and assure them peace? Whose to say that they wouldn't be slaughtered if I released the barrier? Or that the humans wouldn't be slaughtered? Peace can only be achieved when the world is whole."

Gaster sighed. "Yes. I know. This world is just as broken beyond the barrier, if not more. I understand why you need to do this for them. It is you and Sans that I am concerned for."

"We understood what we were doing when we did it. We know we will have to say goodbye. We decided to bond regardless," I said, my voice soft and sorrowful.

Gaster nodded. "I understand why you did. Despite how it might sound I am very happy for you. You are family to me now. It makes me happy to know that my son found someone such as you."

"Guess I really can call you Dadster now huh?" I asked with a little smirk, trying to lighten the mood.

Gaster chuckled. "Indeed."

With another deep breath I nodded. "Was that all you needed to talk to me about?" I asked.

"Yes. That was all. I would suggest training your magic for a little longer before we do this, but I do not believe that it would really help. Magic to the scale you must use is not something any monster can teach you to control. It isn't exactly something you can practice. The only thing I can tell you is to hold onto your determination. Hold onto your love. Remember who you are and why you are doing this. You held yourself together through the shift in your soul. I do believe you have the strength to survive this as well."

I smiled and walked forward, giving Gaster a tight hug. He tensed in surprise before gently returning it. "Thank you for the vote of confidence. It really does help."

Gaster let out a soft laugh as he gently stroked my back. "Of course."

After a few moments, I pulled back from our hug.

"Alright, I'll call Sans back." I closed my eyes and focused on our connection. His response was immediate. His soul reached out to mine and I could sense his agitation and relief. He appeared beside me, wrapping an arm around my side and pulling me close.

He pulled me in for a kiss, despite our lack of privacy, and didn't release me until I was breathless. When he did I noticed that Gaster had politely turned away from us, although even from this angle I could see the soft smile on his face.
I cleared my throat and he turned back around, his smile widening. "Are we ready then?" Gaster asked.

"Almost," Sans said gruffly. "I need to talk to ya alone."

"Very well," Gaster agreed.

Sans teleported us to the designated meeting area. Everyone was there and ready. Undyne and Papyrus were sparring, Grillby was shooting his flaming arrows at a target that I had no doubt was far too easy for him to hit. Alphys was doing something to Mettaton, a panel on his back was open and she was fiddling with some wires on the inside.

They all started as we appeared, looking tense and ready for a fight until they saw that it was just us.

"It took you guys long enough!" Undyne huffed as she deflected a bone attack Papyrus shot her way as he tried to take advantage of her distraction.

"Sorry, we had some shit to get in order. Took longer than expected," Sans gave a typical curt response.

"We needed to get information from Gaster and make sure he was ready," I explained further, smiling at Flowey as he came and perched on my shoulder, giving my cheek a nuzzle.

"Well then, let’s go and get our fight on!" Undyne exclaimed, her arms flexing in anticipation as she pulled Papyrus into a headlock to stop his next attack and end their little sparring match. She released him before he could really retaliate and he huffed, looking irritated until he turned his focus back on us.

Grillby’s bow dissipated and he walked over. Alphys closed Mettaton’s panel and they both shuffled over. I noticed with a bit of surprise that Alphys had armor on as well. I was suddenly feeling very under dressed compared to the lot of them. The only one with less protective clothing than me was Sans.

"I'll be back soon," Sans said, releasing me and teleporting away again. While he was gone, I filled everyone else in on the information we’d gotten from Gaster, as well as the plan we'd formed so far. By the time I was finished talking and answering everyone's questions, Sans had returned.

“Also, take this nerd!” Undyne said enthusiastically, tossing something my way. I caught the shirt, noting how the cold material shifted in my hands.

"Is this chain mail?” I asked, holding it out.

“Yep. Nice and lightweight. That was mine when I was a kid just learning how to spar. Figured it would be perfect for you considering how much you move around during a fight.”

“Thank you Undyne,” I said sincerely, giving her a smile. She blushed and grumbled something under her breath as she averted her gaze.

I slipped it on over my top and clasped the buckles into place on the sides and wrists.

“Wanna warm up and give it a go?” Undyne suggested, summoning a spear before I could even answer. Everyone stepped back a bit. Sans did not, only shuffled closer.

“Is that really necessary?” Sans asked gruffly, looking tense as he eyed her spear.
“It’s fine, Sans,” I assured. “I should warm up just a bit. Get out some energy so I’m not so wound up. Warm up my muscles and such.”

Flowey crawled off my shoulder and I reached my hands towards the floor, giving myself a very quick stretch. When I straightened Undyne tried to toss a spear my way, but Sans was quick to catch it in my place.

“I said I don’t think it’s a good idea,” Sans practically growled as he stood in front of me.

“It’s not like the punk can’t handle herself!” Undyne protested, looking very confused and slightly irritated.

“BROTHER DID YOU WANT TO SPAR WITH THE HUMAN INSTEAD?” Papyrus asked.

"What?! No!” Sans protested strongly. A little too strongly, as though the very idea of fighting me upset him. Everyone looked slightly shocked. I was shocked. It wasn’t like we hadn’t actually fought before. It wasn’t like he hadn't done much worse.

I opened my mouth to say something, reaching a hand out to him. Alphys beat me to it.

“Sans, did you and the human bond?” She asked with a knowing glance between the two of us. My hand froze mid air. Sans tensed.

“Fuck,” I heard him curse under his breath as he forced himself to shift away from me.

“I’ll take that as a yes,” Alphys said softly. Everyone else seemed to understand as well.

“What does that have to do with this?” I asked.

“It is not uncommon for a monster to be particularly protective of a bonded mate, particularly right after the bonding,” Alphys explained.

“Goddamnit Sans! Your timing couldn’t have been any worse!” Undyne complained.

“Undyne has a point. I have to do this. I can’t just not fight because of this…” I hesitated, unsure what to call this behavior.

“Call it instinct,” Alphys suggested.

I huffed in irritation. Sans turned and shoved the spear into my hand, teleporting away from me to stand beside Papyrus.

“I can control it,” Sans assures us. He shoved his hands into his pockets, and I noticed how they were balled into tight fists.

“Are you sure about that Sans?” Grillby asked softly.

“Frisk has to do this. I know that,” Sans said harshly, as though he were fighting with himself as he said it. His eyes flicked to me and his tense expression softened. “I’m not gonna get in the way of what ya need to do.” He looked me in the eyes as he said it, assuring me.

“Perhaps you could~”

"Don’t even try to fuckin’ suggest I stay behind. I am gonna be there,” Sans growled, tone getting sharp again.
“There’s gonna be plenty of us there to protect her,” Mettaton pointed out. Sans’ glare slipped to him.

“No. Happening.” Sans said with that deep tone of finality.

“Let’s not argue about it, alright. If Sans says he can control himself, then I trust him. Let’s get on with the sparring,” I insisted, bringing the argument to an end.

Undyne nodded and turned to face me. We sparred for a relatively short amount of time. It was just vigorous enough to warm my muscles but not enough to even begin to tire me out.

When we were done, Flowey perched on my shoulder again, leaning close and tapping my cheek to let me know he needed my attention.

I glanced down at him with a questioning look. He made a small gesture and I took a step away from the group.

“What is it?” I asked quietly, taking the hint that he wanted this conversation between us.

“I know the others won’t want to hear this. I know you won’t either, but I feel like I need to say it,” Flowey began, looking anxious.

“Go on,” I said softly, trying to reassure him with my tone. It didn’t seem to work all that well.

“It’s just. . . Chara. I know that to you and everyone here all she is is a demon, but to me she’s still my sister.”

My expression immediately softened.

“I’m not trying to excuse her actions,” Flowey hastily continued. “It’s just. . . I remember who she was when she was human. And she was human once. She was a child. Like me. Like you were when you first fell. She went through things I couldn’t even begin to understand, and those were just the things she chose to share. I know she went through much worse than she chose to tell. She chose to kill herself. And I’m sure she had reasons beyond what she told me. But she became who she is for a reason. I’m not trying to say you should spare her, I’m just saying. . . “ Flowey sighed heavily, unsure how to finish.

“I know Flowey. But after everything she’s done-“

"I know,” Flowey interrupted, his expression sorrowful. “You do what you need to do.”

I sighed and nodded, giving him a gentle nuzzle as I turned back to the group.

“Ready to go?” Sans asked as I approached their little circle.

I took a deep breath and nodded. “Ready. But before we go I have one thing I need to say. There likely won’t be anyone to fight other than Chara, since I destroyed all her puppets. And this fight is mine. No one is to interfere unless absolutely necessary.”

“What?! Hell no!” Undyne immediately argued, furious that I would even suggest such a thing. "That little bitch killed more than half our population! As captain of the royal guard, it was my job to protect them. I failed. I will not just sit back and leave her to you. She is mine!” Undyne's voice had lowered and was seething with fury.

"UNDYNE HAS A POINT HUMAN. WE DID NOT COME HERE TO BE BYSTANDERS, WE
"CAME TO FIGHT," Papyrus said insistently.

I took a deep breath, meeting Undyne's gaze with a determined one of my own. "Chara possessed me. She forced me to kill my family. She haunted Sans and I with nightmares about it for years afterwards. Then when we were finally free and happy she possessed me again. Made me kill. Made me reset. She turned this world into what it is. She forced me into this fragmented place hoping that it would force me to kill you all with my own hands. She is my responsibility and I will be the one to end her." Undyne met my stare, her own unwavering.

"She killed me! She killed Alphys!" Undyne shouted angrily.

I cut off her angry tirade before it could continue. "Using my body. Using my hands. Against my will. I was trapped in my own head with a demon in my skin. You don't remember dying. You don't remember the losses. But I do. I remember every moment. I remember the blood, the dust, the screams. I remember the hatred and anger. I remember the desperation and futility. I remember being trapped in my body killing those I held most dear. You have never been that helpless. I trained for years to make myself strong. I had to convince myself every single day that I still had control. She is my demon. And I have to be the one to end her. That is the only way that I will have peace after everything she put me through."

Undyne's anger and fury was slowly fading as she heard the determination in my words, saw it in my eyes. At length she let out a resigned sigh. "Fine. I won't interfere unless I have to."

I nodded, looking around at everyone else. "Protect yourselves. Protect each other. And protect me if necessary. But only if absolutely necessary. Agreed? No one is to take that kill from me."

Everyone else nodded. I met Sans' gaze, letting him lend me strength and support. I closed my eyes and made a save before I took Sans' hand. He squeezed my fingers reassuringly before teleporting us all away.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the delay in this chapter. We are nearing the end of this story and I wanted to make sure I had it all planned out before I started posting the final chapters. There will still be a few more chapters to go and I hope to have this story finished before the end of summer.

Of course this doesn't mean that my writing will be done for this fandom, I will still be continuing to write, just on other stories.

Thank you guys so much for continuing to stick with the story and I hope that you all enjoy the ending I have planned for you!
We appeared before the great judgement hall, on our guard. We were greeted by an eerie silence that only heightened our unease.

"Well, we were right," I commented softly. "No enemies to greet us."

"Now we just have to find that little devil," Sans agreed.

Everyone else nodded, taking up their formation, weapons in hand and ready as Sans and I took the lead.

We cautiously made our way into the judgement hall. There was no golden light to greet us this time. The hall was shrouded in a grey, musty air. My stomach twisted as we walked through the hall, and I could tell by how tightly clenched Sans' jaw was that he was just as uncomfortable to be here.

It wasn't until we neared the entrance to the throne room that I sensed that unbearably dark, familiar presence against me, sending goosebumps across my skin.

I raised my hand and they understood the warning, flanking us as we made our way into the throne room.

The golden flowers that lay thick on the floor seemed to glow in the dull light, not matching the grim atmosphere of the room.

In the throne Asgore sat, a grim angry look on his face. He didn't look at all like the father I knew. His once gentle expression was twisted by hate. Toriel stood by his side, the crazed look in her eye gleamed with pleasure and her hand was resting on Chara's shoulder, who stood in front of her with a wicked smile on her face and a knife in her hand.

"I've been waiting for you Frisky," Chara greeted, twirling the knife in her hand, her eyes following the movements of my companions as they spread out behind me, ready for a fight.

I saw Asgore bristling in his seat as his eyes scanned over the monsters with me. Toriel looked completely unfazed, gazing lovingly down at what was once her child.

I pulled the knives from my boots and stepped forward.

"Now, now, Frisk, no need to rush. We wouldn't want anyone to get hurt," Chara warned me, turning her knife on Asgore, who stiffened in his seat. He grit his teeth before turning his eyes on the monsters behind me.

"As your king I order you lot to dispose of these wretched humans! Then we can do as we are meant to and shatter this barrier!" Asgore roared, his commanding voice filling the room.

"Undyne, remember why we're here," I heard Grillby quietly mutter behind me.

"You will not lay a hand on our child!" Toriel exclaimed, looking over at Asgore with an irritated look, her hand tightening protectively on Chara.

"That is no longer our child, Tori," Asgore tried to intone gently, though I could hear the anger simmering in his voice. "That thing is the reason our son is dead." I didn't miss the brief and subtle
shift in Chara's expression that made her smile look like a grimace for just a moment.

"Don't you dare talk about our child that way!" Toriel exclaimed. "Besides, she has told us that Asriel is alive just as she is."

"Tori, that is not possible-"

"Of course it is!" Toriel interrupted, her expression showing just how unhinged she was. "Our precious Chara is alive, so Asriel must be as well! My child you can be a part of our family too!" Toriel exclaimed, turning to me with a smile tainted by madness.

Chara looked at me, smug. "You can accept this, Frisk. We can just lay down our weapons. Take down the barrier. Live happily ever after with our family. Come now, Azzy, won't you accept?" she asked of Asriel, who shifted in discomfort from his perch on Alphys' shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Chara," He said softly but firmly. "You know I can't do that. Not after everything you've done."

"Would you truly betray me like that brother?" Chara asked, gritting her teeth in anger.

"Is that Asriel?" Toriel asked, gazing at him in confusion. He hunched under her gaze.

"Mhmm," Chara hummed. "Been hiding in plain sight all this time."

"My child, I forgive you for hiding. Please, let us end this and be a family again. Please," Toriel pleaded, not seeming fazed at all that he was now a flower.

"That is not our child," Asgore grumbled quietly, looking at Asriel with fury. Toriel glared at him and he grit his teeth and silenced himself.

"You betrayed us, Chara. When you decided to kill yourself. When you let your hatred of humanity and the world consume you," Asriel said sadly. "I'm sorry mom and dad. And I'm sorry Chara. But Frisk will save us all now."

"A human will never save us!" Asgore shouted angrily, though he forced himself to calm when Chara shifted the knife dangerously.

"This is not our family, and you know it," I addressed Chara. "I will fix this world that you have destroyed. I will save them. And I will make sure you can never terrorize us again." I took another few steps towards her. She pressed her knife further into Asgore. He didn't move to resist her, despite his furious words.

"And how do you suppose you can do that?" Chara asked. "Well, it doesn't really matter because you'll never get the chance. And if you take one more step, I will kill father."

I hesitated as I looked at Asgore's furious visage.

"Don't you dare you little beast!" Undyne shouted from behind me. "Toriel, how can you just stand there and let her do this!"

"Oh, this is just her game. She won't kill her father," Toriel cooed. "Come now Frisk. If you just play nice, we can-
"

"That's enough," I cut her off. "That is not mom and dad. Not anymore. You can kill them here and I will still save them." I tightened my grip on the knives in my hand, my muscles tightening as I
Chara moved when I did. Her knife turned, slicing through Toriel instead of Asgore before she leaped towards me and away from them. Toriel slumped towards the ground, her form sifting away, her expression showed how deep her confusion went, as though she truly couldn't grasp what was happening.

"NO!" Asgore shouted, leaping from his seat to try to catch her. She slumped into his arms, her expression full of grief.

"Gory?" Toriel whispered, her expression showing clarity and sanity as she gazed up at her husband. "I'm sorry-" her voice broke off as she faded into dust in his arms. Asgore's cry of fury and grief was enough to bring everyone in the room to a halt. My stomach twisted with grief but I forced it down, focusing on my goal. I let it fuel my determination to save them.

Asgore's hands clutched at the dust in his palms, and tears left tracks in his dull fur. When he raised his eyes they were burning with the desire for vengeance, locking onto Chara and I.

"I will purge your race from the face of the earth!" He roared, his trident appearing in hand as he stood, roaring as he rushed at us.

"Undyne!" Grillby shouted.

I turned to see Undyne rushing towards Asgore, intercepting him with a spear in her hand. "Asgore wait! Just let us explain!" She was shouting, but he wasn't listening.

"Out of my way traitor! You will die with them if you try to stop me!" Asgore roared, slashing at her. She countered him, but even I could see she was struggling to match his determination in this moment.

"Frisk! Keep focused on your goal, we will keep him off of you!" Grillby shouted, bringing his bow up and firing his arrows. They were not intended to kill, and Asgore dodged them easily. Papyrus jumped into the fight beside Undyne. I could tell none of them were fighting to kill and that was why Asgore had the upper hand as he fought back.

I felt the danger at my back and dodged, turning my knives to counter Chara's surprise attack. It knocked me back a step, but I quickly caught my footing as I turned to face her fully.

"You will pay for this," I hissed, gritting my teeth.

Chara grinned wickedly. "Oh come now, it's not like we haven't killed mom before." She rushed at me and I continued to counter as we danced around the room. I could tell she was trying to push me towards the others fighting in the room but I dodged and evaded and made sure we didn't get too close.

I led her a safe distance away as I ducked and dodged, turning my knives to counter Chara's surprise attack. It knocked me back a step, but I quickly caught my footing as I turned to face her fully.

"You will pay for this," I hissed, gritting my teeth.

Chara grinned wickedly. "Oh come now, it's not like we haven't killed mom before." She rushed at me and I continued to counter as we danced around the room. I could tell she was trying to push me towards the others fighting in the room but I dodged and evaded and made sure we didn't get too close.

I led her a safe distance away as I ducked and dodged around her. I could sense her frustration at the fight. "Come now! You can't dance around me forever! Why aren't you trying to kill me?"

Chara sneered. "Is it because you know you can't? Then why are you fighting?"

I grit my teeth but didn't reply as I worked my way around her, looking for the perfect opening. I was prepared when it presented itself. I dodged under one of her attacks when she left herself open, grabbing her arm tightly in my grip as I dropped the knife in my left hand.

Gaster now! I shouted in my mind, reaching towards that link with him. He was prepared, opening a tear in the veil behind me. Chara's eyes widened as she struggled to pull out of my grip. She
wasn't fast enough and I pulled her into the void behind me, the opening shutting around us as we were submerged in darkness.
Another Life Lived

The real world exists physically with or without us. The void is different. In the void, the only reason anything can take shape is because we will it to be so. Without a will to shape it, it would be nothing more than nothingness. Gaster created his space in the void. And I created mine. That is where I pulled Chara. A place of my own making where she would be at a severe disadvantage against me. Here, I had all the control.

I stumbled back from her as we appeared in this dark space, our feet hitting the solid ground that only existed because I wished it to be so.

"NO!" Chara screamed in frustration, lunging for me, knife slashing to kill.

"You kill me and you are trapped in here forever," I warned her as I dodged and countered her. She leaped away in frustration, eyes flicking around the dark space.

We could see each other perfectly, as though we were in a brightly lit room, but there was no light source. The floor and surrounding "walls" were the pitch blackness of the void. It was a strange thing to see.

Her quick examination of her surroundings over, she could see the truth of my words. Her form slumped in frustration, her mouth twisted in displeasure as she turned her glare on me, her red eyes seeming to glow.

"So what now, hmm? Kill me? How do you plan on doing that?" Chara sneered. "I'm already dead. You kill me now and I will just come back."

Gaster's words replayed in my head. In order to truly destroy Chara, you must destroy every piece of her. Bits of her essence are spread through the void. If you try to kill what you see of her now, she will merely re-emerge. You must bring her where you have the power and where you can pull those scattered pieces of her together in order to destroy her for good.

I relaxed my posture as I looked at her. She looked like a petulant child ready to throw a tantrum, and I suddenly remembered Asriel's words.

She was a child. Like me. Like you were when you first fell. She went through things I couldn’t even begin to understand, and those were just the things she chose to share. I know she went through much worse than she chose to tell. She chose to kill herself. And I’m sure she had reasons beyond what she told me. But she became who she is for a reason.

I gave a frustrated sigh as I looked at her, my conscience fighting with me. I sighed as I finally decided which side of myself to follow, tucking the knife into my boot as I approached her.

She watched me warily, raising her own knife.

"What are you doing?" she asked suspiciously as I got closer.

I didn't answer her, simply approached. I looked at her sternum, using my magic to try to summon the soul that should have been there. Nothing happened, as expected, and she scoffed.

"I have no soul, remember? Why else would I try to steal yours?" Chara sneered.

"I will know the truth, either way," I said quietly.
"What are you talking about?" she asked warily.

She tensed and sliced at me as I lunged at her, but she missed and I got in close enough, placing my hand on her sternum and reaching inside her with my magic until I found what I was looking for. That pulse of determination in her center was the closest thing and I delved inside it as she resisted me.

I felt my senses disappear as I was transported into the very essence of her being. When I opened my eyes they were no longer my own and it was no longer the void that surrounded me.

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The first memory that flashed through my mind was that of pain and anger and helplessness.

A whip slicing the thin skin of my back in the ritual of punishments that I had to endure. Rocks striking my body as I was paraded through the village, my very appearance inciting hate filled words to be shouted at me as the people vented their frustrations and hatreds onto me.

I was the red eyed demon. I was evil incarnate. That is what I was taught for as long as I could remember.

Don't look anyone in the eye. My gaze was to remain on my feet. The many beatings I had received had forced that instinct into me.

I was not to speak unless spoken to. The only words I spoke were those of repentance for my sins. What sins I had committed I was unsure.

I was born tainted. I was born a sinner. Everything I did was a sin, and I had to be punished. That is the thought I had to remind myself every single day. The only words that had ever been spoken to me. I turned all of my hatred and anger onto myself, knowing that I deserved it.

I was given rotten scraps and burnt bread to sustain me. They were tossed my way with a scornful look and a sneer of disgust as I scrambled to eat them from the stone floor of my cage. I never knew any better. The scraps were what kept the gnawing pain in my stomach to a minimum.

The only time the sun would grace my skin was on the days of my parades through the village or the days of my public lashings. I grew to enjoy the pain, as it meant I was given a glimpse of the sun. A small glimpse of the sky when I could steal it, although it wasn't often I got away with peeking. When I was caught the punishment was severe. It was always worth the risk.

I always felt especially lucky when the bright yellow flowers would appear in my vision from where they grew along the paths I was led down.

The sight of the gentle blue sky, fluffy white clouds, the looming green mountain over our village and the bright yellow flowers are what gave me solace in the darkness of my prison. I know I didn't deserve the solace, but I sought it nonetheless.

I could hear the laughter of other children outside the walls of my dwelling. I heard the whispers as they peered at me curiously through the doorway into my chamber before they were caught and chased away. The very sight of me was deemed too tainted for their innocent eyes.

The painful nights when the priests would violate me, insisting that I got only what I deserved. They were never held accountable. Whatever they did was my sin to bear. Whatever feelings I incited in others was my sin.
My days were endless, my entire childhood blurring into one. Until another joined me.

This boy was younger than me, but surely defiant. He had red eyes like me that would almost glow in the dim light of our chamber. He would shout at the adults even as they beat him, trying to beat the same lessons into him that they had taught me. He never seemed to learn.

He would speak to me, begging me to talk to him. To look at him. But I didn't. I knew that this would get me into trouble. So I remained silent and still and accepted my punishments without complaint.

This boy had fire in him, I could sense that. He would curse the priests when they came for us. He had to be restrained and led on our parades. He was whipped extra for his defiance. For his inability to accept his role. To accept his sins.

When the boy threw the food they tossed at him back at the priests through the cage bars, sullying their robes, they began to deny him food.

I always waited until the priests were gone before I tossed him my bread.

He would always ask me why. I would never give him an answer. Words were forbidden. And some days I wished he would learn that so I could suffer in silence.

But he never seemed to stop talking. To stop yelling. He would yell and yell even when he was beaten bloody. He never gave up. He would shout in my defense, tell them to leave me alone when they came to punish me. He even bit one of the priests once. That got him a particularly brutal beating. He couldn't talk for a while after that.

When he could, he stopped yelling. His anger had quieted. Instead of yelling, he would spend the nights singing instead. He would fill the silence with his beautiful voice until it went hoarse. Over and over. His voice and songs became a comfort to me.

He would sit against the bars that separated our cage, his hand reaching out to me where I huddled as far from him as possible. He would sing for me regardless of my cold attitude.

Eventually, I broke. I glanced up at him as he sang. His face was soft, his hair was matted with dirt and dried blood but I could see the curls that would usually spring around his head if not for that.

He didn't stop singing as he met my eyes. He only smiled. I had never seen anyone smile at me before. It gave me a strange feeling in my chest and I had to look away, swallowing my unease.

The days passed that way. He would talk to me and sing for me. His words were always the same.

"Why do you listen to them? To the priests?" He would ask me.

He was always met with silence, but one time I dared to answer him, my own voice hoarse from lack of use.

"Because I have to."

"Why do you accept their punishments?"

"Because I have to."

"But why do you have to?" He pushed.

"Because they deliver only what I deserve. If I resist, I am resisting my role."
"And what role is that? That of a demon? That of a sinful being that they punish? We aren't sinful just because we have red eyes."

I swallowed my discomfort as I looked away from him.

"Do you think that I am sinful?" He asked.

"You must be."

"Why? Because they say I am? Well, I'm not. My mom taught me that."

"You have a mom?" I asked, unable to help myself.

"Of course. You do too," he explained to me. "A mom and a dad. Everyone does."

"I don't."

"Yes. You do. They may have told you otherwise but you do. Everyone does. You didn't just appear one day for them to torment. They stole you from your family, just like they did to me. They took me because of my red eyes. My mom tried to keep me hidden. She managed for a long time. Until I made a mistake and snuck out. They saw me. My family was punished and I was stolen. But I won't submit. Mom was right. The priests are evil. The only thing they preach is lies. They punish us so they can deny their own sins. And I won't ever submit to evil men like that."

I had no words for him.

"Come here," the boy prompted.

"Why?" I asked warily.

"Just do it. Please. I want to show you something."

I hesitated, but when I glanced up at him I was met with the second smile I had ever seen in my life and I caved. I crept slowly forward towards his outstretched hand. When I was just out of reach he gestured for me to come closer. I hesitated but moved forward.

His hand took mine and it was warm. I had never felt anything else this warm. It felt like sunshine.

"You're so warm," I whispered, my hand tightening around his.

"So are you," he responded gently, pulling me closer. I leaned against him, the bars cold between us, but it was worth it to feel that warmth from his skin.

"But... how are you so warm?"

"Because I'm alive," he answered. He turned and pulled my head to his chest. I could hear the steady beat beneath me, could feel it beating against my cheek bone. It enthralled me and I pressed closer, wishing the bars were no longer between us.

Eventually they granted that wish. When we were moved. They put blindfolds over our heads and led us to the new church that they had built. The cage beneath this church was smaller, and housed both of us in the same space. We didn't complain, though even the boy complied and didn't speak or look at me when they were around. Though he was still defiant to a certain degree towards the priests.

The first time we were to be presented in the new church, they warned us when were to be led out
to our first sermon that we were not to raise our eyes. They were not worthy of the grandeur of the new church. I listened. The light was more colorful, more pretty. But I didn't raise my eyes to see why.

The boy didn't listen. He got the worse beating of the two of us. When we were returned to our dim cage, he told me all about what the room and the windows looked like. It sounded beautiful.

In our new confinement we spent all of our time when we weren't being watched huddled close together. He would tell me stories of his home. Of his family. Of how good his mothers cooking was, going into as much detail as possible to explain what good food tasted like. It sounded unreal to me. All of it. But that didn't stop him from explaining everything to me as much as he possibly could. I wasn't sure if he was doing it for my comfort or his own, but I began to enjoy listening to it.

"What's your name?" the boy asked me one day.

"I don't have one," I answered.

"Really?"

I shrugged, trying not to feel weird about it. "You do?"

"Yeah. My name's Darius."

"Darius." I liked the sound of it and repeated it in my mind over and over again.

"We should give you a name too. Everyone should have a name."

"Okay."

"Do you know what you want your name to be?" he asked. "Any ideas?"

I shook my head. I had never thought of it before.

He contemplated this for a moment, his eye brows scrunched together in an adorable way. "I know!" He finally exclaimed with enthusiasm, making me jump. "How about Chara?"

"Chara?" I asked.

"Yeah, it's kind of like my sisters name. Do you like it?"

I said it out loud a few more times and then smiled. "Yeah I do. Especially since you gave it to me."

"Aww, you're gonna make me blush," Darius giggled.

"You already are," I said with a soft smile. I'd been smiling and laughing lately. Darius taught me how. He always looked ecstatic when I did.

"I know, but still." Darius sighed. "Chara and Darius. Ya know one day we're going to get out of here. I've been watching the priests since I was taken here. And I notice they aren't always careful. We can do it. We'd have to run away. I could find my family. And then we could all run away together. You can be my new sister. We'll do it Chara. I know we will."

I nodded as I heard him talk with so much determination. As though this were fact. I let him dream. I figured I knew better.
One day I finally began to believe Darius' words. About us. About the priests. He convinced me of our worth. And he convinced me of his plan of escape.

We were forced into action one day when a priest came for Darius. They opened the cage and gestured for Darius to come. When I stood, they told me to sit. I would be staying here. Immediately I began to panic. They had never tried to separate us, I glanced at Darius, panicked. I received a smack for it.

"Keep your eyes on the floor," the priest hissed at me.

I did as I was told, watching Darius' feet from my peripheral.

"Why isn't Chara coming with me?" Darius asked boldly.

"You presume to give it a name now?" the priest sneered with disgust. "You are tainting this one with your defiance. You are to be sacrificed for your insolence."

"Sacrificed?" I whispered, true fear coursing through me. I knew what that word meant. It meant I would never see him again. He would be gone forever. "You can't!" I exclaimed, beside myself with fear.

I received another slap that knocked me off my feet.

"Silence! You will not speak! This boy has been a purge on you. Your defiance is proof of that. I suggest you fall into line unless you would like to be next."

I grit my teeth and huddled closer to Darius, pulling him against me. "I won't let you hurt him!" I screamed, trying to shield him with my body. I had failed him too many times before. I wouldn't do it again.

The priest's face turned purple with fury and he lunged at me, trying to force Darius from my grip. "NO!" I screamed, trying to maintain my hold.

"Chara, promise me, promise me you'll go through with the plan. Promise me you'll run," Darius whispered in my ear as we struggled to stay close. "Promise me!" Darius shouted as he was pulled away.

I struggled to follow but was met with a blow that made my vision waver as I hit the dirt floor hard. A swift kick to the abdomen stole my breath.

"Promise me!" Darius shouted as the priest struggled to pull him away.

"I promise!" I shouted in return. I had promised him before that I would do my best to live. To survive this. I had to keep that promise. And this one.

The last look I saw on Darius' face was that of satisfaction as he fought away. He gave me a wink, his eyes flicking to the floor before he was pulled through the door and it was slammed shut.

I caught my breath and struggled to pull myself up, trying to fight back the tears as I looked to the floor where Darius had indicated.

The key. The key the priests always carried had landed in the dirt in our struggle. The priest hadn't noticed it. I snatched it in my fist quickly. I heard the voice of the priest call to me through the
"We will be back to deliver your punishment once this ceremony is over."

And then he left, Darius screaming and shouting curses at the priest all the way.

I swallowed and stood on shaky legs. I had to keep my promise.

"I need you to make me a promise, Chara," Darius said one night.

"Anything," I had immediately responded.

"Promise me that you will do whatever it takes to survive. To live. That if you ever get the chance you will fight to escape."

"I will. I promise."

I grit my teeth and went to my cage, opening it and going to the door. I quickly unlocked it and peered out. No one was here. Quickly and cautiously I followed the path I had been led countless times that would lead me to the main floor of the church.

When I arrived at the doors I could hear the chanting from inside. I eased the door open. No one was looking this way, all eyes were focused on the head priest at the front. Everyone in the room was chanting with him. No one would notice me if I was careful.

I slowly crept into the room and made my way to the back where the doors to the outside would be. Once I was there, I looked back to the front and saw Darius chained off to the side, awaiting his fate. His eyes found mine and they sparkled with triumph.

Go, he signed at me. He had taught me the language of hands in our time in the cages.

I can't leave you, I signed right back, looking around for some kind of way to free him. No one was watching him at the moment, but I knew I wouldn't be able to reach him, let alone get his chains off, without being seen.

You have to. You promised me you'd do whatever it takes to survive. That includes leaving me behind. One of us has to live. If you are caught we both die here. We have to end this reign of cruelty on kids like us. Go. Escape. And come back stronger. Come back to liberate any kids who end up like us. You can't die here. Darius' hands were fast and frantic.

I swallowed painfully, fighting with myself. Darius was my only family. I couldn't let these damn priests kill him.

Chara, don't you dare. Keep your promise. He signed at me, his expression desperate as I began to make my way to his position.

I wasn't fast enough. The head priest walked up to him and I was forced to hide. Darius was removed from the chains and led to the center of the raised platform. His eyes pleaded with me all the while.

I knew that trying to rescue him now would be in vain. There was no way. The only thing I would be doing at this point would be to assure that I died with him. I was willing to make that sacrifice, but I had made him a promise.

I made my way back towards the door as they sang their holy words. I met his eyes, my own
burning with hatred and fury. I was helpless to save him. As the priests spoke their final words, I gave him a determined nod, assuring him that I would keep my promise. I would come back and I would avenge him. The priests would pay for everything they had done.

"Let this child's sacrifice in the eyes of the Gods cleanse his soul so that he may be accepted into paradise," the head priest preached as he brought the sacrificial dagger down, sliding it cleanly into his back.

I saw the pain on his face, but it was filled with peace and acceptance as he gave me one final smile and nod as he saw me pushed open the door just enough to slip out. I saw the life fade from his eyes, and once it was gone I turned and ran.

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The priests had seen me leave. They were pursuing me and I was forced to flee up the mountain. I ran and hid but I knew it would only be a matter of time before I was caught and this would all be in vain.

I found a small, shallow cavern with a deep, bottomless pit. I stared down into the pit and felt my sins roiling inside of me.

I had left my only family to die. My brother. I had watched the light fade from his eyes, unable to do anything. And it had all been in vain. I would be caught. I couldn't keep my promise. If I was to die, it wouldn't be at the hands of those monsters. I wouldn't allow it.

I felt myself falling into despair as I stared into the depths of the void below me. And I jumped, not expecting to wake again.

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A gentle voice, so much like my brother's woke me. The first thing I saw when I opened my eyes was a warm, gentle light and a lush green patch of grass. My eyes had never seen light so beautiful. The next thing I saw was pristine white fur. A small goat child stood before me, concern on his face.

Am I dead? I thought. Is this paradise?

"Brother?" I whispered, wondering if perhaps this was his form in paradise.

The goat child gave a soft smile and offered a hand. "I'm afraid not. You fell. Are you alright? What's your name?"

The child's voice was soft and warm. His expression showed no fear, no hate, no judgement as all others had before. He didn't see me as the demon I was. He saw me as the person that Darius had convinced me I was.

"Chara," I answered automatically, giving him the name my brother had given me.

"I'm Asriel. Are you a human?"

"I think so," I answered. "What are you?"

"I'm a monster," he said with an encouraging smile, waving his hand, reminding me he was still waiting for me to take it.
I did, and his hand was the softest thing I had ever touched. And warm. Warm like sunshine. Like Darius had been. He helped me to my feet.

"I think you fell from the surface. But don't be afraid. I can help. Mom and Dad will patch you up. You look like you need a bath. And a lot of food. We can help with that."

"You would just help me like that? You don't know who I am," I responded.

"You're a kid, like me," Asriel responded, his answer carefree. "Aren't you?"

"I...I think so."

"You say that a lot. What are you sure of?"

I lowered my eyes and didn't answer. I wasn't sure of anything. "Where am I? Is this paradise?"

Asriel laughed. "No. This is the Underground. I'll tell you all about it."

"The Underground? Monsters?"

"Haven't you heard of us before?" Asriel asked.

"I have. Someone used to tell me stories of the beasts under the mountain. A war. I didn't know they were real."

"Well, it was very real. Now come on. I'll explain more later. Mom and Dad will start to worry soon."

Asriel took my hand unhesitatingly, not seeming bothered with me at all.

"Don't my eyes scare you?" I asked.

"Why would they?" he asked right back, seeming confused by the question.

I opened my mouth but couldn't answer. I shrugged and allowed him to lead me home.

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Just like Asriel, Toriel and Asgore didn't look at me with any kind of disgust. Or fear. Or hate. They didn't treat me like a demon. They didn't treat me like a red eyed devil. They didn't treat me like a sinner. They treated me with the warm concern and gentleness they showed to their son. They gave me a bath, and didn't push when I wanted to bathe alone. I didn't want them to see the scars that marred my skin. Asriel let me wear his clothes. They were soft and warm and clean. They gave me food more delicious than anything I had ever tasted before.

It was everything Darius had ever told me about and more. It was so much better than his stories ever could have painted.

The king and queen offered to let me stay in their home. They promised me they could keep me safe. Keep me fed. I could become a part of their family. Asriel seemed over joyed and was already calling me his new sister.

I agreed, almost convinced this had to be paradise. The only thing that told me it wasn't was that Darius would be here if it was.

And I started my life with my monster family. They treated me like their child. Like I truly was
family. I never heard another word of hate.

Asriel would comfort me when I had nightmares. He helped me feel safe. And as the years passed I felt myself growing comfortable in my new life, the past slipping away.

Until I began learning more. About monsters. About souls. About how they were trapped. Trapped by the humans. Probably the same humans who had condemned me as a demon. I learned how a monster and a human soul together was enough to shatter the barrier.

Plans began to brew in my mind. My old promise began to haunt me. I promised to come back stronger. I promised to end their rein of terror. The monsters craved freedom. I knew I could give them that and accomplish my promise. If only I could convince them.

But I knew Mom and Dad would never agree. They loved me too much. But over time I began to convince Asriel of my plan. I assured him we'd be together forever.

As I lay on my deathbed I was filled with memories of those days as Asriel sang to me to bring me comfort. Memories of the surface. Of the sunshine and the yellow flowers. Memories of my imprisonment. Of Darius singing to me, and I heard his voice in the songs Asriel sang. Memories of Darius' death as the light bled out of his eyes. I was filled with hate and rage and determination. I knew this would work.

And it did. And when we walked on the surface, Asriel carrying my body in his arms, we were attacked. I tried to fight back. I tried to destroy the priests. But Asriel wouldn't fight back. He fought me. He didn't want to kill. Even to free his people. Even to appease me. His soft and gentle soul couldn't understand my hate. He let himself be weakened. He fled back home. But not before they had inflicted enough damage to destroy us.

We died in father's garden, our dust scattering, the yellow flowers Asriel had gathered falling to the ground with it.

I wasn't angry at Asriel. I knew it wasn't his fault. It wasn't in his nature. It was just in mine. I was the demon. I was capable of doing so much more than his gentle nature could handle. And I swore that even in death, I would fulfill my promise, no matter what it took. No matter what I had to do to get stronger. I would become the demon that I had always been taught I was. I would use that power to destroy them. To destroy everyone that had ever wronged me. Who had ever wronged the monsters I called family. They would all pay.
Forgiveness

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I felt the memory of Chara descending into the darkness. Letting it shred and shatter her soul, letting it strip away all the good that she had ever been. All the human parts of her she had cast aside to assume her role. As the demon they had created.

As I pulled myself out of her memories, I focused my magic and energy on the void around me. I could still feel Chara fighting me, trying to push me out. But I wouldn't let her. She sensed what I was doing as I did it, but she wasn't strong enough to fight me.

I collected the pieces of her shattered soul and pulled them back into her. If I could pull the world back together I could do the same with her soul.

At first, as the pieces of her soul began to click back into place, she fought me harder, but the more pieces came together, the less she struggled.

As the last pieces of her soul were pushed back together she slumped into me, her struggling over as she was bombarded with the conscience that came with her soul, with all the things in her that she had forced away to keep her promise.

She was human once more. And she was suffering everything that came with it. Her soul glowed bright red in the space around us, looking so much like mine. It was a full, human soul once more.

Chara cried out in despair as she was filled with guilt and regret and the grief she had never allowed herself to feel. Her emotions were heightened after so much time of being disconnected from them. Tears rolled in fat drops down her cheeks as she sobbed and screamed.

I held her, the energy of our souls intertwined after the ordeal. I was vaguely feeling what she felt at this moment. It was similar to how I felt Sans' emotions, but different. His was deep inside me. Apart of me. Hers was hovering around the edges, separate from myself, but still open to me. Still tied into my own essence. That meant she felt what I felt. Just as I had seen and lived her memories, she had lived mine as well. She had lived everything she had put me through. She was feeling my pain as well as her own.

I used that link to lend her the strength I had gathered through all of my experiences. I lent her the light and love that I used to remain myself through all the LV being pushed into my own soul. I had expected her soul to be filled with LV, but it wasn't. Because the actions she had taken, the lives she had taken, had been taken when she was soulless so those death's hadn't soiled her soul.

As she came back to her senses, her emotions lessening and leveling out as her soul got used to being inside of her again.

At length her sobbing and tears stopped and she raised her eyes to look at me, looking deeply confused and disbelieving.

"Why would you do that?" she asked, her voice hoarse from her screaming. "I am your demon, more than anyone else. After everything I did why would you spare me? Why would you give me mercy?"

"Mercy has always been my answer. Mercy has always been what is right. I gave Asriel mercy even
when he was at his lowest. Even when he pushed me to do otherwise. I understand now what made you become this. And now you understand just as well what you have done to me. You are not a demon. Despite what you were taught, it was never true. You may have cast aside your soul to become this, but I won't let you run from it anymore. You were just a child. A child who had been through far too much. The world was against you. It shaped you. I understand. And I forgive you."

Tears spilled down her cheeks as she cried. She collapsed to her knees and I knelt in front of her, lending her the light inside my own soul.

Finally, her tears dried. "I don't deserve this. I should be dead."

"What you did, you didn't do as yourself. Actions taken without a soul can't be held against the soul. Now you are truly yourself, and that is what I am judging. Our souls are intertwined now. There's nothing you can say that will change that."

"You sacrificed yourself, you gave a piece of yourself to your enemy so that you could fix me. You didn't have to do that."

"I know. I could have killed you instead. But I would have regretted that. I would have regretted not even trying to understand you. Every person is who they are for a reason. Their pasts have shaped what they become. You wanted to protect your family. You wanted to keep your promise. Sometimes good intentions have bad consequences. But you shouldn't be made to suffer for that forever. You have already suffered plenty."

Chara stared morosely into her lap. "I killed my family. I killed and tormented everyone. They will never forgive me."

"Yes, they will. Of that I'm sure."

"You can't know that." Chara sounded defeated. "You heard what Dad said. It's my fault Asriel died. They blame me for taking him from them."

"No, he doesn't. That wasn't Dad speaking."

"But it was. It may have been a fragment of him, but it was a fragment. Meaning a part of the real him feels that way too."

"He only ever wanted his family back together. You are apart of that family." I gave her a soft smile. I may not be able to convince her, but I knew someone who could.

I reached my thoughts out to Gaster. Have they proceeded with the plan?

They have. Asgore is under control. Asriel has done his part. I sense that Chara is still here.

Yes. Can you send a message to Sans? I can only convey emotions. Tell him to bring Asriel to me. I need him.

Gaster gave me his confirmation and his presence faded.

I feel Sans’ soul reach out to mine and I reciprocated, giving him a thread to my location. I can sense his relief moments before he appears.

Asriel is with him, in his normal form from the human souls he’d absorbed as part of our plan.

Both look surprised to see Chara kneeling with me. Sans’ expression immediately darkens while
Asriel looks hopeful.

“Frisk, did you spare her?” He asks, his voice wavering as though he doesn’t dare hope.

”I did,” I give him a soft smile, trying to ignore Sans’ immediate displeasure. “I put her soul back together. She’s human again.”

“Why would you do that?” Asriel asks.

”Your words inspired me. I couldn’t ignore them. Or my own conscience. I learned the truth. I knew if I could put the world back together I could put her together too.”

“Doin’ that created a connection with her didn’t it?” Sans asked not hiding his fury and distrust.

“Yes,” I answered. “I’ve seen everything I need to see. Asriel. Will you forgive her?”

Asriel didn’t even hesitate. He came running to us with a wide smile, nearly knocking Chara over in his enthusiasm, tears leaving tracks in his fur.

“Of course I will! I’m so glad we have you back, the real you.”

Chara looked shocked, glancing up at me with clear disbelief. “But... but why? After everything I’ve done-”

”That’s what I wanna know,” Sans growled as he came up behind me protectively, glaring daggers down at Chara, looking ready to murder her without a moments hesitation.

Chara flinched away from his hate, burrowing herself in Asriel’s fur, seeking comfort in him.

”Don’t be mean Sans,” Asriel scolded him, holding her tight and stroking her back. “This isn’t the same Chara, can’t you see that?”

“He’s right,” I said, clearly adding my support. “We’ll give you two a moment. Sans.”

I pulled him away with me, far enough that they couldn’t hear our words and we couldn’t hear theirs but we could still see one another.

“What the fuck Frisk?” Sans hissed, letting his anger hit me full force.

“Asriel was right. She was human. Just a little girl. Who chose to kill herself. Who somehow turned into a demon capable of killing her family. That kind of hate doesn’t come from no where. Demons are forged in hell. I had to see what kind of hell she’d lived to become what she is. I had to understand her so I could judge her fairly.”

“Judging her actions is fair,” Sans argues.

“I made a promise that I’d save everyone. That included Chara. I have never killed. I have always given mercy. It has never led me astray before. Giving mercy gave me Asriel. Gave me my family and my happy ending. And as soon I lived what she lived I understood what could drive a person to do as she did. I’m not so sure even I could have withstood the life she lived and turned out any different. As soon as her soul was whole again she felt every human emotion. Her guilt, her regret, her grief. I can trust her because I have been her. And now she has lived what I have lived. She knows full well what she did. And how I have come to forgive her regardless. So has Asriel. Because he has seen her at her best. You don’t need to fear her turning against us. I would sense that immediately. And if you took a moment to look at her soul you would see that it is a clean
soul, free of any LV or EXP. What she did can't be held against her now.”

“Ya bonded with her,” Sans growled, still displeased.

”Not like I did with you. My connection with you is much deeper. A true soul bond. Ours is more like... like my magic is the glue that pulled her soul together. Our essence was intertwined, but not joined together in the way a soul bond is. No different than what I am doing with the world, only this is one soul. Sans your displeasure will not change what I have decided to do. I would like you to at least try to understand.”

Sans sighed heavily, his anger beginning to slip away. “I know. I do. I fell in love ya. How good ya are down to your very core. I should have seen this comin’. Ya aren’t the type to let hate and anger rule yer choices. I do understand. I won’t argue anymore.”

“Thank you,” I said sincerely, reaching up to pull him in for a kiss. I heard overly exaggerated puking noises from behind us and pulled away to smile at Asriel and Chara as they made faces at us.

"They certainly act like kids, that's for sure," Sans mumbled. "So where do we go from here?"

"I'm not sure. I need to talk to Gaster again."

"Alright."

Gaster came to us, not seeming very surprised at the turn of events.

“I take it you have some questions?” Gaster inquires.

“I do. I am saving everyone. Problem is, Chara and Asriel are dead. So how do I go about bringing them back to life, for real?”

“Well, it is a tricky situation. Chara only managed to hold physical form outside the void because she had no soul. Same goes for Asriel. Who has yet to have his true soul returned to him. Should you accomplish that with Asriel as you did with Chara, trying to pull their souls into the physical world will require that they have a true vessel to house that soul. If you were to go with your original plan of just stitching the world back together they would not be able to follow you to your current point in time. They would be stuck in the void without physical form. Even Asriel's current physical form is only temporary.”

“So what can I do?”

Gaster sighed. “It may not be ideal, but there is a way. There is one point in time where there would be enough power to bring them solidly into the physical world.”

"And what point in time would that be?” Sans asked.

“The point where Asriel absorbs all the souls in your original timeline. It is enough power to shatter the barrier. His power combined with your own in that moment would be enough to give them their bodies back.”

"That isn’t something we can do here?” Asriel asked. “We have even more souls here than the other world, as I recall.”

"Yes. But this world is fragments of the original. Meaning even the souls’ power is but a fragment. It could not transfer over once the world is put back together.”
“And the only point in time to return to other than where I left is the original reset point, isn’t it?” I asked, already dreading the answer.

"Yes. You would need to restart your journey again to reach that point."

I groaned.

"What? What’s wrong?” Asriel asked, concerned.

"It means she’ll go right back to being ten again,” Chara answered.

“And considering the state of my soul that doesn’t seem like the best thing,” I lamented. “With all that magic and soul bonds and LV especially.”

"I believe I can help on that front at least,” Gaster suggested. “Illusion magic was a bit of a specialty of mine when I was alive. Not even my son could crack my best illusions. I could hide your soul. Make the others see it as it was at that age. They would be none the wiser.”

“Well, that does solve one problem.”

"And the other?” Gaster asked.

“Sans.”

“Why am I a problem?” He asked.

I sighed. “You remember resets, more or less.”

"Ahh, yes. Well, considering the magnitude of this reset, that may not be entirely the case this time.”

I relaxed a bit. "What about everything that happened before this world? Will he still remember all of that?”

“No. Those memories will be just as distant as this world. He will not remember. At least not for some time. Enough time for it not to matter that he knows when he does. He may be plagued by dreams and nightmares—"

"Which isn’t anything new,” Chara unhelpfully added.

"Even so they will slip away as he wakes. He will retain no conscious knowledge of this world. He will be unaware of your history and bonds. Over the years, the dreams may stick more and more. The most emotional things will begin to be remembered more fully, but at that time you should be of age where it won’t be... awkward.”

"Awkward. That’s one way to put it,” I snorted. “Ya know. Just his soul mate being a ten year old with way too much magic and LV.”

Gaster cracked a smile at my attitude. “If it is a sacrifice you are willing to make—“

"Of course it is. Of course. It just sucks.”

"Well, at least we’ll be kids together,” Asriel said brightly. “We’ll get to grow up together with mom and dad.”

I returned his beaming smile. “At least there’s that. What about Asriel’s memory?”
"He will not remember until the time he absorbs the souls."

"You mean... I’ll be evil again?" He asked, crestfallen.

"Not so much evil," I tried to reassure him.

"Just a pain in the ass," Sans added. I nudged him with my elbow and he chuckled.

Asriel. "Well if it’s what we gotta do then that’s alright."

"And if I don’t survive putting the world back together? What will happen to them?"

"Well, I can continue my research. I can try to find a way to get them back."

I nodded. "It’ll have to be good enough."

"Guess it gives you more incentive to stick around," Chara added.

"Is that your way of looking on the bright side?" Asriel asked.

Chara shrugged. "Kinda."

"She doesn’t need anymore incentive," Sans growled. "She has plenty already."

"Right. Skeleton lover to return to. Almost forgot," Chara joked sarcastically.

"I meant the rest of her family too," Sans growled back.

"Yeah that too," Chara said teasingly. "But I’m sure that sweet soul bond and skeleton di-"

"CHARA," I interrupted.

"Are more than enough," she finished quickly with a smirk.

Asriel slapped her arm. "Behave," he scolded.

"Sorry, if I’ve gotten more vulgar it’s cause of her," Chara defended as she pointed at me. "She’s the adult who’s tainted my mind."

"Tainted your mind?" Asriel snorted, incredulous. "Right. I’m sure if anything it was the other way around."

"Eh," Chara just shrugged again, little smirk not going away one bit.

"I’m not that vulgar," I defended.

"In your head you are," Chara pointed out.

Sans chuckled. "True."

"Alright. Enough." I ended the conversation.

"Very well. Do you believe you are ready for this? All of you?" Gaster asked after a few moments of silence.

We all nodded.
“There was one more thing you wanted to do then, Frisk,” Gaster reminded me.

“Yes. Asriel, think you’re ready?”

~~~

The barrier fell and I led my family out to the sunrise. Undyne and them had gotten Asgore under control when Asriel had returned to his normal form. He wasn’t happy to see me, but with everyone else keeping him closely under watch he didn’t struggle too much. Since he had realized Asriel really was alive he had lost his will to fight.

Everyone was even more excited and awestruck at seeing the sun for real.

I had to see the sunrise with them. One last time. In case I didn’t make it.

I said my goodbye’s to everyone, making sure they were ready for this.

I pulled Sans aside for a separate goodbye.

He gave me one of the most passionate kisses yet, our souls connecting.

“I’m gonna miss this,” Sans said sadly as he held me.

“You’re not giving it up. Technically by the time you remember I’ll already be the same. It’s me who has to suffer another 8 years of being stuck in a child’s body.”

Sans gave a soft chuckle. “True. But at least the whole family will be back together.”

“Exactly.”

I gave him another kiss, letting us lose ourselves in each other for just a few more moments.

“I love you, Sans.”

"I love ya, Frisk.”

And with those parting words I closed my eyes.

Chapter End Notes

So I hope this turn in the story didn't make anyone angry. I know people were probably hoping Chara would be killed at the end of this story, but I feel it is more accurate to Frisk's character to spare her. And I genuinelly like Chara's character and felt she was a lot more complex than just an evil being. I feel she would deserve to be spared and have a chance to live a human life again.

And hey since this might happen, what are some stories you'd like to see involving Frisk, Chara and Asriel growing up together with the rest of the monsters? Any age until 18 works. I may write some!

Let me know what you guys think! Love you all <3
I released all the magic that lay dormant in my soul, letting it spread out into the world and the void around me. I did what I had done with Chara but on a much larger scale.

The magic inside me spread and spread, feeling as though it had no end. It was volatile and wild, fighting to get out of my control. My soul could barely contain the energy inside of me.

The physical world slipped away, everything melting into the void.

I felt for the familiar pieces of my old world, pulling them back together. It was like placing puzzle pieces together. I had to find the right pieces and where they went to make the picture perfect.

I knew I couldn’t afford to make mistakes.

One piece I reached for was a very familiar soul that had been lost so long ago. In the void even time blends together, making the past feel just as real as the present. And that just as real as the future. I had to focus on my point in time, and the point in time I was reaching for to avoid seeing anything I shouldn’t.

The future and all its possibilities were too dangerous to be lost in. Too dangerous to see. Too dangerous to know.

I found that right moment as Asriel and Chara died, their sparkling dust coating Dad's garden as him and Mom held desperately to their dying child. In that moment before Asriel's soul could truly slip away, I caught it, bringing it into the void with me where it would be safe until I needed it.

I felt when the pieces came together just right. Everything felt whole. Every soul was thrumming with power, beating as one as the world lay in a frozen state, nothing more than the picture I had made. I felt the whole world as it intertwined with my magic. I felt every soul intimately and all at once. I lost entirely the sensation of myself in the onslaught.

I felt everyone’s hopes and dreams. Everyone’s love and desires. I felt all of the magic and determination and every other trait that made them them as it mixed with my own magic and soul.

My soul that was stretched so far and so thin I had no idea how it hadn’t cracked or snapped yet.

The excess magic in my soul seeped into the cracks of reality, fusing it back together for good.

With the world whole my reset point returned. With that point in mind I was able to regain my sense of self. With a heavy heart I reached for it, saying goodbye to the body I had grown used to.

Pulling the magic back in was much harder than letting it out. It struggled with every bit I pulled back inside me. My soul didn’t want to return to its natural state.

I felt myself slipping away as my magic continued to spread and spread, further than it needed to go.

With great difficulty I reached for that bond that grounded me. I felt Sans’ magic inside me, his essence, his love giving me strength. Reminding me what I needed to return to. Determination
filled me.

I held onto that link as I pulled my soul back together, pulling every ounce of magic not being used back inside my soul.

With a sudden rush my soul returned to its normal shape and the remaining magic receded. My soul no longer felt like it was ready to explode with all the excess magic that it had been struggling to contain.

Distantly I could still feel the world through my magic, but I buried that connection as to focus on myself.

With my soul and the world whole I could focus on that reset point once more. Just before my soul could be pulled back to that point I felt Gaster’s presence as he put his magic around my soul, hiding its natural state.

*I would recommend not reaching for that soul bond again until you are of age. We wouldn’t want it to give you away. And well done. You did it.*

With those parting words Gaster released me and I slipped away.

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When I opened my eyes the sight was a very familiar one. I let out a sigh as I stood up.

My body ached from the bruises it had gotten before my fall. My hair was now short and lighter. My body smaller, the world seeming slightly bigger around me.

I repeated my journey for what I swore would be the last time.

When I reached the end and Asriel remembered me he gave me a crushing hug as he cried tears of joy, his true soul returned to him.

“You did it, Frisk! You actually did it!”

“Oh don’t be such a cry baby, of course she did it,” Chara teased as she joined us.

She seemed caught off guard when we pulled her into our hug.

“Let’s go home,” Asriel said with a soft smile. I took their hands. I could feel Chara’s doubt and fear through our connection.

“Don’t worry. It’ll be alright. We’re all together now,” I assured her with a gentle squeeze of her hand.

“What if I go bad again Frisk?” Chara whispered.

“You won’t. You are whole now. You can choose what path to follow. Just focus on me whenever you feel yourself slipping. Don’t let anger or hate rule you anymore. Focus on love instead.”

Chara took a deep breath.

“Those people you killed, when you were me. Before the reset. Before the world fell apart. They were apart of that church that tormented you and Darius weren’t they?”

Chara nodded. I could feel her making a conscious effort to focus on us, to focus on the love she
felt rather than the hate.

“I promise that once we are older we will make sure that those followers can never practice or preach their hateful ways again. You will still fulfill your promise.”

She gave me a soft smile. “Thank you.” It was heartfelt and genuine. The words had put her at ease.

“Will we ever tell them the truth? All of them?” Chara asked.

“Yes. One day.” I was sure that was the right thing to do.

“They’ll hate me when they know.”

“They won’t. I promise.”

“How can you know?”

“Because we forgave you too,” Asriel assures. “We all made mistakes. Maybe Frisk least of all, but still. They will forgive you. By then we’ll have been a family for many years. They’ll know who you really are. They’ll understand. And besides, if they can’t forgive you they can’t forgive me either. I did all the same things you did. Killed everyone for fun when I realized I had control of the timeline. Did every horrible thing you could possibly do. The only difference is I didn’t possess someone to do it. I don’t want to even think about what might happen if they don’t understand.”

"Need I remind you my soul is the only one with LV. If I can remain myself than so can you."

"It wasn't LV you earned, but yeah. . . true." Chara nodded. Our words had lent her some reassurance. She was trusting that we were right.

“There’s one more person we still need to grab,” I reminded them.

Chara and Asriel nodded and we called out to Gaster.

He came when called.

“Are you all ready then?” He asked with a soft smile.

“We are if you are.” I held out a hand my hand to him and Asriel did the same.

Gaster looked shocked. “I don’t know that it is a good idea for me to return. No one knows who I am. Perhaps it is better that way.”

“Sans probably knows who you are,” I argued. “I know you must regret a lot of things, but you can’t-“

"Do you know how Sans came to be filled with determination?” Gaster asked me, a sad look on his face.

“You told me he experimented on himself in the void.”

"He joined me when I began the experiments with determination, yes. He had seen me create the core when he was a boy. He grew inspired. He wanted to be just like me. He wanted to work with me to find a way to free our people. So when he graduated I allowed it, knowing full well how the work may turn out. My own son began to experiment on himself. As his father I should have known. I should have stopped him. Those experiments could have killed him as we knew they
might. But I was so wrapped up in our experiments I just—"

"What Sans did wasn’t your fault,” I argued. "You hadn't used the determination on any other
monsters. It was all just theories and Sans risked it anyway. It was a stupid gamble, yes, but not
one you could have seen coming."

"I know my son. I should have. Sans decided to experiment on himself. He knew a young and
healthy boss monster who had access to the void such as himself may have a better chance of
survival than the average monster. I should have known he would come to the conclusions he did.
I was supposed to protect him. I was supposed to set an example."

"It wasn't your fault. You were doing your best to help the monsters, just as he was. It was
important work."

"Did you know my son arrived when the explosion happened. He saw me fall. That was something
he might have had to live with, if he remembered me. The core was built with void energy. And so
this is where I ended up. Many died because of me. My son was cursed with remembering time
fluctuations because of what I allowed him to do. What the whole world would forgot, he would
not. Not really. He thought he would, when he realized everyone else was. He didn't know yet
what he was capable of. He may have made himself stronger, but at great risk and still with
consequences. The curse of remembering."

"That explosion was an accident. It wasn’t your fault. His actions weren't your fault. And it is no
reason not to return. If no one remembers—"

"They will. They all will. If I am to physically return to the world everything I was will be
remembered."

"They will forgive you. Your sons will want you back. We all do."

"Can you be so sure? I wasn’t the best father at times. Too consumed by work."

"Too consumed by work?” Chara laughed. “I’m sorry. I killed the whole Underground, including
my family many times over-"

"Me too,” Asriel put in quietly.

“If we can return and hope to be forgiven, so can you,” Chara insisted.

Gaster sighed heavily. “I suppose you are right. I am afraid but that shouldn’t stop me.”

"I have said many times I will save everyone. I wouldn’t let you say no,” I gave him an
encouraging smile.

"Then let us return home,” Gaster agreed. “But first let us be sure we know exactly what we will
tell them."

We rehearsed our story, making sure every detail was worked out on what we would tell them and
what we would wait on.

With Chara and Asriel on each side of me, our hands held tightly and Chara holding tightly to
Gasters hand, we all combined our collective magic and determination. From the excess in the void
we pulled together their physical forms. We shattered the barrier, returned everyone’s souls to their
rightful places and stepped into the physical world once more.
Our feet landed on the flowers in the garden of the throne room. The sunlight shone through making the room and the flowers glow.

Their faces ranged from awed to peaceful. Chara was gazing at the flowers, holding tightly to my hand. Asriel was doing the same as he turned a beaming smile on me. Gaster has his head tilted back as he feels the sunlight on his bones.

The moment was cut short as we heard the pounding of feet. Everyone rushed into the throne room from the direction of the barrier. They stumbled to a halt, nearly tripping over one another as they saw us all lined up.

“My children!” Toriel gasped, looking at us, particularly Asriel and Chara, as though she couldn’t believe her eyes. I could feel Chara’s hesitance and guilt as she saw her mother.

“Dad?” Sans’ voice wavered. He stared at his father, his jaw hanging open.

“DAD!” Payprus exclaimed, not hesitating to rush forward and hug his father.

This prompted the others to move. Toriel came hesitantly towards us, Asgore right at her heels.

She raised her hands to Chara and Asriel’s cheeks, feeling them. Once she realized they were real she fell to her knees and wrapped her arms around us all in a crushing hug as she sobbed.

I couldn’t breathe but I didn’t care. Her fur was so soft and silky and she was so warm. Asriel and Chara were bawling into her fur, clinging to her with their free hands as they held tight to mine with their others, our hold on each other unbroken. Asgore fell to his knees beside us, his own silent tears falling as he put his arms around the four of us.

“Mom. Can’t. Breathe.” Asriel gasped out as the seconds ticked by.

With a small gasp Toriel loosened her hold, leaning back to look at us as we all sat in her lap, Asgore’s arms still loose around us.

I peered to the side to see Sans come up to Gaster and hug him tightly as well, tears falling from his and Papyrus’ sockets.

“I missed you boys so much,” Gaster said quietly.

When Sans and Papyrus finally stopped hugging Gaster they turned to look at Asriel and Chara.

“How is this possible?” Toriel asked quietly.

“We have a bit of a story to tell you,” Gaster said quietly.

And so we told them the story we had rehearsed. We told them the truth about Asriel, how he had survived in his flower form, how he had absorbed the souls. Gaster explained how Chara had managed to keep her soul more or less together in the void after her death through her determination. How when Asriel absorbed the souls he had all the power they provided. How Gaster and I had helped them get their physical bodies back. How we had done the same for him and how we had managed to return them all to the land of the living and shatter the barrier before we returned everyone to their rightful place.

We didn’t tell them about Chara or Asriel’s misdeeds. We didn’t tell them about my ability to save and reset. We didn’t tell them about my magic, or just how high my determination actually was. We would save that for when we were old enough to release the illusion keeping my true soul hidden.
An Illusion which was working unfailingly.

Sans and Alphys of course had many questions and they spent much time talking back and forth about it with Gaster, doing their best to understand. Alphys has quickly put together that Asriel was the Flower that she had "created" with her experiments. She was quick to apologize, despite how much or a good thing it was that Asriel was alive. She was quickly reassured that apologies weren't needed.

I didn’t miss Sans' probing questions or searching gaze, as though he knew we were hiding something. Gaster was very adept at explaining without giving things away and side tracking when it was needed, as though he was far too familiar with Sans' way of seeking out the truth. The whole truth.

At length we decided it was time we see the surface.

Chara, Asriel and I didn’t release each other’s hands for even a moment. They both held tight to me and we drew strength from each other.

As we all stood in the light of the setting sun I made what I swore would be my last save. I swore to never reset this world again.

I felt Chara’s soul energy as it twined with mine, felt all her joy at being here with us and how she sought the strength she felt in me.

As we stood connected I knew I need never fear my demons again.

My family was whole.

Our souls were whole.

Our world was whole.

Everyone was saved and together we would have our true happy ending.

We knew much was still ahead of us, but together we would get through it all.

Chapter End Notes

Despite the title of this chapter and how the end sounded, this is not the last chapter! I have several more still to come out.

I am still taking any requests for anything people want to see happen in the years to follow, it will be added to the next chapter!
The first breaking moment for Chara was when we returned from our adventures on the surface, the talks had taken place, building had begun on the surface settlement and we had been allowed to return to our normal home life. Chara was getting ready to take a bath and I felt the overwhelming emotion from her soul as Asriel and I talked in the bedroom. I immediately went to the bathroom to see what was wrong, Asriel lingering behind in obvious worry.

I tentatively knocked on the door, gently urging Chara to let me in. The door opened just a crack and I slipped inside, closing and shutting the door behind me.

Chara stood topless in front of the mirror, hands grasping at her skin as tears slipped down her face. Her emotions were so overwhelming against my soul I had to swallow my own tears as I came over and hugged her, gently stroking her back as she clung to me.

When her tears finally slowed she snifflled and told me what had happened.

"My scars are all gone. I've never seen my skin look so... pretty before." I pulled back as I realized where her emotions had come from, giving her an encouraging smile as I laughed.

I took a step away from her and removed my sweater as well, turning to show her the mostly smooth skin of my back.

"I had scars too, remember? From Asriel. When I reset, they disappeared. And since Asriel will likely never be tempted to kill me again, I will never see those scars again."

"You still have some," Chara pointed out, her fingers trailing softly across them.

"I know. But I also know those ones will fade with time. They were just, technically, recently enough to still be there," I assured her, making sure she knew I wasn't all that bothered by them.

"From your uncle, right?" she asked quietly.

"Yeah," I gave her a soft smile as I turned back to face her. "But I'm not haunted by these scars. That is a part of my past that I have come to terms with. I am no longer afraid of it."

Chara gave me a big smile as relieved tears slipped down her face and she hugged me happily. "I thought my past would haunt me forever. But now not only is my soul clean, but so is my body. I've never felt so free. Now we both are."

When we returned to Asriel he gave us a happy, encouraging hug when he realized that our tears were happy tears.

Of course things couldn't stay that good and peaceful. Nightmares plagued us all. The first one to be affected by them was Chara. The pain in my soul jerked me awake as I felt her distress. I crawled into her bed and pulled her into a hug, pulling her from the dream and back into reality. Asriel joined us as our quiet words woke him and we all fell asleep together.

Each time one of us would have a nightmare the others were always there to chase them away and lend each other strength.
Being with our family now didn't erase the past that we had lived, or all the things we had been through. Moving on was hard for all of us. Chara and Asriel especially, as they still felt all the guilt of their actions and what those actions had done to their family.

Despite having us all back we could all tell that the past still haunted our parents. Having Chara and Asriel alive didn't automatically heal Toriel and Asgore's relationship. This was something that we did the best we could to help. It still took a lot of talking to Toriel for her to work herself up to forgiving Asgore and begin working on their relationship. Asriel and Chara of course helped immensely.

This time I noticed just how rocky the beginning was between them. Much as they tried to hide it from us and act like everything was okay, we saw the strain between them. We heard the fights. We saw that Chara and Asriel's deaths still haunted them, even knowing that their children were alive. The other children's deaths still haunted them as well.

We found out that both Toriel and Asgore would often visit Waterfall, visit the mural of Asriel and Chara that was in the caverns. Still grieving the loss despite having them back.

Eventually Toriel and Asgore went there less and less. Chara and Asriel on the other hand made a habit of going there frequently, even as the years passed. As though they needed to constantly remind themselves of what had happened.

The very first time they visited the mural was actually when we were just passing through. We paused beside the statue as it loomed over us. The umbrella that I had placed over it was still there, allowing the music to play gently and unendingly through the hall. At the base of the statue was a large bouquet of golden flowers.

Chara and Asriel clasped hands as they gazed sorrowfully up at the statue of them. I stood aside and let them have their moment until they beckoned me over to join them.

"It's strange looking back on it now after everything that has happened," Asriel said quietly as he gazed up.

"It is," Chara said softly, echoing Asriel's somber mood exactly.

"Dying is strange," Asriel continued. "Back then it was an unknown no one came back from or could defy. There was no timeline fluctuations. There was no going back. The memory of that fear as we died isn't something that will ever go away. And it's true what they say, that your memories flash before your eyes. Mine did. I saw everyone I loved. And I realized I'd never see them again. I think that's what I was most afraid of, more than where I'd end up."

Chara was quiet.

"Was dying different for you, Chara?" Asriel asked.

"Yeah. I wasn't afraid of it at all. I was foolishly determined to beat even death. I knew even as I killed myself that I wouldn't let myself end there. Even as we turned to dust I was determined not to simply disappear. There was no room for fear past all of that. I'm sorry that death was so terrible for you."
"It's not your fault."

"It was though," Chara reminded.

"Well, yes. But it was also mine. I don't regret a single thing. Because this is where we ended up, and this is even better than had we just grown up back then. If we had mom and dad would probably be dead by now. So would you," Asriel pointed out. "You would have died of old age. And now I don't have to worry about losing anyone. Not for a long while yet."

"Yeah, Frisk has everlasting life practically," Chara said.

"So do you," I pointed out. Chara looked at me, baffled. "What, you didn't think that long life applied just to me, did you?"

"Uh, yeah kinda," Chara said, confused.

"When I pulled your soul together our essence was tied together. You'll live for as long as I do."

"Seriously? That's so fucking cool!" Chara whispered, looking awed at the revelation.

"So I really don't have to lose either of you?" Asriel asked, suddenly more upbeat.

"Nope, you're stuck with us," I teased.

"Awesome," Asriel whispered, a happy smile plastered on his face as he pulled us into a group hug.

"Wait, so what happens to me if you die?" Chara asked.

"Way to break the mood," Asriel complained. "I think Frisk dying is nearly impossible considering all the stuff she can do. All her powers."

"I'm not saying I want it to happen or anything," Chara defended. "But it's not totally impossible. Just improbable."

"You'll keep living your long life, I'm fairly sure," I answered. "Just like this world would stay together if I died. My magic has already been put there, me dying won't change that."

"Well, just in case we gotta make sure you survive so that I survive too," Chara said. Asriel huffed at her. "We should protect her because she's family and we love her!"

"That too, I wasn't saying that was the only reason!" Chara said defensively.

"Your way of thinking really never changes does it?" Asriel asked, exasperated.

Chara shrugged. "Can't help being me. Doesn't mean I love Frisk any less or anything."

"Yeah yeah," Asriel sighed with a small smile at Chara's suddenly shit eating grin. "You just like to see people react to the shit you say."

"Eh," Chara said evasively before Asriel pushed her shoulder, causing her to snort with laughter. "Not my fault people are easily offended."

"You just like to cause reactions."
"It's too easy!"

I couldn't help but laugh at them. "Alright, alright. C'mon you guys. We got people waiting on us."

The mood got more somber as they looked back at the statue. "We'll come back to visit often," Asriel said as he took Chara's hand again. I did the same.

"Yeah. Let's do that," Chara agreed.

And we did just that, frequently coming back over the years to visit.

Eventually I made each of them little music boxes with the tune that played at the statue, so that they could carry that with them everywhere, should they ever need a quick somber moment with that particular memory.

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The first time it became apparent Sans knew more, or suspected more, than we wished was when he caught Asriel by himself and confronted him. Sans didn't know I had been close enough to listen in on their not so friendly conversation.

"Listen kid, I know about what you did," Sans had cryptically started the conversation as he'd sat himself down beside Asriel.

Asriel had gone quiet, shifting uncomfortably in his seat. "What do you mean?" he finally asked, trying not to appear as nervous as he was.

"I figured it out. Alphys and I both did. You were the flower that she created. Which means you were kept alive with determination. Soulless. You are the anomaly. The reason for the fluctuating timelines that kept happening. Now what were you doing that required you to mess with it so much? Cause I know that a creature without a soul certainly wasn't just havin' fun. Not the good kind of fun."

Asriel was avoiding looking at his piercing gaze, shifting uncomfortably and obviously unable to answer.

"Violent tendencies don't just disappear. And I take it they don't know about what you've done. I won't tell anyone. Not unless I have to. I'm going to be keeping an eye on you, though. Don't give me a reason not to trust you," Sans warned, his sockets dark as he delivered the very obvious threat.

I choose this moment to intervene, stepping in right as Sans stood up. Asriel was shaking, his eyes snapping to me, looking at me pleadingly.

"Actually, some of us do know," I interrupted as I stepped up and stood by Asriel's side protectively. The lights in Sans' sockets flickered back to life and he tensed as he realized their conversation hadn't been private. "I know. Chara knows. Wings knows. We chose to keep it to ourselves because we know Asriel isn't a threat. He hasn't done anything to cause mistrust. I suggest you take a good look at his spotless soul before you judge what he did without one."

Sans' tense posture relaxed and he scratched the back of his head awkwardly, his phalanges clacking slightly against his skull. He had the good sense to look guilty as he regarded us.
"I didn't mean to-"

"Yes, you did," I interrupted his explanation. "I understand how you must feel-"

"You don't actually." This time he interrupted me. "You don't know what it's like to have day after
day of de ja vu and then realize it's because you're repeating the same day or the same moment
over and over again. I dealt with that for years. Decades. Longer. It would stop for a while and then
the anomaly would find something else to do to entertain itself. No way to stop it. Knowing that it
was dangerous. That it was killing people. People I cared about."

I opened my mouth to defend against his words, but Asriel beat me to it. "No, he's right, Frisk."

Asriel put a consoling hand on my shoulder, his expression showing the maturity of all the years
he'd lived. "I did do all those things. And I am so very sorry. But I'm not the anomaly anymore.
Sure, I don't know exactly what it's like to go through what you went through, but you don't know
what it's like to wake up in a lab one day in a body that isn't your own feeling empty and wrong. To
go to your parents and your friends and the people you love for help and then realize that you can't
feel anything no matter how hard you try. Being stuck in this constant, unchanging world
becoming more and more bored. Learning the ins and outs of every single person, every single
response to every single thing that you could ever do until they become predictable and boring.
Yes, I killed people. Because I was bored. Because I wanted to see what would happen if I could.
Because I knew that I could just go back anyway and none of it would matter. That it wouldn't have
consequences anyway and no one would remember it. After a while I realized you did remember,
and I kept going. And I am sorry. But I am not that soulless monster anymore. Frisk had faith in
me. Frisk gave me mercy and showed me who I could be. Frisk helped me become me and gave
me my life and my family back. I know who I am now, and I won't ever be that person again."

Sans looked contemplative as he mulled over those words. "You sure you won't get bored again
one day?"

"I'm sure of it. And even if I did, it wouldn't matter because I don't have that power anymore."

Sans cocked a brow at that. "Really? Cause I know from Alphys' tests that you still have
determination in you. More than most monsters should have. The source of that power is still there.
I doubt having a soul negated that power."

"No, having a soul isn't what negated that power. But regardless, it's gone. I don't have control.
And you're one to talk about monsters having more determination than they should," Asriel bit
back.

Sans tensed and I nudged Asriel in warning. He was getting into dangerous conversation territory.
Sans' eye lights flicked to me, noticing my reaction. "So you know about that?"

Asriel looked at me, suddenly worried as he realized what he'd said. I sighed and answered for
him, knowing we couldn't take it back now. "Yes, we do. That's how you could remember all of
Asriel's messing with the timeline."

"Who else knows?" Sans asked, his voice slowly becoming more of a growl.


Sans sighed, seeming to relax a touch, though he still looked uncomfortable that we knew. "You
guys trust each other. And if my dad really does know and trusts you, I guess I can too. All this
timeline bullshit can stay between us."
Asriel and I nodded in agreement, neither of us voicing that we planned to tell everyone eventually. That was a long time away and not something we needed to worry Sans about just yet.

Our conversation was cut short as Mom, Dad and Chara came home. Asriel, Chara and I slipped away to our room as they began conversing with Sans, inviting him, Papyrus and Gaster for dinner.

"What happened?" Chara asked, immediately having sensed the atmosphere in the room when they'd entered.

"Sans knows about me, about what I did," Asriel explained.

"What? How?" Chara asked, suddenly looking panicked as she glanced to me, relaxing only marginally when she saw that I didn't look panicked.

"Sans' whole being able to remember through saves and such. He was fully aware of what I was doing when I was the "anomaly". He put two and two together after everything we told him," Asriel explained.

"He doesn't know enough for it to be a huge concern," I assured. "I vowed for Asriel. He knows that you and Wings also know. And that we know about his DT experiments on himself. He's decided it's best we each keep the stuff to ourselves."

"It's a good thing that you didn't die and have to reload at all during your most recent run through," Chara mused. "Then he would have either guessed that Asriel was continuing to mess with the timeline so recently or that it was you."

"He seemed pretty hesitant to believe that I didn't have that power anymore," Asriel put in.

"I imagine it would be, but I'm guessing it will also put him at ease to think that no one has that power anymore," Chara added.

"As far as he needs to be concerned, no one does," I assured them both. "I won't be messing with the timeline anymore."

The conversation ended there. As the years passed Sans grew to trust Asriel completely and seemed more at ease in believing that nothing would happen with the timeline again.

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Sans took longer to be affected by his nightmares than before. Of course I noticed when he was, hard as he tried to hide it from everyone. His haggard appearance wasn't something that I could miss; it was all too familiar to me. I had to catch him by himself to have a proper conversation about it. Which wasn't that easy, but I managed. Papyrus went to Undyne's for a cooking session, Chara and Asriel joined them and I went to Snowdin instead to see Sans.

I knocked on the door and it took longer than usual for Sans to answer it. He looked surprised to see me when he did.

"Hey kid, what are you doin' here? I thought you were cookin' with Paps and Undyne today."

I shrugged. "Yeah, but I thought I'd come hang out with you instead. Chara and Asriel are with
them, I won't be missed too much."

"Heh, you'll always be missed. But c'mon in I guess. I wasn't expectin' to entertain anyone today," Sans remarked as I stepped inside, knocking the snow off my boots before taking them off with my jacket. I went over and hopped onto the couch, patting it as I gave Sans a warm smile. He looked exhausted, and was clearly trying to hide it behind his strained smile.

"So, what were you doing before I came over?" I asked, hoping a lighter conversation starter might be nice.

"Thought I'd catch up on sleep. Take a nap," Sans shrugged as he sat beside me, his bigger size making me shift more towards him as the couch cushions shifted. I immediately felt a swell of guilt that I was taking away some much needed sleep, but figured this conversation was important enough to put it off. We could nap later. "So what made you wanna come and hang out with ol' Sans, huh?"

I paused before answering. I'd been extra careful to ensure that our friendship was just as close as it was the last time I was this age, making sure we had enough one on one time even with Chara and Asriel in the picture. Honestly, they made it easy for me. Knowing my goal they often excused themselves and occupied themselves elsewhere so that Sans and I could bond. But my lack of having a catatonic episode this time around had left Sans a little less able to open up about his nightmares. I was a child after all, and one he wouldn't want to burden with anything. Last time he understood that I understood. This time not so much.

"I just wanted to see you. A nap doesn't sound half bad, either. But. . . do you mind if I ask you something?" I asked gently, looking up at him.

"Uh, sure go ahead," he said apprehensively as he shifted beside me. My tone had obviously made him suspicious.

"Sans. . . we're best friends right?"

My question seemed to catch him off guard. "Course we are. Why would you ask?"

"I just want you to know that you can trust me with anything. I'm not. . . " I paused, choosing my words carefully. "I understand and notice a lot more than you'd think I would." Sans was watching me closely, not responding yet. "I want to know when you have nightmares, so that I can help."

I felt Sans stiffen beside me. He opened his mouth and I could sense his responses.

"Don't try and deny that you have them," I cut him off before he could start. "I can tell when you're exhausted. When you're faking because you don't want anyone to worry. Don't try and say I'm fine'. It's bullshit and I know it. Don't try and tell me I'm just a kid and I shouldn't have to worry about this stuff. Because I do worry about this stuff. I deal with this stuff all day. We all do. Chara does. Asriel does. I do. I understand. And I want to help. No one should deal with them alone."

Sans was quiet as he watched me, his eye lights scanning my face in that deep way that made me internally uncomfortable, worried that he might see more than he was supposed to.

"What do you all have nightmares about?" Sans finally asked as he relaxed back into the cushions, settling in for a long conversation.

I settled in beside him, turning to face him as I talked. "Everything bad that's ever happened to us. Everything that could go wrong now." It wasn't a lie, but Sans could tell I was being vague.
"I can understand them a little more, considering what I know of their pasts. What about you? If you wanna talk about it," Sans prompted gently. I could tell he genuinely wanted to know, but he wouldn't push if I refused.

I paused as I contemplated what I could tell him. "I didn't live the best life, before I came here. My mom was killed protecting me when I was a baby. My dad committed suicide shortly after because he couldn't live without her."

"Frisk, I'm so sorry." Sans response was immediate and expected. He reached a hand out and I took it in both of my small ones, squeezing it.

"It's okay. I was too young to really remember them. I had pictures and such. My uncle has them now," I explained.

"Why hasn't your uncle tried to find you? Did something happen to him too?"

I shook my head. "No. He probably thinks I'm dead, and that's for the best. He wasn't the best guardian to me." The words were soft spoken and Sans seemed to sense the weight they held, gently squeezing my hands as he let me decide what to say. "He lost his sister and best friend when my mom and dad died. And unexpectedly had to raise me. It was a lot for a person to handle. He couldn't. Not for long. He was addicted to drugs for a long time. They made him an entirely different person. He was angry and violent all the time. Controlling. He beat me."

I could feel the air sizzling as Sans' anger rose. I lifted my shirt, showing some of the light scarring on my ribs. "He gave me these. And these. And these." I showed him my ribs, my back, my arms and legs. Most of the scars were barely discernible and would continue to fade until they were non-existent in the coming years. But for now there was enough to show. "I've had a few broken bones. Small concussions. Lots and lots of bruises. I cut my hair like this because he would grab me with it when it was long. Although cutting it short didn't help too much."

I tugged on the short strands lightly. Sans reached up with his free hand and ran his fingers over it in a comforting manner, being gentle despite the anger that was now rolling off him in waves. "He almost killed my best friend. That's why I ran away. I couldn't let him hurt them anymore and I knew they wouldn't stop trying to protect me. So I left."

Sans paused for a few moments, seeming to struggle with his words. "Frisk... why did you come to the mountain?" The words were soft spoken and gentle, but full of sorrow, as though he already knew my answer.

"I knew the stories. I knew it was dangerous. That no one came back. It was a mixture of morbid curiosity and lack of self preservation. I didn't jump in. Not really. When I came across the hole I was tempted. Something about the darkness drew me in. As though I could sense there was more hiding in it than I could see. As though that was where I was supposed to be. I likely would have gone back and jumped if I hadn't fallen on accident. But it was an accident. I turned away and lost my footing on the roots. And it was the best thing that ever happened to me."

Sans let out a heavy sigh and then a light chuckle. "Horrible as the situation was that brought you here, we're all so glad that you are. We'd still be trapped without you. Our family wouldn't be whole without you. I'd be missin' my best friend." I returned Sans' smile and let him pull me into a hug. I could tell he was trying to be gentle and not show his anger. Of course he had no idea that those memories weren't even close to what I had nightmares about, but I couldn't exactly explain all of that, so I let this part of my past speak for my experiences instead.

"I know you're angry, and that you might want to protect me. But don't go searching for him. He's
long gone by now. And he can't hurt me. And he wasn't himself."

"Him bein' drugged out doesn't excuse his actions," Sans growled.

"I know. But still. Please don't. He may have done some horrible things but I don't want him dead or anything."

"Kid what do you think I'd honestly do? Hunt the guy down and kill 'em?" Sans asked, the question almost a joke.

I leaned back enough to look up at him. "I don't know. Maybe. Figured I'd tell you not to just to be safe. He is still my only living blood relative."

Sans sighed. "Yeah, yeah. Alright. Who else knows about all this?"

"Chara and Asriel. Gaster. But not mom or dad or anyone else."

"Why is it that whenever there's some secret my dad's always in on it?" Sans asked. "I get Chara and Asriel knowing, they're your siblings, but my dad?"

I shrugged. "He saw a lot of things in the void. He knows about a lot."

Sans nodded, accepting that answer.

"So what do you have nightmares about?" I asked him when we pulled back from our hug. I was a little curious if any of the nightmares had begun to stick enough for him to remember them when he was awake.

"Honestly, I don't know," Sans answered with more than a hint of unease. "That's part of what terrifies me. I can tell that whatever they are they're bad. Really, really bad. But once I'm awake they just slip away, just leaving the emotions."

I nodded in understanding, internally relieved that this was the case. "And that's okay. That might be for the best, honestly. Just... when you have them being alone is what is the worst. So come to me. Please. Let me help," I implored, giving him my best puppy dog eyes.

"Alright, I will," Sans assures.

"Promise?"

"Promise."

"Cross your heart?" I asked, doing the motion.

"Cross my heart," he repeated the motion with a smile.

"Good. And I'll know when you have them and if you don't tell me. Just saying. So I'm holding you to that promise."

"Yeah, I've begun to notice that," Sans chuckled, messing up my hair.

I straightened it with a small pout. I didn't mind it being messy. It was just the normal response that I would have. It was habit at this point, with as often as Sans did it. Much as the gesture was affectionate and made me feel loved, it also was a painful reminder of how young I still was, so it was also mildly frustrating.
The conversation sort of drifted off and we did end up napping the day away. And Sans kept to his promise, sending me texts when he had nightmares and teleporting to me or me to him to seek comfort in me. I did the same when I had nightmares, letting him know so that he felt more comfortable knowing that it was me leaning on him for support too.

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One of the things that I set out to do earlier than our previous timeline was to find Damen. With some urging from Sans, I opened up to the rest of the family about my life before I fell, and they allowed me to go to the village I had grown up in with Sans as an escort. Monster weren't technically allowed in the territory yet, but with Sans' teleporting ability it was easier for him than anyone else to follow unnoticed.

I manged to find them around their home, playing. I was still relieved to see that Damen was fine and healthy. They were ecstatic to see me alive and well. They cried many tears as they realized that I was indeed okay. I told them my tale of falling into the underground, omitting some details at the moment knowing Sans was listening in. I made sure to sign to them where Sans couldn't see not to mention Damen's head injury, that I would talk to them about it later. I introduced them to my monster friend, who they were delighted, if a little intimidated, to meet.

I came out to Damen and Alex about everything that had happened to me, omitting nothing as soon as I knew we were alone. They trusted me enough to believe the whole of the crazy tale. I made trips to see them often, bringing Chara and Asriel with me once, though Asriel had to be kept close to Sans in case they needed to teleport out of sight. Toriel even came with us on one trip to see if there was anything the monsters healing magic could do for Damen and Alex's mother. Unfortunately she was too sick, the most they could do was ease her pain, which was a small blessing in itself.

When their mother passed Damen and Alex moved to the mountain with us and became apart of the family as well.

Chara, Asriel and even Damen and Alex joined me in all my various training and hobbies that I picked up with my family. Undyne was eager to teach us after seeing our skill, though our parents had to grudgingly agree after some convincing. Damen and Alex were trained, but certainly not to as intense a level as the three of us. They wanted to make sure that we would be safe while we learned. Chara, Asriel and I had to downplay our skills for the sake of not arousing suspicion, myself especially having learned all of this during my first time growing up.

Chara and Asriel, hard as they trained to catch up with me, never managed to surpass me. Asriel never really cared, he wasn't much for being competitive. Chara on the other hand very much was. We spared often on our own where we could really go all out with no one watching, though of course we were careful to never actually hurt each other.

Magic was another one of those things that I continued to train by myself. I found a secluded place in Waterfall where I would practice. I made sure to put up shields before I would train to ensure that I would be well aware of anyone approaching before they got close to enough to catch me doing anything. Asriel would help me with my training, teaching me to use my magic as he had been taught, and was still being taught by mom and dad. Chara would stand guard, our connection adding an extra level of protection from unwanted visitors since she could warn me from her location before anyone got close and we could end our training sessions.
Gaster, of course, wasn't all that pleased when he learned that I was practicing magic without "adult" supervision, but he understood my need to use it. For monsters, magic was an inherent part of their being and had to be trained from a young age and used often. It was more instinctual than anything, and apparently my magic was similar enough that he was convinced to help keep my training secret, and help in teaching me.

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Another one of the things that I was more aware of this time around was when Papyrus and Mettaton first began dating. And the subsequent reactions of those around us when they did. Sans in particular.

It honestly didn't take long for things to become romantic between the two of them. Papyrus had been one of Mettaton's biggest fans and was more than a little eager to befriend the monster superstar.

We were there when Papyrus came back from hanging out with Mettaton and announced with the utmost excitement that Mettaton had asked him on a date. Alphys and Undyne were happy and excited and had immediately begun talking date strategy from where they'd go to what he'd wear. Papyrus had whipped out his dating manual and begun talking to the two and asking them questions. His previous date experience (me) had been a little different and the expectation for this one was far higher.

While everyone else got caught up in the excitement and planning, Sans quietly fumed in the corner, trying not to let on that he was upset lest he ruin the happy mood. But I saw it. And I called him out on it when were out of earshot of the others.

"Why are you mad?" I stage whispered to him as I took a seat.

Sans looked down at me in slight shock. "I'm not mad."

"Bullshit. You're mad. What's up?" I pressed.

"Language," he scolded.

"Deflecting," I retorted.

Sans huffed a sigh. "You're a pain in my ass sometimes, ya know that?"

"Language," I teased. "And yeah I know. So tell me what's going on."

"I'm just not happy with the whole date thing," Sans admitted.

"Why? Papyrus seems super happy about it. No one else seems to have a problem. Is this one of those over protective big brother things?"

Sans chuckled. "Yeah, guess you could say that. Paps has made me watch plenty of that calculator's stupid TV shows for me to get the kind of person he is."

"First of all, Ton-ton isn't a calculator anymore."

"And that just makes it worse," Sans groaned.
"Why, because he's so sexy now?" I asked teasingly.

Sans glared down at me. "I don't need the reminder that everyone seems to think so."

I giggled and some of the tension left Sans. "Is he that much more of a threat now than his last form?"

"I wouldn't be happy with it either way, but yeah. Papyrus is just... so gentle and good. Gotta admit, kind of naive. He deserves so much better than that bucket of bolts. Papyrus just doesn't seem like Mettaton's type. I get the feeling Mettaton is just basking in all the attention my bro gives him. I don't want Papyrus to get hurt."

I gave Sans a reassuring smile. "I can understand that. But let me try to give you a new perspective. I'm sure Papyrus isn't as naive as you seem to think. I don't think he'd like Metta as much as he does if he didn't genuinely believe he was a good person. And if Papyrus believes that, then I believe Papyrus. Not to mention, Ton-ton is one of my best friends too, and there's so much more to him than the melodramatic, fabulous superstar persona he puts on. I can tell the difference between fake and genuine pretty well. And when they're together, Ton-ton's feelings are very genuine. Your brother is pretty great and he see's that too. I'm willing to bet just about anything that things work out between them and that you don't have to worry. If Mettaton makes him happy than you should give them a chance."

Sans sighed heavily. "Why are you always right?"

"It's me. What do you expect?" I teased.

"I'll do my best. I won't say anything to Papyrus. But I am gonna have a nice one on one with Mettaton."

"Sans," I scolded gently.

"I'll be nice," Sans tried to assure me, though his tone betrayed him. "Mostly. Just gotta get somethin' across to him."

"And what's that?"

"That if he hurts my bro I'm gonna take him apart until he's just a ghost again."

"Sans!" I scolded.

"What? I'd be letting him off easy. Not gonna stop bein' a protective brother. And until Mettaton can prove to me that I'm wrong about him, then I'm going to be keepin' an eye on him. I just won't do anythin' more than that."

I sighed. "Fine. Just be nice!"

"I'll do my best," Sans chuckled. "Also, you said 'first of all' earlier and never followed up with 'second of all'."

"Oh yeah. Totally forgot what else I was going to say. I'm sure I covered it."

"Well, if you didn't feel free to bring it up. Your voice of reason is always appreciated."

"Noted."

Of course, Sans came to see the truth- that Mettaton and Papyrus were perfect for each other. But
when one animosity towards the robot had faded, another had taken its place. This one more jealousy than protectiveness. I noticed when the shift happened and wasn't naive to what caused it. Though of course Sans didn't fully notice the shift himself until I came of age.

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Hiding our true ages was also harder than expected. Especially when it came to adult comments and jokes that were made in the expectation that we wouldn't know what they were talking about. Usually I was able to contain myself but on just one occasion I caught myself off guard.

Sans had told a very inappropriate joke to Undyne and Mettaton while they were relaxing in our living room. We'd been at the table when I overheard it. I tried to catch my laughter and ended up snorting instead, immediately slamming my head down on the table to try to cover up the sound, drawing more than one curious set of eyes my way. My shoulders were shaking and I decided to try to cover myself by coughing. I could feel Chara's amusement at my struggle and I kicked her leg under the table as she patted my back in mock concern.

"You okay there, kid?" Sans asked from his place on the couch. I raised a thumbs up as I stopped coughing, not raising my head. They returned to their quiet conversation as Chara quietly snickered at me and Asriel fought to hide his smile.

And although I thought I'd gotten away with that response, I hadn't. I noticed that Sans would make inappropriate jokes more often when I was within listening distance, his eye lights flicking to me as he did so, hoping to catch me responding to them. Soon enough he'd whittled away my self control and he caught me, confronting me once the others were out of hearing distance.

"I knew you knew what we were talking about," Sans commented smugly, and slightly scolding.

"I have no idea what you're talking about," I responded far too evenly.

"Oh please, every time I tell one of those jokes, I see you struggling not to laugh. And now you slipped up. How is it that a kid your age knows what we're joking about?" Sans asked suspiciously.

I let out a dramatic sigh. "All right, yes I know. Mom and Dad would not be happy to know how corrupted their children are. We're exposed to the internet. And you guys. Of course we know this kind of stuff. Our innocence was stripped from us."

Sans teased, of course, but dropped it before too long.

Of course the real mortification would come in the later years. The older I got the more I found thoughts passing through my mind that I'd rather wouldn't. The more my body matured the harder it became to control the adult part of my mind. And of course Chara would notice and would tease relentlessly, drawing further attention my way from those I didn't want attention from in those moments. Chara made my "crush" on Sans hell to hide.

I was confidant in my acting abilities and my abilities to read Sans to know that he was still just as clueless as always about it. For which I was very thankful.

Growing up for a second time was not easy. It was nice to be able to grow up with Chara and Asriel, and even Damen and Alex, as a part of our family, but I was eager to be of an age where it was acceptable to get all the secret hiding out of the way.
Chara and Asriel reached adulthood before me, both being a bit older. (Both ending up taller than me (Asriel by a considerable margin and even Chara by a good couple inches), making me still the smallest person in our family. Something I was teased about endlessly. But while Chara was taller she was also a lot thinner, more of a wiry lithe build and as much as she teased me about being short, she also envied what "curves" I had.)

Chara teased me endlessly about my "crush", but as time passed I wasn't the only one with one. As is wont to happen when you grow up, you find yourself having less innocent emotions about people. Chara was no exception, though I will say I was surprised when I managed to uncover who it was she had feelings for.

"Asriel?" I finally gasped as I put two and two together.

"Shhhh!!" Chara hissed as she covered my mouth, glancing around to make sure no one had overheard our conversation. "You can't tell anyone."

"Why is this such a big deal?" I whispered quietly as I pried her fingers from my lips.

"Because..." she couldn't seem to finish, her already rosy cheeks flushed even more red, making her red eyes stand out more.

"Because?" I prompted.

"I don't know," Chara huffed. "We're family. Mom and Dad raised us as siblings. It's weird."

"I mean sure, but when you think about it, you guys aren't actually related by blood. Not even a little bit. You aren't even the same species."

"It's just weird-"

"Weirder than Sans watching me grow up and still becoming my soul mate?" I pointed out.

Chara huffed. "Okay, yeah I guess it's not too much weirder than that. But I mean if Asriel doesn't feel the same, it'll ruin our relationship."

I laughed softly. "No, it won't. You guys have been two peas in a pod since we set this timeline straight. I don't think I've seen two more compatible individuals-"

"Besides you and Sans?" Chara interrupted.

"Sure, besides Sans and I. But you know what I mean."

"Do you know if Asriel feels that way about me?" Chara asked.

"I've noticed him getting flustered whenever you tease him about that sort of thing, of course. But I'm not sure if that's just how Asriel is or if it's because he has a crush too. But I can sure as hell find out."

"You'd do that for me?" Chara asked hopefully.

"Of course, what else are sisters for?" I grinned, sealing our pact.

With a few gentle nudges and comments, it became pretty clear that Asriel's flustered attitude was because of the same reasons that Chara teased him. He ended up coming to me for advice.

"So Frisk, say I have a crush on someone," Asriel began hesitantly.
"Yeah?" I prompted.

"And it's someone that it's a little weird for me to have a crush on," Asriel continued, not looking me in the eye, his cheeks flushed beneath his fur.

"Honestly, what's weird is that it took so long for you to develop a crush on someone. Technically you're a man now. I never saw you crushing on anyone when we were little. So who's the lucky person?"

Asriel swallowed, clearly embarrassed. I decided to tease him. I let out an over dramatic gasp. "Oh my gosh, is it me?"

I saw Asriel stiffen and rush to deny it. "No, no! Umm. Not that you aren't amazing and all-" he was stumbling over his words as he tried to avoid hurting my feelings. I laughed and gently shoved his shoulder.

"I'm teasing you. I already know who it is."

"You do?" Asriel squeaked, eyes looking frantically into mine. "It's not weird, is it?"

"No weirder than my situation," I tried to assure him with the same words I'd given to Chara.

"Okay, that's true."

"Besides you two aren't related. Not even remotely. Not even the same species."

Asriel sighed. "I know. But mom and dad-"

"Will totally understand. Besides, you guys are adults now, you lucky bastards. You're allowed to admit to that kind of stuff."

Asriel looked at me sheepishly. "Sorry."

I sighed. "Don't be. My time is almost here. In the meantime, make use of yours."

"But how will I know if Chara feels the same way? I know she teases me, but that's just how she is-"

"She feels the same way, bro. Trust me."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, and if you don't make a move, I will make one for you."

Asriel took a deep breath and that was that.

Our parents took a little longer to adjust to their change in relationship, but they were very supportive once their mindset about them had adjusted.

As my own eighteenth birthday approached, we all became more and more nervous. We weren't going to reveal everything to everyone immediately, but it was still nerve wracking to know that the time to do so was drawing closer and closer.

This time around, I noticed when Sans' emotions for me began to change. Chara did too of course, and her teasing, to both of us, was relentless to the point of not giving anything away or being too obvious.
When my eighteenth birthday rolled around it happened pretty similarly to the last time I had lived through it. I got my change of clothes. Sans noticed and that was when the shift in emotions truly solidified. This time I saw it. We went to our party. Chara over did it a little bit. Once the majority of guests, and our parents, had left she began to DJ music that was if not outright inappropriate, at least suggestive.

After all these years of acting like a kid I was more than happy for the excuse to finally act like an adult and dance more than a little suggestively with her, Mettaton, Undyne, Damen and Alex.

With every song I saw the conflict in Sans' eyes grow less and less as he watched me and realized just how he felt. Of course I could see the walls of doubt and such and such that was always there. I knew that this time around it would be easier to knock them down.

As the night drew to a close and everyone else was asleep, Sans returned Chara, Asriel, Damen, Alex and I home. When he had left they were quick to join me in conversing about what had happened and what where we planned on going from here.

"I say you should just sleep with him," Chara said unabashedly. "You've been waiting long enough."

"Do you really think Sans will have the self control to stop himself if he remembers Frisk first?" Asriel added.

"I think that would just make things messy," Alex argued. "I think she should build a relationship with him first and then let him remember."

"I think we should let Frisk do whatever she thinks is best," Damen cut in. "She does know Sans better than any of us."

"I can kind of agree with what Alex says," I voiced. "I'm not so sure I want to just try and sleep with him right away. I don't want to do that until he remembers, but I don't want to just dump everything on him all at once. That will be a little overwhelming."

"Rip the bandaid off, I say," Chara argued. "But it is your choice on how to go about it."

"Well, once Sans knows it'll be story time for everyone," I pointed out.

Asriel sighed at that, shoulders slumping. "Right. Well, we move top side in a few weeks. It's much sooner this time, thankfully. Should we wait until we're on the surface for good to bring it all up? Maybe it'll be. . . I don't know a better setting or something."

"I have a feeling if I reveal my feelings to Sans we can start to establish a bit more of a slow relationship this time, without the years of sexual tension to goad things to happen. Get him at least situated with our relationship before I tell him the truth about everything else."

"We'll support whatever you decide to do," Chara added, Damen and Alex nodding along.

"Of course if you need wingmen, you have more than enough of those," Alex pitched in.

We all nodded, deciding on this plan of action.

"You know what's happening soon?" Chara prompted.

"What?" I asked.
"Mom and Dad going away on their trip to the surface to finalize our moving arrangements. The same time that last time you, ya know, got caught and almost died and all that. Good time to actually redo that day the right way."

"I suppose that will work." I decided.

Of course it didn't end up being that simple.

Things just had to go wrong.

I decided to train by myself in my hidden spot in Waterfall. And Sans decided he just really needed to see me and talk to me. My shields were useless against his ability to hone in on my location and simply teleport to me. Something that I should have realized he might do. Something that I was at least immensely grateful didn't happen any sooner. But was still a pain in the ass regardless.

I didn't even notice his presence at first, my music blaring in my ears as I moved across the floor in a mix between dance and fighting moves, my magic alight in the space around me.

I didn't have time to retract my magic as Sans simply appeared. I shouldn't have been as surprised as I was.

My heart stuttered as I felt his presence, my magic whipping back into my soul so quickly it ached from the backlash. Both of my feet landed on the ground after my jump and I spun to see that Sans was indeed standing in the cavern, eyes locked onto me with an incredulous look, frozen in shock.

"Shit," I cursed under my breath, silencing my music. "Um. I can explain."

Chapter End Notes

Sorry if some of these story snippets seemed rushed. I did a lot of summarizing to avoid making it too long.

I also didn't do as much revision as I would have liked so if you see a huge glaring error please feel free to let me know.

Couple more chapters to go! The next one may take me a little longer to get out. First day of class starts tomorrow and then I get busy busy busy.
Sans' first reaction was, of course, immediate distrust and suspicion. A human with magic was unheard of after all. I felt his own magic as it crackled in the air around me, caressing my skin dangerously.

"Frisk? What the hell? How do you have magic?" Sans’ bewildered expression was changing into one of hurt. I, his best friend and family (and now someone he was beginning to crush on) had kept a secret this big from him. And this secret is only the tip of the iceberg. Guess I'm going to have to just rip this band aid off and get this over with after all.

"The how of my magic is a bit of a long story," I hesitantly answered. It clearly wasn't a good enough answer.

"You're clearly trained. Who's been teaching you? Why didn't we know about it?" Sans took a few more steps in my direction, magic still volatile and trained on me, causing me to tense even despite my attempts at relaxing myself. I wondered at how much was instinct from his memories that may have begun to linger.

"Asriel started teaching me a long time ago. Wings too."

"My dad? Why didn't the rest of us know about this?" Sans demanded, only a few feet from me now.

I took a deep breath and released it. "Because it would have led to questions we couldn't answer yet."

"And what questions would those be?"

"Questions about my soul. There's a reason I haven't let Alphys examine it like she did with Asriel and Chara. Why Wings did it instead. I promise it'll all make sense."

Sans eyed me distrustfully as I pulled my soul out. At first he didn't notice anything out of the ordinary with it, not even the magic that was hidden in the depths of the illusion when not being used, and was about to question it. Until I stripped away the illusion and he saw my soul's true stats.

I saw the emotions flicker across his face in rapid succession. First utter confusion. A bit of denial that it couldn't be possible. Horror at what he was seeing. That sense of betrayal that I wasn't who he thought I was. Rage that came with realizing just what I had to have done for my soul to be this way. That moment of conflict as his emotions for me wrestled with what he was seeing as my soul now. And then resolute fury came.

I knew his reaction would be a strong one, but before I could even pull out the bonds deep in my soul Sans had rushed forward, wrapping his large hand dangerously tight around my throat and teleporting us. I felt the weightlessness, the only real thing was his hand against my skin, his magic against my body and soul, so filled to the brim with hurt and anger, making guilt twist in my gut.
I felt my back hit the stone wall of the cavern we were in, his magic pinning me to it as it hovered dangerously around my soul, ready to act without a moment's hesitation. It was a good thing for me his emotions prompted him to at least get answers from me before he killed me.

"Determination is how Asriel controlled the timelines. He wasn't lying when he said he didn't have control anymore, was he? Because you do. How many resets did I forget? What the hell did you do to turn your soul into that?"

"I didn't earn that L.V." I could barely push the words out of my constricted throat.

"Don't lie to me!" Sans roared, his socket flaring with magic, his soul wavering in the onslaught of emotional turmoil.

I knew no words would help me now. I had to make him remember. Slowly, I reached for my bond with him, letting it rise to the surface of my soul.

Sans sucked in a breath, his whole body going tense, his magic wavering as he saw it, the piece of his soul, embedded in my own. "Why-? How are we-?" He jerked back from me as the red soul bond rose to the surface as well, so similar and yet so very different. So very foreign in this whole world.

I reached out to his soul through the first soul bond, our soul bond, letting him feel all of my emotions. His magic pulled back from my skin with an urgency as he fought to push away my emotions, not wanting them to cloud his judgement. My feet landed solidly on the ground.

I could sense the pain in his mind and soul as the bond struggled to reveal his memories to him. A process he was struggling to fight against, not knowing what was happening. When I reached out to him through the red soul bond, I felt those barriers crumble as he fell to his knees, every memory flooding back in from the very start, from both this world and the other. His soul inadvertently opened up to mine, allowing me to feel the same storm of emotions that was bombarding him. I felt his magic wavering back and forth between his two identities, the two separate parts of himself.

I both felt and saw which one won first as the magic in his socket flickered from blue to red, the magic against my skin growing more heated, more dangerous. Red rushed at me, pushing me against the wall with bruising force as his lips crashed against mine with the desperate urgency of limited time. His magic caressed my skin, his soul reaching out to mine with the distinctly separate bond we had. My soul had slipped back into the safety of my chest as he pushed his body against mine.

"I missed ya so fuckin' much," Red mumbled against my lips, his voice rougher than Sans'. A voice I hadn't heard in a very long time. Red smiled gently at me, looking so very strange on Sans' much softer face before the red magic slipped away and the blue flickered back in.

Sans looked shocked for a moment before he eased his body back, giving me room to breathe so I wasn't being crushed against the wall. The magic in his socket dissipated, his gentle bluish white eye lights back in place.

His hands were loose against my skin as he stared at me. "The last time I saw you Chara had- you were-" He was clearly struggling to find his words. "Your soul, gods, your soul-" I felt his sorrow at realizing the state of my soul now that he had remembered how it got that way. Sans leaned forward, hugging me with a gentle firmness as his soul reached out to mine. "I'm so sorry." His face burrowed in my hair as he sought comfort in me.

I hugged him back tightly, gently caressing his skull. "It's okay."
He held me as he came to terms with his memories, finally pulling back. "I still can't believe you spared Chara."

I laughed aloud at that. "Well, considering you've known her for eight years now and you guys are best pun buddies, I'm sure you've learned to forgive her."

He sighed heavily. "Yeah. Please don't tell me you plan on telling everyone." Sans seemed to hope that we wouldn't.

"Yeah. We do. I had planned on having you know first, considering our soul bonds and everything. I knew that needed to happen between us. Of course this wasn't exactly what I was expecting, but whatever."

Sans snorted. "Yeah, whatever." He shook his head in amusement at my dismissive attitude to this whole ordeal. I saw a flicker of realization on his face. "I'm so sorry."

"What for this time?"

"You had to pretend to be a kid for eight years. That must've been hell for you."

I laughed at his realization. "Yeah. It kind of was."

I saw the distressed look on his face. "I can't believe I didn't notice. I mean I kinda did, but not really. I knew you were a mature ass kid, but I didn't even think-"


"Not really." Sans paused. "Our lives are fucking insane." I saw yet another realization flicker across his features, making him look somber. "What you sacrificed to fix our world, to get us all back. I'm sorry we couldn't find another way."

"It was well worth it. And now I get to live a nice long life with you. Assuming that's what you want, of course," I teased.

Sans' serious expression softened. "Fuck yes it is. Not gonna lie, past me was stressing a little about knowing you had a short life span. Seems that's not a worry anymore."

"Kind of a perk of this whole freaky situation. Also, I wasn't exactly expecting to see Red again. Certainly not like that. What's happening there?" I asked, changing the subject.

"Well... It's really weird. If I couldn't see physical evidence of his existence in your soul I'd think I was going insane. It's like he's an entirely separate person just residing in my head. Except I can remember all his memories and he can remember all of mine. If we weren't so different it'd be hard to separate who's who. Except he's a much edgier, kind an asshole version of myself." I snorted. It was so very accurate and I also knew it would piss Red off to hear. Sans smiled. "He doesn't like that I called him that."

"Yeah, I imagine not," I giggled.

"He wants control, of course. And he's not very subtle about this thoughts at all," Sans complained. "He's very... abrasive."

"To say the least," I teased with a soft smile. "So what are you guys gonna do about this whole thing?"
Sans opened his mouth to answer and then paused, looking momentarily confused as he listened to the inner dialogue happening in his head. "Gimme a sec. You keep training or whatever. I'll be back in just a minute."

With a squeeze of my hand he stepped back and vanished. Confused, I shrugged, putting my music back on and doing exactly that, switching to dancing instead. It took Sans a good thirty minutes to come back.

I was in the middle of a turn, leg out when he strategically teleported in front of me, catching my leg as I came to a stop against his chest, my heart leaping a bit as his sudden appearance startled me. It wasn't something I could entirely get used to.

I plucked my headphones out of my ears, letting them rest around my neck as his hand kneaded my thigh that was pulled conveniently high up his side.

"So what were you up to?" I asked, my voice a little breathless from working out, sweat a thin sheen on my skin.

"Had to get him out of my head before I do this."

"Do wha-" My words were cut off as he pulled my body firmly against his, kissing me deeply and with all the passion of the years we'd missed.

"That," he growled against my lips, magic fuzzing against my skin, enticing mine out of my soul to surround us.

"Is he-"

"He's fine," Sans assured me with a smile. "It's just my turn to bond with you properly."

I felt my soul twist in anticipation at the sound of that as he kissed me again, lifting me with his grip that had slid even further up my thigh and his other on my hip. I lifted my other leg and wrapped it around him, clinging to the front of his jacket as I kissed him back with fervor.

I felt the weightlessness and tingle of magic as we teleported. I was vaguely aware that we were in his room, my mind unable to focus on much more than the sensation of him pushing me against a wall and pinning me there as his hands began to roam my skin with a hunger that surpassed even our first time together.

My skin wasn't very covered as it was, just in a pair of tight work out shorts and a sports bra, but even those were quickly removed. Thankfully Sans didn't simply shred my clothes like Red would. There was an impatience and definite lack of hesitance that I wouldn't have expected from him after so much time apart. It caught me a bit off guard and I had to rush to catch up, my own hands pulling at his hoodie as I urged him to remove his clothes as well.

His magic pulled my hands back by my wrists, pinning them to the wall as he took a small step back, slowly sliding the offending garment off his shoulders as he fixed me with a teasing look.

"Oh, now you want to move slow?" I asked impatiently, reaching my legs forward to nudge his t-shirt up with my foot. I slid my foot up his spine as I lifted the shirt, wrapping first my calves and then my thighs around his bare ribs as I pulled him a little closer.

"You love it when I tease," Sans purred, dropping his jacket and removing his shirt the rest of the way.
"Hmph," was the only response he got. I couldn't deny it.

With a smile and a warm chuckle he leaned back in, kissing me slowly. He wound his fingers through mine as he lifted my arms above my head, keeping them pinned to the wall.

Sans pulled back from our kiss, leaning close to my ear instead as he whispered to me.

"You're a lot kinkier than I remember," Sans purred softly, deep baritone making me shiver.

With a speed my brain could barely keep up with Sans untangled one of his hands from mine and reached down, wrapping it firmly around my throat. His fingers pressed underneath my jaw, gently squeezing. My heart stuttered, my stomach fluttering and I felt a twist in my lower stomach that send a small bloom of pleasure curling through me. My soul automatically reached out to his.

Sans let out a pleased chuckle as he felt my reaction. He tilted my head to the side, giving himself more access to the side of my throat as he slowly slid his tongue down my pulse point, feeling my blood rushing beneath the fragile layer of skin. I felt the sharp point of his canine as he drew it down my throat, not enough to draw blood but enough to give a pleasurable sting. His fingers tightened around my throat, making me light headed and heightening the sensations.

I gasped at the near painful feeling, my fingers tightening around his where they were still held above our heads.

"Sans," I moaned softly, my thighs tightening around his ribs as I pulled him against me, not caring that his sternum was pressed between my bare legs. I felt him shudder as he felt me rub slightly against him as I squirmed in need.

"Eager as always, I see," he laughed, his breath tickling my moist skin.

He pulled back, gazing down at me with burning eye lights as he pressed himself a bit closer, the stimulation between my legs making me gasp and bite my lip to hold back a moan. His grip on my neck lessened a bit and he gently stroked my jaw with his thumb.

I felt the soft caress of his magic around my soul, enticing it out. I let it slip out easily, the red glow surrounding us. The hand that had been entwined with my own untangled from my fingers, my hands remaining firmly pinned to the wall as he reached down, gently caressing my soul with the tip of a finger.

Shivers of pleasure ran through my being at the feather light touch, heightening my senses and making my whole body ultra aware of every sensation. His magic danced across my sensitive skin, making me more aware of what his touches on my soul were doing to my body.

His hand cupped around my soul, stroking it more firmly. With a ragged, uncontrollable moan my head fell back against the wall, my eyelids fluttering as pleasure pulsed through my muscles, mimicking physical pleasure. Only this pleasure went so much deeper. Sans leaned in, pressing his forehead to mine as he watched me.

He continued to stroke my soul firmly, making me squirm against him. He pulled his body back just far enough to deny me any stimulation between my legs, so every ounce of pleasure was coming from my soul alone.

His fingers explored the surface of my soul, testing what each touch did to me. Sans leaned close to my ear, whispering words of praise and encouragement, his sultry voice leading my body, suggestive comments influencing the pleasure I was feeling through his touch. I felt the heat in my abdomen steadily increasing despite the lack of any actual physical stimulation.
When those first pleasurable twists made my muscles tighten, Sans leaned down, drawing his tongue slowly and firmly down my soul, his teeth grazing it teasingly.

My muscles contracted in wave after wave of pleasure, my thighs gripping crushingly around Sans ribs as my orgasm rocked through me, the pleasure coursing deeply through my being from the depths of my soul. My toes curled and my hands tightened into fists, my moans cut off into silent ecstasy as the pleasure was drawn out through Sans’ simple touch.

The pleasure slowly tapered off before it could become too intense, my clenched muscles relaxing with a slight ache. I could tell Sans was drawing it out for as long as he could. When he’d coaxed out all he could his touch eased and he rose back up to kiss me deeply and sensually.

His tongue twined with mine, his magic gently easing through me, gently and slowly stoking the fire inside me back up again.

When he felt my body was ready and impatient again he shifted us, keeping my hands firmly pinned against the wall with his magic. He slipped down till he was kneeling on the floor, shifting my thighs from his ribs to his shoulders as he positioned himself between my legs.

I glanced down to see him smirking up at me, taking in my flustered yet wanting expression. He slowly opened his jaw, his sharp canines becoming visible, the blue glow of his tongue shining between his parted teeth and tinting my skin. He slowly and teasingly licked his teeth as he smirked at me, enjoying watching me squirm in anticipation.

Impatient, I tightened my thighs around his skull, urging him forward. He chuckled at my forward actions, leaning in to give me what I wanted.

His breath wafted against my moist lips, making me shiver, before his tongue made contact, lightly dragging against my outer lips, my muscles clenching and my senses hyper focusing on every little feeling.

He teasingly slid his tongue around my sensitive areas, not yet touching, his magic making my skin tingle and my clit and insides throb and heat even more. The ache was an intense and desperately sought release.

“Sans~” I moaned his name, wanting heavy in my voice. He smirked up at me, enjoying my neediness far too much. “Please stop teasing. I need~ Ahh! I need it, please, please, please.”

“Need what, sweetheart?” He asked, feigning obliviousness even as knowing mirth danced in his burning eye lights.

Instead of answering I reached out with my soul, letting him feel the intensity of my need. He sucked in a shocked breath, amused smile falling as lust burned in his gaze, his fingers tightened almost painfully against my thighs.

A low, deep growl escaped his chest, vibrating against my thighs. He leaned forward, all plans of further teasing gone. His tongue swiped roughly between my lips and against my throbbing clit, almost painful with as sensitive as I was.

A strangled cry pulled out of my throat, my thighs tightening around his skull so tightly I worried for a moment I would hurt him but he only growled louder, pulling me further against him as his tongue rubbed around my clit, drawing out my most sensitive areas, the over sensitivity fading as I pressed back into him, wanting more.

Sans gripped my thighs, pulling them apart until they were pressed against the wall. He slid his
tongue down to my entrance and slowly began pushing in, wiggling this way and that as he eased me further open, my aching walls quickly adjusting to the increasing girthyness.

Once I had fully adjusted and my hips were grinding against him he gave me what I wanted and pressed his tongue to the sensitive spots inside me and set a steady pace against them, making me writhe and my legs struggle against his iron grip.

One of his hands released me, his magic keeping my leg trapped as he moved that hand to my heat, his index and middle fingers pressed on either side of my clit, pushing the hood aside to get to where I was most sensitive and he set a pace with his fingers that matched his tongue.

My walls clenched around him, my hips rocking against him in their rhythm, one that Sans knew inherently and masterfully moved with. Fire built in my core quickly, my muscles spasming in waves of pleasure that made my whole body tense.

My loud moans filled the otherwise quiet air and I could only hope there was no one around who could hear me. I was beyond caring and didn’t have the will or self control to maintain my volume. My rational mind was lost in the haze of bliss and the need for release.

This need was quickly granted to me as Sans steadily quickened his pace to match the grinding rhythm of my hips as I got closer and closer. The pleasure was nearly painful as I approached that crest, the pulsing between my legs overwhelming every other sense.

I was unaware of how loudly I was moaning his name, unaware of the ache of my straining muscles against his magic keeping me firmly against the wall, unaware of the wet sound of his tongue pumping in and out of me. I was unaware of his hand releasing my thigh to reach up towards my soul as I hovered on the edge of release.

That feather light touch against my soul and the rough growl that made his tongue vibrate inside me was enough to send me crashing over, the pleasure reaching deeply in waves throughout my body and soul.

My thighs and wrists snapped free from the magic restraining them against the wall. My thighs tightened once more around his skull with nearly crushing strength as every muscle in my body clenched. I leaned over him, my hands gripping the top of his skull, nails scratching against bone as I fought to keep myself from collapsing completely, unaware that my loud moans had turned into screams.

My magic burst forth around us, his own reacting to the pleasure it brought and following the paths it led along my skin to heighten my awareness and the pleasure of the moment.

My walls tightened and fluttered around his tongue, the pressure on my g-spot and clit increasing and then easing at just the right moments to bring me the most pleasure. The more gentle touches drew out the incredible high and then let it slowly slip into a steady, blissful thrum.

My muscles ached as they released the tension that had built up. Sans’ magic slowly and carefully lifted my upper body back up to lean against the wall, giving me a full view of his tongue still gently moving inside me and his fingers hovering around my clit, his eye lights drinking in my post-coital bliss.

I let my head fall back against the wall as I lost myself in the haze surrounding me, my hair stuck to my sweaty cheeks and my reddened chest heaving with each deep breath.

The pleasure hovered in that warm, after-orgasm feel as his magic kept my body from slipping
away from it. And just as I thought he would be pulling away, his tongue shifted, brushing against my swollen, sensitive g-spot and prodded at that source of pleasure deep inside me.

My relaxed muscles clenched again in surprise, my overly sensitive body responding. For the first moment or two the pleasure was overwhelming; feeling overstimulated as his fingers gently found their way to the sides of my clit, not yet fully touching but enough to make me feel it.

I let out a soft, inadvertent sound of protest before my body began to adjust again, that heat pooling back in quickly, my need not even close to fully sated yet.

Sans felt my quick adjustment and let out a pleased chuckle, a soft whine escaping me at the feeling, my inner muscles twitching around him.

He gradually picked the rhythm back up, steadily increasing pressure where I was sensitive, magic brushing against my hardened nipples and tracing paths up and down my neck and back.

The pleasure was quick to build back up in my core, desperately chasing release again. Release that Sans was more than happy to guide me to.

My next orgasm made me see stars, all of my other senses washing away in a wave of white. For a moment all I felt was the pleasure deep in my muscles and soul. After a few moments the feel of our magic and his wriggling tongue returned to me.

He brought me through the high, with drawing his tongue as his hands gripped my hips instead. He gazed up at me, pleased with the trembling state he’d already left me in.

“Now that you’re nice and warmed up, the real fun can start,” Sans purred as he slowly stood, sliding my thighs down around his hips.

“That was supposed to be a warm up?” I asked incredulously, my voice breathless and hoarse from moaning.

Sans chuckled before leaning in to kiss me, the question quickly forgotten as his tongue captured mine, making me even more breathless. I wrapped my arms around his neck, gently scraping my nails down the bones, making him shiver against me.

A small squeak escaped me as he placed his hands under my ass and pulled us away from the wall to deposit me roughly on his bed.

He stood for a few moments to look down at my sweat slicked skin glistening in the faint light that seeped through his windows around the drawn curtains. The adoration and love was plain on his face and made me blush furiously, my soul aching to have him close. I reached out to him through it and I felt him sigh softly as he felt my love in return, as well as my lingering impatience to keep going.

He slowly crawled on top of me, his shorts suddenly gone, a fact I was distracted from as he kissed me gently and passionately. He was too good at that.

I gently wound my fingers through his ribs as I returned the kiss, gently stroking them. When he pulled back to kneel over me my heart sped up. His soul gently floated out of his chest and mine brightened in anticipation at its close proximity.

“Are you ready for me, sweetheart?” Sans asked gently.

“Does that really need to be asked?” I teased. “Of course I’m ready.”
Sans gave a soft chuckle. “You know me, babe. I gotta be sure.”

“I know. It’s one of the many reasons I love you. Now get down here,” I insisted, his smile widening as I pulled him down to kiss him.

My soul reached out, my magic fuzzing around his soul, trying to pull it closer.

I gasped as I felt him line himself up with my entrance, so enamored with our souls I hadn’t even noticed the blue glow of his forming cock. I raised my hips, angling them towards him to encourage him to push into me already. My walls were aching with my need to be filled, something Sans was very aware of and was taking his time to enjoy.

He slid his length up between my lips to rub at my clit and give me just that deeper of an ache before he lined himself up with my entrance again.

His tip slipped in easily, immediately stretching me out and making me gasp and squirm against him. He firmly held my hips down to keep them from pressing up as he sunk into me one agonizingly slow inch at a time. As his length got deeper and deeper, his soul got closer and closer to mine.

Our souls finally brushed together as he hilted inside of me, the pleasure of my soul enhancing the feeling of him inside me. Our souls firmly pressed together as he settled into me, my walls adjusting to accommodate his girth.

The first thing I felt was the thrill of our synchronizing emotions, his love and pleasure filling me as mine did him. The next thing that reached me as his magic embedded in my soul even deeper was the flood of memories that were not my own.

From the very start, I lived the most prominent memories he held, from his childhood straight up to when he very first met me. The memories with the most stark emotions before he met me were when he lost his father. His desperation as he tried to find a way to break the barrier. His depression as he realized he couldn’t and his power couldn’t help him. Couldn’t save him or his brother or anyone else. I felt how low he got, how helpless he felt for so long. Like his life didn’t even matter, and though my soul knew that it wasn’t happening now, it reached out to comfort him regardless.

The next memories that were most clear were, of course, the memories after he first met me. The reset and the genocide and everything that followed. It was painful to live through that time and feel it all from his perspective. What it felt like to watch a true monster destroy everyone he loved. To have to face that monster and kill her over and over again. I felt that rage and hate, and I wished I could say it was new to me. But it wasn't. It had just been a long time since I’d felt rage like that. Those painful memories passed and I felt what it was like to live our lives, to fall in love with me that first time. To have our happiness.

His memories blurred into Red’s after that reset and then became his own after the world was put back together. I relived our most recent years together through him until they all rushed forward to settle back in this moment.

Sans’ breathing was just as labored as mine as the shared memories faded, his own soul reaching out to comfort mine as mine did his, wracked with guilt for all the things I’d suffered even as he understood I had never held any of it against him. That guilt faded as this moment became solid and the feeling of our bodies still pressed together and the overwhelming sense of love came back.

Peace with our past’s settled over us and we basked in this moment together. His hips slowly
moved against mine, sensually kissing me as that fire between us gradually built back up with our rhythm.

He pulled my hips up and I arched my back, allowing him to go deeper and rub those sweet spots inside me all at once. His hands trailed across my straining thigh and ab muscles as he made his way up to my chest.

He stroked feather light touches across my breasts, sending goosebumps blooming across my skin and delicious shivers up my spine.

I sucked in a breath, suppressing a moan as his teasing fingers finally drifted across my pert nipples, sending little thrills down my abdomen. His touch was light and teasing as I grew more sensitive to his ministrations before he grew more rough, rolling the overly sensitive nubs between his finger tips almost enough to hurt but not quite.

I squirmed beneath his hands, my hips rubbing against his insistently and a growl rose in his throat. The rough tones of his voice sent pleasure straight between my legs and I tightened around him, moans slipping between my parted lips.

He felt my reaction and a pleased chuckle escaped him before he leaned close, his breath tickling my skin. One hand tangled in my hair, pulling tight. The other slipped around my throat, pressing until I felt that light-headedness. He growled again, low and deep. I felt it vibrate against my bare skin and I rubbed against him as best I could in my position.

His breath on my sensitive nape made my skin tingle in anticipation and I tilted my head, baring my throat for him and I could feel the satisfied purr in his growl as he leaned forward and bit me, the slight pleasurable sting made me gasp and my hips bucked up into him. He thrusted roughly back, heat quickly pooling in. I tightened my legs around him, my muscles straining to keep my hips elevated and increased the tension that was building up once more.

It didn’t take long to reach that peak again and ecstasy washed over me, only heightened by the feeling of his fingers trailing across my soul where it was still connected with his.

His magic traced tingling paths across my skin and my magic followed his example, carrying pleasure to him as it caressed his bones. I felt him shudder against me and as the pleasure faded his hips slowed until they were rocking gently against mine. He pressed gentle kisses to my neck, his tongue soothing the stings they had made.

Our souls gently separated, and with one last gently caress, slipped back inside our chests, though the shared sensations of our bond remained, the bond so much stronger now than it had been before.

His hips continued to rock slowly and gently with mine until I was no longer as overly sensitive and he could gradually pick up the pace and his magic and my own gave me the extra stamina my fleshy body would need to keep up with him.

This would be a long, long night.

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Our night of love making was interrupted only once by a phone call from goat mom as she worried about my whereabouts. I quickly assured her that I was okay (having to explain that I was only breathless because I had been exercising) and having a sleepover with Sans and Papyrus. I filled Chara and Azzy in on my current “alone time” (not elaborating on the sex part) with Sans and they
covered keeping Paps out of the house for the rest of the night by having a sleepover with them at Undyne’s place instead. They informed me that they had it all covered with some not so inconspicuous texts filled with winky and kissy faces.

As we lay in bed after our long night, I could feel the tension building back up in Sans.

“What are you stressing about now?” I asked sleepily as I lay on his sternum, gently trailing my fingers across his ribs.

He let out a massive sigh, my head rising and falling with the movement. “You’re gonna tell everyone soon, aren’t you?”

I felt myself wake a little bit more at his inquiry. “Yes,” I answered as I soothingly rubbed his ribs, an attempt at easing his apprehension. “I was going to wait until we moved up. It’s not gonna be that much longer. And I just figured it might be a better place to do so.”

“Do we really have to?” Sans asked, voice strained with an almost sick worry.

“Yes, we really do. Chara and Azzy know. Alex and Damen know. Your dad and now you. Too many of us are in on this secret. The longer we keep it from them, the worse it’ll be if they find out later that we all kept it from them. We had enough of an excuse with my age and the soul bonds, but now that that’s out of the way, it’s not gonna fly. They’re our family and they deserve to know the truth. All of it.”

Sans sighed heavily once again. “I hate that you’re always right.”

“Yeah, it’s my burden to bare,” I teased, trying to lighten the mood. Sans squeezed me gently in appreciation.

“How do you think they’ll take it?” He asked.

“Well, probably not too much better than you, although I think having so many people on my side vouching for me in the moment will probably help keep things from getting too out of hand. I imagine they won’t be happy with it at first. But with all of you there with me, they’ll listen. I just hope by the end of the story they understand. That they’ll be able to forgive us.”

“It’s gonna be hard for them, finding out that two out of three of their children were genocidal murderers and the other one has a soul that reflects that. Not just for Tori and Asgore though. For all of them.”

“I know. I’m hoping they see how much we’ve grown and changed. I’m also hoping that having Gaster and now you on our side will help smooth that forgiveness process. They love us. All of us. I know they’ll understand.”

“But you worry too,” Sans pointed out, easily sensing the flicker of nerves in my own soul at the thought of what was to come.

“Of course I do. I’m not just worried about their forgiveness. I’m worried about putting them through the knowledge that their world was so easily influenced. That they died. That their world was corrupted and changed. I’m worried about how knowing all of this will hurt them too.”

“They’ll understand. I’m sure of it. That whole nightmare is over so there’s no worry anymore about what might happen.”

"And I haven't used my time powers in a very long time."
"I know." Sans was quick to assure me that he believed me.

“I mean, I do Save from time to time. That way in case something happens that there won’t be far back to go. But I had already decided I won’t ever load or reset again. Considering my now ridiculously high amount of determination, I can’t imagine anyone else naturally being more determined and able to take the power instead.”

”Yeah, I doubt anyone will. At least I know that power is with someone responsible. Someone we can trust it with.”

”I’ve certainly learned my lesson about abusing it.”

“I never doubted it,” Sans assured me, pulling me close for a kiss.

We lay together for a few more minutes and just as I was drifting off to sleep I heard Sans groan again.

“What now?” I asked.

“I just realized we’re gonna have to keep this under wraps until we tell them, huh?”

“Oh yeah. Probably. I mean we certainly can’t tell them we had sex and soul bonded. Again.”

”It’s gonna be impossible to keep my affections to myself. Especially if we tell them we started “dating” or whatever. Our level of affection might be a bit much by their standards since as far as they’ll know we just got together.”

“True. True. Yeah, we should probably keep this between us as much as possible. I doubt I can keep it from my siblings or your dad and his crazy perception skills but it’s not a big deal if they know. Everyone else though we have to be careful around.”

Sans heaved another sigh. “This is gonna suck for a while.”

"Hey it could be worse. You could be stuck with your feelings all to yourself in a body way younger than you actually are waiting down the clock till you can finally be with your soul mate again.”

Sans paused. “Yeah, you’re right. I have no right to complain about this. And it’s not too hard for me to whisk you away when I want ya.”

“Just remember to be discreet please.”

"Discreet is my middle name.”

"Wow. What an unfortunate middle name.”

Sans snorted. “Hey, it could be much worse.”

"Hmm,” I hummed in agreement, sleepiness stealing my words. I could feel myself drifting off and Sans placed one last kiss to my forehead.

“I love you.”

I was too tired to say the words back so instead I let my soul do the talking instead, blissfully slipping into unconsciousness as his soul answered.
So hey
I was gone for a long time again
I did indeed get busy busy busy
Between responsibilities and the fact that smut chapters just always take way too long
to write this took way too long to get out
But I finally got it out.
Yay!
Although the smut ended a little abruptly. Sorry about that. I might go back and add
more to it later. I hope you enjoyed it anyway.
I will be trying to finish the last few chapters before the break is over and school starts
up again. Let's hope my writing juices allow this.
Any ideas on how the fam will react to the news? Let me know what you think!
<3
Morning came for us before too long, the hazy grey just before dawn waking us both from our short sleep. Or at least I think it was both of us as Sans' eye lights were trained on me when I finally stirred. Unfortunately, we knew we couldn't enjoy our morning together. We both had places to be before we were missed. More than we might already have been, at least.

Even with our urgency, it was difficult to separate ourselves. We showered quickly and Sans teleported me home before heading off to the lab for the day. I knew he would be discussing things with Wings while he was there. And judging by the texts that had blew up my phone, and been rightly ignored, the night before I knew a certain nosy bunch would be awaiting me. And of course the second I walked over the threshold the pounding of feet coming towards the front hallway greeted me.

“They fucking did it!” Chara shouted upon seeing me, rushing over to me with an overly pleased grin stretched across her face. “I told you so!” She turned to Asriel triumphantly as he came over to join us at a much more reasonable pace.

“Just because they spent the night together doesn’t mean-“

”No, Chara’s right. They did it,” Damen confirmed from his casual spot on the couch, eyeing me in that knowing way only a best friend could do.

“HA!” Chara shouted, holding her hand out with a shit eating grin. I watched, amused, as Asriel gave a displeased grumble and pulled a chocolate bar out of his pocket, placing it reluctantly in her waiting hand.

“You guys bet on it, really?” I asked, trying to be scolding but unable to get the smile off my face. I was still far too giddy from my night with Sans to even fake displeasure.

“Of course they did,” Alex shrugged. “Also, you guys have yet to let Frisk tell you herself who won the bet.”

“Oh please, Frisk doesn’t need to say anything,” Chara snorted, coming up beside me and linking her arm through mine, tearing the wrapper off the chocolate and breaking off a piece, offering it to me.

“Wow, I’m amazed you’re offering to share,” I teased as I leaned in and snatched the chocolate directly from her offering fingers, humming in pleasure as it melted on my tongue, tasting all that much sweeter.

“Well, I did win it with your help. You did exactly what I told them you would. So how did it go?” She asked as we all went back to the couch. She casually slung an arm around my shoulder as she began to devour her chocolate bar, her eyes sparkling with devious mirth as they waited for my story.

“What changed your mind about telling him?” Asriel asked as he sat beside her.

“We’re assuming you told him,” Damen pointed out, only the slightest bit of question in the statement.
“Yes, I told him,” I clarified. “It was kind of an accident, actually.”

“An accident?” Alex asked.

“What, did you let something slip?” Chara asked, seeming surprised that I would be so careless.

“You could say that. He teleported to my training area and caught me using magic.”

“Well shit,” Chara mumbled. “How hasn't that happened before?” she asked quietly as she realized just how easy it would have been to be caught sooner.

"Because usually we're much more careful," I answered. "Usually, someone makes sure he's preoccupied while I'm training. He was supposed to be at work at the lab. I don't know why Wings would let him leave so suddenly. But in any case, it was a mistake that thankfully only happened now."

“We’d be more concerned, but clearly everything went fine,” Asriel said softly.

“More than fine,” Chara said with a teasing eye brow wiggle and a thrust of her hips, earning her a light shove from Azzy that only deposited her further in my lap as she cackled.

“Yes, everything worked out fine,” I confirmed.

“Buuuut…” Damen cut in. “I’m sensing a but.”

“I don’t imagine he took it too well at first,” Alex chimed in.

“He really didn’t.”

"Did he hurt you?” Asriel asked, looking slightly peeved at the thought, very much the protective older brother.

“No, he didn’t. He was very angry. Almost violent. I knew there was no time for words so I let our bonds do the talking for me. Much faster and more efficient, certainly. There wasn’t much of a choice but to reveal everything once he’d seen me like that.”

"And that worked? All of his memories just came back?"

“Yep. I’d say it was easy, but it really wasn’t.”

"How so?” Alex asked.

“Yeah, if it saved you hours of heart ache and story telling then-“ I cut Chara off.

"Well that’s the thing. It didn’t save either of us the heart ache. It was all just done much faster. Which is still a blessing. Gave us time to truly make things right between us again."


"So, when you say he got all of his memories back, do you mean all of them all of them?” Asriel asked. "Like, from the other world too?"

“Yeah, even those ones. It's interesting actually. Red seems to be an entirely separate person from Sans and all it took was remembering for him to make an appearance.”

"Whoa whoa wait, how does that work?” Chara interrupted. "Does he have both of them in his
head? How do you know who's who?"

"Well, the magic is a dead give away. They feel different. Red is well, red. And Sans is blue. Their eye lights look different too. Red only appeared for a few seconds independently before Sans got control again. Apparently Sans found a way to get Red out of his head without hurting him or getting rid of him. He just hasn't quit told me how yet. We were a little... busy with other things."

"Mhmm. Bi-zay. Gettin' down and dirty," Chara teased. “Must have been good, after all this time. Sans is a good lay.”

“Wait, how do you know that!?" Asriel exclaimed, bewildered.

“Uh..." Chara froze, realizing Asriel wasn’t aware of that particular information.

At first I was confused and then a particular memory rose to the surface of a very vivid dream.

“It was a nightmare,” I explained.

Asriel looked even more confused.

“When I was still haunting them during the first? timeline. Or second. Or third. Or whatever. The sort of first complete timeline. Before the reset and then the other reset,” Chara explained badly, looking guilty for a moment before I hugged her close. “I found a way to have a shared nightmare between Frisk and Sans. It was before they got together. I was trying to hurt them both as much as possible so I pushed them together first under the pretense of possessing her with Sans unaware. In a dream.”

“Wow.” Asriel looked contemplative.

“So you made them fuck and then tore them apart or something?” Alex asked, looking upset over it.

"It was a dream and it was a very long time ago,” I interrupted. “And plus, Chara was still kind of a child. Or at least had never grown up.”

“And I still hated Sans. During that part of the dream I was as uninvolved as I could be while making sure you were both doing what I wanted. It wasn’t hard, both of your subconscious’ wanted it bad. It was just a little placement and a lack of free will to stop and I could more or less turn my back until it was over. I got the gist of it though.”

Asriel leaned close and put his arms around Chara, understanding that this was still a place of guilt for her.

“So is Sans still a good lay?” Chara asked once all the mushy emotional support was over.

“He never stopped being a good lay,” I answered.

The rest of the morning was spent with them, mostly Chara, all hounding me for as many details of the previous night as possible and being thoroughly disappointed with the lack thereof.

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The move up was a smooth one. Sans informed his father of our new situation, and we all got together to plan out how we would tell the family our story, making sure everyone was on the same page and figuring out who would tell what.
We waited until everyone was settled and the basic business had been taken care of. It was the night we were celebrating being on the surface, and our whole family was together (with the addition of Grillby who, this time around, had become much closer with the family due to his friendship with not only Sans but Wings as well).

The night was coming to a close and everyone was sat on an array of comfortable seating behind our houses, around a nice fire pit with the stars shining overhead.

Sans was on one side of me with Chara on the other, Asriel beside her and Wings beside Sans. Everyone was comfortable and supported and ready.

“Everyone,” Wings spoke up, his gentle voice easily gathering the attention of the others who were gazing up at the sky. They turned their eyes to us and in that moment I felt my stomach turn and true doubt creep into my soul. I had remained confident and sure for the sake of my siblings, but now, with everyone’s waiting gaze focused on us, I was dreading what was to come.

Both Chara and Sans squeezed my hands in support and I squeezed gratefully back.

“There are some very important things we must tell you all,” Wings started, looking confident and sure of himself. “There are some very important things we have kept hidden. Your children and I,” he addressed Asgore and Toriel directly. “I would like to preface this by saying that this was not done so out of malice, but rather because some of the situations were rather... complicated for some of us.”

Gaster had succeeded at getting everyone’s undivided attention and I could see an array of confusion, curiosity and a bit of, while not exactly anger, a displeasure at suddenly knowing we had kept secrets.

“What kind of information?” Asgore asked, hiding well his concern behind a stern disapproval at this revelation as he scanned the lot of us on the couch, carefully examining our seating arrangement.

“This is going to be a very very long story, and we will start at the beginning to try to keep questions to a minimum. This is going to be very hard for everyone present, but particularly for them,” Gaster said calmly, gesturing to us seated beside him.

“I’d like to say that I only just found out a little bit ago. Right before we moved up. It was... a hard thing to remember. I almost wish we didn’t have to tell you but... They’re right. You deserve to know the truth. The whole truth,” Sans finished, his voice soft and full of worry.

“What truth?” Toriel demanded. “What’s with all the secrecy and suspense? Whatever it is, I’m sure it’s not as big of a deal as you’re making it out to be. You can tell us.”

“It’s actually much bigger of a deal,” I answered her, meeting her eyes with my own. Her expression softened at seeing the plain dread in mine. “We want you to know that we are the same people you have always known. And no matter what you will always be our parents. Our family,” I added, meeting everyone’s eyes. “And we will always love you.”

“Well of course we will always be your parents, why on earth would you say that?” Toriel asked, true worry creeping onto her soft features. “My children--” Toriel reached out for us but Asriel held up a hand to stop her.

“Mother, I think it is best you stay there. At least until we are all done talking,” Asriel said softly. “We need to...“
Asriel couldn’t seem to finish that sentence.

“So that no one gets hurt,” Chara states for him.

“Why do you think anyone would hurt you?” Toriel asked, clearly hurt that we felt unsafe sharing anything.

“It is simply what is best,” Wings assures them.

“Let’s just start. You will understand soon,” Asriel began.

He took a deep breath, meeting Chara’s eyes. An understanding passed between them and they interlaced their fingers as they faced the others.

“When I was a child, when I first fell down to the underground I never fully told you all where I came from,” Chara began. Our parents shook their heads. “It wasn’t a happy place. Not at all. I was born in a small village run by radical cultists who believed that red eyed children were demons born on earth who bore the weight of all their sins. They stole me from my family when I was just a baby. I never knew my true family. I never even knew I had a family, for the longest time. I believed whole heartedly in what the priests and priestesses told me. That I was a demon spawn on earth who’s sole existence was to house evil and sin inside my soul. They believed that in punishing me they were punishing their own sins. They believed that in punishing me, that meant their sins were forgiven. And that they were allowed to commit whatever atrocities they committed, because I payed the price for them. They believed that I was the root and cause of all the horrible urges and acts done by mankind. That they were justified in beating and torturing me every day.”

Wings had to hold up a warning hand to keep Toriel from rushing right to Chara’s side. Whatever his expression, it conveyed his seriousness well enough and Asgore wrapped a firm arm around Toriel’s trembling shoulders to keep her in place, his own shoulders tense and his expression tight with barely controlled emotion. Tears were beginning to leak from Toriel’s eyes and her silent tears turned into barely restrained sobs as Chara told of the injustices done to her. As she spoke, I relived this past with her, my fingers tightly wound with hers. For as much as her voice wavered, she never shed a tear.

“One day, another was brought to my cells. It was a red eyed boy who had been stolen from his family. They had tried to keep him hidden from the priests but had been unsuccessful. His parents had taught him right. That all the priests taught were lies. That he was not evil.” Chara took a deep breath. “He was my first family. The only family I ever had on the surface. His name was Darius. He taught me that all the priests words were lies. That I was not evil. That we were just children, stolen from our homes. For the longest time I ignored him. Never spoke to him, never listened. I heard his words, but I never acknowledged them. I didn’t want to give them any credibility. I believed he was just another devil trying to tempt me into going against my duty.

“He was defiant. He had no fear of the priests or of being beaten or starved for his blasphemous words. He spoke his truths. Eventually I listened. It was his kindness that reached me. He was the first to ever be kind to me.

"I learned better. He taught me everything he knew. He gave me hope that one day we would get out of those cells together and we would join his family. That I would be his family too. He was the one who gave me my name. The priests never cared to name me. I wasn’t worthy of one.”

Chara swallowed painfully, fighting back tears. “Eventually, the priests must have realized that he wouldn’t be broken. So they decided if he wouldn’t be an obedient whipping boy then he would be
their sacrifice instead. They had me after all. And they didn’t want him corrupting me any more than he already had.

"When they came for him, that was the first time I fought back. I earned a beating for it. And I couldn’t stop them. He fought back and in his struggle he managed to free me a key without the priest noticing. They took him away and I had a promise to keep to him. To stay alive no matter what. To escape if I ever could. I promised him."

Chara was staring down at her lap, her hand gripping mine so tightly it was beginning to ache under the strain.

“I escaped my cell and snuck out. The church was full but everyone was too focused on the sermon to notice me. Darius was awaiting his fate. He saw me, and he told me to run,” Chara explained, signing the words he had signed to her. “I wanted to save him. I truly did, but I couldn’t get to him in time. I would have been seen. I would have been caught. I made him a promise.” She broke off. Tears dripped down onto her lap and I had to fight off tears of my own. Everyone else was openly crying as they heard her tale. “I promised him I would come back stronger, that I would avenge him and ensure no other children suffered as we suffered.

”I saw them parade him up there. I watched as they slit his throat. He wore a smile on his face as he died, watching me go free,” Chara’s voice choked up with rage. She took a moment to swallow it, and her tears, before she raised her eyes again, burning with anger. “They saw me slip out of the doors. I ran as fast as I could but they followed me. I escaped to the mountain. When I found the hole in the ground, I jumped because I didn’t expect to survive. When I woke I thought I was in paradise at first. I thought Azzy was Darius. He was just as kind. I didn’t expect to find a family, and for the longest time it felt like it almost wasn’t real. I loved you all. But I could never forget my promise. Azzy told me the stories. Of how to get through the barrier. I convinced him to join in on my plan.” Chara pauses, struggling to find her words.

“What plan?” Asgore prompted, though I could tell he already suspected the answer.

“I poisoned myself with the flowers. Azzy and I planned on joining our souls. I would go back and destroy the village and the priests and avenge Darius, and free the monsters.”

Chara stopped, the guilt plain on her face. Toriel leaned into Asgore, quietly sobbing as she realized the full fate of her children. Silent tears fell from Asgore eyes. I could tell Chara was expecting blame, but none came.

“It was my fault we didn’t succeed,” Asriel continued. “Chara’s anger and hate was too much for me to understand. I was too soft. I couldn’t go through with killing anyone. I didn’t fight back, and that’s why we died.”

“It wasn’t your fault,” Chara said quietly to him.

"It wasn’t yours either,” Asriel insisted. Chara didn’t argue, though we could both tell she still disagreed with that fact.

“We’ve managed to explain away a lot of what happened to us after we died,” Chara said softly. “But there’s a lot that happened that you don’t know about.”

"When we died our souls didn’t just pass on," Asriel picked up. “My dust scattered on the flowers, and as you well know, that’s how I survived.”

“And I was in the void,” Chara reminded them.
“Now this is where the story gets a little more complicated,” Wings interjected. “There is one thing we didn’t mention to you all when we told you this story previously. Asriel gained an ability after his death, due to the determination inside him. An ability to control time.” I saw the alertness that suddenly came to Alphys’ eyes as she heard this.

“How does that mean?” Undyne asked, noticing her girlfriend’s reaction.

“It means that when he died, he could return to a point in time.” Wings went on to explain our use of the words save and load and reset and what those abilities meant.

Asriel picked back up when Wings was done explaining. “When I woke up as a flower I had no soul. The only thing keeping me alive was the determination. At first I tried my best to reach my family, to try to reconnect. To try to be myself and return to my life the best I could. But I grew bored. No matter how hard I tried I couldn’t feel anything. I couldn’t feel love or happiness or fear or guilt. When I realized what I could do, I realized there would be no permanent consequences for my actions.” I could see the dawning understanding in our father’s eyes and those of the others. There was confusion and denial in Toriel’s. “So I did everything I could. I befriended everyone in the underground, went through everything I could think of to make them like me or hate me. Eventually everyone became so bland and predictable. So I switched things up. I killed everyone. I toyed with everyone. I tortured people, killed people in different orders and different ways to try to see how everyone would respond. It was fun, for a while. And then even that got boring and predictable. And with everyone dead the underground was just empty and quiet and lonely. So I reset and just...watched and waited as other humans fell and the world moved forward. Occasionally I’d find new ways to have fun, but mostly it was just boredom.”

He grew silent for a few moments as he looked at his parents and our family with dread now that the words had been spoken.

Toriel was slowly shaking her head in denial, as though she couldn’t quite believe it was possible for her son to have done such things. Asgore looked conflicted. Undyne angry, Alphys guilty, Metta sad, and Grillby was surprisingly stoic. Papyrus looked conflicted, sad and also like he was struggling to grasp the whole idea and like he just wanted to reach forward and hug his friend.

“You had no soul,” Asgore finally broke the silence. “It was not your fault. Your actions were not your own.”

“It’s true, I had no soul. But my actions were my own. When I finally had my soul back, it almost destroyed me. I was so full of guilt and regret. But I couldn’t change what I had done. I did everything I could to make it right. It took a long time to truly make things right. And it was all because of Frisk that I got a chance to be myself again.”

Now it was my turn. I told everyone the story of my life before I fell underground. Once again, family had to be held back to keep from interrupting and trying to help make me feel better. “When I came to the mountain, I didn’t exactly jump in. But I knew the rumors. I knew that people disappeared here. I came because I felt guilty and I like I needed to get away. I was not actively trying to kill myself. I did fall. But there was a part of me that expected to come to the mountain and not return.” I paused as I gathered myself. “When I fell down, I quickly discovered that I had acquired the ability. Only one person can control the timeline at a time. And it went to me due to my higher determination.” I told my story of my first run through the underground, with Asriel pitching in every once in a while with his experiences.

“It’s when we got to the end of this run that I had to pause. “And then I made a mistake. I felt like I hadn’t seen everything I could see. I wasn’t ready for the journey to come to an end. So I reset. So I could do it again. Do it better. I reset to when I first fell.”
"All of Frisk and Asriel’s actions roused me from my long sleep in the void. I saw everything they did. And when Frisk reset I saw my opportunity and I took it." Chara looked to me with doubt in her eyes once more. The difficulty of this story had only just begun.

"Our souls are very similar. It's this compatibility and my brief passing through the void that left me vulnerable."

"I possessed Frisk. At first I was simply testing my control. See what I could get away with inside her body. Ensure that I had absolute control. And then I decided that I would keep my promise. Through her. I didn't have a monster's body this time, so I knew I had to be strong in order to accomplish it. And without a soul of my own, I didn't have the emotional capacity to be able to care about how I got it anymore. So I killed everyone to gain more LV."

Chara and I alternated telling our parts of this story. I told how it felt to be trapped in my body while Chara used my hands to kill everyone.

"I also have a particularly unusual ability," Sans interceded. "I can remember through saves and reloads clearly and even through resets. I can feel when time is reloaded to a recent save point. And when a reset happens, it almost feels like it was a dream I had. Some things are familiar, kinda like deja vu. It takes me longer to remember things clearly, but I do eventually remember. I also knew that it was Frisk that had control of the timeline. Or rather Chara. When she reached the judgement hall, I was there."

"The judge was there," Chara mused softly. "And I was guilty. So very guilty."

"The judge?" Someone whispered quietly, not wanting to interrupt but was heard anyway. Asgore answered to explain Sans' position and Sans explained his ability to see souls without pulling them out to read their stats, gaining him this position.

"So yes, the judge was there. And even knowing what she could do with the timeline, I knew I couldn't let her pass. I was determined to just kill her till she eventually gave up. None of us can say for sure how many reloads I forced on them. But she never got past me."

"Sans was simply too hard to beat," Chara added with a soft smile his way. "Too much of a badass."

"You may as well have just been a thorn in my side," Sans teased.

Everyone seemed slightly shocked at the light-hearted attitude they seemed to have over such a serious situation. "It's worth mentioning that we have lived with this for a long time," I added as some sort of explanation. "It's during this time that Sans managed to piss Chara off so much that she slipped and I was able to get control back. Right in the middle of the fight. I tossed her weapon aside and saved, moments from death. Leaving Chara with no where to go and no way to save herself."

Sans and I explained what happened and how I managed to reset, this time with no plan to do it again. I explained how I went through my run for the third time and we took turns telling the whole story of this time. How Sans and I lived with our nightmares of the previous timeline and how we both kept it from each other. How I grew up with everyone, how Asriel ended up as a part of the family as Flowey, how we all moved up.

How Sans and I eventually ended up together. And how it was discovered that I had magic. Everything up to how it went wrong. Chara and I explained how I lost my memories and seemed to have lost my soul through her influence. How Sans suspected me of being possessed again after all
those humans had been reported as killed, and Chara explained how they were the remainders of the cultists. How I was tricked into resetting again, and how it twisted the world. We all took turns telling this part of the story. Wings took care to explain about his "alternate" self.

We reached the point in the story where they explained how they stole me and corrupted my soul. Pulling it out for our family to see caused the most intense reaction so far. From recoiling in disgust and fear to disbelief and tears.

"I would like to say that through studying Frisk's soul throughout her years growing up, the adverse mentality and behaviors that usually come with such high LV have been absent with her," Wings was quick to explain. "Because she didn't hurt or kill anyone to earn this LV there is a lack of actual experience that would be expected to lead to further violence."

"While there haven't been no adverse affects, there have been some. I notice I am more temperamental and often have mood swings. I have had to learn to channel any of these angry or violent urges into wanting to break things rather than people. Channeling it into my magic and my training as a way of keeping it under control just like my magic. But while there may be some feelings there, there isn't an urge to actually hurt anyone," I clarified.

"She is still herself," Wings added.

"Why couldn't we know of your magic?" Asgore asked. "We could have helped with her training."

"I had to put an illusion around her soul to keep it from being seen as it truly is," Wings answered. "We couldn't hide some things and leave others open. It would have led to too many questions about how a human soul has magic. There were too many variables that you could not know of." There was a pause. "And in any case myself and Asriel have done a fine job of it over the years. She didn't go unsupported."

Wings finished explaining how that world came to be and the role his "alternate" self had played in it before he put himself back together. How together we managed to find a way to give us all our happy ending, through magic and determination. How we put the world back to the way it was and how exactly we accomplished it all, this time the full truth.

"An added little bonus to this whole situation," Chara chimed in when there was a moment of silence. "Due to this whole crazy thing and magic and what not, Frisk and I will both be living long, long lives. You won't be rid of us for a good long time."

"You mean you'll age like monsters?" Alphys asked. "Or will you be immortal?"

"That would be so cool!" Undyne exclaims, excited at the thought.

"Sort of like monsters yes," Wings answered. "But there is one consequence. Due to this situation, Frisk will not be able to bear children."

There was a sadness that came into Toriel's eyes at this revelation.

"It's okay, Mom," I said gently. "Babies weren't exactly in my plan anyway. And Chara and Asriel can probably still have them. Grandchildren aren't completely off the table."

Toriel gave me a soft smile in return. "I am mostly concerned with your happiness my dear. As long is it is not detrimental to that, then I am okay with it."

"That's good, I'd hate to be the only hope of grandkids there," Chara sighed with exaggerated relief. "I would probably be a terrible parent."
"Oh nonsense," Asriel argued. "You would not."

"Have you met me?" Chara asked with a smirk.

"Of course I have!" Asriel argued, only widening Chara's smile.

"Eh, I haven't completely ruled it out," Chara conceded with a smile as Asriel huffed in exasperation.

"In any case, that is the circumstances," Wings said, putting the conversation back on track.

"Well, at least there was a good thing to come out of this whole situation," Asgore said.

"Hey, weee," Chara said, waving her hand in front of herself and Asriel, "are also the good thing to come out of this whole situation."

"Well of course, I didn't mean-" Flustered, Asgore tried to defend himself, immediately being cut off by Toriel's soft laughter.

"I'm just teasin' you Dad," Chara laughed, causing Asriel to roll his eyes.

A moment of silence that grew more solemn with each passing beat. "Was there no way we could have known anything sooner?" Toriel asked quietly of us.

"To be honest, Sans was our largest hold up for telling you all," I admitted. "I had traces of his magic inside my soul and had soul bonded with his alternate self. I couldn't exactly explain to him at ten years old that I was his soul mate. It would have been... awkward to say the least. And in any case it gave us the time we needed to create connections with you all so that it would be less likely that you would hate us once you knew the truth."

"Did you ever consider telling us the truth before?" Toriel asked. "Before the other world."

I hung my head a bit guiltily. "How could I explain to my family that I had killed you all? That I could control and manipulate this world the way I could? I feared it would instill too much hate, too much distrust."

"But it wasn't really you though, was it." Undyne pointed out, the question obviously rhetorical.

"No, it wasn't. That's true," I agreed. "But I blamed myself nonetheless."

"It would have been just as complicated to tell you that your long dead adopted child possessed her to kill you all and that your other child was in the form of a flower with no soul," Chara pointed out.

"Also, Frisk made me a promise in that time not to tell anyone that it was me," Asriel added. "I wasn't exactly myself then."

"You said Sans was your biggest hold up. But now obviously he's not," Alphys chimed in quietly. "Soo..."

"We officially soul bonded a couple weeks ago," I answered the unasked question. "We have been trying to keep that bit secret until now. We knew it would seem rather rushed without the full story."

"It is still rather sudden for us," Toriel said. "But it is just another thing we will have to adjust to. I don't suppose we will need to have a talk about it?" she asked in her motherly way as she eyed us.
"Already have, Mom. You just don't remember it."

With a huff and a nod of her head she accepted this.

"So how exactly does this other world play in with things now?" Alphys asked curiously. "If Frisk soul bonded with that other version of you . . ." she trailed off in thought before asking her question. "That soul bond remained intact through your reset, correct?"

"Correct," I answered.

"How? Gaster had another version of himself. We all did. So what does that mean for us?" Alphys asked curiously.

"We are still figuring that bit out," Wings answered. "It is a rather unusual situation. Sans and I have particularly unusual circumstances. I was split apart in the accident and resided in the void. Those conditions are not ideal and should not be repeated under any circumstances. As for Sans, well there's no saying what the circumstances would be had that version of him not soul bonded with Frisk."

"But he did sooo?" Alphys prompted.

"There's basically two different versions of me," Sans answered.

"Like in your head right now?" Undyne asked. "Split personality sort of thing?"

"Not at the moment, no. Thankfully," he muttered that last bit under his breath. "We've found a way to separate ourselves."

"With him still remaining intact?" Alphys asked.

"The void offers many possibilities," Wings gave as an answer.

"So could we remember all this stuff from that place like Sans has?" Undyne asked. "Will we have alternate versions of ourselves?"

"That I am completely unsure of, but I would like to say it doesn't seem probable," Wings answered. "Still possible, but not probable. Frisk created a physical manifestation of that person within herself. A piece of his soul that she could carry within her. She didn't do the same for the rest of you. As for the remembering part, I am also unsure. But regardless it isn't recommended. It can be complicated having two sets of memories in your head. Learning to separate the two can become difficult."

"And trust me when I say you really don't want to remember that place," Sans put in. "It fuckin' sucked. For basically everyone."

"There are a lot of conflicts in some personalities as well that it wouldn't do well to have both versions inside your head," Wings said rather seriously.

Alphys nodded, accepting this answer. "So for Sans?" she nudged.

"We are currently figuring it out. This other version of him, which Frisk has taken to calling Red, is an entirely separate entity. We are trying to figure out a way to bring him into the world as we did with Chara and Asriel. Lacking the magic and circumstances that gave us this possibility before, it is proving a slower venture than we anticipated."
"You mean I'll have two brothers?" Papyrus asked, eyes glittering in excitement.

Wings gave a soft smile at his exuberant son. "Perhaps, yes."

"Trust me Paps, you won't like him as much as you think," Sans grumbled.

"Nonsense, brother. He's you!" Papyrus argued. "And you're the best brother in the whole world!"

I saw Sans' cheekbones dust blue. "Aww, bro. You're too nice to me."

With a giggle I nudged Sans. "Accept the compliment." Sans shrugged our comments away bashfully.

"But Papyrus, I do gotta add," I said softly, "That he's right. He's not really Sans. He's Sans but he's totally different from Sans. Similar in a lot of ways but also like. Not at all. It's hard to explain unless you meet him."

"But still. Another brother will only be a good thing. No doubt I can win him over with my amazing friendship skills!" Papyrus says confidently.

"No doubt about it bro," Sans chuckles. "Not even that hard ass can dislike you."

"If Sans seems to dislike him so much, I can't wait to meet the guy," Undyne chuckles.

"I second that," Metta agrees. Grillby crackled quietly in silent agreement.

Chara nudged me and when I turned to her I saw the big smile plastered across her face. And I realized that I hadn't even noticed the shift of conversation just returning to normal. Our interaction was noticed and the atmosphere grew more somber once again.

"It is difficult to understand the decisions you made," Toriel began. "While I wish I had known earlier about everything, I also understand why that would have been difficult for you all. I cannot be angry at any of you for making decisions based on experiences I have never had. In all my years I have never come close to the oddness of this situation. But I can say this with certainty. You are my children. I could never hate any of you. I will always love you, no matter what."

Asgore nodded solemnly. And with that we all went to hug our mother, burying ourselves in her soft fur. Everyone else soon joined in our family hug. All the weight that had been on Chara and I's shoulders was lifted. Our last hurdle.

Well almost. We were reminded of one more thing once we had all separated.

"May I ask what has become of those cultists?" Asgore asked, voice calm with anger.

Chara shifted in her seat.

"We have been searching for them, actually," Wings said. "We have managed to find a few small sects of their "religion". They are the same people who now speak out against monsters and call us demons walking the earth. To our knowledge they do not have any children in their possession as they used to. We are currently in the process of rooting them out, figuring out how far their preaching goes. Once we have found them all, we will bring them to trial. As unusual a situation as it is, they will still be held accountable for their church's actions. We do have a victim of theirs alive and well."

"We also have our judge," Chara added with a nod to Sans. "We will figure out who has caused
harm the way their ancestors did and who hasn't. And then we will determine what fate and punishment is worthy of each of them."

"It will be a long process," Sans said. "But we can't exactly go rushin' in killing whoever."

"Unfortunately," Chara grumbled slightly. Asriel nudge her.

"What? I'm kidding!" Chara protested. "Mostly." Asriel rolled his eyes, as he seemed to do a lot.

"It is the most humane way to do things," Wings said. "And to add to it we will be telling representatives of the cultists' respective areas of their practices and preaches and for those found guilty of violence or child abuse will be held accountable if not by their governments then by us. We will work with who we need to work with to ensure that all violence ends. Period."

Asgore nodded. "Let me know how I can help."

"We can go over it all with you. At another time, of course," Wings said.

With the rest of our business complete, the rest of the night was spent in conversation and healing. Remaining questions were answered and future plans made.

With this night coming to a close, the hardest part was over. No more secrets. No more demons in the dark to fear.

We were free to truly start living our lives.

And so we did.

Chapter End Notes

I feel like I say this basically every chapter but sorry for it being so late. If you read the chapter notes you know that I have been busy busy busy. This has been the busiest year of my life tbh. Full time work, full time school, extra-circular activities at school, new relationship, new friendships. But I have finally earned my associates and am getting ready to transfer to University. My mental health still wavers from time to time but overall I am doing pretty good in life and have a slight reprieve from school at least, if not work, so I will be trying desperately to keep writing.

As it goes this is the last official chapter; the end of An Undertale Story. And man has it been a crazy ride. I have been writing this story for like more than three years now. Three years and several hundred pages later and here we are. If anyone is reading this who has been reading it since I first started writing it, I commend you. It has taken me so long and I apologize. Life is too crazy for a more reliable writing schedule. For those who are more recent fans, thank you for still sticking around with my infrequent posting. And for anyone reading this after I have stopped, Hi! I hope everyone enjoyed it. I know I have.

BUT WAIT I'M NOT DONE YET

I will be trying to post an epilogue chapter to this soon that I hope you will all enjoy. It will be smutty. The last for this story.
I will have more to say after I post my /actual/ last chapter to this story.

Love you all <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!