Their Wings

by Castel

Summary

You fell down this pit hole to end your life but managed to survive the fall somehow. And now, you try to make your way out of this hostile underground filled with monsters.

Notes

Hello there!

This fanfiction is currently being corrected, hope you'll enjoy the final version of Their Wings!

Big shout out to my beta reader @isnt-that-something on tumblr, thank you so much for helping me with my sketchy english!!

Enjoy!
You'd have never thought you would have wanted to survive this much after you fell down into this hell hole, this action born from a desire to die. And now, here you were, holding tight on a kind-hearted flower who was supporting you in your struggle to survive. Your body hurt all over as you covered its little trembling head. Both of you were running from a monster twice as big as you. It seemed to be a goat monster of some kind, a female one considering how she expressed herself.

« Come back here ! » She yelled after you, her voice echoing down the halls.

Your clothes were burnt, some parts of your body as well. You were panting from the running, barely hearing your little flower friend screaming under your chin. They were gripping tight on your throat as they shrilly alternated between swears, cries of fear, prayers for help, but most frequently repeating « WE’RE GONNA DIE!! » in a terror filled voice.

« Watch out !! » The flower managed to screech before it hid again in the crook of your neck.

You just had the time to notice the walls of the corridor lighten up in an orange taint when suddenly you felt the fire consuming you from behind. Both of your agonizing screams filled this dark hallway until there was nothing left of your bodies.

You opened wide your eyes, gasping for air as your hands clenched against your chest. You could still feel the fire consuming you, yet you didn't have any trace of the previous attacks from the goat monster over your body. Your friend was in a pot right next to your bed, startled by your muffled cries. They called out your name with worry in their voice, growing louder until you suddenly stopped crying as the burning pain finally disappeared. Your eyes drowned in water turned towards them.

« F... Flowey... » You managed to pronounce in a trembling breath, before you turned your body fully towards your companion and took them in your arms. You whimpered some more against their petals. Slowly, you felt their plant leaves covering your cheeks, wiping your hot tears away.

« We didn't make it... Did we ? » Flowey softly asked.

Your silence made it perfectly clear.

« I'm so sorry... » You whispered, your voice shaking from the urge to cry again as you remembered the violence of your deaths. You still managed to swallow back the sobs and although your smile
quivered, you reassured them. « Don't you worry though! We'll... We'll get out of there, you can be sure of it! »

Flowey's smile slowly started to form when you both flinched as you heard someone knocking on the door. No doubt, it was the goat monster again.

« My child, are you okay? I heard you crying... Is everything alright? »

Yes, she was absolutely sweet for a monster. Her name was Toriel, and she was a lovely mother... Until you'd go and ask her for the exit of the Ruins. She was its caretaker just as much as the guardian of that Gate of some sort. You had to get through her house to get its access, but everytime you would take the staircase to reach it, she would try to stop you... By killing you. So together with Flowey you made a plan to escape. You thought it would be a good idea waiting until she'd fall asleep so you'd be able to sneak away. You loved her, that was for sure. You didn't remember having such sweet attention from anyone in your human life... If you had any memory of that. But on the other hand, you were really scared of her the moment you realized how dangerous she was. You were scared that any little mistake would turn her into this berserk creature you faced multiple times already.

Wiping away the last tracks of tears from your face, you replied with a voice that wanted to be reassuring.

« Y-Yes! I just- I had a nightmare! »

This startled her so much she opened the door to peek in. The light of the corridor made its way into the room, allowing her to see what was going on inside before she entered. Her face was marked with worry.

« My poor, sweet child... Do you want to talk about it? »

You stared at her with your fully opened eyes, sniffing a little. She came to sit on the side on your bed, resting one of her hands on her knee while the other would caress your face, moving away a lock of your hair from your wet cheek. You remained silent for a while, not wanting to encourage her into further conversation or anything as you were patting Flowey's head. Your friend was silent, watching both of you with their worried eyes. Thinking of it, you didn't know Flowey's identity... They told you they were a flower and the rest didn't matter, so you complied... But still worried to make them uncomfortable, you stuck to the neutral terms. You shook your head silently to answer to her question.
« Do you want to sleep with me ? » She softly asked again.

You waited for a few seconds, before you shyly asked.

« Can you... Can you sing a lullaby for me, please ? »

At first, she was surprised, but then she smiled. Well, you weren't so young anymore to ask for such a thing or to sleep with your mother when you had a nightmare, but you thought it would be nice and help developing your relationship with her... Maybe this time, this would save you from the future fight you'll have with her. And so, you laid down in your bed, Flowey next to you.

« Oh... It has been so long since I sang something... » She softly giggled, before she thought for a little while, as if she was trying to remember a song.

And then, she started humming a soft melody, as she was tucking you in this bed. Ahh, her voice was really something. You couldn't help but smile as she laid a kiss on your forehead, then she left the room after she whispered a soft « Goodnight, my child. » Then she closed the door, leaving your room plunged into the darkness again. Flowey was silently resting their head against your chest to listen to your heartbeats.

« Tonight... ? » They asked in a whisper.

The flower felt you nodding, before you laid a hand on its soft golden petals in a pet.

« Tonight... » You repeated in a tone as low as your friend.
Sweet Death

Chapter Summary

Sh*t just gonna hit the fan, and you know it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

This was it.

You and Flowey waited for the right moment to sneak out of your room. When you were sure you could hear the dead silence in all the house that was plunged into the darkness. You wished you had something to be able to see around such as a torch or a candle, anything that would provide a bit of a light so you would not hit your little toe against a furniture in your escaping process. But then again, the light would also draw attention... Ah, you hated your human nature. It would have been great to have the sight of a cat or the sense of smell of a dog for this kind of situation. Flowey left their pot behind, preferring to leave both of your arms free in case you had to run or else. So they had tangled themselves around your neck and was looking around for any sign of danger. Both of you were silent, trying your best not to wake Toriel up. You weren't ready to be transformed into a human sized merguez sausage another time. You were praying to whatever good kind god existing above not to let the parquet flooring beneath your feet squeak under your weight. Not that you were heavy but... You know... Old houses being old houses. Of course just when you went to take the very last step on the staircase, it made that oh not so wanted squeak. You stopped with a gasp and turned your head towards the bedrooms, you heard Toriel call out to you. Damn she had a good hearing.

« Quick, we've been found out ! » Flowey urged in a strained whisper, trying their best to keep quiet, no matter how they wanted to scream right now.

Your heart was pounding heavily as you ran down the stairs. You heard Toriel's footsteps heading first to your bedroom, before she started running after you in the corridor. You had a pretty good starting distance at first, but since your legs were shorter than hers, her pace didn't have much difficulty to catching up to you. Fireballs were thrown your way as she screamed after you, her voice rang with sorrow and desperation. This is when Flowey lost it and started screaming as well from panic, repeated their litany from the past, familiar cries filled your ears, barely heard over the thundering noises of your heartbeat in your ears.

« Stop right there !! Come back here !! » She yelled her orders in vain as you continued to run for your life.

« Watch out !! » Flowey shrieked before they hid in the crook of your neck.
You've already lived this scene. You jumped to the ground, dodging the attack that would have wiped you out again as you protected your dear friend as best you could. You quickly got back on your feet and yet again, you were racing towards the end of the Ruins. You took the corner pretty sharply, you panted from the running and as fear coursed through you, you reached for the exit. You grabbed for one of the doors barring your path and started pulling on it. God, this thing was heavy! It just would. Not. BUDGE!! Time was running short and she would arrive in any second now!

« Faster! Faster!! » Flowey was squealing, as they helped you using their roots to pull on the door that separated you from your freedom.

« I'm doing as best as I can! » You yelled back, your voice strained as you pulled with all your might against the weight of the door.

The door had finally started to open when Toriel entered the room and stopped a few steps away. Flowey turned their head towards her before they sent a range of white pellets towards her, hitting the shoulder of the arm she had raised aiming another attack at you.

« WaTcH OuT!! » Their demonic voice bursted out and you managed to dodge the fire ball that landed right where your head was standing a second ago, despite the fact that matter how Flowey had just startled you with that tone.

As soon as the door was wide enough you let it go of the door and went through it just as another fireball attack hit your shoulder, a little too close to Flowey who tightened their grip around your throat in panic. You yelped in pain at the blow to your shoulder but didn't stop moving despite the protests of the person that used to be your mother. You were running away from her. You could hear her still coming after you, whimpering and throwing her attacks until she was exhausted. You heard what seemed to be her falling on her knees out of tiredness and despair.

« I promise I'll take good care of you!! We can... We can have a happy life here! » She was crying as you were running down this corridor. « Please...!! »

Tears covered your cheeks. Oh, you hated this... You hated hearing your mother crying and begging for you to return... You heart was screaming to get back to Toriel and ask her for forgiveness, but your survival instinct was screaming even louder not to turn back. You were whimpering as you pushed strongly the next doors to land in cold, white powder... Snow? Was it snow...?

You threw a glance behind you as the doors were closing, seeing the goat monster reaching out for you desperately, tears streaming down her face.
Then the doors were shut. It seemed that you were finally safe. You took a look at Flowey. They were shaking strongly against you and sniffing. You carefully got up on your knees and gently took their head between your hands to face them. Their big eyes were filled with water and their mouth quivered. It was obvious Flowey was doing their best to collect themselves again.

« Are you okay... ? » You asked your friend softly while you were checked them for injuries.

« Me ? You ! Are YOU okay ? » They quickly asked in return, the tiny flower's voice still shaking just as much as its little body.

Flowey threw a glance to your shoulder. Yeah, right... It was hurting like hell and the cold weather you suddenly found yourself in wasn't making it any better. The flower escaped from your hands and reached out for the snow. It took some in its leaves before it went to apply some of it onto your burns. You choked back a moan of pain.

« That's just what happens when I'm too close to you, sunshine... » You joked a bit, wanting to lift up both of your spirits. It was pretty effective, for you got an immediate response from your friend.

« Oh, shut up. » They chuckled as they continued to tend to your wounds.

You were shaking like a dead leaf in the wind, both from the residual fear coursing through your veins and from the cold biting into you tender skin. Once Flowey was done taking care of your wounds, you got up on your feet and brought your hands to your arms. Just... How was it possible to change a weather so suddenly, from a place to another ? Well, a certain flower would call you an idiot and say slightly smugly « it's magic ». As if you haven't see enough magic from the very first day you fell down this pit hole. You then started to walk straight forward as you followed the path that seemed to be made to lead away from the doors to line of trees in front of you. It was deathly silent and the surrounding trees consisted of huge oaks. When you were looking above, you couldn't see the end of them. Even as you stared trying to see the tops of the trees the snow continued to fall around you. You had to admit, you were amazed by the possibility to have snow down here.

« Flowey... Have you ever gone this far ? » you asked in a quiet voice, as if you were scared that someone might hear you.

« Yeah... a long time ago. But I found shelter in the Ruins and never left it again. Monsters here, well... » Their voice trailed off, when you turned to look at them Their petals and leaves had drooped down in defeat. When they met your gaze they solemnly continued. « They aren't so nice, you know ? I haven't seen any one showing a bit of mercy here. »

« But, Toriel... »

«Did you see how she treated you ? The others are worse. Way worse than that, I can assure you... »
And now you were heavy-hearted as well. Your eyes were now focusing on your feet as you made your way into this new snowy world. Your jaw was trembling from the sudden cold and your bodies vain attempt to try to produce warmth. You rubbed your hands all over your arms to create friction and bring feeling back into them. Flowey hid in your sweater so they would not freeze out here in the new frigid surrounds you found yourselves in. You walked past a large stick along the path you were traversing and a few feet away after you crossed it you heard a loud CRACK behind you! You jumped and whirled around in one move, startled, your sharp breaths hurting from the cold air. Flowey called you out before they peeked their face out the neck of your sweater.

« What are you doing? » They hissed, mildly angry and confused about what had went through your head to come back over this damn branch.

« The branch... It was smashed as if it was nothing. » Your voice quivered as you stared at the sight before you of the once solid large branch, now lying there was crushed mass of wood.

Okay, this didn't mean anything good for you. You quickly turned away to keep on walking with haste as Flowey hastily suggested, both of you panicking a bit. Then, as you traveled further, you began to hear a few soft footsteps behind you as they sank into the snow. Oh god. You were being followed. Who was that? Toriel? But wouldn't you have heard her, if it really was her? Or wouldn't you have seen her in the distance at the very least? You noticed there was a bridge in the path ahead, with what seemed to be... a... gate?

Then, before you could place a foot over the bridge, you froze. The footsteps. They were back. And they were coming slowly to make their way to you. Now, it was just a step away from your position... You were shaking a cold sweat running down your neck and shivers travelling down your spine. You heard a cavernous, slow voice, yet with a kind of friendly tone behind you say:

« Human. Don't you know how to greet a new pal? »

Your heart was pounding so strongly you thought it would burst out of your chest and run away without you. You didn't notice you were holding your breath.

« Turn around and shake my hand. » The voice continued.

You slowly turned around as it said. All you could make out was a dark shadowy form. The creature was pretty tall, and you could see it was also quite imposing by its shape. The clothes it was wearing were surely the cause of this... You could see one red glowing pupil staring at you from the depth of its shadow like form, and the glint of... A golden pointy tooth? You slowly raised a shaky hand when you noticed it was extending out it’s own limb. Its hand was covered in a dark glove seemed almost human but... It was pretty boney. Despite the warnings that Flowey was whispering desperately in your ear, your kind and naive heart guided you to grab the hand before you... only for
it to stop beating as your whole body was shaken by a powerful, deadly electrocution. Your friend yelped from the sudden shock and fell to the ground roasted, quickly followed by your body as you landed on your back. You felt terribly cold all of the sudden, and at the same time... Your chest was burning. Your limbs and your eardrums were in a bad shape. Blood was running out of your ears, nose and mouth.

« Didn't anybody ever tell you ? » The husky voice said, this time it wasn't friendly but menacing and, deadly as the shadow came closer to have a better look at you while you were twitching in pain.

Now, you could see what the creature really was as the shadow that blurred your vision was lifted. Before you stood a tall, big-boned skeleton wearing a red sweater with a black jacket and pants. As it stood over you it took the glove -that revealed to be the weapon of your murder- off to put it in its pocket. By the body language and voice, it seemed pretty clear that it was a male. He bent over your face a bit. You could see his huge, dented smile.

« In this world. It's kill or be killed. »

Then the darkness surrounded and took you away as you listened to his dark chuckle.

Chapter End Notes

Man, this goat mom broke my heart already.
And this skeleton man did it literally.
A voice was calling out to you, it sounded blurry and so, so far away. Slowly as you became aware of your surroundings, the voice was coming closer and clearer. You then could start feeling again, especially the small pressure against your cheek, so you slowly opened your eyes to be face to face with your little friend Flowey who was completely freaking out seeing you be unresponsive to their callings. They stopped pushing themselves over you when they noticed you had awakened and gave you space to let you see your surroundings. You were back at the door, laying in the snow. You slowly rolled over your back with an arm draped over your face to hide your eyes. Damn it... What the fuck was that?

« What happened ? » Flowey asked voice terse, anxious that you were unconscious just a few moments ago. You slowly lifted this arm away from your face.

« We died... Again... » You replied in a livid tone, staring at the dark sky. Of course there wasn't actually any sky, just... Darkness.

This statement made Flowey go silent, their petals drooped to the ground in defeat once again. Guilt rose up in your heart at this sight, so you patted their head kindly. There had to be a way to get past this bloodthirsty monster at the bridge. A faint smile came on your lips to reassure your companion.

« Come on... Let's find a way to get out of this hell. » your voice growing stronger with every word.

Hearing you cheering up made Flowey glance at you with a glimmer of hope in their eyes. That was what you needed to see, right now. Hope. They nodded, smiling slightly as their tendrils went to wrap your neck again. Just like you were expecting, your only friend went to hide back in your sweater and you started to walk down that path with the firm intention to get past the monster that killed you a few moments ago. You wouldn't let him trick you again, nuh uh.
The second time he started to speak, you didn't wait for him to finish that you were already facing him. He seemed utterly surprised as he glanced at your suspicious face.

« Strange... You turned around before I even finished my sentence... » he muttered before he reached out his hand while his grin re-appeared with that one golden pointy tooth. « Anyway, nice to see a new face down here. » he said with his friendly voice.

You stared down at his hand silently. Flowey was peeking out, worried by your silence and more importantly, by this stranger. You could hear their little panicked breath under your ear. You weren't ready to see Flowey die another time, so you just turned away as you silently refused to shake the skeleton's hand.

You were going to take a step forward when something wrapped you around your arms and another bursted through your chest. You choked on your breath. The pain in your stomach was unbearable. Your flower friend yelled your name as your blood was spilled over the snow, changing its pure white color into a deep red one. You directed your eyes just a little lower to notice a skeletal arm poking out of your chest... your heart held in its hand. When you tried to breathe out, you choked on your blood that was pooling in your mouth.

« How rude. Who raised you to be this impolite, bud ? Next time, you better run.»

Once more, your legs went numb and you collapsed into unconsciousness to the sound of your friend's cries.

Welp, back to the door. You jumped up, holding tight on Flowey who didn't know what just happened before. Now you were rushing to the bridge. And already you could feel someone behind you. They weren't running, but you could hear them walking closer to your position. This fact made your heart pound even faster in anxiety.

« What is going on !? » Flowey squealed as they looked up to your panicked face. They ignored what happened just before. They just managed to know whenever you died since they spent their time watching you waking up from a sudden heavy slumber everytime you did. They had a vague idea of what must have happened just not the specifics, and was just as terrified in the not knowing as you were in your knowledge to what was to come.

You could hear an air cutting sound behind you just before you dodged an attack. Bones.... Levitating bones. How great. You ran straight for the bridge without even caring about the wide gate anymore... If that was supposed to be one, at least. You were hit by a bone in your right side, tearing a cry of pain from you.
« Frisk ! » Flowey yelped, startled by your voice.

You placed a hand against your wound, held on tight and kept running as best as you could while avoiding your predator's assaults. You took a look behind to check how many bones were going to be thrown at you when you noticed that the skeleton monster stopped chasing you... And was now resting his hands in the pockets of his black jacket with a huge grin painted across his face. What was going on ? Why did he stop ? You didn't have the time to look straight when you ran into someone. Startled, you quickly let out a surprised yelp before you looked up and took a step back. Another skeleton was standing in front of you, way more menacing than the first one you met. He was thin, far taller than the other one behind you, but his aura was so murderous that your senses were screaming in your mind to flee. In addition to his fierce face and having a long body reaching 9'2", his attire did nothing to alleviate your fears. He's covered head to toe in black armor, a crimson cape flowing in the wind behind him.
You took two steps back as you tried to find the words to say only to fail greatly.

« I- I... S- Sorry I... » You started while you were slowly bending over Flowey to hide and protect their trembling head. You didn't know where to hide and even if you did, your legs wouldn't move because of the fear that was pinning you there. This stare that this tall creature was giving you... It was freezing the blood in your veins.

His response was as cruel and harsh sound as his appearance alluded. He had a raspy, dark tone that made your blood turn colder :

« Human. »

 Abruptly, you felt your soul being ripped out of your chest without you being free to choose whether you wanted to fight or not. One second it lies suspended in the air before you... The next, it was split in two by a bone thrown through it.

*How many times will I have to die ?* You thought as you jerked awake once more at the door that lead to the Ruins . Once again, you rushed down the path leading to the this bridge once more attacked by the short skeleton. He was chuckling darkly as he chased you, surely because he enjoyed making you suffer. Why was everyone nuts in this world, besides you and Flowey ? It didn't make any sense. You dodged the attacks but took one pretty bad hit to your leg. You yelped in pain but you kept going, holding onto your friend who was sobbing against your neck. This time at least, you noticed the shape of the other monster in the distance coming in your direction so you'd turn around the corner on your left to quickly hide behind a conveniently shaped lamp that was standing there, right next to a sentry station. It wasn't enough, you knew it. It seemed like the short skeleton already knew where you were going and once he reached the second monster that was coming, you heard him talk quietly enough so you didn't know what he'd say. Yet, it didn't take long for you to
understand what he'd be talking about. You could even guess his wor-

The lamp exploded behind you as a bone found its way into your belly. You screamed out of pain as you collapsed onto the ground. Cold seeped in the wound in a matter of seconds, burnt the bursted flesh on the way as snow rubbed against the wound. It hurt so bad you were frozen in pain. Both of the monsters walked up to you as you twisted your body to get a look at them once you found the strength for it. Blood was dripping from your mouth and Flowey was shouting orders at you to get up and flee, before they stopped suddenly to stare at the attackers with eyes filled with terror. The monsters were staring down at you, one with a triumphant smile, the other with his deadly glare.

« See ? Just like I told you. » The shorter skeleton said with a shaky voice.

Why was his voice trembling ? You noticed he was sweating and the way he slouched told you that he was really anxious... As if he was afraid of this man who remained silent until then.

« I can see that, brother. » He finally replied.

These guys were actually brothers. Neat. So you guessed that they were working together after all... Maybe you could try and actually talk with them... Maybe... Maybe all of this was a misunderstanding. You were resting on one arm as you lifted your second weak one towards the predators in an attempt to soothe their murderous needs.

« Please... » You croaked with tears slowly welling in your eyes. « I don't want to... »

You stopped right there when you saw femurs forming in the air with sharp edges towards you. Your whole body winced when you realized they wouldn't show any mercy. Balling your fists in the snow and bowing your head in defeat, you left out a sob before you screamed :

« Please, don't !! »

Then the bones cut right through your soul.

Chapter End Notes
Hey there!

I hope that you liked this short chapter! The next one will be longer for sure!
Also I wanted to thank you for the kudos and bookmarks, it's such an honor aaaa ;u;

See you soon!
You were sobbing when you woke up at the door again. Slowly sitting up on your knees, thoughts were flooding your tortured mind. You weren't paying attention to your little friend who was calling you out, anxious, and reaching out to gently caress your cheeks covered with hot streams of tears while they were rapidly asking you with multiple questions.

« This is a punishment... Isn't it... ? » You managed to whimper as your eyes were locked on the snow in front of you, blinded by your own tears. Your voice was weak...

Flowey wasn't expecting this reply, shocked by your quiet statement so much their voice became stuck in their throat. Your companion didn't know what to say so they just went silent as they carefully listened to your near silent cries, your tears falling on their leaves.

« This is a punishment... For what I attempted to do when I came down here... I deserve this... Don't I ? This is what I get for... Wanting to... » Your voice broke in a sob and you curled up around your friend, crying out loud.

You came here in a desperate attempt to run away from your previous life... You don't remember what happened before, but your fall was the result of your willingness to end your existence... Somehow, you managed to survive and now here you were, fighting just to live. Not for you, but for Flowey too. Especially for Flowey. You didn't know if you had friends before, or even a family. You were just completely lost and if it wasn't for your flower guardian, you would have given up entirely and let the monsters do anything with your corpse. Yet... Yet...

« Why... Can't I die... ? Why do I always come back... ? Is that a curse... That forbids me to rest in peace... For once... ?» You lamented as you curled up, face against the ground.

You noticed they were crying too when you heard them sniffing against your head. You lifted your eyes to meet theirs. The flower's face was covered in the tiniest droplets of tears. You wouldn't have believed that such a small thing could exist if you weren't witnessing at this very moment. Oh... You realized you thought out loud.
« Don't say that... » Flowey replied with a shaky voice, their face trying to keep a composure, yet it was about to break at any second now. « If you disappear... What would I do... ? What would I do without you ?»

Your eyes were wide and new hot tears were shed. Oh, no... Flowey was doing their best not to break down and sob, waiting for you to answer them. You hurt your partner unconsciously... How dare you do that to your only, precious friend ? You quickly held them close to your face.

« Flowey... I... I'm sorry !! »

This is when their facade broke and they bursted into tears against you. You were caressing their fragile body, whimpering sorries and covering their petals with kisses and salty water.

« I want you to live, Frisk... I want to stay by your side, no matter what so please... Never say that again... ! » The flower whimpered, words broken by their tiny sobs.

« I... I promise, Flowey... We will get out of here, together... » You said between two hiccups.

Both of you needed a few minutes to collect yourselves again, standing there, motionless. Crying was such a tiring thing and now, both of you were exhausted. You didn't know how to get past these two skeletons. You had to find another way... Another path... Something that will prevent you from dying between their hands again.

« Do you know how can we go through this zone without drawing attention from any monster around... ? Maybe it’d be better to get off the path? » You asked Flowey who was hiding in your sweater to keep warmth.

« No... Not really... If you get into the woods, you might end up getting lost and freeze to death... » They replied with a small, defeated tone.

You sighed. There had to be another way... You knew you couldn't run away in front of those monsters without being hit by a bone or two. So...

You laid your eyes on your friend who was shaking. You were too from the cold, and crying didn't make it easier since now, you were both just train wrecks. But... Thinking about your friend's safety filled you with determination. That's why you got up to face your fate again.

You've attempted many tricks to get through these two bone heads. You've tried to talk with them once and it got you killed. Another time, you tried to run past the tallest skeleton and he got you good. Another one, you were hiding behind a tree but the cold made you sneeze and you were
pinned against the oak. This was the same situation with Toriel again. Always having to find the good way to get past through the deathtraps.

When you finally managed to find the good trick that would be the ticket to your survival, you were hiding into a bush not too far from your enemies. Both of you and Flowey were shaking from the cold meanwhile the snow was burning your hands that became numb from it. Gosh, you hated the winter right now. You tried to tuck your aching hands into your sleeves to keep them from the freezing weather as you were watching the shorter skeleton looking around until the tall one arrived. Startled, the smiling one started to sweat nervously and slouched.

« Oh ! P-Papyrus... S-Sup, boss ? » he asked him.

« What's up ? You're asking me what's up, brother ? » the other one spat, furious. « I still see my brother wandering out of his sentry station looking for flowers, that's what's up ! Why aren't you working this time ?! »

These two surely had a complicated brothership. The other one was about to reply, apparently scared, he was stumbling over words as he tried to find a good answer. However, the second one wasn't patient enough and didn't wait longer to grab his brother's collar and lift him up closer to his face as his other was turning into a fist, threatening to hit him.

« Tell me. » He growled.

« I-I... I thought there was an intruder s-so I went to check at the door ! » He quickly replied as he tried to bury his head into his fluffy jacket.

« An intruder ? Do you mean... A human ? » The tallest monster stopped before he hit him, yet he would not let him go any soon.

The frightened skeleton opened his eyes again since he didn't feel the hit coming, before he quickly nodded at his brother's question.

« But... But I don't know where did it go, I found its footsteps at the door but it suddenly disappeared, I couldn't... Find it. »

« Good lord, Sans, you're such a waste !! For once there is a human, you're not even capable of catching it ! I have to clean up your mess every. Single. Time ! » He furiously replied after he threw his brother onto the ground violently, knocking him out in the process. « Well... At least, you were still decent enough to warn me about this matter. I can finally go on the hunt ! And if I can't count on you to capture a human, I'll complete this task myself and will deliver it to the King Asgore that will surely be so content about my performance that he will allow me to fight the Humans at his side once we will get out of this shitty place, and have a residence in his court once he'd have besieged the entire world ! »
The skeleton man looked so pleased at this thought, but then, remembered he had an interlocutor. An interlocutor that was having trouble waking up and was currently struggling to get support on his own elbows, looking up at the taller skeleton in a state of shock. At this moment, the menacing looking one threw him a despising glance, his face distorted with disgust as he finished.

« And finally, I'll be far away from your useless and pathetic lazy ass. »

… Wow... This was even worse than you thought... Something in the still laying skeleton's eyes told you he was hurt from his brother's harsh words, but he didn't protest. As if he was used to these verbal abuses.

« Hurry up, Sans. Don't make me regret not bashing your skull in with my fist. »

Then, the tall and menacing monster turned around and left without waiting for his sibling to get up. Eventually, Sans did so and followed him in haste even obviously still dizzy. You stayed still in the bush until you couldn't hear any living around. You released the breath you were keeping in your throat when the pressure finally decreased.

« Are they gone ? » Flowey asked softly against your skin before they popped out of your sweater collar to take a look around.

« I think so... We should keep going... »

You've never survived this long in this zone until then, you realized. Hopefully it'd continue this way. You made your way out of the bush and shook your hair to get the broken sticks out of it. Then you did the same with your clothes to get rid of the snow that was sticking to them. When you felt ready, you walked out of this zone to notice a star standing further away. You couldn't help but smile in relief as you went to press your hands around it. You gently held against your heart its shining light, yet it became dimmer a few seconds later. It didn't heal up your previous wounds from Toriel's fireball and the monsters' attacks. Now that you were thinking of it, all of your body was hurting from all of this, between running and being hit... Your vessel was sure frail... You wondered how could you survive the fall with such a tiny, easily breakable body that was yours... Surely the flower bed cut it. You couldn't see any other possibility. This tiny light between your arms was so calming and was bringing such comfort for your poor soul, same as well for Flowey who was amazed every time they had the chance to stare at one of these fallen stars.

« We should be safe from now on... Right ? » The flower asked as it looked up to you.

« I don't know, Flowey... »
You left the star behind when you decided to take the East direction. You were hoping not to meet any other monster on the road. When you did happen across one, you would immediately just start running away from them since you knew you had no chance to gain their sympathy and survive the fight. Yet, as you were running away from one of these confrontations, you noticed two figures in the distance. One was shorter than the other... When you were close enough, you could see their color schemes better an- Oh no, it was the skeleton brothers again! They were obviously searching for you around. Your breath caught in your throat, you jumped behind a tree nearby when you sensed that the one that attacked you earlier -Sans-, was turning around as he heard your footsteps.

« What is it, brother? » Papyrus asked him with his usual cold, harsh tone.

« N-Nothing... It must be another monster passing by... » Sans quickly replied as he met his brothers eyes, before he glanced away out of fear.

« Let's not lose any more time, shall we? I've lost enough of it because of you today. »

Sans silently nodded as sweat was beading on his skull once more. Damn... If you weren't afraid to die, you would have liked to help this guy out. Maybe if he was alone and not under pressure, he would be nicer? And by nicer, you mean nice enough not to kill you on sight.

You cautiously followed these two guys from the treeline until you found them getting across a darker zone of snow. It was strange seeing them taking different directions just to reach the other side, but mostly because one of them was hiding their tracks in the process. You wondered why, though. Then, the brothers kept going without any further strange behavior and once they were out of sight, you went to get through it too. You stopped when Flowey exclaimed loudly.

« Don't step there, it's trapped! »

You listened to them before you could land a foot into the snowy field and took a step back. Surprised, you stared at what seemed to be a puzzle. There was no way to get around it. The treelines were behind you, and right where you stood, you were finding yourself on what looked like a cliff. Nothing but precipices were waiting for you if you decided to jump.

« You need to take the same path as them... » Flowey whispered when they read the worry printed on your face. « I'll help you. »

Then together, you managed to take the path the skeletons took, way slower since you weren't sure of where to stop and turn... Flowey was growing tendrils to feel the ground around and warn you whenever you were walking into the dangerous zone. After a few minutes, you were out of this deathtrap safe and sound.
« Thank you, Flowey! » You graciously smiled at the small flower. « You did amazing back there. »

« It's... Nothing, really. » Your friend assured as they glanced away, their cheeks blushing from the compliments. « Well... We should keep going... »

« Yeah, right. »

And so, you and your friend hit the long road ahead.

Chapter End Notes

Lot of tears and deaths.

Also, here is a quick drawing made for this chapter.
Sweet Trap

Chapter Summary

You make your way to Snowdin... But not without having to face the skeleton brothers again.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Through the next hours, you died from other deathtrapped puzzles or monsters. It was hard to survive, so much that you had to do the same actions all over again so many times you memorized the right thing to do. This was the only way for you to be allowed to get out of the dangerous situations to encounter another one further. Also, because of all of those deaths, you were faster and turned the many hours of struggling into just a few, gaining back your precious time. Flowey couldn't get why you were so effective at first, but as you both solved the different puzzles and escaped from fights easily, they understood what you had to get through and couldn't help but feel bad. You gently patted their head.

« It will be okay Flowey. Look, we've been pretty fast back there, haven't we? » You reassured them with a warm smile, catching back your breath no matter how the cold air was hurting your lungs.

« You need to rest... You look awful. » Your companion replied as they stared at your face.

« I have to admit... I'd like to use a bed right now... » You laughed a little.

« Do you think that the monsters will let you sleep? » Flowey asked, now even more concerned than before.

« I hope so... We'll freeze to death outside if we don't find some place to crash. » You said honestly.

« Let's just... Find a shack or something. »

Later on, you stumbled until you found yourself in front of a long bridge. It seemed like you caught the skelebros back for they were standing on the other side of the wooden structure. You didn't have time to walk back on your steps that Sans spotted you and warned his sibling who turned around, first surprised to get to see a human, but somewhat, you knew by his smirk he was actually proud and happy.

« So that's a human, huh... Well done, brother. » He actually complimented his brother who stiffened out of shock, before he glanced at him as if Papyrus just said the biggest insult ever made. Then, the tall skeleton addressed the following to you. « Human. You are sure brave, or stupid enough, to show yourself to us. Because you will not pass this bridge. Cause I, the Terrible Papyrus, will capture you and will deliver you to the Capital. The King Asgore will obtain your SOUL and will
free us all to take our oh so deserved revenge over your kind. Now. If you still want to confront us, go ahead and walk across this bridge... But I have to warn you that you might not like what will happen next. »

You were trembling as you remembered the numerous deaths you experienced by their hands. Papyrus was crossing his arms with a challenging smile, while Sans, well.. He was still nervous and still shaken by the previous compliment he received so he couldn't dare and glance at you. You were holding your hands against your chest. Gosh, you were shaking like a leaf. But not from the cold or at least not entirely... Flowey was soothing you with their tendrils caressing your back tenderly in an attempt to calm your nerves. You took a deep breath that puffed out your chest a little bit.

« Just stay calm... Don't do anything sudden that might trigger them.» The flower advised you as you took one step onto the bridge, before taking another slowly, staring at the dangerous skeletons facing you.

Your heart was racing inside your chest. You knew they would catch you once you'll be close enough... But you couldn't go back, not after all the efforts you put to get here. Your pace was still slow and steady, you risked a look into the gap that was underneath you... Oh lord, you couldn't imagine how many people -monsters- fell down here. As you gulped loudly, you were now midway to the other edge of the bridge. This is where you stopped when you notice deathtraps coming from above. Fire, spears, a spiked wrecking ball, a cannon... And a dog. An enraged white dog tied up with a rope. You felt bad for the poor creature hanging there. If you could, you would call Peta for animal cruelty.

You could hear the tall skeleton cackling. He was proud of his creation, it seems. You didn't know if you had to run now , your guts were screaming to.

« You should hurry up, sweetheart. Or you'll be dead where you stand. » Sans advised with a smile, followed by Papyrus.

« It would be a shame to lose here, when you went so far, wouldn't it ? »

You bit your lower lip in frustration... You will have to run, but they're in the way... There is no chance for you to get past them, they will catch you for sure. But you had to... You had to try... They needed you alive, right ? You wouldn't risk anything then, would you ? So you prepared yourself to run in their direction, as the tall screamed « Go », triggering all the deathtraps.

The fire was consuming the wood planks as you were running to avoid its flames, while spears were thrown in your way. You jumped onto the bridge to dodge the attacks as you nearly got impaled by the two of them, one of these spears falling into the abyss while the other stabbed the wood planks between your legs. You then took a look at the cannon who was aiming at you before you urged to get up and jump forward with a yelp in order to avoid the cannonball shot in your previous position. But it didn't stop there. The dog was swinging in the air to bite you, so you stopped here to stare at it... God, you felt so bad for it. This is when the cannon fires again. You just ducked to avoid the
cannonball shot at you and it hit the rope the dog was attached to, ripping it in two in the process.

« No !! » You screamed as you immediately jumped towards the falling dog without paying attention to the shocked brothers who remained still, too busy trying to comprehend what the fuck was happening.

You grabbed the extremity of the broken rope to save the animal, while your other hand caught the rail of the bridge that was made in the same fabric.

You were now trapped above the abyss, with either the choice to let go of that animal or save its life. This would have been easier if there wasn't this cannon which was still there and aiming at you as it prepared its next shot. You gave a look to the crying dog, then to your terrorized friend.

« I'm sorry, Flowey. » You said with regret.

The cold was turning your limbs numb. Soon, you won't have any strength to do anything anymore, even to save that dog or hold on to that rail. You gave yourself a mental support as you used all the strength you had left to throw the dog back onto the ground. It landed on Sans before it ran behind Papyrus, crying and shaking. The tall skeleton was closer to the edge of the cliff to stare down at you, curious of what you will do now that you were condemned. Fire was spreading and eating a good portion of the bridge. It was giving in just like your arms, you felt it. You held Flowey tight against your heart, shut your eyes and when the last bit of strength left you, you let go of the rail just when the cannon shot at you, dodging the ball in the process... Then you fell into the abyss in a long, loud and high-pitched shout.

This was the end, was it ? You'll have to do everything all over again... You'll make sure not to let that cannon shoot the dog another time when you'll have to run down this bloody bridge again... You were glad that you were able to do something good for once, even if it meant sacrificing you and your precious friend... You knew that you wouldn't have lived with that if you hadn't done so.

Suddenly, you felt tendrils wrapping around your chest, while some others were thrown into the wall of the cliff, digging and rooting into it deeply. The violence of the stop made you yelp, then you looked up, breathing weakly, dizzy because of the fall that had been stealing your oxygen until now. Flowey threw some other roots into the wall to be steadier before they looked up to you, worried because of your panting.

« Are you alright ? »

You couldn't believe it. You couldn't believe Flowey just saved your lives. Your bodies were hanging above the abyss, way too far from the edge of the cliff to get to the surface by the strength of your arms. Panting, you embraced Flowey.
"You... Are you alright?" You asked in return, concerned as you noticed that your friend was currently in a bad shape.

They laughed a bit. Sweat was running down their little face.

"I've been better, I have to admit... We don't have much time left... My powers, they're weak and they burn out easily..."

Especially since you were way heavier than your flower companion. They looked up again as they seemed to estimate how much strength will they have to use to bring you back up. You felt the tendrils gripping tighter around your chest, causing you to moan and curl up around Flowey who started to climb up the walls.

"I'm sorry, Flowey..." You muttered but they shook their head.
"Don't sweat it, Frisk... You did good." They smiled, then they proceeded into climbing the walls of the cliff.

Seconds went by and you were feeling that your friend was pushing themselves to their limits. They were panting, sweating, and shaking, while their tendrils were making their way to the surface again. Then, a cracking sound dragged your attention and you lifted your glance to the bridge. It broke in two and one half of it was falling right on the both of you.

"Flowey!!" You shouted.

At this cry, Flowey launched the both of you out of its way before the bridge in fire could crash into you. Together, you landed on the edge of the cliff and rolled over the snow. Your arms were around your friend as you were curling up to protect their fragile body in the process until you stopped moving. Both of you were panting loudly. You were recovering from the huge amount of stress you were under, laying there into the white powder. You were so glad to be alive. Oh, so glad. You rolled over your back and opened wide your arms before you took a deep breath then giggled. Your soft giggle shortly turned into a laughter. A happy, genuine laughter. Your happy laugh was so contagious the flower started laughing too, laying on top of your chest. You hugged your savior and covered them with soft kisses all over their little face.

"You're amazing, Flowey! You did it! Thank you, thank you so much!" You giggled against their forehead as you closed your eyes, slowly calming down. "I'm glad I have you."
« It was nothing, really… You always protected me the best you could, I… Needed to do something in return. » Flowey replied as they nuzzled against your face, smiling as well.

Damn, this flower was absolutely adorable. The best friend you could ever have. When you recollected yourselves, you got up on your feet and shook the snow off your clothes and hair while Flowey was coming back into their rightful place. You almost forgot that Sans and Papyrus were standing there a few moments ago so in a gasp, you glanced around to find no one. Just footsteps that were following the road in snow.

« Come on, Frisk. » Flowey called you back. « Don't follow these tracks, okay ? They... You know... Might lead you somewhere dangerous... I have the feeling they might have tried to search for your corpse in the pit. »

« Oh, you're right. »

So you just followed the snowy road. As you were expecting, the footsteps were heading into the woods, as they were making a path to search for you. Fortunately, this might buy you some time. So you kept going and noticed lights in the distance. A town ! There was a town ! You smiled in relief, forgetting what was your place in this world. Then you noticed the sign on your left on which it was written “Welcome to Hell”.

Chapter End Notes

Little flowers have great strength ! I know it, Flowey showed me !

Also, I've made a quick drawing about this chapter here : http://heavenfell-au.tumblr.com/post/139376838554/you-rolled-over-your-back-and-opened-wide-your
Sweet Town

Chapter Summary

This town is lovely- oh wait, nevermind.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The word “Hell” was tagged in red over another word which you guessed it was Snowdin. Neat. Someone was kind enough to let you know what was going to happen in the upcoming area at least. You noticed another of these stars standing in front of a shop. You took a look around and saw there were monsters close to you. All they did was throw you a cold glare when you passed by them. Maybe they weren't supposed to fight in towns...? You were glad if that was the case. You made your way to the SAVE star and did the same thing as before; you held it against your heart for a while until the shining light became dimmer. You still felt absolutely terrible, cold and weak after all these events... Seeing your exhausted and pained expression, Flowey took a look at your wounds with concern.

« I don't understand... » Flowey murmured, thoughtful while their eyes were studying each one of your bruises, cuts and burns. « Usually, humans can recover from magical attacks through SAVES, rest and items but you... You don't. Why is that? »

You thought for a little while.

« I don't know, Flowey... I don't know. I thought this was normal because I was a human... » You whispered in return. « We don't have magic, do we? » You asked as you were staring down at the shining star between your arms calmly.

« Humans have magic as well, from what I saw in my lifetime... But it's very weak. You just have a stronger body compared to us. » Flowey said before they paused for a little bit, their gaze also on the shining star now, still lost in their thoughts before they turned their attention over you again. The flower spoke softly with a supportive smile. « Well... I just hope that you will recover very soon, Frisk. »

You muttered a little “Thank you” as you patted their head, then you started to wander around in hope to find your bearings for the night. You tried to talk to a few citizens, but they either didn't respond, or they threatened you despite your kindness. Well... It had to be expected. You stared at the shop for a while, then you checked your purse. You smiled in relief when you noticed that you had a few golds left. But... You saw there was an inn as well. You feared you might not have enough for buying items and rest. Your legs were sore from all this walking and running. Just to get
some information, you went to check what was suggested in the shop. You managed to exchange a few words with the seller who was kind enough to inform you about the surroundings - after you gave her a gold or two that was. Also, you learnt the inn belonged to her sister. Sweet!

« Is there anyway I can get out of here? » You kindly asked the bunny lady as you were secretly hoping not to pay more for such precious informations.

She had a wicked half-smile as her eyes scanned you from head to toes.

« There is a way... But you won't enjoy it, that for sure. » She said. « Have you heard about King Asgore? » You nodded silently. « Well. You know he needs seven SOULS to break the barrier, right? » You shook your head. « Oh. You didn't know. Well. He currently has six of them, and you're the seventh human that was stupid enough to fall down here. And we can't wait for you to meet him so he can release us all and destroy your oh so precious Humanity. Until then, we'll just keep going on with our crappy lives your kind imposed to us. Anything else? »

You waited for a while to say something. You just stared into her eyes and opened your mouth when she was about to tell you to leave.

« I'm sorry for what you all have had to go through. » You finally added.

This shocked her, so much she lost her voice at this point. She just stood there watching you leaving in silence after that.

When you were out, you went directly to the inn that was right next to the shop, on your left. You hoped it would not be that expensive. Or at least, it would be good for the right, right? You surely had enough.

« It will be 80G. »

« For... One night? » You asked in return, feeling down already when you heard the price. You were secretly hoping it was a joke.

« Uh huh. »

Cold sweat was running down your forehead. You took a look inside your purse... You just had around 50G... You felt like crying now.
« What is it ? » The bunny lady asked, arching an eyebrow.

« I... I don't have enough... » You sadly admitted.

« Then I can do nothing for you. »

You knew it. Defeated, you sighed.

« I understand... Goodbye then. » You politely said before going back at the door.

The cold caught you off guard again and a shiver ran down your spine. How could an inn be so expensive ? It's not like there were a lot of tourists down here. The fact that you didn't have enough money made you feel mad at yourself. Maybe if you tried harder to befriend monsters during fights instead of escaping, you could have more golds and so you could have paid for that one night. Your legs were ready to give in... But then, you remembered the first bunny lady saying there was a snack bar. Yeah, you could use some food and a seat. It will still be good than nothing. You checked around, hoping there wasn't any monster coming to get you. First, you needed to scan the area before settling down. So for the next hours, you did so, discovering houses, people and other nice stuff. When you couldn't bear nor the pain of hunger, nor tiredness or the cold anymore, you came back and saw Grillby's snack bar so you rushed to it.

« Please let me have some food... » You begged for yourself before you opened the door and entered the building.

It was warm and cozy in here. So much the temperature change made you shiver in contentment. You looked around and recognized a few of the monsters you encountered. Especially the royal guard dogs. Some killed you because of your ignorance, others learnt how to appreciate your pets when you got to know how did they behave. You wished you could pet them some more but the best for you was to stay safe for now. You just made your way to the bar among the monsters that were throwing curious or cold glares at you. A man dressed in a classy suit was behind it and was wiping a glass casually. Which was shocking since he was obviously made out of fire... Also his colors were pretty unique since he was a kind of purple/blue.

« Hello sir, » You first saluted as you sat down the stool, this action catching his attention. « Can I get anything to eat, please ? »

The man pushed his glasses back up on his -non-existing- nose so he could see you better... And wasn't much surprised to see a human. But the fact that you were polite to him made his flames grow a little bit on the top of his head. You watched him go in his kitchen behind and once he had disappeared, you looked around, still alert that someone might come to pick a fight with you. A few minutes later, you were falling asleep on the bar as you were using your folded arms as cushions.
Flowey was slapping your cheek with their leaf, quietly hissing at you to wake up. You moaned a bit, rubbed your sleepy face before you sat up again to face Grillby. Ah ! How long has he been there waiting for you to wake up ? You winced and apologized, but he didn't seem to hold any grudge. He placed a tray composed with a Burger and fries. Smelling the warm, delicious food in front of you made you salivate pretty bad. Oh, you were so hungry. You gave him the amount of gold needed followed by a “thank you”, that made him burn brighter before he went away. What a nice man in this cruel, deadly world. You exchanged a joyful, relieved glance with your little friend then took the tray and went to take place at a booth, taking a seat right next to the window. Flowey got off you to stand on the table then stared at you as you took off the wrapping of the burger. When you noticed their intense glance, you smiled down at your companion.

« Hey, why don't you eat some of the fries ? » You suggested with that warm, welcoming smile of yours that used to make everyone melt. At least, it was effective on your friend who couldn't help but blush at it. Their eyes were twinkling in excitement.

« Can I ? » They asked in return, fearing if they misheard.

You nodded, still smiling, before you took one of those and held it out for Flowey to eat it. At first they didn't move, but then, they crawled closer. The flower blew on the offering a little bit before eating it fully to your surprise. You couldn't suppress the giggle that escaped your throat.

« What is it ? » Flowey asked, confused, then they pouted when they realized you were laughing at their actions. « Stop laughing, it's not funny ! » They muttered while they were folding their leaves just like arms. Gosh, this little creature was adorable.

« Oh I'm so sorry, » You apologized between two giggles while you were wiping a tear in the corner of your eye. « It's so adorable, the way you eat. » Then you took a deep breath and looked at them. They were blushing terribly. Were they ashamed, or flustered ? You grabbed a ketchup and mustard bottle and held each of them in your hands. « Ketchup or mustard ? » Then, a thought crossed quickly your mind. « Wait... Isn't eating ketchup kind of cannibalism for you ? »

This made Flowey choke on their saliva. They started coughing cutely in front of you as you apologized and hastily asked if they were okay.

« Where did that come from ? » They asked when they were able to breath again normally but with a throat sore. Their little white face was red from the coughing. You took a glass of water and rotated it enough for your friend to be able to drink its content.

« I'm so sorry... I'm still trying to understand the way do you work. » You replied, concerned. Your guardian sighed from relief once they found their soft voice once again.

« Well, Frisk, I can eat anything I want, just like you. And for your previous question, I'd like some ketchup. Yes, I drink the blood of my own. » They said giving you a sly look waiting for your reaction.
They weren’t disappointed as their last sentence torn a laughter from you. You were doing your best to keep it down, which was painful and Flowey was enjoying every second of your suffering. Sweet, sweet revenge. After a while, you caught back your breath and you decided to pour a little of the wanted sauce on the wrapping paper as a sign of surrender.

« Thank you, Frisk. » Flowey chirped happily before they took a fry and started to put their plan into action.

Both of you were sharing the food and enjoying it fully when the door of the snack bar opened. You didn’t pay attention at first, but then, when the new customers passed next to you as they walked to the bar, you lifted up your eyes to see who were the newcomers and tensed up when you recognized the shape of their bodies: Sans and Papyrus.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so sorry for what will happen next.
You wanted to blend into the booth that you were sitting on. Thankfully they couldn't see you from this angle since you were hidden by the large seat. You were glad you didn't take place in the booth just in front of you. Flowey almost the brothers went to sit at the bar, apparently they were exhausted. You bent a tad to get a better look at the guys. Papyrus was leaning with one arm laid on the bar, while his other hand was resting on his hip. The smaller one, well, he was slouching over the bar and resting his head on it. You couldn't help but guess that he was sleeping only by the slowing movements of his chest. The menacing brother exchanged a few words with the bartender, which made the fireman return in the kitchen. Ah, it seemed like they were here to grab a snack as well. Damn it. You just couldn't stay here any longer with them around. Tensing up, you regained your seat and stared down at Flowey.

« Did they see you ? » They quietly asked, nervous. You shook your head in response. « Shouldn't we go ? »

You took a few seconds to estimate how weakened your body was, thinking about your legs first. You weren't ready to walk again any soon, which might cause you problems later. You bent close to your friend and muttered.

« They would not pick up a fight in a private place, would they ? » You asked.

« No but they can track you down and get you outside later... » They whispered back.

« Alright... Let's just finish our food and we'll go. »

And that’s exactly what you did. Flowey was already full so you just took what was left before you shared together another glass of water. When you felt ready, you took Flowey in your arms and they crawled back into their favorite hiding spot. Once settled, you crawled to the extremity of your seat and bent to see if they were looking in your direction. Oh crap, you almost got caught by Papyrus since he was indeed looking around, but he turned his attention over Grillby who came back with a tray with their order just before he could spot you. This woke Sans up who in turn grinned happily as he saw the food placed before him. Each brother took his favorite sauce, the tall one ketchup and the short one mustard. It was funny learning their tastes, at least, it would be if you weren't scared so much. You took the opportunity that Grillby had unintentionally given you to get out of the booth
while they were busy eating. You were so intent on leaving as quietly as possible you didn’t notice that the short one had turned around as you passed the front door and grin at you.

« It was close ! » Flowey commented when you were outside and shaken by the sudden cold you were feeling. You were rubbing your hands on your arms to keep warmth already as you were looking around, while the darkness was growing bigger. « Oh. It's night time. »

You were shocked. It has been a whole day since you left Toriel already ? You didn't even pay attention to the time because of all your struggles... Not that you had any watch to check the time on. You took a look at your purse, saddened that you hadn't more gold to pay a room for the night... The cold was becoming so sharp it felt like needles going through your soft skin. You sneezed.

« Are you okay ? » Flowey asked, shaking against you. It seemed like they knew what sneezing meant. You rubbed your nose with the back of your hand, moaning a bit.
« Let's just... Find a shelter or something before it gets too dark... » You suggested as you walked away from the snack bar's lights.

A few moments later, you were just passing by houses of this town, guided by the lights that were emanating from these. You noticed that one of them was exiled in the East path and was bigger than the previous ones, and was equipped with two mailboxes. One was empty and the other so filled it was spilling back out excess mail. You giggled a bit. It seemed like someone was really loved, weren't they ? You just kept walking into the darkness, before you decided that crossing the treeline getting lost into the woods would be a better idea than staying in the open. There was a little clearing cut out among the pines not so far from the river. Like a private, unknown place someone made for when they felt like being alone. You could just see the snow reflecting just enough to see the boundaries of the cleared area. Other than that, you couldn't even see the river or what was around because of the dark trees' colors. As you walked around, you stumbled upon a big snowpoff that revealed to be a rabbit hole as you pulled your leg out, and after a couple of seconds of thinking, you sat down in the middle of the area and started digging in the lower part to free the entrance. This will definitively do.

« Will we sleep here ? » Flowey asked as they popped out of their hiding spot again to look at where you were crawling into. It was just big enough for your small body to fit.

« We don't have not much choice left, I'm sorry... It's a shame I can't even make a firecamp. Everything is just... wet and cold... » You replied as you sat and glanced around to take a look at a few black spots that must be little branches sticking out of the snow outside, then down at your feet as your knees were brought back against your chest. « I just... Hope we can make it through the night. » You honestly said.

« We will, Frisk. You have enough determination for that. » Your flower friend comforted you with its gentle voice. Although you couldn't see Flowey was smiling, you still guessed it by their voice. You brought a hand to gently pet their petals.
Both of you wished the other a “good night” before Flowey went to curl up against you while you yourself were curled up into a tiny ball to keep your little companion warm. You were so tired that the cold wasn't bothering you as much anymore. You passed out in a matter of seconds.

When you woke up, you were chilled to the bone. Shaking and blue, well, you were lucky enough to still be alive even with your numb but still healthy limbs. Frankly you wondered how the fuck didn't you wake up with frostbite. Certainly it had to be because of the natural shelter that kept you from the wet weather, you thanked whatever made it. Even so your entire body was aching from yesterday and the cold wasn't making it better so you carefully crawled out this hole enough not to trigger any added aches to your sore vessel. Flowey softly brushed their leaf against your cheek. You looked at them and smiled weakly.

« Hey there. How are you ? » You gently asked while you sat up.

« You kept me warm this night so I slept good. » They smiled back, well rested, before their face changed to show their concern as they tilted their head. « And you ? How are you feeling ? »

« I can't feel my feet at all and barely my hands. » You laughed a bit before you yawned. « Can we... Wait a little before we hit the road again ? I'm not ready to be chased down all day long again... » You were hesitant, looking away as you scratched the back of your head.

« I don't mind it... It's just... It's you I'm concerned for. You might get sick if you stay like this. »

Flowey gently rubbing its leaves against your skin, trying its best to provide heat from these actions even though it was useless. You couldn't help but smile from this.

« Thank you very much for caring, Flowey. You're just like a guardian angel. » You complimented your friend as you rested a hand over one of their leaves, causing them to blush suddenly and take them away from you to fold them and look away.

« Stop it. » They just responded, with a voice that wanted to sound like pouting, but it just showed how flustered they were.

You wrapped them with careful hands as you brought them against your heart. You felt their fragile body tense up for a moment... Then relax completely. You were gently caressed their delicate petals while you were looking up. In the darkness, you could see what seemed to be stars. It was strange, considering it was day time. This underworld was intriguing in every kind of way. If it wasn't such a wicked place, you would have loved staying here and discovering all of its mysteries. You softly sighed. Watching these fake stars was soothing for your tortured mind. The little fogs of warm air coming out of your mouth seemed to be clouds in this scenery. A nostalgic feeling caught you suddenly... You missed the sky, despite the fact you didn't remember how it looked like exactly. It just felt like home again for a brief moment. All of this because of these elements surrounding you which reminded crappy situations you went through since you fell down here, and yet... Here was
this lingering feeling of familiarity. You wondered how was life above, if humans were also this wicked. Maybe was it because of that you wanted to disappear? Your heart felt heavy all of the sudden, so heavy you wanted to cry out of pain. But instead, from this pain, a strong desire built up deep inside of you. You slowly closed your eyes and took a breath between your slightly opened mouth. And a melody came out of you, as Flowey was staring at those tiny lights without noticing your melancholy moment. Your voice sounded soft and emotional.

« Let's set fire to the rain

For all the crying souls
Dead inside, broken to the core.

Let's set fire to the rain
For all the forgotten
That were left behind

Let's set fire to the rain
Let's set fire to the rain
Let's set fire to the rain... »

Then you remained silent. The lyrics had came out naturally. Maybe you were used to singing them, yet it worried the little flower who looked up, not caring to show its concern about you. You were still looking up, relieved from this heaviness that was ripping your heart a few moments ago yet still lingered, light but strongly present with melancholy, before you glanced down and noticed your worried friend. You offered them a reassuring smile.

« I'm okay. I just... I think I just remembered of something when I noticed these fake stars. » You had the time to say before both of you winced when you heard footsteps behind you. You turned around, holding back your breath. They had found you.

(A music plays in the distance)

« I was wondering who had such a lovely singing voice. » The shorter skeleton commented, grinning next to his brother who was pushing away a branch too close to his head. « Sad to see that it belongs to a human's. »
You quickly got back on your feet after you let go of your companion. You stumbled a bit because of your dead cold and sore legs, but you held on. They were staring at you, one with the same triumphant smile you saw before, the other scowling.

« You were right... It's not dead after all. » Papyrus replied in a low tone, still piercing through you with his glare.

It ? Oh. You must be considered as an animal to them. You gently lifted your hands up in front of you, making up and down motions as if it would calm them down.

« Please, I don't want to fight anyone... I... I just want to leave this place with my friend. » You softly spoke up, yet you couldn't control the fear in your voice no matter how hard you were trying. « I... I'll even go to see King Asgore for that and m- »

« And do you honestly think we're going to believe your lies and let you do that ? Who knows what your true intentions are ? » The tallest one retorted, staring down at you with a scornful look and smile. « Who knows if you're not one human aberration aspiring to destroy our kind by killing our King ? We won't let such a thing happening for he has big plans concerning our release and revenge on Humanity ! »

On these words, Papyrus walked closer to you which caused you to step back and bring back your arms against your chest in fear.

« No, please, I... »

You didn't know what to say to defend yourself. You couldn't remember how humans were. You just felt bad whenever you though about them. But surely there had to be good humans out there, you couldn't be the only one to be merciful ! Bones were forming from thin air which made you gasp in terror. You had to say something quick.

« I won't hurt anyone, I promise...!! »

Then you froze when the tall skeleton turned one hand into a fist while his other one was holding the bone. Then, he gave a pulling gesture and your soul was ripped out of you, forcing a yelp from you with that particular stinging feeling. When you took a look at it, its red color was weak, crackled and its shape was fragile looking. Both of the skeletons remained silent as they stared at it for a couple of seconds. Flowey was watching the scene without knowing what to do.
« Frisk ! » They gently called you out.

« It will be okay...! They... They need me alive, right...? .... Right ? » You repeated as Papyrus was rising his arm that was holding the femur. Then he threw it right into the side of your soul. This reflected the damage onto your body, as if your were impaled with the bone.

This tore a scream from you and you fell on your knees and barely found strength enough to take support on your hands on the snowy ground. You could even spot drops of blood falling on it. You couldn't get used to this pain... No, it was too intense for that... Your vision was blurring, you could hear your heartbeat in your ears. Flowey screamed after you and quickly disappeared into the ground to bloom again in front of you as the skeleton was preparing another attack that might wipe your existence this time. They were in the way. Without waiting, your protector formed a circle of pellets and threw them towards the skeletons. Papyrus just protected himself with a shield in a shape of a ribcage. Sans simply dodged the attack, but being threatened apparently pissed him off because he raised his arm towards the flower despite it wasn't done throwing its assaults on them. Its flower body was circled by red magic and lifted up in the air.

« F... Flowey ! » You shouted as you raised a weak hand towards your friend.

« Frisk ! Frisk, run ! » They yelled back before they were thrown around by Sans.

The sound of their pain rang through the air any time their small body was crashing against a tree or the ground. Seeing this horrible scene stole your voice at first, then you started yelling after Sans as you tried to get up on your feet to jump on him, just to fail and fall heavily onto the ground because of the unbearable pain in your stomach. This only made the short skeleton chuckle.

« STOP ! PLEASE STOP, DON'T- DON'T HURT THEM !! NO !! »

You were powerless, laying there with an open wound in your side and losing blood. Tears were brimming. Sans finally stopped when he couldn't hear any more cries from Flowey to just drop their form a few feet away from you. Shaking and in shock, you crawled to your friend.

« Flowey...? » You called out softly. No response... You pulled yourself onto your knees and used your hands to carefully take their bruised and torn body. You could only see their lifeless face when you turned it towards you. « No... No.... No...! Flowey, no...! No ! NO !! » You burst into tears and held them against your heart, no matter if your soul was still out. You kept screaming after your friend, despite the shakes your sobs that were holding you. « Come back ! Please, come back !! I beg you !! »

But they wouldn't.
They were dead.

Gone.

A sudden pain caught all of your body. You first thought it was the skeleton attacking you but when you looked up because of the pain, they were just staring at you, surprised to find you devastated by the creature's disappearance. Your heart shaped soul was ready to split, your HP reduced to two.

What was happening? What was happening? Your mind kept asking.

A few moments ago, you were enjoying a peaceful time with your best friend and now, they were gone... forever...

And this because of you. The pain was unbearable, you curled up around the lifeless flower that was now just a simple and torn buttercup. You couldn't... No... You couldn't bear it. You had to find your friend again. You couldn't let them go. You couldn't live without Flowey. They were your guardian, your guide, your confident, your caretaker... Your bestfriend.

You turned towards your attackers.

« Please, kill me! I... I need Flowey! I need them! Please finish me...!! » You begged them through your sobs as they stared at each other in silence, as if they were wondering what to do. They didn't need to exchange any word to understand what they were both thinking and it didn't last long until they stared back down at you.

« Why would we do that? » Sans replied as he shrugged. « After all, you're all what we need. And this twig was in the way. »

Your soul kept breaking down, which startled them. You fell on your side. You were dying already because of the wound and that other attack you received from... From who? You lowered your glance onto your almost shattered soul... A pellet. It was Flowey's pellet that pierced through you and damaged you. You couldn't help but smile in relief. In the end, even in death, your friend would always help you. Thanks to them, you were 1HP away from the rewind.
You'll find your best friend soon...

« Quick, the human is dying ! » The tallest one exclaimed as he quickly walked to you.

You didn't want to let go of Flowey's empty shell and so you started screaming again when Papyrus grabbed your hair and pulled on it to drag you away from your friend while you tried to fight back.

« LET ME DIE !! LET ME- LET ME DIE, PLEASE ! » You kept screaming while holding onto your assaulter's forearm in hope to reduce the pain, while they were both having a grip on you to drag you away. « FLOWEY !! FLOWEYYYYY ! »

You didn't stop screaming and crying from despair and suffering while the brothers were exchanging orders. You tried to fight back... But at this point, it was pointless and soon, you were starting to feel weak and sleepy. You were about to die. When he noticed your sudden silence, Sans told his brother something you thought you heard for his voice was becoming blurry as well as your vision.

« Bring it to the SAVE star before it dies ! »

Then you slipped into darkness for good.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so terrible I'M SO SORRY FLOWEY !!

Anyway, the Fire to the Rain song belongs to a dear friend of mine, Dekomia (also he's on AO3 as well) ! I just happen to love singing it and I thought it would be cool to share it through this fiction ! I had his permission to do so, thank you again bae I love youuuu ;u;

Then again, I wanted to thank you guys for all the kudos and bookmarks, you don't know how much does this make me happy !! ;u;
When you opened your eyes, you weren't in the street, back at the SAVE star as you thought you'd be. In fact, you were in a dark room, over what seemed to be a dog's basket, too small for you to fully lay in there... So you were just put on it like an old blood bag that you were. Without caring to move because of your aching body and your non-existent strength, you looked around. It was a creepy place... With no light, also the walls were crackled and you didn't know if there were any windows ar- ah, here they were. But you could see they were barricaded, so much it was just letting a thin ray of light coming from the outside. You moaned when the pain progressively awakened in your side. Oh, no...

« Flowey...? » You called weakly. « Flowey... Where... are you ? »

No... It was a nightmare... You had to wake up. This wasn't happening. This wasn't happening, right ? You rewound, right ? You friend was alive, weren't they ? But only silence responded to you. If you had rewound, why would you still be so deeply hurt ? Why Flowey wouldn't reply to your calls ?

No...

What did they do to you ?

This is when you realized that the worst had happened. You couldn't help but think about your guardian in your current state. You couldn't believe this happened... And how did you manage to
survive after all this? You were about to die just earlier and now, here you were, alive but motionless. When you tried to move, a scream died in your throat while your vision was blinded with stars. Colors died for a moment as you were panting.

Tears began to run down each side of your face when the pain finally became slightly bearable again. This was the worst day you ever had in your life... You lost your best friend, you were lethally wounded and trapped in here. You just hit the jackpot. Yeah, definitely. You tried to occupy your poor, tortured grieving mind by scanning the area, to find a small window that barely provided if at all light through its barricades. How long have you been here? You were terribly hungry but overall, mostly thirsty... Someone would come really soon to check up on you, right?

Your entire being was exhausted, that's why you didn't try to fight when sleep came in. There wasn't anything else you could do in your current state... Plus, you just... were empty, dead inside. Determination left you behind a while ago. All that was left of you was a poor excuse of a train wreck now.

Your eyes closed and you didn't wait long before slumber came to knock at your door.

A sound tore you away from your sleep. You recognized the sound, too particular not to know that it was a door shutting a bit too harshly. You slowly looked down to notice the bars of your prison. They seemed large enough for you to get through if you could try to squeeze your body a bit, but you couldn't move. You then scanned the surroundings to check if you were alone. You recognized a dog bowl on your right... Did they really think humans were some kind of animal?

The footsteps stopped next to the prison bars and you heard a switch. Light turned on and blinded your eyes way too accustomed to the dark, so it took a solid moment for them to adjust. You squinted your eyes and after a moment, you could see a bit more clearly: it was Sans who came to see you. You blinked and here he was now standing inside of the prison with you. You stared at him silently. Your heart was racing in your chest. He was just standing there silently with his hands in his jacket pockets and staring down at you with a malicious grin.

« How are you doing, sweetheart? » He asked you. « Feeling good chilling here, huh? »

Something was off. Why would he be so nice all of the sudden? You knew how he worked, since he tricked you the first few times you met him. You whimpered, powerless when you realized you still couldn't move. And you felt the terrible need to use the toilet. Your bladder felt like it was threatening to explode.

« I need... To go to the toilet... Please... » You managed to articulate as you were repressing the tears of your despair. Sans seemed surprised by the request and he tilted his head.

« What's a toilet? » He asked in return. Oh, really. Didn't he know what was it? It had to be a joke. You remained silent as you kept staring at him, still trying to keep your cries inside. You were hoping he would burst into laughter and say he was joking... But... « What is it? Come on, cold froze your tongue, snowflake? » He kept walking closer. You saw right through him: the sweet purr of his deep voice became slowly rough and menacing. « That's not nice giving me a cold
shoulder in your current situation. How un-frost-unate for you. » He finished as he stopped right next to you, and looming a bit over you to see your terrorized face better. « So here's a better question: Do you wanna have a good time? »

His flaming eye was even brighter than usual and his grin large and wicked. You opened your mouth to reply when you felt him hitting right into your stomach with his foot. Your breath was cut short as you curled up from the pain. You couldn't breathe, although you were trying to find air again and yet he didn't stop yet. He hit you again, and again, tearing muffled shouts from you until he reached for your lower belly and pelvis. At this moment, you lifted your head and screamed bloody murder when you first felt the bones break under the great strength of the monster with disturbing noises, then with the next hit, felt something hard break inside and rip your bladder that was put in a very delicate state already. It was burning, hurting so much. This is when he stopped and took a few steps back to look at you. Your body was twitching and streams of tears running down your face as you were rolling over one side, embracing your abused stomach with your arms. It didn't take long before you started convulsing, then you stopped breathing, your eyes locked onto Sans' surprised face.

You were back into this prison when you woke up. You didn't notice there was a SAVE star in a corner until you rewound and appeared next to it. You tried to sit up but it was no use. You just stared at the nice yet weak light of this SAVE. It reminded you of your best friend, how they were amazed every time they saw one of those shiny things... You raised a hand and touched it softly. It gleamed brighter at your touch. It was so comforting... Yet, you couldn't help but feel horrible. So, these skeletons captured you and managed to bring one of these SAVES inside the jail, or maybe it has always been there, you didn't know for sure, but what you knew is that all of this meant... You couldn't die without coming back here. You cursed under a breath. Regrets were filling your entire being. You will never recover, right? You just had to wait for your demise from now on, was that it? You sniffed a little. You were just a weak, worthless creature. Couldn't save yourself, nor your friends... All your efforts were in vain, just like Flowey's...

« I'm sorry... Flowey... I couldn't save you... » You muttered in defeat. « I couldn't even die for you... I'm... A terrible friend, ain't I...? »

Aah, here you went again. But this time, no one was here to cheer you up. Terrible and dark thoughts were drowning your mind, letting you lifeless on the ground, blankly staring at the ceiling. Hate, fear, sadness... They were all here to give you hell. These feelings were well known to your heart, you realized. Suddenly, you had flashes of memories coming back to you.

Someone... No... Many people were around you and yet, you couldn't see their faces. Just shadows with huge smiles. They were pointing at you, laughing at you. You remembered begging for mercy. You remembered calling for help. But no one came. You felt pain, injustice, humiliation... You couldn't see what was happening next but you just felt it all over again. Someone hurt you so deeply in every aspect possible. Someone you trusted. And no one came to protect you. You heard things again, between laughs.
"You deserve it" « They're strange, aren't they? » « They're crazy » « You were asking for it »
"Look at you, you're pathetic » « It's your fault this happened to you »

« Why won't you just die? »

You held your head between your hands and started screaming. You screamed, and screamed, until
your voice cracked and you laid there, coughing blood and crying.

You wished you were dead.

You didn't know how much time passed until you heard someone opening the door. You bet it was
Sans. He noticed you didn't move from the star's light. You didn't give a damn about him. You knew
you were just going to have a bad time again. As if you were having a good one right now. He had
to come in to make sure you were still alive, bending over you enough so he'd see your face since
your back was turned on him. You were staring at the wall in silence. If your chest wasn't moving,
he would have thought you were already dead.

« How are you doing, sweetheart? » he asked you. « Feeling good chilling here, huh? »

Here he went again. You didn't even reply. You just knew you were going to suffer from a bladder
burst another time. Plus, your vocal cords were ruined at the moment, you wouldn't be able to say a
word even if you wanted to. The short skeleton kneeled down next to you and loomed over you with
the help of his hands at each side of your head.

« Come on. Cold froze your tongue, snowflake? » His gentle voice was slowly changing again.
You could see his eyes burning brighter in the corner of yours. He lowered his upper body closer, his
face almost against your ear. His breath was warm and intoxicating with the scent of mustard. He
softly growled. « Do you wanna have a good time? »

You didn't have the time to respond he grabbed the closest of your hands and forced you to touch the
SAVE star next to you. You gasped and unfortunately, you choked on the bit a saliva mixed with
blood. You coughed underneath him before you felt Sans shivering at the metallic smell you let out
before getting away from your face... To lift up your sweater above your wound in your side and
sink his teeth around it. You arched your back, unable to make a sound. You felt something pressing
against the wound. It was wet and slick... In the middle of the panic, a sparkle of consciousness
appeared for a quick thought crossed your mind... Was that a tongue? You decided to take a look at
him, trying to fight back with your legs and arms as you could. What the FUCK was he doing!? He
opened one of his eye sockets to glare at you when he felt you moving around and grabbed the arm
that was coming to push him away. He twisted it and you squealed silently from the pain before you
felt the skeleton on starting to draw blood from your body. You moaned in agony and yelped when his tongue was forcing its way into your insides. It was a nightmare. He was a skeleton, he couldn't do such a thing, right? But then again, he was a monster... How silly you were... You were shaking, then convulsing while he was pinning you down with both of his hands. Your heartbeats were slowing down dangerously. You felt sleepy again... You were fighting your need to close your eyes until it got the better of you.

You lost. Again.

You woke up under Sans. He was looking down at you with a grin.

« How rude trying to get away from me like this, sweetheart. The least you could do was saying no. If you wanted to leave this bad, best for you is to get through these bars. Still better than dyin', y'know? »

What? You didn't understand why did he say that? Where was his usual speech? You checked your wounded side. Not a bite. Even your torn clothes were still covering it. Well now, the only unbearable thing is having your best friend's murderer above you. Your vocal cords were still broken so you couldn't say a word. Your arm wasn't damaged like earlier so you dared pushing him away with the bit of strength you had, wiggling weakly underneath Sans.

« What? » he bluntly said. « You want me to get off you? » you nodded. He sighed. « 'lright. » and so he released you before he sat up.

You forced yourself to sit up as well and winced from the pain. You rested against the wall when cold sweat broke out, the pain so intense it left you on the verge of blacking out. You couldn't repress the silent moans that your agonizing body needed to express in order to fight the need to pass out. This pathetic picture you were giving of yourself amused the predator that was chuckling right next to you.

« Look at you, honey. Oh, so weak, so frail... That's charming, really. Heh. Glad that you didn't care about covering your footsteps in the snow. It was easy for me to track you down from Grillby's. » He leaned closer to your ear. « Admit it. You wanted us to find you. » then he chuckled again.

Enough was enough. You pushed him away by shoving your hand in his face. Rage was animating you now and the adrenaline was easing the pain enough to let you jump on your feet and stagger towards the bars. Your hearing blurred out just as your sight but you didn't care a nymore at this point. Sans didn't move from his spot and just watched you doing so. You still could hear him laughing lowly when you reached for the bars. Ah, your blood pressure was dropping and your...
movements were clumsy in consequence. You were squeezing through the bars when spikes bursted out of them, impaling you through and through.

When you woke up next to the star, Sans was dying of laughter, holding his ribs as he did so.

« Holy fuck, that was something. » he commented before he took a deep breath to calm down, then stared at you again.

Your whole body was shaking from the previous shock as you still felt the spikes cutting through you seconds ago. You were staring at him, afraid to understand what was going on... His grin grew wider when he noticed your horrified gaze.

« Ah. I was starting to think you couldn't remember your resets. »

Wait... So HE could remember them too ? The dreadful expression that marked so strongly your features seemed to please him.

« Now that's a face I love to stare at. » he softly commented while he took support on his hand to hold his jaw, a lovely smile appearing on his lips (??????).

You tried to speak up, but only broken air came out of that mouth of yours. He tilted his head but seemed to understand perfectly what you wanted to say.

« Yeah. I remember our first encounter. You were so naive back then. » he snickered. « And the next times, I was just playing with ya. Did you even know your cries were a wonderful melody for my non-existent ears ? Hehe... But I have to admit... You did good on the last run. Heh, 'couldn't even find you. » he looked away, resting against the wall, one knee lifted up to let his wrist rest on it. « But now that your twig isn't around, you can't run away anymore. No more guide, no more reason for you to fight. »

You heart was hurting on these words. Flowey... Wasn't a bloody twig. They had a heart, unlike this bag of bones. Your hands were turning into fists, which Sans noticed.

« Did I strike a nerve by any chance ? Come on. We know you humans don't care about monsters. You're just another bastard trying to gain our sympathy and trust until you can backstab us when we're not expecting it. »
You were looking down, tears brimming in your eyes. You shook vivaciously your head. You wished you could talk right now so you could deny his hurtful words. Then you noticed his hand coming in your line of sight. He grabbed your chin to turn your head towards him.

« Anyway, this won't be a problem anymore. You're on the edge of death and can barely move. We won't have any problem bringing you to our King this way. Good thing your little friend betrayed you, even dead. »

No, it was wrong. Flowey didn't want to hurt you... It wasn't what they intended to do when they died. A tear of rage rolled on your cheek as you were both staring into each others' eyes with pure hatred. Sans was still wearing this hateful smile of his.

« You can't trust anyone down here, remember ? It's kill or be killed. »

Then he pushed your face away, causing you to fall on your side. When you looked up again, he was already on the other side of the jail, staring straight at you with his hands in his pockets.

« Well, it was a nice chat. Remember to SAVE often, okay ? I'd hate to live the same day all over again everytime you snap your neck. »

Then he turned off the light and left you alone in the dark.
You were disgusting. You ended up peeing on yourself like the most filthy creature you were. And now you smelled horrible. You wished they'd have thought about letting you go outside for a few minutes to let you do your daily things but it seemed this went over their bone heads. Even if they couldn't poop, why didn't they think about the other living creatures, huh ? Like... Don't dogs need to poop from time to time in the underground too ?? You wondered now if it was because they were magical beings, or if it was because of your jailers' nature if they didn't need toilets. Then again... They could eat food. You started wondering if it was useful for them since they were basically bones. This is until you realized you were deadly cold now because of your soaked clothes. Your lower jaw couldn't stop shaking but also, you were feeling terribly hot, so much you had difficulties breathing. Sweat was all over your body and your wounded side was hurting horribly. You whimpered silently. Oh, you hated the world and life right now...

Someone came in quickly to check on you.

« Dear Lord, what's that smell ? » A low, raspy voice asked.

Ah. Papyrus. You wished you could reply “well your brother left me to pee on myself because YOU DIDN'T THINK ABOUT MY COMFORT IN MY DOG JAIL.” but you couldn't. Thank your broken vocal cords for that. The tall skeleton just stared at you for a while. At least he understood it was coming from you, so he sighed and commented a quick “Just great.” before he left you alone again.

You waited for a while before he came back with his brother that he was grabbing by the back of his collar despite his.

« Look. » He commanded Sans, who obeyed and glanced at you.

« Heh. It stinks indeed. I think this is why it wanted to go to the toilet. I heard humans needed to do such things as peeing and pooping. » He quickly explained as he waved his hand in the air like it was useless info.

« Well now we need it cleaned up. I won't let it meet our King in its current state, it's way below my standards ! And since you let this animal in this situation, YOU'll be the one cleaning up this mess. »

« What ? But... Papyrus- »
"There is no ‘But’!" He snarled. "This is YOUR fault, and you're going to pay for it. I'll take care of the human while you do so."

Oh you enjoyed how Papyrus just reprimanded his brother. Meanwhile, he was typing what seemed to be a code for the prison bars' deadly trap onto the wall next to them to deactivate its deadly trap, before he opened a door and came into the cell. You thanked what was above for getting Papyrus here to take care of you. He may have killed you a good number of times, but he was still fair in his actions kinda...? And surely less cruel than his brother? By that, he always made your death quick...? He grabbed your arm and tried to put you back onto your feet, but you opened your mouth to let out a broken breath as you wanted to shout from the sudden pain in your side. Papyrus stopped pulling on you before he bent over you, concerned by the reason why your voice was broken. He thought for a second or two before he threw a glare at his brother who quickly agitated his hands.

"N-Not me! I-It was already like that when I came to check on it." He quickly denied as sweat broke out of his skull more than usual. Papyrus looked down at you again, studying your expression.

"Is that right, human?" He asked you. You looked at Sans for a while. You wished you could see this jerk get his ass beaten by his brother but you weren't a liar. You weren't a piece of shit like him. You weakly shook your head as you looked at your attacker again. "Alright..."

And then, his gaze stopped on your left side he impaled two days ago. A smell emanated from it. The skeleton monster roughly grabbed your cloth and lifted it up enough to see your wound. Then, you noticed his frowning face changing into a deeper scowl. You glanced down to notice your wound had its fresh red color replaced by a deep black one with spots of creamy yellow and was terribly swollen. And... The smell... Oh, the terrible rotting smell... You had an infection, and a bad one.

"There is a nasty smell coming from here." Papyrus told loud enough for his brother to hear.

"What?" The short skeleton said and the second after that, he was right next to you bending to see your wound better. Papyrus dared to touch around the swollen area, which caused you to squeal silently as you twisted your body to get his hand off you in deep panting breaths. Sans looked up your face. "It's completely pale and sweating. I wonder..." He then rested a hand onto your forehead. His fingers were so cold against your skin...

He stayed silent for a while, staring down at you while you stopped moving once his brother refrained from touching around your hurting side further.

"It's sick. It won't survive." Sans finally announced as he took his hand off you. His hand was circled by a shining red coat, before you noticed a bone forming in the air when you could open your tired eyes again. Papyrus was watching him doing so, shocked.

"What are you doing?!" He yelled at him.
« Restarting the day. » The other simply replied before he impaled your chest under his brother's protests.

When you woke up, you were glad finding yourself in a better shape. Your wound was hurting terribly though, but not as much as before. You just had time to look around when Sans appeared in front of you with his hands inside his pockets. You jumped out of surprise but you couldn't recompose yourself already that the skeleton grabbed your sweater and lifted it up to check your wound no matter your protests.

« It's already starting to turn into an infection... » He whispered to himself before he looked up to you while you were trying to push him away. « Sorry, sweetheart, but you're gonna need to take a walk. »

You then disappeared from your jail with him. You reappeared outside, behind what looked like your prison. Sans was bringing you into the woods. You stumbled into the snow, gripping onto him since every step was always more painful than the previous one. He pushed you behind a bush before he turned away.

« C'mon, be quick. And don't try to escape or I'll fucking tear your throat with my teeth. »

Oh wow. You could almost tell he was actually being nice. Or maybe he didn't want to clean your jail up if you had to relieve yourself like earlier. You just did your duty in silence, yet you were terribly ashamed having to be watched over by someone like Sans. It was fine when it was Flowey since you trusted them -and they never cared to see your private parts at all-, but now, you were with your friend's murderer and you knew how cruel could he be... You felt insecure. When you were done, you were clinging onto a tree, trying to make your way back to him. He threw a glance that you didn't catch over you. You didn't even notice he has been blushing...? Or maybe it was the red lights coming from his eyes reflecting over his cheekbones... Even his standing was worse than usual as he slouched more than ever. He regained his composure a second later and he sighed while he came to grab your arm, seeing how you were struggling to stand on your feet before you landed onto your knees. When you opened your eyes, you were in a living room. You wondered if you were unconscious just a moment ago, but it didn't seem like it since you were in the same position as before. This guy... He was teleporting, it was a certainty. You dared looking up to him. He wasn't focusing on you at all, his attention focused on scanning the area in hope to spot his brother. You could see sweat appearing on his skull and his nervous expression.

« Boss ? » He called out almost softly.

You heard his brother coming out of his room, you guessed so because it looked like he was getting prepared to go out since he was finishing settling his armor over his chest while he was walking down the stairs on your left.
« What is it, Sans ? You never wake up this early... » He said before he froze when he noticed you, then he scowled. « What are you doing with the human ? »

« Boss, its wound... It's getting infected. » He quickly explained in the most comfortable and chill tone he could come up with. You felt him gripping tighter on your arm, so much you could feel his digits digging into your tender skin. You knew you were going to have bruises from that. « It will die if we do nothing. »

You could barely stay awake because of all of these efforts you've made today. Also it has been a good while since you ate anything and your vessel was letting you know. It was making you pay for your bravery. You couldn't catch up with what they were saying, you just... needed to lay down. Your head was spinning and stars were covering your vision. Sans felt you were becoming heavier and turned to look at you ; your body was asking to blend with the ground, so he let go of you. Seeing you in such a bad shape made Papyrus react and he rushed to you.

« Come on Sans, don't you see that we need a first aid kit !? Do you think we're going to heal it with kisses or what ?! » He shouted at Sans who rushed to the bathroom to search for the medikit.

You were panting loudly and whimpering silently as you tried your best to stay focused. The desire to puke and pass out was intense, still you refused to succumb to it. Weakly, your hand raised to rest on Papyrus' who was maintaining your body with his palms onto your stomach and the other on the side of your head. This gesture startled him, so much he took his own hand away from you as if you just burned him. You were staring at him, begging him for help with your pained expression. He remained silent at first, with spiteful eyes staring right back at you.

« Don't you dare touch me, you filthy creature. » He growled. Wow, rude. Then he looked up to the bathroom to yell. « What are you waiting for ? Halloween ?! »

« Found it ! » Sans shouted back with a trembling voice before he reappeared next to you with the first aid kit. He kneeled down and watched his brother handling the little red chest.

« Immobilize it while I'll be proceeding to the health care. »

You could smell the terrible disinfectant odor from a mile. Sans pinned you onto the ground, looming over you when you started panicking.

« Hold on, little bird. We're going to take a good care of you. » He maliciously smiled down at you while his brother was busy taking the components to patch you up.
The next minutes were terrible. They did their best to take care of this wound while you were twisting your body, arching your back because of the pain until it was too vivid you passed out.

When you woke up, you were back at the prison, next to the SAVE star. Wait... Did you die ? You took a quick look at your belly. There was a bandage around it and a strong smell of a disinfectant emanating from it. You could even feel the warmth of alcohol slipping into your skin. At least it meant that your state was more stable than the previous rewind. Fortunately, you'll have to go through another day...You weakly raised your hand to touch the fragile light of the star, saving your progress in this hell.

« I'll live... For you, Flowey... » Your lips motioned.

Something in the back of your head was chanting DETERMINATION.

Chapter End Notes

Not the better chapter so far, but certainly needed for the reader's survival for the next ones coming !
Chapter Summary

Hey, what is hiding behind that mask of yours?

Chapter Notes

Depressing OST incoming : https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ISGDAXsS8c8

You managed to get through the days, no matter how many times you had to rewind when Sans felt the need to beat the crap out of you. How many times he bit you to empty your shell of your precious vital fluid. You were still voiceless, which was making him go insane. You knew he wanted to hear your cries so bad, making him even wilder in his beating. But even after he was done, you would stare at him intensely when you returned from the dead. Your whole body was screaming hate towards him, but you were fighting back these feelings. You were sure Flowey wouldn't want you to get lost in these hellish feelings. If Hate won... You would be lost in this pitch-black ocean, into this cursed storm... Just like everyone else here.

But you couldn't help it...

One day, you were laying on the floor of your cell. Your strength was completely gone. Your stomach was growling and your sore throat hurting. The water in the dog bowl was too dirty and old to be drank. You couldn't recover right from your lethal wound, all of this because you couldn't eat nor quench your thirst. You were becoming crazy. You would eat anything, even the thing you disliked the most so you would take this silent yet strong pain away. It was the most cruel thing to do to a living creature : leaving it to starve. You didn't even have the strength to cry and holy shit, how much did you want to!

You heard someone coming in. Your eyes slowly turned to see who was there. Sans. He was standing a few feet away from you, holding a... A plate.

« Papyrus thought you might need something to eat. » He said with a smile. « And he sent me to give it to you. »

You could sense the delicious smell of the food from here. Oh, you were so glad being able to eat right now! A genuine smile of gratitude was appearing on your lips... Then it was quickly shattered when you saw Sans pour the content of the plate directly onto the ground next to him, following with
a “oops”. The plate was composed of spaghetti with tomato sauce and meat... All of this... Wasted on the dirty ground. You choked back a sob before you raised your horrified eyes to his face. He was smiling, yet his eyes were full of hate as he was staring down at you.

« Why should I let you be THE ONE to eat his food when he never wanted to do anything for his own brother ? »

After that, he shattered the plate on the ground which made you jump with shock. Then, he shot into the dog bowl with his foot, spilling its content against the wall. You were trembling. No... That was horrible... How could someone be this cruel ? You stayed there staring at the food spilled on the ground with a shaky breath. The skeleton turned away, breathing deeply with anger.

« I'll fucking give you reasons to cry. » He growled before he disappeared, leaving you frozen in shock.

Sans closed the door a bit too violently, which warned Papyrus from his come back. He appeared on the doorway of the kitchen soon enough to witness his heavily slouching brother getting rid of his baskets then hop into his slippers before he walked towards the staircase. Sans didn't spare a glance at the taller skeleton in case he'd notice the guilt and anxiety in his eyes.

« How did it react to my food ? » Papyrus asked his brother, rather curious to know how it went.

« It said it was shit and threw the plate away. » He lied as he went to lock himself into his bedroom, enjoying in silence the sweet revenge by hurting his brother's feelings.

The next morning, you were dead from thirst.

This time, you managed to survive the morning and it was a nice change to see Papyrus come and meet you with his plate. He calmly went inside your jail, yet his movements were so brusque you feared you were going to get the plate shoved into your face. The tall skeleton looked around, judging your place's lack of comfort before he squatted next to you.

« Sit up, human. » He bid you in his natural low tone, still frowning as his usual.
You did so with big attentive eyes. He rested a hand against your back to help you get steady, then he handed the plate to you. You stared at his cooking, then at him with your eyes filled with tears. He stiffened.

« What is it, human? »

You just shook your head to let him know “it's nothing” before you started eating the dish. At first, you were eating terribly fast, so fast you choked on a bite and started coughing. The skeleton cursed before he handed you a glass of fresh water while he called you a “stupid human”.

« Here. I know my cooking skills reach the top of highest standards called as perfection, but there is no need to die for it. »

You gulped half of the glass' content then sighed in relief when you could breathe again. Your jailer watched you finish your plate slower since your aching stomach was doing its best to catch up with you. Then a few minutes later, you were done. You were leaning against the wall, a hand over your stomach, relieved. You looked at Papyrus again when he took the empty plate and the glass away. It seemed like he was proud, either of you or himself to see you devoured his dish. If only you knew how relieved he was to discover you didn't reject for a second time his dish. He placed the plate away and bent over you a bit.

« Let me check on your wounds, human. »

It seemed like this problem scared him last time. Whenever he had to see you, he would silently take a look at your wounds to check how they were progressing. Which were really slow at healing because of the poor treatment you were receiving from them. At least, they were healing... Papyrus never laid a hand on you since you were being obedient and never objected anything from him. You just knew you couldn't mess with that guy. Other than that, he was an okay “bad guy”. You jolted in pain when he examined quickly your hurt side and didn't even receive any apology from him. Once he made sure you didn't have any infection, he placed the bandages back before he took the plate, got up, then went to check what was in the dog bowl.

« Good Lord, I can't believe this lazybones even left you to die of thirst. I'll show him how to treat prisoners. »

He grabbed the dog bowl and looked at you.
« I could have let you starve to death for your offense. » Your offense? What have you done yesterday that could have harmed him? « But it is my duty to keep you alive for the King. At least, today you decided to cooperate and it's with pride that I saw you even appreciate my dish this much, human. I, the Terrible Papyrus, have a better appreciation of you. Now, you should rest since night is coming. »

You still didn’t know what the fuck you could have done to hurt his feelings... But it appeared that the problem was fixed anyway. He was passing by when he felt something grab his cape, causing him to stop just not to break his own spine. He looked at what was holding him back, which was... You. Silence filled the dark room again as he shut his jaw. Maybe you just awakened the beast inside of him, since his glance pierced through your entire being. You stared back at his dreadful face with intensity before you said in a soft breath a...

« Thank you, Papyrus. »

These words caught him off guard. His jaw dropped in shock when you showed your most honest smile. Then, he shook his head quickly to regain his composure and looked away before he motioned so you’d let go of his torn cape.

« Don’t touch me, filthy human. » He replied, but... As much as he wanted to look menacing, his voice got softer in the end.

Then he left.

You weren’t ready to lose your progress, so you got up and stumbled along the wall to reach the SAVE star. You gently embraced it once you were there before you returned to lay on the dog bed and curled up to fit in it.

This night, you slept full, warm, and light-hearted. You didn’t even catch someone softly calling out to you.

You were feeling two arms slowly reaching to embrace you. Yet, before they could lock around you, you were torn away from your silent, dreamless sleep. Sans was there, standing above you. You looked at him before you rolled over your back, blinking a few times because of your sleepy eyes. He seemed upset, staring down at you. He was trembling and sweating. You could even hear his
shaky breath. Was... Was he crying? You opened your mouth a bit to call to him, but this is when he grabbed your hands and dragged you to the SAVE star. Startled, you tried to fight back and get back on your feet while the star's light grew bigger at your contact. Your breath mirrored your messed up state, hyperventilating hurt your lungs and throat but that was nothing compared to what was in store for you; you knew you're gonna get wrecked. Once the star's light grew dimmer, Sans threw you into the other side's wall. You yelped in pain at the impact. Sans twitched at the sound of your weak voice echoing in the room while you fell back heavily on the ground. Your aching body was trembling in agony and fright when you heard your assaulter walking up to you. Your poor heart missed beats due to all the sudden stress you were put through. You didn't dare move as Sans just stopped in front of your face, you just looked up, whimpering.

« I'm sick of this shit... » You heard him mumbling in a growling voice just before red magic encircled your body and lifted it up in the air. « I have enough of your orders! » He then threw you around, just like he did with your bestfriend. Everytime you were hitting either a wall, the ceiling or the ground, he shouted. « Sick of your hits... Sick of your venom. Sick of your glares! Sick of your threats!! »

When you were dying, you'd reappear and he'd be there, beating you up while he shouted his anger out. « Sick of you hating on me for no fuckin' reason!! You never show you care, you never show support!! We're fucking brothers! How can you keep threatening me!? HOW ?! Fucking TELL ME!! »

You couldn't say anything through the beating since you were dying and dying again. He was just growing more brutal and deadly, screaming from rage and pain.

« I'm doing the best I can!! I'm trying!! But it's never enough for you!! Never enough!! You're just a prick, Papyrus!! You're just a fucking asshole!! »

His powerful voice was now turning weak and words kept getting stuck in his tightening throat. Even his breath was ragged despite the loud panting. When he was done destroying your body, you reappeared and waited for a while to see if he would go for another round. You couldn't muster the courage to look up so afraid you were of making him mad again. Both of you were a trembling mess as he remained there, standing in front of you with his eyes fixated on the ground.

« Do you... Hate me that much...? » he said, his voice barely a whisper.

At this moment, you glanced at him with worry in your eyes. His face... Was so different with that expression. He sensed your stare and looked back at you... Were those... Tears? He quickly blinked them away and turned awat, ashamed that you saw him crying. The monster strained to calm down, his breathing deep and hoarse from the cries. It took him a little while and once he regained his composure, he moved to leave. That's when he heard you speaking up.
« You won't... You won't feel better this way... » You managed to say, despite how badly using your voice hurt. It wasn't worse than what you just went through. Tears were still wetting your face out of fear, but you decided to be brave. Hearing you finally talk made him stop and glare at you.
« Violence... Doesn't solve anything... »

« How do you know ? » He retorted after he snorted.

You took time to respond. It was asking you effort for you to speak up.

« Do you feel better after you beat me up ? » You replied with a question. He glanced away, as if he looked back into his memories.
« Just a tad. » He laughed weakly before he stared back at you.

« ... Haven't you thought that... what you were doing to me... Was what you lived with... your brother ? » This question seemed to have struck a nerve, as his gaze just widened. He looked down at the realization. « You can... You can fight this suffering... Not by making the others suffer as well... You can... t-talk... »

You took a pause to catch your breath while Sans stared at you silently.

« Talking about... Your problems helps... And I'm a good listener... »

You coughed a bit. Your voice was going to break again if you kept going, but you felt that Sans' shield was fragilized so you could reach his broken heart. This may be your only chance.

« Talk to me anytime you'll... Feel the need to... You don't know how much... that helps getting through hard times... Having a confidant. »

« You ? A confidant ? Like a friend ? » He was drinking up your words at first. You were nodding in silence. You could see his real face : a hoping man in pain, but then his mask was coming back with his grin as well just as his hateful gaze. « Heh. This is for pussies. »

You shook your head.

« Remember... How much you'd like... being able to talk with your brother again... A brother is a friend... Right ? »
« But you're not a brother of mine, sweetheart. » He replied almost softly, tilting his head with what seemed to be a tender smile.

« I can... be your friend... » You replied before you closed your eyes, fighting back the tears as needles of pain were piercing through your throat. « So please... Come and talk to me... Anytime you need it. »

Then you coughed a few times in front of the silent monster. You could sense his agitated aura. He remained still, considering his options. Then, after what seemed to be an eternity, he turned his back on you and left in a sigh. You curled up against the wall to hide your face in your folded arms on top of your knees. Your whole body was shaking. Now that you weren't in danger anymore, fear and adrenaline gave their turn to sorrow and hatred. You were gripping your sleeves in your delicate hands, your breath hitching and trembling.

You felt so cold all of the sudden.
Chapter Summary

It seems like things are getting better for you... Well. It seems.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It has been a while since Papyrus came to check up on you. You didn't know how long you have been locked up for you had lost track of time. Was it day, was it night ? You didn't know... You just knew it had been days, maybe a week, judging by your personal hygiene. You felt terribly gross. You were curled up in the dog basket, trembling because of the cold. Your legs ached, your feet even more. Loneliness was your only companion and it reminded you of every moment you lived by Flowey's side. You would have given anything to talk to them again, to hold them again, to hear their soft voice and laughter, and see their comforting smile... A sob tore out of you just before you heard someone open the door. Papyrus. He finally came back. The lanky skeleton was silent when he took a look at you, before he deactivated the deadly trap to open the door, then he walked to your trembling frame.

« Get up, human. »

You feared it was time for you to meet the King. With time and care, you started to recover from all your wounds just enough for your health to be stable. And that meant being brought to the King... Feeling that he was on edge, you obeyed and he grabbed your arm, too roughly for your taste, to bring you out of the prison.

« I... I don't need to go in the woods... » You protested softly in a whisper, too afraid of making him mad. He ignored your complaint and kept walking. Your voice was far from healed so better let it rest most of the time.

For the past days, he sometimes had been screaming at you whenever you wanted to object at something, but he always kept himself from hitting you. Instead, his gestures were rough and he would go and calm his nerves on his sibling instead. Everytime that it happened, you felt horrible and guilty for Sans' suffering.

The cold and the crunching sound of the snow managed to tear you away from your thoughts and you looked up. Wait... You recognized this house ! You looked at the mailboxes... Two very familiar mailboxes. One empty, the other filled so much it was spilling the mails back unto the ground. No way ! This was their house ? Papyrus opened the door without giving a damn about you stumbling over the little stairs at the entrance before he dragged you inside. You looked around and recognized
the coziness of the place. Fancy furniture, a very big TV, a warm temperature... You didn’t have time nor the energy to observe the tidiness of the place the first time, so it was like discovering it all over again. God, you were so weak last time that Sans brought you here. Finally you could admire the central room until your gaze landed on the tall skeleton’s who had never stopped observing you. He noticed your questioning eyes.

« Why did I bring you inside my home, you wonder ? Well, I thought that a low creature such as you having such high standards for my cooking should take a shower from time to time. But don't think of it as an act of kindness. I'm just sick of smelling you everytime I enter the prison. » He explained with his usual, low and raspy voice. You could even notice his expression distorted with disgust.

You heard Sans coming to check what was going on downstairs while his sibling lead you in his direction. He helped you walk up the stairs and you crossed paths with Sans who waited there, looking down at you in silence. He was surprised to see you in his comfort zone, and you were embarrassed if not ashamed. Papyrus turned on the left and you noticed a freshly painted door standing in front of you.

« I read some books and got to learn that humans were filthy creatures and needed what they call a bathroom. So I made sure you can have access to one until you're given to King Asgore. You wouldn't like to be gross when you'll meet him, would you ? » He asked with a spiteful glance over you, yet, you were looking up to him with big, thankful eyes. He opened the door and pushed you inside. « Get in there. Don't force me to come in with you. »

You looked towards him, catching his glance before the door was shut. You waited for a while. He wasn't moving. Sans neither. They'll watch the door, won't they ? You sighed before you took a look at the bathroom. Hey at least, it was cozy and smelled fresh in here. The colors were warm, that was a comforting touch. You then looked in front of you to realize you were facing the bathroom sink and there was a mirror standing against the wall right above it. Golly, you looked awful ! Covered in dried sweat, dirt, blood... You rubbed your face and it made a clean spot on this area. Damn. It was even worse than you thought. At least you were going to take care of yourself now. You looked down for a little while. You couldn't wait to get rid of the torn and dirty clothes anymore so you just took off your sweater then the tank top covering your torso. Bandages were still covering your whole chest. Well, you needed new ones, it seemed. You took your time to undo it, starting from the bottom and soon enough you were able to see your wound. It seemed to be healing slowly but nicely... You touched around it a bit. Good. It looked fine and was only slightly tender as long as you were delicate.

You then took off your clothes that covered your bottom half. When your black thights were gone, you jolted in stupefaction as you spotted black stains on your skin. Did the cloth dye your legs ? Impossible ! You were rubbing them to make them go away, but they would not and would sting like bruises. Were those... Frosbites then ? That was possible, since you've been exposed to snow, humidity, and cold for days... They might be also bruises because of how bad you've been abused. It didn't hurt when you weren't touching these marks until now, though. It was insane, you thought... Maybe if you were going to take a shower, it would ease the effects depending on the issue.
You stood straight again and took a quick look at the mirror. You froze at the glance of yourself naked, then looked right away. You didn't know what was that feeling taking over you. Was it shyness, or shame? Anytime you tried to turn your eyes on the mirror, your head would just turn again, like a second thought or some instinct pressing you not to... Maybe your body remembered something and tried to keep the memory buried for you...?

It's with that strange, foreign sensation that your brain could grasp that you turned away to get into the bathtub. It was such a strange behavior, even you could tell it.

It was like this body didn't belong to you.

You shook your head as an attempt to discard that weird sensation you were experiencing. After all, it may just be the aftermath of all the traumatic events that occurred... Fuck it. You didn't take a shower in what feels like an eternity. Might as well enjoy it and forget about the world for a moment.

Okay. It took longer than expected. You spent a good while rubbing your legs to get these strange stains away, or if they were frostbites, to try and help blood circulating but it wouldn't do anything else but hurt. Finally defeated as realization that all your actions were useless hit, you let the marks be, thinking they'll heal on their own in a few days. From now on you were chilling under the water until it got suddenly icy cold and you squealed. Oh no, did you empty their fuel tank or something? Then, the water quickly turned burning and this time, you yelled. It kept changing until you managed to turn the water off, that's when you heard Papyrus shouting in the kitchen.

« SANS ! What the fuck are you doing !? » The skeleton snarled.
« I wanted to hear what kind of sounds the human could make. » The other simply replied.

That sneaky jerk. You were so mad.

« ... Mmmh. I had to admit, its sounds were rather delightful. » Papyrus replied when they were coming back to your door.

This bunch of assholes. You felt anger boiling up inside of you... but it wouldn't be a good idea acting on it. You knew how dangerous these guys were, how weak and badly shaped you were in comparison so you better keep it cool. You took a deep breath and exhaled slowly to get rid of these emotions. It will be okay, you thought to yourself. You just needed to dry before they'd throw you back into your cage. You took a look at your clothes... They were terribly dirty, you couldn't put them back on! You just had a towel around your head to dry your hair when a rough knock at the door startled you.
« Human, are you finished with your duties yet ? »

Dang it. You were going to put your filthy clothes back on, weren't you. You quickly grabbed them and put them on just in time before Papyrus bursted into the room, which made you yelp and cower. He looked down at you. Did he think you tried to escape ?

« I see you took your time, human. Well anyway, you're going back to your cell. » He said while he grabbed roughly your wrist.

« W-Wait ! I need to get patched ! » You quickly protested with a weak, fragile voice as he forced you out with no effort. He stopped in his track and turned to face you.

He took less than two seconds to reflect on what to do before he grabbed your sweater and lifted it up to take a quick look on your wound. Sans was there and enjoying the view while you just froze, not knowing how to react between those two boneheads. You even heard Sans whistle at you. That prick. He enjoyed seeing bits of skin and flesh or what. After Papyrus finished judging the damage, he lowered the material of your sweater while he glanced at Sans who couldn't take his intense gaze off you.

« Sans ! What are you waiting for ? Go and search for bandages already ! » He scowled his sibling who stiffened and started to sweat nervously.

« On it ! » He replied as he quickly went in the room you were in a moment ago, leaving the both of you alone for a little while.

You were still upset that Sans eyed you with such envy... It's not like he hasn't seen your bare skin anytime he bit you to drink your blood already. Your glance lowered to the ground when you sensed Papyrus giving you a bit of his attention again.

« Better for you to stay put. We'll break each part of this pitiful body of yours until you can't move ever again if you dare try anything. Understood ? » He threatened you, and you nodded silently.

Your wrist was hurting and going numb from how strongly he was gripping it. He pulled on it as he went downstairs to make sure you'd follow before he pushed your arm away once you were all in the living room. You rubbed your aching wrist, throwing a bad look at the skeleton who didn't catch it since he turned his back on you. Sans followed soon, and you realized too late that he was staring at you. It was obvious that he caught the glare and you could tell that he didn't quite enjoy that, so you looked away in fear. What worried you the most was that he remained silent. Man, you knew that sooner or later, you're gonna pay for this.
« Human. » Papyrus called you and you stiffened at his voice. « Take place onto the ground. I wouldn't want you to stain our couch with your dirty clothes. »

And so, you proceeded to do as he commanded. This time, it was Sans giving you medical attention. You felt him touching the lesions roughly on purpose to make you hiss in pain. Here was his punishment. And feeling him touch your skin wasn't calming you down at all. It felt uncomfortable. Like. He either tried to hurt you by handling you roughly, or to try and intimidate you with soft, feather-light and lightly scratchy touches. Anytime you'd look up to his face, you'd see his hatred eyes and sadistic smile... He really meant to humiliate you, didn't he...

Your cold hands wouldn't stop shaking in anger and fear. Why did it have to be him ? God you wished it was Papyrus taking care of you. He was an asshole but at least, he would do the job quickly and not stare at you with hungry eyes. Good fucking lord.

Speaking of the devil, he had settled on the couch, both of his arms laying on the back of it and his legs crossed as he was watching the TV. There was some kind of show going on, and you could hear a male voice presenting it as the MTT-show. You couldn't care less since you were hearing screams coming from it, and Papyrus was dying from laughter in his dark, guttural tone. You didn't want to look what was on the screen at this point, so you just stared at the carpet and remained silent... Until you felt Sans's breath too close to your ear. In a heartbeat, you shoved your hand in his face and pushed him away. The monster fell back on his ass and barely managed to stop himself from toppling over while you crawled away from him with a bouncing heart. You were both staring at one another just as shocked as the other. Even Papyrus reacted at the sudden altercation, standing halfway from the couch. Sans, that was distraught by the way you snapped at first, straightened with a very pissed off demeanor.

« 'the fuck is wrong with you !? » He barked and you cowered in cue.

Fuuuuuuck, you regret your life decisions... Or death decisions ?

You tried to speak up, but your voice strained and you choked on your saliva instead. You wanted to call him out for his bullshit... Guess that it was better this way. Your coughing fit managed to calm both of the skeletons that were almost ready to jump on you, as if they remembered you were too weak to try and have an actual fight.

In the end, Papyrus joined in and helped his brother finish, spitting a bitter “of course I have to do the fucking job, why did I think my brother could be any use for once ?”

Sans looked down in anxiety and you noticed sweat breaking out on his skull.

Once you were patched up, the lanky skeleton returned to his couch, leaving the two of you together.
« That's settled. Now bring the human back to its jail, will you? » Papyrus asked, still angry.

Sans suppressed a sigh and grabbed your arm to force you getting up. A second after that, you were back at the jail and he threw you onto the dog bed. You needed a little while to comprehend what just happened at the moment. After all, you were desoriented because of the teleportation. Sans slapped your injured area while you were recollecting your bearings, tearing a high pitched squeal from you as you felt that piercing sting course your entire body. You threw him a glare with tears springing into your eyes. Here was your punishment.

« Don't forget to SAVE, sweetheart. I did quite enjoy handling your body but this should not become a habit, m'kay? » He smirked, before he turned away. « Well, see ya. »

When you looked up, he wasn't there anymore. Ahh.. You started shaking from the cold all of the sudden again. You forgot this place wasn't heated up like their house. Such a shame, you thought with regret. And as he said, you got up to go to the SAVE star and hold it against your heart. You let out a sigh of relief. At least, this was never getting old touching this. A nostalgic feeling flew over you again as your friend's smiling face appeared in a flash. That was the only comfort you could have from now on... Despite the shower. It was a nice touch too. These monsters were mean but at least they were now attentive to your vital needs. They needed you alive, after all... You took a look at the dog bed and brought it close to the star. This shining thing was delivering a bit of heat, which was important in this weather. You settled down, and stopped moving so you could watch the tiny twinkling thing in silence. Peacefully, quietly, sleep was kicking in, and you let it drive you away from the real world.

(Oh hey, hello, here's a lovely music playing in the distance)

« Frisk... Frisk... » A voice called you softly.

You couldn't recognize it. And yet... it was still comforting listening to it. Your eyes remained shut while you floated peacefully in the middle of the void.

« Who's... There? » You replied just as softly, almost in a whisper.
The echoes of the voice grew clearer as it approached. It was hard knowing where it was coming from, echos went back and forth in the giant abyss.

Then you felt a presence right in front of you, their voice crystal clear as they closed in to surround you with their arms for an embrace.

« Wake up ! » Another voice erupted.

Your eyes flew open to look at the intruding presence in the room. Sans. His eyes were fixated on your laying form and his entire frame trembled madly. He was agitated again. Oh no, what happened? Was he going to beat you up? You sat up in a heartbeat and hugged the wall in a desperate attempt to blend with it, hoping to avoid Sans' wrath.

But he didn't move. You could hear him breathing deeply with anger, his eyes were burning with bright red as he kept staring down at you. After what seemed to be an eternity, you... Heard something familiar. A cry? His breathing hitched and sometimes he would gulp loudly. No matter how scared you were of him going berserk from a moment to another, you couldn't help but stare at him with concern... Why... Why wasn't he grabbing you and forcing you to SAVE so could ravage you as he pleased?

That's when you spotted the fresh cracks on the right side of his face running across his eye. Blood leaked out of it. Damn, it sure looked painful... And he... He was a shaking mess, visibly he was still in shock. For a long moment, you wondered if he was going to explode with rage and take it all out on you. You saw that happening too many times already... The memories were still freshly burnt in your mind, too fucking vivid to your liking, so vivid you'd feel the pain of the violence he inflicted you in previous timelines all over again.

But...

He still didn't move, just as scared as you. He didn't seem to know what to expect either. With the heart beating strongly in your tight chest, you swallowed a bit of your saliva before you managed to find anything to say.

« What happened...? » You asked with a soft tone. You waited for a while. It seemed that he was doing his best to keep his composure as well.

« When you told me you would be my confidant... Was it true...? » He finally asked in return with a broken voice. You were lost for words at first, but then you nodded.
« Of course... I want to help... » You gently replied.

The skeleton looked beside you, checking if there was enough room to stand there. You did the same. Wait, was he considering... sitting next to you?

Would you let him sit next to you after everything he's done?

...

Yes.

If that would help the both of you progress, then yes.

You pushed yourself to the dog bed's extremity, inviting him to take a seat next to you. He walked and sat down close to you before he rested his back against the wall with a lifted leg to let his arm lay on it. It was embarrassing at first to be this close to him... Since your shoulders were touching. You looked away and just patiently waited for him to speak up. After a while, he broke his silence.

« He hit me... » He spoke weakly. « And he just... Told me I was worthless, just as usual... » This made you look at him again when you heard him sniffing.

« What happened? » You dared to ask again, still with the gentle tone more out of kindness than fear this time.

It took a good while to explain what he has been through with his brother. How he was living under pressure, being depressed and stressed out. He's been so frightened by his own brother that he spent his nights contemplating the darkness and would collapse asleep only when Papyrus went to work. That game has been going on for years. And for years Papyrus has been violent and cruel towards him, his various abuses, both physical and emotional, worn him out. He told you how tough he was trying to look just to survive... Through the minutes, you sensed a burden get off Sans' shoulders through his entire demeanor, even his voice softened to the level of a whisper so weak it grew. He was on the verge to cry, you knew it. And still he'd keep himself from doing so.

Delicately, you rested your hand on the one he had laid next to you, startling the skeleton monster in the process. It took you a lot of self-control not to flip at his flinch, even though you heart skipped a beat at what might sign your death warrant. Still, you remained determined in keeping eye contact with him.

« You're free to cry... There's no shame in doing that. » You said with the softest tone no one ever used around Sans. He remained silent for a good while. You felt his bones rattling under your palm.
After what seemed to be an eternity, the monster let himself go and he sobbed silently. He was looking away in shame.

Could you test your chance even more than you already did? You hated seeing people in pain and him included, as crazy as it was... You gathered courage and slowly brought your arm around his head and offered him to rest on your shoulder. He stopped weeping for a brief moment as he was expecting any kind of attack from you but then realized how good this felt receiving a bit of affection, and he slowly turned towards you to hide his face in the crook of your neck. You felt his arms making their way around your waist which covered a good part of your body with them. Kindly, you returned the gesture and wrapped his shoulders with your own arms before you smoothed his back with one hand. You felt the bumps of his vertebrae through the fabrics under your palm. For a moment your mind wandered on that new wonder that were monsters and the current specimen didn't seem to be bothered about it... Maybe he even liked it...?

Through the minutes, you felt his body relax as he shed tears in silence. You could feel your skin wet and warm from them but you didn't mind. You just... Felt good being able to do something nice for someone, no matter how many times they crushed your soul before. Because now, you understood why Sans behaved this way around you for the past days. Because he didn't know anything else than abuse. And you wanted to help him realize that there was much so more than violence that existed.

When Sans finally calmed down, he was peacefully resting against you, tired by the cries he let out. You could feel his soothing breath against your small frame. You were almost losing the battle you were having inside to let yourself rest your head on top of his when he let go of you, but reluctantly almost as if... He didn't want but felt forced to. Still ravaged by shame, he sniffed as he looked away. His voice was hoarse from his previous cries.

« How... Can you be like this...? » He whispered. « I... Hurt you so much and yet... How can you be so... Nice to me like this...? I... Don't understand... »

« I don't know... I just felt the need to help. » You replied honestly as you were staring at him.

« Are all the humans like this...? For all I know, the ones that came before you were nuts. » He chuckled a bit after he wiped away a tear with his jacket's sleeve. You looked down at this question.

« I... Cannot tell. I have no memory of... » Then you remembered the memories you had in flashes days ago. You looked away when you realized you were trembling. Sans felt your distress.

« ... Sweetheart ? » He called you out. Hearing such a calm, collected and soft voice from him was really something unusual and quite shocking, in a good way. You looked at him again and smiled weakly, sweating a bit.

« I'm fine... It's just... I'm not sure of how they are... I don't have any memory of my previous life. »

« Heh... How is that ? Because of the fall ? » He smirked. You nodded in silence. « Did you think you would find Alice's Wonderland by coming here or what ? » He snickered. You shook your head as you were avoiding his glance more than ever. He stopped the questioning and only got up after he sighed. « Well then. 't was a nice chat, sweetheart. » He announced while he was rubbing his neck in his stretching gestures. « 'ave to admit... I feel pretty much better now. Just completely drained out, heh. »

He turned just a bit to look at you, as you were doing the same. You couldn't see it, but he was
blushing. He took some time to collect his courage and say.

« Thank you... I guess... »

And he left you behind with a shocked face when you heard those words you thought you'd never hear again.

Chapter End Notes

Yooooo.
You can check this art I made about that one angst and fluff scene here: http://heavenfell-au.tumblr.com/post/140677690244/you-can-cry-there-is-no-shame-for-doing-this
Sweet Friend

Chapter Summary

"Please, end this."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Two days have passed since that first dialogue. From now on, Sans would come and talk to you whenever he felt the need to. That sort of new habit lead him to treat you better than he used to. He was still laughing around and being touchy with you, and sometimes wouldn't help but bite your hand to lap a bit of your crimson juice, yet he would not lay a hand on you like before again. It was... Better in a way...? He was even... Coming to see you more often, just to check on you before leaving silently... It seemed like he started to actually trust and care for you, seeing how you were so kind, no matter how much you were suffering because of him or his brother... And then, sometimes, he would come only to have a small chat with you. Trying to understand who you were, but yourself didn't know. You were just a big mystery for the both of you.

« Should I talk to your brother ? » You asked.

You were eating together that day. He brought a couple of hot dogs since it was his speciality. Last time he chatted with you, he told you that one of his jobs was selling these and he thought of bringing some back to share with you today. His was covered in mustard, while yours had just a trail of ketchup over it. When your question blurted out in the empty and silent prison, he almost choked on his bite.

« Wow ! Are you insane, sweetheart ? » He asked with a quivering, slight confused grin on his lips while sweat was breaking out from his skull. « How d'ya think he'll react if you come up and say “hey, I know it's not my job to say that but you sure have some anger issues going on and should go and see someone” ? He'll rip your head off. » he concluded in a quiet scoff.

« How do you know ? » You tilted your head, curious. « Did you... Try to talk about to him about it already ? »

« Hum... Well... » He scratched his cheekbone nervously, looking away. « Once... I told him that I didn't like being treated this badly, and he just retorted that it was because I was a pussy. Heh, I then just... Tried to suck it up. » He shrugged then slouched again in defeat.

« But... You know it's not normal... Right ? » You asked, worried.

He remained silent for a while, closed his eyesockets and sighed sadly. You couldn't believe he got
so soft around you. Even his sighing was... Calm and sincere. How could someone like him turn into this absolute monster that you met a few days ago...?

« It's the way it is down here... We're all losing our mind... Papyrus too... He’s tough, that's for sure, but huh... being trapped here with all of these other distressed monsters is one of the reasons why he became cruel over time. He had to learn how to be strong since he was a kid to survive after all... » A sad smile appeared when he opened up his eyelids just enough to stare at the ground, a melancholy perceptible. « Heck, I don't even know if he ever learnt happiness... »

« Why ? »

« Remember ? Down here, it's kill or be killed... You have to learn the rules of this world quickly not to die. The more you'll have scars over your body, the more respected you'll be. The bigger are your scars, the more you'll be feared and admired by the others. » His tone was bitter but then he laughed darkly. « Kindness... It's a weakness down here. »

The last sentence made your hands ball up in fists... So... You were perceived as a weakness, down here ? You shook your head and looked at your companion again.

« But your brother doesn't need to be cruel towards you. » You objected. « You're brothers, not... enemies. I'll have a talk with Papyrus. »

« It won't do any goo- » He started but you cut him off.

« No. I feel like I can do it. » You were staring at your feet, still holding carefully your meal.

« I just feel it. »

The next day Sans came to see you, you were laying directly on the ground. He understood something was off and he came inside your jail by taking a shortcut.

« Sweetheart ? »

He could hear your heavy breath even from the distance. He squatted next to you and took support on his femurs while he'd look down at you.

« Sweetheart ? Quit the shit now, I don't find this funny. » He just said sharply, before he grabbed your shoulder and made you roll over your back.
He stiffened as he saw your pale, sweaty face with big black spots under your eyes. Despite the paleness, your cheeks and nose were pretty red and your breath sounded rough. He took his hand away from you, distraught to see you in such a bad shape.

« What's going on ? » He asked.

You could barely comprehend someone was here at first. You felt so cold yet so hot at the same time. Your head throbbed as if it'd explode any moment. You had difficulties breathing since your lungs were weak, your nose stuffy, your throat sore because of the infection and to top it all, the overheating. Your whole body was shaking and you were just laying there like a sad piece of shit. Each time the figure looming over you spoke up, you whimpered because its voice echoed inside your head already threatening to give in. The fever made you delirious, either making you see shadow figures around you or hear whispers and talking in your ears. You took extra effort to be able to blink your eyes open. Your vessel ached. Last time Sans saw you like this, he didn't hesitate killing you... You felt two boney hands gripping you around your shoulders. You hardly recognized his face because of your dizziness and your blurred vision.

« Sans...? » You croaked out. Hearing your hoarse voice scared the crap out of him.

« What's happening ? » He asked, worry evident in his voice. You blinked a few times to see his concerned face. He was sweating as well but unlike you, it was out of distress. « Sweetheart, is that your wound ? Is it infected again ? »

Ah... If you could speak more... You just grabbed his forearm weakly and swallowed multiple times. Unfortunately, your mouth remained dry. So you shook your head instead.

« How long have you been like this ? » He asked you again, upset that he didn't see what was going on with you earlier.

« Yesterday... » You swallowed again before speaking up. « ...started feeling bad yesterday... after you left... »

He remained there silent, not knowing what to do anymore. You gripped his forearm tighter with your both hands as a lifeline. You coughed loudly and curled up from the effort before you went limp again on the freezing floor. You started to hear his own breathing speeding up in anxiety.

« Please... Sans... You know what to do... Right ? » You asked him weakly as you shut your eyes. It was too tiring to keep them open.
« ... What ? »

« ... You have to kill me... Both of us know... I won't make it through the night... »

« Sweetheart, no way- » He faintly smiled as he started.

« Please...! » You cut him off.

It took him some time as he thought of the options. When he came to the conclusion that he didn't have much choices, he let go of you and stood up, a shadow casting over his frowning face. The warmth of his hands leaving you made you open your eyes to stare at him. It seemed like he was accepting your request, yet not without a reluctant grimace. You opened your arms and couldn't help but smile in relief. He lifted his skeletal hand when one of his empty eyesockets burned brighter in a red taint and his hand was covered with a red coat. A femur was forming from thin air when both of you were cut in your actions by a voice you recognized: Papyrus. He was on the other side of the jail. You looked at him while Sans stood frozen posed over your body, staring down at you and sweating more than ever while his grimace was growing deeper. He was visibly trembling, either because of his brother or because of his intention of killing you.

« Sans ! What are you doing !? » The tall skeleton shouted, first frozen with shock because of the scene he was witnessing.

« They're sick... » Sans started with a short and trembling breathing. « The human... Won't survive longer.... I'm just... »

« Don't you dare doing that, Sans ! » His sibling yelled. He was afraid any movement might trigger Sans into plunging his jagged bone into your fragile form. Sans was staring down at your voiceless form, and you back at him with pleading eyes.

« Please... Sans... Do it... » You begged him.

« Don't !! » Papyrus forbid, putting Sans in a difficult position. « Don't let it take control of you, Sans! We need its SOUL, remember ? We can't harvest it ourselves or we'll consume it ! Or worse, we could lose it and we don't know whenever another human will show up ! We need it, Sans ! »

« I have... I have to do it... » Sans replied weakly, almost in trance. He didn't seem to hear his brother's pleas.

He slowly raised his hand up high. The red coat of his magic covering it shined brighter. Nor Sans nor you would take their eyes of each other while Papyrus kept protesting in the distance. Quickly, the spiky skeleton reached out to the code pad to deactivate the trapped bars and when he turned to check what was going on, Sans was ready to throw his bone into your chest. He shouted “NOOOO !”, watching Sans' hand balling into a fist in the air while you closed your eyes and braced yourself for the hit, but then... Nothing. You waited for a while before you you peeked to see Sans remaining still, shaking. After multiple seconds that felt like eternity, with all of your three panting breaths combined to fill the silent room, the monster faced downwards, defeated.
« I can't... » He finally admitted before his hand fell to his side and his magic fainted.

You noticed he looked up to you with an apologetic look. Right then you heard Papyrus opening the door of your jail and rushing in to quickly squat next to you and pick you up. While he did so, Sans looked away in shame because he knew Papyrus would be glaring at him. This is what he did, before he commented.

« I can't believe you were going to do that... » Papyrus growled, deeply disappointed in his brother. « Good thing you're a coward... I would have killed you if you'd have dared to destroy our only chance of escaping... »

He finished on his harsh words before he took you away from the shorter skeleton who just... Stayed in the center of the room. It looked like he wanted to disappear into this black jacket of his when guilt gnawed at him.

Meanwhile, you were taken to their home. You were whimpering out of misery while Papyrus laid you down directly onto the bathroom's ground. You couldn't catch what he was saying, but by the sound of his unintelligible membling, you could tell he was very upset. You felt him starting to tug at your shorts. You moaned in disapproval but this made him even madder.

« Don't you dare try to keep these gross clothes in my house, human. » He warned you, before he pulled on your clothes. This is when you heard Sans coming upstairs. The skeleton who seemed to be on the edge to committing suicide at first was shell shocked the next second from what he was witnessing.

« B-Boss !? » He called his brother with fear evident in his voice. He was afraid to understand what was going on. The other guy shiftly turned his attention from stripping you of your clothes to him.

« Ah ! You're here, finally ! I was just going to call for your help. The human needs clean clothes, would you be useful for once and grab some for it to get dressed ? »

« O-On it. » Sans replied as he rushed to his bedroom while Papyrus focused on you again.

« But you'll need a little clean up first. » He smirked before he grabbed the long sweater and pulled it away from you.

As long as you'd keep your bandages, you wouldn't mind. The tall skeleton was searching for a basin to pour warm water in it before he grabbed a clean washcloth and a soap. You watched him taking off his metallic combat gloves, showing slender skeletal hands before he put them on the border of the bathroom sink. The end of his fingers were sharp just as his brother's. You swallowed nervously when he started cleaning you up, starting by your face, then going for the neck to clean the
shoulder next before he lifted your arm to have full access of it. Oh Lord, you never thought someone would do this to you. It was terribly intimidating, yet you couldn't complain, these guys could still go nuts and make you regret it... You just closed your eyes and whimpered silently as he went for your other side before his hands went to reach for your chest... He didn't take the bandages off, he just cleaned the skin he could reach. You were shaking because of the fresh air caressing the wet parts of your body, or maybe also because this monster was touching you... You didn't know but Papyrus noticed your reaction because he grabbed a towel nearby to rub it on you a bit too roughly to your taste.

While he was busy taking care of you, you looked up to see his face and noticed the scar he had over his skull, right across his left eyesocket. This made you remember what Sans said about this world... Thinking about this again made your heart feel heavy in your tightened chest. You were about to open your mouth to talk to him since the fever seemed to annihilate any sense of reason when Sans came back with a piece of clothing. Both of Papyrus and you turned your attention over him to discover him frozen on the doorway, mouth agape to your display. If he wasn't already sweating this much, you would have sworn that it was affecting him.

« What are you waiting for ? Come in ! » Papyrus snarled, tearing his brother out of his frozen state and he came to kneel down on your free side. « It took you some time to find something, I see. »

« I-I... I was searching for something t-that would fit them... » Sans stuttered as he tried to explain. His cheeks were red... Wait, was he blushing ?

« Oh. It's a “them” now ? » He retorted as he noticed the pronoun Sans used for you. « We'll talk about this later, right now I need to clean the human's lower parts ! »

On these words, he grabbed your black thighs and you stiffened, eyes wide open on Papyrus who quickly brought them down... Stopped at your intimacy's level to quickly pull them up again. You shut your eyes strongly through it all until you felt the clothing covering you again sp you peeked through tight lids to discover that both of the brothers were flushed red with embarrassment. And incredibly quiet, for once. Papyrus lifted a hand to his brother, and Sans gave him the clothing that appeared to be a flannel. The tall monster dressed you up with it. All of this... Remarkably calmly and carefully. Damn, this was too funny watching their flustered expression, and that's when you started to laugh like actually laugh your ass off until tears were shed. The same skeleton who was handling you grumbled and stuttered.

« Shut the fuck up, human ! What's so funny !? » The dangerous man snarled.

And you kept laughing out loud until your injured side hurt. You rolled over your front so you would not have to see their confused face anymore. It was too hilarious at this state. Ahh, the fever. It was making everything worse and better at the same time.

« Did we break the human ? » The tall guy finally asked his brother, still deeply confused.
« I dunno... » Sans only replied by lifting his hands and shrugged, confused just like him.

Papyrus then left out a growling sigh and picked you up. This is when you started to go down the rollercoaster and felt your sickness kicking in stronger than before. The efforts of laughing made you feel dizzy and you nearly gagged. Sans followed behind.

« W-What are you going to do, boss ? » He asked, concerned about what will happen next. Papyrus stopped, sighed and glared at him.

« What does it look like ? I'm going to let it rest in my bedroom. I don't want to let the human near the idiot who tried to kill it. » He then turned away to open the door of his said room when he stopped midway. « Oh and yes, also because your room must be so clean like I'm used to see every time I have to get in to wake your pile of lazybones up, I'd be afraid to mess it up. »

And then, he disappeared inside the dark room and shut the door on his brother.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so sorry but I couldn't help but imagine the black thighs scene and I was laughing while I made this gif
http://heavenfell-au.tumblr.com/post/140675389344/castelsart-nope-something-that-might

Also, yeah, I have this tumblr for this Heavenfell stuff. Still need to work on it but hey, at least there are arts
\( è A é“)/

I hope you liked this chapter guys ! And I wanted to thank you for all the kudos, the bookmarks, the comments, agh you don't know how happy and excited do they make me !
Also, a befriended Sans is an adorable Sans.
The next days were terrible. Not only emotionally but also physically. Papyrus kept you in his bedroom and he was moving heaven and hell to find anything to force you recovering from your sickness. Often, he would check up on you. Surely he was afraid you'd die in your sleep or would you need something in his absence. Sans didn't have the right to come in his brother's privacy, so whenever the door was open, he would just peek in to see how you were progressing. You were resting in Papyrus' large bed most of the time, besides being forced feed or the times when you had to go to the bathroom. You couldn't see much of the room however, since it was always plunged into the darkness whenever you woke up. The fever was gradually dropping thanks to Papyrus' care and the multiple different products he would make you drink or eat. Also, whatever he gave you healed your wound in the process. While you still coughed and sneezed your lungs and brains out all day long and your fever would still give you the worst headache you've ever had in your existence, at least now you weren't on the Death's doorstep anymore.

Until the day when you woke up to the sound of a quarrel down the living room.

« You've been avoiding me for three days now, Sans ! Stop being a coward for once and tell me what's going on with this human ! » the menacing skeleton yelled.

« B-Boss, there is nothing, I-I promise ! They've just been friendly and huh... » Sans tried his best to keep his brother cool, but it didn't seem to work at all.

« “They” ? “Friendly” ? What, did you get attached to this animal ? Do you even hear what you're saying ? These creatures are wicked, Sans, even worse than us ! If it's as “friendly” as you say, it's only because it's hurt that it tries to act coy and play nice ! You know how cunning humans are ! They're the reason why our kind is trapped underground ! Did you forget about that !? »

« N-No, I would never forget about t-that ! But boss, please, listen, this one... They're different ! Y-You just... You haven't gotten the chance to talk with them yet and I-I-I'm sure you'll actually be surprised- »

« Ah ! You consider this trash at our level, don't you ! Well, I guess that's normal, considering how you are trash YOURSELF ! » Papyrus' venom filled words struck Sans' raw nerve in the process, whose tone then completely changed.

« ...Ok. Well, yeah ! And you know what ?! » Sans was actually standing up against his brother now. « They're still better than YOU ! This human is by far the kindest creature I have got to meet
and talk to through all of these miserable years down here! And I swear to whatever rules this
cucked up universe that if I had the choice, I would have loved to get them way before shit hit the fan
here, if nothing else so I would have a reason to get away from your stupid ass! »

Right after that, you heard a shatter. You jumped yet remained still in fear. There were shouts and
insults, you could hear them fighting and running after each other... After long minutes of struggling,
you could hear the both of them panting in the living room. Then, a dark laugh echoed in the
staircase. It was Papyrus’ chuckle.

« I told you... You’re useless, Sans. Not even able to beat your own broth- »

Someone ran towards the stairs. A hit, then a fall. You stiffened, your hands gripped the blanket
tightly as the tension peaked inside of you. You were worried about what just happened to one of the
skeleton brothers.

« Ah, yeah ? Well, how does my fist taste then ? » Sans growled. He seemed to be close too now. A
long silence settled down before a laugh started off weak then progressively grew in power, so loud
you were sure people could hear it from miles.

« Finally ! You finally did it, Sans ! » Papyrus exclaimed between two fits of laughter. « You finally
showed yourself ! Ahh, for so long I thought you were a lost cause, but here I find my brother again
! It was a good one, good job, brother ! »

Sans didn't say a thing, probably just as shocked as you were. Then you heard Papyrus get up on his
feet and about to climb up the stairs when he stopped mid-way. He seemed to have recollected
himself.

« But you better not stand up for that bloody human ever again. Showing you're tough is one thing,
showing support for a human is another. » then he turned his back to his brother and began climbing
again. « With that said, I'm going to sleep. Hope you'll get the same strength to get up tomorrow. »

You tensed up when the door clicked and you rolled on your right side trying to hide under the
blankets that you unconsciously brought up to your eye level while the tall skeleton came in. He
didn't even spare a glance at you as he walked through the room... Wait, was he coming for you ?
Oh god yes, he was coming in your direction! You began to shake when you noticed a soft clicking
sound that turned on a soft, blood orange light in the room. It casted a dim light that allowed the eye
to see and rest, a perfect night lamp of some sort. Once that was done, he turned away and reached
for another door in the opposite wall, next to shelves full of books before you heard the rustling of
clothing. You were turned towards the wall on your right and you didn't want to turn and check what
was going on because you knew he was undressing. You could hear from time to time his bones
rattling as he moved to get his armor and his boots off, before he grabbed something else to put on.
Then, silence. You were doing your best to repress a coughing fit for a good while until it wasn't bearable anymore, and you coughed a dozen times violently enough to be spotted. As you expected, it caught Papyrus' attention and he came towards you. Oh crap, you thought. He was coming here for sure now. You did what you thought was the best at this time: play dead. You felt the monster climbing on the bed on his hands and knees and crawling until he was looming over you. He was deadly silent, so silent you'd bet he could hear your heart beating out of your chest from here. You could even feel his cool breath caressing your cheek and neck and this made you shiver. Then, you felt a cold, boney hand resting on your forehead for a few seconds. For once, his gestures weren't brusque as usual... Not that he was gentle, but... He clearly was more careful than before. When the monster had finished checking your fever, he exhaled sharply through his nasal bone then sat up on his knees and bent backwards. You heard him taking something and opening it. You didn't have the time to wonder what was going on that he pressed his hand against your shoulder to make you roll over your back. Through all this, you didn't open your eyes and just kept acting, terrified he might react badly if he noticed that you were awake. You then felt him unbuttoning the top of your flannel until he reached half of your chest.

Then, he stopped. Oh crap. You knew he'd end up realizing you were awake. He clearly knew something was going on since he put his hand in the middle of your thorax, where your heart was beating. You could feel it pound fast against his palm. He stayed like this for a moment, his breath light and short. Either was he fascinated by your organ, or was he worried that something was going wrong with you. You couldn't hold it back anymore, you turned your head on a side to cough another dozen times, your whole body tensing from the effort against his touch before you dropped dead again when this was over. This caught him off guard and he resumed moving. He reached out for the object that was resting next to both of you and a few seconds later, you felt his bones sliding over your thorax with a viscous coat and you couldn't repress a moan. Ugh, this felt and smelled terrible. Like... Some strong vegetale scent. The touch was freezing at first, then burning. You heard him chuckle silently, amused with your reaction.

« This will help you, human. » he whispered so low you almost didn't catch it at first, since your attention was on his hand applying the disgusting product over your skin. « You need to survive for us. »

When it was done, he buttoned your flannel and let you be, so you rolled over your side again to face the wall. He put the product container on the table next to the bed, before he laid down next to you. Wait. Was he going to sleep with you?? You trembled in realization. Could a skeleton monster sexually abuse someone? They were only bones, right? Long minutes were passing by and you couldn't move, paralyzed in terror. Thanks survival instinct. After what seemed to be an eternity, you finally heard his breathing low and peaceful as he fell asleep. You waited a few seconds again before you started to bring your right hand close to you so you would sit up... But you realized your wrist was attached. Golly, how did you not realize you were attached until now?? You pulled over your arm once, twice... When you tried a third time, you felt something snaking around your waist. You winced suddenly as you were pulled towards Papyrus' body and you felt his front squeezing against your back while his arms embraced your body. You repressed a cough and you threw a worried glance over your shoulder to look at him... He was lost deep in his slumber. His frame curled up to conform to your body, making it impossible for you to move without waking him up. Despair rose
up in your core.

Then, when you thought that nothing could save you anymore, you heard someone walking in the corridor and approaching the door of your room. You didn't notice it wasn't closed right and was cracked open until now. A shadow appeared in the little space and you recognized Sans' eye. He was peeking to check up on you. Unable to move, you whispered.

« H... Help... »

You spotted right after that his concerned expression left its place to a shit-eating grin one instead. He winked at you before he left. That jerk !! Papyrus tightened his grip around you as he moved and hummed, his face hiding in the back of your head. Well... Guess you'll pull an all-nighter tonight.

Morning was the moment when you felt like you finally could close your eyes, exhausted due to anxiety if it wasn't for your captor who had started to move again. A sharp inhale announced his wake as he jolted before he stared down at what was trapped between his arms. Too tired to remember to play dead, you looked up at him with half-lidded eyes. He froze for a moment in realization then he pushed you away, the action almost making you bump the wall in the process.

« I didn't give you the permission to touch me, miserable wretch. » he spat with his painfully unused voice as he sat up with a scowl printed over his tired face.

You wish you could talk right now just to tell him off.

Now, you could see he was dressed with only boxers and a sleeveless black top. From what you could see, these monsters were really made of bones. But how could they look so... Alive ? Their existence defied all logic. Then, you realized the left side of his head had a different color shade. You remembered about bone bruises but you'd never got to actually see one. Even if he killed you multiple times before, he didn't scare you as much as Sans... Papyrus tried to do it clean and for a purpose, not out of spite... Believe it or not, but you trusted him more than the guy you dared and called “friend”. You lifted your free hand towards his face and he stiffened, completely lost at what he should do, taking support on his hands as he bent backwards to avoid your touch.

« W... What are you doing !? » he snarled, looking side to side to see what he could use to stop you from your approach, destabilized. His scowl deepened as anger and confusion built up inside of him. « Stop right there, human, or I'll- »
He wasn't fast enough and your palm softly rested against his bruised cheekbone, so gently he had a moment to realize you were actually touching him. He remained still and speechless, looking at you again with that shocked gaze.

« Was that Sans...? » you asked.

His cheekbones were slowly stained with a red flush and sweat broke out of his skull, not as much as his brother used to but just enough for you to notice. He even started shaking in your hand, his breath short through his gaping mouth. Then he recollected himself and leaned just so lightly in your touch, allowing your palm to press gently against his bone. He was looking away, avoiding your gaze and remaining silent with clenched teeth.

« Does it hurt ? » you asked again. He placed his slender hand over your wrist, enjoying the soft contact at first, before he brushed your hand away.

It took a while for him to recollect himself before he could manage to look at you again.

« It doesn't matter. The most important is knowing that he can defend himself without my help. » he said with his usual, dark tone.

You wished this could be the moment for you to talk about him and his brother, but you were not only tired, but also attached to his bed and it'd certainly be a bad idea to piss him off now. The skeleton man turned away and got up from the bed. When you noticed he was heading to his closet, you looked away and coughed. Like it or not, the product made you feel better through the night. You could breathe easier than the previous day. Yet this wasn't enough for Papyrus who looked at you while he was attaching the red belt with silver studs around his hips. He quickly finished putting on his armor then he walked towards you while he threw his torn cape in place. He sat next to you and like last night, he made your roll over your back and rested his bare hand against your forehead.

« Finally. I was starting to think your fever would never drop, human. »

He then started to unbutton your top. You quickly responded by holding his hand, stopping him in his actions. He looked up to your eyes, once again surprised but not as much as before. Then, a sadistic smirk appeared on his mouth.

« What is it ? Do you seriously think that I'd jump your bones ? Fret not, human, we might be monsters but not of that kind. » He said with disgust in his eyes. « Plus, we're not interested in trivial
Your mouth parted in shock. What a way to make you feel safe! But also, did you hear right? They could be sexual? Well, thank fuck you were a disgusting creature, then. You loosened your grip on his palm and he proceeded to the same treatment as yesterday. The only difference is that his touch wasn't as light as last time. You whimpered again because of the gross texture spread across the top of your chest, which made him cackle darkly. Obviously, he enjoyed making you uncomfortable. You looked down as his hand was travelling over your thorax and noticed the luminous product on your skin. You looked up to Papyrus with questioning eyes, whose smile couldn't stop widening.

« Oh, what is this, you ask? This is a healing product made with different ingredients coming from Waterfall. » He saw your confused face. « Ah, right, you still haven't seen that place. »

Then he took a pleasure to display his knowledge of this place and the different elements used to make this product that he was finishing coating your skin with. You couldn't help but like how much he could talk when it was about teaching others.

« Also, this is where Undyne works most of the time. And I have to tell you, human, that if you're afraid of my brother and I, what you'll see about this fish lady is far worse than what you'd expect from us. »

You looked down as you tried to picture what he just said. Meanwhile, he got off the bed and placed the healing product on the table.

« Well now, human, I'll ask my brother to watch over you while I'm at work, since this lazybones is so entitled not to do his own job. » his tone was spiteful in the end, while he was putting on his combat gloves. « Don't try to flee during my absence, otherwise, pray that I won't find you. Understood? »

You nodded silently. It wasn't as if you could run away in your current state anyway.

« Good. »

Then, he left you behind. You could feel your chest burning due to the product, yet you could breathe better thanks to its strong scent. You sighed in relief before you closed your tired eyes, and with a smile, you fell asleep.
Chapter End Notes

OH LOOK AT THAT, ANOTHER DRAWING FOR THE ANGST AND FLUFF. http://heavenfell-au.tumblr.com/post/140904339709/does-it-hurt-you-asked-again-he-placed-his
You jolted awake when a hand touched you and it took you a moment to recognize Sans. Your head was spinning with the sudden fear and your rigged breathing combined with your illness. Even if things got better between you two, there are things that you couldn't control, and one of them was trauma. The remnants of his assaults were way too fresh for you to act like nothing was wrong with the situation. He flinched at your violent reaction and backed off, first distraught, then looked into your scared eyes and lowered his hands slowly. Sans seemed to understand. After all, he suffered from abuse too and surely had the same reactions with his brother. You managed to relax, too exhausted to stay alert and allowed yourself some minutes to recover from the panic.

The skeleton monster was sitting on the bed next to you, making sure his slippers would not touch the mattress while he freed you from the chains that bound you in place. You understood by the silence of the house that his brother was out... You didn't know if it was a good thing or not.

« How was your night, sleeping beauty ? » he taunted you with a smile.

You hit his shoulder, making him flinch with a “ouch !” before he bursted into laughter.

« You hit like a pussy. » he mocked you.

Once you were released, you sat up slowly and rubbed your numb arm and wrist. You looked around for a while until your gaze stopped on Sans. He was watching you carefully, nervously expecting you to snap and flee since you were in a better shape than these two last weeks. The skeleton's smile slowly stretched when you didn't show any intent of escaping and instead, waited for a reaction from him.

« Hungry, honey ? » he asked. You nodded at his question, which made his smile bigger.« 'lright
then, I should make something for you to eat. Will you follow me around? Wait... Can you follow me around?»

He was now concerned as if he just remembered you were still sick. You looked at your legs, then the ground before you started crawling out of the bed under Sans’ watch. You stood up weakly and hummed in appreciation when you could stand on your own. You were feeling a little dizzy still but it was bearable now. You turned towards Sans. He seemed amazed to see you standing alone just as you were.

« Damn, babe, I can't believe it's been so long since you could stand up. » he chuckled happily and then stopped all of the sudden. He looked away, a shadow casting on his face. You could sense his sins crawling on his back. « I know... It was my fault. »

« Why didn't you kill me? » You asked him, now feeling anger tingling you. « We would have avoided these days of struggle to keep me alive, so why? » He was looking down in shame and it needed a while for him to speak up, clenching his fists.

« I couldn't... I don't know why, sweetheart. I just couldn't... » he laughed humorlessly and when he looked at you again, it was with a saddened expression, and a small, sad, smile. « I guess that... I just cannot bear spilling your blood anymore. »

Frowning, you looked down. You had so many things to say, a lot of anger to let out... But you were also scared it would backfire, no matter if he was willing to listen now, if he was. The heavy atmosphere was making him feel nervous, so much he started sweating again, yet not as strongly as he's used to around Papyrus. He reached for your hand gently and held it in his like the most delicate thing in the world. He was staring at you and searching for your lost glance.

« Let's blow this hotdog stand, shall we? » he asked once more with his little uncertain grin.

You nodded at his suggestion and you both left the room.

It was strange being with him in his house. You shifted in place because your legs were oddly hurting... Maybe was it because you didn't get to use them for a long while and they needed exercise again. You were both in the living room, sitting on this couch you were never allowed to before, eating the aforementioned hotdog. The skeleton next to you ate it in three or four bites thanks, then he just took a mustard bottle out of his pocket and bit the tip of the opening off with his sharp fangs before he started drinking from it. You were quite shocked to say the least witnessing yet again the power of his jaws, yet he managed to misinterpret that silly expression you were making for something else as he asked after swallowing his mouthful of condiment.

« Want some? » You shook your head at his suggestion. He shrugged and replied. « Heh. More for
me then. »

You finished your food not long after and softly sighed in relief having something in your stomach now.

(Hello there, how about a **theme song** to get in the mood?)

« Did ya hear us, yesterday ? » Sans’ sudden question caught you off guard. You looked at him. He wasn't doing the same because his eyes were already looking up where the bedrooms were. You followed his glance before you looked down at your hands laying on your lap.

« Yes... I heard you. You had a fight, right ? »

« Heh, that's right. » he took another drink from his bottle when you retorted.

« You shouldn't have come to my defense. » This almost made him spit the drink he just had and he looked at you with a confused look.

« Why ? »

You looked away, saddened.

« I didn't want any of you getting hurt because of me. »

« Hey, what's up with this bullshit ? » the sudden rudeness startled you and you looked at him again quickly. Now he was staring straight at your indignant face. « I'm not ashamed being your friend, okay ? And if I had to, I'll do it again. »

« Fighting is- »

« Pointless, yeah I know, no need to remind me that. » he seemed now annoyed. You looked down again.

You didn't know what to say anymore. So you just embraced your legs against your chest just waited. You haven't noticed Sans finished his drink until he sneaked close enough to reach for your face, grab your chin gently to lift your head up towards him.

« Sweetheart. » he smiled at you. « Going out of here... Is that what you want ? »

You were staring deeply into his eyesockets as he waited for an answer. Why would he ask that ?
Then... You thought of Flowey at this moment and the promise you made to it.

“We will get out... Together”...

But now, Flowey was long gone and this made your heart scream. You freed yourself from Sans' hand and looked away when the feeling of anger and grieving for your loss rose.

« It doesn't matter anymore... I have no more reason to fight. » you sighed, resigned. « I just can't wait to find Flowey once it will all be over... I'll give my soul to your King so... No one will have to suffer down here anymore. Then you'll all be free and I, I... will be with Flowey again. » you said with a shaky breath. You couldn't believe these thoughts you were speaking out loud yourself and yet here they were breaking free.

Seeing how upset you were, Sans slouched in his seat.

« You huh... Really liked that guy, didn't you ? » he asked, as if it wasn't obvious. You nodded.

« You didn't need to kill my friend... You... You would have liked them too... Flowey was so kind... So kind... » You hid your face when your voice broke at the same time your eyes stung with the need to cry, biting down on your lip to prevent yourself from breaking down again.

Feeling guilty for your mourning, Sans left some room for you so you could hide away and cry. The house was deathly silent all of the sudden caused by all the heavy feelings that were crushing you both, soon accentuated by the echoes of your silent sobs. Guilt crept on Sans who was staring blankly at the ground with hollow eyes. You didn't know how bad he felt about his actions. Of all his lifetime, it might be one of the first times that he felt so disgusting for hurting someone. You had no idea how terrible he felt for destroying your hopes and dreams. Yet, he couldn't say anything, words remained stuck in his throat. He was unworthy of even making eye contact with you, much less trying to talk to you about your sorrow, and the part he played in causing it. You were finally hitting rock bottom with all the traumatic memories when you got up, sniffing loud enough to catch his attention again.

« Where are you going, sweetheart ? » he asked, suddenly panicked that you might try to escape after that terribly triggering conversation, until he noticed you were going upstairs.

« I'm going to take a shower. » you replied dryly at first. When you realized you were harsh, you added softly. « I need to be alone for a while, please... »

He didn't say anything else. He understood your need to be on your own. You stopped at the first
step of the stairs, looking at him as you took support on the wall on your left.

« Thank you. »

This caught him off guard, so much his jaw dropped. How strange was it for these guys to react so violently for two simple words. Yet, this is what brought this shining red eye again, flaring with passion as you disappeared from his eyesight.

You finally made it to the bathroom. You were naked and as you took off your black thighs and tossed them in the washing machine, you glanced down to notice your black stains kept growing on your legs. How? You sat down on the ground to take a look at them. It was pitch-black and painful to the touch. So that's what was hurting you earlier. You hissed in pain when you laid your fingers on them so you just... Stared at this, wondering what was going on with you. You were healing, and recovering from your sickness, so why...? Why would you still have these? What it was, you didn't know, however you were hoping no one else would notice. You had enough issues already than having to deal with concerned people. And so you finished undressing before getting into the bathtub and start your cleaning process.

Once you were done, all clean and fresh, you opened the door to call Sans but stopped in the process since he was just behind the door. His grin appeared on his face while he tilted his head to get a look inside. You were hiding with the door, how unfortunate for him.

« I... Need clean clothes... Can I borrow some from you? » you asked him nicely yet with a hint of discomfort. This made him smile even more.

« Sure thing, sweetheart. » he said before he walked away.

You closed the door and sat down against it, waiting patiently as you were staring at your black-stained legs. How would he react to this if he saw it? Would he know what was causing this effect or would he think it's a human thing? You frowned, lost in thoughts until you heard something scratching lightly the door behind you. He was already back. You stood up again and opened it, just enough to stick an arm in the space. You felt something grab your wrist to steady it, then fabric brushed against your fingers. You grabbed the items and gently pulled so Sans let you go again.

« Thank you. » you said, which pushed him to throw an arm in the space a second time when you tried to close the door and gripped your wrist again. This startled you, so you looked up and hid your front with the clothes he just gave you when you noticed he was peeking inside the room to stare at you with his flaring eyes. It was just as intense as earlier. « ... W... What is it? » Okay, now, you were scared. You babbled. « Did... I say something bad? »
He closed his eyes for a while, breathing in slowly to calm down, then he opened them up again to stare at you with much less passion.

« I... am not used to those words... Well huh... I'll let you get dressed up. » he awkwardly said as he let go of you and pushed the door to close it. You heard a little bump against the wood then, and you assumed it was him, resting his forehead against it. You took a look at the new clothes and put the boxer shorts on, then the black and yellow striped pants until he started talking right behind the door in a low, raspy, broken tone. « I'm not worthy of them, sweetheart... »

You froze at those words for a couple seconds, before you resumed and put on the large, black shirt so you could go and open the door. Sans wasn't there anymore. House was empty. You called out to him softly at first, walking around the skeleton's home, searching for him. Did he really leave you on your own?

« Sans ? » You kept calling.

You knocked at his room's door but no reply. Concerned, you decided to head to the living room and kept searching for him until you reached the kitchen. Not a soul. So you went to the front door to check if you could go out. Ah, well, of course they wouldn't trust you enough not to let the door unlocked. So you just walked to a window not far and watched what was happening outside, or if you could see Sans anywhere. Just a few monsters passing by from time to time, nothing more. You sighed. There was no point trying to escape. Like it or not, you were safer here, plus, you wouldn't survive outside with that weather. Thinking about it, you thought about the salve treatment that the tall skeleton gave you so you turned away from the window and headed to Papyrus' room to apply it onto your chest by yourself, before you laid down in his bed. You were feeling better of course, but you still needed rest. Hugging a pillow close, the scent of the lanky and cold monster which you grew familiar with invaded your nostril as you buried your nose in the fabric; a fair mix of flower, raspberry and winter's odd but comforting smell. You didn't wait long for the dreamworld to overtake you.

Once again, you were floating in the vast emptiness of your consciousness. It was peaceful in here. And silent... Until once again, the voice that you already heard before echoed all around you. It was softly calling out to you. The voice was soft, young, much like a child's. It sounded faded at first then grew clearer, more defined as it came closer and closer. Your lips remained shut and yet...

« Who's there...? » your voice echoed in return.
You then sensed someone reaching for you. Their arms slowly snaked around your waist and you let them.

« Don't you remember ? » the voice was now right against your ear, since the presence was resting their head on your shoulder.

« I'm trying to... But... I can't... »

Suddenly, the weightlessness dissipated to let you stand up in the void. At first your eyes barely opened, then you blinked them open in realization of what was in front of you ; a mirror. But what was facing you wasn't your reflection, but a young monster in the shape of a white goat reminding you of Toriel instead. His red eyes were piercing through your soul... That gaze... You'd recognize that gaze in a crowded room. Sad eyes that the goat boy's little smile couldn't repress even when he tried harder. He tilted his head a tad.

« It's me, your best friend. »

Chapter End Notes

Shit fuck fuck shit fuck shit sHIT FUCK WHAT IS HAPPENING YOOOOO.

Also, a lil' drawing of these two tortured souls here : http://heavenfell-au.tumblr.com/post/141130878749/sweetheart-he-smiled-for-you-going-out-of
You gasped as you jolted awake. You only had time to realize this was a dream when you felt a weight around your waist. You looked down to notice a boney arm covered with a red sweater sleeve on it. And another one underneath you, resting there for comfort. This is when you felt a warm breath in the back of your neck, and a body against your back. Oh... This couldn't be Papyrus, could it? His was usually cooler. You glanced over your shoulder to recognize Sans who was peacefully spooning you. His breath was low and soothing. His arms were loose enough for you to be able to move, yet you didn’t. You just stayed there, completely lost, your sleepy brain trying to analyze what was going on when you realized someone was at the door and rapidly opened it.

« Sans! » Papyrus shouted when he noticed his brother sleeping in his bed, which almost gave a soul attack to the slumbering skeleton that jumped awake.

« What! What is it? » Sans babbled as he looked around until his frightened glance stopped on his brother who was folding his arms.

Unlike Sans who was already sat up, you needed more time until you noticed something white passing behind the tall and scowling skeleton. That white fur… Oh!! The dog! It was the dog! You followed it with your eyes when you understood it was coming around the bed. You were so happy to see it was okay! Your smile was wide and bright when you crawled to the side of the bed, but Sans stopped you with an arm across your chest. You flinched at his touch first, expecting him to hit you but feeling his stillness, you looked at him. He seemed worried that the dog would attack you as he stayed focused on it. The animal stood on its hind legs to rest its front ones on the border of the mattress, panting heavily with a mouth agape and a tongue sticking out of one side of its mouth to its owners’ most honest surprise.

« What the fuck? » Sans cursed and you took this as an opportunity to slide against his arm and reach for the dog. You sat at the edge of the bed and opened your arms towards the white canine which reached for you, whimpering happily as you were petting it affectionately.

« I was so worried about you, puppy! » you said with a tender, energetic voice and laughing. « Yes, that’s a good dog! » But then, you stopped in your motions, realizing something. You turned your attention over Papyrus who was frozen on his spot, his arms still folded as he could barely
comprehend what was this sorcery you were using.

« Did you keep it after I saved it ? Or... Wait... Was it already your dog when you tied it up ? » you asked him. He was looking away, as if it was nothing, closing his eyes, nasal bone in the air in pride. He looked pretty haughty this way. Wow. Bull’s eye.

« Yes, I am the one who tied it up. But what happened was an accident, I had no intention to get rid of this bone eating creature since I've trained it to hunt humans down. » Then he opened one eye to take a look at it. « Well... Guess that my years of training to kill didn’t pay off. »

You were still petting it. Sure it didn’t pay off since you were still alive and the dog was staring at you with loving eyes. You were silently judging him for his actions, abusing a poor animal this way and threatening its life... Your stare sharp as daggers kept piercing his very core and Papyrus grew slightly uncomfortable, enough to break down his smug stand.

« It just knows when to be grateful. » You replied, before you looked down at it again to meet his bright, red eyes. « What’s its name ? »

« We call it Aggressive Dog, or AD most of the time. » Sans replied. You couldn’t help but giggle when you received a lick from the pet and you hugged its head under your chin in return.

« More like “Adorable Dog” for me ! » you said, before you let it go to return to its owner Papyrus and sit down at his side. Papyrus was scowling at it, pretty disappointed of his hunting pet.

The man sighed then looked at his brother.

« May I know why were you sleeping in MY bed ? » he asked Sans. The short skeleton looked at you trying to find an answer, before he glanced at Papyrus again.

« The human was still sleeping, and you told me to- »

« Well I told you to watch them, not sleep with them ! Unbelievable. Not even able to follow one simple order. » Papyrus grumbled while his sibling was standing up before he walked out of the room, followed by the dog. The tall skeleton stared at you. « It’s time to eat. I hope you’re hungry, human. »

You sat awkwardly on the couch next to Papyrus, who as usual watched the TV after work. Again with this MTT show going on. Out of curiosity, you spared a glance at the screen and immediately had regrets; your stomach turned more than once the moment you witnessed acts of torture on multiple monsters supposed to be the guests of the show. Wide-eyed, you turned your pale face towards Papyrus who was amused by what he was watching, considering the smile he had. He
sensed your gaze and immediately stopped grinning as he looked at you.

« What is it, human ? Not enjoying what you see ? »

You would have thrown up by now if you had anything in your stomach, lucky you it wasn't the case so you just gulped loudly at this instead. This made him cackle darkly before he directed his attention back on the screen while nonchalantly stretching his arms on the back of the couch. With his length, his forearm was just behind your head and you couldn't help but stiffen at this. Meanwhile, Sans was in the kitchen. You figured out that he was the one hat cooked in this family… Or at least most of the time. You wondered what he could prepare considering how long it was taking him. You didn’t know where to look at, either at Papyrus’ boots, or the dog sleeping to his side next to the couch, or the kitchen doorway… Anything but the TV. Papyrus was sometimes throwing glances in the corner of his sockets to study you, but you were too busy playing with your hands nervously on your knees to notice it. You were coughing from time to time, but you were doing your best not to make too much noise so your host wouldn't be bothered. Speaking of him… You were so small in comparison to him… His brother was already tall compared to you, but Papyrus… He could really be called a monster just by his height. You could guess that Sans was somewhere around 5’11”-6’1” when he wasn’t slouching, but Papyrus ? He was easily reaching over 9’… Easily, yeah. So, with your small, frail body, you felt vulnerable sitting next to him.

Stress was taking over, you looked around in hope to find something to help you out until your eyes stopped on AD. You beckoned the dog to come and when it did, you started to pet it under Papyrus’ silent watch. Thank Lord this dog didn’t want to kill you. It was a big white dog, something close to a wolf to say the least. And yet, here it was, panting heavily and enjoying your petting until it laid its head on your lap and relaxed. That gave Papyrus the nerves, he who still was disappointed in his not so Aggressive Dog in the end, enough for him to exhale sharply through his nasal bone in annoyance. That was a reaction he had whenever something bothered him. You stayed quiet for a while, your eyes focused on the animal while your hand brushed its pure white fur.

« Papyrus… »

« What is it, human ? »

Crap, you didn’t realize you called his name out loud until he replied, so you froze in your seat. Then, as if he insulted your mother, your head whipped towards him with your mouth agape. The skeleton monster was staring at your face, rather calm and attentive. You babbled for a few seconds, thinking about what Sans said a few days ago when it came to talking to his brother. Best not to bring the topic up right now. You’d prefer not Sans to be there if you two had to get this conversation. Cold sweat was running down your forehead when you smiled awkwardly and asked.

« You huh… Really like this show, don’t you ? »

« Indeed. I always have the pleasure to see new inventions from this presenter. He has the talent to
refresh his channel with every show. »

« Is there anything you like... except... except this? » you threw a little glance over the screen and widened your eyes at the vision of a monster being torn apart through some traps, so you stare into Papyrus’ eyes again. Oh, you could even feel the colors leave your face right now.

« I have a passion for hunting humans and making puzzles and traps to destroy them. Also, I enjoy torturing a lot... But I have to say, seeing a human that got through them without having more scratches than they should is quite impressive, for the traps were pretty deadly and cunning. Still, in the end I didn't need their help to catch you. » He smirked at this reply, proud of him. « How about you. Are you feeling better? You're not coughing that much anymore. »

You remained silent. It seemed friendly at first sight, but to you, it sounded more like a threat. You weren’t a guest, or a friend. You were a prisoner. You couldn’t allow yourself forget that. You were there sitting on this couch only because you were sick and needed to recover so Papyrus could deliver you to the King. You were really, really hoping he wasn’t implying that. You cleared your throat while looking down when Sans popped his head in the doorway and announced.

« Food’s ready. »

That caught Papyrus’ attention. He stood up from the couch and grabbed your arm roughly in the same breath, tearing a little yelp of surprise from you as you were forced to get up and lead to the table already set up in front of the TV. You helped Sans with setting the table earlier so he would not have too many things to do on his own while Papyrus would be watching. This way, it could make them think you were useful somehow? And that they could keep you for a little while? Long enough for you to find a plan and escape or something?

You knew it was a desperate attempt to hold onto dear life 'cause in the end, you'd still be brought to Asgore.

You were really surprised to find out that Sans could prepare an actual meal. He even prepared a salty cake made with bits of ham, dried tomatoes and feta cheese. You had to admit, you were amazed to see that Sans was able to cook something too. And the smell, gosh, the smell!! It made your mouth water and your stomach growl. The skelebros exchanged a confused glance, wondering where the sound came from before they laid their eyes on you in unison. You were blushing deeply with embarrassment.

« Hehe, did you eat a monster on the way, sugar? » Sans chuckled, yet his eyes still unsure about what was happening. Yeah, right. They didn't have organs, they couldn't know. Before anyone could table flip, you agitated your hands and shook your head quickly.

« N-No it's... A normal thing for me when I'm hungry! My stomach grumbles when it's empty... Sorry. »

« Hmmm... Interesting. » Papyrus commented, eyeing your belly with a thoughtful expression. You
could almost see what he was imagining through his eyesockets with what you remembered he said earlier, and you just... Placed your arms around your chest, suddenly feeling uncomfortable. « I see that we may have some things in common, in the end. » That perked your curiosity.

« What do you mean ? » As far as you were aware, they didn't have a stomach. You didn't even know why these guys would eat in the first place if they didn't have one. Papyrus looked away after a long silent while staring at your puzzled expression. Guess that it's something they won't tell you... Sad.

Sans cut the salty cake and served his brother a few slices, then he did the same for you. Unlike Papyrus, you thanked him once you found your plate back in front of you... Well, not still put down the table because Sans and his brother froze at these words. Ah yeah, you forgot. They weren't used to politeness. Then they started to move again and you noticed a slight flustered smile on Sans' boney lips, while Papyrus... Would scowl more than ever. Maybe was he jealous of his sibling ? What was going on with him, you wondered.

Once everyone was served, you ate the food in silence. It was relieving finally having a good meal instead of a few hotdogs, for once. In silence you studied your guardians', trying to pierce the mystery of feeding while being skeletons. You couldn't help but wonder where the food was going since they were just sack of bones themselves. You noticed as you observed them that Papyrus did the same with you, a focused expression on his face as if he was solving a puzzle that you were. Guess that it was easier for him to study your human nature now that you were in their house and calmly having a dinner with them. It couldn't get any more awkward... if Sans didn't touch your leg with his foot, teasing you as the old lil' Sans he was. You stiffened and choked on your last bite, and it made him burst in laughter while you coughed and hit your thorax to try and get the piece unstuck. Papyrus couldn't help but laugh darkly at the view too. Gosh, your throat was burning now, you could barely breathe and they were having a blast.

« Are you okay ? » Sans finally asked when he managed to calm down, a tear in the corner of his eye that he urged to wipe away. You were turning blue, so in a desperate gesture you drank water... And it managed to save your skin for once. You were now panting as soft colors reappeared on your face.

« Yeah... But not thanks to you, you fucking moron. » you retorted with a hoarse voice. This made Papyrus cackle, catching both of your attention over him.

« It was really touching having this dinner with you but I must retire. Sans, I trust you to take care of our prisoner until it has to go and sleep. » the slender skeleton got up on these words, exchanging a cold glance with you, a malicious smile on his mouth. « Don't break it too much. »

« Sure, I'll be careful. » Sans replied before looking at you with a grin.

« Good. »

With that said, Papyrus left the two of you alone. Thank goodness, you were safe with Sans around now that you conquered his heart. At least... You thought so ? Sans was in the kitchen, washing the dishes while you were clearing the table and bringing plates and flatware for him to do so. Yet at first, you didn't notice that his expression darkened as he stared blankly into the sink, spacing out of his current task. He seemed thoughtful but also angry, so angry in fact that he was tense until his jaw
clenched. You were turning away from him to finish your job when you heard his low, blunt voice break the silence that settled down ever since Papyrus went to bed.

« Hey... » You stopped, your heart skipping a beat as you recognized this tone. You slowly turned towards him. He didn't move from his spot, his eyes were still focused on the sink. « I have been thinking... »

He then slowly faced you. It felt like his empty eyesockets were sucking you into them. You froze in your spot and gulped. The colors around you grew dimmer and dark as he slowly made his way to you. You were trembling all of the sudden. What was going on ? What did you do wrong this time ?

« After all I did to you... How come you can be so kind with us ? How can you even want to help me ? No one would ever react the way you do if they found themselves in your shoes, sweetheart. »

You didn't realize you were backing up while he approached to meet you, bringing your hands in front of your heart as if you wanted to prevent a sudden battle, until you felt something hard press against your back. The wall, it was the wall. You couldn't move anymore and here he was, standing just in front of you, so close you would have to squeeze to get out of this trap. You raised your terrified eyes to his and gasped at their emptiness once again, a strong shadow casting over Sans' skull.

« So tell me... » You sensed his hands were coated in red magic.« All of this kindness from you after I killed you so many times, what is that all about? You just wanted to pacify me so you could guilt-trip me about killing your only friend afterwards ? So that you can tame me like a bloody animal !? »

What was going on ? Why did he snap ? You scanned through your memories to try and understand why he became so aggressive all of the sudden, maybe find what triggered him... Nothing...

Maybe... You were the reason.

« No, I... I just want to help y- » you gasped, wide-eyed when Sans punched the wall just next to your head, panting loudly from anger.

« I don't need your goddamn kindness BULLSHIT ! » His right eye flared with the brightest red you had ever seen. « This is what you planned, right ? Like is this some kind of twisted shit you want me to get into and make me think I owe you something ? That you can control me because of your oh so-called “good intentions” ? » His arms were in the way and he was towering you with his height. You were a shaky mess and yet, your chest constricted in anxiety and still you felt anger boiling up inside of you. How could he... How could he think that ? « Spit it out. You want your revenge once
That was it. Anger took control of your body and the next second, you were pushing Sans so strongly he had to catch himself from falling backwards. He didn't expect that one. Tears were brimming in your eyes and your hands were balled up into fists. You were trembling uncontrollably from the fury that clouded your mind.

« You know what ? Yes ! Of course, I'm fucking mad at you !! You took my friend away and they'll never come back ! Never, you hear me !? You took my reason to live away and you tortured me so many times I can't even count them !! But don't you dare and tell me I'm a sick, twisted creature like you and that I play the innocent for some evil scheme ! »

You were fighting back the sobs to be able to speak, your hatred too strong to hold it back. You were staring at his shocked face and couldn't stop yelling at him, the words wouldn't stop spilling even if you wanted to keep them inside. But as you went on, your voice was becoming weaker.

« I thought... I thought you understood that when you came to talk about your problems to me !! I thought you understood I didn't mean any harm to you, to your brother, anyone ! I'm better than that...! I just... I just want to... I just want to... Keep going for Flowey and... Shine like before... »

You were now looking down, clenching your shirt in your hands. Salty water was running through your reddened cheeks. Anger was still present, but it let the place to sorrow, and here you were, sobbing in front of a broken down Sans. His anger left a moment ago when it collided with yours. You brought a hand to cover your face with shame.

« But... But I... Don't know what it's like to shine anymore... »

You kept weeping in this now silent room. You thought you had gained his trust, that he genuinely like you. You were wrong... How could you be so stupid ? They're all enemies. Flowey was right, you couldn't trust anyone here... You'll end up alone and die like the piece of shit you were. Your cries kept growing in power as the voices emerged from the darkness to speak again in your ears, singing their hainous words and reminding you of your deepest insecurities. You didn't want to give in, no, you didn't... You were doing so good ! You did your best, didn't you ?

Why

why
wasn't it enough?

You wanted to destroy everything in this room, scream until your fragile cords broke, you wanted to rip the skin off your arms and drown in your own fucking blood.

You'll never be good enough. You were and you always will be trash. There was no point pretending or even trying to be something else. You deserved what was coming for you.

Yeah, you deserve-

Sans’ sweet, calm voice tore you away from the thick clouds of your mind.

« Finally... You're capable of anger too... »

... What?

His hand gently pried yours from your face and sniffing, you looked up to him. He was close, you noticed, with a relieved smile on his face. « I was really starting to think something was wrong with you... »

You looked down again in shame. You broke down in front of him and you said horrible things... But here he was standing so close, his shadow casting over your small and trembling frame but this time you didn't budge. His aura wasn't predatory like earlier. It was even... Peaceful... How didn't he get any more mad ?? Why was he glad that you snapped back ?

Gently, he grabbed your chin between his boney fingers to make you look up at him. He wiped away the hot stream on your cheek with his thumb.

« Sweetheart... Showing anger doesn't make you into a bad person. Especially not you. You need to let it out so you don't explode, you know that ? »

You remained silent and stared at him with glistening eyes, your lips quivering. So that was it... He was worried.... God, don't break down again. Breathe... Your hands were cold from the sudden stress you went through and he noticed it. He took off his red turtleneck and dressed you up with it
while he wouldn't have anything else but a black shirt underneath to keep himself warm.

« Here you go. » he muttered once you were settled.

Both of you stayed still, facing each other in a heavy silence, Sans staring at you and you, at the tiled ground again. Your urge to self-harm still lingered in your blood, but it was easier to repress it now that you calmed down and felt his warm sweater hugging your little form.

« Hey... » He called and you gave him your attention again, still sniffing a bit. He took time to find the words, then once he found them, his tone was quiet. « Do you think... that even the worst person can change? » His glance lowered, avoiding your gaze now. « That everyone can be a good person, if they just try? »

You remained silent for a moment, while the monster was now piercing your eyes with his, a glimmer of hope and slight fear within them. For him, waiting for your answer was torture. Finally, you inhaled through your slightly open mouth and replied.

« I don't know... »

« I'm trying myself. »

Chapter End Notes

A drawiiiiiiing.

http://heavenfell-au.tumblr.com/post/141641920264/his-arms-were-in-the-way-and-he-was-towering-you
You find an old friend.

And a new one too??

You took a step towards the mirror, where the reflection was standing. You couldn't believe it. You had butterflies in your chest, hoping it was them.

« Flowey? » you asked shakily. The boy nodded, his eyes shut, before his smile widened. « B... But... How? This is... This is just a dream... I'm dreaming, ain't I? » you said with a broken tone, afraid that you were delusional again. He opened his eyes again to look at you, still with this soft expression of his.

« Indeed... You're sleeping, but this... Isn't a dream. »

The boy that called himself Flowey held out his hand for you to approach. You obliged and now you were standing in front of this transparent obstacle. You couldn't help but whimper. Was it really Flowey? This soft face, this gaze, this smile... It reminded you of the sweet flower. The boy closed his eyes for a brief moment.

« You're right doubting about me. I was expecting this... »

« How can I tell you're Flowey? » you asked him. He looked at you again before his gaze lowered towards your chest. You followed his glance but noticed nothing different than usual, so you understood that he was looking through his memories.

« We were always together. I was watching over you through your struggle to get away from... Toriel, then Sans and Papyrus before... You got wounded. I tried to shield you but as I was just a flower, the short skeleton monster had no trouble finishing me off. I just... I just remember your cries and after that... I was here. » While he explained, his hands were both holding out to you. You were crying silently.

« You... Really are Flowey... » You reached out and when your hand was close enough with the glass, Flowey's went through it to grab it gently, before his whole body followed. A second after,
here he was, standing in front of you. His smile weakened.

« But I have to say, Frisk... My name isn't Flowey... My real name is Asriel. Asriel Dreemurr. »

« Asriel ? » The teenager nodded.

« Somehow, I managed to find shelter inside your body... Yet, I don't know why... »

You both stared at each other in hope to find in the other's eyes answers. Then, suddenly, you remembered.

« The... The pellet. » both your gaze were wide at the realization. « I received a pellet into my SOUL when I embraced your corpse, that day... I nearly died from it. »

These news were a shock for him.

« Oh Frisk, I'm sorry ! I... I should have been more careful ! » he exclaimed while gripping tight on your arms, guilt heavy in his heart.

« No ! » At this moment, you were also gripping his forearms, your breath trembling. This yell made him freeze and look down at you. You lifted up your gaze to meet his, tears threatening to fall. « I... I was the one who should have protected you... I'm the one who was carefree... You don't know how sorry I am... » You repressed sobs. Asriel rested a hand against your cheek once your hold grew weaker and broke. You raised yours to put it on top without breaking eye contact and staring deep in his eyes, you breathed. « I missed you... »

Tears made their way down his soft face. He took a step closer to embrace you, an embrace that you accepted gladly. You both stayed there against each other, weeping softly on the other's shoulder. Too busy to cry and enjoy the warmth of his hold, you barely grasped a whisper in your ear that said:

« I'll never let you go ever again. »

You woke up in Papyrus' arms yet another time. You were also embracing him in your sleep and only noticed now that you've been weeping. Wait... Why were you crying ?

Two days have passed and you could say you fully recovered from your sickness. Fun thing is... The skeleton brothers didn't even care about tying you up anymore. Instead, Papyrus would just lock the front door and his own to prevent you from running away during the night. You wiggled in a sad attempt at breaking away from his grip, only making him embrace you tighter, tearing a little
strangled sound from you in the process. Oh boy, what have you done. And let's not talk about how his hipbones were digging painfully in your flesh. Guess that he really didn't need the shackles.

« Pap... Papyrus, please... » you whispered against his torso. You patted his back.

No reaction. Agh. He sure had a heavy sl-

You suddenly felt the pressure decreasing, allowing you to crawl away. The skeleton monster was now awake and staring at you.

« Still trying to jump my bones, human ? » he asked with a low, menacing tone.

Strange... His voice wasn't sleepy as you were used to hear anytime he'd wake up. You quickly shook this thought away, flustered as you hurried yourself to reply.

« No I swear, I... I just woke up and huh... Huh... » Damn, how were you going to explain to him that he was the one hugging you like a body pillow in his sleep ?

« I don't need your poor and pathetic excuses. » he retorted before he sat up and rubbed his arms at the dreadful thought that someone like you could touch him in his slumber. « Keep going this way, human, and I'll make sure you find your rightful place back at the shed. Understood ? » …. There was no point trying to defend, wasn't it. So for a while you remained quiet, then you looked up to his face and asked.

« Why didn't you put me back into my jail ? » you could hear him exhale sharply through his nasal bone and smile.

« Why ? Believe me when I say you don't want to know what is currently going on inside the shed. » He tilted a bit his head. Even thought it was dark, you could feel his glance travelling along your body. « Also... I recognize that you're useful to us and it gives me more time to stay at work without having to worry about my lazybones of a brother. What is worrying me now is having you trying to flee in my absence. » You looked away. « But you won't do it, will you ? Unless you're stupid enough to not realize that you're safer with us here. » you shook your head.

« No, I know that. »

The skeleton monster turned away from you and he couldn't help but stretch. You heard a few of his joints pop in the process, the painful sounds made you flinch in horror. Shortly after, you heard a muffled cry from the next room yelling :
Both of your reactions made Papyrus chuckle openly with dark amusement before he got up, turned his lamp's light on and went to his closet to change. Meanwhile, you were heading to the door and unlocking it now that you knew that Sans was awake.

« Hold on a second. » Papyrus' voice caught you off guard and you obeyed.

You dared looking at him, forgetting for a brief moment he was dressing up a few moments ago. He wasn't done dressing, yet you didn't recognize the outfit he usually wore since he had just a black pants with decorative belts on his thighs, a black polo-neck jumper and his arms were stuffed in another cloth when he stopped moving, slightly turned towards you to be able to watch your movements. You took a step away from the door.

« I'm almost done. I forgot to tell you that I had a day off, so today I'll be able to watch over you while my brother is at the sentry station. » he explained before he plunged his head into the new red fabric then pulled on it downwards, finishing putting his sweater on. The collar and the extremity of the sleeves were black with a few attaches which gave him quite a fancy look even in that simple civil outfit. He stared at you for a while, judging silently your poor dressing, before he went to search for something in his closet and throw it in your face.

« There. Get prepared, human. »

You were struggling just to free yourself from the limpy burden that was thrown on your frame, and once done, you realized it was clothes. A red and black turtleneck sweater, black shorts and black wool thighs for you to stay warm in this weather... And underwear. Nice touch. You were speechless until you noticed Papyrus opening the door and pushing you outside the room in a silent pressure to be quick. You couldn't help but feel flustered at the new items, and as you looked up to him, you realized you weren't the only one when both of your shy gazes met after you spotted the underwear. Hey, that guy, Papyrus. Despite telling you multiple times you were a wicked creature, he seemed to care about you enough to find a whole new outfit to replace the old clothes which were... Pretty much ruined last time you checked. It's with a smile you entered the bathroom.

When you returned, you were all clean, fresh, and finally dressed up with an actual and perfectly fitting outfit in this universe. Papyrus was in the living room with Sans. As usual, the lanky brother was commanding the shorter one to hurry the hell up and leave. Sans was reluctant, but he did so with the hidden fear of receiving a hit if he rebelled. The sight was painful. How could brothers have such a bad relationship? Sans eventually left the both of you alone. Silence filled the main room and you regretted for a while the smiling monster' departure, especially now that Papyrus' attention was all over you and scowling as ever. You also noted his glance checking you up with your new clothes and you couldn't help but freeze on your spot in awkwardness.
Okay well... Now what? You've had never been truly alone with this tall and menacing skeleton before and now you were together in this house. You both just stood there, staring at each other quietly before the monster sighed, went to lock the front door before placing the key inside his pocket so you would not try to run away whenever he looked away.

Papyrus then went into the kitchen for a handful of minutes to prepare something while you took advantage of his absence by taking place on the couch and greeting your furry friend as you waited for your guardian's return. When he did, he noticed that you settled on his favorite spot. You witnessed his facial expression change to annoyance and here went the sharp nasal exhale again when he approached to put the teapot he had in his hand down the coffee table. With a cup in his other, he stood in front of you.

« Move. » he demanded curtly.

Ohh... Realization hit and you quickly got off the furniture to let him settle down. For a little while, you stood there clueless about what to do so you just watched him serving himself some of this hot drink... That looked absolutely delicious. Even in the distance, the subtle aroma of this tea invaded your nostrils. Papyrus couldn't care less, he in fact chose a notebook that was resting on the coffee table as a way to pass the time. His scowl grew softer, so much that even his face features looked peaceful as he focused on the pages. Sometimes, he'd frown in thought before taking a pen that was in pair with the notebook and write. What was he even scribbling? Oh! You thought you could figure it out, maybe even make it as a topic of conversation! You eyed with a deep craving the tea that the skeleton was sipping anytime he took a pause to think. You finally decided to go and disappear in the kitchen with a light foot.

When you came back in the room, Papyrus was still sitting on the couch, but bending as if he readied himself to jump off it, his eyes looked on you and an arm lifted that summoned an arc of levitating bones above him. In a gasp, You nearly dropped the item you acquired from the next room; a teacup. Your chest was heaving fast from the sudden panic, suddenly you had this oppressive feeling in your ribcage that made you gasp for air. So you remained still on your spot, waiting for his move...

… That never came. Your hostage holder's magical attack disappeared in a fog of glittering dust as soon as he noticed the item sitting in your delicate but clasped hold. You didn't notice the rise of water in your eyes. Did he think... Did he think that you wanted to attack him? You took a quick look at the kitchen. Oh, yeah. There were plenty of dangerous tools in there... When your glistening eyes laid back on the monster, he wasn't so agitated anymore. Instead, a hint of embarrassment lingered on his face as he glanced down. He cleared his proverbial throat while he leaned back in the couch. Since you weren't so sure if you could approach him anymore, you tiptoed slowly and carefully towards the opposite side of the sofa and you sat there instead. It was so silent in here your soft sniffles were loud. God, the memories of those times where he stabbed you with those bones... Those horrific bones... How could you forget about it?

Meanwhile, the man took back the notebook he left aside earlier when he was about to attack you and returned to his activity. It looked like he was doing his best to act like nothing happened, but maybe were you looking into it way too much... It took some time for you to calm down, but your hands would remain icy cold because of the anxiety attack... So taking your courage with them, you bent to grab the teapot and serve yourself a cup of its content before you settled down again and studied Papyrus in the distance.
To think that he was the one who killed you multiple times already, weeks ago... Oh... Weeks ago, already ? It still felt like yesterday. It was insane that you'd stay around him after what he did to you in the previous timelines... But... that was the other timelines... He did his best to help you and treated you so much better than he should have, you couldn't take that from him, even if his harsh ways still made you cower. Now, look at him in his casual clothing and sipping tea and writing... Well, writing didn't seem to be the correct word since his hand was dancing so fast on the page in his scribbling. Still... He looked... Almost like a normal monster living a normal life in his normal home.

Curiosity was gnawing at you pretty hard, you couldn't help but lean forward just to try and see what he was doing... But it was no use ; you were too far to make it out... Would he let you approach after the incident ? You kept watching from your spot, breathing ever so slowly to remain calm.

The passion of a monster for writing filled you with DETERMINATION.

Finally, you fould the courage to sneak closer, but stopped your progress anytime his attention turned on you, to resume until you were next to him once he gave up on keeping you in check. He took a deep breath and exhaled through his nasal hole longly as a silent sigh, yet he didn't object your proximity. At least, he didn't reject you, and that was enough to give your heart a happy flutter. You tilted your head to see what he was doing. Oh. Puzzles. He was sketching puzzle ideas on this notebook. Neat ! He'd sketch a few of them, write some details in a corner, all this in a hurry as if he was afraid of forgetting the next second he thought of them. You silently read the whole concept while sipping your hot drink from time to time. Somehow, this situation made you forget what happened earlier and you felt safe and... Good, actually. A semblance of normality of some sort...

This is when you noticed Papyrus tapping on the paper frantically. Ah, it looked like he couldn't find a solution for his own puzzle. You glanced overall the ideas, searched for a while, before you gasped and looked up at him with a smile.

« What if you put another way here » you placed your finger on the spot, showing a forgotten path on his labyrinth-like puzzle. « and to get past it, you have to first encounter these... » you selected one or two the written ideas which consisted to face ever a monster or deactivate a dangerous, deadly trap. « Either way, without a chance to back up, the person will have to defeat the monster to make the door open since its magical presence feeds the captors, unless the enemy wants to spare them so they have to solve the puzzle in order to get through, then they’ll have to get here to encounter another problem... How about that ? » You showed another idea written in the corner.

The skeleton stared at you mouth agape, surprised that you'd speak up this easily and with such a bright smile on your face. He noticed something twinkling in your eyes, your enthusiasm perceptible with your suggestion. He couldn't help but smile in return, in his own way : a mischievous smile.

« I have to confess that you impress me, human. That can be a good idea... » he admitted when he
You were watching him doing so as he kept drawing and writing quickly. He'd let you give out ideas or share your point of view on his works, sometimes you even gave hints to keep the puzzle interesting or with greater challenges, although you showed how amazed you were by his own concepts and would praise him for them most of the time. Once in a while, he'd crack a satisfied smile or even a laugh. Seeing how much of a good mood he was in couldn't make you even more happy right now. Then, to your surprise, he spoke up again but to you this time.

« This puzzle is completed and it's thanks to you, human. Good thing I actually found someone as much into puzzles as I am. » You tilted your head a bit in response and asked in a curious tone.

« Doesn't your brother like puzzles ? »

« Sans ? Pfft ! He's just a lazy, useless wretch. He spends his days sleeping at the sentry or going at Grillby's. How could he be interested in such things ? »

You hesitated for a while as your eyes found interest in your now empty cup in thought.

« Papyrus... I was wondering... Please, don't take offense for what I'll be asking but... » you looked at him again. He was doing the same with questioning eyes, and a frown marked his face as if he was preparing himself to flip you. « You seem always unhappy, I mean... You're angry most of the time and... You always fight with your brother. Did something happen in the past for you two to be like this nowadays ? » The skeleton monster stayed silent for a while. He seemed to be taking some time to register what you were implying. You even dared lifting a hand up and he backed away a bit as it startled him. You stopped in the process and apologized for your rudeness, yet you really wanted to touch this crack on his eyesocket area. « Is this scar... Related to how you live now ? » He turned his head away to touch the crack, before he lowered his hand and looked at you again in the corner of his eyesockets.

« ... Hm... It's related somehow, but this was the time when Sans wouldn't hesitate to fight. This is when we were babybones, we were pretty close... But someday, my brother... He just lost something. I don't know why, or when exactly. He just wasn't the same anymore. »

You grabbed the teapot and made a gesture to suggest some which he accepted, letting you serve him the hot flavored water. You served yourself one drink as well before you put the teapot back onto the coffee table. Then you curled up next to the skeleton man who was holding the tiny cup between his slender, skeletal hands, plunging his gaze into the deep, honey color of the tea.

« Is this why you're angry as an adult ? Do you want your Sans back ? » you asked him softly. He remembered the bruise he got from the recent fight he had with his brother, and he nodded. « And
you think that... Violence would bring him back? » Now that you were thinking of it... His acting, his scars, his reaction when Sans hit him... This was all for Sans, because he was worried about him. He nodded again, before he looked at you and asked in a snap.

« How else can I do that? »

« By talking. Like we're doing right now. Have you ever tried to actually talk to him, Papyrus? »

Papyrus' leg jigged slightly in anxiety as he was looking down at his feet, gripping the cup tighter in his hands.

« We... We monsters don't talk. We fight. We kill. We take things when we have to and that's it. » he glared at you with this spiteful expression of his. « Down here, it's kill or be killed. Everyone knows that rule. We always lived that way, why should it be different now? »

« Did all that make you happy? » You hand rested on his forearm so gently he almost didn't feel it. It was when you added pressure that his arm reacted, twitching from the sudden feeling of your touch over him, but still managed to control himself and he kept it there. « Papyrus. Tell me. This violence. Does that make you happy now? Is this what you wanted for a life? »

He took a while to respond, but when he did, it was a shake with his head, glancing at the ground strongly, frowning even more at his lifetime memories that he buried came to surface again.

« Violence doesn't solve anything, Papyrus... I'm sure you know that, deep down. If you have problems, speak about them with someone. Someone you trust. » Even though Papyrus was still frowning gravely, he calmly stared at your face now. « Being abusive with your brother won't make him come back... He needs to see you care, because you do, that's for sure. » you smiled tenderly at him. « He needs you to be a brother, to talk with him peacefully like we're doing right now. He needs it just as much as you. Yourself will feel better... »

« How do you know this would bring me peace? »

« I can tell this is bringing you peace right now. » you squeezed his arm affectingly to emphase what you just said. You were right at this point; the skeleton relaxed as you kept your hand on him as a support, even his leg stopped bouncing. He sure didn't want to confess it as truth, still it was doing him good in the end.

After that conversation, the rest of the day went pretty well. Papyrus was softer with you and would even smile more often as you shared ideas about puzzles together, or when he'd tell you many of his stories behind the scars that his body proudly bore. This moment of such proximity made you forget your place in this world and yet, little did you know that this moment of peace wouldn't last long.
Sometimes I re-read to find wonderful typos such as glack for black.

Help me, I can't breathe.

Also, made a little drawing of the two cinnamon rolls of this chapter:

http://heavenfell-au.tumblr.com/post/141641983054/you-were-now-gripping-his-forearms-in-return-your
The day was far from being finished. It was actually around noon so you assisted Papyrus with setting the table while he was busy cooking. You could sense the comforting smell of pasta emanating from the kitchen. You then had a passing thought of Sans, so you went to check on his sibling.

« Papyrus ? »

« What is it, human ? »

You couldn't help but giggle internally when you saw that lanky, scary skeleton wearing a cooking apron with “I ♥ being edgy” written on it. You realized you had him waiting for your reply when you noticed that your “host” turned towards you and folded his arms, and even started tapping his foot in impatience.

« Come on, human. Do I have to remind you I'm busy ? »

« Oh, sorry ! I... Hm... Will Sans be there ? » you asked him with a visible embarrassment. You were holding your own arm awkwardly and shifting from a leg to another.

« No, unless he thought otherwise. »

« I see... » You looked away. What was with the sudden feeling that was rising up in your chest ? A mixed feeling of disappointment and relief and you couldn't shake it off.

« Why is that ? Did you want him to be with us ? » Papyrus smirked. You stiffened. Did you ? At the lack of answer, he looked away. « Hmpf. »

And so, you left the chef alone to finish his business.

You've had the most awkward lunch with this monster, in the heaviest silence you would ever bear. You did your best avoiding Papyrus' glance whenever he took a look at you. Sometimes throwing a glance at him to check if he was still studying you, you could tell by his interested expression in knowing if you were enjoying your meal and actually, yes, it was beyond amazing ! A perfect plate
of spaghetti, tomato sauce and meatballs. Simple but efficient.

« It's delicious, really! » You piped.

Although he didn't show any emotion other than this usual scowl, you could tell by the aura that was emanating from his frame that he was glad you were loving his dish. Even his body language let you know how he appreciated your compliment by the way he returned his attention on his plate and resumed eating. All he gave you in return was a pleasant silence and that's in a better mood that you went on with your food.

After the meal, you helped again with clearing and cleaning the table while Papyrus would take care of washing the dishes. Sharing some house duties with him gave a feeling of familiarity again, no matter how wrong it was, it still felt as if you always were a member of this family. Maybe it was fucked up, it didn't really matter at this point... What mattered now was your presence being accepted and it filled you with Determination! Maybe could you find a friend in Papyrus? Though you had to admit, you were scared to be the only one hoping for such a thing... He surely didn't give a crap about you. You were a nobody. Or maybe you were too pessimist...? Look on the bright side, at least Papyrus was relaxed around you today. And even his scowl was almost gone, and almost you could dare to think he was a harmless guy...

You recalled what happened a few hours ago.

… Yeah. Almost.

You were chilling on the sofa, back to petting the dog when Papyrus came back in his usual outfit. Surprised not to see him in his previous clothes, you dared asking him:

« Wasn't it your day off, today? » He spared a cold glance at you before a smirk rose up on his dented mouth.

« It is. But you see, human, I'm still a busy man and I have a few things to be done with. » Immediately, your blood turned cold and your face went pale.

« Wait... What do you mean...? » you asked with a flat voice. He chuckled darkly as he noticed your fear.

« Fret not, human. I won't work on my day off for you. » he assured you before he went to the front door to unlock it while you'd be thinking of the different possibilities. Then, he opened the door. He was about to leave when you got up and started following him.

« Papyrus, where are you going? » he was about to close the door behind him when he saw you just
standing a few feet away.

« That's none of your business, human. » he coldly retorted with that scornful glance again. Since he wouldn't even give you a hint, you had to think by yourself and eventually, you remembered what he said this morning. Your mouth parted in shock.

« Wait... Wait, are you going to the shed ? » you asked. Bull's eye. He reacted to it by only grinning mischievously and it made your stomach turn. « What's in the shed ? »

He tried to close the door but you forced it open and jumped on him when you got the chance, tearing a surprised yelp from the spiky skeleton as your bodies fell heavily in the cold snow.

« Don't do this, Papyrus ! » you yelled when he fought you back, only to bury the both of you in the white snowery powder.

« Ah, I knew that you weren't spineless ! » the monster replied with that evil grin again. « Go on, try and attack me ! But you have to acknowledge, human, that I'm the most powerful of Royal Guards aside Undyne ! And it's more likely impossible and only painful for you to try and defeat me ! »

On these words, he embraced your body with his slender arms before he made you both roll on his right, ending on top of you as you were tangled up together in the snow. You couldn't repress the squeal as the cold humidity slipped through your clothes, but still resisted. Seeing you trying to grab onto him made him laugh openly as he just gripped your neck to pin you unto the ground while he'd get up on his knees and loom over you.

« I have to admit, human, that I like your bravery. Daring to stand up against me like that, with such a frail, weak, powerless body of yours... I could even dare to say I find it adorable... Such a shame you have to die really soon. » he said in a low tone before he cackled. « If it can be of any comfort, I'll remember you, even after your death. »

He tightened his grip on your throat to cut your air way. You were now gasping and holding his wrist with both of your hands like a lifeline while you'd try and helplessly fight back with your legs in vain. He wouldn't budge. His other hand, which was first used for taking support, came to gently caress your face with the back of it.

« I'll remember those eyes, this face, this voice of yours... And your sacrifice. »

The Royal Guard let go of you and you wheezed in relief the second you breathed again. He cackled at your misery again, then got up and walked to the shed not so far from your position while you were busy whimpering from the dizziness he inflicted you. He opened the door, just before he was tackled and buried into the snow a few feet away. You charged at him and were now on top of him,
panting heavily from the adrenaline. He was shocked to be down this easily and he glared at you, while you were doing your best to put weight on his torso, holding him down by his shoulders.

« Please, Papyrus, listen to me! You don't need to do this, you don't have to hurt whoever is in that jail! » You were crying above his face. It has been so long since he saw you shed tears that his mouth parted and he lay there, voiceless under you. You were shaking against him. « There is always a way that doesn't involve violence! You know it, don't you? » At this moment, you were too stressed out to know what to say to change his mind. He was staring at your face in silence before he huffed.

« You live in a dream, human. Violence is only what exists here. » he pushed you away so strongly you flew feet away and crashed in the snow, tearing a yelp from you at the impact. The spiky monster got up with grin. « Tell me three good reasons for me not to go in this shed. You have ten seconds. »

Ten seconds? You noticed him raising one hand with his five fingers extended. This is when he started the countdown, by closing one by one his fingers, that you realized he was actually giving you a chance.

« One... »

Oh god, what could you say? Of all the worlds existing, why couldn't you think of anything now? You stumbled over words before you finally found the ones you were searching for when he reached the fourth number.

« I don't want you to go and torture them because there's so much more than violence! »

« Five... »

You took a step towards him. He started extending his fingers again in the next half of his countdown.

« I don't want any more blood on your hands, Papyrus! You've done enough! There is... There is another way, you don't have to live like this! »

Imagining what he must have gone through in his life to end up this way tore your heart. You kept walking towards him. The adrenaline numbed most of the pain even though you could still feel some strain in your legs from time to time. These words caught him off guard for a split second before he
resumed.

« Nine... »

« I don't know what you had to live down here but I do know you're suffering, and yet... Yet... I admire your strength, your numerous talents and your passionate soul! I... I really look up to you, Papyrus! And I care about you, just as much as I care about Sans! »

He stopped counting. The last words were still echoing inside his chest. Despite the cold striking your fragilized body, the desire to tell him what was on your chest burned in your veins. You clenched your fists and you yelled.

« You all deserve to know freedom and happiness! That's why I'll go and see Asgore, I'll give him my SOUL myself, for you!! »

You didn't know but these words you said, they meant something for him just as much as they did for you. It needed a while for him to get his breath steady again when you stopped a few feet away from him, panting in your efforts, both emotional and physical. Your teeth chattered so cold you were... Even your fingers had an ice touch in your clenched fists.

« Alright then, human. I can tell your words were honest and I must say they were pleasing to my ears; even though I don't have any. So I'll suggest a deal. »

« A... Deal? » you panted. He nodded, his smirk appearing on his mouth for another time.

« Let's have a duel. You and me. If I win, I'll give you to my King, a- »

« Dea- »

« Let me finish first, human. » he cut you off as well, way more harshly. « I'll give you to my King but not before I tortured you myself. After all... He said alive, but didn't say a word about the state of your vessel. So I figured it would be fine for me to have a little fun with you first. » You gulped loudly and he heard it because he chuckled right after that. « IF you win... I'll stop torturing others, for good. Deal? »

« Deal. »

He raised his gloved hand towards your chest then he closed it into a fist and as he turned his head away and shut his eyesockets, he pulled your SOUL out. When he opened his eyes again to look at you he was shocked. Catching back your breath after that strange sensation that you never could get used to, you noticed his expression and curious. It was your turn to lower your glance on your SOUL and you gasped.
It was red for sure, but the pellet you received a few weeks before made such a big damage over it plus the new injuries you got from the current fight you picked up with your opponent, covering your hurt area in a dark red, almost black color. It still had cracks in it but was mostly scared all over it. Some scars were closed, some were still fresh and deep. Heck, this heart thing wasn't pretty at all to see... Papyrus was speechless as he was staring at it. It was the second time he was acting this way whenever he had to see your soul. He shook his head and set his fight stance.

« On guard ! » he said, before he smirked. « And losers first. »

You chose to ACT and tell him you really meant the words you said. He brushed it off with the back of his hand.

« Alright, then... Don't tell me I didn't give you a chance. » he said lowly before a set of femurs appeared out of the fog. One after another, he sent them towards you while you'd dodge them as best as you could manage with your injured leg. You winced in pain when you almost got hit by the last one before you stood up, sweating and panting. « Hm, not bad. » he commented.

It was your turn. He was crossing his arms as he waited impatiently for you to do anything. Fight ? Act ? You didn't want to even lay a hand on him, far from it really, so you chose to say :

« What I said about your talents, it still stands up. I find them all outstanding ! Especially cooking, why don't you spend more time into this ? It's way healthier than torture ! » You learned that praising was something that always managed to soften him. But unexpectedly, he laughed at this.

« Pardon me, human, but torture is tastier for me ! »

Another range of bones were thrown at you but faster and with a different pattern. Some of the femurs were red, so you stopped moving at this moment. Through your way here, you were taught that this trick would cause damage only if you moved when it passed through you. But this time, you took two hits. One from a normal attack then by a red one that followed just behind. Your arm was hurt, so you held it against your chest while you stood up to face a grinning Papyrus.

« Let's cook something together later ! » you suggested him with a smile. He tilted his head. He seemed to consider it.

« We'll see about that. Until then, watch out for my special attack. »

A special attack ? Then he sent a few femurs towards you, which you managed to dodge easily
enough. Well, it was quite an easy turn! Until your whole body was circled with a red glow and felt like it was made of lead now. Then a bone knocked you hard, tearing a pained yelp from you. What was that?!?

« That's my special attack! » he laughed at your incredulous face. Holy cow did it hurt your back so bad... At least, you kept standing up. Hardly but, still.

« I don't want to fight you, Papyrus! » you tried to reason with him fruitlessly since you received another attack and you yelled in a response.

You had to jump to avoid the bones thrown in your way or limp around when it was possible. You could hear the skeleton man cackling at your struggles.

« You're too slow, human. »

Through next minutes, you were still trying to talk to him but at some point, he would not even listen to your pleas anymore. The vicious man just kept attacking you mercilessly. So whenever it was your turn, you fought back with peace and stood strong with a smile. It'd send him over the edge of anger and the violence of his attacks would only multiply depending on the scale of his wrath. You'd be hit multiple times and yet you'd hold on just right and keep going your way. After a while, his voice boomed.

« WHY. DON'T YOU. FUCKING. FIGHT, HUMAN !? QUIT THE ACT AND FIGHT ME FOR ONCE !! » his voice was so powerful you almost fell on your bottom out of surprise! Usually, his tone is so quiet and collected everyone needed to stop just to hear him speak. You weren't expecting him to have a thunder-like voice when mad!

But you stared at him in the eye and only shook your head when you stood straight again. This made him roar of rage and he threw another range of red bones towards you. You weren't budging as some of the bones passed through or close to you, then one which was material passed and cut your soft skin. To bear the pain you clutched your fists, no matter how much you wanted to vocalize it. He was losing his temper while you kept yours in check, although you were the one suffering the damages right now. You had to keep going. You had to keep sparing him.

Determination was chanting in the back your head like that one cheerleader with a losing team. Now, Papyrus wouldn't stop throwing his attacks while screaming pure rage. You dodged some of the attacks but one hit your already hurt leg and you squealed in your suffering, almost falling as you lost your balance. You kneeled down, panting loudly just as Papyrus who stood there, wondering if you were finally beaten. But you stood up again. Come on buddy, you had to stay determined. The skeleton man was sweating and panting, shaking with exhaustion in front of you.
A few attacks later, here he was falling on his knees in defeat.

« I don't understand... Why... Why won't you fight back...? » he panted as you walked closer. His defeated and exhausted gaze lost at the ground. « I've lost... in front of a human... How...? How can... The Great and Terrible Papyrus... Possibly lose in front of a simple, miserable human...? I don't understand... »

You lifted your arms to his head. He stiffened when he felt your touch before his face was brought against your chest. The monster stopped his motions and even got his breath stuck in his throat as he heard your vivid heartbeats. Something that he found fascinating back when he treated your sickness. After a few seconds of holding him against you, you could feel his shoulders relax when he finally gave in your touch with a sigh of relief.

He's sparing you.

You spared him.

His arms slowly covered the back of your body as they made their way around you. The skeleton was holding you so gently now, afraid that any more pressure on your badly damaged body will finish you off. Now that the battle was over, your SOUL returned in its rightful place under Papyrus' calm, tired watch. It was then when you felt all the pain you couldn't feel much before pouring all over you like heavy rains. It was suddenly too much to take that your vessel that dropped against your ex-opponent as it shut down on its own. The slender man was holding you tighter against him while you started howling in pain. You weren't able to move at all so you just buried your face against his scarf and cried your suffering out. You forgot the effects of having your SOUL cut out of your body in a fight... You would not feel the pain as strongly as you're supposed to, as if you were disembodied, until the culmination of your being would return into its rightful place... Then... You would feel it all of the sudden. All the damage, all the hurt... It was there now and somewhere in the back of your head, you regretted all the actions that led you here for a quick second. The skeleton kept embracing you and trying to soothe you with quiet “shhh”.

« Fear not, human. I'm a man of words, so your suffering isn't in vain. I, the Terrible Papyrus, will quit on torturing monsters... And humans. » At least the pain was worth it, you thought. Your hands still gripped him vice-like, your whole body trembling through the cold and the trauma.

« Thank you, Papyrus... » You said even muffled by the leather of his shoulder guard your face was buried into.

« Don't thank me. It's not by kindness I'm doing this. A deal is a deal. » he growled. Silence settled between you both for a while, until you spoke again, calmed down but still sore and frozen.
« Papyrus...? » you called out softly. It caught his attention.

« What is it, human? »

« Are you... Are we friends now? »

« Friends? What is even a friend? » he asked, frowning.

« Someone you can trust. » A moment passed by when Papyrus reflected upon this.

« Can I trust you? » he asked again. You nodded silently, your arms tightening around him to put emphasis on your quiet answer as you nuzzled back into the armor to avoid getting hit in the face by the cold wind. He remained silent and due to the fact you were held against his frame, you couldn't see him blushing from your proximity.

« Papyrus... » you called out again. He just waited for you to continue. « ... Are you happy now? »

Silence.

You looked up to see him looking back at you with a soft smile on his dented mouth.

« I am. »

Chapter End Notes

A little drawing about that one moment.

http://heavenfell-au.tumblr.com/post/141922992789/the-slender-man-was-holding-you-tighter-against

Also, thank you so much for all your feedbacks, bookmarks and kudos, I feel so spoiled ;A; love you !!
You refused the lanky skeleton’s offer to carry you back to his house. Instead, you stood back up and went limping to the shack while he followed you close and let you open the door before the two of you disappeared inside the shed. He didn't bother repress a growling sigh at your stubborness, and you didn't care. You needed to know.

Now you regretted it. Your stomach almost spilled its content in horror when you saw what was going on in this jail. A cat monster, seemingly a young male, dressed in work clothes, was tied up to a chair and covered in blood. At first glance, you couldn't tell if he was alive or dead, so you threw a panicked glance at your new friend, who wasn't ashamed at all... In fact it was... the total opposite. Tears welled up in your eyes and the worried glance you had turned into a glare.

« Stop with that accusing face, can't you see he's still alive ? » he glared back before a scornful smile appeared on his face. « Seems like you still don't know how things work down here. » No and you didn't want to.

« Open the door. » you ordered him dryly. On top of the cold, you were trembling just as much as your breath in anxiety and anger because of the current state of Papyrus’ victim.

You were now staring at the electronic lock on the wall in front of you decisively. You wouldn't change your mind, you were too determined for that and he knew it. That made him sigh in exasperation and he executed your demand. You were congratulating yourself internally to make this menacing, dangerous monster obey to an order, he who always been the one giving them. Yet, you didn't forget to thank him as you opened the door once the trap was deactivated and you rushed inside towards the tortured soul. As soon as you could, you cupped their head with your hands to make them look at you.

« Hey... Hey, are you there ? » you asked the monster.
When you spoke up and touched him, he frowned and made visible efforts to blink his eyes open. He groaned from the pain that was awakening with him and his vacant glance finally found its light back it rested on your face. In sudden fear for his safety, he swiftly freed his head from your hands with an audible gasp and a hissy spit. He started hyperventilating in panic, wide terrified eyes locked on you.

« No, no, it's okay, I'm not here to hurt you. » you assured him with a steady, soft voice with one of your hands resting on his shoulders. You moved aside, your other hand laid on his lap when you needed support to squat next to him, and you noticed right then that he didn't pay you attention. His eyes shifted on Papyrus as soon as he entered the jail. « Oh... Yeah... Don't worry my dear, he won't lay a single finger on you ever again, I made sure of that. We're here to release you instead. » you smiled at the prisoner while you crouched to free his ankles from the attaches. The Royal Guard stayed distant and watched you silently. You didn't notice that the cat monster had a predatory eye on you while you were still focused on his feet, before you heard Papyrus snap.

« Cat. » His sudden call out made the two of you stop in your actions to look at him. If a look could kill, Papyrus' death would have done it by now. « Stop staring at the human that way or it's not a simple punishment for drug and stealing matters you'll get. »

The concerned one just shook in fear in response. If he didn't have any red fur, you'd see the colors of his face fading too, instead you just felt his aura agitating underneath his skin and saw his hair standing up on his bared forearms and tail. You couldn't help but pet his head once you stood up again and went to untie his wrists. You could see the multiple injuries he had on his body, all the blood pooling on the floor... You felt lucky Papyrus never did such a thing to you. You couldn't help but pet his head once you stood up again and went to untie his wrists. You could see the multiple injuries he had on his body, all the blood pooling on the floor... You felt lucky Papyrus never did such a thing to you. You noticed that you were shaking too when you caught yourself thinking about it and because of that, you were clumsier than you used to be. When you finally freed the poor tortured monster, he took a moment to stand up. The look of wary marked his face, a solid evidence that he still wondered if his release was a real, test or a nasty prank.

« Go on, “Burgerpants”. » Papyrus warned with a fierce glance. « You can leave... Unless you were enjoying our little play times. Just a friendly reminder that if you dare steal gold from work for your dirty drug deals again, this time won't be nice little cuts you'll leave with... If you leave, that is. » he smirked, which made the so called Burgerpants hiss in fright.

Then he stood up, lost his balance for a portion of his tail was missing before he threw a hesitant look at you in a deafening silence, then he stumbled until he reached the cracked open door and disappeared through it. Seeing how badly hurt he was awoke your need to follow and help him, but knowing your own current state, you wouldn't be of any use. You turned to look at Papyrus with a heavy heart. He was just grinning, probably because he enjoyed how bad the other monster suffered before he noticed your glance and stopped doing so. It would be bold and unfair of you to scowl him over this when he already promised not to torture anyone anymore... Of course his demeanor wouldn't magically change in one day. Sighing, you then turned towards the shining sta.... The shining star wasn't here anymore. You looked around.
« Where is it ? » you asked, already feeling the tension rise inside.

« What ? » Papyrus who was still folding his arms arched a browbone.

« The SAVE star... » your voice couldn't help but shake.

Oh, that was bad. Your whole body felt heavy all of the sudden, even your breathing heaved. It showed signs of exhaustion and afraid, you got a quick grip on the chair that was one or two steps from you. Damn anxiety and today's big ass dose of effort, because you had no energy left. He didn't seem to notice your panting and trembling as he replied.

« Oh, this... Sans brought it back to its rightful place- » Your falling frame is what cut him in his reply so he unfolded his arms, startled. He walked closer to your collapsed form while he sighed, annoyed. « Lord, you're so weak ! I can't believe I got defeated by such a pathetic creature like you. » You managed to muster the rest of your strength to get on your knees by the time he reached your slouching and panting form. You had no more ability to move so sore and exhausted your body was. You laughed softly.

« I know... I'm sorry, Papyrus. » he kneeled down next to you before you felt his slender, boney arms wrap your back and under your knees to lift you up, cradling you like a baby against him.

« Stupid human, making me do such embarrassing things... » he grumbled. « Can't believe we were taught you creatures were supposed to be strong and vile... And not... This. » his voice was flat in the end, as he tried to come up with another word to describe you in vain.

Your heart fluttered at this moment with the need of giggling hitting hard. Maybe it was because you'd have never thought that the Terrible Papyrus would ever hold you this way except for when he slept, or maybe just because embarrassment oozed from his entire being... Yet you managed to contain the outburst to just a hardly restrained amused smile. You didn't want him to misinterpret your reaction after all !

You felt comfortable in his hold, so much that you'd fall asleep right then. You turned your head to hide your face against his chest. A sharp exhale escaped from his nasal hole drew your attention back on him. He was looking away with a bright blush dusting his cheekbones. Oh. Okay. This guy was easily flustered, wasn't it. You buried your head again before he could realize you were watching. He decided to walk at some point, you didn't know when for sure cause all the previous adrenaline was kicked out of your system by exhaustion, and you faded away in a matter of seconds.

If you opened your eyes now, it was only because someone was frantically flipping shit around as they searched for something in your surroundings. You were back at the skelebros' house and currently laying down on the couch. It was certain that someone could hear that noisy bastard turning this house upside down from miles. Speaking of the bastard, it was Papyrus searching for something in the kitchen and grumbling loudly when his researches appeared fruitless while his dog AD was
sitting next to you. Its whimpers made you turn your head towards the animal and smile at it.

« I'm okay, baby dog, I'm okay... » you whispered with that baby voice you always took when speaking to the white beast.

And a sloppy tongue came across you face before Papyrus' snarl interrupts you both in your cuddle session. The skeleton monster rushed back to the living room visibly upset and started to move heaven and hell to find something he might have lost around. Which was pretty unlikely of him, you thought...

« What is it ? Did you lose something ? » you risked to ask then winced from a stinging sensation as you tried to sit up.

Still on his nerves, he glared at you before looking away and sighed. For a moment he closed his eyelids and with two fingers, he rubbed the tense nasal bridge. Something you observed a lot the times when he had to recollect himself.

« It appears that we have ran out of healing items on you... I need to go and buy some. »

He didn't let you reply that on these words, he disappeared in his bed room for a short while. The living room only started to fill with a heavy silence that was immediately chased away by the sounds of Papyrus' return with a purse in his hand. When he passed close enough, you grabbed his forearm under AD's startled watch. Papyrus naturally stiffened at your sudden approach before his guard went slightly down as his eyes laid on your cut-covered face.

« Can I go with you ? » you asked so gently that it made him flinch. He visibly was still not used of this kind little creature you were. He tried to back away but it only made your grip tighten around his combat glove so the skeleton stops to think for a moment, looking at the house, the dog, you, the house again... Before his glance met your pleading eyes again. « I need to SAVE... »

A couple of seconds passed as you both had a stare contest before the Royal Guard sighed. You won the game.

« Fine, do as you please. Though you'd better not slow me down, human. » he warned you uselessly because your face lit up the second he accepted, and so you got up from the couch.
You were doing your best not to show pain, so much that your hurt leg remained by far the only proof of your struggles. Papyrus opened the door to step outside and you followed him accompanied by the dog. You hadn't noticed it behind you until you felt its head spread your legs and the next second, you were straddling the animal's back to your great surprise. AD threw a smug glance at you while you rested your still able hand on its collar under Papyrus' watch. He still couldn't believe the dog was showing so much affection towards you and you only. Maybe was he jealous finding it so obedient and caring with you ?? With relief, you bent down and patted the pet's head while it began carrying you around next to Papyrus. You were so small compared to these creatures, you couldn't possibly have caught up with their pace.

The speed at which they travelled across the snowy stretches of land to the lights of the town would have made an arduous journey for you if you'd have been on your own but for these monsters ? It was nothing at all. You swayed on the back of the hound that graciously carried you to the front of the Shop in the heart of the town.

« How are you still alive ? » the shop owner asked when she recognized your face.

You were standing close to Papyrus, and thanks to his incredible height, it was convenient to hide behind his figure. He drew a protective arm just above your head to shield you.

« This human, lady, is my entire responsibility. See ? I captured this vile creature and I'm going to deliver it to the King shortly. »

« Oh, congratulations, Sir Papyrus. » she said with a noticeable sarcastic tone. « I wonder how it managed to survive so long until then. » while she observed you and took note of your health. You were still in one piece but enough beaten up to believe his words. Papyrus was looking over you before he replied.

« Me too. I wouldn't be surprised if it stole from someone. You know how humans are cunning. »

« Yeah. So you better be careful around it. It would be tragic to lose our most talented Captain because of this thing. » she spat while glaring at you.

How dared she say that you could murder your newest friend, after your last talk with her ? She surely didn't expect you to glare back at her because her expression melted. Then her stupefied eyes shot up to Papyrus as if she was about to speak about your silent threat. The big boy wasn't pleased either by the way he was scowling at her. Seems like you were both on the same page. GG, team work.

« Are you telling me that I could possibly be wiped by this small, weak breathing thing, lady ? Are you doubting my capacities ? » he growled as he stared daggers at the rabbit monster. She hurt his ego. She flinched and hurried to agitate both her hands in panic.

« N-No of course not, I would never imply that ! E-Ever ! » he grinned at this response. A terrifying aura emanated from him, so strongly that you didn't even need to see his face to know how scary he
looked right now. Only looking at the bunny monster's terrified expression was enough to tell.

« Good. Now, let's talk business. » he replied as he took support on the counter with his arm and a leg crossed with the other. Funny to see him taking a seductive pose when his face didn't match in the slightest.

« Yes... » she murmured in a breath.

You were now taking a few steps away to look through the window in the corner of the hallway. It looked peaceful outside. Not a lot of monsters were out and if they were, they wouldn't stick around each other long let alone out. Everyone acted suspicious or menacing and it wouldn't be surprising to see two or three fuckers fight at some point...

« I can't believe it became like this... » a voice tore you from your reverie.

You whiped your head around as you expected to see someone standing right behind you, only to find Papyrus and the seller talking business in the distance. You were on your own. You turned your eyes towards the window again. That was... Weird... Maybe was it someone outside and you were too focused to notice them?

« Silly, I really doubt that you'd hear them that clearly if it was the case. » A shiver of horror ran up your spine. It was coming from the back of your head. How ?? Were you going crazy ? « No you're not. » the voice sighed in disappointment. « I guess that you really can't remember me outside your sleep... »

« F... Flowey ? » you thought.

« Asriel. »

« Agh, sorry. » you ducked your head out of embarrassment only to wince because of your sore muscles in your shoulders. Dear lord you're stupid.

« It's okay, I would be confused too if I was in your shoes... Which I am currently but... » Asriel laughed at the sudden realization. You couldn't help but smile at how innocent he sounded. Oh, this laugh, you could recognize it even in the middle of a crowd ! An urge to cry overwhelmed you. He was really there, you thought. He wasn't gone. « Hey, it's okay, of course I'm here ! Please don't cry, or I'll feel like a douche... » You shook your head.

« No it's... You don't know how relieved I am to be able to talk to you again... » you sniffed a little and wiped the tears that were clouding your eyes with your sleeve. « I can hardly believe it's true... »

Your friend stayed silent for a while. You were waiting for a response. Was he already gone ? The thought of his possible departure made your anxiety peak for a second. You called out to him. Still no response. You could feel your body slouch on its own in disappointment until you heard him again.
« It was... It was a really nice battle. » he said with a soft, hesitant voice. « back to the shack... »
Your soul swoon at this compliment.

« Than- Oh... You saw that ? » you asked him.

« Er... Yes ? I mean, I... I see and feel everything now... »

The joy that was swelling your soul suddenly left place to a suffocating, icy hold of it. You glanced down, gripping your sweater in your hands.

« I experienced your deaths... » he kept going. « How... How could you hold on through this hell ? »
his voice on the edge of breaking as if he was about to cry. You could even see him in your thoughts, his expression full of pain.

« You... It was for you... »

Your reply took him by surprise because he gasped. The weird part was that your body reacted as well as if it was your own reaction. Still staring at the ground, you raised a hand to grip at your arm but you winced when the pain shot through it. You hissed and looked at yourself. Wait. Something was off.

« What is it ? » Asriel asked, now concerned.

You noticed the rips in your sweater. Good lord, they were new clothes ! You sighed in annoyance before you noticed that your shorts were also ruined... You looked closer and almost fell on your bottom at the horrifying discovery. At first glance, your black thighs didn't look ripped until you focused and finally noticed that the holes were showing pitch-black skin. What the fuck ?! Your legs were fully black ? Oh no... It couldn't be real. Anxiety rose up so fast you had trouble to breathe. This wasn't happening, no... This couldn't be happening ! It was a nightmare, what if someone noticed ?

Keep calm, you told yourself.

Yet you could still feel your heart rate increasing as you stood motionless and stared blankly outside of the window, struggling with your own breath to even think rationally. Your knees weakened so much your legs wobbled. Voices quickly overtook your mind. Chest was tight and your vision started to shrink. The urge to scream at the voices to shut up kept growing. No, no, no... You knew that Papyrus was going to look at you if you didn't control yourself, and yet, and yet...!
« Breathe in slowly » Your best friend whispered over the voices, so close to your ears so you could focuse on him and him only. You followed his instructions the best you could, shuddering in the process. « Hold. »

You did so and the waiting part was certainly the worst. For these passing seconds, you wondered what was that going to do. Your heart was pounding heavily in your ears and you could even feel your chest shake under the strong beats. The whispering voices still talked but you held on.

« Good. Now, breathe out. Slooowly... » you obeyed again and you started to feel the effect right away. Your air way was relaxing just enough for you to breathe slightly better. « Do it again. » After a few times, you felt your heartbeat finally slowed down to an acceptable pace and slowly, the voices faded into faint murmurs. « There you go, friend. »

« Do you know what that is ? » you asked him once you were calm enough despite the lingering anxiety. You could sense him shake his head.

« I'm afraid I don't... It started a while ago though, I noticed that time in the bathro- » he shut up at this moment and you felt your face flushing a bright red. The memory of you standing in front of the mirror flashed in front of your eyes. Oh. That's right.

« ... It was you who were flustered, wasn't it ? » you asked him with a smirk printed on your face. He replied with only an embarrassed laugh. « I should have known that thinking “Golly” wasn't from me. You lil' sneaky sneak snuck- »

Asriel was about to reply when you heard Papyrus' voice raise a little as he was finishing his business with the seller.

« Goodbye, my lady. »

« Thank you for your purchases, goodbye. » she replied with a strained smile.

You couldn't sense your friend anymore, maybe he went back into a corner of your mind ? You turned to look at your skeleton companion who was walking towards you then he grabbed a fistful of your arm, which made you yelp in pain without him caring because he just dragged you outside in a heavy silence. Your feet were sliding on the melted snow turned into ice as you tried to keep up with his pace.

« P-Papyrus, you're hurting me... » you told him with a weak voice.

You kept trying to pry his hand off you but his grip was strong, and strong enough to dig his digits in your soft skin. Once Papyrus judged that your group was far away enough from the shop, he
released your limb so abruptly you tumbled. AD, who was sitting at the shop's door like the good
guard dog it was, returned at your side to check up on you with a little tilt to its head.

« Remember that others need to see you as my prisoner or else, they'll attack you. Understood ? »
Papyrus whispered to you, bending over you to be able to see your eyes since he was so tall in
comparison. You nodded silently. The Royal Guard brought a hand between your shoulder blades as
an encouragement to walk. « Let's go. »

« Wait... » You turned your head around.

From what you could remember last time you came across the town, the SAVE star was somewhere
near the shop. You noticed it floating back in its previous spot. You escaped your caretakers'
vigilance for a second to reach it, soon followed by Papyrus' protests. He approached with his
companion while grumbling about “how fucking stubborn you little shit were” and how “you were
going to get killed”, but you didn't pay any mind. You knew he would protect you.

Snowflakes peacefully fell down in the growing darkness of nightfall. That SAVE point was like a
tiny sun in the middle of this place, twinkling gently as it stood there a foot from you. Its peaceful call
was impossible to resist to, you raised your hands around it then brought it against your heart,
admiring this gift through lidded eyes. It was so calming, so comforting... The light shone brighter at
your contact and you closed your eyes.

✧✦✧

Papyrus was standing next to you, voiceless as he watched the scene. It was the first time he was
witnessing such a thing... What was he thinking at this moment, eyeing you with this surprised,
fascinated face ? Hasn't he ever seen something like this in his lifetime ? To be honest, he never did.
And seeing your small, soft figure resting against this tiny, shining star, so weak and yet so...
Peaceful... Something danced inside his ribcage, like a bird desperate to break free. He couldn't
understand this sensation, but he knew. He knew this was the most beautiful thing he ever saw in his
entire existence. Something new, something pure... Something that wasn't tainted by this corrupted
world. How did this creature survive this long ? They fell down into this forgotten universe like a gift from above and showed mercy, kindness, concern for
all he saw. Each time they could have taken the opportunity to hurt or kill, they simply acted
otherwise and offered a smile, an embrace, a caress...

This couldn't be possible. Were the books about humans wrong ? Were the stories pure lies ? Were
all the humans like you ? Were you only human ? These were the questions he was dying to ask.
Something was coming to life inside his chest, something he thought he would never feel. The need
to protect them. The need to keep them from all harm. If he ever said that out loud, his brother would
be ashamed of him. The other monsters would laugh at his face.... Undyne... Undyne would dismiss
him... Even worse, King Asgore would execute him for high treason. But he was going to bring the
human to him... Wasn't he ? But... They were going to die if he did so... And yet... But yet...
« I have to keep going... »

What? This soft-spoken voice, yet vacant, shook him out of his inner fight. The human was looking up, staring off blankly in the distance with the shining star still held against their chest.

« I need to keep going... I need to... »

The whole scene was odd. Papyrus took a step closer.

« Human. What are you do- »

« I'm running... Out of... »

Their irises were glistening in this off-putting, unexpressive gaze when the star's light kept growing stronger, even blinding. They kept saying the same words over and over again, while their hair started floating as if in a breeze. Was that magic? How could a human do that? Nothing in his books mentioned that humans could use magic on their own outside of a fight against a monster, which was kind of freaking the edgy skeleton out now. He only realized he rushed to them when he grabbed their shoulder.

« Hey! » he shouted loud enough for the little one to notice his presence. They were now looking at him, their livid eyes slowly coming back to life as they snapped back to reality. Right then, the star burst into glimmering dust. All seemed to have returned to normal after that incident, only he was left with an anxious human now.

« Papyrus... We need... We need to see the King really soon. » they whispered with a shaky, weak voice. He noticed that they were taking his big hand between their small, delicate ones before he looked up to their face again. « Please... » This expression of theirs... They were afraid. Here was that unholy feeling emerging again. Papyrus clenched his fist in Frisk's and frowned as he tried to kill that unwanted desire inside of his chest. He could sense their fear, so thick around their soul... He ignored what the star did to them, but if it scared them enough to think he could help them... He preferred not to know.

« We will, eventually. Tomorrow. It's night time at the moment and I sense you won't be able to walk much longer. Am I wrong? » he replied with his best scowl and scornful voice. They just nodded and smiled in relief, visibly unfazed by his attempt.

« Thank you... »

Dear Lord, why must you make things so difficult!? He wanted to scream, but right when he was
about to snap, a familiar voice coming from their right disrupted them.

« Yo. » Sans greeted them with a relaxed grin for once. It seemed like he just had a nap by his sleepy demeanor, which made the tall skeleton exhale sharply through his nasal bone. This guy will never change, will he?

« You're appearing just in time. We were going home to prepare dinner. »

Papyrus smirked before he laid his eyes back on the human again who got startled by the dog that, like earlier, came between their legs to carry them on its back. Only then Sans saw their health state and the pathetic tired state he displayed left place to an alarmed stance. He had to breathe deeply twice to bury his fright, but failed in calming another emotion rising. Sharp, red eyes flickered towards his brother.

« Boss. What happened to them? » he asked with a strange tone. A tone that the human knew oh too well... He was mad, they could see by how tense his body was, proof of his efforts to keep his anger bottled up. « I left them alone with you only for a day, and that's what you decide to do? Hurt them, that's it? Tell me all about it, I'm listening. » He grinned, though his smile was tense and bitter and his fists were trembling.

Damn it. How could he explain that? Papyrus quickly scanned their surroundings. There were still one or two monsters around that may be susceptible of hearing the conversation.

« Sans... How about we talk at home? » he suggested lowly with tight jaws. Immediately, Sans laughed humorlessly in response.

« Yeah, sure boss, like we talked yesterday? Is this what you did with the human? You “talked”? I can see that it had turned out great. » he commented in a spiteful tone, quickly glancing at the human to emphasize his point. They didn't know how or when they could step in, their eyes kept frantically going from one to another in worry. Maybe now was a good time...?

« Actually... » Frisk tried and fairly enough, the brothers were ready to listen. Yet the human couldn't help but slouch, intimidated by those their sharp eyes bearing into their already small form. « I... I was careless and I... I fell in the staircase when I was holding a glass of water... Papyrus didn't have anything to patch me up so he brought me here... Please, don't be mad at him. It was my fault. »

Holy cow that bastard was a good liar. Both of the brothers were mouth agape, one because he wouldn't believe the human was taking his defense, the other because he was wondering how the fuck could they fall in the stairs with a goddamn glass of water. Guess that Frisk was clumsy after all, so in the end it was plausible to Sans that it really happened.
« Is that... Is that true, boss ? » Sans asked, now glancing at his brother still clenching his fists.

« You heard the human. They were careless. » The human nodded at the response silently. « Now, let's hurry and get back home. Tomorrow is going to be a long day. »

Sans couldn't help but still be suspicious of his brother until he realized that dwelling on the subject wouldn't change the facts so he decided to shrug it off. What mattered now was going home, back to warmth and safety.

« 'lright. »

… But he still had trouble trusting his brother around the human. The day before, he still hated the little one's guts and wanted them dead, and now implied that they were safe around him ? He called bullshit. So when everyone started moving, he walked between Frisk and his brother in a disguised way to shield the human. His friend watched him do so quietly until the shorter skeleton glanced at them and winked with a reassuring smile on his features. Things will be alright.

Snow kept falling as peacefully as ever while the little gang walked back to the base.

✧✦✧

That evening, Sans was gone and locked up in his bedroom when you found Papyrus in the kitchen. He was preparing the tools for tonight's dish. Shyly, you stepped onto the doorway and called him. He looked at you. You were in a better shape, thanks to many of the items he bought for you. You were rubbing your own arm in discomfort.

« About... About earlier. Does it still stand ? » you asked him.

You really hoped that he didn't forget with all the things that happened this afternoon. He studied you for a while, thoughtful, before he stepped aside and directed his attention over the wooden cutting board.

« Come here. »
You couldn't help but smile widely and you walked up to him then waited at his side for his instructions. He hesitated with what to give you to do, then eventually, he handed you a kitchen knife.

« I let you cut the tomatoes while I'll prepare the meatballs. » he said and you nodded. « Good. And don't even think about trying to stab me, understood ? » You took a look at the tool that was resting in your hand, then at him and nodded. There was no way you would do such a thing. « Excellent. Now, let's get started. »

For the next few minutes, both of you worked hard on this cooking session. Your sleeves up your elbow level, clean hands, you were focused on your task though you could still sense a relaxed Papyrus next to you. You could even hear his magic humming peacefully so close to you and it made your soul swell with joy and tranquillity. You put the pieces of cut tomatoes in an old blender to prepare the future sauce under the slender man's silent watch. You were pretty effective, to say the least.

You waited for the water in the pot to boil enough to throw the pasta in. Eyes glued on the water, you reached for the spaghetti box blindly only to feel Papyrus' cool fingertips brush against your knuckles. Startled, you quickly looked at his face to find him startled as well, none of you expecting the other to do the exact same thing. You quickly withdrew your hand clutching the box to your heart, shying away as you murmured a quick sorry. He didn't say anything, still frozen in place, so you met his gaze again to see a heavy blush dusting his cheekbones.

You caught yourself thinking that he was cute looking flustered like that...

You preferred not to point that out in case it would make him more embarrassed, so you proceeded to put the raw spaghetti noodles in the cooking pot before you grabbed the frying pan nearby so Papyrus could place the meat in. He did so still without saying a word, then you put it down the gas cooker and turned it on. You could feel his insisting eyes on you during the whole process. You felt a bit self-conscious... Okay, maybe more than just a bit... Maybe he judged you for touching his hand, or maybe was he still blacking out...? You didn't want to check in case that it was the latter, worried that he'd realize his fluster and in queue, your awareness of it. You figured that for them, being flustered was equal to showing weakness... so you'd rather focus on your current activity instead. And you managed to let go of that incident in a matter of a minute or two.

You were still busy putting some condiment such as salt, sugar and a bit of herbs in your tomato preparation when his voice rang bluntly.

« Human. What are those marks on your wrists ? »

Your heart fell in the pit of your stomach and you froze with that unbearable feeling of fear. Slowly, you raised your horrified eyes to his face. He was facing down at you, a frightening scowl printed on his features. His posture, his glance, the twist on his mouth of bitter anger... He was terrifying. You
then looked down at your wrists. Pale marks decorated the soft flesh, some were bigger than others yet each one was proof of something evil that plagued your precious life, still present and cruelly reminding. You went to cover the abused area with the sleeves when he suddenly grabbed your forearm to turn it upwards, showing off these scars to yourself as if you never noticed them.

« Who did this to you ? Tell me. »

His voice. It was so deep as he growled like a beast, even more than ever. You don't recall hearing him ever like that, even back when you were enemies and that he'd kill you on the spot. You were a trembling mess in a matter of seconds and your breathing shallow.

« N... Nobody... » you cowered with a shaky voice.

« Who hurt you ? » his raised in queue, more demanding as he towered you and held your arm in a steel grip. All your efforts in tugging your arm free were vain, but you still sought for a release. « Human. Who. Hurt. You !? » He was shouting now.

« I don't know ! » you shouted back with a whimper. « I don't know, please, let me go ! »

« Answer me, human ! » his voice was raspy, so low from all the growling and yelling. It was freaking you out, a knot of anxiety tightened around your ribs, stealing air that you desperately needed right now. You kept pulling on your arm while heaving in panic.

« It doesn't matter anymore !! T-They're gone now ! Please, Papyrus, stop !! » You cried out and it only made his grip tighter around your abused wrist.

« I won't let go of you until you say a name, human !! » he bent over you, his enraged eyes plunging into your watering ones.

« GET OFF ME !! »

You didn't realize that you were already lying on the tiled floor when you bursted into tears, struggling to breathe in the middle of a breakdown. You were curling up, tucking your hurting arm against your aching chest. Papyrus was standing in front of you frozen in place, a hand covering his own abused cheekbone. Your other hand was hurting deeply to the bone and in a short moment of lucidity, you came to the quick conclusion that you hit him. Yet... you didn't even remember assaulting him in your panic. The panic attack you currently had left you miserable and at a monster's mercy who had all the reasons to rip you into tiny pieces and make a human pie out of you.

You couldn't remember what made you self-harm this way, but you knew it was because of the flashing memories that flooded your mind a few weeks ago. You knew they were playing a big part on this matter. You knew it was because of the pain that was eating you up from the inside that you did it. Because you wanted to ease the suffering, you longed for something that would have ended it in a way, or another. But how could you explain that to this monster ? He who used to redirect his pain onto others ? Why would he care so much about whoever in this entire universe made you feel so terrible and worthless ? You couldn’t start to comprehend why... Why would he care ? Why so soon ?
Someone rushed to the kitchen. You could recognize who it was by the heavy footsteps yet you were too shaken to be aware of the current situation. Sans stood as if petrified on the doorway, a face struck with shock, then he slid on his knees to reach for you and grab your small trembling form. You remained curled up and kept weeping while he shielded you with his own body by looming over your frame. Even with your mind still struggling to focus, you sensed his body shifting slightly as he looked up to his brother who didn't move from his spot, still with that expression of utter shock and hurt on his face.

« What did you do to them !? » Sans barked, furious.

Papyrus couldn't gather himself in time to respond that his sibling picked you up. Still stupefied, he opened his mouth to speak but no sound escaped his jaws. So his brother turned his back on him and said with threat evident in his tone :

« I don't even want you to be around them for the night or you can be sure that you won't like what happens next. »

On these words, Sans carried you to his bedroom, leaving in his wake just a heavy, pressuring silence in the house that weighed down on his younger brother standing still in the middle of the kitchen. The monster's face distorted with remorse as he contemplated powerless the aftermath of his actions.

Chapter End Notes

Ugh this is only now I notice a shitload of typos and other things.

Well well well !

It was the longest chapter I ever wrote for this fiction and I decided to update it now since I'll be gone for a while by tomorrow !

Also, things are getting stranger with Frisk and Papyrus feels it in his bones. -badumtss-
(yes I aspire to be Sans one day)

Either way, thank you so much for all the good feedbacks, the kudos, the comments, they make me so excited and relieved and aaa

I love you
Stay awesome guys and may the fluffy bunny be with you while I'm gone (for a few days, nothing drastic okay ???) See you soon! Enjoy this long chapter while waiting!

And here is a drawing for this chapter:
Chapter Summary

What was that?

*leans and whispers in your ear*

The sound of death.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

You were

You were in Sans' room. Your panic attack eased down a few moments ago but the shock left you terribly cold. The monster had covered your small frame with a good amount of blankets, as if the number of them would ease the despair your soul was currently drowned into. It looked like you were a burrito from his point of view. A sad burrito. A sad burrito on his bed. Unlike his brother, his furniture looked cheap and pretty simple. It seemed like being the leader of the royal guard could offer the lanky skeleton comfortable furnitures. A soft light was illuminating the room you were in and for a lazy bonepile that Sans was depicted as by his brother, you found his place pretty clean. Guess that he spent his time cleaning up in his spare time ? Was he considering inviting you in his private room before the incident ? Maybe not so soon cause right now, he was standing awkwardly in the middle of the room. It seemed he was thinking about what to do about you. He felt uneasy, and you could sense it with his agitated soul, and even the expression on his face showed his discomfort. He used to be violent and distant whenever he felt upset, so he thought you'd be the same and need some space as well. That's the reason why he didn't expect you to look at him with a forced smile and speak.

« You can come here if you want, I don't mind it at all... » your voice was hoarse from crying but also very soft, almost on the edge to break.

Sans hummed in hesitation as he considered the offer for a few seconds. And with every second passing by, sweat beads were breaking on his skull. The poor guy was completely lost, especially because of having someone and of all people, you in his bedroom. He eventually took a deep breath and went to sit down on the bed right next to you. His shoulder brushed against the fabrics that were keeping you warm so you just felt a slight pressure on your side. You brought a hand out from your cocoon and rested it on his hand. You were trembling, but only because you were still in shock from the previous altercation. Your sleeve was down and was covering a good part of your hand as it usually did, but you felt the boney one of your friend turn upwards to hold yours, then the second came to cover it.
« Sweetheart... What happened ? » he asked you softly.

You remained silent as you saw the concern in his eyes then you turned your head away, glancing down. Your fingers were tensing in his hands, and in return you felt his digits pressing into your soft flesh in a comforting way.

« You don't need to be scared. I just want to understand. »

Then, you felt the hand that was resting on top of yours sliding on it, brushing softly your skin as he dragged the fabric of your shirt up your forearm. You stiffened at his action only to relax when he beckoned you to before he processed in turning your arm so he could see the marks.

« I saw them too, while I was bringing you upstairs. I didn't understand why Papyrus would scream at you like this until I realized these were scars. And we both know that if my brother was screaming at you, it's because he cares for you, which is... Surprising. » he laughed humorlessly, his gaze lost on the ground. You were staring at him silently at this moment and he surely felt it because he drew his eyes on you another time with a smile on his face, yet he seemed in pain. « He does the same when I'm hurt. So I know you managed to make him like you. »

His thumb was tracing the pale marks on your skin gently. Sans was now waiting for an answer patiently but you remained silent. What could you say to this ?

« Sweetheart. » His voice was now deep, the deepest you have heard of him as he raised serious eyes to meet yours. His glance was piercing through you. « What happened to you ? »

He was staring at your face, his concern even more perceptible at this moment. You were looking at his hand caressing you in a soothing manner. It felt good receiving some attention. This even made shivers run up your arms in comfort.

« I don't know, Sans... » you told him. « I don't remember anything of the world above... I just know that I didn't like it up here... »

« So... Humans hurt themselves when they're feeling bad ? »

« I guess that some, yeah... » you replied before you shuddered. « It's... You know... You and your brother are the kind of people who redirect their pain onto others to make them feel the same way, in a desperate way to call for help... For some others, they do the total opposite... They hurt themselves in a desperate way to call for help because they don't know how to do otherwise, or because they're scared, or... Ashamed... or hopeless... » Your voice started to crack up once more but before it could
happen, you closed your eyes, took a deep breath, then opened them again to face Sans with a quivering smile. « I don't know what happened to me on the surface, but what I know for sure is... That it's over, Sans... They're gone, for I am here with you and Papyrus now... »

Your breath was cut out the skeleton monster bumped into your small frame, your blankets falling from your back as his arms replaced them by embracing you strongly. Your chin was resting against his shoulder, so was his on yours. You were frozen in place, your brain trying to analyze what was going on.

He was offering you a hug. A strong, breathtaking hug. Maybe even a little too strong for your lungs.

« I'm sorry... » he whispered, his voice struggling to come out from his tightened throat. Hearing him say these words shook you. What hit him ? « I wish I knew that you were also suffering for such a long time sooner, sweetheart... I would have... I would have never hurt you otherwise... » his embrace was tightening on these words. « I can't help but still wonder how did you survive after all this, why are you even here... For someone this kind-hearted, ending up in this twisted world... Why... Why must you be so kind to even fall down here... » He was trembling against you, so you raised your arms around him to hold him close. « I would... I should have known... I should have known when I saw your soul... »

You knew he was being honest at this moment, but you also knew that in reality, he wouldn't have changed his mind. He would have been merciless either way. Now, he regretted it because he grew to like you, it was only because of this reason he was thinking this way today... But you wouldn't say him that or it would shatter him, he who was already so fragile so... You just let him talk while you would hug him back.

« It's okay, Sans... We're friends now, that's all that matters to me. » you comforted him, patting gently his back as you did so. You felt his chin digging deeper in your shoulder when he nodded.

« Friends... Yeah, right... » he withdrew his face from you to be able to stare at yours. His expression was still heavy with sadness and regret yet he smiled and asked. « You huh... Wanna go downstairs? We're going to dinner soon... »

You shook your head. You were filled with remorse when you remembered the look on Papyrus' face as you came back to your senses, lying there on the ground in panic. You didn't remember hitting him and yet you're still the one who did it. You didn't even remember falling. It just... Went black all of the sudden as if you passed out. All that you could recall was your distress, then suddenly, anger. You shivered at this thought, a reaction that Sans misinterpreted.

« You're scared... Okay, I won't force you to face him... I'll just bring you a plate when I'm done,
okay? » You nodded silently. Somewhere you were glad he took the wrong hint because you weren't ready to face the brother yet. He gently pressed a hand against your shoulder as a suggestion to lay down. « Now rest, sweetheart. »

« Okay... Thank you, Sans... » you whispered. He smiled in return and huffed. At least, he wasn't shocked whenever you were saying that anymore.

« Don't worry about it. Well, see ya. »

The skeleton monster got up on these words and left the room. You were alone now, laying in his bed, covered with the multiple blankets he handed you. You kept replaying the incident in your head, guilt gnawing at you with every minute passing by. Finally, you felt a presence with you.

« Asriel... » you whispered. A painful, long, deafening silence was settling down as he was searching for something to respond.

« Are... You okay...? » he asked you shyly. This time, it was you who took time to reply.

« No. » You stared at your aching wrist and hand, even flexed it to feel the sting awakening. You even noticed bruises starting to appear. « I... I hurt Papyrus... But I don't remember doing it... It was as if... As if I was unconscious for a second, but I still managed to hit him... »

« Well huh... » you caught his unsure tone. « Because... It wasn't... Really you ? » he finished with a small voice.

« What ? » You frowned and narrowed your eyes in confusion. « What do you mean ? »

« I... Huh... I was the one who hit him in the face...? »

You could swear he was becoming so small in your mind, like a child who knew that they did wrong. At least, it explained why you didn't remember it. And as realization struck you, anger rose up in your chest.

How dared he.

You were sharing your body with someone, okay, but you didn't want to lose control over it, even less if it was to use violence without your own approbation against someone or a friend... No, it couldn't be right. Also it wouldn't help your case with the skelebros thinking you were a mad person that needed to be stopped.

« How ? How could you do that !? » You were taking deep breaths not so say it out loud. « How can you take my own body from me to hit him in his freaking face !? »

« He was hurting you, Frisk ! »
« I don't care, you shouldn't have done that! It's wrong! »

« So what, did you prefer I'd stay out of it and just watch!? » he was now yelling. « You were crying and begging him to stop! See what did it bring to you!? Oh, or maybe did you prefer getting your wrist broken!? Because that's what was going to happen! »

You could clearly see his frowning face when he was shouting at you and feeling his own anger take over you. You started panting and shaking from the flow of emotions. How could he react so violently, he who used to be so kind-hearted, he who used to cry or fear easily? You couldn't understand the change... You couldn't...

« He was worried, Asriel!! »

« Yeah, and he's dangerous too! » he was pacing in your head, his hands on his skull while he was walking back and forth fast. « And I'm also worried, it doesn't mean I have to beat the crap out of you in order to help! If you forgot, I can see, can hear, can feel anything as much as you! » He then stopped and turned, throwing his arms on the side to face you, fists clenched and a piercing glare. « So like it or not, but we're stuck in the same body and I won't let us get hurt anymore! »

« No!! » You buried your face in the pillow and clutched on the fabrics tightly. Hearing you cry out cut him right off and he immediately checked up on you, still heavily breathing from the anger that slowly drained away from his essence. « You don't understand...!! »

He was right... You both were on the same boat. He was witnessing and experiencing every thing, every pain, every distress the others would inflict you. It was the first time you were having an argue with your best friend, and it was enough to know you hated putting the both of you on edge like that. But it wasn't right, you thought. It couldn't be right... It could be dangerous for the both of you to take control over your body and act as he wished. Because the others couldn't know, nor understand what was going on with you... They'd think you were a dangerous creature like they were always told. Or what if they happened to know the truth and they found a way to tear Asriel away from you? It was a gift to have him still living inside of you and you had to protect him at all cost. You wouldn't do the same mistake again.

« Asriel, no... » you wept against the cushion. You felt your friend's worry as himself sensed your distress. « You don't understand... I need to protect you... And for that, you just... Can't. Do that. You can't take my body suddenly and hurt people, even if it's for my sake! » you were embracing the pillow against your face as you curled up around it. « I can't let you go anymore! I won't survive it if they take you away from me again! I need you, so please, you have to stay brave! We've been through worse than just a mere broken wrist, you know it! » Now, he was feeling remorseful. Looking away from you in shame. « So please, my dear friend... Stay strong, okay? We'll... We'll always be together, really soon... »

You felt his arms wrap around your shoulders before his forehead rested in the back of your neck. He wasn't there in the room and yet you could still feel his touch as if he actually was. You didn't
bother to wonder, you were just glad to have him around and be able to interact with him, no matter if it's happening inside your head.

« I promised it... Remember? »

He nodded against you.

« I'll do my best... » he replied softly.

Your best friend stayed as long as you were hoping for. You were so weakened by your cries that you ended up sleeping in the goat child's presence who was humming a soft melody you recognized while you were dozing off. It was the lullaby Toriel sang for you to sleep, the night when you managed to flee. It was easy to know they were linked, by their species and the pain she was feeling. The distress in her eyes whenever you asked to leave the Ruins. The cries while she'd chase you down and kill you in her desperate attempts of keeping you. You understood that she had lost someone, and it must be Asriel. That'd explain a lot actually...

You were woken up by Sans who came back with a plate, flatware and a glass of water. Even though you were dead tired, you didn't want his efforts to be in vain, same for the tall skeleton who finished to prepare the dinner alone. You took one bite and lowered your glance on the plate. He kept the sauce you prepared. Oh, your heart. It was hurting. You finished your dinner before Sans took the empty plate back with the flatware and put them aside on the nightstand next to his bed.

« You can stay here for the night. » Sans said for reassurance as he went to search in his closet, and a few seconds later, you see a t-shirt landing in front of your cocoon. « You'll be safe with me, I promise. »

You could spot a faint blush on his face at this moment as he looked away so you could change. You had to admit it was really cute. You nodded and after you exchanged your current flannel with the t-shirt, you laid back down, followed by the monster who was now next to you. He wouldn't bother and take a blanket for himself, and it was all good since you, who had a phenomenal amount of blankets, were feeling terribly hot so you fought to be able to make some fall on him. He stared at you doing your weird shenanigans and couldn't repress a chuckle.

« Goodnight » you mumbled tiredly once you were done and feeling cozy. The skeleton was gently playing with a lock of your hair as he waited for sleep to kick in. You couldn't help but smile how good this felt. His hand was just a bit cool for you to appreciate it and you fell back in slumber in a matter of seconds.
« Goodnight. » Sans whispered as he watched your peaceful, sleeping form.

You woke up again in the night. You'd have known it was around 2am if you had any hint of the time. And once again, you were in a prison of bones as you were embraced by a sleeping skeleton.

...What's up with them using you as a body pillow ?

Anyway. You crawled away from his loosened arms. If you couldn't sleep with him, it was only because guilt was creeping up on you. You'd try to screw your eyes shut but they'd open wide on their own again not long after to stare blankly at a wall, and any time you'd be actually dozing off, Papyrus' horrified face would appear in a flash in your mind and you'd jolt awake with anxiety. It was useless to try and ignore this any longer. You needed to see Papyrus. You had to apologize. So you walked out of Sans' room on your tiptoes and silently reached for his brother's. Was the door open, at least ? You verified. Oh, thank lord, it wasn't locked. Still without a sound, even holding your breath, you entered in the room plunged into darkness. Although you did your best to be discreet, Papyrus sensed your agitated soul and woke up, and this you knew only because he inhaled sharply and sounds of moving sheets out of surprise when he spotted you. You were making your way around with a raised hand searching for obstacles, only to find the baroque styled four poster bed to hold onto and find your bearings back about this room, your eyes focused on his black-pitch mass as he turned on the lamp on the table that was propped next to him. The lanky skeleton took support on his elbows to stare at you, frowning a bit nervously.

« What are you doing here, human ? Go back to sleep. » he told you with a painful, unused voice. You shook your head silently before you spoke up.

« I can't... » you whispered softly. He tilted his head, confused. You could still see the bruise on his cheekbone, and the terrible feeling of guilt haunted you again. It looked pretty painful... « Can I... Sleep with you ? » you asked shyly as you ducked your head in worry.

He considered it for a few seconds, before he sighed silently and nodded. Relief animated you and you bent until you could reach and embrace him around the neck, your head resting next to his. He jolted in shock, his own arms lifted in a reflex to defend but stopped midway.

« Human ? » his raspy voice called you out with a point of concern. He was completely lost. His chest was rising and falling a bit faster in apprehension against yours. The hum of his magic sang higher in your ears.

« I'm sorry, Papyrus... I shouldn't have hurt you... » you whispered. At this moment, his breathing slowed down, and so the magical hum lowered. « This isn't what I wanted, I swear... I never wanted
to hurt you. But... But I understand if you don't want to forgive me, I just... Wanted to let you know that I regret what I've done. »

Since your face was buried, you couldn't see his softened expression when you apologized. He wasn't looking at you, his glance lost on the ceiling when his arms slowly snaked around your waist and he pulled you on the bed in a careful manner, making you both roll so you were laying on the usual spot you used to sleep on right next to the wall, you on your back with your legs hanging on his hipbone and Papyrus on his right side to face you. He rested his head against your shoulder while he was slowly curling up around your small frame for a long moment. It was his silent way of letting you know he forgave you. You couldn't help but whimper silently at the realization and you hugged him tight, which he didn't object, doing the same but not without holding back on his part.
You stayed like this for a while until he spoke up, his head still under your chin.

« I should be the one apologizing, human. » he whispered. « I just wanted to know... »
« I know... » You were now the one peacefully staring at the ceiling of the bedroom.
« Harming you wasn't my intention. »
« I know. »
« I was blinded by my own anger. »
« I know. »
« ... » His embrace tightened around you. « Your kindness will get you killed... »
« ... » You closed your eyes, smiling. « I know... »

And this was his way to apologize. A short silence settled down while he lost himself in wonder, asking himself if he should talk more. At least, it was working : he was talking. It was a really good start. He who used to mute his feelings to replace them with violence and harsh words. You didn't realize you were caressing the back of his skull to relax him but he didn't seem to mind as he was too busy thinking.
« Will you tell me what happened to you ? » he finally asked after some hesitation.

This question made you stop petting his head and you lowered your glance to meet his. His expression... It was impossible to read it. You raised your forearm to be able to look at your marks and right when he felt the weight grow lighter, he grabbed it to be able to see the scars closely as well. You stiffened for half a second when you felt his sharp thumb run over one of the light marks. You were both focused on this when you answered.

« I told you... I don't know, Papyrus. » he was now looking at you with a puzzled expression.

« Did you lose your memory ? » he asked again. You nodded slightly.

« I suppose ? I don't remember my life before I arrived here and... I don't think I'd like to remember it actually. I'm just glad of being here with you. » You replied softly.

A faint smile crept up on your face and it took a moment for him to tear his glance from it to stare at your past wounds instead while touching them with a hardly restrained fascination. As he kept caressing the marks, he asked.

« Does it hurt ? »

He was using the same words and the same manners you showed him that day, when you discovered his fresh bruise. He seemed to learn from you. Thinking of it made your heart swell with happiness and pride. He looked at you again, only waiting for you to reply.

« It doesn't matter. »

For once, when you woke up, you weren't stuck in the sleeping skeleton's arms, so you could go and use the bathroom. You didn't know what time was it again, all you knew was that it was still dark outside. You opened the door to reach for the restroom but not without having to hold on the wall to be guided through the dark.

Once you were done and ready to go back to sleep, you dried your clean hands and opened the bathroom door. The whole house was still plunged into darkness, so guess that you'll have to do the same as your first passage. With your palm against the wall to search for Papyrus' door, as you walked slowly. You found the doorway and soon after the door handle but before you could lay a
hand on it, one came strongly against your mouth, forcing you to bend backwards under the pressure before you felt a second gripping you around the waist right after. Who was it imprisoning you against their tall frame and ripping you away from the door when you started to fight back, throwing your legs around and holding tight on this hand that was shutting your lips, preventing you to scream for help!? You were doing your best to move your head away but it only made their grip around your jaws tighter, almost threatening to hurt you in the process yet you continued squealing the louder you could, hoping someone could hear you, hoping this was just a joke, and a really bad one played by Sans, and yet...

Their hand had fur and felt more like a paw. Your whimpers were muffled as the intruder dragged you down the stairs. Your thoughts were racing in your head, imagining all kind of horrible plans that were in store for you.

Then, despite having a furry hand covering your nose and mouth, you still could smell a strange yet strong scent... Something that was burning your nasal walls with every breath taken while the assaulter brought you through the front door that was open. Didn't Papyrus lock it before going to bed? Impossible, he couldn't forget, could he? You kept fighting until the cold hit your poorly covered body and you violently shivered. You noticed black figures standing just in front of the door and waiting patiently for your kidnapper to come out with you. What the hell was happening? Was it a dream? Or more likely a horrible, real looking nightmare? When you were dragged a few feet away, you noticed they were splashing a liquid on every wall and foundation of the house. Your heart skipped a beat. What were they doing, you thought? You only realized what was going on when a fire monster threw a fireball in the living room to drown the whole ground floor in flames in a couple of seconds. Oh no... The liquid.

It was gasoline.

Other monsters grabbed you when you fought back ferociously and spun to be face to face with the cat monster, Burgerpants. It was him who caught you. He dared to turn on you, you who saved him from the dangerous skeleton yesterday. You knew he was the one who organized this. With an anger outburst, you were pulling your arms free when two other creatures grabbed them to bring you to a halt. After a few seconds of fighting back, you heard your friends' screams inside the house in fire. You bit the cat's hand which released you out of surprise, kicked another monster in the leg who freed you from their gripping as they lost balance and without waiting, you rushed to the house screaming after the ones that you grew to care about, even forgetting your hurt leg to go and rescue them in the panic.

Their screams were inhuman, blood-curdling. Why couldn't your legs bear you faster there?! You cried hysterically.

« SAAANS !! PAPYRUS ! A.D !! »

You didn't care about the flames, you needed to go and save them!! But then, as you were getting closer enough to feel the temperature in the air changing thanks to that giant firecamp, you were tackled and buried into the snow front first, so violently it stole the air from your lungs. The one that was called Burgerpants was looming over your body, pushing down to prevent you from getting up while you struggled to breathe again, your senses in alert with his tail whipping the back of your legs.
in the process. You couldn't move your way out, your body was too busy trying to find air again and the way it was pinned down on the ground was asking double of efforts to try and move. No... You were so close...! You could still hear the agonizing cries from the house, while the pack of monsters were taking you further away by holding your ankles, laughing at your suffering. You were clawing at the ground to hold onto something, anything to stop them.

« Please !! Let me go , let me go, THEY'RE DYING !! SAAANS !! PAPYRUUUS !! »

You were in tears and helpless.

You were screaming and begging, you were keeping calling to your friends in total despair as they dragged you away until you noticed a silhouette running out of the burning house. A screeching torch was coming out to stagger in the snow. You recognized it was Papyrus who was falling onto his knees, screaming out one last time before his body finally collapsed lifeless. You remained silent, wide-eyed, streams of hot water covering your pale face during the horrendous scene in front of you. He was the last one who lived this long, after that, it became dead silent, with only the crackling sound of the fire eating the house away filling the atmosphere.

You watched as the tiny heart floated above the ashes that his body turned into, flying away in the thin, cold air. You were voiceless as you watched Papyrus' soul splitting and exploding into tiny pieces that evaporated in the fog.

He was dead. Papyrus was dead.

They were all dead.

You didn't realize you were screaming again. You couldn't hear anything nor even yourself. You didn't know if that feeling of freezing needles in your chest was caused by the snow or not but... All you could do was staring at Papyrus' ashes scattering around in horror. You don't know how much time has passed for this to happen. It felt like the world stopped turning until someone grabbed and rolled you on your back to face you. They were all around you, looming over you with a terrifying fascination for your pain. Why would you cry for a monster anyway ? They weren't of your species, their features seemed to ask in a heavy silence. You recognized the face above yours and couldn't help but feel what remained of your heart shatter. It was the bunny lady who owned the shop who was dominating you. She had a sadistic smile on her lips as she stared down at you.

« I knew it. I knew you were a monster fucker. Those assholes didn't capture you. » she then chuckled. « Burgerpants was right ; you fucking seduced them. »

Salty water was running on the sides of your head as you laid lifeless under them. It was all over. This pain in your chest was too much to take, so much that the agony that'd follow next wouldn't compete. There is no way you could go through all that shit again. Not alone. Not anymore.
It was your fault, wasn't it?

You deserved what was coming to you.

Your gaze in a haze on the dark ceiling, you were out of your senses when they started ripping your limbs off you, one after another. Although your hearing was blurred if not tuned out, and your sensitivity fucked, you still caught in the back of your mind your body reacting each time flesh, nerves and bones tore and broke. You still couldn't feel it, you almost felt at ease drowning suddenly into a deep sea. Your lost gaze registered their laughing faces rejoicing each time splashes of blood tainted their bodies and clothes. Your hot blood was gushing on the snow around you. If you could take a look from an outside point of you, you'd be likely fascinated seeing how the blood running from what was left of your body tainted the white cold power like crimson butterfly wings.

You wondered if the Angels could see you from above.

When they were done tearing your one arm left, your mind was already static. You cried out your misery until there was no air left for you to keep going, no more vocal cords to give you the right to express your torments now. You were blinded by the weak light of your trembling, little soul standing up above your chest before you noticed the multiple pairs of clawed hands rushing to grab it in a heartbeat only for it to explode into small pieces.

The darkness embraced you.

And you embraced it back.

Chapter End Notes

*sighs sadly*

Here it goes

I want to draw but can hardly find the time since a lot of stuff is happening to me irl

Also, might take more time to update now, since I need to finish the next chapter and I don't know when I'll be able to continue? But don't fret, my dearies, I'm just getting slower

Edit:
Also, here is a drawing about that one scene with Sans and Frisk
I still need your salt.
Let's leave.

You woke up to your own screams between Papyrus' hands who startledly gripped on your arms, anxiety and concern evident on his skeletal face. He was pulling you up as your legs had given in while you'd cry hysterically. You unconsciously drew attention on you when you fought Papyrus back to try and free yourself from his vice-like grasp. Ultrasounds were taking over your hearing. Your heart was in your throat. You could faintly hear him rushing you with questions, asking what was wrong when you turned away as you could, still in his hands, and threw up on the snow.

You were outside, back at the SAVE star that was long gone. Flashes of memory about the shop owner, the freezing cold piercing through your torn flesh, of the fire were driving you insane. You couldn't keep yourself from having a panic attack, crying out one last time before you finally collapsed against his frame all of the sudden. Your heart felt heavy, just as your breath, just as your whole body. Vision was blurring and your hearing drowning and still, you could hear this infinite ringing. You were barely aware of Papyrus lifting you up so you could stand straight in vain.

« Human !? Human, what's wrong !? Wake up ! » he yelled at you.

With a slipping mind, you merely spotted the hint of fear in his voice and on his frowning face despite how hard did he try to hide it. Was it because he was afraid of being discovered by others ? It was the only decent thought that made through your head because everything was too much, the pain in your entire being was just... too much. Your body fell limp. Your eyelids were heavy and would refuse staying open. The last thing you managed to hear was Sans' voice in the distance, shaky and weak.

They both called out to you before it was, once again, pure darkness around you.

A voice. A well known, friendly voice was calling out to you.
« You can't give up just yet. Frisk ! Stay determined... »

Your eyes few wide open in a gasp.

You realized you were back at home once your panicked brain could process and analyze what was surrounding you. Your whole body was sore, your chest tight in anxiety and your soul hurting deeply. It even felt like your insides were all tied up so bad the panic attack was... Papyrus and Sans were sitting on the carpet before the couch you were laid on, both of them watching you with food and healing items scattered around them. As you caught their glance, one truly showed his relief while the other, more secretive, just exhaled through his nasal bone. You remained silent for a while as you shifted your eyes from one to another while you were using your hands to sit up. All of the sudden, that ball that coiled inside your chest exploded, opening the floodgates as you bursted into tears. You didn't care about how much in pain you were, you just bent over the empty space to reach for them and each arm surrounded their neck before they were pulled towards you in a tight hug. You were crying out loud uncontrollably. You were... So... Glad to see them alive. You heard a faint sob on your right when Sans returned the embrace with one arm while he buried his face in the crook of your neck.

Papyrus was the only one who didn't understand what was going on. When you released them, you were struggling to breathe again and worried he might be the cause to this, Sans got off you and stared at you with concern before his brother grabbed in turn the both of your shoulders.

« W-We have to go, please, please, we have to go ! » you sobbed, reaching out to grab onto something like a lifeline and that meant him, his armor, his arms, anything. Papyrus' grip tightened around your small shoulders.

« Human, explain ! » he demanded. You couldn't notice through the amount of tears blurring your sight but he was sweating from the pressure you were putting him through. « What happened !? Did the star hurt you ? » You tried to reply “no” but he couldn't stop harassing you with questions. « You were acting strange back there, what did you see ? Tell me ! What did you see ? »

« You died ! » you shouted as you hit the ground with both of your fists in an anger outburst, shutting up Papyrus who released you from his grip, mouth agape just like his brother was.

You were doing your best to catch your breath through your hiccups and cries when you were harassed with horrible images, sounds, and smells. It took you multiple breaths to try and calm down the chaotic sobbing.

« You all... Died... » Your voice broke in a whisper. Your throat was so tight that you were gasping for air. You bent forward, almost pressing your face against the ground, curled up on your trembling frame and arms embracing your head in a protective manner. « They're coming this night to kill us
all... They're coming, they're coming... To burn your house down... then you raised your head towards Sans, hot streams covering your cheeks. « Sans, tell him! You know it too, don't you? »

He only looked away. First, you thought you were all alone having to handle all of this, and a rain of despair poured on you. Your hiccups were filling the whole house as Papyrus and yourself were waiting for a response from the introverted skeleton. He clenched his fists that were against his knees and he finally nodded.

« They're right. » Sans murmured. This response drew his brother's attention on him now. « I heard a couple of monsters on my way home talking about Frisk and how they wanted their soul. » he said.

You didn't know if it was truth or a lie, because if he was indeed lying, he was at a master level. Finally, he turned his eyes on you again with a sorry look. You understood that he didn't want to tell the truth to his brother, how he could remember the resets and how heavy this burden felt on his shoulders. But you... You could be honest with the tall skeleton which didn't wait to shout at his brother.

« You couldn't tell me sooner, you wretch!? I would have taken care of them and made sure they would never come back from dust! »

« Papyrus! » you drew his attention with a firm call. Your face that tensed up in authority relaxed into another expression. An expression begging for mercy. « They're too many... They'd outnumber you in any case and... I have to explain something to you but please, we have to get out of here first! » New salty water was spilling from your eyes as you plunged them into Papyrus'. « I beg of you... I don't want you... to die again... »

His silent frown grew deeper as he stared at your face while bending backwards as if you just offered him to kiss you. He was sweating just as much as his brother, thinking whether going or staying. Yet, feeling your deep wounded soul resonating next to his, he knew he hadn't much choice left. That's when he recomposed himself with a confident scowl printed on his pointy features.

« Understood. We're leaving. » he concluded firmly as he quickly stood up and while he climbed the stairs to his bedroom, he addressed to his brother. « Sans, collect anything that will be useful. We're going to have a long trip. »

Sans, who was still settled next to you, grabbed multiple healing items nearby to shove them inside his pockets, before he grabbed one that was a cinnamon bun and slipped it into yours.

« You should take something too. » he whispered to you with that soft, thankful gaze before he got up to search for anything useful around the house.
You knew that items wouldn't do much for your condition, but... If it could please them or be of any use for them later on, you wouldn't complain... Your hands that were clutching the fabric of the carpet were strongly trembling, now that you were on your own, you were taking note of your current state which was sad to see: you felt horribly cold out of fear yet incredibly hot at the same time, sweat breaking out of every corner of your vessel like you've been drenched by a heavy rain in places you wouldn't even expect, and that pain in your stomach, that twisting feeling in your guts weren't helping you easing all the stress and agony you went through. Even your jaws were chattering, your body shaken with twitches from constricted nerves...

These memories wouldn't stop haunting you. The screams in the back of your head, your own inhuman ones as you were trying to save them, the blood, the horrible feeling of feeling ligaments breaking, bones popping and flesh tearing as they dismembered, their laughters, their glistening eyes in Hatred. You could feel the colors or your face washing away, and your mind starting to drift away again when A.D approached you and whimpered in worry.

You didn't realize you passed out for a few seconds until you actually woke up to the poor dog's whines and licks across your face. It took a while for you to get rid of that heavy slumber feeling, but with your current guardian's encouragement, you found the strength to sit up on your own while it pushed with the tip of its nose a bandage on the ground.

« Thank you, lil' pup. » you muttered weakly with a pat on its head, following by a hug around its collar.

You took the offered item and placed it inside your shorts pocket. Moving was hurting although they did their best to patch you up by healing internal wounds and wrapping your leg up with bandages to maintain it straight and tight. Your hurt arm from the fight almost fully healed, you didn't know how they managed to do it but you were frankly thankful for it. You were embracing the huge, white dog as you remembered it also was in the house when it burned down, and the thought of it tore another whimper from you. It was okay... It was okay... It was there now, alive, safe and sound, it was there in your arms. You couldn't repress the small chuckles of relief when you thought of it, until Papyrus returned with something that he held out to you. A dagger made out of bone. You looked up to him without caring to show your utter surprise.

« Take this offer, human. It seems like you're going to need it to defend yourself. »

There was no way you were taking this thing. You shook your head vively.

« I'll be fine. We'll only have to run and hide, nothing else. » you affirmed as you looked straight in his eyes. You came across the Underground without using violence, so there was no way you were going to hurt anyone now. You knew you had another way to go with if anyone died.
« Ugh. You and your mercy nonsense... » he was grumbling as he tossed the weapon on the table nearby before he returned to search for a few other things. Sans was back in front of you. The monster grabbed you under your arm pits and lifted you up so you could stand on your feet. Your legs were noodles.

« Can you walk? » he asked.

You took a step back to stand up on your own whiles his hands were still holding your forearms and yours resting on his wrists. Other than the noodle legs, your hurt one was hurting but thankfully not as much as before, so you look up at him and nodded. Papyrus was already at the front door when he asked for your attention.

« Sans, put your jacket on. We're going. »

You didn't realize Waterfall wasn't this far from their house until you got to hit the road for it. Hard was walking fast with a sore vessel, let alone the skeleton brothers' monstrous height. Keeping up with their pace was sure a damn hard challenge right there.

Yet you had to admit... This place was something special.

The more you walked inside this cave, the darker it got. A few glistening colored crystals poked out of the ground and walls that were providing a bit of light as your silhouettes disappeared in this haunting zone. Your eyes were wide as you contemplated this place in awe with all of these rushing waters falling from above or next to you. It was completely different from the Ruins and Snowdin. The brothers who were walking at your sides were watching every one of your reactions, one with a faint scowl while the other had a sly grin printed on his face. Their dog was walking behind you in case you were too weakened to walk any more so it would take it from then. Guarded this way, the monsters in the distance could only glare at you. They knew they couldn't stand a chance in front of such Boss Monsters that were the skeleton brothers.

Then, you noticed a light blue flower glowing not far from your positions, right next to the sentry station and a SAVE star standing right in between. Curiosity was so strong that you didn't care about the monster nearby and came to take a look at it while the siblings would watch you from a few feet away. You couldn't help but enjoy the bright light of this flower. It was so big it was even surpassing your height and you needed to get on your tiptoes to get at the same level with it.

« What is this flower? » you asked in a soft breath, still amazed by its beauty.
« An Echo Flower. » responded the familiar voice of Sans next to you. « They're all over the marsh. Say something to them, and they'll repeat it over and over... » You raised your eyes on him. His hands were in the pockets of his pants while he was slouching and looking down at you to study your expression.

« Really? » you replied, surprised. You thought that such a thing was marvellous, so you turned
towards the flower and touched it. You wanted to give a try.

“Really ?” was what the flower said with your gentle and amazed voice. You couldn't help but smile at this discovery. This place’s magic was growing on you. Although you wanted it, the sad reminder that it was impossible for you to stay much longer nagged at you. You were all in danger because of your existence. You just couldn't allow yourself letting them go through all of this horror again. Sans caught that look on your face at these thoughts. You couldn't see since your eyes were lost on the flower, but he was lowering his glance on his feet. He remembered it. He remembered the screaming, the pain, the fire, loss and death. Before your hands could tighten on the Echo Flower's petals and hurt it, you withdrew them then you turned your attention towards the SAVE star. You didn't wait to embrace it any longer and feel its light growing brighter against your chest. A familiar, relieving feeling of warmth washed over you and you started to relax until a feeling of urge replaced the first peaceful one.

You already felt this feeling previously. Yet this time... It was getting overwhelming. Was it going to be this way now ? That everytime you would SAVE, you would feel fear instead of peace ? You decided to hold on your determination to keep your cool. When the light grew dim again, you turned towards the brothers who were both watching you in silence, before they glanced away in unison. Oh boy. They were standing awkwardly, doing their best to suppress the odd expression on their face. Were they curious about the SAVE star system ? Or curious about you ? Or...?

These guys were easily flustered. How could you forget that. You walked back to them by limping a bit. The ache in your leg was awakening with your tiredness although you did your best to suppress it. You stopped in front of them to meet their eyes and say with a firm expression.

« Let's keep going. »

You didn't give attention to a young monster, a dinosaur creature wearing a black and red striped sweater, that was running up ahead of you.

The road was long and tiring. Even the skeleton brothers found a hard time keeping a slow pace for your small and sore form. You were passing through high grass when something caught your attention. Someone walking right above you. Startled, Papyrus immediately shoved you down on the ground to hide you.

Then, a ringing phone. You all tensed up when Papyrus pulled out his phone to look at the name showing on the screen and cursed under his breath. He didn't have time to answer that a voice called him out from above the elevated ground. You were hiding behind the brothers' figures, crouching down when you heard this person.

« Ah, Papyrus ! Just in time. » The female voice boomed. It was pretty feminine, yet harsh.
"O- Hello, Undyne. " Papyrus replied as he stayed perfectly calm, just like his brother who did his best not to show his nervousness. "I'm here with my daily report."

"Anything new?" she asked.

"Nothing." the tall skeleton monster simply replied with assurance. "As quiet and lacking human presence as usual."

She remained silent, as if she was contemplating something in the high grass. Everyone stayed still for a while, you were all feeling tension building up until she finally looked back down at Papyrus.

"Okay then. See you in the next shift." she concluded.

"Goodbye, Undyne."

"See ya." simply said Sans as he waved goodbye to her, then she vanished.

You looked up to notice the brothers were staring at the spot where she was standing just earlier for a few more moments, before they looked back down at you silently. They were waiting until the footsteps were far gone to speak or move again.

"We should hurry" Papyrus said as Sans helped you up with the dog's assistance. "She doesn't seem to know about you yet so let's just keep going, this way we won't give her the possibility to catch up with us."

His brother and yourself nodded and you all started to walk again far from the terrific Undyne. You found yourself having to resolve some puzzles and everyone was helping so all of you'd get away the faster way possible.

As you were all passing over blossomed Bridge Seeds, Papyrus turned slightly towards you.

(Oh hey there, how about some music??)

"Now that we're away from home..." You raised your gaze on his silently, waiting for him to finish although you already knew what this talk was going to be about. "How did you know about the attack?" his tone was low, a little bit raspy as he kept it down.

He seemed curious about that matter, also hesitant to bring it up. You glanced at the flowers to watch
where you were putting your feet until you reached the solid ground.

You weren't ready to have this talk now. It was too early, these memories you were trying so hard to suppress from your brain were still so fresh and kept coming back and fourth whenever you let your guard down, enough to feel anxiety crawling under your skin and make your chest tight with lack of air... Then again, it was for the best if it had to happen now. This way, he would remember, just like Flowey- No, Asriel, used to back at the beginning. You were resting a hand on the dog’s collar as it came for support, enjoying its soft, white, fluffy fur under your digits.

« I saw it. » you started.

You had his full attention because he stopped for a brief moment so you'd be at his level before starting to walk again. His arm next to you lifted, offering a hand for you to lean against, which you accepted before the dog made its way between your legs and you were settled down on its back. You thanked them in a whisper and released your grasp from the Royal Guard. As you laid your hands on the collar of his pet, you continued.

« I have the ability to rewind whenever I die. » you explained calmly, while your eyes were lost in the distance. Sans was slowing down like Papyrus did previously to be at your side.

« How is that possible ? » they both asked together before they exchanged a glance.

« I don't know. I wished to... But it just happens and the stars we find on the road keep track of my progress in the Underground. » you said before glaring at Sans. « But I'm pretty sure you already know that. » He avoided your glance at this moment. « Because of that, I can come back and do over my actions so I can survive longer and reach for the next save. » you finished with your eyes locked on the dog’s collar that you were petting unconsciously to calm your nerves.

« So.. We... Really died ? » Papyrus couldn't hide his shock. It seemed he had a hard time believing this reality in which someone could make him fall, which was understandable, for he was one of the Heads of the Royal Guard and also a powerful and feared Boss Monster.

« All of us. » you confirmed. Your eyes stung with the need to cry. Your voice quivered. « They all waited for us to sleep and... They caught me. It was my fault if you died. If I wasn't human, if I didn't fall down here... You wouldn't have to go through this ! »

You turned your head towards Sans. You knew he remembered the agony of dying, and you were sorry for that. You caught the pain in his red slit pupils that were now dilating as he saw the genuine compassion on your features. You then bowed your head in shame.

« I'm so, so sorry. » You muttered.

You felt two hands resting on your shoulders to get your attention. Instinctively, you glanced at Sans
and Papyrus who were both staring at you, one with compassion, the other with a solemn expression of gratitude on his face.

« That is... Nice of you coming back and warning us, human. » Papyrus said with a collected yet hesitant, and for once, soft tone.

It was his way of thanking you. You glanced at Sans who was nodding silently, a faint yet genuine smile on his mouth.

You all arrived in a corridor. Every once in a while, you were spotting Echo Flowers surrounding this place. You touched the first one on your left to listen what it had to say.

« A long time ago, monsters would whisper their wishes to the stars in the sky. If you hoped with all your heart, your wish would come true. Now, all we have are these sparkling stones on the ceiling... »

At these words, you glanced up to notice what it was talking about. A gasp of awe made its way from your lips when you saw these twinkling stones on the ceiling as it illuminated the path in front of you. As much as it was beautiful to look at, you couldn't help but feel a tug in your chest. Your body remembered the beauty of the sky above, so much that nostalgia was hitting in your face once again without a warning. You also felt sorry for these monsters who used to have the real stars once upon a time. Humanity took their wishes from them... And you couldn't help but feel horribly guilty for their suffering, you who were among Humanity.

“Wishing Room” was written on the wall. So, this was the place where we could express our most wanted things, right? You were going to listen what one of these Echo Flowers had to say if it wasn't for Papyrus who caught your arm before you could touch it. Startled, you looked up at his face.

« Don't. They are death wishes. » He was scowling as he warned you.

When he felt your limb relax in his hand, he released you and kept walking forward with his brother, while you stayed behind. You were staring at this flower you wanted to hear from yet you obeyed and didn't wait to follow your friends. Until one flower on your left, next to another, caught your attention. You patted A.D's collar to make it stop in front of it. You didn't know why this Echo Flower was drawing your attention so strongly, it was just calling out to you. A call to your inner being and you couldn't help but respond to it instinctively. Your hand raised to rest against a petal and immediately, you heard a soft sound coming out of it. This one you picked was weeping. You glanced at the flower, mouth agape. This voice...
It sounded like a child.

Quickly, you looked at the brothers who were walking up ahead, checking for any monster coming by. Here was your chance. You turned towards the flower next to it, placed your hands on the sides of your mouth to hide it and whispered.

« Don't cry, little one. We're going to make it out. »

At this moment, you caught Sans' glance in your direction, his expression curious as he seemed to wonder what you were saying to this flower. You patted the dog's collar and it started to walk again towards your leaders.

« What wish did you make, sweetheart? » Sans asked with a smile printed on his mouth.

« It won't come true if I tell you. » you replied with a smile, which caused his to grow bigger, and he chuckled.

« Heh. Right. »

You kept traveling together until you found yourselves on a wooden bridge. Water sausages were owning the right side of the lake you were passing through, while on your left side, rock pillars were casting shadows on the solid ground. Everything was terribly quiet. You patted the dog's collar and it stopped to let you get off its back. Everyone in the group had the feeling that something was off. Sans turned towards you and opened his mouth to say something.

But his voice was cut off by a yellow spear that landed just in front of your feet.

Chapter End Notes

I'm alive!!

Sorry this took so long, my dearies, I had so many things going on, then I got really sick and needed to recover from the flu and stuff ;; But I managed to work on this fiction and I really hope you'll enjoy it ;u;

Also, for the ones who still didn't know, I have a tumblr for this AU!

http://Heavenfell-AU.tumblr.com
And the illustration for this chapter is right here:
http://heavenfell-au.tumblr.com/post/143787356809/you-raised-your-hand-to-rest-it-against-a-petal
Startled by the sudden attack, everyone stopped walking. Your heads whip on the left in the direction where the magical spear came from. The skeleton brothers recognized the shape of the attacker, which was only...

« Undyne ! » Papyrus gasped, shaken to see her here.

« I should have known better... » growled the other Head of the Royal Guard in her armor. « You fucking lied to my face, Papyrus !! »

« H-How did you...? » he stammered.

At this moment, a little form came out from its hiding spot behind the pillar next to Undyne. It was visibly a child. A kind of dinosaur wearing a black and red stripped sweater. This was the child from earlier that you totally forgot about before he ran away ! He was staring right at you with a mischievous smile before he laid his eyes on the knight again with pride of what he had come to prove the Head of the Royal Guard.

« Oh you little... » Sans growled when he saw the kid with eyesockets devoid of light.

« Oh yeah, about Monster Kid ? » Undyne cut him off with a fake amused tone to her voice before it changed to an enraged one. « It's thanks to him that I know there is a BLOODY HUMAN wandering in the Underground and on top of that under YOUR watch, Papyrus !! » she furiously yelled at the concerned one. He raised his hands as surrender.

« Look, Undyne, I may have lied but we were actually heading t- »

« I don't want to hear any more of your lies, fucker ! » she spat as she got ready to bounce, her right hand lifting to summon her yellow magic and grasp a spear once it appeared from thin air. « Give me the human, Papyrus, or you'll be sure to lose your head once Asgore will learn about your treason ! »

« No. » her coworker replied firmly, which made her raise her head in disbelief.
« No !? » she repeated in a screech, shaken by this negative response. Well shit. More deadly monsters with serious anger issues. « No !? That's what it is !? You're... You... NGAAH ! »

(woaaah another **OST** for this scene)

She made a move to throw a series of spears at you. At first, you were all frozen in place watching the first magical weapon going straight for your head in shock when a sudden skeletal arm swung in front of your face with a large, solid femur in its hand to hit the spear, causing its shattering in an explosion of light. You looked up to see it belonged to Papyrus, who just happened to save your life.

« RUN ! » Papyrus' tone boomed when he had just enough time to look at you before he turned his gaze on Undyne to summon and throw another range of bones at her.

And you all started running. Sans at your side, his left hand resting on your back to help you move with your hurt leg. Thankfully your survival instinct helped in numbing the pain with adrenaline when you were going down this bridge. A.D was running ahead, totally panicked and lost at what should it do. On the other hand, Sans didn't care showing his worry when he was running alongside with you as you all avoided the best you could the spears thrown in your way, sometimes tearing a terrified yelp from you when it struck right next to your foot or when did it almost hit a limb, the chest or even your head.

Then, you heard Papyrus's running footsteps catching up with your pace in a matter of seconds. All the while he kept blocking the magical attacks with his own before throwing more femurs at his presumed ex-coworker in response to her assaults. Every once in a while, you had to make a weird detour as the bridge took weird turns. Why did that bridge need to get turnings when it could be straight !? Your confused, scared and also angry mind wondered when you were doing your best to dodge the spears. You were slightly irritated of the lack of logic in this world. Just slightly.

No matter how much the spiky skeleton protected you, he couldn't stop every spear thrown your way and one managed to hit you, calling immediately your SOUL out for battle but before it could receive an attack, Sans shoved it back inside. You gasped at the feeling of being sheltered inside your body again, the second of sensation loss made you trip as soon as you gained it back. Sans' hand was pressing against your spine, looking down at you, sweat breaking on the top of his skull.

« Keep running, I've got your back ! »

Did he really make a spontaneous joke ? Either way, you complied. With the protection of the two brothers, you all managed to get out of the bridge zone and quickly, you all threw yourself into the vast high grass one that was standing in front of you. You were trembling and inhaling audibly as you laid down. Your lungs and your throat were hurting from sprinting so much and demanded peace !
You were tired of running, tired of being afraid 24/7, just... Tired to see that shitty Murphy's law hitting your jaw at any given moment. Can't you all be in peace? You were doing so good with the skelebros, being able to befriend them and know more about them, start to build something... Just to run away from the only safest place you knew, causing them so much trouble and torment because of your existence only... Yesterday you were doing so much progress and now, it felt like you had to do all over again. The fact that the brothers lost all what they knew just for you made your stomach turn. It was sick of rage and guilt.

Tears of exhaustion, anger and self-loathing began welling up in your eyes and your pants started to hitch into a sob when a hand covered your lips while it dragged you against a solid, but comfy frame. It was Sans tugging you to his shoulder. The brothers were laying next to you and now, almost Sans' entire body was covering your small form. You could feel his heavy breathing against your back with his chest expanding, yet not a sound was coming either from Papyrus nor him. They were staring at each other, silent like the dead. Survival instinct, you assumed.

Footsteps. Brushing grass.

Your heart was in your throat when the footsteps, heavy with metal boots, just stopped at your feet. You were mentally saying your prayers.

This was it. You were all dead.

You heard a first soft metallic sound as it scraped against another surface... Then another sound violent erupted when she grabbed something through the high grass. Sans' hand muffled your cry when Undyne lifted something... Or more likely, someone.

« Monster Kid... » She growled. How this jerk could be here at this moment?

« Y-Yo, Undyne! » The little traitor giggled before she gripped harder his face, making him flinch. « Ouch, you're hurting me! »

« Oh, I'm making sure I do give you a foretaste of what your parents will do to you! » she turned around, the kid still in her hand yelling and crying in protest as she started to walk away from your position.

Deathly silence fell over you once Undyne's presence dissipated. Finally, you freed yourself from Sans' grasp to look at him, and all what came to mind was...

« I've got your back? » Papyrus and yourself were giving him the “really?” look. Sans first didn't catch what you meant by that, then his mouth parted in realization to finally start laughing.
« Dude, I didn't even realize! » he chuckled before he received a slap behind his skull from his brother, making him flinch with the small pain before he laughed harder.

You couldn't help but start laughing too. Man. His laugh really was so contagious. Even Papyrus who was giving a disapproving look to his brother cracked a smile. It was funny how could Sans throw a pun when panicking. Smiling at him, you said.

« That's really cute, Sans. »

You swore you saw his face immediately match the color of his turtleneck sweater and be covered in sweat at the same time his laughter died in his throat and he stared at you like a dead fish for a few second, to finally jump up on his feet and babble “let's getteh hell outta here”, leaving you, Papyrus and A.D who was hidden further away behind. The scene made you giggle even more. It almost made you forget about the shitshow that just happened a minute ago, actually. Once you calmed down, your attention returned on Papyrus who was still laying on his front, watching you with red dusting his cheeks too. Not him too, Asriel thought. What was that now? The compliment you gave to his brother? Your laugh? Oh, please don't tell me your pants ripped from the jump you took and he noticed it. You quickly checked for that in all self-consciousness to conclude that no, everything is fine for that matter. So you met Papyrus' gaze again and were about to ask what was going on when he cleared his throat and asked.

« How is your leg? »

Oh, you forgot about that. You sat up to take a look at it. As you turned and flexed your leg, you could feel the ache awakening now that adrenaline was drained out of your system.

« It's going to hurt again, I'm afraid. » You replied while you were rubbing the sore areas of your limb.
« Do you need the bone eater to carry you? » He asked in concern while he sat up too.

You shook your head in response and were about to reply that you'd be fine when he searched for something in his pocket, unwrapped it and cut it in half. A bisicle. From surprise, your heart fluttered. That was so sweet of him. Ahem. It's only when you accepted his offer that you noticed the fresh wounds on his arms and spine. The skeleton got hurt in order to protect you. You gasped in horror and guilt didn't wait long to creep up your neck.

« You're hurt... » you whispered. He took a look at the injuries as if he didn't notice them before.

« I got worse. » he huffed before he laid his eyes on you again. « This is the price to be a Royal Guard... Or was. »
He seemed lost in thoughts on these words. Of course, he just put the whole Underground even his co-worker against him. You could only understand how he felt at this moment, the way he was looking at the ground, thinking about all the problems that helping you will occur... You were afraid that might cost his life if Undyne really decided to tell Asgore about what happened.

But you were going to change that, right ? You were willing to give your soul to the King and the brothers were leading you to him.

« Cheers. » he smiled.

He was inviting you to share the sweet bisicle with him. And... Papyrus fucking smiled. A faint, but true smile. Not the mischievous one that you're used to see, nuh uh.

Sensing Papyrus progressing fills you with DETERMINATION.

You returned the friendly smile and lifted your unisicle to repeat after him.

« Cheers. » then you began feisting on the offered food.

You could watch Papyrus' wounds healing up as he ate the iced meal, only leaving behind light scars on his bones when he was finished. Your own, well... They weren't healing so good. At least, you felt your leg get rid of the pain so it was still a win ! Relieved, you sighed before you noticed the extended hand in front of you. It was Papyrus offering his help in getting up since unlike you, he was already on his feet. You nodded and gave your hand and within a second, he pulled you in a swift movement towards him but made sure his second hand would prevent you from bumping into him once you were up. You caught yourself in his arms and thanked him with another smile that made him to look away and exhale sharply through his nasal bone. Sans wasn't far, he was in fact standing on the pier nearby. You were way too small for him to notice you in the high grass unlike his brother whose upper body was sticking out of it. The skeleton guided you out of this blinding zone and you had to admit, you were relieved just to feel a dull ache in the inner part of your leg as you walked. Taking note you were in better shape, Sans couldn't help but sigh slightly with a faint smile on his features.

The next scenery took your breath away. The surroundings were plunged into darkness and what was allowing you to see where to step was only the cyan glowing river that illuminated the wooden bridges and the solid grounds. Sometimes, even a bit of grass was shimmering the same colour as you walked around and sometimes noticing Echo Flowers standing alone. That was a really nice trip,
magical for your human eyes.

« This is amazing... » you let this comment slip out of your lips.

Noticing your awe for this place they grew used to, the brothers started to look at the surroundings. You could see them trying to understand why was it so breathtaking for you and after a while, themselves felt returning a bit of that awe they used to feel back when they were kids wandering Waterfall. They let this feeling of nostalgia lingering for a while as they followed you walking around and enjoying the view better, touching the grass, admiring water sausages sticking out the river and the lily pads floating...

Finally, you ended up in a dead end surrounded by glowing mushrooms and a tiny bit of high grass standing in the middle of this remote place. You noticed the monsters stopping by and looking around just to make sure nobody followed your pack.

« We'll rest for now » Papyrus said before he laid his eyes on you again. « It may not be safe, but we're far enough not to be spotted by anyone here. Does it sound good for you, human ? »

You nodded in silence. You were so busy walking and discovering this new zone you didn't notice you were craving for some sleep. It was evening when you left Snowdin and it's been a few hours since you've been there getting through some hard times. You definitively couldn't refuse that. Now that you thought about it, exhaustion hit you like a rock once adrenaline left your system. You could really use a rest. You took a sit on the dark grass, enjoying its texture and freshness under your fingertips. You let out a content sigh. Sans was already laid on his back with arms folded as cushions behind his head when you glanced at him, then you looked at Papyrus who was taking off his gloves, then his cape. When he felt the weight of your eyes on him, he stopped to meet your gaze.

« ... Something's wrong, human ? » he asked with a confused expression. You lowered your eyes on his clothes in silence and he followed them just a while before looking at you again. « Hm... Yes. I was going to bathe in the river. I know your desire of bathing in my glory and admiring my handsome features but would you be so kind and look in the other way ? »

Your cheeks started burning as you realized that he was going to bathe naked. Naked ?? Like, really naked ? Next to you ? Awake ??? You swirled on your seat trying to get the flustered feeling off your face and were now looking at Sans busy napping next to you peacefully when Papyrus called him out.

« Brother ? You should do the same. » you heard Papyrus' voice as he stood up to walk away, while his brother was peeking through a half-lidded eyesocket.
« Really ? Can't we just do that in the morning ? » he asked with a monotone, sleepy voice.

« Don't question me, brother ! » Papyrus barked from afar as he struggled against his chest armor.

« Okay, okay, no need to fucking shout at me ! » growled Sans who was now quickly getting back on his feet.

He stopped taking off his jacket midway when he noticed you were still there, as if he forgot just for a moment your existence. He blushed heavily and looked away in shame.

« Huh, sweetheart... » he whispered with a raspy voice.

You gasped for a second before you quickly got up. If one wasn't disturbed to dress up or take his clothes off, you realized the other was totally different. Sans was like that. Enjoying his little space and privacy. You muttered a sorry before you went to hide behind the little set of high grass as a makeshift curtain while he would undress. It was embarrassing. Your poor heart was pounding in your ears, your cheeks redder even and you couldn't even see that. You just squirmed in place all flustered. The actual atmosphere was awkward, deadly awkward as you kept hearing his clothes shuffling and his bones rattling for a few seconds, before he walked away to join Papyrus in the river.

You sat there for a few more minutes. Shouldn't you do the same ?

But then...

Wouldn't they see the marks on your legs ? Then again, what if you didn't have time if someone attacks you in the morning ? You peeked from your hiding spot to take a quick look on the skeleton brothers who were bathing together. They exchanged a few words, before Sans looked in your direction and said with an enough loud tone for you to hear.

« Do you want to join, sweetheart ? »

Oh crap.

« I'll... Er yeah, but do you mind if I'll go on my side ? »

« Wow huh... » Sans babbled. It seemed that he didn't expect you to accept his request. You were also red as you hid behind the high grass. « Sure not. »
Alright then. You got up and got closer to another river which wasn't borrowed by the brothers and you once you were settled on the border, you spared a glance at the skeletons who quickly turned their back on you to give you privacy. You proceeded into taking off your clothes, starting by your shoes, then your shorts and what not to put them on the pile of textile that was slowly growing bigger next to you. This way, you'd only have to put them back on quickly if needed. As you sat on the border, you were looking down on your pitch black thighs once your legs were naked. You realized how the constant pain eased as soon as you uncovered them, oh god. It was getting worse, wasn't it? You gave a trail on them with your finger and immediately hissed in pain. Yeah. It was getting worse. You hoped this wouldn't get any further.

But you knew it wouldn't stop.

After a defeated sigh, you plunged these black legs into the water. The level was low as it only submerged your body to your hips. Water was so cold your teeth already started chattering. Best not to have a thermal shock so you proceeded into placing water on your arms and neck. You sighed in contentment when your body finally grew accustomed to the temperature and even found yourself relieved of the pain through your legs as cold gently numbed them. Finally, you let your body drown into the glowing element.

It was peaceful. Only silence reigned in this place. You wished you could stay underwater longer to appreciate the feeling of weightlessness, of this soundless heaven to forget all the struggles you and your friends had to go through recently. But after almost a minute, you lacked oxygen so you let yourself float to the surface and took air. Your soaked hair was sticking to your face until you ran a hand through it to push them backwards before you got up again. A.D was standing next to you, watching you with those curious and loving eyes while it stayed settled on the dark grass. The brothers were throwing quick looks at you from time to time, noticing you've been folding your arms and resting your chin on top of them on the edge of the solid ground next to their pet. The brothers decided to do the same.

« Feeling good, sweetheart? » Sans asked with a grin.

« Yeah, it feels nice. » you replied as you watched the droplets of the glowing water run along your limbs and die on the grass. « And you? »

Papyrus was grinning just like his brother. They seemed to be pretty chill at the moment.

« It has been quite long since we lastly bathed in Waterfall's rivers. » the tallest monster replied as he looked around. « We were what... Kids? »

« You were a kid. » Sans corrected with an held out finger, comfortable enough to tease his sibling like that. « But yeah, it has been an eternity. We should hang out like that sometime again, in better circumstances. »
But would they ever get that chance again? You felt guilt creep up again at this thought. Yeah...
They could have more times like these if you didn't drag them into your problems. And they were
here, one laughing and talking about projects as if it wasn't a big deal. You looked down at the grass
in front of you.

« I'm sorry you have to go through that because of me. »

« Human, stop apologizing or we might consider holding a grudge against you. » Papyrus scowled.
He didn't seem happy you kept on beating yourself up that much. You repressed another sorry to
only sigh in response.

« What will you guys do, once you'll be freed? » you decided to ask instead. The brothers glanced at
each other, not sure what to reply.

« I guess we'll go on a hunt for human souls. » Sans shrugged. You bit your lower lip. Were they
really going to do that?

« You guess? » Papyrus spat. « We will go on a hunt for human souls for sure! »

Habits die hard, don't they? You couldn't believe you thought they'd have changed their mind since
you became their friend, but in the end, the plan was still the same. You let them argue like the two
boneheads they were as you pet the dog laying next to you. Was there a way to prevent all this?
You knew they wouldn't stand a chance against the humans that were outside this hell hole. They
were strong monsters, but they were only two strong monsters and humans... Humans were too
many. Too many with weapons that could kill easily.

And you wanted to protect your friends. You wanted them to be safe and happy. To discover that
there was something else waiting for them than death and misery in this world.

You were torn away from your thoughts when you noticed the white dog slipped from your hand
and ran to jump in the water with its masters, splashing water around and earning different screeches
from a really pissed off Papyrus, and laughs from an amused older brother.

Yeah. You really wanted them to be happy.

(yo pal, what about another ost?)
After half an hour, you decided to get out of the water because you started to grow weaker. You weren't ready to be sick again so you waited for a little while, sitting on the grass, your back on the brothers who were finished for a while now and gave you privacy by going on the other side of the high grass as a makeshift curtain. Again. The dog was all dry and pretty and was nuzzling against you to keep you warm, you who had uncovered and wet flesh. Your back was resting against its side while your arms were locked around your legs. The pain was still subdued, you could allow yourself touching your usually hurting limbs.

When you were enough dry, you put your clothes back on and joined the brothers. They were both sitting next to each other and chatting silently until they noticed you, and that was when you sat between them. They were staring at your still trembling frame so one gave you his fluffy jacket. You looked at Sans.

« But you're going to get cold. »

« It's not that cold for us here. » he replied with a faint smile on his face. « After all, we grew up in Snowdin, it's no big deal, really. »

« Ah, you're right... »

And once you finished putting on the coat, you felt another piece of cloth wrapping your neck. This time, you glanced at Papyrus who gave up on his cape for you.

« Exactly. Don't worry about us, human. You should spend your time resting instead, like the rest of us. We might have to leave early. »

You nodded in unison with Sans before the brothers turned towards the glowing mushrooms that they tapped on to turn them off. You couldn't help but giggle at the squeak sound and you all laid down, followed by the dog who was coming to get used as a pillow by yourself. You were all staring at the glistening stones on the ceiling. The sound of running water was soothing your nerves and slowly dragging you to dreamland. You took a deep breath, relaxing, as you closed your eyelids, and said.

« Sans, Papyrus... »

« Hm ? »

« Yes ? »

You waited for a bit before you resumed.

« Once you'll get to the surface... Please, could you do something for me ? »
« Anything you want, sweetheart. » Sans replied almost immediately.

« Spare everyone. » You opened just enough your eyes to notice them about to object your request so you quickly continued as you closed them again. « I don't want you to get hurt so please... Avoid fights for me. Have a nice little house away from the others, in nature, anywhere you want but please... »

« Don't hurt anyone. »

Chapter End Notes

Ahhhhh so sorry this took so long ;; But in the end, it's up, and I sincerely hope you enjoyed it, guys !

Also, I finished the illustration that goes with the chapter

http://heavenfell-au.tumblr.com/post/144535001604/run
You were standing in front of an Echo Flower when Sans came to see you. The night has been quite short and you didn't know how but Papyrus was already up when you woke up. It surprised you seeing how could he be already up and not exhausted. To add some confusion with your surprise, he also refused when you wanted to give him your cinnamon bun as a breakfast. Maybe did he already eat or maybe not, nothing could tell since he was a secretive and very proud man. He prefered letting you feed on it instead while he'd look around for any danger to come. Now you were there with a still sleepy Sans when you walked to find his brother ahead on his guard. You noticed Sans was no longer that afraid of his sibling, if not a little bit nervous whenever he met his eyes. You concluded these two made some progress although it wasn't enough to your taste; you needed them to feel safe around each other equally. Funny enough, it felt as if you were the one who made them grow softer so best stay around if that's really the case.

Sometimes you encountered some monsters who thought they were strong enough to face you. The brothers and the dog wanted to shield you each time someone came for a fight, yet you refused and stood your ground alone in front of the assaulters. It was difficult not to get hurt. It was hard going through the pain the attacks were causing you but you kept on offering mercy to each one of the
hostile creatures. In the end, they either stopped because they had no energy left to keep going or they were softened by your kindness until you could spare them and you ended up befriending them like you did with the skelebros.

This was until you entered into a vast room with only one road surrounded by water. It was quiet here. Maybe even too quiet. You were covered in new cuts and bruises because of your previous battles and you used your bandage, leaving nothing to patch yourself up. It was okay, you thought. The pain was worth the friendship and money you earned. The four of you walked in silence. There was no monster to be seen. It seemed you were safe here. Sans turned to take a look at you.

« Hey, sweetheart, why won't you climb on A.D's back ? You had a rough time back then. »

« It's okay, I can wal- »

You didn't finish your sentence when you felt something around your ankle. You stopped to take a look at it, before the brothers did the same. A white, similar to a tendril thing had caught your limp. It was wet and the texture was pretty squishy, like a...

A tentacle.

You only had the time to gasp when it threw you in the air as you screamed from the top of your lungs right before the skeletons' shocked eyes. Then they snapped. They shouted after you before the tallest one summoned bones to throw at the tentacle used to make you fly, while his sibling had his hand coated with red magic to still your body so you'd stop getting whipped around. You were headlighted by the lack of air caused by your screams and the thrashing, your body was limp as you tried to catch your breath, thanking internally Sans for his help and soon, Papyrus succeeded into hurting the tendril that was holding you but not enough to cut through it for a release. It agitated again violently to tear new yelps from you. Soon after, the brothers got also caught by two other tentacles and they started flying around too, their yells merging with yours. If it was supposed to be some pendulum ride, that wasn't funny. A.D. was alone on the solid ground, barking as it watched its owners being swallowed by the waters.

Air.

You needed air. You were dragged into the depths with Papyrus and Sans who were struggling for a release just as much as you but your movements were slowed down by the overtaking element.

Both of your legs were now wrapped up into the rings of the tentacle so now, not only you were slowed down but your mobility was also restrained, leaving you with only arms to try and swim back
to the surface.

It was no use.

Your remaining oxygen was growing low.

You looked up to notice Papyrus blasting a circle of bones to free himself from the torn tendrils then he dived into the depths to reach for you. When he was close enough, he grabbed your arms as you lifted them towards him in a desperate attempt to be rescued. But as soon as he pulled on you to set you free, the tentacle spun to get hold of the both of you in its rings. Now, not only you were kicking to try and loosen the grip, but Papyrus was also squirming as he tried to squeeze his way out of it too.

Until shadows engulfed Papyrus' features. You looked up too late to see a monster similar to a squid creature opening its mouth and swallowing almost the whole of your bodies. You bent backwards in horror when pain shot through your now paralyzed vessel, losing the spare air you kept in your mouth to be replaced with the metallic taste of your own blood. Then, all the liveliness that kept you going forward quickly drained as red water was drowning you. You only saw Papyrus disappearing in the monster's mouth, and all was left was his arm before it turned into nothingness. Your blurring, weakening sight turned on Sans who was also screaming, still held in the vice like grip of your enemy.

His yell of rage, pain and misery drowned by water was the only sound to mingle with your slowing heartbeat rate, all of them muted by the feeling of darkness winning over you.

The sound of a deep voice rocked you gently so peaceful was it to hear in the distance, soft and muffled. Like a lullaby. You happened to recognize the familiar tone, though your mind that was wandering off didn't make any connection whatsoever until the voice came closer, clearer to your ears. As it did, it grew rough and animalistic. Cries, screams... The peaceful feeling that was holding you quickly let place to fear when you emerged from your slumber.

The first thing you saw was the ceiling of the cave. The shouts were still echoing against the walls when you jolted awake, they were in fact even stronger since their source was a few feet away from your position. With them, you recognized Papyrus' startled tone, shouting over the cries in hope to make his brother snap out from his panic attack.

Sans was curled up, face against the ground. His whole frame was shaking uncontrollably.

« Sans, what's wrong !? Quit the shit ! Stop fucking bawling like a goddamn baby bones ! » Papyrus barked on his brother with mild fury and worry printed on his face.
You quickly got up to join them. Sans whipped his head towards you at your approach. His face was covered in tears. The sight of him in such a miserable state tore your heart apart. Oh, you hated that. You hated seeing him like that. You rushed to kneel down next to him and wrap your arms around his head so he could rest against your racing heart. He first tensed up at your sudden touch, then melted and cry so more, yet softly this time. It was confusing to feel again all your limbs. The sensations were still static a few seconds ago, if not slightly painful. Now you could feel the warmth of Sans' body and tears. His arms were snaking around your bust and waist to crush you against his shaking frame.

« Sans, I'm so sorry... » you whimpered against his skull before glancing at Papyrus who by his features, you could tell he was completely lost. Until realization hit him.

« Did you... » He started.

« Die ? Yeah, we all did. » Sans cut him off. His tone was thick and bitter. « I got to see my own brother die ! » he spat when he could look in the eye of the concerned one. Papyrus was at first speechless at his brother's sudden anger, before he turned his glance on you.

« What happened ? »

« A monster attacked me- a water monster and... You and Sans did your best to save me, but it... »
You looked away in shame. « Wasn't enough... »

There was no way you could tell the way he died, it was too horrible even to just remember enough to make you repress a gag.

« I couldn't do anything for you... » it slipped out in a breath.

« In any case, why would Sans act like a fucking crybaby if it happened in the other timeline ? » Papyrus asked, even more confused than he would like to admit.

« Crybaby ? » Sans repeated, pausing in his whimpers, before he threw a cold stare at the one who insulted him. « The crybaby like you said fucking saw you get mauled by a giant squid ! »

« How can you be so sure about that !? »

« Ohhh I don't know, maybe because it is POSSIBLE for me to remember it !? »

« What ? »

« Oh, your lack of ears makes you deaf maybe ? I'm going to repeat then. » Sans' voice grew deeper and animalistic through the seconds of this quarrel. « The fact that you, BOSS, are the only one not rememberin' a single damn thing doesn't mean that it's the case for your useless brother but hey, maybe your stupid brother keeps hallucinating, right ?! » Sans spat.
It seemed like the floodgates broke open for Sans' rage... Hallucinating? You never heard Papyrus say such a thing for all the time you were living with them...

Did Sans ever try to talk to his brother about his ability?

« What do you mean, *I'm the only one not to remember a single thing*?! Since when you can remember anything like that, Sans!?! » The other skeleton barked at his brother who stood his ground no matter how smaller was he in comparison. « Are you going nuts? Did I hit you too hard last time? »

Magic was in the air. You couldn't let each other getting into a fight, not as long as you'll be here in the open... So you stood up and walked between them when their fists were raised.

« Guys, it's useless to fight! » you tried to talk over their shoutings only to realize that your voice was way too soft for this kind of crap. They kept barking no matter what. The situation was going downhill and you were determined not letting that happen on your watch. You inhaled deeply and clutched your hands, finally took your courage in both hands and pushed each one away from the other, making them take note of your presence. « Stop!! »

And they obeyed. Papyrus' glance was growing less aggressive as he lowered it on you while his brother was panting heavily from the boiling anger within his bones. His features were contorted with fury. You all stood like this for a while. Pressure was coiling in the pit of your stomach and your ears. Please calm down, please calm down, you kept praying while keeping your attention on the shorter and silent skeleton.

« Sans, here is your chance to talk to your brother. » you pleaded calmly. Sans looked away, now not only angry but also anxious. « But first, we need to be safe, okay? I'm not ready to go through all that again. »

« A water monster attacked you, am I right? » Papyrus asked when he finally returned to his senses. You replied with a quick yes before he started to look around for any enemy to come. His eyes finally stopped on his brother who was staring at the ground nervously.

« Alright then, let's hurry up. »

The squid monster was hard to pass by. Indeed, because you were soaked to the bone (no pun intended) after it had the fantastic idea of sending a wave of water to wipe you all like trash into its
trap. Thankfully, Papyrus' long arms prevented you from falling into it and now, all of you were wet, cold but far from reach for the hostile creature.

« Well huh, I guess we're pretty chilled to the bone now. » Sans casually said while he looked at his own current state.

His clothes were sticking to his skeletal form unlike his coat that was falling heavily on his shoulders. It felt odd being reminded that they didn't have flesh, especially with Sans because of his chubby face and his big-boned body. Amused by his pun, you wished to reply with another, you really did but you didn't have the guts for it with Papyrus nearby. After all, you could see on his face that he was already imagining himself reducing his brother into tiny bone shards because of that joke, though he didn't expect that what Sans was about to say would soothe his murder tendencies.

« About earlier... » he started with an hesitant tone. He was playing with the tip of his shoe around the ground to scatter some pebbles. « I don't know exactly when I started rememberin' everything. »

His eyes hesitantly made their way on his brother. He searched for any sign of mockery from him but only found a listening man instead. So he looked away again and kept going.

« It feels like years already. I have spent a lot of these resets searching for the reason why it was happening, but the theories were fruitless since I couldn't prove or experiment anything, either because time reversed or nothing could answer my questions... So... I tried many times to tell you what was happening but you either laughed at me, or called me crazy, or just didn't believe me. And no matter if I could convince you otherwise... In the end, the next day, you would have forgotten everything again. So I... Given up. Given up to care.»

You were both standing next to him. His orbits were filled with magic water again. Tears were calmly running down his cheeks, almost peacefully. His brother remained silent in front of this scenery. If you didn't understand Papyrus so well, you wouldn't have perceived his sharp stare slightly softened, a discreet sign that he was concerned. Even his hands were tensing on his folded arms.

« Then... The day we met sweetheart... » He threw a quick glance at you. His smile was there but quivering. « I was so... So mad. Because I realized it was because of them I was stuck in this timeloop. That somehow, everytime they died, no matter how, no matter when, it would start again. I was furious at them, at... At their power of coming back in time and SAVING. I held a grudge against the human, judging them for the agony they put me through for so long but then... »

He took a deep breath. Then another before he glanced down in shame.
"They always accepted us no matter what we did to them. They never showed any violence or hate and in the end, they were the one living hell as we were killing them... torturing them... Stealing their only reason to live on."

Your heart sank at these words. The haunting memories of Flowey- no, Asriel's death hit you in the face, and flashes of your cries in that tragic day replayed in your ears. The way he disappeared was still hurting... The hatred and cruelty, you still weren't over them. Flow- Asriel's murder was and will never be forgiven just like about the rest, but you just... You just managed to understand where did all this violence come, though without excusing it. Oh, it hurt. Your hand raised to grab at the sweater fabric against your clenching heart. You prayed that it wouldn't splat on the ground so heavy it felt.

"So I... Yeah, I remember everything. And I had no one to talk to because I was the only one to remember once the world would reset again. I gave up trying when I understood that... it was pointless."

Only the sound of a waterfall nearby filled the cavern you were in now. Papyrus was staring at his brother in silence for a while, until he spoke quietly as he was used to when collected.

"How long?" he asked him.

"I don't know, Pap. Weeks, months maybe? It fucked up my sense of time with all of these resets, you know...?"

Oh, here he was anxious again. Avoiding eye contact with his brother, trembling tone, breaking sweat and frozen posture.

Clicking sounds. Papyrus was now walking towards his brother in a heavy silence. Sans got startled by his brother's sudden approach to the point his whole body went even more tense that it could be. He was waiting for anything. A strike, for sure. But a few seconds after he screwed shut his eyelids, he felt someone putting a hand on his shoulders, making him to flinch and standing still on spot in complete anxiety. When he realized that nothing else happened, his curiosity made Sans peek a little before he stared at his brother with wide eyes. Papyrus was staring down at him with a softened scowl printed on his face. It looked like he was searching for words to say, struggling even... They stayed like this for a little while before Papyrus opened his jaws and said.

"I'm sorry."
It seemed like it hit right in Sans' soul. New hot tears poured from his shocked eyesockets as he remained speechless.

Then he embraced his brother.

Your heart rose up in a blissful feeling when you saw Papyrus silently lay his hands on his whimpering sibling's head in a comforting manner. It was a beautiful picture to see; they finally made peace, they who spent their lifetime hurting each other... You wished it could last longer, if not for eternity. Everything felt right for once, felt... Pure... You hoped this moment will allow them to get closer from now on.

Half an hour passed by. The brothers were sitting a few feet away from you to have a private talk. By their body language, one could tell that both of them were relaxed as they were dialing until finally, Papyrus got up to come and see you. The look in his eyes could tell he was serene, something so rare to witness.

« How is he feeling ? » you quietly asked him.

« Better, I can feel it in his magic. » Papyrus who had his eyes laid on his sibling turned to look at you. « My brother finally opened up. And I'm sure that he would have never done it if it wasn't for you being here.”

Oh. It was his way of thanking you. A smile crept up on your face. Everything seemed to go for the best ! You were all here, alive, and slowly getting closer to each other.

Knowing that your friends feel safe filled you with DETERMINATION.

It was with this feeling you all walked down the corridor leading to the East until you found yourself before a statue. It was sitting there under the rain that was coming from the surface through a hole, allowing one of these so rarely natural lights to come in. Nothing but just that statue stood there in the path and it looked so lonely here, as if it endlessly waited for someone to come here, in the disturbed silence by the pouring rain on its figure. Your heart felt heavy all of the sudden again at this view: although the posture could be interpreted differently such as a peaceful stand, for you the form appeared so... lonely and miserable.

Forgotten.
And now you could feel your heart getting heavier at the moment you sensed Asriel's approach. He was obviously in pain too.

« I don't know why... But seeing this is... » He whispered in your mind.

« Heartbreaking. » You finished. You felt him nodding sadly in the back of your head. « I know. »

The brothers were silent as well. When it was finally possible to tear your eyes from the lonely statue, you looked around to see in the distance a set of umbrellas in a bin. The skeleton monsters watched you go and take one before returning... To put it atop the stone figure. Right after this moment, a music box inside of it began to play. You stayed here for a while to listen to the soft melody. The music was soothing but at the same time, melancholic. Tearing and mending your soul all in a perfect harmony. It was such a beauty.

Finally when the feelings eased, it was time to go. You mentally patted Asriel's back hoping it'd comfort him. It didn't seem effective. Welp, gotta have to bear that burden for a while, you guessed. You could do that for him.

Oh, here were these bridges again. After new hours spent into these caves through Waterfall, you could sniff the threat in the air. Below the platform made of wood you were finding yourself with your friends was a second bridge. Aware of the shady atmosphere, you walked down the wood planks until you spotted a light from between them in front of you. It had a yellowish hue. Oh, you remembered this magic.

It was Undyne's.

Another light spot appeared on Sans' right, right next to his foot. He tensed up at this sight before he turned around to notice a third one appearing right on Papyrus' position.

« Watch out ! » he shouted just in time for his brother to take notice and jump forward before a spear could pierce his body from the bottom. You yelped at the sight of the other ones coming out from the light in a row.

The attacker was on the bridge below the one you were occupying. Other light spots began appearing when Sans took hold of your hand to pull you against his frame. A glance back allowed you to witness a spear piercing through the wood right where you were standing. With a short breath, you said to your savior.

« Thank you ! »

« Don't sweat it, darling. » he replied before exchanging a glance with his sibling.
Then you started running away from the pissed off lady monster. The thing was... Now, as if fate decided to take a shit on you all, the road was taking plenty of different paths just like a maze for you to get lost. So now, not only you had to find the right path, but you also had to dance towards safety thanks to all these attacks thrown at you. If you had time to think about it, you'd agree in saying it really felt like dancing. Either when you were too slow to avoid a spear, one of the skeleton brothers would catch your hand and pull you to get you out of imminent danger, sometimes making you turn around and fall into their arms until you bounced again and resumed running.

Yet, one of the attacks managed to hit you and instantly call out your SOUL. You were about to dodge all of the magic arrows until one cut through your left arm and thigh. Your pained shout rang in the air right right before Papyrus caught you and carried you like a child on his hip while running aside his dog. His exhausted brother was losing distance with the rest of the group, so he took a short cut to reappear further ahead. Papyrus called out to Sans as soon as he spotted him. You didn't have time to proceed what was going on when he dropped you in his brother's arms. And after many paths taken that ended being dead ends or traps, he brought you into one remaining way while Papyrus deemed good staying behind to try and defend his family.

But it was another dead end. Sans put you back down on your feet while you were giving a look over the bottomless pit. Oh no, it was certainly too deep, you couldn't see in this pitch blackness! Papyrus arrived just behind to also take a quick look down. You all came to an agreement that you needed to go back so you turned around to proceed when you spotted the knight standing further away. You froze on the wood plank you were standing. This couldn't be good. The Head of the Royal Guard was approaching dangerously and was only a few feet away from you now. In defense, Papyrus was about to prepare an attack when a range of spears came from above to impale you, and it would have if it wasn't for Sans that pulled you back before it could. Because of his intervention, the attack ended up hitting the bridge.

Silence.

Then all of the sudden, it shook.

Heartbeat.

Your mind was racing. Oh no, it meant... It meant you were about to fall in this bottomless pit. Terrorized, you just had time to look up and meet your assaulter's gaze before the wood planks gave in. You noticed a malicious glint in her eyes. You could swear this knight was grinning.

Air wasn't too low at the speed you were falling completely in panic. In your ears were only screeches and wind. Your eyelids screwed shut as you braced yourself for the impact.
And then.

Let go.

Chapter End Notes

Oh god, sorry if it took so long, I have been busy lately (and also stressed out/tired and this might be visible on this update ahah) but here is the new chapter ! I just hope it was decent enough for you since I wasn't really happy with what I came up with ;u; (also I might come back to correct any grammar mistakes whenever I spot one and what not )

I just want to thank you for all the kudos, the comments and the bookmarks ! Gosh, you don't know how happy does this make me ! And this thanks to Corlia who shared my fiction and a lot of my art pieces from tumblr on the Undertale Fandom facebook page ! I'll never thank you enough, man, you're awesome !!! Kudos to you <3
Your eyes fluttered open when you finally came back to your senses. You were way too tired to comprehend why everything around you was shaking. Looking up would be enough understand why though ; Papyrus was carrying you bride style and running around. He and his brother were shouting things you couldn't process yet. You were late to the party, it seemed.

« -be they have a concussion ! » One sharp tone was shouting.
« What about their safety ? If they've got damage on their spine, moving them can be fatal, you know that ? » Another deeper snapped.
« Of course I know that ! But do you have any better idea, Sans ? We're alone in this world, nobody would come unless if it's to finish the human off ! »

You could tell Papyrus was dead worried judging his twisted expression of frustrated panic while he carried your limp body around. In the meanwhile, you did your best chasing the tiredness away from your system, your eyes still lazily blinking in a haze, watching without focusing the sceneries passing.. Though your senses gradually returned screaming that your whole body was sore and
sensitive to vibrations and touch, so much that you were afraid there was a broken bone or two.

« P-Pap...yrus... » you breathed out so he would turn his attention over you instead of running. Surprised and relieved, Papyrus immediately stopped his course.

« Human ! » he called you in return. « Are you alright ? »

« Put me down, please. » you pleaded in a whisper. He obeyed and carefully settled you down on the ground. « Thank you. »

You were sitting there in a tunnel in front of two insanely worried skeleton monsters and a dog, all staring at each other nervously. What looked like fireflies were floating around, and you noticed there were a bunch of Echo Flowers standing further away. At this moment, Sans squatted in front of you. He laid his hand over the top of your head before he slid it until he could cup your cheek in his palm.

« Oh, dollface, you scared us back there. » he smiled softly. You muttered a sorry, but he shook his head, his eyesockets shut down. « Well, I don't want you to apologize for this. »

You felt some comfort in his gesture and reassurance, enough to feel a little bubble of happiness raise in your chest at first. At first... Because his soft, collected tone changed into a colder, darker one that you knew oh too well when he opened his eyes again. You stared into the abyss they became.

« Unless you were talking about this. »

You didn't have time to do more than just opening your mouth to talk when he pulled your sweater up to display your black stains to everyone. You yelped immediately in response and pushed his hand away in an attempt to hide your odd symptoms, without caring for the Papyrus' shocked face or pure anger on Sans' features. His magic hummed threateningly louder in your ears.

Your body was covered with pure blackness to your belly level. Whenever your knees were hitting against each other, you would wince as pain shot through your legs. Papyrus squatted next to his brother in order to study this anomaly.

« How is that even possible ? I don't remember spotting these stains back when you were ill... » he murmured while his eyes were traveling on your exposed belly in thought. Sans bent so he could be at your eye level.

« When did it start ? » he asked. His slit pupils were back and staring straight at you. Yours were going back and forth between the two brothers. How could you answer that ? Yourself didn't have any idea !
« It was already there the time when I took a shower, back when I was sick. » you replied. « But it was only at the knee level, I swear ! »

« Is that a human thing ? » Papyrus asked. He was visibly confused about this. Of course he was going to be confused.

« I... No, I don't think so ? »

« What happens if I do that ? » Sans pressed his palm against the exposed stains, only for you to shout in pain as a reply. He took his hand away as if he just got burnt. « Sorry ! Sorry... » he urged to say as he noticed tears pricking your eyes.

Now, you all remained silent in this cold, dark place. Oh, how you regretted not waking up earlier, when you fell down the bridge ! You could have kept up appearances. You weren't ready to have this talk with them. Worrying them was the last thing on the to do list, especially now that you were out in the open for anyone to ambush you then again, you fucked up. How life was easier the time when you only had to run away from everybody with only a flower as a guide. You felt you had lost so much time already and here you were, wasting more of it when you understood you didn't have this luxury anymore.

« Are you sick ? » Papyrus' question brought you back to reality.

You turned your attention on him. The twisted grimace on his mouth was an evidence of his worry although he was doing his best not to show it. You could notice easily how his jaw was tense, how everytime he had a little sparkle of fear in his eyes whenever they would travel on the black spots.

« It's your fault. » you caught yourself thinking that. Why were you feeling anger now ? He was just worried for you, plus, he couldn't remember all the deaths you went through because of them thanks to this wonderful power of resetting. You couldn't blame them, or at least, you couldn't blame him for that... You felt terrible accusing him and yet, there was still that thought that nagged. Your own voice, deeper in anger and hatred, and Asriel's...

Ah. Asriel.

He certainly had his share of anger too.

You noticed the brothers were staring at you with an odd look. Surely because your face was contorded, you realized. Having them going nuts for your pretty eyes wasn't on the menu so best calm your angry friend down first. His presence was heavy next to you, his beautiful ruby eyes were piercing through the two other monsters with god knows what kind of thing he wanted to do to them for putting your life at risk and also for being the ones that condemned you both. It was obvious he
was slowly trying to take control of you as he pushed his thoughts into your mind, wishing your new
guides away if not dead, how horrible they were for hurting his best friend, and how needy he felt to
shield you from them.

With steady breaths, you forced a smile for your living companions.

« I think I am, yes. » you calmly replied.

« What's this sickness about ? » Sans asked right after you replied.

His pulsing eyes were shooting back and forth to yours as he resumed touching your black stained
areas. You winced in pain again and stopped a responsive kick at Sans' face halfway through the
action. The skeleton also dodged it at the same time by standing straight with his hands raised in
surrender. You caught your breath in your throat in horror at the realization you almost lost control
again.

« Damn babe, if I hurt you, say it, no need to use my head as a punching ball ! »

« I'm sorry, I didn't mean to ! » you urged to apologize, but before you could say more, he shook his
head with a smile and lowered his skeletal hands.

« Easy there, honey. I know you didn't. A sweetheart like you wouldn't dare to even hurt a fly,
would you ? »

« I already hurt one. » you replied bitterly. « And more. »

In the corner of the eye, you noticed Papyrus frowning when he understood you were refering to the
altercation you had with him. Out of shame, you turned your head away to look at something else
than your friends and you found a new particular interest into these Echo Flowers all of the sudden.
Try thinking of something else than violence. Than your past fights and abuse. And yet, it wouldn't
work... Asriel's presence kept getting overwhelming no matter how you tried blocking out everything
else, cutting yourself from feeling until you sensed someone putting their palm over your hand that
was laying on the glistening grass.

« Well, it wasn't on purpose. But sweetheart... I still have so many questions. Do you mind me
asking them ? »

You quietly shook your head in response to watch Sans' face relax in relief. He took a breath as he
was searching for the first question to ask.

« Do you know what causes these marks ? » he asked in a low, collected tone. « If these stains make
you suffer... How long can you endure it ? How fast do they grow ? »
« It's pretty fast, as you can see... » you replied honestly.

But about the question on this plague's origin, you couldn't tell. What if it was related to Asriel? You couldn't put him at risk. He was your friend and on top of that, nothing could indicate if he was the cause of this. If only you checked your health state sooner, you would have noticed these spots and maybe found a solution or even an answer to your own questions. You felt kinda stupid for keeping it as a secret this long now... You raised your gaze from your stained legs to Sans and Papyrus' curious eyes.

« Still, I don't know what causes this. I just... I just feel there isn't much time to lose anymore... »

« Sweetheart... » Sans breathed out.

« I need to keep going, I just... I feel it. » How could you put words on what you were feeling deep inside? It was hard to describe why and where it came from because you had no fucking clue.
« Something's wrong with me, I know it... I know it but what I don't know is what happens when it'll get worse. »

« Alright then... We're still hours away from Asgore. Will you hold on until we're there? » You took a moment to consider these questions, still aware of Asriel's silence and piercing eyes cutting through you.

« I'll try. »

With this answer, you were helped getting up. Yeah, they were right... It was going to be a long way to hell at this point. Your still sore body made you see stars when the pain shot through and through. Oh, you hoped to be able to reach the Barrier, now.

Sans laid a hand against your back to give you support as you slowly made your way down this tunnel. Passing next to Echo Flowers, appreciating their beautiful and calming appearance. Your fingers caressed their petals and you heard a passing conversation while you were walking away.

« ... hmm... If I say my wish... You promise you won't laugh at me? »

You touched the next one.

« Of course I won't laugh! »

You didn't notice the heavy expression on the brothers' face.
« Someday, I'd like to climb this mountain we're all buried under. Standing under the sky, looking at the world burning all around... That's my wish. »

Your fingers brushed the petals of one of these flowers standing in the water. You heard a laughter emanating from it.

« ... Hey, you said you wouldn't laugh at it ! »

You raised your hand to touch the last one remaining, which Papyrus tried to stop too late. You heard a passing conversation while you were looking up to him, then Sans.

« Sorry, it's just funny. That's my wish, too. »

They were now avoiding your gaze. There was a palpable sense of shame hanging in the air. The voices sounded pretty young and the skeletons looked ashamed. Were they the children that said that? After so many times, it couldn't be! Though hearing such thoughts was enough to make your desire of freeing them all stronger, just so you'd make sure to see them get so many friends they'd never have dreamt of. You'll make sure they'll be loved so much that they will forget their hate for humanity. So much they'll forget how to hate. You didn't mind the brothers at all once you noticed this sign on the wall on your way, that's why you stopped in front of it to read what was written upon.

“However... There is a prophecy. The Angel... The One Who Has Seen The Surface... They will return. And the underground will go empty.”

You felt agitated all of the sudden. Was it about you? Yet you didn't look like an Angel at all! Was that a way to call a human, down here? You were pretty sure it wasn't, they never called you an Angel from what you could recall in your encounters. Asriel's presence in the back of your head was growing stronger. You could feel his fear and sorrow coursing in your veins. You bit your lower lip. Did he know something about it? You were scared to the thought of hurting him if you tried to talk about it. Or maybe were you scared about finding something out about your best friend's past. But yet... You couldn't avoid this talk. You two were sharing the same body, it was just a matter of time until you put the topic on the table. Maybe was it better to do it the sooner to get it over with.

« Do you know something about this, Asriel? » you asked him while you were leading the way to the bridge on your right.

« Maybe... » he replied softly. You knew by this tone that he was unsure. Maybe wasn't he ready for
this talk.

« Oh, I'm sorry. Is it too soon ? » You could see him nodding. His expression was a mixture of pain and remorse. Yours wore an apologetic smile as you walked through the long bridge ahead. « It's okay, I understand. Talk to me whenever you feel like it. »

He responded with another nod as he vanished into the depths of your mind. You were almost at the end of the bridge when you heard someone running behind you. You turned around to meet your gaze with a little, yellow monster child wearing a stripped sweater. He wore this mischievious smile on his mouth again.

Oh stars, not him again.

He was on the other side of the bridge. The armless creature was alone, which was strange actually. Was it an ambush ? You quickly looked around in case it was, yet no angry fish monster to be seen. You then noticed in the corner of your eye the monster kid walking towards you. Was he insane ? Papyrus, Sans, hell, even A.D were here at your side ! You were more afraid for this child to be hurt or worse than being attacked by him. That's why you started shouting in his direction.

« Stay away ! You're not supposed to be there, go home ! »

You heard him laughing in the distance. The shape of a femur appeared in your vision area. Papyrus was ready to attack. So were Sans and their dog pet.

« Stop, it's just a child ! » you exclaimed, outraged.

« Yeah, and ? » Sans replied.

« He sold us. » Papyrus continued.

« Still, he can't hurt us ! I can't believe you're ready to attack a kid ! »

Another giggle from the child. You glanced over your shoulder to watch the kid still wearing that evil smile of his.

« You know you're doomed, right ? » The child finally spoke, amused by your reactions. « Undyne will beat the crap out of you all ! And she'll take this human's soul. And you know what ? It will be thanks to me ! I'll be the hero of the Underground, hehehe ! »
He raised his chin in pride.

« She'll make me her second for sure after that! When I'll be old enough, I mean! »

You would have been moved by his naïve nature in other circumstances but here, it only made you sad. This is when you heard the clicking of Undyne's metal armor further away. The monster kid heard it too because he turned around with a huge, excited smile on his face when she came for the party.

« Ah! Undyne! Just in time! » he peeped as he ran towards her.

But then...

He tripped and since he seemed not to possess arms to catch himself back, he fell down the bridge, just where a rock pillar was supporting the middle of it. You gasped in horror as you watched him just catching himself with the help of his mouth and feet. His eyes were filled with pure fear. You heard him whimpering a “help, I tripped!” to his role model's attention. Undyne didn't even bother to care as she took a few steps ahead. She didn't even spare a glance at him, so well you noticed tears pricking the eyes of the distressed little one.

« Let's g- » started Papyrus just when you ran the fastest you could with your hurt limbs in the direction of the danger, which made him jump in surprise. « Human!? »

« Frisk!? » Asriel yelled in disbelief in your head. « What if it's a trap!? »

You were sure it wasn't. A kid couldn't be this vicious and careless, right? He was in terrible danger, how could he have put himself in such a situation just to trick you? But then again, people down here were pretty insane... Stop thinking, Frisk, there's a child's life at risk here! Speaking of the child, the little one was slowly losing his grip, slipping ever so slowly towards the darkness waiting below him. At the realization, he squealed in panic between his clenched teeth.

Undyne was a few feet away when you reached out and grip the collar of the small monster's sweater. The little guy yelped in fear at your action. Oh, your arms were hurting because of the soreness and the deep wounds you had earned on your way here! By the look in his eyes, you were sure he imagined you ending his life right there, so it's with big surprise that he heard you yelling “Get up!” to his attention and helped him getting back to safety. Even Undyne, who was on her way to kill you, had to stop and watch the scene that was unfolding before her eyes. The child was panting heavily due to his efforts, his back gently patted in sympathy by your hand.
« Shh, it's over... It's over, you're safe now. » you were whispering softly.

The little guy looked at you with big, teary eyes before his gaze turned on Undyne who was still frozen in place in utter shock. As he collected courage, the monster kid stood up to face the Head of the Royal Guard.

« Y... Y... Yo... Dude... » You turned your attention on him. He looked over his shoulder to smile at you. « How about you run, while I keep her busy ? »

His smile was different as much as his tone. He seemed... grateful towards you for saving him. You spared a glance at the tall monster lady. You had a bad feeling about this. The kid seemed to feel your hesitation.

« Don't worry about me, I'm a tough cookie ! » That affirmation made a smile rise on your lips. At least he seemed to know what he was doing.

« Thank you. » you said before you ran away - as much as you could - with your companions, leaving the kid and the knight behind.

You really hoped this child was okay.

Undyne was standing on the top of a hill when you noticed her. As you were expecting, she wasn't up for a conversation. All you could sense from her was a strong feeling of hate and disgust. And determination to kill.

Papyrus wanted to fight, but you refused. No risk to get someone hurt, either your friends or this woman, could be taken. So you ran for another time, hoping for the best to come when you were tried hard to dodge the attacks of the mad living sushi.

But your best wasn't enough.

A sudden pain shot in your side when a spear pierced right through you, which made you lose your mobile functions. Blood was running along the magical weapon that struck the ground. Panting heavily in a desperate attempt to stay focused, you saw with your blurring vision your guides turning around and shouting after you in horror. Your hearing was off too. You could only guess that Sans' figure was reaching out for you when you did the same and just when you felt his bones holding the
tip of your fingers, you were back at the hill again. Papyrus quickly held your waist as you lost balance, you holding his wrist like a lifeline and panting, hoping for the pain in your side to dissipate from your system.

Sans was mad. Deep hollow sockets as he stared at Undyne. You swore you heard him mutter a “fuckin' bitch” before he raised his hand covered in red. Immediately, memories of him using this kind of attack came back in flashes in your mind and before he could do anything with it, you yanked his hand towards the ground.

« No ! » you yelled while you freed yourself from Papyrus' hands. The brothers looked at you wide eyed filled with confusion.


« We don't hurt anyone, her included ! » You pointed at the angry fish lady who was preparing an attack. « We just go ! »

Sans growled in frustration.

« You won't go far with these wounds, babe. » he warned you. Undyne's attack was at full charge.

« I'll do my best. » you replied.

Undyne sent her attack, which Papyrus intercepted with a summoned huge rib cage above your heads. Sans took you in his arms to be used as a monster shield and you ducked your head in a reflex. You didn't have time to understand what was going on when the shorter skeleton put you on A.D's back in one swift move.

« But ! But Papyrus ? » you protested when he started to run with his dog to flee the fish monster's assaults.

Her spears didn't stop to hit the ground or the walls as you escaped. You glanced over your shoulder to see Papyrus' silhouette shielding himself with huge bones, then sending a range of femurs back to get Undyne's full attention. You could hear Papyrus snapping insults as he bravely jumped around to avoid the magical attacks of his ex-coworker. You didn't want to leave him behind, you couldn't just do that ! Filled with dread, you turned your eyes on Sans who was panting due to the running. In other circumstances, you would have found this funny to see him doing so many efforts that he was sweating bullets. Oh, you wished everything was different.

« Don't worry about it, honey, Pap's gotcha.» he reassured you with a smile.
This is when A.D let out a high-pitch yelp and collapsed. You fell and rolled a little further away, scratching your knees and hands as you tried to break the fall. Sans froze in place, shocked when he spot a spear piercing the dog's hindquarters. His pet was whining and twisting to try and get up. You looked back at them to cry “A.D” when a spear empaled your leg another time. Your breath got stuck in your throat. You barely had the strength to let out a squeal from the violence of the impact, pinned to the ground as you tried to move and hold your wound. Sans didn't move, his face livid as he watched your blood forming a pool beneath your limb. You froze, eyes wide opened when you finally realized the dog stopped crying, so you turned towards it again only to see it taking its last breath.

Sans' was hitching in shock. Sweat running along his skull. A.D was gone within seconds. His limp body changed into glistening dust between the both of your still forms. Its little soul was grey, trembling, shaking in weakness when it shattered like glass.

From whimpering, you went to screaming and crying.

Where was Papyrus ? Where was he ?

Sans slowly raised his empty gaze filled with tears to meet with yours. You were hyperventilating until you saw blood pouring from your friend's mouth. You stopped in your panic attack.

What ?

The monster fell on his knees. This was only now you noticed the spear that empaled him from behind. When did he get that shot ? Your mind was blurring in fear while you shouted his name and reached out for him. The skeleton was taking support on his hands to prevent himself from collapsing when he looked at you, then showed a weak smile printed with crimson fluid. He bent towards you, raised his hand to catch yours. Your fingers were close enough to touch.

Yours only caught dust.

You stayed still for a few seconds. At this moment, what remained was his clothes and ashes with a little trembling soul floating above it.

Sans.

When you realized it, you launched to try and catch it only to have it exploding into tiny pieces when you were about to get a hold of it. No... It couldn't be... It couldn't be...
You kept on calling his name, as you began to dig into the pile of shimmering dust in a desperate hope to find something, anything. In a desperate hope to find him again somewhere underneath. But only tracks of your fingers fishing into it were found.

They were all gone... Right ? Papyrus, A.D... And Sans... You were pretty sure the monster kid didn't make it too... And it was your fault.

New hot tears poured as you held yourself from falling. You couldn't take your eyes off them.

It was too horrible... Why was it hurting everytime ? Why was it hurting so much ?

What was the point of struggling ?

You had struggles to breathe, your eyes unfocused as the salty pearls crashed on the ground below. You didn't realize you started laughing. A lifeless laughter slipping through your widening smile.

They died three times already. How many times will they have to die again ? Four, five times ? More ? Just three was already too much for you to take.

Asriel's voice inside your head was faded, drowned out by the intrusive thoughts taking over you. He did his best to get your attention by trying to speak over the overtaking crazy laughter. He sounded desperate. Why was that ? After all, it's not like he cared for his murderers, and you couldn't blame him. Thought it was your fault, always your fault, you were late, always late, always, always. You'll keep seeing them dying over and over like some busted record...

You stopped for a second. Why did he sound terrified ?

You barely sensed a presence looming over you when a spear stabbed through your neck.

Chapter End Notes

Aaaaaah guys I'm so sorry for the wait ! It seems like I've become so slow at writing ;A;
Either way, I want to thank you for all the support, the kudos and feedbacks, the bookmarks!! It's unbelievable for me to get so many good feedbacks, I feel so spoiled, I just can't thank you enough ;A;

Also, the drawing for this chapter here:
http://heavenfell-au.tumblr.com/post/148119809589/you-had-struggles-to-breathe-your-eyes-unfocused
You were screaming bloody murder when you returned. Sans caught you before you reached ground as you lost your balance. You were panting heavily with tears streaming down your livid face like waterfalls. You were having so much trouble to breathe that you were afraid of passing out while danger stood above you and your friends. She was still looking furious and determined to complete her mission. Asriel was also there behind you, silent with a boiling rage in his (your ?) guts. His hands were slowly holding the very being of your soul and here, you were really expecting to pass out. Hearing blurred, heart threatening to explode, the burning in your lungs and limbs, the pressure in your guts and yes, numbness starting from the back of your neck, slowly reaching your shoulders and down... The twisted feelings were overwhelming. Darkness invaded your vision as your friend's palms coming from behind covered your eyes. But you knew it was something else than a panic attack. You felt he was gaining control.
Asriel... No... Don’t do that...

But you were too weakened, shaken to fight back. The last thing you saw was the ribcage Papyrus summoned to protect you from Undyne's assault, then, nothing.

Shouts were echoing in the deep blackness of your consciousness. Not only that, but also, loud sounds of power bursting and hits. You peeked through your eyelids when you finally found strength to flutter them open to immediately snap them open : you were watching yourself jumping and running around, holding the dagger Papyrus offered you the other day to cut the sushi living monster, dodging the attacks she threw at you and stabbing through the uncovered parts of her body while screaming hysterically. Behind, you could hear Papyrus and Sans shouting at you to stop while on the other hand, Undyne seemed to appreciate your rebellion.

You gasped.

When did you take the weapon ?

Oh, don't tell me Asriel took it while you weren't paying attention... You tried to move on your own only to find yourself plunged into black matter. Sticky, heavy and intoxicating like petrol.

You started panicking now. Why were you here ? Why could you only see that was going on from afar, like you were watching through a screen ? You needed a few moments, between wiggling and panting from anxiety, to spot Asriel before you on the otherside of your mind. His back was turned on you while his hands were up in front of him. You could hear him also out of breath from the boiling rage taking his guts, his efforts to concentrate and control your body in the real world.

« Asriel ? » you called. Your tone was unsure.

He didn't turn around nor spare a glance to you.

« Asriel, what's going on ? What did you do ? » you tried again, your voice taking high tones as anxiety was growing in the pit of your stomach.

« Be quiet, Frisk, I'm busy here ! » he finally shouted at your attention.
Somehow he seemed to be taller and his voice which you were used to hear it as clear, high and soft like a lullaby one, has gained depth. Maybe was it because of his unleashed rage... Seeing, hearing and feeling how mad he was made you whimper in fear until you found a new interest that revealed to be that screen-like window to the real world; Undyne just missed to stab your controlled vessel with a spear to receive a hit from you as a payback. Seeing her in pain brought back the will to fight. Asriel had to stop before he could cause any more damage! You couldn't see Papyrus nor Sans around, although you could still hear their voices shouting at you, asking if you went insane, begging for you to let them handle it. You sensed their fear, but you didn't know if it was for your sake, or their own.

You called for help...

But nobody could hear you.

You began to scream after your bestfriend. All of these mixed up feelings were overwhelming, fear, misery, frustration, they were stronger with that sensation of suffocating in this impure goo. Everytime you were pulling a limb, that black matter would tighten up until you'd let go to return to its original, sticky state. Struggling in your efforts, you could only observe this terrible glue slowly crawling along your arms and legs to the knee and elbow levels. Your breath hitched in panic.

« ASRIEL !! » you screeched in your despair. « LET GO OF ME !! »

« She'll hurt you if I do that ! » he yelled in return. « I'll let you go once I'll be sure she won't ever lay a hand on you again... » he growled more to himself as his attention returned on Undyne.

She had a wide cut in her side, so much he could hear the loud, deafening humming of her magic and the light of her power, tainted with red blood, was shining bright with rage through her sliced skin. You could even smell the scent of her from her lacerated flesh. It smelled like sushi.

Shook, you watched speechless the fish monster put a hand against the wound he just made and stumble a bit backward. She repressed a hiss out of pain before she checked up on it. Dust mixed with blood laid on her gloved hand.

That couldn't be good.
His magic was rattling his bones.

His breath heaved with terror as his slit pupils were going back and forth between the Head of the Royal Guard and Frisk.

What was happening to them?

Papyrus did just like him, covered in cuts and bruises after he tried to stop the human, he stood back to watch the fight happen. Even his brother was wrecked with shock. Sans could hear his own magic humming loudly in his chest, screaming to be set free, to be unleashed to either stop the enraged human or to protect himself. He was fragile, way too fragile to put his life at risk and oh, how he wanted to! But the fact of having 1 HP couldn't be neglected. He wasn't a fighter. He never was one.

« Sweetheart! » he shouted to their attention while they were jumping on their enemy to inflict another injury at her thigh level.

They didn't respond. They finally snapped, didn't they? After all they've been through, after all the deaths, the heartbreaks, the suffering, the injustice... It was a matter of time until their sanity broke too, wasn't it. They were screaming like a beast as they agitated that dagger around in hope to reach the fish lady, before they received a hit from her. They yelped as they hit the ground, then rolled to stand up on their feet again within seconds on guard. Something about them was telling him it wasn't his sweetheart, in there. Their body language was particularly different. Maybe was it because of their current mental state everything about them seemed so odd... After all, he never saw the human like this before. And he wished he never had to see this. As he was afraid of...

His nightmare came true.

Blood and dust were spilled in the same time shouts and hits were exchanged. Sans understood his darling's anger, more than anyone else. He used to feel this way before too... Until he let them, his darling, enter his hellish prison and open up that burning tiny heart to set all this consuming rage free... Or at least, most of it. He never thought he'd have to feel scared around this little human ever again and yet, here we were. With his skull covered in sweat, he looked at his brother who was still frozen in place.

« Pap! Do something! »
« And what, risk anyone of us getting killed when they're like this? » Papyrus snapped at his sibling, just before his eyes went to focus on Frisk who just stabbed his ex-coworker. He seemed too terrified. « No way! »

Within minutes, Undyne was on the edge of death. Her eye was black and her slit pupil still red like blood. Maybe Papyrus was right but...

What if they completely lost their mind?

✧✦✧

Undyne's current health state was in a terrible shape. You could see her HP degrading, so well her skin started melting randomly on some parts of her exposed face, just like an icecream standing too long under the sun.

« What is happening to her?! » you asked.

« She's dying. » Asriel replied.

You heard a giggle coming from him. A bloodcurdling giggle. You shivered as it echoed around you, terrified eyes glued on him. Even from behind, you could perfectly imagine the huge grin on his face tainted with madness. The tone of his voice was proof of what was gaining him.

Your vessel jumped on the left to avoid a range of spears empaling the way. Then it rushed to Undyne's position to cut her right arm to cause her to drop the spear she was holding, which she did in a roar of pain. The fish woman held her hurt arm while she threw insults at you and stared at you with eyes filled with pure hatred and desire to kill. You were crying. You never wanted this. No, you never wanted this...!! Asriel took advantage of her moment of weakness and stabbed right through her uncovered stomach, which caused her to spit some magical fluid. You didn't know if it was her breakfast or her blood at this point, you just knew it didn't mean any good. And as if it wasn't enough, your goat friend pushed the weapon deeper into her flesh until the blade was pocking out of the other side with the intention to make her spill more of this strange vomit.

« ASRIEL! STOP! STOP STOP STOP PLEASE STOP!! DON'T KILL HER! » You screamed through your tears, in the middle of your struggles to free yourself from the black matter blocking your movements. It didn't seem to soften the monster living inside you, for he replied.

« Don't worry, Frisk. You'll be safe from now on. » his voice was soft as you used to hear before,
yet it sounded off.

Another laugh, deeper, caught the both of your attentions. Undyne was laughing weakly. Her legs were shaking in effort to carry her body covered in injuries.

Some melted parts of her dripped onto the ground. The view was awful to watch, this woman who used to puff up her chest in pride and be strong... Now, she was doing her best just to keep her chin high in a last challenging gesture. Her smile printed with pain and exhaustion was quivering.

« Ah ah... I have to say I underestimated your strength, little punk... » she snickered again as she caught herself before she could lose balance to get into her combat pose. Her outstretched right hand on her side shone yellow to summon a spear. Undyne's lips were wearing a wicked smile in a moment. « But if I must die, it will be by my King's hand ! »

She screamed bestially all the while she brandished the magical weapon and threw it in your direction. Asriel ordered your body to run around and dodge the new ranges of spears, along your fight to release yourself furiously. Your friend stopped in time for an attack to pass real close to the point your left sleeve was torn midway on your forearm. Immediately, you hissed in pain. Blood was running along your limb and dripping. Asriel growled in return. Oh, yeah, that's right... He also could suffer. He had to endure all of the pain, struggles and deaths just like you... How unsurprising was it for someone to snap like this. And yet... He only snapped for your sake, not his own. Poor teenager who couldn't handle such powerful emotions without breaking down. Unfortunately, he was on his way to kill someone in order to protect you without thinking about the consequences it would cause.

What if...

What if killing Undyne wasn't enough ? What if he turned into berserk after he was done with her and decided to take revenge on the ones who made your lives a misery in the past ? You could feel your heartbeats increasing speed. You had to stop him. You had to !

While you were yelling after Asriel to catch his attention, you were pulling with all your might on this black goo. It took all the determination inside you to free only one single arm from this sickening burden. After you freed one hand, you proceeded into pushing the goo away from your other arm or pulling on it, sometimes both until the sticky liquid-not-so-liquid was ripped and released the upper part of your spiritual body. From time to time, through your struggles, you'd spare a glance or two over the screen. He was rushing in her direction. His weapon was ready to dig into her skin.

« STOP !! »
You suddenly could see all the colors again, as you took over your friend's influence and regained control on your body. You stumbled against something that stopped you from falling forward, realizing at this moment you were back to the commands. You were about to exhale in relief when you saw your reflection in Undyne's chest armor. Your face was covered in cuts and sweat. Also, you noticed you were breathing heavily through your open mouth, so loudly you could almost not hear the strong heartbeats in your ears. Your stomach was in your throat after all the running and now, it was about to get thrown up once realization hit you a second time. A fluid was dripping on your fingers. You lowered your gaze to discover they firmly held the dagger piercing through your rival's stomach, slightly turned upward to reach her heart – if she had any - under the chest armor. In a gasp, your panicked eyes shot up to see Undyne's face frozen in surprise. You lost your breath at this very moment. The colors that could have remained on your exhausted visage were now completely drained.

No...

No...

You came back too late...

Shaky breath. Your vision was blurred. You couldn't hear anything outside the loud and insanely low pounds of your heart over the slowly fading humming of her magic.

She stood there, all still until you decided, in a second state, to take off the blade off her just before you let it drop on the ground. At this point, you expected her to bleed out yet nothing but just dust ran through the lethal wound. The fish knight staggered backwards. Herself was in a second state after that final blow. She gathered what was left of her energy to stay up or even to feverishly place her trembling hands against the injury. After a couple of seconds, she stared at what her hand caught: dust and melting flesh. The monster then looked at you. The light in her eye was so dim you almost didn't see it.

« You fool... You know that... King Asgore will kill you anyway... Right ? »

Then, she grinned even with her face losing its shape. Her whole body found the same fate, losing its composure, so much her legs were disappearing into this horrific poodle her body was turning into.

« He will take your soul... And with him as a God, we'll destroy everything you... Cared so much about... We will destroy Humanity ! »
Half of her body was gone now. She lifted her head up in pride, looking at the ceiling with a triumphant smile.

« It's just a matter of time... »

Her head began to melt into the rest of her body in the pond. You couldn't stop watching in horror. It was impossible to breathe. In her last moment, as she closed her eyes, her face wore a saddened expression.

« Alphys... I'm sorry... I won't be able... to come over tonight... »

Her soul was standing above the pond that was drying into ashes. Her fragile soul, trembling in grey, shattered before your wide opened eyes without you being able to move a muscle. Then she was gone. The tone she had in her final moment... It was filled with regret. Within her last words, you also found tenderness.

The wind was howling. As if it mourned in someone's name. As if it testified someone's pain from afar. This knight had someone she cared about, hadn't she? And this person was waiting for her return.

Thinking of this person who would realize their dearest one will never come home shattered your heart. It was horrible, no... You knew that pain so much, why did you have to do this? If only you returned sooner, if only, she'd still be there! As you looked down on your hands, now with a hitching breath, you realized they were covered in dust and dried blood. You did this... You killed her... A shiver ran up your spine in horror and all of the sudden, you felt your stomach twisting. No... tearing... You covered your face with your dust stained palms and screamed. You screamed for the crime you committed. A part of you was missing.

A part of your being died with Undyne that day.

« Sweetheart...? »

Hearing this nickname stopped you from crying out loud. Slowly, you lowered your hands. You unconsciously blocked out the sound at this moment. The tips of your fingers were turning black. You let them fall lamely along your legs as you faced down. Your friends were okay, thank goodness... However it didn't necessarily mean that it made your soul feel lighter in your chest... Or feel at all.

It was impossible for you to bear this burden. Although Undyne wanted your death, you didn't want
hers to be on you. Or on Asriel... No. You had to repair what was broken. No one had to lose someone today...

A light caught your eye. It was Undyne's spear, the one she wanted to take your life with. At the same time, you sensed Asriel waking up in your mind.

« Frisk ? What's going on ? » he softly asked.

No response from you because thoughts were rushing through your mind. The pounding of your heart was low and steady.

Badum.

Badum.

Asriel turned his attention over what was left of Undyne and gasped.

« W-What happened !? » he babbled in shock.

Asriel didn't remember ? Strangely, he was completely different from what you witnessed earlier. You recognized the bestfriend you always knew. He was back. You didn't have time to think about a lie to offer him as a response he read through your memories to scream bloody murder and cry. He fell unto his knees and hid his face in shame to whimper.

« It's my fault !? I killed her, Oh my god, I killed her !? »

He sobbed violently, so much his body was shaking more than he wished to. He cried sorrys and it's my faults in his breakdown.

He'll remember this... This couldn't be real...

It was a nightmare.
You slowly took possession of Undyne's spear. It was roasting your hand. Tears, either yours or Asriel's, were streaming down your cut cheeks, burning the damaged areas with the salt of this fluid merging with your blood.

« Woah, woah, easy there ! » Sans was behind, a few feet away from you. « What are you doing, sweetheart ? It's... It's burning your hands, let go of it... » His voice was low and quivering, a sign he was afraid. When he didn't get any response from you, his voice gained higher tones. « ... Sweetheart ? »

« Asriel... »

You were holding the spear tightly in both of your hands. The goat teenager was still crying, until you whispered his name. His eyes lifted up to look at you.

« I'm going to make things right, okay ? Everything will be fine... »

In the background, voices of your friends raised again. The world stopped spinning. The point of the magical weapon was directed towards your chest, where your heart was standing. And to prevent Asriel from seeing what you could do, you closed your eyes and started humming a lullaby, the one you sang the day Flowey- No... Asriel died. You knew your singing had the power to ease your friend's sorrow and as you were expecting, yeah it did. The monster gradually relaxed, you could sense it. On the other hand, your behavior was doing the exact opposite for Sans, Papyrus and A.D. They were begging you.

« Human, s-stop this nonsense right now ! » Papyrus stuttered out of panic. « You don't need to hurt anyone else ! »

« Sweetheart, are you there ? Honey, please, say something ! »

Asriel was asleep now. You opened up your eyes.

« I have to do it. I have to mend what is done... »

Your hands were shaking and your throat tightening. Do it, Frisk. Do it. Make things right.
They jumped in your direction when the hit fell. You didn't have the strength to scream when the spear's large point was halfway through your ribcage. Fortunately, it was enough to be a lethal wound. As consequences, you spat blood while your energy was draining along with your vital fluid. You collapsed backwards to be caught by two skeletal arms; your friends' ones.

« No, no, sweetheart, no... » Sans whimpered under his breath, his face twisted in sorrow and anger. He quickly turned his attention over his brother and yelled. « Quick, heal them!! »

« No... » The brothers looked at you with wide eyesockets. You had to swallow or cough your own blood in order to breathe. It was so thick and the taste awful, it was hard to do so. You let out a broken laughter. « I... didn't want... Any of this... » you quickly turned on the side to vomit the metallic tasting fluid, before your body went limp. Your hazing eyes had trouble to stay open. You were fighting the need to sleep. Your blurring vision was centered on Sans as you smiled softly. « I hope... you can forgive... »

Your last heartbeat echoed.

« ...me. »

The last thing your lifeless eyes could register was the shorter skeleton shaking your corpse, his features distorted with despair.

You were alive.

Sans was livid.

You didn't wait for the pain to disappear when you caught the brothers' hand and ran down the tunnel to avoid the spear that Undyne threw at you. She then proceeded into chasing you down, now that you were in Papyrus' arms because of your legs which were in too much bad shape to carry you any longer. You just had the time to turn your head around to see a giant beast skull floating above the shorter skeleton. You remembered you heard that wet tearing sound as it charged a blast in its mouth and shot it right on the fish lady's position, who barely managed to avoid the attack.

Then Sans teleported next to you with a face still marked with fury while he ran as fast as he could. This time, a range of spears shot up like a magical wall from the ground to prevent you from going any further. Undyne was sprinting behind and holy cow, you happened to wonder how could she
move so fast with such a heavy armor like the one she had on her back. You looked in her direction just in time to watch her lift up a goddamn boulder just because she could. Oh. Okay. You squeaked when you saw her gaining momentum to launch the giant piece of rock at the running gang. Hearing you squealing made the slender skeleton turn around and he saw, to his surprise, the beast skull summoned for a second time blast a ray of light before he could even do anything with his own magic. The shot reduced the boulder into nothingness and since she was in the way, the living sushi monster yelled in pain on the other side although she called for a giant shield to appear and protect her from the fire shot.

« No ! Don't hurt her ! » you shouted just before Sans turned and threw at you a death stare. A shiver ran down your spine. His eyes told you to shut the hell up and you obeyed.

Papyrus' hand passed before your face to turn it away from anyone and hide it against his chest. After that, he held your head as if he wanted to shield you.

« Cover your ears, human. » he calmly ordered you, which you complied out of instinct.

Even though you pressed your palms against your ears, the booming sound that came from within Papyrus’ chest would make your skeleton jump out of your body. You squeezed tight your eyelids until after a few seconds later when the hurting sound was gone. You lifted your head to look at the surroundings and discover a huge track of devastated stones on the ground yet no spear to be seen.

Was that Papyrus' speciality ?

He didn't let you think about it more that he already resumed running with his pet dog. Behind was following Undyne's furious roar. At least, she was still alive... You peeked above your black knight's shoulder to watch her getting back on her legs with her magical weapon used as a cane. Her eye was black, a sign she was badly hurt. She proceeded into running after you while she was yelling really dirty things at your attention. Here are some examples of the dirty words.

« YOU'RE FUCKING DEAD !! YOU FUCKIN' PIECES OF SHIT, COME BACK HERE ! SLUTS, COCK SUCKERS !! »

Enough of dirty words, I have a bad language quota not to excess. Either way, they were too dirty for your pure minds not to feel outraged by them, so you shouted to her attention.

« That's not nice things to say ! »
« Ah yeah ? Say it again to my face, bitch ! »

Oof, rude. Sans, who was now riding A.D's back, out of breath, turned around. He was visibly mad yet on his face was plastered a shit-eating grin.

« The only bitch I see here is you... Bitch. »

« WHAT ? » she screeched.

« Ooooooooooooooh » you chanted in unison with Papyrus at the burn.

Papyrus couldn't help but howl in laughter, so violently he needed to slow down his pace until he received a well placed spear of revenge in his butt. Out of surprise, he yelped and resumed running at full speed to avoid another attack. Sans held on tight on the dog's back, japping “wait for me” and “oh shit” as they ran away from Undyne's wrath. You held on Papyrus tightly. You also wanted to laugh after all the previous events, yet you couldn't help but stay quiet. You merely spotted something written on an electric panel yet you couldn't read it because your black knight was too fast. Instead, you felt the heat strike you, suffocating, heavy that quickly turned you into a sweating and panting mess. Oh, you didn't like such a rude change of weather which could make you feel dizzy and make your blood pressure weaker at godspeed. Still Undyne didn't let go of you, she was surprisingly still on your heels while shouting threats. A spear was thrown at Sans' head and as soon you shouted his name, he caught his sibling's arm and then... Nothingness. You'dd have thought you fell unconscious because of the heat if it wasn't for Papyrus' fresh armor against your uncovered skin.

Your breath was stolen from your lungs, and the second after, you jumped into reality through a portal. Your mind was suddenly blurry and you had nausea.

« What the fuck, Sans !? » Papyrus barked at his brother as he stopped his course with the rest of the gang. « Warn me whenever you do that shit !! »

« 'didn't have time for that. » Sans excused himself with a shrug.

So that's what teleporting felt like. Bet you had to get used to it if you didn't want to feel sick everytime it'd happen, huh. Undyne's booming voice came from afar, still shouting insults and threats in your names. You all watched her coming when preparing to flee again though something about this moment seemed off.

« Hm... Guys ? » you grimaced in confusion. « Does a fish monster enjoy heat and fire ? »

« Of course not. » Papyrus replied as he was watching his ex-coworker struggling to get through the bridge that was separating your team from her.
As if it had to be proven, Undyne stomped the solid ground once she reached the other side, heavily panting and sweating from her efforts in keeping going through this hell.

« I'm... Going to... snap every one of... your fucking necks... »

Then, she collapsed front first. You all stood still like this for a while. All waiting for anything from her but after a moment of a heavy silence hanging in the air, you decided to climb down the slender skeleton's arms and almost lost your step once your toes touched the solid ground.

« What are we gonna do ? » you asked.

« Let this slut roast. » Papyrus replied sharply.

It seemed Sans didn't want to speak to you as he kept his hard stare over the fainted knight. You shook it off. There was a bigger deal at the moment. You quickly looked at what was in the surroundings... Beside a couple of monsters watching from a distance, there was - oh how convenient – a water dispenser ! You gasped and cursed in relief as you limped to take a cup of fresh water, blessing whoever decided to put this here. Your hands were shaking when you passed between your confused friends.

« Human ? There is no time to lose. » The tall guy reminded you.

« Just a minute. »

You didn't stop your course until you could kneel down next to the distressed monster. Papyrus walked around, hands on his shull in the act of “we're so fucking doomed”, while you pushed Undyne on her back, burning your skin in the process thanks to the metal armor. After this moment of juggling, you lifted her head and rested it on your thighs, and with one hand, you maintained her head while with the other, you'd pour the water between her lips. You kept whispering pleas for her to drink until she reacted a little and started swallowing the offering. Once that was all drank, you put the cup aside and waited for a reaction, anything, from the unconscious person as you gently caressed her scarred cheek. Her left eye was covered with an eyepatch. You guessed she lost it in a fight because of that one scar running along that side of her face. That woman had sure fought a lot, hadn't she. After a few seconds that felt like eternity, her lips pressed together and her eyelids squeezed before she fluttered them open. At this moment, she seemed so peaceful in her wake. With relief you smiled.

« Thank god you're alive... » you breathed out.

« You... »
She took a long breath to calm down the fire that was burning within her. Heh, got it? … Okay.

« You came to finish me off, didn't you. » Then, she closed her eye and lifted her chin to offer her throat to you. « Finally. I thought you were gonna be a coward until the end. Now, go ahead. Strangle me, snap my neck... Either way, be quick. It'll be your only chance. »

« I'm not going to hurt you, Undyne. » This response immediately got a reaction from her. She gave you the terrible glare of “how dare you”.

« No need to torture me first, little punk. »

« I won't hurt you. » you repeated with a smile. You tenderly took that one lock of hair floating and placed it behind her fin acting as her ear, which it made her breath hitch in apprehension. « Go home and rest. You have a date tonight, haven't you? »

She immediately blushed at this information before she glared at you.

« How do you know that? » she shook her head to get that question out of her mind then looked at you again, still angrily and quite confused too. « More importantly... Why do you spare my life? I tried to kill you, for fuck's sake! »

« Because I have hope. Hope you'll all be free and happy. » you replied softly. « And also... » you bent over her ear to whisper. « I'm sure you know, deep down, that real heroes don't have to fight. »

She was staring with shock at your sweet, smiling face before she felt the solid ground in the back of her head when you carefully put it down. You got up to walk -limp more likely- towards your friends.

« Sometimes, what you can do is showing mercy to teach someone the meaning of it. »

Undyne stood up with more or less difficulties with a smirk printed on her lips.

« Ha! Don't tell me it's your pathetic excuse for the running. »

« It is. » you turned around so you could make eye contact with her. « Escaping is an act of mercy, not cowardice. » you held your hands behind your back, and tilted a little bit your head. On your lips was resting a gentle smile. « Go home, now. Someone's waiting for you. »
She quickly exchanged glances with your friends. It seemed that she considered something for a few seconds before she turned away in silence and left.

You realized only now that your heart was pounding violently within your chest and your breath held back until you let it go.

« I did it... » you muttered. You turned around your friends, still in shock about what you just went through. « I did- »

A loud sound echoed through the cave. Your cheek stung.

What the hell just happened ?

You slowly turned your eyes in Sans' direction. His hand was still up even after the blow and his eyes devoid of light. His breathing was heavy, his body trembling.

(another OST to get into the mood)

« How fuckin' dare you... » he growled.

« Sans- » Papyrus immediately tried to intervene, yet Sans' voice doubled in volume as he tapped the center of your chest.

« HOW. FUCKIN'. DARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME !? Do you think it's a GODDAMN GAME !? » His left eye was blazing with a vivid red while his eyesockets were wet with tears of pure anger. He was towering you with all his height again. « 'you think you can die whenever you feel like it, as if it didn't mean a thing !? »

« Sans, I- »

« S h u t t h e f u c k u p. » his low voice froze you mid-sentence.

« Sans, what the hell happened. » Papyrus asked in a growl. His brother's anger seemed to call his own, yet Sans didn't bother to took his eyes off you as he replied in the same tone.

« Our little friend here committed suicide. » And without letting Papyrus react to this new information, he talked to you again. « Do you think about the consequences ? Do I have to remind you that I. Remember. Every. Fucking. Reset ? »

His hands were shaking uncontrollably. You knew he had to do something with them. You just hoped not to be the one he'll snap the neck at this point. Since talking was prohibited, you nodded so he knew you were still listening. Still the answer didn't please him. He directed a hand away
furiously and within a second, a giant animal skull appeared to shoot into the wall a blasting light. After a second, the blast created a crater into the stone. Colors drained from your face. He was really mad, wasn't he? Oh, Frisk, why do you have to mess everything up?

« SO WHY DID YOU DO IT !? » he screamed like a beast at your face.

You almost succeeded into wetting your pants. The fear and remorse were too much after all the turns of events, you couldn't help but burst into tears. For a second you believed he was going to beat you up as his hands lifted up towards you.

« I'm sorry ! » you whimpered. « I... I regretted it ! » His hands stopped midway and he threw them aside in a gesture of revolt.

« Speaking of regret... What the fuck happened this time ? You butchered her ! »

« I didn't want this ! I... I lost my mind ! I'm sick of watching you getting hurt or killed because of me !! You know what does it feel like, right !? »

You were desperately searching for an answer in Sans' eyes. His deadly glare changed a little bit. He understood your feeling. He was ready to listen. Although your throat was tightened, you forced yourself talking through your sorrow. Your whole body was shaking, almost convulsing because of the stress he was putting you through.

« I... have been brave until now. I went through what I think is a reasonable pile of shits since I've been here and no, I'm not... tough like you guys... I'm just... A weak human being being trying its best to survive... » Your hand lifted to hide a side of your face. Water was rushing through your damaged cheeks. « So... If I have the power to reset whenever someone gets hurt because of me... Why shouldn't I use it as an advantage !? »

You were sobbing now. Your legs were at their limit carrying you. Breathing was hard. It was burning your lungs. The heat wasn't of any help in your current situation. Because of the lack of fresh oxygen, your head started spinning. Air. You needed air. In the end, you started staggering before your legs finally went out. You would have collapsed if Papyrus didn't use his arm to catch you. Through your panting, you whimpered.

« I'm sorry if I deceived you... But I reached my limit... »

It was impossible to look him in the eye. Only your sniffles were filling the silence hanging above you. Papyrus' hand gently pressed against your waist in support.
« I just... wouldn't have forgiven myself if I kept going after Undyne's death. It was my punishment. So please, Sans, quit blaming me. I know I'm at fault... Please... »

Sans once again was quiet, just like back at home when you had your first argue. The monster seemed to have calmed down as you gave your reasons and now, he was close to you. His brother helped you standing up and kept his hand on your shoulder as a supporting gesture until you let yourself go between the shorter skeleton's arms, he let his fingers slide off you. Sans emprisoned you in a strong embrace. He sighed heavily.

« I'm so stupid. » he muttered above your ear level. « I know you wanted to mend what was done... And yet... I can't help... but be mad at the thought of you doing such a horrible thing... »

His chin was resting on the top of your head and the touch of his limbs around you were soothing your nerves.

« Sweetheart... » he called out. He waited a few seconds until he got your attention before he resumed. « Take care of yourself... 'cause someone really cares about you. »

His boney lips brushed against your forehead. You could feel the wetness of a tear on your skin, refreshing and somehow, ticklish with magic. You silently nodded and even though how hot was it in there, you engulfed your face against his chest. You were ready to suffer from the heat just for the sake of receiving comfort, you needed it the most after today. His hand was caressing the back of your head.

« Where are we ? » you finally spoke with a broken voice once you calmed down.

After a couple of seconds, you pushed your head backward to watch the brothers staring at your exhausted face before they looked up. Wondering what they were looking at, you did the same and followed their gaze. The scenery in front of you was the definition of Hell.

« Welcome to Hotland. »
I think it's the longest chapter I ever wrote.

Holy crap.

Heyy guys, I hope this chapter was decent enough for you ;u; I'm not sure if my writing was okay, so I'm... Putting this here

Anyway, I hope this was enjoyable, and see you soon with another chapter!
Chapter Summary

Hey, you look hot.

(¬_¬)°

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

« Is it hot in here or is it just me? »
« Oh shut up, you wretch. »

A giggle.

« Human, don't encourage this sack of bones, for Asgore's sake! »

Sans turned slightly to wink at you.

« At least, someone here actually enjoys good little things about life. »

Papyrus growled in protest. How terrible must this be for a guy who doesn't enjoy jokes have a punny brother such as Sans. Hopefully, one day... He might crack a laugh for him.

You were following the main road through Hotland, or what yourself liked to call Hell. Two guards were blocking a road on your left.

« Where does that lead to? » you asked your guides. They gave a quick look over the guards before they lowered their eyes on you again.
To the elevators. one replied.

But they're out of service anyway. the other shrugged.

And something told you to let the brothers drag you away if you didn't want to end up in pieces by these guards' hands. That was until you found yourself in front of a metal door with a sign pinned above with “Lab” written on it. It looked like a building created for a movie scene the way it was looking so futuristic and sophisticated. You nervously glanced at the brothers who suddenly didn't look so relaxed either.

Is there... something to worry about this laboratory?

Oh, hum... Sans hummed with a slight, nervous smile. This, honey, is the laboratory of the royal scientist. We have to go through it if you don't want the two Royal Guards over there to tear you apart.

Oh... you let out while looking down.

Don't worry, human. We're watching over you. Papyrus pointed that out. Now, let's get this over with.

(yooooo here, have some music)

The place was plunged into darkness. Instinctively, you held onto your companions' hands out of worry about losing them in the dark. Everyone was silent as they walked through the lab. Was that supposed to be so dark? You wanted to ask but what if it wasn't an usual thing to see the lights being turned off? In the distance, a bluish light enlightened the surroundings so you could recognize what looked like a workplace room. The light came from a giant console filming...

Yourself?

Confused, you looked at the brothers. Why were you on the screen? Papyrus kept on walking and dragging you away so you would stop staring at the screen, followed by a silent, unamused Sans. The room was obviously pretty clean yet since it was dark, you couldn't make out the furnitures near the walls. A few more steps, then the sound of a door opening made your skeleton almost jumped out of your body. Thank Papyrus who pulled you against his side and laid a hand against your mouth to prevent you from making a noise. A shadow walked in front of you in silence. Oh, the silence was unbearable, so heavy you were pretty sure everyone could hear your pounding heart from miles. The shadowy figure reached for the wall to turn the light on and jumped slightly in surprise when she saw
the four of you guys standing still in the middle of the room with dead fish eyes. The shadow turned out to be a yellow scaled lizard dressed in a black dress, wearing glasses and a scientist coat. Her hand was on her chest as if she was trying to keep her pouding heart from exploding out of her chest while she sympathetically smiled.

« Oh my, you scared the hell out of me. Thank Asgore it was only you ! »

« You were waiting for us, huh ? » Sans guessed, his hands now in his pockets.

The lady, whose voice was so sweet it would give you a toothache, smiled brighter though... Her eyes remained dull.

Was she the royal scientist, by any chance ?

« Of course I was ! » the reptile turned to make eye contact with you, now that your guardian let go of you. « Hiya there ! I'm Dr. Alphys. I'm Asgore's royal scientist. »

Alright then. Well, at least she looked friendly. You didn't know if you could relax in her presence, though. If she wasn't dangerous, wouldn't your friends feel safe in here ? Because it didn't seem like it. Your eye shot back and forth between the skelebros which weren't looking at you. You noticed on their skull sweat beading.

Oh.

Yeah, that's how it was.

« And I've been observing you since the day you stepped out of the ruins through my console. Your fights, your friendships... Everything ! »

« Didn't you tell anything to the king yet ? » Papyrus calmly asked. It was obvious he was doing his best to keep his cool.

« Well... You seemed to want to deliver that delicious- » she tapped your nose affectionately. « - little piece of cotton candy to Asgore, and honestly... » Now her fist rested on her hip. Hm. Feminine. « Telling him you were coming would have thrown my plans of studying the human out of the window. You know this one is the last we need, right ? And... They're pretty unique, I can tell it for sure ! »
Oh, wait a second. You opened your mouth to speak when Sans approached, suddenly feeling more concerned than ever.

« Do you know about the black marks? » he asked her. She turned her head slightly to look at him from the corner of her glasses. Alphys was now in a thinking pose, a hand supported an elbow while the other held her chin.

« I never saw anything like that, I have to confess... » After few short seconds, her eyes stopped to meet yours, then a huge smile made its way on her mouth. She let her arms spread and asked. « Do you want me to check it out for you? »

She sounded excited at the thought of studying your case and somehow, it felt scary. Her white coat was way too white for your taste. Also, nobody in this world would do anything without second thoughts or even for free. It was how it worked. And down here, the head of your species had a pretty big price, you were sure by the way everyone was trying so bad to put their hands on you. You ducked your head, searching for a response. On one hand, you were curious to know what was up with you, and on the other hand, the previous statement was preventing you from accepting right away. Plus... Time was a luxury for you. Letting her have her way with you would slow you down in your mission.

Sans took another step to grasp your arm. Your friends were holding you close, if not even hiding you behind their tall figures.

« But we're afraid we're running out of time. » Papyrus refused.

Oh thank god, they were declining the offer. Alphys remained silent, pale and livid to the thought they could take you away from her, you, her newest obsession. Her eye shot at your hands.

« I can see that. » she stated with another, faltered smile. She walked closer. « Does it hurt? »

You nodded silently. Her smile widened, yet it was only more sinister.

« Do you think you can keep going at this rate? If I was you... » she was close enough to grab the chair at her desk and hand it over to you. « I would take this chair, a rope... » Her face turned into a psychopathic grinning one. « And I'd hang myself. » Wow. What the fuck. Noticing your shock by the faded colors of your skin and your widened eyes, she let the furniture drop to hide the wicked smile with her hand. « But who am I to give advice, after all? »

Your gaze was now lost on the ground. Of course she would be an insane monster too... Maybe if
you had the strength, you'd have been friends with her... But right now, it was impossible to make a move for her after the cruel words. It awakened something in your mind, as if... You heard that somewhere. It echoed in the back of your head, flashes of memories slowly parasiting... Emptiness and heaviness were the feelings taking over you, tearing and crushing your soul at the same time.

Oh, Frisk, don't show you're hurt, don't show your vulnerability, don't... Oh crap.

Alphys noticed your livid face and laughed.

« Oh, sweetie ! I didn't mean to hurt your little feelings ! Oh silly me, I forgot you were that weak. »

« Alphys, enough. » Papyrus warned in a low, raspy tone.

« I saw their soul. » Alphys reminded him. « Do you seriously think their soul is strong enough ? They're more likely to shatter as soon as they'll die. »

« Shut the fuck up, fuck face. » Sans growled. « Or I'm pretty sure Asgore will have to find another royal scientist very soon. » He was towering her at this point, so much he needed to bend to reach her ear level, eyesockets empty of any light. « And there is one here ready to take the job. » The dinosaur monster met his deadly gaze, a restrained smile on her tense features.

« Is that a threat ? » Sans smiled at the question.

« A statement. » he shrugged once he was standing straight at your side. « Welp, that chat was fun. But you heard the boss, right ? There's no time to lose. We gotta go now. »

« Indeed, you should leave. »

As soon as she said those words, an explosion broke the wall on your left. You almost wouldn't have jumped at the outburst if the brothers hadn't done the same. A humanoid robot stood there among the debris, as tall as Papyrus between you and the mad scientist.

« See this ? It's Mettaton, my anti-human robot, all updated and thirsty for blood ! But Monsters can do too, you know ? » She looked at you, with this creepy expression of hers. « We should hang out sometime ! Until then, have fun with him ! »

She spared a quick glance at Mettaton as a “go” and immediately, Sans grabbed the said Mettaton's arm which was... A cannon ? While he raised it in your direction to shoot at the gang and the second after that, the killing machine was gone through a portal. You just heard the blasting of the firegun on the otherside before the strange shortcut completely shut down. That was it. Sans freaking teleported the robot away.

You all looked at a now dumbfounded Alphys. Obviously she wasn't expecting such a quick turn. Oh silly her.

« Yeah. That was fun. See ya. » Sans smirked at her.
The gang walked past Alphys without hearing any sound coming from her. She never turned around to watch you leave through the opposite door of the laboratory.

Thanks to his teleporting ability, Sans bought you all some time so now you were walking through Hotland, you resting on A.D's back because of your current health state. Papyrus, an expert in puzzles and traps, was doing everything to help you get faster out of this agonizing zone. Your gaze was lost on your hands barely gripping the dog's hair as your thoughts were consuming you, you just weren't here with them anymore... or just barely there, enough to know your eyes were burning from the heat of this hellish place and your throat and mouth already dry. The static that crept in the rest in your body helped with dissociating with the rest, helping the thoughts consuming you entirely and bringing some memories up, so close to grasp but also so far, slipping in your consciousness already threatening to break down...

« Human ? » Papyrus called in a low, almost whispery tone. You snapped back to reality just enough to hear him. « You haven't said a word for quite a while. Are you still hurt ? »

« I'm sorry... » you muttered. « I think I already heard this before... What she said... »

Your heart was sinking. Some blurred visions were occupying your mind now and then since the doctor said those hateful words, repeating over and over again like a broken disk. In your eyes, you could see figures and distorted smiles, and in your ears, you couldn't hear nothing else but laughters and shouts echoing.

Your hands were still slowly covered with black spots to the point they ate the pretty color of your skin away to the knuckle level.

Maybe yeah... It would be for the best, wouldn't it ?

“Why won't you just die ?”

Yes, why ? After all, why did you fight this long, huh ? In the end, you were just going to disappear. Taken away.

“How pathetic.”
Another voice echoed with a mocking tone. Heh, you're right... Your life will have been this way until the very end...

Yeah...

You...

Were...

A veil of darkness was clouding your vision, slowly eating it away with colors fading the deeper you were falling into the hell of your mind, with a gruesome desire of getting your throat ripped rose within you. In the end...

What was the point of living?

A metallic hand brushed the back of your head to tear you away from your suicidal thoughts. Instinctively, you blinked back to reality and raised your gaze on the owner of this hand combing your hair. It was Papyrus. He was staring down at you.

« Human, those who said that don't deserve your tears. They don't even deserve your attention. Just let them rot in the corner like the garbage they are. »

Although his words were hateful towards the ones who made you feel so worthless, his tone was soothing and you could find in his eyes something you weren't used to see this much; instead of his usual scowling, his features were softened, his eyes sparkling with sympathy. You could also catch something else, in the light of his pulsing eye, yet you couldn't put a word on what was laying there, deep down. Another hand slid between your shoulder blades. You turned your attention over Sans. He was tenderly smiling at you. He agreed with his brother.

« Pap's right. » he said as he gave the other skeleton an approbative glance. « Life will take care of them. You just wait. »
You returned the favor with a smile. A single tear ran down your cheek, the moment when you closed your eyes with the blissful feeling of peace emerging in the darkness of your tortured soul.

« Thank you. »

You were walking on the third floor of Hotland. Monsters were watching from afar, their eyes like blades cutting through your entire being. Oh, how you hated being the center of attention.

Your feet were numb after such a long trip through these three different zones. So long you had lost track of time ever since you woke up this morning back in Waterfall. For you, it already felt like yesterday. Your pace slowed down until you couldn't just stand up anymore, and you slump unto your knees.

It has been at least a day since you woke up, hasn't it?

Concerned, Sans called you by a petname when he saw you falling then he came to crouch and use his elbows as props on his femurs.

« Honey, you alright there? »

The ache in your legs and feet was unbearable at this point, so much it would drive you insane with the need to rest that kept growing over time. You also felt irritable due to that tiredness that you wanted gone and the heat from this hellish place wasn't helping you feel better, to the contrary actually. The dryness of your mouth and throat prevented you from talking. So basically, you tried whimpering your suffering but instead, you just coughed. Sans slid his hand along your back in a comforting manner. He didn't feel the pain you were going through, or at least, he didn't look like it despite the sweat beads on his forehead. Maybe was he used to the different weathers... Maybe was it because he was just a skeleton monster after all. You wished you were like them, at this moment. Not being a skeleton but... A creature who wouldn't suffer such hard and cruel weathers.

The ground seemed welcoming all of the sudden although its touch, metallic and hot, was burning against your palms. Hell, even a booby trap was welcoming for you at this point. And as much as you wanted to stay tough, it was just impossible to use anything from this aching mess your body turned into. Also, as if it wasn't enough, your hands were now feelings the same thing as your legs, pain like a well inflicted bruise. You finally laid down without caring about Sans' protests.
« No no no no sweetheart, don't lay down here ! »

You'd have liked telling him to fuck off because you couldn't make a single move. Instead, you just let out a weak moan of disagreement as a response. Damn those who would attempt to your well deserved rest ! Papyrus followed Sans and squatted next to you as well.

« It's been a long day, indeed. Yet I'm afraid to tell you, human, this is no place to rest. You're currently dehydrated. You can die here if we don't go further. »

No response. The dizziness was already taking over you. Sans slid two of his boney fingers on your palm and even though the slightest pressure on this spotted part of your skin was synonym of pain, you closed yours around his digits to let him know you were still conscious. The skeleton looked up to talk with the ex-Royal Guard.

« Do you still have bisicles ? »
« It was the last one I had. »
« Damn it... »

A barking caught their attention. The monsters followed the sound of their pet calling them to find it waiting next to a stand where a monster lady was sitting. On the table were presented croissants and donuts with dark color schemes. Something you couldn't see this since you were laying on your front, face against the hot ground while Sans stayed by your side. Papyrus decided to stand up and go to check what could he buy from this bakery seller. There was a moment of silence until you heard the slender skeleton exclaim loudly.

« Ahuhuhuhu » the seller laughed. « Isn't the price to your taste, honey ? Too bad, should I raise it again ? I mean, it's not as if you had to save that cutie over there~ »

You were way too far gone to protest or even be angry at this point. Instead, it was just Asriel, standing next to you, who was hitting the air in fury and protesting out loud what was all this bullshit about for a bloody croissant. Oh, the bad words. He who used to scold you for any kind of bad words, he was unleashing them, even made up a couple of them which you'd find amusing. But you agreed. It was just a bakery, for God's sake ! The skeleton friend at your side could feel your fingers adding pressure against his bones. He loomed over you a little bit and petted your head.

« I'm here, sweetheart, don't you worry. I'm rooting for ya. »
Oh, silly Sans. You wished you could smile at this small support he was showing you, yet you only managed to exhale through your nose. He seemed to have understood anyway because he gently chuckled before he returned his attention over his angry brother. Though... You didn't know if it was your eyes failing you, but you could swear to see the bags under Sans' eyes deeper than usual... He looked like he could use a bed right now, and still... He was there taking care of you, watching over you... Your little heart couldn't help but swell in gratitude at his efforts. Meanwhile, the furious skeleton monster was checking how much he had in his purse.

« I'm afraid I don't have enough. »

« Well I can't do anything for you then. »

« Do you just have water by any chance ? »

Papyrus was on one side of the stand and was using it as a support for his hands. Poor him, he was way too tall to reach short things without having to bend over it or even kneel down. The seller sounded confused.

« Well, I do have some tea... »

« May I borrow a cup of it, then ? »

In fact, he didn't wait for her response he already came back with the holy tea.

« Sans, help the human sitting up. »

At this order, your bodyguard obeyed and grabbed your arms to sit you up and maintain your upper body part against his torso to make sure you wouldn't fall since you were barely conscious. Papyrus kneeled down to take your chin between his thumb and index to lift your head in his direction.

« Human, this will help you. Open your mouth. »
You could smell the tea just under your nose so you eagerly did so to receive the gift came from the Gods themselves. Oh wait, was Papyrus a God? It sure looked like it with this halo of light in your vision—oh wait, it was just you fainting. Your savior of the day poured the liquid into your mouth gradually so you could drink at your pace. Hm, the taste was really strange. It tasted like spiders. Sweet like honey with different flavors coming one after another and that strange tingling sensation that lingered on your tongue even after you swallowed. And as soon as you swallowed the drink you were given, you immediately felt the effects of rehydrating. It felt amazing. No more sore throat, the bad dizziness fainted away in a matter of minutes.

You sighed in relief. It seemed you never felt this good before. Your hands raised to grab Papyrus' wrist feverishly just so he wouldn't take the cup away until you drank the last drop of its content.

Once it was empty, you let go of him to look at him with those eyes filled with admiration that you had since he came to your rescue. He... Well... He wasn't expecting such a reaction from you, and the look that you were giving him was enough to get that red blush glowing on his surprised face.

« Thank you. » you whispered to him without breaking eye contact.

Even with his furious blush, in return he silently came closer in order to grab your wrist until he remembered your current situation. His hand slid to your forearm so he could pull you into his arms to carry your little body bridal style once he'd stand up, just like that day when you befriended him. You couldn't resist the need to smile in gratitude. It was really like him, huh? Papyrus turned around sparing a glance at Sans who was getting up as well and without a word, they started walking, not caring for the spider lady who appeared mildly confused and mad at the Captain's actions.

« Dog, let's go. » Papyrus called.

A.D obeyed and followed its masters in a rush, leaving behind nothing but an empty tea cup on the ground of Hotland.

Chapter End Notes

*cries*

I feel like poop who just pooped a poop.

Poopception.

So enjoy the poop... Hopefully?
Also, yeah, fuck Mettaton, we've got a teleporting guy here. I'm sad not to have more time with Alphys, I feel that if the bros weren't there, I might have given a chapter or two for that lady. Sorry Alphys. I failed you.
Fifteen minutes later, you reached another zone. The purple color reminded you of the Ruins, yet it had nothing to do with those. The smell of cobwebs filled the air invaded your nostrils. It was strange being able to smell such a thing and yet it still filled you with Determination. After all, it meant another zone to go through, didn't it? You were reaching the end and that was a good thing. That's when Sans exclaimed and laughed in a happy surprise. You turned your head in his direction, curious to know what made him so happy at this moment. He was next to A.D, his hands against his femurs as support while he was talking to his pet.

« What's that? Show me, bud! »

The dog handed a big sized croissant over to the shorter skeleton. Speaking of which, he now had a broad smile on his face. Where did this item come from?

« Goddamn, A.D, you've got some balls! » He chuckled some more while he affectionately patted the dog's collar. « That's a good doggie, yes you are! »

« Wait. » Papyrus put you down before he stood up again and folded his arms. « Don't tell me this bone eater stole that from the spider lady, did it? »

« It did! » Sans replied cheerfully, which made Papyrus laugh in a proudly evil way while his brother turned in your direction with still that joyful smile on his face. It felt as if his exhaustion faded away so happy he was right now. « Hungry, honey? »

Now, it was the smell of the delicious bakery that was invading your nose. You quickly swallowed the pool your mouth suddenly produced and nodded. Oh yes, you were so hungry you'd even eat a horse, hooves and all! For the next minutes, you and your friends sat down in a circle. Even though the brothers assured
you they weren't much hungry, it was inconceivable for you that it could be true. None of you ate a proper thing for the whole day, you all spent your time running and... you weren't even sure if the brothers restored themselves at all with food this morning. That's why you decided to share that poor single croissant with the brothers and the dog.

Thankfully, the baked good was strangely big enough for everyone to have a small bite of it, despite how small the dinner was. A sense of guilt tugged at your soul... If you had only taken more items before running away from home, back at Snowdin... The house was certainly burnt down by now. Still, the little bit of food you ate managed to be a decent meal, you could feel its magic seeping in your skin and flesh and trying to regenerate the hurt areas if only to close a few light cuts. It also calmed down the raging pain in the blackened parts of your body and that's only when you realized how much in pain you were before and how tired it made you. You sighed in relief. A.D was a present from the Gods themselves. You were pretty sure about it before, but now it was a certainty! So you urged to get a cuddle session with the animal with lots of praises, and that made it wave its tail excitedly. Oh you loved that beast!

You noticed earlier the star nearby, which was also good news because it meant it will save your progress! On cue you got up with the assistance of your four-legged friend to try and prevent the subdued pain from returning too fast while the brothers would silently watch you limping towards that twinkling light. They got used to your weird shenanigans with stars even though anytime you'd embrace one, they wouldn't take their eyes off you during the whole process. They were always amazed whenever they witnessed that magic that you only were able to use. It was amusing, sort of... These eyes that used to look at you with such hatred and bloodthirst, dear how they had changed.

Did it mean everyone could change? If they just tried?

You wanted to believe that.

… But you... Did you change, in the end?

It looked pretty sure like it, but maybe not like you wanted. Anger, self-doubt and self-loathing, despair... They kept overflowing and driving away the Determination that kept you going for so long.

You wondered how much more could you take. How much more could you endure until you could reach the end. No matter how your friends were here to support and remind you why were you fighting, you recently started to have those questions. Why. Why? After all... You were slowly disappearing. Dying. So why? Why would you hold on so bad? Was it just to make some good out of your misery?

Oh, that's right.

You promised them your life. To be the Monsterkind's startover. And since running away and hiding
were impossible things to do with your condition, it was the only remaining possible outcome...
Right?

Though... You wished you had more time... More time to spend with the skeleton brothers, get to
learn how to live happily together, learn from each other and grow up and not... just run or fight... It
seemed like the peaceful days, if there were any, were so far behind. You were wondering how
many were there to live. Two? One? ...

None?

Your arms were pressing the little star against your chest stronger. Your eyes were burning. Stinging
with the familiar need to shed tears, though you didn't have any because of your exhaustion. You
couldn't repress a long, melancholic sigh from escaping instead.

Ah, you're such a crybaby...

Couldn't help with these intrusive thoughts that kept slapping you across the face at any given
occasion, reminding you that no matter how much you tried, you're still condemned... You were just
so tired. Tired of fighting. Tired of running. Tired of crying. Tired of everything basically, yeah. The
things you aspired to be, the things you started to believe in, the dreams you started having again,
you couldn't afford thinking of them any longer... Because they weren't meant for you. It hurt too
much to see your friends smile and talk about what they'd do on the Surface, wish to be by their side
and remember that it was impossible. You were a condemned being watching the others keep on
living. A being there at the moment but gone in the other, stuck between two worlds which one was
out of reach; their own. An existence that was yet to disappear with a timer that kept running to its
end faster than they'd like it to. In their world...

You were already dead.

Asriel stood beside you, surely because he sensed your sorrow. He was taller than what you could
recall from last time. Horns were now growing on his head, a kind sign left so that you know you're
not imagining anything. On his face, strange black marks were climbing up his cheeks to stop
midway under his eyes. Even his face features were thinner. How old was he now? 16? 17?

You weren't done saving as his arms slowly locked on you, his chin rested on the top of your head
now that he was taller than you. The touch hurt. The light was burning brighter now, yet your health
wouldn't restore.

« Asriel... » you whispered his name in your thoughts. « I don't know how to keep going... »

« I know. » his voice, deep yet somewhat still young, echoed in your ears. « But you need to no
matter what. Do it for us. »

« I want to rest... »

« You do ? Hand the commands over me, then. » he whispered. It sounded tempting, but the memories of him committing a murder was still on your mind. The tug in your heart kept growing insistent.

« No... Asriel, we're not doing this. » The tug was painful now, so much you thought your soul was pulled out of your body or just getting a heart attack.

« Remember that your body is also mine. » his whisper was taking over your thoughts and ears. It was as if you could see and feel his voice, vibrating and holding you. His face was clearly close to yours at an eye level. His glance had nothing childish anymore. He was a young adult. « I wasn't able to protect you before, Frisk. Now, look at me. I grew stronger thanks to you. Maybe if you let me... I could use that power. » Your breath was stuck in your throat.

« It just... feels wrong. Asriel, please... » you whispered weakly.

He remained silent at this response as his eyes pierced through your soul. You clenched your jaws throughout the hurting when it became overwhelming, you almost couldn't breathe. And then... It stopped.

« Fine. But remember... If you cannot take it anymore... » His arms finally retreated from the embrace, and you could see him driven away into the depths of your mind. His shape disappeared in the darkness as you heard his last sentences echoing back. « I'm here. Waiting. »

At this moment, the star bursted into glistening dust.

The next second, you were in Sans' arms. Papyrus was next to him the second after. Both of them looked worried all of the sudden. Your eyelids were heavy. Who ever said sleep was for the weak ? You blinked a few times already yet no matter how hard you tried, it wasn't making you wake up one bit. You realized only now that you were laying on the floor. Shit- When did you lay down, exactly ? Sans was kneeling behind you to use his body as a makeshift support.

« Human, are you alright ? » Papyrus asked you in that low yet soft tone whenever he was concerned, about you specifically, that you grew used to.«

« My apologies.. » you whispered. « But I can't move any more for now. »

« Sweetheart, honey... » Sans called. You raised your irritated eyes on him. His boney fingers were caressing your cheek. « You can rest later. We're in the open here, it's too dangerous... » Your face expression changed as the agonizing feeling of frustration returned. « I know, I know... I'm tired too. But yourself said we didn't have much time to lose... » You forced a smile at this reminder.
« I'm slowing you down, ain't I? »

« The release can wait tomorrow. » Papyrus spoke this time.

He loomed over you to collect your small frame in his long, slender arms and as he sat down, Papyrus held you close. Sans that watched the ordeal disagreed.

« But, bos- »

« Not now, Sans. » He interrupted him. « We can rest for an hour. It won't harm anybody. »

Papyrus made sure you were comfortable with the cape he took off and wrapped you with. Heh, seemed like the burrito had returned today. Sans was watching his brother doing so speechless. His eyes were going back and forth between you and the ground until finally, considering his own tiredness, he made up his mind and laid down too. The pet dog was next to him, already sleeping when he used its belly as a pillow. The monster placed his arms around him as to embrace himself while he curled up and waited for sleep to kick in... Which was two minutes or less since we could hear his breathing slow and steady from now on. Your gaze turned over Papyrus who was checking on his brother and the dog monster already lost in Dreamland.

« Aren't you going to sleep too? » you asked him softly.

He took a fold of his cape and settled it on your nose, before his fingers laid on the side of your head.

« Someone ought to watch over all these shitheads, don't they? » A slight smirk made its way on his dented mouth. The scowling face almost faded at this moment when his eyes expressed a sparkle of sympathy. « Now, rest, human. Each minute counts. »

You released a hand to lay it on his cheekbone and pull his head to yours just to plant a kiss under his eye. Red glow was showing just like his expression of utter surprise the moment after. That second of bliss from Papyrus' flustered face was priceless.

« Red suits you. » you kindly laughed then smiled. Oh, you didn't need to flirt to make him feel so flustered and yet, it was funny and mood uplifting seeing him acting this way, you couldn't help it. « See you later, Papyrus. »

His hand took yours to hold it so gently like he was afraid of hurting you, you who were so fragile... You didn't catch the look in his eye since you already closed yours.
« See you later... » he repeated under his breath.

(yo pal, what about some music here ?)

Alone.

You were alone.

… Not exactly.

Shadow figures stood in a circle with you on your knees in the center. Their stare pierced through your soul and anytime you'd look away, you'd find your reflection in another shadow's eyes.

Their sinister and emotionless laughter was taking over your senses. Devoid of compassion... Lifeless even. The only semblance of emotion in their voices was nothing else but despise.

« Disgusting. » one spat.

Were you ? Your breath got funny for a moment. The tears that were menacing to fall were burning your skin and eyes just like poured lemon on fresh wounds. You put your trembling hands against your ears to block out all these noises. Yet...

You could still hear them as if they were already inside your head.

« If I were you. I'd kill myself right away. »
« Did you hear about what they all say ? » another asked. « Is that true ? »
« What a freak. » one chuckled.

Their mocking laughter quickly turned malicious if not even insane. They clearly enjoyed that.... Your misery.

You opened these eyes that you tried so hard to screw shut to stare at them. They were so many. They were so tall and you...

You've never felt this alone and insignificant.

And here began the cries. Yet... Not a sound came out ; it was a silent cry. No voice to defend yourself, no voice to prove you were human.

To prove you were alive.

Their hands were crawling on your small form. Grabbed every one of your limbs and pulled them apart to put you in the most vulnerable state. They were starting to pull stronger in hope to rip off your arms and legs. You were defenseless.

« Pathetic. »

Spineless.

« Crybaby. »

Helpless.

If that was what being human was like...

« Why won't you just die already ? »
You'd rather not be human anymore.

Arms pulled you from the bottom to tear you away from your persecutors' dirty hands. You were falling, falling, falling deep, deep down into nothingness. There was no sound to pester you anymore. Not a single soul around to torture you anymore. That was what you always were searching for. Peace. Yes, that's right... And it felt so good. You hoped to blend in there, never exist anymore... It was tempting.

(annnnd... Another one. A special one for someone special.)

You closed your eyes for an instant just to appreciate that feeling of weightlessness. Appreciating this silence taking over your whole existence, secretly wishing for it to never end... So much that for a moment, you even forgot about the arms that were surrounding your chest until they finally let go of you just for the time of a brief release, to turn you around to face a creature... Whose visage was hidden behind a delicately decorated black veil. You could only see the lower part of their pale face wearing a smile. You could already tell they were human... But you didn't know who it was.

« Tick tock, little one. »

After these words, the shape of this creature kept changing with every second passing by, its form taking the appearance of your loved ones one after the other. Asriel, Papyrus, Toriel, Sans... Yet their voice remained the same. Nor female, nor male... It was in between and somehow, you thought you knew this voice even if you had no record of hearing it. Were they someone you knew in your previous life...?

« The clock's ticking. And if by chance the time was up... »

Were those flapping wings that you caught yourself hearing now? The broken version of yourself was fading in the darkness of your mind with this smirk of theirs. On their back, you caught the sight of giant, damaged wings.
« I'm afraid the outcome will be worse than what you feared. »

... 

... 

« Sweetheart ? »

« Sweetheart... »

« Sweetheart ! »

Yours eyes shot open. You were panting with eyes feverishly searching your surroundings. Where-Where were you now ? It took a moment for you to remember all the previous events and recognize the place you stopped by and you were still carefully wrapped up in Papyrus' cape and settled between his limbs. Your monster friends were looming over you. None of their faces were free from wearing that anxious expression you hated to see.

« You alright ? » Sans asked.

Your heart was pounding in anxiety and cold sweat was running down your face. And the worse is that... you didn’t know why ? Was it another anxiety attack ??All you acknowledged so far was that headache following this feeling of emptiness in your chest despite all your senses going wild like
something that was cut out in there... Enough to leave you speechless while your gaze was lost on
the ground as you tried to find your breath. Your body was numb with static and yet still feeling
some good ass bone-hurting level of pain deep within your limbs. The worse was that you had no
way to express these sensations, it was too much information to take for your poor small busted
brain. Witnessing your moment of torment, Sans bent to be at your eye level searching for a reaction,
like being looked at for example... Which he actually succeeded since your unfocused glance slowly
raised to get lost in his tired but worried one.

« Honey... Are you okay ? Are you hurt ? » he asked quietly.

Hurt ? Oh heck yeah, sure you were from the inside out. Thinking about that... How were the marks
? You lowered your attention over your pitch-black hands. Worry coiling in your guts, you lifted a
sleeve up to the wrist level. Black. The forearm. Black too... Elbow... It was on its way turning
black. Your face turned white at this sight.

« How long did we sleep ? » Your tone devoid of life.

Your slight pants were accompanying the silence that was hovering above you. Sans and the dog
turned their attention over Papyrus. The monster, as he felt pressured, gulped before he managed to
say the next words.

« Two hours. »

That much ? You were all staring at him, even noticed the dark bags under his eyesockets now that
you were focusing on his gaze. You were all getting exhausted by this... Even him. Within seconds,
the skeleton started feeling uncomfortable to the point he blushed vivid red and breaking sweat. He
looked furiously away.

« I ended up falling asleep, yes ! Now, don't you try and guilt-trip me about it ! » the lanky monster
snapped.

« We're not judging you, Pap. » The nickname made him look at you in complete surprise. You were
wiping the sweating with your sleeve. « You needed to rest too. »

His scowl returned, harder than before when his gaze lowered in shame.

« It's my fault if you're getting worse. » You shook your head at this statement.
“It's nobody's fault.”

The monster exhaled sharply- yet sadly- through his nasal bone. What could he say to this? His hands were gripping your sweater strongly. He didn't want to let go for sure...

But he'll have to.

His jaw was clenching. His body trembling. You never saw him like this. Oh, Papyrus, what did you become? The back of your hand traveled along his jawline. The warm touch of your fingers against his fresh bone caught his attention. His mouth parted slightly to gasp. You were staring right into his eyes, determined.

“We will sort this out.” You said softly with a smile. “Maybe will we find something. An arrangement.”

You thought you spotted his eyesockets glistening. His face distorted as he tried so hard to keep his composure.

He knew you were wrong. And you knew it too. But at this moment, you all laid in this blissful lie. That was the way for all of you to keep going. His hand found place behind your head to pull you into an embrace, while his forehead would press against yours. He took a moment to appreciate your scent and warmth, his eyes closed in the most peaceful silence you could ever hear. Feeling him so close to you, hearing the magic of his humming against your own heart put you at ease to the point that you finally let yourself relax in his touch and closed your eyes as well.

The gang eventually hit the road for another time. It seemed sleeping wasn’t much of any help for your condition. Too bad for you all not to be able to sleep longer... Everyone even the dog had been showing signs of struggle, though Papyrus and A.D were the best at handling those... And you couldn't help but be guilty about it. It was because of you they were getting in such states. You secretly wished they left you behind to your own destiny just so they'd be spared of your bullshit.

Hunger and thirst weren't helping you with your sore state of mind, and you were pretty sure your friends have been suffering the same ordeal... You admired them from shutting almost all their pain out.

Though now that you thought about it, it was certainly because they've been in a living hell... They had to put up with that forsaken world, appear invincible or just die...

You scratched that previous thought out and instead, you admired them for being so strong. If not
proud of them.

Now all you hoped was another place to stop by, like an inn for example because to be honest, you were like a fucking walking corpse and everything was misery. It would actually be very, very nice, if not perfect. 'Cause the needles in your legs and feet weren't making walking all the better.

You looked down on the... Cobweb covered path? A quick glance over your feet made you realize you were entering in a silky territory. A giggle echoed through the dark room.

« Did you hear what they just said? » A voice whispered on your left as you walked down the path.

« They said a human wearing a striped shirt will come through. » Another voice rang on your right. A few more steps, and another spoke.

« I heard that they hate spiders. »

Nervousness was twisting your insides. Where did that voice come from? You asked yourself. Still you couldn't stop walking and as you realized too late, every step became harder to take because your feet slowly dig into the silky strings on the ground that worked up your legs to a halt. The monsters who were accompanying you found themselves with the same issue as well. They were slowly starting to pant in their struggles.

« I heard that they like to tear their legs off. »

What? You never did such a thing! All your approaches down here had always been that of a pacifist, you'd never abuse of anyone especially if they didn't have the same abilities to defend themselves as you did! So spiders? No, they were as just peaceful as you, why would you hate them? All they ever asked was to live and you let them! Who would spread such lies about you?

Then again, you were in a fucked up world. Lying was the same as breathing for them monsters down here.

Crap, you suddenly found yourself completely wrapped up with the white, sticky strings despite your struggles. Actually, maybe it was because you struggled too much that you ended up this way and so did your companions. Both of them were trying to get free from this trap, only to make it worse. Sans even tried to teleport, alas in vain because the strings kept him in place, spoiling his energy over nothing in the end. Damn the out of service elevators! A.D, the only one who refused to go further unlike its masters, was growling and barking in anger at the dark on your left.

« I heard... » A whisper caressed your ear, which was the reason why you stopped struggling to look at this direction and notice the monster lady standing there, on a pretty big spider web. She had a spider appearance and was dressed up in gothic lolita clothes. She was wrapped in such beauty she could be easily mistaken as a doll. Yep, that's right. She could totally be a Monster High doll.
… It wasn't an insult, was it??

« ... That they're awfully stingy with their money. »

You noticed spiders coming all around their prey. You secretly hoped not to end up eaten. The lady giggled again. Your feelings were a mix of fear and fascination whenever you had to lay down your eyes on her. One of her six hands raised to be used as a prop for her cheek as she stared right back at you with hungry eyes. A malicious smile was printed on her lips she happened to lick from time to time, without breaking eye contact with you.

« You think your taste is too refined for our pastries, don't you, dearie ? » She giggled again. You had no time to protest she added. « I disagree with that notion. I think your taste is exactly what this next batch needs ! »

And here were your hopes going to the bin. You even heard Sans protesting with a “Aaah fuck me !”

« Who is that ? » You asked to anyone who'd be kind enough to answer.

« Muffet. » The brothers replied reluctantly, both sounding and looking annoyed as hell.

Well, it seemed like Muffet trapped you, then. Her five eyes were blinking from to time to time as she observed you trying to get rid of the strings that kept you in place, giggling every now and then for she was amused by your useless efforts. Fear was creeping up from the pit of your insides, you didn't know what to expect from her and the sickly sweet tingle of her voice had nothing reassuring on top of that. She kept approaching and your breathing increased in anxiety. Why did you have to get tangled in webs !? Why were you so stupid !?

You heard A.D growling and you could recognize that type ; a hostile growling, a fair warning just like the one the animal gave back at Snowdin when it was attached to that rope. You just had time to look at the beast that it rushed towards Muffet bared teeth ready to take a bite off her. She didn't move an inch as a couple of spider swung in the way, hitting the dog from the side and in a yelp, the animal was thrown off the platform you were all standing. Gasps echoed behind you in unison with yours.

« A.D !! » You screamed when your friend fell in the abyss with a cry.
You had the instinct to jump in its direction to save it again like the first time when you met your furry friend, but you were stuck in place. The echo of its cry went back to you, long, haunting and gut-wrenching... You could feel colors drain off your face. Your quivering lips were open and yet, your voice refused to cooperate.

You heard another echo; a sudden, high-pitched yelp after a deep feral breathe, way too strong to be from a small creature. A horrifying image of your loyal friend being eaten by a monster made your skin crawl. You could barely breathe out of horror, or the trap you were in may have been growing tighter, you didn't know anymore.

« Don't look so blue, dear. » Her voice broke the heavy silence that settled down.

Your wide eyes turned towards her whose arms were embracing your form. She might be smaller than the skeleton brothers, she was still taller than you and impressive. And her face shaped like a pretty doll, her inky eyes... Despite your fear, your mind couldn't help but focus on her beauty for a moment. Almost like a siren, luring you into her trap with her alluring gaze and voice... Your mind's thought pattern was broken, replaying A.D's last moments again and again, Muffet's form turning towards the animal with such despise in her eyes as she watched it run towards her then smile as it fell down the pit... How could such a pretty creature be this horrible on the inside?

You realized that there was a hand of her that landed on your left shoulder for support while the opposite one grabbed the side of your head. She pushed it on the side to reveal your neck while enjoying your frightened shudder, still in shock after you lost one of your most precious companions.

The next moment, a sharp pain in this area tore you a scream. The second after, the sound of tearing flesh echoed in the room along with breaking bones.

What's that? You couldn't feel anything anymore.

Anything beside your head.

Oh.

That's right.

« I think red is a better look on you. »
Papyrus' horrified screech tore the atmosphere. Your body was laying on the ground, splashing blood all over the floor with every of your remaining heartbeats while the spiders would bathe in the forming pool and eating your still warm flesh. Your head, though... It was still in Muffet's hands. Your consciousness started to slip away.

What you last heard with your numbing senses among the cries, was the echo of the spider queen's crazy laughter.

Chapter End Notes

Heyyy guys

I know it has been a while since I posted (literally a month), but since I hold a Patreon page and put chapters in early access for my patrons, I had to make you wait for two more weeks ;; so sorry for the wait, I was so excited to update for these past weeks ! Anyway, the chapter is here, hopefully you'll enjoy it, my lovelies.

See you again for another one !
Another time, another death. You jolted awake clawing at your throat, struggling, gasping for air when you still felt the flashing pain in there as the body remembered how it was previously decapitated. You only realized someone else was having a break down when the deafening sound finally drowned in your ears; it was Sans' bestial roar tearing the air.

His face was between his trembling hands, his head almost against the ground as he curled up like a little hedgehog. His voice had nothing soothing anymore. Now it was a beast's voice and a really mad one. Still frozen in place, you watched him getting up as fast as a lightning to turn around. You knew what he would do if he managed to get in there. You bounced on your heels to grab his arm.

« Sans ! » You exclaimed to catch his attention.

And you barely succeeded in gripping him because of the needles in your feet that made you lose your balance right the moment after. Dang, you managed to forget your condition for a couple of seconds...! Even your fingers were hurting from digging so much just to prevent him from moving and thankfully, he did. He stopped to give you what you wanted; his attention. Pinpricks almost nonexistent, thin and yet, pulsing ever so strongly with the desire to kill. His jaws were so clenched you feared he might break another tooth. Although it hurt, you held his boney limb stronger, biting down your tongue to help yourself get through the stinging pain. Your heart was pounding with adrenaline, your eyes were locked on his.

« Sans, please... Don't let them turn you into what you're not. Not again. » you begged in a whisper.
« You did so good until now... »

It took long seconds before his arm slightly lost tension, that sign that'd let you know that he wouldn't try and go for the hunt anymore. You decided to let go of him only to take his face between your hands and bring it to yours instead. His breath was heavy and shaky in his feverish attempt to control himself, so much you could even sense the struggles of his agitated magic in your proximity. You needed to stop him from feeling such strong and destructive emotions so gently, you used your thumbs to caress his cheekbones while your forehead pressed against his nasal bone.
« I'm here, Sans. I'm here. I won't die from this. We will make it through... like we always have. »
You attempted to comfort him.

Within long seconds, the mad skeleton calmed down. His breath became quiet and slower, even though it was faster or maybe deeper than when he's truly calm. Until finally, he closed his eyes and let out a long sigh. That was it. He was back. At this moment, you allowed yourself to take a step back to plunge your gaze in his, slightly open to stare at you.

« Do you trust me ? » You asked him quietly. He nodded in response, which pleased you so he earned a smile in return. « Good. »

You were back stuck in these cobwebs. The lady was just in front of you. This time, nobody else was sunk in these tight and sticky strings beside you. The brothers talked about how they could use gravity to their advantage, yet you refused. You wanted to give a chance to Muffet, try and talk to her, maybe even befriend her like you did with multiple monsters on your way here, Undyne included ! … At least, you thought ? Okay, you weren't sure about her, and for Alphys's case... If she wasn't so unpredictable and if you had time to spare for her, you would have been destined to seduce her. She was interested in you after all, wasn't she ?

« Don't look so blue, dear. » Muffet said another time after she giggled at the brothers who were more than ready to fight. You giggled in return.

« I know right ? Red suits me better for sure, I should definitely wear more sometime. Yet I must say that it looks ravishing on you ! »

She was rather surprised by your response, you could tell by the way her eyes blinked in unison before another smile crept up on her lips.

« Exactly ! » She exclaimed. « Such a connoisseur of tastes should enter the tea party. »
On these words, she lifted her pair of hands that held teapots to pour a red liquid all over your body. Thank god it wasn't burning, if not just a little too hot but nothing harming at least. Beside that, it was also sticky. And when you thought it was over, the strings that held you launched you in the air, releasing you in the process as your arms flailed trying to find something to hold onto. You found yourself landing in a cobweb on which you instinctively held onto to prevent you from falling. Funny thing was that if you wanted to move, you had the possibility to without being trapped by the sticky cobweb... You noticed it by the way your hand swept easily from the sticky strings, and rubbing your fingers together, you still could feel the weird sensation it was giving. It was making your skin soft, and still didn't make it slippery as you would expect it because of the liquid that was poured on you. So was the red liquid giving you the ability to climb these nests with ease ? Amazing !! You were about to laugh in delight when you heard someone giggling.

« I can see you're proud~ »

That was partially true, you had to admit.. But you didn't have time to reply that spiders were already coming in your way at a panicking pace. You had to use your limbs to either jump up or climb down the few strings at your disposal. Strangely, the way they came and how you had to move was rhythmic.

It pretty much felt like a spider dance.

« Proud that you're going to make a delicious cake ! »

Her laughter echoed with your panting as you were moving around to avoid her minions. Oh, now you finally got to hear the music in the background, produced by the spiders clapping their hands in rhythmic patterns. Once the little break came, you looked down at their Queen to yell.

« I'm sure I'm not that good, » You said. « because I might be dangerously sick and I wouldn't want to contaminate you. So can you please let us go ? We're not even here to fight ! » She giggled in return.

« Let you go ? Don't be silly~ »

Aah and here you were struggling again. From time to time, you'd spare a look at her and notice she was climbing up the cobwebs with such ease just to be at your eye level. On her own spider web,
she was dancing among her minions, clapping in her hands all together with them. She looked so pleased with herself, enjoying the music, this much that if you weren't in danger right now, you'd have spent a while just watching her doing her thing. You had to say, she had something graceful and... Yeah man, she just got the moves. You took support on the strings, leaning against them so you could catch your breath. Down below, Sans, Papyrus and A.D were observing your progress and couldn't help but support you from afar.

« Watch out ! » Papyrus' voice boomed.

So you looked up to find Muffet a few inches away from your face. She smelled of freshly bakered cobwebs. Your eyes were lost into her pitch black ones.

« Your soul is going to make every spider very happy. »

Then she laughed as you twisted your body to get back into the course. Oh god, how were you going to find a solution to this ? As you asked yourself, you were bitten by a spider because you were too slow to avoid it. Damn, that hurt !

« How rude of me ! I almost forgot to introduce you to my pet ! It's breakfast time, isn't it ? Have fun, you two ! » She winked with a sweet smile.

Oh, that couldn't be good. Like a trapezist, you were hanging upside down with your knees used as hooks on the strong silky string you were on. You raised your gaze, which widened in horror when you spotted something moving in the pit down below. A low, purring growl echoed from down there and here you saw a giant spider monster in the shape of a cupcake coming out and its mouth was like a pit itself decorated with sharp fangs. It tried to climb up in vain because of its horrific size and weight so instead, it was the cobwebs you were holding onto that were progressively falling inside of this dark cavity everytime the creature was shaking the fragile walls and destroying your lifelines. You guessed your companions couldn't help since you were too far away for their magic to reach.

« Jump ! Jump ! » Your friends chanted.

And as if climbing wasn't hard enough already, the strings had to bend to the side as they broke, making your escape even more difficult than before. The spiders coming your way to chase you off the webs were the worst, so not only you had to jump but you also had to make your way through the spider obstacles ! The difficulty was at its peak. Thankfully, your companions were guiding you to find a spot every now and then.
« The person who warned us about you... »

A spider fell on your face and out of reflex, you let go of the string you were holding on to wipe the little beast off you. You'd have fallen into the pit that was the cupcake spider monster's mouth below if it wasn't for you catching yourself back in extremis on the last remaining cobweb. You heard your supporters gasp in unison at this sight, while Muffet kept talking as if nothing was wrong.

« ...Offered us a LOT of money for your SOUL. They had such a sweet smile and... ahuhu~ »

You were out of breath. Spiders around you were throwing... Donuts (?) at you, while some others were running to get a chance to have a taste of you. Within minutes, the level of difficulty kept raising just to stay out of the way of your opponents to the point you still received some damage from the attacks you couldn't dodge. But you had to keep holding onto dear life. You've made too much progress to lose here!

« Papyrus, Sans! » you yelled once there was a short break. The eight-legged creatures were catching their breath, that was your chance to rest for a bit and actually try something! The brothers were listening. « How much money do you have? »

« 83 G! » Sans shouted so you could hear him well.

« 568 G! » Papyrus then exclaimed.

And you, how much you had? You quickly checked your purse. It wasn't much, but having 49G was still better than nothing.

« With that money they promised us, our clans will be reunited. »

« We also have money to offer! » You suggested between two jumps when the attacks resumed. « It's not much but you still can use it! »

She quite looked surprised about your offer. In a second, she had her hands all over you to keep you in place as the assaults were suspended. A hand was holding the bottom part of your face. You had caught her interest. With a low tone and staring eyes, she asked in a low voice.

« How much? »

« 627 G. » You replied right away as you stared back at her beautiful inky eyes.

« I'm afraid it's not enough with the croissant you people stole from me. » She announced. She then
grinned in the way that would make your skin crawl. Her face closed in to yours. « How about I take a taste of you first to see what you're worth ? »

She then licked her lips before she opened her mouth, ready to bite your head off when a spider appeared in the corner of your eyes with a telegram. First annoyed, she backed off you to look at her little fellow. She growled.

« What now ? » Then she realized. « Is that from the Ruins ? » She took possession of the paper to quickly travel her eyes through it. Her angry look turned out to change into an expression of dismay. « What ? They're saying that they saw you and... You helped donate to their cause ! » You hesitantly nodded. She hid her mouth with a hand. « Oh my, this has all been a big misunderstanding~! I thought you were someone that hated spiders~! The person who asked for that SOUL... They must have lied... »

The back of her second right hand caressed your cut cheek, which made you repress a hiss of pain.

« Oh dearie, what should I do with you now ? I still can't let you go that easily... »

« Well hum... » You forced yourself to smile. « We could make another donation if you want. I'm sure it still can help you, no matter how small it is... But about the croissant, we can't reimburse you or at least not right now. The skeleton brothers are delivering me to the King, and with the money they'll get, they can repay you what you were asking for ! » The lady first remained silent, throwing a suspicious glare at the brothers, before she giggled at your suggestion while she tidied up the web around you.

« I can sense you're honest, love. They better do that once you're dead, so let's say it's settled. Also, I want 600G, then I'll let you go. »

« Deal. » You replied with a smile.

Muffet's pet roared in protest when it noticed its owner was lowering your body safely on the solid ground below instead of feeding it. All she did was chanting one word and it shut up immediately, which was surprising considering how small was that monster – if you could call her small. You still didn't reach the floor yet that Sans didn't wait to catch you firmly in his arms.

« Oh sweet baby, you're okay... » Sans exhaled with relief. He couldn't show his affection in the other monsters' presence, so he just had to whisper this while Papyrus approached to cut the web that imprisoned your body with his boney sword.

When it was Papyrus' turn to take you in his arms as if he was your personal vehicle, you looked at your companions.
« Can we donate, please? » They looked at each other, then sighed.

« It isn't like we had a choice, is it? » Papyrus bitterly replied. He looked at you to notice your persistent stare as an answer. Muffet was now next to you wearing the same look while she licked her lips creepily. Papyrus felt shivers running up his spine at that horrific sight so he looked away as he exhaled sharply through his nasal bone, then called his brother. « Take my purse and make the count. »

« Sure boss. »

Sans did so then took his own money from his jacket pocket to complete the due amount while the spider lady had an outstretched hand to receive the Gold, her other ones were propped up on her hips and waist.

Once 600G were gone in Muffet's donation box, she looked at you with a huge, sweet smile on her violet visage.

« You can come anytime you want, darling. For no charge at all! »

You weren't so sure about that. The lady jumped onto her spider web and turned towards you. She was obviously pleased investing her time with your gang.

« Well, that was fun! See you next time~ »

You quietly nodded as she disappeared into the dark with her minions, just like she first appeared. You turned to see each one of your friends making sure they were all safe and sound. Holy crap. You did it? You really did it? You started to giggle, then you laughed, no matter if your insides were sore from the hardcore sport you just had.

« I did it! »

Your happy mood was contagious. Although you were hurting, you couldn't help but just be glad about what you managed to do; everyone got out safely, friends and foes. The brothers ended up cracking a smile.

« You did good. » Papyrus congratulated you. Sans chuckled in return.

« Yeah. Good job, honey. »
Your happy laughter accompanied the gang as you left the room.

Though that joy was cut off by your surprise when you entered one of the most unexpected rooms. It looked like a theater scene and you were on stage. There was a castle shaped decoration in front of you and a gentle music playing in the background. That's when you spotted the robot that Alphys created, dressed up in a blue princess dress (which suited him pretty nicely honestly), who peaked and said:

« OH ? THAT HUMAN... COULD IT BE... MY ONE TRUE LOVE ? »

Mildly confused and disturbed, you all stopped to watch him walking down his makeshift castle's stairs in a very feminine, if not even pompous way. What the heck was that guy doing ? Music was playing in the background and here he started making dramatic gestures in his princess costume acting as if he waited a lifetime for this moment to happen.

« OH MY LOVE
PLEASE RUN AWAY
MONSTER KING
FORBIDS YOUR STAY
HUMANS MUST
LIVE FAR APART
EVEN IF
IT BREAKS MY HEART »

Taking small steps here, gesturing dramatically there... Petals falling from the ceiling were landing on the top of your heads like a bunch of flower beds... Although the lyrics were the most touching thing you could hear from this human hunter, none of you were buying it not even for one penny. The way he was singing was so empty of life or passion, so much it could be interpreted as a complete mockery. But then, the best part was yet to come.

« THEY'LL PUT YOU
IN THE DUNGEON
IT WILL SUCK
AND THEN YOU'LL DIE A LOT
REALLY SAD
YOU'RE GONNA DIE
CRY CRY CRY
SO SAD IT'S HAPPE-»
And the robotic man wasn't even finished when Sans sent him back where he first teleported him. Yeah, back in Snowdin. Papyrus and yourself looked at the shorter skeleton in disbelief and he did the same, hands now in his pockets when he shrugged with a contented grin.

« What ? 'Wasn't going to let him steal the spotlight any longer. »

That douche was actually proud of himself. And you couldn't help but feel the same way, even if it was a dick move cutting Mettaton off right before the end of the song. You started giggling again because you kept replaying that scene inside your head and progressively, that giggle turned into a laughter so contagious your friends couldn't not get infected by it. This blissful gifted moment from above came just in time and you wished you could thank the poor killing machine for making all of you crack up this way. It just felt so good right now.

Because of the light mood everyone was in, an idea flew by Sans' head and he told you guys to take a seat, still with a huge smile printed over his skull and once you obeyed, he started making puns and telling stories as if he was the comedian in a one-man show. At first he was a bit nervous since he knew his brother couldn't stand jokes but as Papyrus seemed to accept and take part in this, Sans relaxed and kept going with his funny shenanigans even if it was just for a little while. After all, he bought you some time twice. You could totally relax for once and actually enjoy these “good things about life” at this very moment, right ? Even Papyrus could crack a smile from time to time despite all the grunts or screeches of protests. A.D who was sitting next to you was all happy with its tail waving excitedly. Your cheeks and belly were hurting from laughing so much you'd even you would wipe a tear or two. The music of your giggles brought so much confidence and joy in Sans' soul that you could see it through his eyes, posture and bright smile. You could even notice how his slit pinpricks were expanding with happiness. He had such an innocent gaze that you caught yourself thinking that he was adorable just like a child.

That moment of complicity was perfect.

So perfect you were glad to be alive right now.

Chapter End Notes

Ahhhh

Ahhhhhhhhhhhh

I can't believe I've got so much support from such lovely people as you guys ;A; 'Thank you so much for everything, your nice comments, your kudos and bookmarks and your patience !!
I hope you enjoyed this one chapter, and I really hope the other ones will be even better!!

(also, get rekt, mettaton)
Sweet Darkness

Chapter Summary

Hello darkness my old friend

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Your panting was taking up your hearing entirely. You didn't know how long you've been waiting here. You were suffocating in a cloth sack put on your head so you couldn't make a guess on where you were or what was happening. What you last recalled was you sleeping with your companions in a bed at MTT hotel, and someone managed to knock you all out, you thought? Then took you away. After that, you didn't remember anything except the darkness around you. That must be the reason why the corner of your skull hurt, you assumed. And the silence, oh the terrible silence. It was the most cruel torture sharing the podium with thirst and hunger. You didn't know if the brothers were with you, if they were still passed out, or worse... So you spent hours calling their names, crying for a response until your voice was hoarse.

You were alone on this one.

You couldn't help but weep every now and then. After all... These chains holding your limbs together were too strong and tight for you to break them or squeeze your hands through the metal rings. That's why you waited in the dark, with your thoughts consumed by anxiety. Were you in a dungeon? Did a royal guard catch you and bring you to Asgore? Your mind couldn't think of any other possibility.

Fuck...

Was it how it ended?

Alone in a jail of a dungeon, waiting to be executed like a criminal just like the killing machine said?

You thought you could have a chance for once, just for once, to find a way to make everyone happy like you did before... To have the choice to be the one to offer your own soul and not just... Being captured and seeing all your rights as a living creature being taken away from you with no way to
assure your friends were safe or... Or worse...

Was this how they were repaying your mercy? Locking you away like an enraged animal?

You let out a strangled cry.

Didn't you deserve better?

*Didn't you deserve better?*

You called for help.

But nobody came.

Your cries became sobs.

You called for help.

But nobody came.

As you whimpered, you pronounced names.

« Sans... Papyrus... ! »
And again, no one responded. You curled up in your misery to cry your despair out.

« Asriel... »

In a second or less, you could feel him by your side. The goat monster was an adult by now. Way taller than you, maybe Sans' height... His horns were fully grown and you could only picture the slit red pupils of his eyes shining in the dark.

« I'm here. » He talked softly, close to you.

His eyes weren't expressing anything beside a controlled anger until he rested them on you, where they softened in empathy. His arm snaked around your shoulders in emotional support.

« Can you tell me what's going on ? » You asked him once you recollected yourself.

« I can't. » He apologetically looked down, yet still with this slight scowl over his young features. « I can't see on my own. »

« Oh Asriel, I'm so sorry. This wasn't how it was supposed to end... I'm sorry... »

But he shushed you with a tender kiss on your temple. At this moment, his touch released the delicious smell of the cinnamon-butterscotch pie Toriel used to bake for you back at the Ruins. And... Something like flowers too ? You remembered the bed of buttercups, where everything started, where you first met him.

The emotion of peace washed over you thanks to the sweet scent, now feeling safer with your best friend by your side.

« Aah, it seems like I stare at myself into a mirror... » he laughed gently. « What a crybaby I was. But don't feel scared anymore, Frisk. I'll always be with you, always watching over you. And about that... Why not give me the commands ? » You were about to refuse when his gaze told you to wait, which you did. « Asgore is my father. If he sees me inside of you, if I can talk to him... Then maybe it's our chance to gain some time. He wouldn't kill his own son, would he ? »

He was right. If he loved his child, he wouldn't hurt him, right ? But then, it still could be dangerous...
« What if it doesn't work ? » you asked in return. « What if he thinks I'm just messing with him to try and hurt him even more ? »

« We'll try as many times we'll need, like you always do. » He assured you with a comforting smile.

A sob made Asriel hold you closer as he shushed you kindly again, as if it would ease your overflowing emotions.

« But I don't even know if we'll still have time until then... »

Your friend remained silent. You were right... You could feel it, the both of you. The magic of life escaping from your slowly consumed body. You didn't know where the marks were at now, you just felt aches in your chest and shoulders. You guessed these were the level they were at after all this time waiting here in the dark.

But you didn't have time to complain anymore. Someone was coming judging by the clicks of high heels resonating next to the room you were in. Instinctively, you turned your head in the direction of the noises and you waited with your breath stuck in your lungs.

Your heart was pounding strongly against your ribcage, so strong you were afraid it might break out from its bone prison and actually run away. Asriel was still with you. He was determined to stay.

« I'm here, » he tried to reassure you. « I'm not leaving you. »

A door opened. This is when you started to breathe again, or more likely hyperventilate. The footsteps stopped next to you before a hand took hold of your arm. Pain jolted through all your body, so suddenly you couldn't hold back the screech that tore your throat. The one who caught you released you for a mere second, surely because they weren't expecting such a vivid reaction from their prisoner, then they pulled on your hurting limb again to force you getting up, which you did in a series of squeals.

« Come on, darling, it's showtime. We have to prepare you for the audience~ ! » A robotic, male voice talked. It was silky and pleasing to the ear but you couldn't just focus on that detail.

Did he say « showtime » ? « audience » ?

« Wait, where are we? »
He pushed you with a hand against your back to guide you through what you assumed was a corridor. Among your feelings of fear were Asriel's who was not only anxious, but angry overall. You preferred focusing on the smell of the place you were walking through, of the sound of the steps you were taking. It sounded and smelled like metal, just like you were in a freshly cleaned up laboratory, just like in Alphys' one.

Until you were held by your wrists and that action alone made you cry out in pain again. The stranger relished in your suffering if his delighted giggle was of any indication. You just caught the familiar sound of a shimmering star, and soon enough, its comforting warmth approached your form as your abductor forced you forward.

You understood too late that you were forced to SAVE, and you fought against his grip as the light blinded you from under your bag. How did he know ? How did he know what represented the star SAVE to you !?

The thought of cameras settled all over the Underground crossed your mind...

Alphys.

« Stop !! No ! » You protested in vain.

The damage was done, leaving you panting and exhausted in the hold of that man. He was still chuckling, happy with himself. And you... Were torn apart by multiple emotions. It was what happened when Flowey died, it was what happened when Sans had rage outbursts... You didn't want to remember all of these past events and yet they were hitting you square like a whip in your face. You could barely breathe out of shock.

Another feeling arose. Fear. Fear because you didn't know if your friends were safe, or if once again, someone forced a SAVING upon you. Resignation, because you were so... exhausted of fighting uselessly. Pain, for the burning sensation leaving static sensations at every part that monster touched and use strength upon and the soreness of your throat and lungs. And most of all, anger. You were sick of being messed with, of being used and abused. Angry at yourself for not being stronger, for not being able to stand for yourself and just be... So. Weak. You were sick of it. You were sick of it all.

You didn't realize it but your hands were trembling as you stood there livid. The coil in your stomach was strong enough to make you want to puke when the mysterious man chuckled again admiring your vulnerability.

Still holding your arm in his strong grip, he opened a door before he indicated you to walk again.
« Oh darling. Don't be upset just yet for I have a breathtaking surprise for you.~ »

It took just a few steps before you hear another door opening. Both your bestfriend and you felt even more suspicious than before with every path taken.

« Wait. »

« What is it, my dear? »

Hearing petnames from this person had the power to give you goosebumps... Especially since you couldn't see a damn thing. You suspected him to plan to do more than just forcing you to SAVE... Your past experiences with Sans taught you to be more than aware of what would come next when it happened and right now, you were too vulnerable, tied up and blind to be able to defend again. It would be way too easy for that stranger to have his way with you... And the fact that Asriel was thinking about it too didn't help dissipating the fear coiling in your stomach and fogging your mind.

« Please, quit playing with me. » You pleaded through your tightened throat and gritted teeth.

You were still shaking in his hold. The other person snickered.

« Oh darling, I'm used to playing with feelings, trust me. » His tone gained in depth as he whispered to your ear level, making your heart almost jump out of your chest. « But what I enjoy the most is playing with bodies. »

A cold shiver ran up your spine and like a signal, you took multiple steps back in an attempt to flee, your head started to spin from the hyperventilation. He was chuckling at your pitiful reaction.

No...

No.

You didn't want to go through this!
The pressure on the chain shifted when he yanked it to bring you back close to him, so you began to panic furthermore and beg him to let you go in your cries.

« No, no, please, just kill me right away ! » you cried.

« It'd go against my plans, sweetie. » He almost had a sweet, even apologetic tone at this moment. But it wasn't for long because it switched to an aggressive one right after. « Now, get into that bloody room ! »

« No !! »

You turned around to escape, but it was bound to failure : you forgot that your ankles were also chained so immediately when you tried to break into a run, you tripped. Your sad attempt gave him time to catch you around the waist before you could hit the ground. You bent under the sudden pressure digging in your stomach, awakening in the same motion the burning sensation in your front, so violently it cut your breath short. In that action, the peloth sack on your head fell and for a quick moment, you could see what was around once your brain could finally process what was happening instead of focusing on the stabbing pain. It was a futuristic room, basically built with metal, tiles and lights. It wasn't Asgore's castle, was it ?

Out of rage after the vivid pain he inflicted on you, you quickly turned to hit the monster that still had you in his hands, only for electricity to run along your limb when your nerves in your elbow made impact with the solid surface of your attacker. You bit your tongue not to scream at the burning sensation of static coursing every inch of your arm... That's what you get for trying to fight back a guy in armor, dummy !

You realize now that you laid your eyes on the monster... That he wasn't in an armor but just made out of metal.

Mettaton !!
You called for help.

But nobody came.

✧✦✧

The sound of his panting filled the room. What were these fucking chains made off? His hands were fastened behind his back, yet the fact of being a skeleton was convenient for what he had been trained to do. Although he was 9’1” tall, he could roll up perfectly, twist his arms and legs like no other animal monsters could do. So Papyrus brought his arms down so he could put his lower body part in the circle they were forming until he could bring his limbs in front of him. Thanks to his cleverness.

Now, he could take off this fucking potato sack from his head and breathe fresh air. The slender man looked around. It was dark as heck here, he couldn't even see his hands. He shook the handcuffs. Ah, nothing told him these were magical. These handcuffs were impossible to break, especially with magic. They were made to block out or more likely to reduce magic potential from an individual just to the strict minimum to maintain them alive and conscious. Thankfully, since he was too tall to put chains at his ankles without making it impossible for him to walk, he was spared with those. Long legs saved lives, apparently. The Head of the Royal Guard could see on his right a ray of light coming from under what seemed to be a door. From time to time, a shadow or two passed by and even though he wanted to call for help, he knew the safest place right now was this damn room. He was a fighter but in this situation, he was vulnerable.

So he started thinking about the options given to him. First off, the probabilities to die as soon as someone decides to take a look inside were 90% high. And the remaining 10%, well, they were in case he could flee, or having the chance to see his brother or the human being the one to enter the room. But he knew the last supposition was of 1%. it would be a goddamn miracle if it happened among all the rooms that could exist here, right?

Minutes passed by. He heard shouts. Laughter. Cries.

Oh, now he knew where he was.

But he never thought he would ever participate to one of his favorite shows. And the truth was... He didn't really want to take part of it.
In the distance, he could hear the beats of Mettaton's catchy music he used to play whenever the show went on. What if his brother was a guest too?

Quick, he had to find something!

He quickly got up to reach for the door and kick it down. Usually, he was strong enough to even burst the doorway along, back when he had to call out people at home for various reasons... But their door was usually made out of wood, not fucking reinforced iron. He cursed under his breath. The skeleton monster then inhaled deeply and as he did, he took a few steps back. He positioned himself in the door's line, then opened his jaws to use his special attack, but...

As soon as the sound came out of his mouth, it died instantly and the lanky monster fell on his knees, suddenly out of energy. He panted heavily and even shuddered. That was a risk to take at least once... Now he knew that he couldn't do this twice. He'll have to wait from now on.

Please... Human... Sans... A.D...

Keep holding on.

✧✦✧

He could feel sweat beading on his skull and dripping from his jaw line. It was awfully hot under this sack over his head. A.D was whimpering next to him. The skeleton’s head raised as he slowly came back to his senses only to realize he couldn't see anything the moment his eyes opened to blackness. He also felt his heaving breath coming back to caress his bones. The first reaction he had was to bring his hands to take off that piece of cloth from his head, to come to the unpleasing realization that his arms were hitting bars, and his fists trapped in what felt like handcuffs. He kept yanking his chains against the metal prison trying to free himself from what was holding him back, knowing that he couldn't take a shortcut to safety when blind and tied up. That's how Sans finally gave in to panic, bringing his face closer to his hands so he could grab the potato sack and tear it off his head, then looked around.

The room was plunged into darkness with only a few neon red lights here and there to see and the only sounds he could hear was his pet's whines of worry. Beside that, he couldn't make a guess about the room he found himself in. He just sensed a presence, no, many of them actually around him. He could feel their magic. From time to time, he could hear footsteps, whispers, snickers... All of these reminded him of MTT shows. Even without being a fan, he happened to zap on his channel
sometimes and watch a show or two before going to bed or to work. And now that he thought of it, he recognized the patterns of the red neons around. And if he was right...

He wasn't going to have a good time.

After long minutes of wondering what was in store for him, Sans heard shouts echoing above all the rest that even stopped A.D from crying any more. This voice, he knew it oh too well.

« Sweetheart ? » he gasped as he lifted his head in the direction of the opening door.

He could see their silhouette wriggling on another way bigger than them. They were screaming for help and actually trying their best to fight back whoever caught them. The skeleton heard the clicking of high heels on the tiled ground.

« Now darling, you'll be a treasure to quit agitating this way and- » Honey squealed. « ...if you sat down ! »

A heavy bump tore a scream from his poor and sweet angel. He didn't know what was going on. But they were whimpering now for all he knew while chains were placed on them.

« Sweetheart ! » The sobs were suspended in a gasp.

« Sans ? » Their hoarse voice called him in return. Instinctively, he pressed his body against the bars to gain more space when stretching his arms in his precious little one's direction.

« Sweetheart, I'm here, don't you worry, I've got you ! » He urged to reassure them.

« Sans... » They started weeping again but way softer. « I'm scared... »

Hearing such a honest statement made his soul ache. Oh, how he wished to break these fucking bars and tear them away from those vultures !! Although they couldn't see in the dark, Sans let a weak smile creep up on his boney lips.

« Oh, honey, I know... We'll get through this, just hang on... »

They seemed so close and yet so far. They were out of reach.
« Aww, this is way too cute. » A robotic voice rang, causing the terrified human to gasp. Mettaton turned his attention over them. « You know, at first I thought that killing you right away would be good... But after what the pitbull here has done, sending me back in Snowdin twice in a row... On my way returning home, I thought of a way to take my revenge. I realized it'd be a shame not to share this glorious moment with my fanbase... » Then his tone became bitter and without taking his eyes off the human, he addressed to the concerned one. « … which I'm sure isn't quite fond of you, dirty sack of bones. »

It was alright, he heard worse with his brother. The sound of clapping hands echoed and light turned on.

« And after what I saw, and what I heard about you guys and our precious little thing here... »

The robot bent to reach for Frisk's face covered in tears so he could lift their head with a finger under their chin. Sweetheart was panicking when they got to see this anti-human creation with arms made of cannons and chainsaws, and another pair which came from behind his back which were... Basically cyborg hands, close to them, his face just a few inches away from a kiss.

« I got a few ideas. »

What the heck could he say to gain time ? His darling won't make it... He neither, to tell the truth...

It was his fault. He should have never suggested his family to stop by MTT-hotel to rest... They were so tired, and Frisk in too much bad shape. They deserved better than fucking suffering ! They deserved better than being dragged in mug until their last breath ! But... This was what led them here...

Where was Papyrus ?

Mettaton laughed and turned around to face the multiple monsters who came to take part of tonight's show, gesturing and smiling proudly.

« Beauties and gentlebeauties ! Welcome to MTT show ! »
Ahhhh thank you everyone for all the nice feedbacks !!! ;A; I still can't believe so many people enjoy the story that much ! I love you all, you don't know how happy you're making me ;u;

See you in two weeks !! Hopefully you'll enjoy this chapter ;u;
Sweet Show

Chapter Summary

It's show time!

Monsters kept applauding excitedly. Because its jaws were shut tightly by a muzzle, all what Aggressive Dog could do was growling. Sans sensed how scared the animal was so there was no wonder why it would show aggressiveness. He wished he could help his furry fellow, take off this instrument of torture but his hands were fastened too. His jaws clenched. He stared at these people that couldn't wait for what would happen next. He would stab with his look if only his eyes were knives. Meanwhile, Mettaton posed dramatically in front of the crowd, oblivious to the hatred stare the skeleton was throwing at him. Fucking pile of rusty cans.

« Are you ready for the next game, my beauties ? » Monsters were chanting “yes”, which made the robot chuckle in delight. « Last time, unfortunately we lost our last guest in the “Deadly Wheel”. But fret not, for we have three brand new people here ! Though I wonder where is the fourth one ? »

A wide screen came down to show Sans' sibling trapped in a darkened room, waiting in silence.

« Oh, there he is ! You must wonder what we prepared for tonight's show ! You'll discover with our special guest ; Papyrus ! »

The robot smirked. Papyrus couldn't see, but there was a speaker in the upper corner of the chamber he was held hostage in. The monster jumped when he heard Mettaton's cyborg voice talking through it.

« Hello gentleman ! » He saluted him with his professional presenter tone. « I have the pleasure announcing you that you have been chosen to participate to MTT's show tonight ! Isn't that wonderful ? »

Monsters in stands applauded. You watched Papyrus looking in the direction of the speaker, where the camera must be too because it looked like he was staring at you, his eyesockets wide and filled with confusion and anger. You could see his form thanks to the night vision of the camera, but his eyes were brighter than ever, so bright you could see his thin pinpricks pulsing in rage and stress. You saw him open his mouth. He was talking- more likely shouting, yet you couldn't hear anything.
« There's no use to talk, handsome. » Mettaton cooed him. « You just need to listen. See this door over there? »

On the camera, you could see a door open, its canal lightened by red neons along the walls. You wondered if Papyrus would fit in there... He was so tall and the trap here so narrow. He wouldn't be able to get through with his fancy and spiky armor. His hands were also cuffed. You looked at Mettaton.

« It's unfair, he can't go through this! »

You didn't notice Papyrus' expression when he heard your panicked voice through the speaker. The robot quickly threw a glance at you, then at the skeleton.

« That's the point of drama, darling. » He giggled before he returned his attention on your imprisoned friend. « As you can see, you have to find a way to go through the air conditioner. The longer you take to do it, the more you'll be inhaling toxic gas. »

On his words, smoke began filling up the room the warrior was in. The monster looked around while the gaz was slowly taking over that closed space. Furious, he threw another glance at the speaker.

« Time's ticking, beauty. » Mettaton smirked. « This trap is the key to safety. »

And so, Mettaton turned around to make eye contact with his audience.

« Will he survive the “Devil's Breath”? Will he find his way out? The answer lays within this screen, my beauties, watch! »

Papyrus first touched the edge of the trap door to get a hint of its width. You couldn't hear him cough, but the shakings he had while doing so were strong enough to be seen on camera. Your breath was erratic, barely existing in fact. But don't you worry more, because the Royal Guard was smart and it only took a second for him to know what to do; he detached the shoulder protections, before he quickly entered into that small space as smoke was now taking over the room to the point we couldn't see anything else on the screen.
« Oh, did he make it ? » The presenter asked with enthusiasm. The screen switched to another camera which was inside the conditioner. Papyrus was crawling with more or less difficulties because of his long limbs. He was still holding the shoulder pads in a hand. « There he is ! Magnificent, splendid ! »

The audience nodded in agreement. Sans smiled in relief for a brief moment. Once Papyrus was out, he found himself in a room filled with lava for a few meters long. You gasped. How was he supposed to go through this when he didn't have room to gain momentum and jump ? And even if he could jump, no matter if he had long legs, he wouldn't be able to go this far in one piece, could he ?

« And now, handsome, welcome to the mini Hotland ! » Mettaton snickered. « How will this gentleman go through the pit of lava, I wonder ? »

The skeleton monster looked around with sudden suspicion. There were trap doors on the walls, but were those platforms or something malicious ? Your heart was pounding with apprehension. There was no need to panic though, because Papyrus materialized a bone to throw it through the room... And the trap doors opened to reveal sentries that immediately emptied their ammo on it. Your mouth parted in shock. How was he supposed to survive this !?

« Papyrus !! » You yelled in fear.

The monster looked back at the speaker, startled again by your shaken voice.

« Shut up ! » The robot snapped in return, forcing a small whine of dread out of you. You weren't expecting his violent outburst, it was so effective that you didn't peep anymore. He turned to look at his audience again with a sweet smile like nothing happened. « Wow, look at that ! It seems to get warmer in there ! And by warmer, I meant... More lava ! »

And on these words, the said lava started filling up the giant pool. There was no way he could pass this if that hot, hot liquid overflowed its tank.

Panic and rage coiled in your guts, golding you so strongly around the ribs you had trouble to breathe, and burning water blurring your vision.

« Stop it !! » You started to shout after the presenter of this horrific show. « Stop that shit right now ! What's up with you, you fucking sicko !? If you enjoy danger so much, why wouldn't you try it all by yourself and see how it tastes !? »
You finally snapped to the audience's surprise. A hit almost detached your head from your neck. As it bounced back in place, you could only see stars while static sounds were taking over your ears, the pain echoed in every corner of your head like a bouncing ball thrown against closed walls. Yeah, you got the picture right. But it didn't stop the rage that was taking hold of you, the pain made it even stronger.

« Sweetheart ! » Sans called after you, concern evident in his voice, probably because he was scared for your safety. He was holding onto the bars tightly, powerless as he watched you. His pinpricks pierced through the giant can box in a glare. « You son of a bitch... »

« Don't get impatient, my darlings. Your turn will come soon... If he loses that is. »

As you fought the need to faint from the overbearing ache, you could feel Asriel's tight grip on your shoulders. He was behind you, glaring at the one who dared to lay a hand on you.

« Hand the commands over me, Frisk... » He murmured in your ear, words that you almost didn't catch because of the ringing.

Oh, for a second, you were about to comply and get lost in his embrace, let him make the world burn just like the fire inside your chest. Let it out. His whispers kept merging with your mind as if you were one body, mind and soul. Your desire to protect your friends from this sick fuck was so strong, to make him pay for all the misery you've been through lately, you were on your way to let him possess you.

But no.

You chose to spare everyone. You won't go back on this decision. None of their dust will be on your hands. They don't deserve this... Or maybe some of them do. But you don't deserve to have their death on you, despite how horrible they are. As much as you wanted to set this rage eating you up free, you just couldn't inflict the agonizing pain of death to others. You knew what dying felt like. It has been your everyday life for quite a while now. And you were better than a murderer.

« No, Asriel. » You responded in a thought as you breathed out to calm your nerves. « Please, don't pick up a fight. I still remember what we did to Undyne. I don't want any more bloodshed... Or more likely oil, for this one. »

« So what ? » His digits were painfully digging in your skin. « So let him do these sickening actions ? »

« I'll find a way to get through this. Give me some time. »
You finally decided to look up at Mettaton, your eyes expressing nothing but your friend's lust for revenge in the robot's gaze. He might have sensed Asriel's murderous aura because he looked slightly shaken by your silent threat, then he tenderly smiled.

« Aww, so cute. Keep holding onto your determination, sweetheart. You'll need it for our little game. »

Asriel would have spit the blood in your mouth on him if you let him, yet you preferred to remain still. Only what Mettaton said bugged you. What little game? What did he have in store for you? Guess that you'll find out later. Watching how Papyrus managed was more important at the moment, that's why you checked to find him staring angrily at the lava. He certainly heard Mettaton hitting you. In his fury, he summoned ribcages in front of the sentries and a bone sword in his hand. You noticed that while you weren't looking, he put his shoulder protections back in place so he'd be ready for a big jump.

Immediately when his feet left the ground, a red aura covered Papyrus' body, a sign that he used his magical abilities to levitate. As soon as he got detected by the sensors, the door traps on both sides of the room reopened so the heavy artilleries could shoot at their target. You gasped loudly. The monster protected himself with the help of his bone sword whenever a ribcage was too damaged to stop the bullets. He was moving with such ease even with the extra efforts! You didn't realize you were mouth agape out of horrified amazement. Just when you thought he was handling this like a boss, he received a couple of bullets. You couldn't hear him cry out in pain. Despite the hits he got at the spine and ribs, he managed to reach the other side when lava started to spill over. Papyrus stumbled quickly towards the door, busting it open in haste and entering a separate room where he'd be safe.

« Well well well, you sure are a fighter, Papyrus! » Mettaton clapped.

He heaved and hissed in pain with each step taken, pain radiating from the cracks where blood leaked from. One of his arms held his ribcage in hope to numb the burning and pounding sensation in his wounds. The big screen hovering over the crowd broadcasted a dumbfounded Papyrus when he realized he won the game. You were waiting for him to walk into the next room and oh, you hoped it was the main room where everyone was, that it'd lead him where you were, you who couldn't move!

With a short breath, you watched the tall skeleton enter the room with an uncertain pace, warily looking around to see how many people were attending to the event. The pressure was so strong you thought you'd succumb to it. Mettaton turned towards him, all smile as he announced in delight.

« Here you are! Just in time for the third game: The crimson pool! »
His breath cut short. Crimson pool? Papyrus was afraid to know what it meant. His eyes filled with disbelief shot at his brother to discover that he and his pet dog were locked up in a cage, both staring back at him. They were visibly relieved to see him almost safe and sound but at the same time, apprehending the upcoming game. The human, though... Their lip was cut and their cheek bruised. They looked pretty beaten up.

His mind quickly tied the knots. His eyes turned on Mettaton who was smiling brightly.

« You proved us you were a fighter just a few moments ago, and what a great fighter you were! Though I heard you had a special talent in executioning people. After all these praises I heard about you, shall you show us how worthy you are of them? Darling, I'm sure you know who I am, right? »

Suddenly, Papyrus went from shaken up to spazzing and shouting in pain before he fell to his knees, clawing at the collar that emanated a strong buzz. You realized only now that he had something around his neck, and it was electrocuting him! You cried after him. The skeleton monster that was imprisoned shouted after his brother, before he started screaming too, and collapsed against the bars unconscious. You were frenetically shaking your restraints, screaming your friend's name. Was Sans alive!? You feared that he'd turn to dust any moment now.

Papyrus had to take support on one hand, the other still clamped at his neck until the agony stopped. He was sweating, shaking and panting heavily, the burning tingles still lingering in his entire body. He shuddered and gagged. It was horrible seeing him like this... The memory of your first meeting with Sans flashed in your eyes... God, you recalled the sensations as if it just happened...!

Mettaton giggled, enjoying the show. Papyrus wiped his mandible and slowly got up on his wobbly legs without caring about the shiny, magical residue of his slim diner left on the floor. He looked at his passed out brother that his dog was trying to nudge awake, then at you who were staring back with tearful eyes. He took a few deep breaths despite the agonizing pain taking his ribs and plunged his angry eyes into the robot's.

« Yes, I used to watch your show on evenings. » Papyrus replied with a much, deeper, frightening tone. There was no single audible waver. He wished he could add a spicy “but I'm not sure if I'll be doing that in the future”, but he chose to be smarter than these disgusting monsters. Best keep his closed ones safe as much as possible.

« Ohh, a fan of mine? » Mettaton realized. He leaned on the human's chair on which they were tied up to. « Well then, it changes a lot of things! »

« I also was the one you asked to “remind your desobediant staff their rightful place” before. You should know that I'm the Head of Royal Guards. You don't have any right to attack my person nor my family. »
“Oh but honey, you're just fine!” He mused. “And who said I wanted to hurt you or your family? Unless, this cutie here...” He caressed the terrified human's hurting cheek, tearing a painful and angry hiss in return. “...is a part of your family?”

Papyrus was about to reply, but he closed his mouth as soon as he opened it. This human wasn't his family. They were his only friend, but also the future and last soul to be sacrificed. His eyes darted the ground furiously.

“They aren't.” He replied bitterly.

“So you don't mind me doing this show at all, do you?” The robot winked at the skeleton. That nasty wink made the monster's stomach turn, if he had any. He grimaced in disgust.

The human's chest heaved quickly when they saw the star walking away to face the audience chanting “bloodshed”. In fear or anger, it was difficult to tell.

“I don't hear you!” The killing machine mused.

In cue, the spectators chanted louder, stomping in rhythm among the seats. The ruckus stirred Sans awake. He shuddered and stumbled against the bars as he looked around, confused and hurt. Blood covered his chin. Oh dear Asgore.... Mettaton didn't seem to care, enough for Papyrus to wonder if he heard Sans. The robot chuckled.

“How long will the human last, you ask!” Then, he stared at the camera next to him with a devilish smirk. “We're gonna check that out... In the Crimson pool!”

The audience clapped cheerfully while the robotic presenter pointed at the floor not far from the camera. From the ground came out a metallic shelf with set of different objects, all designed for a specific use: murder and torture.

“No, sweetheart...” Words slipped out from between Sans' boney lips when realization struck once he saw Mettaton pick a butterfly knife to play with.

The poor creature attached to the chair choked on their breath and started to wiggle in the chains that were holding them back. He walked closer, each step slow in hope to see despair building up in his victim's eyes. And that was what he had. The human kept agitating and sweating in anxiety while they were trying to knock some sense into the presenter.
« You don't need to do this ! You- You can find much better things to do, I'm sure people would enjoy your shows much- much more ! » They were trying their best to convince Mettaton who was now just in front of them, towering the little one with all his height.

« I doubt about that. » He replied with a smile. « All they want is drama, surprise effects and... » He loomed over the future object of torture to whisper. « Bloodshed. »

The poor one's lips quivered. They looked upset and frustrated at the same time. Their teary eyes of anger and fear were now going back and forth between the knife and the persecutor's eyes. Sans was throwing insults in hope to catch Mettaton's attention, in order to earn some time. The audience was still chanting.

He was going to kill the human. They had no chance in this position. The point of the weapon was against their belly, lingered there for way too long...

And then, he stood up and held the weapon out to Papyrus.

« Do it. »

Papyrus stared at the presenter with a horrified expression.

« … What ? » He blurted out.

« Ha ! You're a fan but you didn't expect a plot twist ? That's pretty disappointing, dear. » Mettaton smirked at him. « Well... As you said, I heard of you and I know your hobbies. That's the reason why I asked you to correct Burgerpants after all, mh ? »

« ... R-Right... » Sweat dripped from the spikey skeleton's brow. Mettaton's sadistic smile was for once offputting. With his hand still holding out the knife, he urged.

« Go on. Show what you've got. »

But Papyrus didn't move. His eyes kept darting back and fourth between the human and the killer robot. Silence hovered over the stars of the day. He didn't want to do that. He was ready to put himself in danger, do anything if it meant not laying a hand over his friend. That friend that was staring at him, pale and out of breath in fear.

Alphy's creation lost patience, his smile turning into a frown and the next second, he pointed at the collar, triggering the electrocution again. Papyrus choked on his breath and spazzed violently again. He fell to the ground as he lost control over his body. The human and Sans shouted in unison, and the next moment, the second skeleton joined his brother.
« STOP !! STOP IT !! » The human cried hysterically. « YOU'RE GOING TO KILL THEM !! »

Sans was out again, and the human swore they saw some dust flying around. They bursted into tears after they checked on the monster to see that he was still alive, but so damaged this time that they didn't know if he'd take it any longer. Finally, the buzzing stopped and Papyrus' tensed body relaxed all together. He too was barely breathing. He had struggle to open his eyes, blood ran out of his holes and dripped on the ground he was laying on. His blurred vision could barely register his little protected one's crying face. His hearing was out for a while, until the ringing in his ears subdued. The human's voice was hoarse from screaming so much.

« -SE PLEASE PLEASE DO IT, PAPYRUS, DO IT I BEG YOU...!! »

They didn't cry so much since the day they lost their flower friend. They were frantic on their chair, just like when they were fighting back in his hold even on the edge of death... A memory was left a bitter taste in his mouth.

His arms moved clumsily to give him support. That effort made him vomit blood, tearing another scream from the human. Come on, Boss. Get up. Show you're strong. It took probably a pregnant minute for Papyrus to stand up properly and stay on his legs. He was in a bad shape... But he had seen worse.

« Ready to show us your talents now ? » Mettaton smiled again, offering the weapon again.

« Fuck you. » Papyrus spat blood in his face.

Silence fell all of the sudden again. The robot fluttered his eyes open, looked at Papyrus' furious face then chuckled darkly.

« With you, gladly... » He turned his bust just so to invite the edgy monster to look at his brother that was lifeless against the bars. « I wouldn't try to be cocky if I were you. »

Papyrus gasped. He didn't see the blood that Sans spit in his torture session, and now that he looked more intently, he recognized the shining dust, the familiar dust that a monster left behind in their demise. He knew how fragile his brother was. Another round and he will be dusted for good.

And that's what Mettaton was going for. The same alerted expression showed on the little one and the beaten up monster's face. Even the audience gasped.
« No no no nO NO- » The human started again.

« I'll do it !! »

Mettaton stopped in his motion before turning towards Papyrus with a huge smile, satisfied.

The Head of the Royal Guard took the butterfly knife from Mettaton's hand, his gaze piercing through him in a silent invitation to back the fuck off. The audience remained silent due to the palpable pressure at first. So silent that they were out of breath. The human was shaking, their bruised face covered in tears and blood while they were looking at their friend, standing there with that torture tool in front of them. He looked back at them. A feeling of deep dread crawled up his spine. He was going to hurt his precious friend... He who longed for doing such a thing once, back when he thought this creature was his enemy... It was unconceivable doing it today. And yet...

The human gulped, then smiled as tears were threatening to fall. They were holding on. They were determined looking strong.

« Please... » Their lips pronounced.

They knew it was the only way. They all knew it was the only way. Papyrus' breath was short, trembling with the most dreadful feeling taking over him. His parted jaws clenched tight. His magic was burning in his bones and his soul, heavy with remorse.

Human...

I'm sorry...

Their voice echoed through the entire room. He never thought he'd have to hear such tearing
screamings, especially from such a small body, from this tiny human who managed to bring out the most beautiful parts of him... Disgust and hatred were now coiling in the guts he didn't have, and even with the lack of organs, he could feel his stomach twisting.

This expression they wore on this precious, delicate face...

It was unbearable.

He hated what he was doing, how was he cutting their meat, not too deep to make sure they'd survive the torture, but... They were covered in black spots, so much he didn't know where they ended their course. The red of their blood was darker from what he used to see there... Oh, dear Asgore... What was he doing ? His face twisted in pain.

Seeing his human suffering was as if he was inflicting these cuts to himself... To the good part of himself that he thought, for so long... That he had lost. And here he was, murdering the last bit of Hope he had, for the sake of everyone.

They didn't deserve his human's pain. None of them deserved to spill their blood, not even touching them...

Were they really going to save Monsterkind after all what his species put them through ? He found himself hoping not.

He felt his eyesockets burn with a strange need. A need that he killed over and over to protect himself.

A strangled scream.

He knew the poor little soul was hanging on only thanks to the drug their own body could produce to numb the pain now. That's what he remembered from the books he found about humans and now, he could see it with his very own eyes. He could experiment it. The small creature covered in injuries and blood, was barely responding throughout the torture after a while. They couldn't even hold their head anymore, nor keep their eyes open. Even their breathing was low, weak...

It was as if they were sleeping, but still lucid. Were they thinking it was a dream, in their current state ?

Everything seemed so far away. It was like someone else was using his hands to inflict the most vicious things on a defenseless person. It was as if the world moved in slow motion. He was barely there, just enough to watch the human's face move either so slightly with each cut given. He couldn't feel anything, but the weight of the earth on his shoulders.

Sans managed to wake up thanks to all the screams, and too weak, couldn't watch any more. He had
already seen too much. He kept his head low with sweat covering his entire skull. A.D was whining like a mad dog.

Yes, I know... It's horrible.

What I'm doing is horrible...

The human's weak whimper brought him back to reality. He almost didn't hear it for they were so frail, on the edge to fall into unconsciousness... He squatted to be at their ear level.

« Hold on, human... It's almost over... Stay determined. »

They let out a sound almost imperceptible to let him know they heard him. He wanted to caress their face covered in multiple kind of fluids - sweat, tears, blood ; but it was risky with the audience and the presenter watching. They were applauding, whistling, nodding or even chanting and shouting whenever they heard the human screaming out loud. They were always asking for more. More cuts, more blood, more cries...

Minutes passed so slowly and his armor was so stained. The robot's commentary wasn't helping with the pressure and the guilt weighing on him. He obviously to enjoyed what he was witnessing, though he might think Papyrus could do better soon. And to be honest, he was terrified at this idea of this moment coming. He was doing his best to still his shaky hands.

He felt that the human was going to die if he gave another cut. They could barely open their eyes. Could barely breathe.

Maybe... maybe the best was putting them out of misery... After all... They could come back, right ? They said they could... This way... This way... He could do things differently.

You're so stupid, Papyrus.

You can't remember the previous run, so why bother ? You'd hurt them twice as much.

His hand was up when he heard the end of the show ringing. Everyone let out a whine of protest, Mettaton included for they were so hyped to see Papyrus finish that miserable creature off. He came back in the center of the stage as he cheerfully announced.

« Well well, my lovelies ! I'm as sad as you to say that tonight's show is over ! But don't you be,
because tomorrow same hour, we'll return to our Star guest Papyrus, Head of the Royal Guard! Will he prove his loyalty by killing the human? You'll get the answer tomorrow! Stay deadly!

The audience applauded. The knife fell from Papyrus' hand in a clatter. He squatted in haste to take the human's face between his armored hands and lift it in his direction. Were they still alive, though?

« Human... »

« Are you there? »
You didn't have the strength even to just open your eyes. The claps of hands were overtaking your hearing already drowned in the ringing sound that settled in the moment your mind slipped away. Someone was holding your face gently, their fingers trembling madly against your skin.

As you emerged, the next thing you noticed was the pain in your lower parts and limbs awakening and intensifying with every second passed. You believed you had gone through worst pains until tonight. It was something to write down on the Book of Records. Or even organize a celebration at that point, like, it's not like you suffered a lot lately, right??

…

Man, you wished you could sleep. A voice in your head kept chanting Determination while you were butchered, like one VIP supporter in the depths of your mind.

Speaking of butchering, you couldn't feel the blade of his knife anymore. Did your body officially lose all its senses? Wow, it would be a news flash. And something really worth celebrating now.

« Human, respond... Human... » The voice, low and hoarse, resonated again.

Papyrus?

✧✦✧

« Hey. » Sans blurted out at Mettaton's attention. The called out man turned his head in the monster's direction.
« Not now, my darling, show is over for tonight. »

« Yeah, about that... » The skeleton looked up to get the robot in his line of sight. His features were marked with all the struggles they went through. Tired and hurt, almost lifeless, but only holding on thanks to anger. « You like bets, don’t ya. » Mettaton fully faced him this time, interest showing. The camera was still recording so everyone could watch the scene. Sans’ eyesockets were only deep wells, as a blood curdling smile crept up on his tensed face. His hands were holding the bars so strong the bones rattled. « Heh, predictable. So let’s bet something, pal. You patch up the human so they can stay alive for tomorrow’s show, and this time, you let them fight you. No chains, no trap, just the two of you. My brother and I will be among the audience. If you win, you can have our head on a plate. »

« That’s pretty risky for you, sweetheart. I’d say even suicidal. » Mettaton mused. Sans’ grin widened.

« If you lose, you let us go safe and sound. Simple as that, isn’t it? »

Mettaton crossed his pair of arms that weren't massive weapons. He didn't take much time to consider the suggestion. Cameras turned off to give them privacy when Mettaton made a quick motion at their attention.

« That’s some challenge for your champion, don’t you think? »

« I know. » Sans shrugged nonchalantly. « That’s why they need some serious help here. It wouldn’t be fun for you to compete against someone who’s not at their full capacity, would it? »

The killing machine took a moment to spare a glance over the badly damaged human. They were fighting so hard just to stay awake with Papyrus’ supporting talk.

« Hm, you’re right. I shall take them to Alphys, then. »

« Anything to help them survive is welcomed. » Papyrus immediately joined the conversation. He had been listening all along while he took care of his tortured friend. His fingers moved a sticky lock of hair away from the human’s sweaty face. « Now, it’d be appreciated to let my brother and dog go. We’re no longer your guests. Just spectators. »

« No... »

Everyone looked at the human. They had trouble staying alert, but at least they were conscious.

« I won’t go to that... Psycho scientist... » Their tone meant to sound bitter, in vain. They sounded like someone that didn’t sleep for a week instead. « You know... This lizard will do more than just giving me.. medical attention... » Papyrus held their head that was dangerously dropping backwards.
« Please... Take me to a save star... I need to... save... »

The skeleton brothers exchanged a look. The human was right. It was dangerous letting their friend alone with that crazy bitch. But healing them so they wouldn't die during the day was as important as their safety. Mettaton tilted his head in confusion.

« Save Star ? » He frowned a little bit, then his face brightened at realization. « Ah yes ! The star outside that room ? »

« There is one ? » Papyrus asked.

« Yes. Do what you have to do, I'll take the human to my designer's afterwards. »

« No. » Sans coldly responded. « We don't leave them behind. We'll stay by their side in case that your slut wants to be a little bit too friendly. »

A long moment went by while they exchanged cold glances. Papyrus finally got to take off the chains from the poor tortured soul. He did his best not to make them suffer furthermore as he'd take them in his arms only to fail considerably for the human was whining, whimpering, almost fainting from the ache every movement he made would cause. His brother didn't seem to bear what he was witnessing. Shaky breath, trembling hands and jaws... Sweat was even running down his skull, washing away some blood spots on his chin. He never thought he would ever see his sibling, who used to be so delighted just by watching or hearing someone suffer, being so upset about it now.

« Release my brother, will you ? » Papyrus spat at Mettaton.

The human sized trash can sighed, and approached to get rid of the attaches off Sans' bruised wrists. The skeleton almost came just by the sweet release. He hurried to rub the abused areas to try and erase the last remains of soreness. The poor bastard had to hold himself against the cage because his legs were so weak after the attacks he was victim of. A.D whined next to the guy asking for help too, and Sans complied by taking off that bloody muzzle off its head.

« There you go, buddy. » He added with a smile.

Sans had to let his brother rush outside with his darling for the star while he'd be waiting for Mettaton to put away the prison he was stuck in. The big tin can followed Papyrus after that, just to make sure that he wouldn't try and run away with his promised one in his back... And he got to see the human, still laying in the lanky skeleton's arms, holding that twinkling little thing against their heart. They seemed so peaceful at this moment with their closed eyelids and their mouth just a little bit open in a relaxed, almost relieved expression.
Despite this, their wounds remained and blood was dripping on the ground of the Core. That's when the human's body went limp, arms falling at the same moment the save star burst into shining dust. Sans, that just got out of the room because of his current state, was supporting himself with the wall. He noticed his brother's horrified face as he realized that they were losing their friend. He faced the robot quickly, his features twisted in rage when he yelled.

« Call Alphys, now ! »

✧✦✧

The pain.

You were so used to it and not at the same time. Everytime you thought you got through worse, karma would always find a way to color you surprised. Your consciousness resurfaced with every second passing by, and with that the hurting began. On the pain scale from 0 to 10, you rated 12 directly.

You felt someone touching you. Arms, head, legs, belly, chest... The terrible, familiar sensation that lingered once in your side took over all your lower half. God, it was the worst and you couldn't move, too weakened to react while somebody messed with your vessel. It was hard opening your eyes when you were losing the battles against endorphins. Pain was too much to bear.

Maybe you should rest a little more...

Someone held your hand. Your heart wished to know who it was. Sans ? Papyrus ? Asriel ? In this moment of semi-consciousness, you couldn't make the difference. At least, you knew someone was here with you. Watching over you while another person was taking care of your wounds. The thought of Alphys crossed your mind. At least, she seemed to be willing to help. You were safe as long as your friends were here.

Yeah... You could use some rest now...

The soft voice of Sans spoke close to your ear, and even though you were too far gone to pay attention...

It still filled you with Determination.
Your soul hurt deeply when you awoke. The dream you had was bittersweet, you remembered how it comforted you and still tugged at the strings... Maybe it was a memory you had, or maybe a oh-so-pretty dream you thought it'd be true. Hell, how you wanted to talk about it, how pretty it was but...

How could you talk about it when you didn't remember a thing?

It was hard to open your tired eyes. You noticed that a tear rolled down the side of your face gently as you fluttered your eyes open. The soft lights of the machine screens against the walls lit the dark room. They were around the bed on which you were laid on, noting your health state that looked stable.

You realized that your belly barely hurt right now. With exhausted, sloppy gestures, you lifted the thin fabric of the blanket to check your wounded areas, only to discover bandages holding your entire chest. A few stains of blood spotted your covered belly... They did all they could to save you, didn't they?

That's when you wanted to touch the fabric holding your skin that you noticed your left hand was stuck. You looked down to spot a wild Sans asleep, his upper body part collapsed on the mattress as he held gently but firmly your hand in his... You figured he had been sitting there, next to you waiting for your awakening. And... Oh, you just remembered you were naked... And your limbs were pitch black.

Wait.

Where was your natural skin color?! Your arms were pitch black, they disappeared in the darkness. You only found the limit of the curse at the top of your sternum, around the level of your heart.

It was even worse than before. Oh god... The fact that Sans was resting next to you forced you to stay quiet, you didn't want to wake him up when he could finally rest, especially after all what he went through earlier... But the anxiety that built up didn't help at all to breathe. Oh god, you were suffocating in these tight bandages...!

Where were you? Did you pass Mettaton? Were you back at Alphys' ? Were you still in the Core or what?

The sound of a footstep caught the attention of your spiraling mind. You quickly looked in the direction of the noise. It was Papyrus. Aggressive Dog slept peacefully next to the wall, on the spot
where its owner had been standing. The monster silently walked towards you. Because of the darkness and the soft lights from the screens, his face looked sharper, more menacing than ever with these jaws tightly clenched. His piercing eyes were locked with yours... Silence reigned with all its might in the room. The strong light that you saw earlier in his eyes was gone as well as the dark aura you sensed around him.

You thought he looked horrific from afar... Now that he was standing next to you, you honestly thought you were back at Snowdin when you were enemies. Bits of memory clouded your mind, the multiple deaths you experienced by his hand, the acts of torture he inflicted you... They looked so far from you but at the same time... You were in the middle of it all and there was no way out.

« Human. »

He just whispered and it was enough to erase the haunting visions like they were nothing. Even his face bursted out of the fog, so suddenly it took you by surprise and you twitched. A large portion of silence fell upon you all, so heavy and loud... That you had trouble to realize how loud your breathing was.

You were terrified and confused. Your reaction forced the monster to look down.

« ... I was expecting this. » He said with the same volume, his expression looked somewhat... Sad ? Oh wait. He realized that you were scared of him... You opened your mouth to speak but not a sound came out, just a broken breath. Ah, yeah, you screamed too much in his hands and now, your throat was too sore and dry for anything. He noticed it, so he stared at you and said. « Don't force yourself. You need to recover... So rest. I'll be watching over you through the night. »

But didn't he need to rest too ? He went through a lot of crap, he went through a shitload of suffering too, he even had dark spots under his eyesockets so little he slept lately, if at all !! Also, wasn't he still hurt ? You looked down to spot the wounds freshly healed on his spine and his uncovered rib that left only scars behind... You didn't know how he could have endured this, and what about his throat ? You wanted to ask him, so much he must have read your mind because he said shortly after he saw your worried expression.

« I'll be fine, don't you dare worry about me. »

He did as best as he could, and still he felt horrible... You knew why his entire being screamed guilty and it was unbearable. He didn't have a choice...

Your free hand raised in his direction. He was confused at first, his slit eyes darted back and forth between your hand and your begging gaze.

You needed him to know it wasn't his fault. And that you weren't scared of him.
You moved your lips to say.

« Can you please hold my hand too ? »

The monster looked surprised at your request. He didn't expect it, did he ? Of course he didn't.

He took a moment to kneel down so he could prop his elbows on the mattress. His hands carefully enveloped yours so small in comparison, trying to avoid putting pressure on your painful marks. Despite his efforts at being gentle, the ache still existed. It didn't stop you from smiling anyway.

« Can you please stay like this until I fall asleep ? »

Without taking his gaze off you, the monster nodded quietly despite the obvious confusion marking his features. He couldn't help but wonder... how could you stare at him with such loving eyes, and warm smile ? How could you let him touch you with these hands covered in your own blood ? Looking at your face, he thought that he said it out loud... But you just read it in his eyes. You wish you could help him, tell him that everything was okay, to hold him in these arms that ached so much to prove that you weren't afraid of him... So you did what you knew best. Your smile widened and you closed your eyes.

« Thank you. »

Everything will be fine, you'll see, Papyrus. With that, the tension that came with the silence earlier lifted, leaving behind a peaceful atmosphere in the bedroom. It took just a few seconds to slip back into Dreamland.

Everything will be okay.

Time's dead and gone.

Show must go on.
You were back from the dead standing in front of Mettaton. Papyrus and Sans were watching with major anxiety among the audience. It had only been an hour since you were awake, but to you, it seemed like an eternity already... Maybe because your insides felt like noodles on the run that you thought so. Though it was amazing how good Alphys had taken care of you. Thank god she was around when you needed help... Though you knew that she wasn't there by chance. The nursery wasn't that far away from the show room so your energy didn't drain right off the bat... They may have patched you up, still your guts would play jump rope if it wasn't for the bandages holding your insides in place. Lord bless Alphys for giving medical attention. You wondered how it was possible to patch you up so well you didn't feel like dying every two seconds... Maybe she used magic, the same kind of magic you found in food that helped healing faster ? Most of your injuries were scars now, still sensitive and tender, but healed. It still hurt more around the places where the black marks and the bandages reached...

But that's an issue you couldn't afford to care for at the moment. You remembered yesterday's deal. The skeleton brothers took care of you, risked their life for you. It was your duty to do the same for them now. You'd fight Mettaton for their sake.

You lost your balance for a very short moment. The audience gasped softly. You quickly glanced over your companions among the other spectators and looking at their concerned faces, you hoped not to die too many times...

Because you didn't know how many chances were left.

Mettaton looked ever so glamorous when he announced the start of the show. You had to admit he was talented. He nailed everything. He was a good singer, from what you saw on TV back in Snowdin. He also was a pretty good actor and had a special talent to entertain people as well, no matter how bloody his games could get ! He really nailed it all. As he talked about last night's game, he looked at you with a huge smile on his androgynous face.

« Also, many of you witnessed the deal our very “loved” Sans and your favorite presenter in all Underground had together ! The human that you see here has to defeat me. If they do, they'll leave the stage alive. But if they don't, I'm sure you all sweeties know what that means ! »

« BLOODSHED ! » The monsters exclaimed in one clear voice.

« I can't hear you~ LOUDER ! » And they did.

« BLOODSHED ! »

Mettaton laughed openly. He was clearly enjoying this. You knew oh too well that it wouldn't be the case for you.

What he didn't know was that you had the power to reload. You started all over whenever you died,
with the usual second effects of course. At least, that helped you learn his techniques. Know his
weaknesses. But... Destroying him wasn't your intention... Even with the resentment you had for
what he had done to your friends, you still wanted to make things right. Maybe try and talk with him
would help ? He wasn't just a robot, he had his own personality ; he was a living being. You realized
that the reversed heart trapped in the glass prison of his chest was an actual soul. He had a soul !

The guy faced you with a smile.

« Now, darling. Shall we begin ? » He asked, bringing your attention back on his head.

« Am I going to fight you with bare hands ? » You took the risk to ask.

« Oh, how adorable. » he commented with a smile. « You have a set of weapons behind you. »

He gestured in your direction with his blaster, so it's not with a peak of anxiety that you turned
around and noticed the furniture behind you. It seemed that it was the same set of weapons than
yesterday. Now that you were free to move and stand you had a better view on what was presented
on the small table. Knifes, daggers, even guns and a chainsaw. Oh, god, you were so lucky Papyrus
was on your side !

You knew that the fireguns and the chainsaw would help a lot... But far was the intention to kill.

« Asriel. » You called out in your thoughts. « What should we pick ? »

« The chainsaw. » He immediately replied. You sighed. This wouldn't help. You were surely too
weak and novice to handle this object.

« Nothing better ? » You asked.

« Well... The fireguns would be easier to hold... But I was told we needed to learn how to use them
first. I never got that chance though. »

« Too risky. I might miss and hurt an innocent. »

« No one is innocent here. » Your friend replied in a bitter tone.

…

Fair point.

Your eyes kept going back and forth between the weapon until you finally decided in a sigh.

You turned to face Mettaton unarmed. He was genuinely surprised at the choice, yet his smile
couldn't be wider.
« Well well well, seems like our champion made their choice. »

You swallowed hard.

You collected all the determination inside you. You were going to need it.

You chose Mercy as a weapon. You were smiling as you complimented the robot, who couldn't get his head any more swollen. It didn't stop him from shooting a blasting ray of light at you right after the compliment. You just barely dodged the attack that it burnt a part of your clothes. You quickly dropped on the floor to extinguish the fire. Fuck, that was close ! You felt the heat really close to your skin this time ! Your reaction made the presenter laugh, you just had time to look up and see him sending missiles that came out of his back like the good human killing machine he was. You gasped and jumped on your feet to dodge the attack. It was way too close to your taste... ! You ran around with lots of struggle hopelessly trying to get out of that mess safe and sound. Every time the audience joined your reactions but with much more delight.

What a sick world.

You managed to jump in time before one missile could touch your feet... To fall on another. Your scream echoed in the blasts. You landed front first on the metallic ground. The loud explosions damaged your hearing so bad, you couldn't make out any sound any more. You had trouble to breathe because of the clouds of dust. Pain was a euphemism when it came to the sensation you had in your legs... It was indescribable.

You took support on your elbows to try and get up... But you couldn't feel your feet anymore.

The smell of roasted meat reminded you of Toriel.

Then the last missiles bursted as well.

Chapter End Notes

Hey theeeeere guys !!
I really wanted to thank you all for the support recently, honestly, I still can't believe so many people are enjoying this little story ;__; I can't even thank you enough for that. I just hope this chapter will be good enough for you to like it!

Thank you very much again, my darlings, have fun and see you in two weeks!

Also, here is the art piece following this chapter: http://heavenfell- au.tumblr.com/post/154321094069/can-you-please-stay-like-this-until-i-fall

That's pretty much it... Well, bye.
The spectators were applauding. Of course, it wasn't for you. They were congratulating Mettaton whenever he struck you. There had been a few times you died, and this time was one of them. You were on your knees. One of your arms was gone. You knew you weren't going to make it once again. The robot didn't seem to have any weaknesses as far as you managed to study him. Even Asriel, who tried multiples times to take control of your vessel, hadn't done better. Mettaton was a perfect killing machine.

« Will you still spare him ? » He asked with anger evident in his voice.

You were clutching the rest of your left arm in pain. Mettaton raised the canon in your direction while you were busy catching your breath.

« I... Have hope, yeah... » You replied, just before you were wiped by the blast of the robot's massive gun.

You were back the next minute with all your limbs and head, in a much better shape than you were the previous timeline. Your friend repressed a grunt of pain in the back of your mind.

« I'm sorry, Asriel... » You whispered to him.

« Why the fuck do you still spare that monster after what he's done to you and your friends !? For fuck's sake, give me the commands already ! I'll rip this asshole's head ! »

« Asriel, stop. » He stared at you with eyes filled with rage. How did he change so much ? Where was your soft-hearted friend ? It felt like the sickness draining your vital force and hope had affected him too. It was taking away everything that made Asriel who he was. At this thought, your heart sank in sorrow.

Oh... My dearest friend... What have I done ?
You breathed slowly to regain control over the feelings of dread, anger and sadness threatening to make you snap.

« I know all that, he deserves to pay for his actions, you're right... But I cannot kill him... or anyone... » Silence. « Please... Let me do this. » The way you begged him calmed his fury down a bit, enough to finally sigh in defeat.

« It's going to start any second now. Prepare yourself. »

A quick glance over your friends among the spectators told you that if Papyrus was still nervous, Sans was a mess. Other than the fact that he had to recover from the abuse he got through yesterday, the spark of his magic in his eyes was nowhere to be seen. How lucky Papyrus was for not remembering anything... Other than the torture he inflicted you... With the damage that appeared on his whole figure, you were certain that ignorance was better. He had enough nightmare fuel for a few days at least... Your heart couldn't help but break already at the sight of your shattered friends. No need to have them both more broken than they already were.

You had to hold on for Sans and Papyrus' sake. No matter how difficult it will be.

You didn't know how you'll be able to do that. You just got stitches and even if their healing magic did the most of the work, you still had some wounds that needed care not to reopen. This area was still painful and it was one of the reasons why you died multiple times already.

« I'll take care of that. » Asriel said. You sensed his energy enveloping your abdomen and soon enough, that area became numb. You heard him hiss in pain. So he's possessing a part of your body now ?? Without taking control over you ?

« Are you alright ? » You asked him through your thoughts.

« Yeah... Nothing that we cannot manage, right ? » He replied with an amused tone and you could see in the back of your mind his face strained but still smiling. That's the Asriel you knew. You smiled in return.

« Right. Thank you, Asriel. »

You were pretty sure Mettaton didn't like that smile judging by the disgusted look he gave you. As expected, Mettaton shot his first blast at you and like you did before, you bent to avoid it. Then the missiles came in. You learnt pretending to go on a side to jump to the opposite. You figured that this tactic would take the robot by surprise and make him waste a bit of his ammo. He'd shoot at you again until you were too close for him to use this massive weapon, so he'd attack with his chainsaw instead. He didn't expect you to glide between his legs to bounce back on your feet in his back. Here, the killing machine would swing his chainsaw arm in hope to cut you in half as he turned, but you already knew it and stepped aside to stay in his back. You've never went so far until now, that was a
first!! Think fast, Frisk. You cannot let your guard down.

You quickly found an opening and went for it; his cannon arm. The pressure of your hold hurt your hands, it felt like needles but you kept pulling on the weapon with all your might anyway. You pulled on it as hard as you could without thinking of the pain pressing your hands. He tried to free himself by swinging around his chainsaw in hope to get you. You moved away instinctively and exposed his metallic arm in your move, protecting yourself as he rushed for it. He didn't know what was going on at first since he was inhabiting a robot, and he registered when he heard the familiar sound. Damage was already done when a warning popped up in his robotic vision, the arm was resting lifeless in yours. You let go of that thing that used to be his limb, because not only because you felt disgusted with yourself, but also because it revealed to be pretty heavy and it made you trip already! At least, you've managed to do something right! You didn't believe you could do it, but you actually did!

There wasn't anything to be happy about though. You had no idea what was going to happen now and he really, really looked pissed. He was on his way to butcher you with the what was left of his chainsaw, that was so damaged the chain was gone. You gasped and rolled out of his reach. Once again you'll have to forget about the aches taking hold of you; your life was depending on your actions. Thank your adrenaline for numbing the senses, even though that stuff was shit since it would make you clumsy as fuck, you still needed it... You just wished it wouldn't make you go noodles, like falling or missing a step because you were too focused on the source of danger. Hopefully you'd feed on Asriel's anger and your death counts to think faster like that.

« You little cunt! » The robot pestered between his teeth, before he threw a bunch of missiles in your direction.

You couldn't take him by surprise like the first time, so you decided to run around -as you could- to avoid the target missiles. In a desperate attempt to survive, you jumped behind the stand where the torture tools used to be displayed now flopped over after a missile exploded it. You braced yourself, praying it'd be enough of a shield. Thank god a good part of it was made off titanium so it resisted the initial blast. You were gasping for air. Your sides were hurting from all these efforts, like your mouth and throat were dry after all the running.

Crap... How could you get rid of those missiles without having to destroy his entire body?

« Met-Mettaton! » You called. « I'm very sorry about your arm, really! Can we please talk? I'm sure we can sort this out peacefully! » He snickered.

« Maybe when you'll be dead, meatball! »

Wow, where did the petnames go? He must be really mad...

You peeked through your hiding spot to get to know where he was, to discover he was just above you. You cried out of stupefaction right before you rolled on the side, just in time to dodge the chainsaw that he smashed right in your previous spot. When he lifted his metallic limb, his weapon
that was already in bad shape was... Well... In a pitiful state now. He realized he completely put his second weapon to rest. The robot glared at you with such hatred eyes.

« YOU ! »

Oops. Thank yourself for being on the other side of the ring.

« Mettaton, please, we can stop here ! » You cried out. « We've had enough ! You got me good yesterday, I got you good today ! Can't we call that an even ? Can't we just stop here before it gets worse ? »

« After what you've done !? You ruined me ! On MY show ! That wasn't supposed to happen. But yes, you're right, darling. It's going to get worse. » He growled with such a the maniacal smile that accentuated his crazy looking eyes. It terrified you.

Your eyes darted on the cannon laying on the ground. The killing machine followed your gaze before his mouth parted in realization. The next second, another set of missiles was launched at you. You jumped to dodge the attack and landed on the weapon. Fuck, the shock of the fall tore a cry from you because of the marks and your belly that still remembers yesterday's crap. Asriel couldn't do much about it because he was already rolling and screaming in pain. He was the one taking hits for the team here. Sorry, Asriel.....

The smoke and dust were nice enough to be thick and let you recompose yourself as they made a good screen for your enemy. You looked around to spot his head through the big cloud where you last saw him. When the smoke dissipated, he was frustrated to see you still in one piece. Break was over, you had to go quickly back up and that's when you realize your feet hurt as much as your hands, no, worse actually. God you were done with that fucking pain ! It's with screams of labor you stood on them, holding in your limbs the heavy cannon that awakened the pain in your fingers against your chest. Meanwhile, Mettaton was taking out his second set of arms from his back to pick up weapons lying on the ground.

Oh fuck, you forgot about those ! You decided to stay away while he was aiming. You needed distance and speed and fuck, those were hard to get in your condition. Even with your friend's help, your abdomen begged for rest, you didn't know how the stitches were doing there but you wouldn't be surprised to see some open at this point. You'd be surprised if none broke.

A missile exploded when it hit the ground just behind your heel, making the others burst as well in the process. You jumped forward in a reflex and you screamed out at the forced effort. It was way too close !! And you were too tired and in pain for this !! You didn't want to go through all the struggle again, not after all what you've done ! Your eyes burned with the need to cry as that violent sting coursed your entire body. Please, no more, no more...!

You turned in Mettaton's direction. He was laughing like a mad man. You quickly looked over the dead arm in yours and although it was connected with cables and all, there was still the original trigger on the gun. You hoped it was still functional. Feverishly, shaking and out of breath, you did your best handling it when you aimed the cannon at your opponent. You really didn't want to do
this... You still stood by what you said before; you didn't want anyone's death on you. But... you didn't have a choice... You were just so exhausted... Maybe... Maybe there wasn't anything you could do...

Yeah... That's right.

You shot first but since you didn't know how to actually use this thing, you not only missed the target, but also got hit right in the face with the recoil. Your vision and hearing blurred out as it knocked you out. The audience laughed at your pitiful fail. Among the laughter, you clearly heard Sans screaming out like a mad man.

« Get up, sweetheart ! GET UP ! »

Get up ? What ? Oh, yes, you forgot about the other guy for a mere second. As you were coming back to your senses, you noticed he was laughing his ass off in the background.

« That was adorable. » He commented as he wiped a tear he couldn't shed.

Yeah, you had to admit it would have been very cool if you knew how to use guns. You were almost cracking a smile or even risking a timid chuckle at how ridiculous you must have looked when a violent sting erupted from your leg. The surprise tore a scream and your body bent in pain. Oh yeah, of course, he wasn't going to keep that blade in his hand forever, dummy ! Oh fuck, oh fuck, your leg... Whimpering, you crawled away from the killing machine, who was following calmly the trail of blood you were leaving behind. The audience was shouting “bloodshed” again. The number of people watching tonight's show wouldn't stop raising. You could even see a poll asking who was going to win. 90% were on the Star's side. The 10% left were for you.

It was a lost cause, huh ? You'll stay here forever...

Your fingers hit something. Your eyes shot down before a soft gasp escaped your lips. It was a remote... Was it what Mettaton used for Papyrus and Sans' torture ? Though the buttons that you saw there wouldn't make any sense...

Best was to try anyway, right ? Your friends were safe now that they were free from chains and torture collars. You still wondered how it didn't turn to ashes with all the explosions around... Okay, it wasn't in good shape, but overall it looked functional. With a sparkle of hope for a miracle, anything, you looked up and around to try and find something susceptible to be connected to that
Nothing but the broken furniture from earlier came to mind. Fuck, let's hope it wasn't for that...

The memory of Sans' cage crossed your mind. You quickly searched for it around but it was nowhere to be seen...

« Frisk, look up! » Asriel exclaimed in your ear.

There was a blurred memory coming back in flashes, where Sans' cage was lifting to free him back when Papyrus took you to the Save Star. Maybe that was it? Its previous position was close around here, you looked over your shoulder to check on it only to find it gone, so you looked up to spot the trap door where the cage was supposed to fall from. You noticed a number written on it so it would match with one of the multiple buttons on that remote had! It was just above you. Here was your chance! Bless that remote!

You watched Mettaton approaching while you kept backing up until you were out of the dangerous zone. The robot kept snickering at the sight of your struggling. He didn't seem to notice what was in your possession.

« Now comes the final blow. » He announced as he pointed the automatic rifle at you. « Any last words for your fans? »

« Knock knock. » The robot wasn't expecting for you to tell a joke for your last moment, so much he stopped walking right on the spot you desired. At least he was nice enough to allow this last wish.

« Who's there? » He asked with a confused tone.

« Luke. »


« Luke up you dummy. »

He complied only to see a cage falling right on the spot where he was standing. He didn't have time to get out of the way, so he used his two remaining arms to stand in the way of bars in order to prevent the trap from imprisoning him... But this reaction only lead to failure as the weight of the cage multiplied by the speed of the fall made it cut right through his metallic arms.

Spectators gasped. Sans jumped on his feet, his hands lifted up in victory when he yelled.

« GeeeeeeeeeEEET DUNKED ON!! »

His brother was applauding next to him with a huge, proud smile on his dented mouth as he laughed openly. You couldn't help but respond to their joy with a huge, bright smile as well just before a
sharp, violent pain in your abdomen awakened. You couldn’t sense Asriel anymore... He couldn’t take the pain any longer, could he? Oh... Yep, there went the stitches. Sorry, dear friend... The stabbing pain was so strong, you saw dots and ended up collapsing on the ground. He had been struggling with this while you were fighting? Honestly, that boy was a champion and he deserved some good ass recognition when he'll wake up. No matter how strong it was, that was still a pain you could handle and even if you didn't feel like moving at all, you still lifted up your arms above your head when you whispered a breathless, relieved “Yesssss”. Who cared if you were suffering. You did it !!! You survived and spared another monster !!! Speaking of the devil, you wondered how he was doing. You looked up and saw how mad he was. So mad that his androgynous face changed into one you couldn't recognize, with eyes so open with the need to rip your throat for humiliating him. So how did it taste testing your own medicine, big guy?

He changed position while the little traps in his back opened to launch missiles.... But realized he would destroy himself if he did so. So in silence, he retired the set of bombs, his face heavy with resign. He had lost and he knew it, but man how difficult was it to admit such a thing, right? His features back to his usual ones, he opened his eyes, a slight smirk on his lips.

« Well well, it appears that the human put the glamourous Mettaton in check & mate. A first in all MTT-show history ! » Then, he raised his eyes on the ratings. « Wow, look at those ratings ! This is the most viewers I’ve ever had ! » He winked at you. « We’ve reached the viewer call-in milestone ! One lucky viewer will have the chance to talk to me... Before I leave the Underground forever to conquer the Surface ! Let's see who calls in first. »

It didn't take long for a first call to ring. Mettaton took a confident posture before he started.

« Hi, you're on TV ! What do you have to say on our last show ??? »

A giggle made him lose a bit of his dazzling smile.

« Hi, Mettaton. » The voice said with a malicious tone.

You recognized it. This voice belonged to a ghost named Napstablook. You met them in the Ruins. They pretended to be asleep just to make you fall in their trap. No use to say that they were a vicious person. A kind of vengeful spirit having pleasure to cry just to hurt you. You wondered what they'd have to say to the beaten up presenter.

« I was wondering when this shitty show would end. How boring was it ! You know how boring was it ? So boring it'd make me cry in agony ! Good thing it's the last one ! Good riddance ! »
Shock was printed on Mettaton's face. Okay, that was more than a payback. Just straight up bullying. When the caller hung up, the robot exclaimed but too late.

« N-No, wait ! Bl- … They already hung up... » He forced a smile for the rest of the spectators watching, that remained silent for a while now. « I-I'll take another caller ! »

And here another voice started to speak.

« You're such a disgrace ! Losing against a human, and you call yourself a killing machine ? You should be ashamed ! » Another one followed.

« You're such a disappointment ! »

« You should be put in the garbage, right where you belong ! »

Wow. You wouldn't believe his fans were such deep shits. Shocked at all this hatred, you kept listening. The words they were saying were like blades cutting through your soul and they weren't even meant for you ! 'cause even if these sharp words didn't concern you, you still felt miserable as they brought back memories to the surface. You felt horrible because you stood where Mettaton was standing tonight... So you couldn't help but feel sorry for him when you saw the robot's agonizing expression. Even without tears to shed, his suffering was palpable. The audience joined the calls and began throwing insults as well.

« Stop ! » He begged the bullies. You both were getting overwhelmed by all this violence.

You were now holding your head. All this hate was getting to you. Even if Mettaton has been more than a monster to you and your friends, you couldn't be mad at him. They've been stuck here for too long and all became insane, like Sans told you before. But... It didn't have to be this way. They didn't have to turn against each other when they're all in the same crap ! And you couldn't accept someone being bullied in your presence. Even with your damaged state, you collected your remaining strength to stand up. Indignation and revolt made you ball up your fists until your nails dug in your skin. Deep breaths weren't enough to calm your anger.

« SHUT UP ! » You cried out with ferocity. You spooked yourself with how feral you sounded. Surprisingly, it was enough for the monsters to comply. Bet they were as shook as you. « Isn't this enough !? Do you seriously need to put more on his plate when he's already suffering ? Why do you all have to be so fucking disgusting to one another ? You're monsters, a race which has been living tragedies and great injustices for centuries ! You should stick together, not tear each other apart, damn it !! »
Mettaton looked at you stupefied, wide eyes and mouth agape. On your face were streaming rivers of tears. Not only from anger though. You had mixed up feelings about all of this. Your throat was tightening, you had to struggle to breathe with this furor coiling in the pit of your stomach that was already suffering with the previous abuse. However, here was your chance to help someone, like you wished to be helped in your previous life.

« For God's sake, love each other! Life is too short to spend it hating! Don't you see that it takes away your own possibilities to find happiness?! Doesn't it make your life lonely and insecure?!” You looked at the monsters remaining still in the seats. « Haven't you realized it?! You're all fucking living beings! »

You took a breath in hope to cool out the burning animosity holding you. After that, your voice was more collected and sweet.

« Being merciful may be harder than fighting, I can guarantee that... I know that loving is harder than hating, just like getting revenge is more tempting than understanding... But the satisfaction you get from it is so much more worth it! I can assure you. »

You finally smiled when anger completely faded, as you spread arms.

« Give mercy, and you'll find forgiveness! »

Catching the sight of your friends filled your heart with nothing else but warmth. You were so happy to see them safe.

« There's no need to fear. There's no need to hate... Life is too short to focus on negativity. »

They got up and joined you on stage. You looked up at Sans to find him smiling back at you. You perceived the same warm glint in his brother's eyes. A.D passed its head under your hand in an affectionate way to support you. There was so much love around you... God, you felt so lighthearted at this moment... It seemed that you finally let go of something so heavy for you, something that you've been carrying for way too long. Maybe you didn't manage to speak up before against the ones who made you suffer and didn't have anyone to help you but here... You had a chance and you took it. You were that person that you used to wish so hard to meet in your dark times. Even if it was just for a little while, this thought was enough to feel at peace with yourself...

And for a short moment, you knew where you belonged.
« Love is the answer. »

And on these words, your group left by the back door. You caught the sound of someone weeping before the door closed behind you.

Be brave, Mettaton. In the end, everything will go just fine.

You're not on your own, for I'm with you.

Chapter End Notes

*wipes sweat*

Is it hot in here or is it just me?
Sweet Home

Chapter Summary

You get closer to the end.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

« Hey, look over here. »

You raised your exhausted eyes lay on Sans. The guy helped you, healing the wounds where the stitches broke with some healing products that he stole from Alphys', back when you were stuck on the hospital bed. Thank god he did that, otherwise you were pretty sure you'd have never gotten back up. The area was tender and rather safe from having breaking skin again now..

But...

You had been having trouble breathing for the past few hours. You tended to tire out way faster than usual and your friends noticed it. They were also exhausted, you realized. They looked paler, and they were skeletons! They're pale by definition! Sans stopped next to a door, his hands in his pockets as he tried to come up with a relaxed stance... Poor boy tried to act like nothing was wrong. His brother and their pet dog followed the movement and stopped next to you. You wondered why he told you to check until you noticed the building from afar and then... Your heart sank in complete and sudden nostalgia. Asriel, who was still around you, wept at the sight of this place. It was bound for you to do the same in consequence.

It looked just like mom Toriel's house. Sans bent a bit to look at you in dismay.

(A delicate melody plays in the distance)

« Hey, you alright here, darling? » You were already wiping away your tears with your sleeves when he asked this.

« Yeah, I just... Miss mom sometimes, that is all. » You admitted with a smile. It was true. You spent the majority of your time with her in the Ruins, she kept you safe until you wanted to leave the place... Even if that hurt and scared you shitless seeing her under a new light, you understood her fear and despair... You hoped that you'll be able to forgive her actions someday...

« Toriel. She was like a mom to- »

A sound similar to tiny bells caught your attention.

« A mom to you, that's what you meant ? » Papyrus asked, while you were looking up, searching for the source of the sound that you seemed to be the only one to hear. You raised a hand as a sign to say “quiet” while you were waiting. So everyone went silent, suddenly on their guard as they looked around.

Another tiny bell rang and this time, you knew where it came from. You looked up to see something falling ever so slowly, peacefully, shining bright yet soft. Your companions turned their attention over you when you reached out for that object coming in your direction to discover it was a buttercup that you were gently catching by its stem.

The way the petals were glowing ever so kindly was soothing everyone's nerves. The monsters by your side were amazed by this thing they saw. It felt so magical being able to watch you receive this gift coming from nowhere.

Your eyes were focused on this buttercup that wouldn't stop shimmering... Until you heard those tiny bells again.

It was a message. And it was for you.

« Time's almost up. »

That's what the flower whispered in your ear before it vanished in glistening dust, leaving behind a weight on your chest in its wake. Your expression darkened in a matter of seconds. You were filled with resignation while the brothers were amazed and surprised at the sudden yet magical disappearance of the golden flower.

« What was that all about ? » Sans asked, confused.

« Nothing, really. » You decided to reply with a smile, though you wouldn't look at them. Your ruby eyes were focused on the ground to avoid their gaze. They didn't say anything in response, silently inviting you to continue... Their tactic worked because you added. « Let's just hurry. »
On these words, you all reached for the house. You pushed the door which was slightly open for some reason. The inside of the house was identical to mom's, the only difference was the gloomy, dark atmosphere that reigned here. As much as you wanted it, you just couldn't feel at home. Your friends were patiently waiting for you to decide what to do, while they were looking around for any danger to come. You noticed despite the place's darkness the chains at the staircase, so you walked over to it and started to read what was written on a piece of paper lodged in the lock hole. The hastened handwriting felt like the person that wrote this was really angry.

« I'm in the garden. The reason why you come and disturb me better be important. »

Then you read where the keys were, so you turned in the left direction to find them.

« There's a key in the kitchen. » You told the brothers.

« I'll take it. » Papyrus volunteered to search for the holy key without the rest of you. And so he quickly left with A.D.

« There's another one in the hallway. » You finally said to your remaining friend.

« Do you want me to go for it or... »

« No, I can do it. » You smiled.

« Are you sure ? You're out of bre- »

« I can do it. » You repeated, still with a smile. « Thank you for the thought though, I appreciate it. »

And on these words, you started to walk through the house. Every step was like stepping on needles. God... Maybe you should have let Sans do it in the end. Asriel's agitated presence tore your attention from the ache though. Concerned, you hurried to ask him.

« What's going on ? Does this house give you the creeps too ? »

Wait... It wasn't fear that you were sensing...

You heard him weeping. The feeling of sorrow and shame hung over you. Yeah... That was his feelings. Deeper with nostalgia that took hold of you the previous minutes since you got in, accompanied with sadness to see where he had lived before had become such a dark, cold and devastated place.
« Do you remember when you asked if I wanted to talk about something, back in Waterfall? » His whisper was soft, yet a little bit hoarse, which made him seem so small, so fragile like the child that he used to be. « Well... I have a story to tell you. »

Your pace slowed down. You realized you were losing control of your body as the pain in your limbs reduced drastically. Asriel was possessing your body to be able to move by himself but still leave you the commands if you felt like it was enough. Maybe he needed to occupy himself while he collected his thoughts to find where to start. Some random words were echoing in the back of your head as he thought until he had his beginning.

« A long time ago, a human fell into the Ruins... injured by their fall, they called out for help. » He took a brief pause before he resumed talking. « I, the Royal son, heard the human's call... And brought them back home. »

At this moment, you were in a child room. On the opposite sides of this place were propped two beds. They looked pretty comfy aside from the dust that took over the place. A tug tore apart your heart the second you stepped in. This was your bestfriend's room, wasn't it? Your friend led you to a box and you watched him opening that box with your hands. Asriel took a heart-shaped golden locket out of its depths and spent long seconds admiring it in silence. On it was written “Best Friends Forever”. So... This human lived with him, was that it? He nodded at your thought then resumed opening the second box which contained a worn dagger. He stared at it for a while between your hands, then decided to equip it as well for the locket which was now resting against your heart. After that, you let him stand up and walk to the dresser where a family photograph was standing on. He caressed the picture with the tip of your finger, touching the parents' face, and the human's one which was hidden behind their hair and a bouquet of flowers. Was the human you? You looked strangely the same.

« Over time, the human and I became like siblings... My parents treated them like their own child, you know? The Underground was full of Hope. » He explained while he exited the room.

You took the key in the hallway, but because and just because curiosity was gnawing at you, you let your goat friend bring you to a second room; his parents'. He quickly traveled his eyes around, read a bit of Asgore's journal crippled in random writings. His handwriting style was a mess, kind of scratchy which reflected his mental health. You managed to catch a few sentences among all the ones that were written over and over on the same page. “JUST A DREAM... ALWAYS A DREAM.” Nice. You supposed it described the daddy's mental state well... Bet they were all very different back then, considering the photo you stared at earlier. With a heavy soul, you both agreed on getting out and you found Sans on your left, staring at you with pulsing eyes and skull sweating. Standing face to face like that made you realize yet again how bad he looked. So pale with those dark spots under his eyesockets even darker than it used to be. It was your fault if they were all so exhausted... Guilt bit you in the ass. You looked away in shame as Asriel carried on, ignoring completely that he was hiding a mirror from you with his body. You retraced your steps to find
Papyrus opening the first padlock.

(Another music plays in the room)

« If everyone was happy with this, what changed, then? » You asked Asriel. He looked down while you’d unlock the second and last padlock blocking the staircase.

« One day... The human became really ill. » He replied. His answer froze you for a couple of seconds. Chills were still running up your spine as you walked through the corridor for in the back of your head, you caught the echo of a thought he tried to hide saying “They committed suicide.” and a flash of a memory. Lord... What have they done? « They had only one request before they passed away: to see the flowers from their village. They went on and on about how they were pretty, especially in the sunlight, that they were like stars shining ever so beautifully... But it was impossible to do that... » His breath got funny at this moment.

« And the next day... »

You felt your stomach twist.

« They died. »

Tears pricked into your eyes. Your heart was in your throat. That's what happened, then... Oh, how horrible it was, losing someone you loved so much... Maybe you were gathering enough information on why this world became so twisted now.

« I couldn’t let them go, I just couldn’t... So I... I absorbed their soul. Our combined souls gave us incredible powers, but let's be honest here... Since it was our body, both of us had a split control over it, just like the both of us right now... They were the one to pick up their corpse. I went to find their village. » A turn on the right. « We found it and managed to reach the center, where we found a bed of golden flowers, like they wanted... »

You exited the corridor to discover the city on your left. The one that you saw from the balcony, back in the Ruins. It was even more impressive from where you were standing. Papyrus, Sans and A.D were around you like bodyguards walking you to the castle.

(you catch the echo of a melody)
But then... We got caught. Humans passing by saw us and started screaming when they noticed one of their own in our arms... They certainly thought I killed my friend... 

A quivering smile was on your lips. Streams of salty water running down your cheeks. Although your friends could sense your distress, they didn't dare to talk. Surely because they thought you were afraid to die really soon. Which was partially true and yet at this moment, you were focused on something else.

You know... If my friend did it, it was to set us all free. It just... didn't cross my mind, back then. You know how many souls do we need to destroy the Barrier, right? Their plan was to kill enough humans for that and they had some on their mind... But I couldn't. Although we were attacked and lethally wounded, I just couldn't find the will to do it... It just... wasn't my philosophy... Taking a life changes you forever... So I... managed to make us return home and find our parents... And died. 

This was too much to bear. Asriel's bits of memories flashing in your eyes were overwhelming. Your friend couldn't take much anymore and lost control of your body, and you collapsed on your knees when the pain struck you back. The skeleton brothers called after you then squatted to hold you in their hands. They were trying to help you stand again, yet their touch was still so painful it forced a cry out of you. The black marks must have spread again and grew deeper within you... But you didn't want them to back off yet, so you caught your friends strongly to hold them in place, while you were sobbing. Although they didn't know what was going on inside your head, they were trying to comfort you no matter what and you were sorry for that, but still... Glad. Asriel appreciated their attempts as well. He needed that too.

The humans took everything from my parents again... The Kingdom fell into Despair since that day. That's why... The King, my father, declared that every human falling down here must die, so he could shatter the barrier forever and take revenge upon Humanity... 

You held onto your companions and hid your face against their clothing to cry.

I'm sorry... I'm so sorry... » You hiccuped, which it made your friends hold you even closer to them.

Even Asriel's arms snaked gently around you while he buried his face in your hair. He was also weeping. He knew you didn't have to feel so miserable and sorry for him... On the other hand, he was glad to have someone like you as a friend and you could feel it inside of your own heart.
"I wish I had a friend like you sooner. My life- no, our lives... would have been... So different... »
He whispered in your ear. "But... Better late than never, right?"

Monsters around were watching. Nothing but a mixture of disgust and sadism reflected in their eyes. They knew who you were. The rumor of a human being delivered to the King ran through the Underground, which was proven true a few hours ago with Mettaton's show. It had spread so fast. It was a certainty that Alphys warned the King as well. Despite your eyes irritated from crying so much, you looked around. There were indeed monsters still looking hostile while in some others, you spotted relief and... Maybe... Admiration? It looked like it.

You realized you stopped crying when the brothers broke the embrace but kept their hands on you. Their support was welcome. No matter how much it would hurt, you just accepted with open arms to receive some help with getting up since your legs were now noodles more than anything. You were afraid you wouldn't be able to use your legs soon. You had to bite down you lip to prevent a whine from coming out.

"It's okay, sweetheart... Take all the time you need. We're here."

You nodded. The brothers's face were distorted as they were staring at you. You breathed out a thank you, your hands held theirs like a lifeline. You didn't want to let go.

The monsters formed a path for you to follow, directing you straight to the castle. Excitement was perceptible in each one of them. Eventually when the group passed by, a few of them talked at once.

"It's not long now. King Asgore will give us Hope."

"King Asgore will let us go. » Another talked.

"King Asgore will save us all. »

Everybody was smiling, in contrast of your little gang. You kept marching on. Another monster said.

"You should be smiling, too. » The little volcano monster next to them asked.

"Aren't you excited? » You looked at your friends. One was looking straight forward with tensed features, maybe furious even. The other had his gaze lost on the ground in anger and shame.

"Aren't you happy? »

Nobody responded. A Final Froggit, which was the last monster to walk by, stared into your eyes
and said.

« You're going to be free. »

They were right.

You were all going to be free.

Chapter End Notes

Ahhhhhh

Another chapter up ! I hope you'll enjoy it, my lovelies ! And thank you so much for all the support, I really, really appreciate it ! Hopefully this one will be good enough to your likings ;u; Also, I offer you my best wishes for this new year !

See you in two weeks !

Also, here is the art piece for this chapter : http://heavenfell-au.tumblr.com/post/155309134014/one-day-the-human-became-really-ill
Sweet Judge

Chapter Summary

It's a beautiful day outside.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Footsteps echoed in this hall bathing in twilight as the group walked in. However, midway through that vast room, Sans held Papyrus' cape to prevent him from going further. Since you were in the lanky skeleton's arms for your legs were hurting too much and your current struggle to breathe, your companion turned around so you'd both look at him. Sans' eyes were lost on the ground. You could see how torn apart he was seeing you so close to your fate.

« Hey... » He started with a sad smile. « You know, I have multiple jobs. And here is one of mine : Judging souls. »

Confused, you didn't say a thing. You knew he had multiple jobs since he explained a couple of them, but you weren't expecting that at all. He gave his brother a look that invited him to put you back on the ground carefully. You were sitting down to let your sore legs rest. When it was done, Sans continued his explanation.

« And now, it's your turn to be judged. You will be judged for your every action. You will be judged for every EXP you've gained. What's EXP ? It's an acronym. It stands for Execution Points. A way of quantifying the pain you have inflicted on others. When you kill someone, your EXP increases. »

Your heart was pounding in your chest. Did Undyne's death count as EXP, then ? Were you going to be punished ?

« When you have enough EXP, your LOVE increases. LOVE, too, is an acronym. It stands for Level Of Violence. »

You nodded quietly so he'd know you were still following. Papyrus was looking away as he folded his arms. While Sans was talking, he took distance to let his brother work and was now waiting close to a pillar with his pet dog and sometimes would even exchange a few words with it, all of this while looking through the window. His whispers were echoing in this Judgement Hall along with his brother's deep voice. When Sans was finished explaining, his pupils disappeared to let one, round
with slit pupil and blazing red flame, burn in his left eyesocket. He remained silent and you, you felt naked all of the sudden. But you kept your head high. If anything had to happen, it will happen. You wouldn't look away from your actions and responsibilities.

After a while, he closed his eyes, smiled and let out a sigh before he opened them again. Both of his red, slit eyes returned to watch you with sympathy.

(A soft melody plays in the distance)

« But you... You never gained any LOVE. ’course, that doesn't mean you're completely innocent or naïve. Just that you kept a certain tenderness in your heart. » He said as he squatted in front of you, so he'd be at your eye level.

His fingers brushed yours, you shot a quick glance over them to watch his hands take yours in this delicate way that you've grown used to, and held them close.

« No matter the struggles or hardships you faced... You strived to do the right thing. »

You couldn't repress the need to smile. Even a broken giggle made its way out. Your heartbeats were fast, you felt like butterflies in your stomach. That's right. You felt relieved, and happy. You were also a little bit flustered and embarrassed to hear such nice things about you.

« I just... Thought you all deserved a chance. » You said.

It was true, you never did all this to think you were good, or to be congratulated for your actions. It was just you being yourself here. Sans' thumb was caressing the back of your hand.

« You refused to hurt anyone... » then whispered. « Well, maybe not completely, but basically. »

You nodded. He was right. You did your best to spare everyone even when nobody would have been mad at you for snapping, and still, a few still suffered when you did. Since he didn't know about what was going on with you, you were ready to take the blame. Still, he smiled as if it was no big deal or it was forgiven. It happened in another timeline, not this one. Everyone was safe and sound, so maybe that's what was the most important. He tilted his head a bit.

« Even when you were hurt, you never thought of taking revenge. You forgave... » He closed his
eyes, breathed in. His expression was showing all the remorse he held inside for so long when he opened his eyelids to stare down at you. « You taught me Mercy. »

He kneeled down so he could see from another angle. His breath was shaky, and his gestures slow as if time stopped. You were staring at him with surprise.

« And I... Still wonder how could you forgive me... Forgive us... For all that you went through... For all the agony, the losses... Darling, I'm... So... Sorry. »

He was opening his heart to you. All of things that you could forgive, Flowey's murder wasn't one. You just found a way to understand his actions, no matter how painful or horrible they were. You knew the weight of its guilt since the beginning and that was his eternal punishment. Now, it was you, smiling. This reassured him so in a blink of an eye, a slight grin was on his face.

« You never gained LOVE, but you gained love. » He chuckled. « Does that make sense? » You laughed softly in return. « Maybe not. » Another chuckle. Then the monster finally took his serious expression back without breaking the hold of your hands. « Now. You're about to face the greatest challenge of your entire journey. Your actions here... Will determine the fate of the entire world. » His face darkened throughout the explanation. « If you refuse to fight... Asgore will take your soul and destroy Humanity. But if you kill Asgore and go home... Monsters will remain trapped underground. »

After that, he remained silent. He couldn't take his eyes off you. Gradually, water pooled on the border of his eyesockets to run down his precious face. What...?

« Please, sweetheart, don't go in there. »

He was closer now. He was doing his best to keep the bit of composure he had. Papyrus wasn't looking at you. In fact, he had his back turned on the scene to make sure you wouldn't be able to see him. You swore you heard a sniffle coming from him. You turned your attention on Sans again. Oh, how horrible you were feeling. It seemed like it has been years since you had such an emotional conversation with him.

« You're going to die... Please, don't go... You... You can stay with us. You'll be safe with us... We can be happy here... Please, please... It's not too late... We can- We can run away, hide, and build together a new home. A new life. Stay with us... I beg you... »
You were smiling tenderly. He looked like a child, wearing a face like this one... Your eyes were stinging with the need to cry, unfortunately, you had no more tear to shed. You fred one hand to rest it on his cheek, which stopped him in his plea. Now, he was silent, eyes wide and focused. Still wearing this sweet smile of yours, you approached to whisper.

« We all know it's impossible, Sans. There is no other choice... Look at me... I'm slowly dying... » This statement tore a broken sob from him. He raised his hand to cover yours, so fragile. Yes... You knew... It was the only end for you. « I have to do it, Sans. For everyone. »

His tears were wetting your black-stained hand. You brushed your thumb along his cheekbone to wipe them away.

« It's my purpose. I know you know it too. »

He sobbed while he curled up. He was breaking down, wasn't he ? Why...? Why did you have to do this, Sans ? I never thought you'd ever change your mind...

Your arms wrapped around his head to bring it against your heart. Now, among Sans' cries, you could clearly hear Papyrus' silent sobs. A.D was sitting next to its owner, its back turned on you as well. Its head bowing in silent sorrow. Nobody was happy... Nobody was smiling. Nobody was excited.

You were going to be free.

You wished, oh so much, to hold them all close, yet you couldn't move. You had to save your strength to face Asgore, although you knew you already lost the battle. When Sans could collect himself, he spoke again despite his broken voice.

« Well... You didn't get this far by giving up, did you ? Heh... That's right. You have something called “determination”. So as long as you hold on, as long as you do what's in your heart... I believe... You can do the right thing. » His eyes were now back looking at you. « You gave us Hope. »

That's when Papyrus decided to return with his companion. He was obviously done crying and made sure to erase any evidence of his break down. He even was scowling to assure you that he was tough, that he could handle it. He watched you both for a while, before his finally laid his eyes on his sibling.
« Can I speak with them for a minute? » He asked him.

It was asked so nicely his brother couldn't refuse, even though he didn't want to let go of your hand. That's why he nodded, stood up and walked away to check if there was any monster around. Best was not to put the skelebros at risk when they were in such a vulnerable state.

Papyrus sat down next to you, so he could watch his brother wandering around. This monster sure looked anxious now... Also, remorseful. He had difficulties looking at you ever since he hurt you. It took some time for him to find a way to start the conversation.

(Another gentle music starts to play)

« Human... » He breathed out. His voice was low, husky. « Now that we're almost there, I... Is it alright for us to have a talk? »

« Of course, Papyrus. » You replied softly. « I love talking with you. » The monster looked down in shame.

« I... Needed to get a few things off my chest. » He took a long, deep breath. « First... I wanted to thank you for all the things you've done for us.... Also, those black marks... » He nodded in the direction of your hand. « It's not a human thing... It's the result of what we have done to you, isn't that right? »

You couldn't be so sure about it. He had a slight smirk as he looked away.

« It feels like... You've absorbed our hate. Our anger. I... Don't know if that's the reason why, but... I started viewing things differently since we became friends. Started learning how not to... Curse everything. Learn how to see things the same as you do. »

Papyrus' eyes were traveling over your body covered in injuries, on these clothes he offered you, already torn, revealing scars from your journey down here. But he couldn't notice them, since the blackness of your skin was transforming your flesh as well, so they appeared invisible without a focused observation. Unless he was staring at your face. Here, your flesh was still pale and red, maybe a bit too pale with that condition... His features twisted all of the sudden.

« Human... Whenever I close my eyes... I still can see you tied up on that chair... I still see my hands... »

Was it the first time you saw him this expressive? His soul, wracked with remorse and self-loathing, resonated so close to yours. His hand raised to stop midway in his desire to touch your cheek. He
realized he couldn't do such a thing after what he had done, so he withdrew it until you caught it.

« Papyrus... » You called softly, but he was too far gone in his thoughts.

« I will never be able to sleep anymore... The screams won't stop... Human, how... How can I fix this? It's impossible, I know it. I deserve to die... »

« Papyrus, no! » Your outburst brought him back. His eyesockets blinked when he realized you were holding his hand with both of yours. You panted against it. « Papyrus, no... You were trying to help... »

« But I hurt you. » He replied, so weakly you thought he was going to burst into tears. « Almost killed you. I deserve to be punished for this... » You shook your head.

« Papyrus... Sometimes, you have to do something wrong to make it right. And... You were forced to do it. You weren't the persecutor. You were the victim. We were all victims. And... I was okay with this. I trusted you and I survived. You did the right thing. »

You were now holding his cheeks so he wouldn't avoid your gaze any longer. At this moment, he lost himself in the ruby colour of your eyes.

« And I'm proud of you. »

You just had time to see the genuine surprise appear on your companion's features before it melted into a broken expression. Then, you felt his arms embrace you against him. You could hear his soul screaming, his soul crying as he strongly held you close. His hand was cupping the back of your head so gently like the most fragile thing in the world... Which you surely were at this moment.

« I'm sorry... I'm sorry... »

« What are you apologizing for? » You asked in a soft laughter. « I'm lucky having such a caretaker like you. A loyal friend. I thought I was alone, for so long... But on my way down here, you found me. » You smiled weakly. « Oh, if only Flowey was here... You would have loved him too... »

« Flowey? »

« My bestfriend. The flower. He was the sweetest person I ever knew. »

« Well... If there is... Something after life... » Papyrus rested his head on your small shoulder. « I hope you'll meet each other again. »

You nodded. Yes... You hoped Asriel will stay with you forever.
« But the truth is... »

This made you concentrate again on your friend. A glance on your right allowed you to see his jaw trembling. He was doing all his best not to cry. It was taking him strength to let his most deepest thoughts come to the surface. It was taking courage not to break down... And still, the fresh, buzzing tears were already blurring his vision. He took a short, shaky breath, when he said.

« I don't want to deliver you to the King anymore. »

A sob escaped from his tightening jaw. He made it. He opened up. Tears rolled down his spiky features, the rest of his weeping was silent. His long arms were rattling so much he was shaking... This view of him so upset, of your friends so devastated by the end of your journey split your soul in two. But you had to hold on. You had to appear strong for them. That's why you took his face in between your palms again to retrieve his head from you, so you could make eye contact with this poor soul.

« Papyrus... What I told about good things coming from the bad... This is another one. I'm sorry, Pap... I have to do it. I won't take it anymore... I don't have much longer, you know...? » This tore another sob from him, when he saw you were still smiling ever so gently. « That is why, my precious friend, you have to be strong. You'll be the Hero of Monsterkind. Of your brother. You'll be mine too. »

Another one. But he kept listening, while his hands would grip onto your sweater feverishly.

« And please, Papyrus... If we're friends, you won't hurt anyone out there, alright ? Instead, you'll make friends. Watch over your family. Be a restaurant owner with such great dishes every master chef will want to work with you ! »

He nodded at everything you said. His palms now rested on yours.

« But you are my family, human. » He murmured when he could control the trembles in his breath.
« I know. You guys are mine too. This is why I have to go... To let you be happy. » You bent to be
closer to his face. « Remember to live. Okay ? »

« I'll try... »

In response, you kissed his forehead, which let him in shock once again. But a good kind of shock
this time. The monster seemed relieved at this moment, as if all the pain and misery that have been
weighing on him lifted. You then turned to catch A.D's gaze with your own.

« Come here, A.D ! » You cooed with a smile.

It immediately came running for an embrace with its human. While you'd affectionately scratch its
collar, pet its head, you told it.

« You'll take good care of your owners, alright ? You'll be the most adorable dog you've ever been !
» The dog whined in response before it gave you a sloppy kiss across the cheek. You couldn't
repress the giggle coming out. « Yes, I love you too ! »

Sans came back at this moment, hands in pockets. He was staring down at you all.

« Feeling good over there ? » Then asked Papyrus. « Wow, what's that ? Are those tears ? »

His sibling quickly looked away to wipe the said tears. Sans didn't laugh at his vulnerability,
contrarily to what the lanky skeleton expected. He in fact... Smiled in relief. As if he waited for this
to happen for an eternity. The big brother turned in your direction.

« Are you ready, honey ? »

You decided to consult Asriel before answering. Despite his twisted emotions, he slightly nodded.
You quietly did the same for Sans' concern. Papyrus was about to collect your body in his arms
when Sans said.

« Wait. »
You both stopped in your actions and instead of having a tall, spiky skeleton holding you, it was Sans who decided to give you a ride on his back. It was certainly the first time you ever did that and also certainly the last time. Your embrace tightened gently around his collar. You decided to appreciate every moment given until time was up.

In a few minutes, you will be delivered to the King.

Chapter End Notes

Ahhhhhh

We're reaching the end.

Slowly, but surely.

I want to take this moment to thank everyone that has been following this story at this point, and left kind comments and kudos, really, I wasn't expecting this to be liked so much ;; It makes me happy and I really can't wait to show you the very end and even more!

See you in two weeks, my darlings!

An art piece for this chapter: http://heavenfell-au.tumblr.com/post/155898932314/you-never-gained-love-but-you-gained-love-he
From now on, there is no escape.

Before you got here, you found out that there were seven coffins on which were engraved names, and a representation of their soul color. Every one of them was closed except for yours, on which was painted a red colored heart. Below among the scratched out words, you read “The [unreadable] last child”. Even with that lump in your stomach and throat, you couldn't help but appreciate their thought of giving a tomb for all the humans that were killed down here. And you appreciated having one on your own as well. Finally, some decency.

After a moment of remembrance for the lost children, you walked to the Throne Room to find a vast place filled with golden flowers rained in twilight. It smelled so delicate in here... And it was so peaceful. You could hear the birds from above singing, something you thought you'd never hear again. You were so careful walking around the beautiful buttercups bathing in the warm sunshine that passed through the cracks of the castle's roof.

No one was waiting for you here, you figured. You glanced at your friends.

« He must be waiting for you at the Barrier. » Papyrus guessed.

And now, you were here. Facing a monster almost twice as tall as Papyrus, and Pap was already a very imposing monster. This one... It was a giant. When he heard you enter the room, the King turned to look at you. Black eyes, red slit pupils, just like his ex-wife and his son living inside you. A thick aura of hatred, distrust emanated from him and yet, the shocked expression on his face appeared when he rested his despising gaze on you. It was as if he saw a ghost. You noticed his lips moving but not a sound came out. Then, he regained his composure and fully turned towards the group.
After that, your hearing turned off. It was as if your mind just turned off and still, your eyes wouldn't turn off Asgore. Mixed up feelings slowly coiled in your guts. You barely could find air to breathe.

« Father... » Asriel whispered.

There was such a loving tone in his voice, yet with a noticeable deep sorrow. Unlike your friend, you were shaken with dread. Behind that tall figure, the barrier was waving with light. It sounded like an ever ending wind was passing through its thick facades, so deep and dark, so haunting it was making the hair on your forearms stand up. A strange light was filling the room, as twilight was shining through that magical wall.

It seemed that your journey was finally over.

You're filled with RESIGNATION.

« So, you finally came to deliver that human. » He addressed to Papyrus. The skeleton was standing straight after he bowed to his King.

« That is right, your Highness. » At the sound of Papyrus' voice, you snapped out of your dread. As you blinked the shock away, you listened to what they were discussing about.

« May I ask what took you so long to bring them to the castle, my son? » He asked with a slight concerned expression. That is when he was about to reply that you took a step forward and answered the question.

« I was terribly ill, Your Highness. » Your sudden response caught his attention. Once again, surprise sparkled in his dark eyes for a brief moment. So you continued. « Papyrus made sure that I'd survive the sickness so he'd be able to deliver me once I recovered... which he did. »

Silence fell again. The King of Monsters were staring straight into your eyes to try and see any ounce of deception in them. But staring into your bright red eyes that were staring back at him only gave him the vibe that you were being honest. He seemed to be at lost for a while looking at you so intently but at some point, he snapped out of it. The King finally looked at Papyrus and said.

« I see. You did a good job, Papyrus. That's what I was expecting from my foster son. »

The goat monster approached. He had the solid intention to finish you off now. His trident was already in his furry hand. You spotted in his wake seven strange jars behind him that were hidden by
his cape until now. You noticed that all of them containing a soul except for one ; yours.

« Any last wish, human ? » He asked when he realized that you wouldn't move.

You just noticed that Papyrus, Sans and A.D left the room, leaving you alone with their King. Of course they would do that... It was the best decision to take in this situation. You understood that they didn't want to see what was going to happen, and still... The poor creature that you were, you were shaking, speechless and tetanized in front of the inevitable and terrible fate that was reserved for you.

What now ?

Why were you so afraid ? Would it work, in the end ? Will you finally be free ? The truth was... Now that you were here, despite that long dreamed wish that you held onto...

You were afraid to die.

« Won't you fight back ? » He asked. You gulped and slightly shook your head as a reply.« They all fought back. » The monster stated. You understood that he was mentioning the other humans that came down here. « A few of them that managed to reach here were all sick in the head... How cruel it is to finally see a friendly face. If only there were more like you, maybe I... »

He stopped mid sentence as if snapping out of his thoughts again. His voice so deep, cavernous even, gave you the creeps... But what he said was what really made that knot in your stomach tighter. What... The previous humans were insane too ?

Oh god, how could you forget about that detail !?

« It was nice to meet you. »

What if you were delivering them to Death ?
His trident was lifted above you and you watched, frozen in place. Your legs were threatening to give in.

« Goodbye. »

What if you couldn't return, this time ? Who will save them from the humans ? Were they all like that...? Mad ? Were they... All like the ones haunting your past ?

You gasped.

You quickly raised your hands as a stop sign as you managed to cry.

« Wait ! »

To almost get pierced through with his massive weapon if you hadn't moved aside. You gasped for air at this effort. Your limbs wobbled in struggle trying to support your weight again. A whine or two would make their way passed your lips in your attempts to get up. Breath hitching, you spotted Asgore back with his trident to his side, studying your behavior with slight confusion in his eyes.

And you... And you...

You were losing your mind. Losing yourself. To be honest, you didn't know what to do with all these questions drowning your mind, spilling over with no answer. You couldn't let Asgore get a hold of your soul to break the Barrier. It was a chance that he didn't manage to get it in one shot, after that one revelation...

You would have never forgiven yourself for causing Monsterkind's demise.

All you needed to do was talk about it with the King, but will he listen to your plea ? Oh, what were you supposed to do ? He wouldn't listen to a human, one of these creatures that took his children away, would he ? You were done for, the whole world was gonna burn and be covered in blood and dust... That wasn't what you wanted...! No, that wasn't what you wanted at all !

In the end, what was the purpose of your existence ? You couldn't let him take you. You felt that you
had to, your soul was begging in your ribcage to be torn out by his hand...

But you couldn't risk it...

What if you were one of the few humans on Earth to be merciful? Was that the reason why you were here? You couldn't handle the cruel world above? You had struggles to hold back the feelings of frustration and despair winning over you.

Maybe... Maybe you could use his offer.

« Alright... Your Highness... I have a last wish indeed. Before we end this, please... Hear my plea. »

The monster kept his distance with his trident still held in both of his strong hands. They trembled a bit for a while.

« What is it? »

« What about Peace..? » You paused. « Aren't you afraid monsters will be hunted down? Humans outnumber you by billions, if you declare war, your species might be lost forever this time! Did you think about that? »

His breath got funny for a moment. A sinister chuckle rang in the room, echoing so deeply that it made the hair on your arms stand up for a second time in a row. His laugh was getting in your head, so vicious and ill-intended...

« Peace? Oh, how foolish can you be, human? Your kind deserves no peace! They don't know Mercy, they don't know Love! » He paused too and allowed a smirk. « And now they never will. »

Oh no... You gasped in horror, while a crazy grin spread on his mouth with a strange glint in his dark eyes. The sparkle of madness. The goat monster looked demonic. Shivers ran up your spine this time.

What you feared the most was happening...
« Don’t be afraid, human child. I’ll kill you and with your SOUL, I’ll become a God. I’ll destroy the Barrier, and Humanity as well if that’s what worried you. » He tried to comfort you as he stood ready to attack.

« No, Your Highness, please, listen to me! » You begged him with raised hands as surrender. « There is another way, I’m sure of it! I know you had great losses because of Mankind, you need Justice, you really do! B-But you can’t condemn the whole Humanity for the crimes of a few! What if there were still good people out there? If you show them mercy, I’m sure they’ll reciprocate! W- What happened before was a long time ago, maybe they changed through eras, you don’t know! »

But you didn’t know either. You were just buying time at this point, saying whatever could save your life. Anything that could be the best outcome for Monsterkind and... Maybe Humanity...?

Why did you care for them anyway? Humans destroyed you. They didn’t deserve Mercy. Asgore was right. They didn’t deserve forgiveness because they never gave Mercy.

No... If you are a human... A merciful human... There might be others like you lost in the world. And they didn’t deserve such fates...

Asgore remained silent, still armed but his guard slowly faltering. You caught your breath that was already burning your lungs. You kept your eyes on his.

« Please, my King... If you have to take my soul... I want it to be used for peace... »

He stared down at you quietly for a while. The look in his gaze told you he was thinking for a moment, as if he was considering the tough decisions before him. Meanwhile, you were thinking too... About your ability to give your soul away. Was it even possible? The others didn’t manage to get it before you reloaded. Weren’t you going to come back once he killed you? The King of Monsterkind lowered his weapon as he faced down. His ebony hair was hiding his dead eyes.

« It’s getting ridiculous. » He muttered.

You wouldn’t have gotten what he said if you didn’t see him looking up to you with rage. The glint in his eyes made your senses go wild.

« All this kindness you show me... Are you trying to make me feel guilty? »

His menacing tone raised. If your limbs weren’t shaking enough, now they were spasming in distress.
You opened your mouth to talk, only for a broken breath to come out.

« All this Kindness, the Hope you possess, your Dreams... Are you willing to let them go? For Monsters? Lies! You all humans are the same! » At this shout, the horned monster set himself back on combat position. « Selfish and Cruel! Envious and Greedy! I'll take back what was ours. I'll take back our stolen pride. Now, stand up, human. Show no mercy, or you'll die! »

On these words, the giant monster impaled the ground on the spot you were standing half a second earlier. You couldn't repress the cry you let out due to the effort you made to move your exhausted body. Your head was spinning.

You were going to lose the battle.

And you had to admit.

You were scared to die.

« No, no, don't! »

« You know you have to kill someone to pass through the barrier. But it won't be me! »

A circle of flames appeared around you and immediately grew smaller. Desperate, you turned around to find a way out. There wasn't any. That's why you decided to try and jump through the wall of flames. It didn't matter if you caught fire because you let yourself fall on the ground to prevent it from progressing. Fortunately, you were lucky on this one and got out of the first round with just slight, dismissible burns.

« Are you okay? » Asriel asked.

« I think I am. Why don't I have more damage than that? »

« I had the same powers than my parents. » He said. « Maybe does my presence inside you reduce the fire damages? »

While you struggled to breathe, you looked up to see Asgore holding his strident high. You squeaked and the next second, Asriel took control of your body to force you roll away before his father would hit you with it. You were now on your knees trying to find your lost breath. Both of you only saw white spots due to lacking oxygen for a moment.
“Frisk, you can't do this alone. Let me help. » Your friend said. « Use my powers. It's not a miserable dagger that will save our skin. »

He was right. You couldn't do this alone. But... you couldn't ask for help, no... Papyrus and Sans already put their life at risk to protect you throughout your way here. They took care of you, hurt others in order to keep you safe... You couldn't afford to ask for more. You had to do this alone. Knock some sense into that big mad fluffball.

As you've been thinking, Asriel limped around with your vessel to avoid his father's attacks, sometimes losing his footing because of your precarious condition.

“ I don't want to fight you ! » You cried to the King.

“ You'll have to, human ! » He roared.

He looked more like a lion than a goddamn goat at this moment. You would have jumped off your skin to fly away if that was possible. Your friend barely avoided the bunch of flames thrown at you only because he lost control of your legs and your body fell down right in time. Maybe you couldn't burn at their touch like you did with Toriel, still, getting burnt sucked balls so you better avoid getting close and warm with those.

“ Frisk ! Make up your mind already ! » Asriel shouted in the back of your head while you took support on your elbows to try and get up. You looked at Asgore.

“ Stop fighting ! I don't want to hurt you ! » You pleaded.

This made the mad man go berserk, he hit the ground with his weapon so hard that the pavement cracked and shook due to the shock. Taken by surprise, you lost your balance. You found out it was better to remain on your knees to stay the closest to earth. Better not fall too often and break a bone.

“ He's going to kill us if you refuse to defend ! »

“ He's your father !! »

You heard Asriel barely containing the screech of frustration, of suffering when you replied that.

« I know !! »
At this moment, one of the trident's point pierced your shoulder. You didn't notice that the King closed in while you were focused on your friend. You both looked at Asgore with utter stupefaction. Then the pain came in. You let out a cry while he pushed the point of his weapon deeper to pin you to the ground. When you managed to open your eyes through the burn, both Asriel and you watched Asgore raise a foot with the firm intention of stomping your head.

« DAD, NO ! » The words slipped out.

Asriel held his mouth shut. Oh no... You quickly turned your attention over his (and your ??) father.

« Frisk...? » Asriel's tone went high as fear built up. « Frisk ?? »

His voice was urging you to react as you laid there, paralized with terror. Asgore was staring down at you with such pain and hatred. You hurt him. You both hurt his soul already broken and you knew it. You were going to pay for this offense. He pushed harder against the ground to tear a scream out of you, yet you hardly found a sound to make so unbearable the pain was.

« Frisk ! »

Your hand shot on the ground to grab anything, a rock with a size of your hand to throw at the attacker's direction. When you opened your eyes again, your good hand was raised in the air. Asgore was a few feet away, disoriented by the sudden attack.

What ?

Asgore was holding his face and roaring with rage. It looked like he got hit in his eyes because he was hiding them and grimacing in pain. He didn't expecting the attack either.

« Asriel ? What did you do ? » You thought as you saw blood dripping on the ground.

« Bought us some time. » He replied.

It didn't take long for his dad to shake his head and blink his watering eyes open. The side of his face was covered in red. That startled you and here you began and tried to take the trident out of you.
Your efforts were similar to a valiant combat of a fly trapped in a spider web.

Yeah, exactly. Useless.

Asgore was standing up now. You saw him turning his pain filled gaze on your form. He got an injured left eyebrow that leaked a good amount of blood; that explained why his whole side was covered in red. He kept that eye closed while the other pierced through you with fury. You doubled your efforts but not without adding cries of despair to them. Oh, it hurt and you couldn't do anything else than bearing it as much as possible. Think of your survival instinct, Frisk. It might be rusty, but still strong. How would have you been able to get through all this shit otherwise?

All your will to push the weapon away was fruitless. Hope was leaving your soul in seconds.

You cried for help.

Chapter End Notes

*progressively hits the desk*

It's.

Not.

Finished.

Yet.

Illustration for this chapter here : http://heavenfell- au.tumblr.com/post/156718340359/you-cried-for-help
You cried for help.

But the one coming had another intent.

You thought it was a lost cause until Asgore received a femur on the side of his head, strong enough to make it turn away with a splash of blood around. Taken by surprise, he froze in his course for a brief moment, then shot a glare at the one who dared interrupt the battle... Or more likely an execution.

That was Papyrus, here to save the day. He was staring back at his King with the firm intention to fight. Anyone would know this just by looking at how straight he was standing, how high he held his head and how puffed up his chest was.

(Yo, how about we listen to some good ass OST right now?)

« Papyrus ! » You panted with the most relief looking smile you could ever have. Someone came to your rescue.

And he wasn't alone.

Sans appeared to take the trident off you, forcing you to cry out at the burning friction of the metal in your flesh. You were shocked to catch the sight of your blood on the red weapon black, looking just like rotten and putrid fluid. Even Sans noticed it. He didn't wait to throw it away before he held out his hand for you.

« Need a hand, honey ? » He asked with a smile. You lifted your valid hand in return and he helped you up in a swift motion.

« You came back... » You almost whispered, out of breath. You still felt dizzy from the injury, blood loss and lack of air but happy despite how difficult it was to realize it.

« 'told you we'd be there to help. » He shrugged still with that smirk on his face, before he looked at Asgore. The King had his attention on his warrior. Infuriated, he growled.
« Are you betraying me ? »

« It seems like it. » Papyrus replied. « Someone once told me that sometimes, we need to do the wrong to make things right. And I want to believe that. »

« It's a human ! The enemy of our species ! » The giant furry monster roared. « You're bringing shame on Monsterkind ! I won't let that happen. I won't let this human tempt you with lies. »

« You know, Fluffybuns... » Sans spoke in turn.

His hands were in his pockets when he walked closer to his brother, who had two large bones shaped like swords in his hands.

« This human didn't promise anything and already did so much on their own, while you... What did you do for our kind ? Being a tyrannic sack of shit ? Threatening to erase anyone that doesn't share your views ? Killing our Hopes and Dreams ? Sorry pal, but for someone who wants to protect us from lies, you did a terrible job so far. I grew tired of your bullshits. I'm with the human now. »

Rage emanated from the royal monster's soul. Everyone around could sense it, even bathe in it. Sans' blatant betrayal pushed Asgore to his limits. He hit the ground another time and roared out of pure madness.

« Then you'll die with them ! »

After this statement, he threw ranges of fireballs at the skeleton monsters. Sans disappeared in a flash while Papyrus either dodged the attacks or cut through the elemental magic with his swords. The King didn't forget about the shorter skeleton while he kept attacking his ex-warrior 'cause when a shower of bones poured on him, Asgore wiped them away with a shield of fire. Sans appeared in the air behind his head to kick it, which he succeeded... But that wasn't enough. He dodged the uppercut of his attacker just in time by teleporting away and reappeared next to you. You remained still and speechless, watching all of them fight while you struggled to catch your breath.

It was your battle... Why did you ask for help ? You didn't want them to betray the King...

Oh no... What have you done ?

Asgore sent a range of fire in your direction and before you could even react, your skeleton friend took you in his arms bridal style to get out of the way and put you to safety. Meanwhile, Papyrus sent bone attacks at the King over and over again. In order to protect himself, the goat monster used
his trident to neutralize the femurs before he hit him with it once he closed the space with his enemy. But the lanky skeleton avoided him like the plague, surely because he knew that he wouldn't stand a chance in a melee combat with his Lord. Then his brother returned to help him by messing with space and time to confuse the King as he sent multiple different attacks. You never saw him so focused and confident until today. And you still felt like he was holding back. Maybe because his brother was here. Asgore's soul appeared during an attack that you knew oh too well, making the monster heavier than he already was. The sight of his soul tore a broken gasp from you. A red color so dark you barely noticed its taint, and a sickening black aura emanated from it. But his heart in a terrible shape was what struck you the most.

He was in pain, wasn't he?

The cuts on his heart were so deep, a sort of red fluid, dark, intoxicating was dripping out of them.

« Dad... » Asriel whispered.

Your heart clenched in remorse. You understood his horrible actions... Asgore needed help... He was driven into madness because of this.

But... Someone had to die... Right?

Your eyes stung with the need to cry though they remained due to exhaustion. Instead, you bit down your lip so hard it'd draw blood. How cruel. Why did it have to happen?

Asgore was thrown into walls. You could see his health degrading with each hit he'd take. Sans crashed him in a wall where bones came out to empale the giant monster. Papyrus took advantage of the situation to jump in and pierce the King's soul with his sword. But as he got too close, the injured beast's instinct pushed him to do a circular motion with the trident that hit the ex-captain of the Royal Guard, sending him to say hello to another facade. A few rocks fell and dust spread at the impact.

« Papyrus ! » Sans and you yelled after him.

From the smoke, the skeleton appeared holding his left arm. He looked infuriated but also hurt. A red light was emanating from the area he was holding. Oh no...

« 'you alright there, bro ? » Sans asked him.
« He broke my arm... » Papyrus replied as he grimaced.

Sans turned towards Asgore. You were so busy worrying about your injured friend that you didn't notice the Royal monster was heading straight to you with a fierce need to destroy you. All you noticed was a change in the brothers' expression when they looked at you. Sans teleported next to you to push you away before you got the blow. Unfortunately, the skeleton man wasn't fast enough to teleport again because of exhaustion and panic. Sans received a hit from Asgore's spear that it sent him crash into the ground while you were busy trying to get on your knees. Breath cut short when you recognized his lifeless frame on the floor. Now, it was Papyrus' turn to yell after his sibling. He ran to protect his brother from the final blow that would end his existence and arrived just in time to tank the attack that sent him to embrace a pillar. The monster fell to the ground afterwards, weakened and hurt. His broken arm made things worse and not only the scars on his skull cracked open again, but they also spread on the left side of his head. Now that Asgore didn't have his weapon raised on Sans, you could see him laying there unconscious. Blood was leaking from the new cracks that his skull wore. Oh no...

It was all your fault.

Asgore raised his hands in the remaining skeleton's direction. A wall of flames appeared around him as he staggered closer still intending to fight... Then, the circle gradually grew smaller, menacing to turn the monster into a living torch.

Your breathing ran low. Your heartbeat slow but strong in your tightening chest. You didn't realize in your tremor that you equipped your worn dagger. You needed to stop him. For your loved ones' sake.

The sudden amount of adrenaline and rage that consumed you let you forget about the pain in your legs as you rushed towards the powerful creature and gave him a first stab in his right leg while he was still focused on another enemy. On cue he got distracted from his magical attack that immediately stopped closing on Papyrus, yet didn't falter so he remained trapped. Oh, why did Asgore have to be so huge ? You couldn't reach his abdomen even to save someone's life. Bet you'll have to damage his legs first. And that's what you did. Cutting behind his knees and ankles in hope to make him collapse, though between multiple pauses because of Asgore's responses and attempts at reaching for you. You managed to stay behind him most of the time, by dashing between his legs or walking around to attack him again, while avoiding hits the best as you could. That didn't mean that you wouldn't receive one or two in the process, which boosted your fury.

And little by little, you were losing sight of yourself.
Guided by your anger, your limbs grew insensitive at how brutal your hits were getting. Your vision was tainted in red and your hearing blurred out. You barely noticed what was going on around you-no, actually, you had no idea what was happening. It was like you were blind and deaf out of pure madness and looking through a window while your vessel was on autopilot. All you knew at this moment was rage, and only rage.

You had to destroy, destroy, destroy.

You never thought you'd do such things. Somewhere, deep down in your reverie, you wondered whose madness was this. Asriel ? Yourself ? You didn't know. You lost all control on your vessel and emotions at this point. Who was it in there dancing with your corpse and agitating the blade ? Everything felt foreign. Colorless. You even started to wonder if all of this was real.

Through the days you saw your bestfriend gaining in power as he fed on you, on your hatred and suffering. You supposed that it became possible since he inhabited a body and was constantly in contact with a soul ; yours, but still a soul. And now that he was much stronger than you could ever be, he could do anything while you... You were losing that sparkle that made you the person you were.

Your Determination must have been pretty weak to begin with, then.

At this thought, you snapped out of your dream and froze in shock. The weight of the world fell upon you, and so the senses. You saw dots in your vision and you felt so fucking drunk with a major headache. You only realized now that you returned from the void of your mind that your lungs burnt deeply, you couldn't help but heave and wheeze in cue. Your legs gave in at the lack of air and strain, you bent, holding your chest while you had a coughing fit. That brief moment of peace gave Asgore time to respond to your previous attacks with fire. Damn you, fire controller monster King ! Asriel sensed it so he helped you by taking control of your body and pushing it aside. The numbness took hold of your body so you finally breathed again.

« Keep attacking him ! » He shouted while you did your best to understand what just happened. « He needs to lose control over the situation ! »

« But...! »

The concerned one swung his trident around so you'd stay at a safe distance. He knew you had to come closer to hit him.

« Isn't there something else that I can do ? » You asked Asriel as you stopped at a safe distance from the enemy to catch your breath.
« Not really, no... If we had more souls, I'd have greater powers... But this is all I can do with this body... I'm sorry. »

« Don't worry about it. I just need to find an idea. »

You blessed Asriel for taking over your nerve system, otherwise you wouldn't have been able to run around to avoid the circles of fire menacing to trap you. As you did so, you thought of any possibility you could have with Asriel's power. You had to find anything to surprise his father to buy time and finish him off. Your friend exclaimed.

« Wait ! We can try something. »

Your body stopped running and turned in the goat monster's direction when Asriel took control over it. The King takes your stillness as an opportunity to charge a fireball on your spot. In the meanwhile, you sensed strange sensations starting to course through your arms. Asgore didn't expect that you'd raise your hands, stop his fireball just in front of your palms then send it back into his face, forcing him to turn his head away in a reflex. You batted your eyes in awe at that miracle. Was it what you thought it was ? Did this really happen ??

The giant furry creature covered the exposed areas that the attack bursted at in order to prevent a fire from starting. At this moment, Asriel let you take your opportunity to inflict multiple stabs in the monster's legs, enough to make him collapse on his knees.

Your eyes stung and your stomach twisted with mixed-up emotions. You raised your dagger to cut through his skin again only to be pushed back with a hit. The landing was so hard it tore a cry of pain from you.

But that didn't stop you from coming back.

Now that you were fully aware of your actions, the sounds of the worn weapon cutting through skin made you fucking sick. The repressed cries of the King made shivers ran up your arms and spine. It was horrible... It was horrible and the worst is that you were the one hurting him. The salty water that poured on your cheeks stung your injured areas.

You could feel your determination slipping away from your grasp.

Soon, your tearing cries echoed against the walls of this room. Cries of Anger, Frustration, Remorse, Sorrow...
And the strongest of all...

Despair.

Asgore pushed you again with effort to make your small frame fly a few meters away. This time, the landing cut your breath short. Your body twisted in a desperate need to find air again. Your moment of agony lasted long enough for your opponent to try and stand up multiple times. Even if you were still fighting to breathe, you did your best to do the same. You had to keep him down. You couldn't afford losing time. Forget about the pain, Frisk. Forget about it and kill him. Put him out of his misery. The color of his light showed through the cuts, just like the time with Undyne and her injuries. Your cloudy mind shut down in shame.

« Keep going ! » Asriel shouted in a strangled voice.

Although you found your oxygen again, it didn't reduce the dizziness that took over when you were missing it yet. It took quite some time for you to stagger towards Asgore and proceeded to stab him through and through while he was busy taking support on his hands. You could see the damage dealsss you were inflicting getting bigger as he grew weaker and tired of the fight. His wounds were so bad they could be lethal from now on... You realized that if you kept going... You were going to end his life.

Wait... That wasn't what you wished for.

Did you really have to do it ?

He collapsed. The last blow you gave almost wiped his existence. Now, the King was at your mercy. His right hand was against his soul as he had difficulties to breathe. One last strike and he would be gone. How did it get so far ? You couldn't even remember what led you here anymore.

Your hands let go of the dagger. Dust was on them.

Your vision was blurring.

What have I done ?

« I'm sorry... » You managed to articulate in your repressed sobs.
"Then... What are you waiting for to kill me?" He panted. "My soul is already broken."

That monster who appeared so strong, powerful and confident... He seemed now so fragile and miserable. The sparkle of his tortured soul was reflecting in his dark and tired eyes. That torment that had changed him so much, was now coming to the surface with the hope to be released from it, all of this in a humble and controlled behavior. This wasn't the Asgore you've been battling against.

So... So....

"I can't... I can't do that..." You whimpered.

The sight of this horror destroyed what was left of your Hope. You couldn't put an end to an existence, no... You couldn't...

Sans' voice resonated in the back of your mind. It was so far away.

What were you going to do?

Oh God...

You couldn't...

You slowly brought your hands to hide your eyes. You never wanted this, you never wanted this, why did it have to happen?

Papyrus and Sans were calling after you and you didn't notice it, their deep voices, so foreign, were toned down by the screams. You didn't even realize that those screams were coming from you. You didn't even hear Asriel trying to shake you awake.

What will they think about you? Despite all your efforts, you've proven Humans were no better. Your kind was destined to kill them all... Your friends will never trust you ever again... They'll reject
you like the filthy piece of shit you were.

« Sweetheart ! » A shout woke you up.

The voice was close and clear now. Sans. You slowly let your hands fall to your sides, then you turned around to face your friends. Papyrus and his brother were a few feet away from you, both of them badly hurt, holding the broken parts of their body with twisted expressions. A.D was at the door and visibly nervous. The look on their face when you made eye contact with them... If they had skin, you'd have observed their colors fade in live. You were sure it was because of the dirt that you were covered with.

« Human... » Papyrus breathed out, shaken with horror.

« I'm so... sorry... » You hiccuped. « I can't let him... I can't... I'm so sorry everyone...! »

You were wracked with shock and guilt. Giving hope to finally take it back from your loved ones... How horrible you felt.

Unless...

Unless you could give it to someone else. Someone who won't try to cause Humanity or Monsterkind's demise. But... You couldn't ask your friends to kill you.... They would not bear it, would they ?

« Say... » You whispered. « Do you think I can absorb the souls ? »

The skeleton monsters looked at you with confusion evident in their eyes.

« Humans can't absorb other human souls. » Sans explained. « They only can absorb a Monster soul, or the other way around... »

Papyrus was busy releasing the six souls from their glassy prison while his sibling was explaining. You couldn't help but feel even more devastated than before.
It wouldn't work, then? Would they really have to absorb you? But what about Asriel living inside of you?

« If the human was really a human... » Papyrus spoke. Souls were coming to form a circle around you. « How could they use fire? »

Oh... Yes, he saw that. Sans recalled what happened earlier and looked at you with a confused face, completely at loss now. They watched the souls starting to spin around you while you searched for words to explain, but you couldn't find a start to begin with. A lot of things, rather not rational, have been happening... So maybe... Were you...

Still in shock and awe at the sight in front of him, Sans lifted his hand and in return, you raised yours so he could take it. The Souls were closing in. It was working. They were going to be free.

« Sweetheart... »

Your fingers brushed his. A ripping sound tore through the air and everyone froze. Your friends' amazed expressions change to horror as their gaze lowered to your chest. You followed it to see a red spike that pierced through it from behind.

Asgore's trident.

On the weapon was impaled a soul consumed in a black, putrid color. The last bit of red, showing your Determination, was eaten by the darkness inside you.

Your companions shouted after you and yet, all you could hear beside the static was Asgore's panting. The fallen King had taken his opportunity to stab you with his weapon while you weren't looking. His sinister chuckle, almost maniacal, echoed in the back of your mind.

« Of all humans that fell down here... »

The monster narrowed his spiteful eyes and growled.
« You were the stupidest. »
Desa Iree

Time has begun distorting

Inside of this madness barrier

I promise I'll always be with you

Forever

My deity.

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