Undertale: Pacifist's Mask

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/5990425.

Rating: Mature
Archive Warning: Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Rape/Non-Con
Category: F/F, F/M, Gen, Other, Multi, M/M
Fandom: Undertale (Video Game)
Relationship: Frisk/Asriel/Monster Kid, Frisk/Chara, Frisk/Demons, Chara/Asriel Dreemurr/Frisk, Chara/Asriel Dreemurr, One sided Sans/Toriel, one sided Frisk/Monster Kid, Frisk & Toriel, Asriel Dreemurr/Frisk, Frisk & Burgerpants (Life coaches), Alphys/Undyne (Undertale), Frisk & Annoying Dog (Masters of the SAVE), The Entire Dreemurr Family
Character: Frisk, Asriel, Toriel, Asgore Dreemurr, Sans, Papyrus, Undyne, Alphys, chara - Character, Humans (Undertale), Mages (Undertale), Human Souls - Character, Burgerpants (Undertale), Mettaton, Original Characters, Freeform - Character, Annoying Dog (Undertale), W.D Gaster, Human from the title screen (Undertale), Goat from the title screen (Undertale), Muffet (Undertale)
Additional Tags: Pain, so much pain, Frisk had a fucked up life, Frisk is a badass, And a better actor than Sans, Fear them, Gender-Neutral Frisk, Post-Pacifist Route, Magic, There may or may not be reference to a rape scene, THAT BEING SAID, timeline bullshit, saves, loads, Resets, and more - Freeform, #Let Asgore be a dad pls, Goatmom, Goatdad - Freeform, Goatbrother/Romantic interest, My Big Brother: God of Hyperdeath, Love Triangles, Possessive Frisk, When Frisk doesn't need the protection squad anymore, Torture, Personal Headcannon for Frisk's backstory, Humanity are the real monsters, Sorry for chapter 4 please forgive me, Frisk can be an asshole, Yandere Asriel, Reader is Frisk (sometimes), Self-Hatred, Dubious Morality, SOUL EVOLUTION, reaper tale, Underfell, Overtale, Lot's of AUs, Sadistic! Frisk, Chara the jester, Paranoid Sans, Impulsive lying, The Frisk that called abuse, Ambassador Frisk, Possessive Asriel, Jealous Sans, Murderers, everywhere, Trident! Frisk, fucked up family, Demons, I take it back monsters can be douchey too., Post-Genocide Route, Everyone is kinda edgy, Toriel kinda hates Sans at this point, no soriel here, This is where that ship goes to die, sans hates frisk, Frisk hates Sans, Asriel hates Monster Kid, Chara just hates everyone, Monsters hates Mages, with a passion, Will kill them on sight, Frisk has got to stop throwing away their life, Eventual Soft Chara????, Asgore training Frisk in the ways of the trident, Time Travel, Like actual time travel, Sans can no longer remember RESETs, Frisk took away that ability, Got real tired of their cryptic shit, Frisk has too many powers, Tough Love, Everyone is a bit darker than usual, At that point when Toriel would knock Frisk out if it meant keeping them safe, Frisk has travelled through multiple undertale aus, Slightly psychotic Toriel and Asgore?, Dadster...more like not...Dadster, nailed it, Torture tag is about to become VERY relevant in these next couple of chapters, You Have Been Warned, It's also gonna
make my search history very suspicious looking, Frisk is rich as fuck, Mentions of Madotsuki, Mentions of Buddy Armstrong, Mentions of Ness, Mentions of Varik, Alternate Universe - Undertale Fusion, lots of swearing

Series:
Part 1 of The Frisk Chronicles AKA The Many Headcannons I Have For Frisk Dreemurr

Stats:
Published: 2016-02-13 Updated: 2018-10-09 Chapters: 37/? Words: 165718

Undertale: Pacifist's Mask

by G8BanterM8

Summary

The Underground was the perfect excuse to reinvent yourself.
To run away from your past.
But now it's only when you're standing on the surface that you realize that persona you made for yourself is about to crash and burn.

And you're nowhere near ready.
Chara watched as Frisk opened their eyes and locked eyes with them, "God this human is the best partner they've ever worked with!" thought Chara with glee, Chara lost count of the amount of Genocide runs they did.

How many has it been now 100? 200? Chara never really cared about such petty details such as “how many times they committed mass murder to a bunch of innocent people”. Why should it matter they were demon.

Even their parents said so.

But the apple doesn’t fall far from the tree right?

Anyway it wasn’t Chara that kept track it was always Frisk, although the way they’ve been counting really weird. 'Why would you count down?' They asked Frisk on a run after they killed Papyrus (Chara’s personal favorite monster to kill because they find his navirty hilarious) and all they said was “I waiting for something” what they were waiting for Chara did not know and did not care because they finally managed to achieve one of their milestones. They finally managed to Break Sans.

Yeah that’s right they broke him.

It was downright gold to watch the trash bag just beg for death after the first 50 resets, of course they never gave him the satisfaction.

No. Not after what he put them through.

Sans had to suffer.

He had to feel HIS SINS crawl up his back.

They watched as he finally QUIT and let them TEAR HIM APART.
Chara still remember the taste of his dust and was still craving for more.

"Come on partner let's go for another round," giggled Chara "I wanna see what Toriel's dust like. Wonder which it flavour it'll be butterscotch or cinnamon"

The void was filled with silence before Chara burst into their own form of twisted laughter - which sounded more like radio static if anything, not that Chara cared - Chara floated over to frisk’s space in the void and prodded them with their elbow. “Hey that was fricking quality the least you can do is acknowledge it.”

But Frisk's face showed no emotion even as Chara drifted closer and closer to the point where their faces were just inches apart. In fact Chara couldn’t see his face well at all. It looked like a part of the void was covering their face so they couldn’t see their expression.

“HEY” Chara shoved their finger into Frisk’s chest “Are you gonna say something this timeline or what!?”

It was then that Frisk finally said their first two words since the Genocide marathons. Two words that scared Chara way more than thought they would.

“It’s Time”

“Time for what?” asked Chara nervously

Why were they nervous?

Chara is demon, demons don’t get nervous.

Demons kill their problems.

Demons can’t feel fear.
Demons are stronger than filthy humans.

Humans are just demons pretending they have a conscience.

Chara shouldn’t be scared of Frisk they’re just Demon too.

Just like them.

Just like Chara

What Chara didn’t realize was that Frisk was something far worse.

“Y-yeah listen here Frisk you better answer me your soul belongs to ME!” Chara paused than did that creepy smile where his face was melting and his turn into pits. Liquid flesh splashed onto Frisk’s face as Chara started again with renewed vigour “SINCE WHEN WERE YOU OUT OF CONTROL” laughed Chara, they laughed and laughed and laughed and laughed and laughed

Frisk’s fingers latched onto Chara’s neck before Chara’s mind even processed it and squeezed so hard that Chara’s sloppy neck got in between their fingers, moldable like putty.

“shut up” said Frisk

Chara decided it would be in their best intrest to shut up.

They tried to speak but their voice REFUSED to come out so the best they can come up with was a pathetic squeak.

“Finally” sighed Frisk, even though he still had a firm grip on their neck Chara felt like they can breathe a little better. They greedily tried to gulp in the non-existent air.

Oh right they were in the void.
“You know I got to thank you Chara none of this would have been capable if it weren’t for you” cooed Frisk.

“What?” croaked Chara, “What the hell are you talking about we just ended the world again everyone is DEAD”

“What do you think the RESET button is for then retard?” spat Frisk. Those words hurt a lot more than Chara was willing to admit, was this betrayal?

Damn, now he knows how Asriel felt when he finally saw their sibling in how many years on to be brutally beaten down with the blunt side of a knife.

Betrayal is a bitch.

“So what if you reset even if you do I’ll just take over, so FUCK YOU!” That’s right they still have their LV as long as they have that Frisk couldn’t do shit.

It was then Frisk did something even more terrifying.

They started laughing.

Well not really laughing it started off more like a an hysterical giggle which developed into a cold chortle which turned into psychotic cackling.

It was at that moment that Chara finally realized the severity of their situation.

They were never in control.

Not once.

Frisk has been finished with their game a long time ago.
It was then that Chara gave up, they let their body ragdoll in Frisk’s grasp and stared right into the silts that Frisk’s eyes become.

It’s almost funny actually really.

The way Frisk is like now, is exactly the way their parents were like. Hell turn the kid into a 40 year old man with a pot belly and serious anger issues than this would pass as another average day in Chara’s old household.

“So what now?” asked Chara they must admit they were impressed with Frisk’s acting skills, who knew the pacifist was a secret sadist along. Wouldn’t be the first time the world decided to screw Chara over.

“Isn’t obvious” replied Frisk in mocking tone “I have the power, now all I need is a soul and I can finally SAVE him.”

The silence that followed was the electric as Chara just stared at Frisk with disbelief. Really that was their reason. SAVE Asriel? What a waste.

“Pfft why him of all people!” exclaimed Chara “He finally grew some balls and became something I could be proud of and you want change him back into that wimpy loser from before, well fuck that!” Chara summoned forth their soul and shove into Frisk’s face.

“Even if you did give him my soul I’ll just posses HIM start this all over again, so what are you going to do about it Fri-?!”

This time Frisk let go of Chara’s neck and grabbed their soul. Before Chara could even respond they took their hand plunged it right into the heart. Chara’s eyes glazed over as their barely corporeal form started to crumbled away.

“Oh that’s easy all I have to do is get rid of you.”

And with that Frisk tore Chara’s essence out of the soul reverting it to a standard grey heart. Frisk turned their eyes to look at Chara’s crumbling form as they started to disappear.
But Chara wasn’t angry or upset instead they seemed to be laughing?

God there’s been way too much hysterical laughter today.

But still why do they have this look of understanding…. 

Oh No.

“It all makes sense now, haha” muttered Chara weakly giggling softly with what little strength they had “You’re one of THEM aren’t you?”

Frisk on instinct gripped their arm then went to touch their back, trying to gain comfort from the grooves of the scars that littered their body.

Scars that can’t have been caused by any monster in the underground.

“Alright Frisk you win” said Chara their body now nothing but an head now but even that was melting away. “I Wonder, ThE LoOk on their faces when they realize who you ARE, I wonder who’ll be ThE FiRsT to kill you then?”

“Your Father”

“Little Azzy”

“Or maybe you’ll feel the flames of hatred from your beloved Toriel”

“I can’t wait Frisk I really can’t, forget the underground the surface will the best game EVER”

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
Frisk stamped on the remains of Chara’s head black goop trailed up their legs, wiggled up their arms and pushed itself into every opersis on Frisk’s face. Frisk didn’t try to resist no matter how painful it was.

They’ve been through worse. A hell of alot worse.

And besides they needed the LV anyway.

Frisk’s now red eyes opened as they sealed the soul right next they own and brought up the menu.

“Yeah Chara this is gonna be a great game” muttered Frisk as they let DETERMINATION FILL THEIR SOUL they hovered they hands over the RESET button till it changed into the command they wanted.

NEW GAME?
Yes No

“One that I have every intention of winning”

They pressed yes as they felt gravity come back into play and fell.

“My child?”

The sound of Toriel’s voice snapped them out of their memories as they found themselves holding Toriel’s left hand while Asriel held her right and Asgore held Asriel’s left.

Wait what?

Asriel?

They’re gaze snapped to Asriel as they watched the young goat look completely mesmerized by the sunset.
They remember now they did it, they finally save him; wiped the slate clean of their sins by doing a **NEW GAME** and now are on the surface. With all the humans…

With **THEM.**

Oh joy.

“So what happens next?” asked Asgore (soon to be GoatDad if Frisk had anything to say about it). But Frisk tuned out the conversation, they haven’t really got to spend more than a couple seconds on the Surface before a RESET but now they’re here the monsters are gonna need a ambassador and as much as the idea of Papyrus in the white house sounded fucking hilarious, Frisk doubted the poor guy would last more than a couple seconds. Besides they can’t bail on them now. As much as they didn’t want to believe it they actually became quite attached to Monsters. Okay more than attached, they’ll probably die for Jerry before they would a human.

**JERRY.**

Besides, it’s not like Frisk found a human that didn’t fill them with disgust yet, then again there hasn’t been a human that hasn’t been equally disgusted with them so the feeling’s mutual.

“Frisk?” once again they were snapped out of their thoughts only to be brought face-to-face with Asriel’s snout only a couple inches from their face.

They bite down their gasp and just decided to get it all out of the way now.

“I’ll do it” stated Frisk, all eyes turned on him and stared at him in confusion. Frisk ignored them and walked up to Asgore and thurst their fist over their heart. “I’ll be the best monster ambassador you’ve ever seen.” Well they’ll be the first monster ambassador they’ve ever seen. Not like it’ll be hard, debates are easy when you can just rewind time till you get the best results.

Gotta love time travel.

“W-well, uh golly Frisk” stammered Asgore “How did you know I was gonna ask that?”
Frisk felt their sins crawling up their back.

They whipped around to find Sans staring at them those pupiless eyes. Damn talk about nightmare fuel.

But it was okay the NEW GAME meant that Sans should have no recollection of the Genocide marathon. If it didn’t work than Frisk would have been insta-dunked the moment they left the ruins.

So with this new-found courage Frisk decided to tell the truth.

“Magic” whispered Frisk with accompanied with jazz hands and all (Mettaton would be proud).

Asriel’s giggle snorts totally saved Frisk from a painfully awkward moment as everyone started to join in on the merriment. Well almost everyone.

Sans seemed content to hold onto that fake smile he’s so fond of as he didn’t break eye-contact with Frisk the entire time. Frisk stared right back while laughing with everyone else, Sans may have creeped out Frisk before but it still wasn’t as bad as what they were used to. The skeleton can only guess at what by sensing the guilt Frisk gave off. But Frisk kept their emotions in check it would be for the best really.

And even if it wasn’t it’s too late to back out now, the next level of the game has started.

They watched as the monsters start walk down the hill chatting to themselves happily.

And this this time.

They were gonna **WIN**.
The True Pacifist?

Chapter Summary

The mystery begins with more questions.

Chapter Notes

From this point on the story will mostly be from Frisk's perceptive and only occasionally change if the story needs it too. Sorry if it's a bit jarring.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Okay, you didn’t think this through.

You really didn’t think this through.

You would think with all the shit you’ve been through to get to where you are now you would have tried to be atleast a bit more cautious with trying to integrate an entire species into society, especially since said species are LITERAL MONSTERS. But you being you, you forgot.

And now it was biting you in the ass.

But what the real kicker was you completely forgot about the life you left behind.

Maybe they would have been safer if you weren’t around after all.

...

Well too late now, you practically feel their stares of disbelief on your back and it’s within good reason.

Apparently one of the local people saw Papyrus gallivanting in the wildness and called the police on
them. The response was almost instant as police cars started to surround the area and went in searching.

They probably thought it was just a really shitty prank call.

In before Papyrus came bursting out the woodwork with the rest of family tailing behind him desperately trying to stop him before coming out to get a nice introduction to the barrel of a pump-action shotgun.

And all 50 of its identical brothers and sisters.

Before considering the consequences you jump out the forest and put yourself between them.

You felt Toriel sigh with relief because there’s no way they’ll start shooting now one of their owns in the crossfire.

Well she was half right.

Needless to say when every gun automatically turned to you instead...

Well saying she was shocked was putting it lightly.

“What are you do-?!” Toriel started to protest before Sans raised his arm to stop her.

“Sans they are pointing GUNS at MY CHILD and you telling me to sh-?!?!”

For the second time that day Sans shushed Toriel and just pointed at you.

But you weren’t paying attention, this was a serious situation where is you weren’t careful one of your friends might get caught in the crossfire.
Maybe if the monsters weren’t here you could handle this the normal way.

But that would destroy the perfect image that you’ve spent so long building up in the underground. But the other option was to play this like it was in the underground, be the perfect little pacifist and hope that through the power of friendship and other bullshit reasons these people won’t pump you full of lead.

But alas things aren’t that simple for you. Your life normally never is.

Welp it good while it lasted, maybe if you go into this gently you’ll only partially destroy your image.

“So what body parts do you mind losing the least?”

So much for that. Might as well go all the way.

“I mean if you really think you guys think you can kill me before I can kill you than go ahead” You say nonchalantly. “Come on guys! Who’s feeling lucky?”

You turn your manic glare to each of the police officers as they one-by-one lost their nerve and backed down.

See if this was the underground you have felt like a piece of shit, but seeing grown men piss themselves over the sight of small child will never be unsatisfying.

You might actually be able to talk this out peacefully without having to run into anyone that would recognise your face.

No sooner had you thought that the world decided to remind you of your place and punish you for even thinking you deserve a break because fuck you that’s why.

“Well I’ll be damned, and here I thought you were finally dead.”
You watched with a scowl as a man with black khaki trousers business shoes, an oversized trench coat and ridiculous fedora walked out into the clearing slow-clapping the entire way.

God, you remember why you thrown yourself down that hole.

If humanity are dumb enough not eradicate douches like him for the sake of the gene-pool than what hope did they have, like really.

LOOK AT HIM.

He has the face only a mother could love.

Speaking of mothers, you turn around to gauge the reactions of your family only to bark out in laughter after catching a glimpse of Toriel’s face.

You both locked eyes and although her’s were burning with untold amounts of concern and questions you can see that underneath that you can see the unrestrained disgust that she held for the guy. And she only just met him.

This means that Mom can feel the douche practically leaking from him too.

If it were possible your love for Goat Mom has reached untold levels.

Anyway back to matter at hand…

You put back on what you would call the “Chara face” and locked eyes with on of your most hated enemies.

A smartass Detective that’s more ass than smart.

“I would say that it’s good to see you too but we both know that would be a lie wouldn’t it RODNEY” you snap back viscously.
Detective Rodney Jones smirked and shook his head at you and turn his head to look at the monsters behind you.

With a sigh he said “Let me guess friends of yours?”

You gave him a curt nod.

He groaned this time. “Why am I not surprised kid,” before you can give an absolutely savage reply he cut you off.

He cut you off AGAIN.

“So kid tell me.” He paused then looked at you with a menacing glint in his eyes.

You didn’t like that look.

“What’s your name this time?”

Time seemed to stop as you hear the murmurs of confusion coming from your friends.

‘This time?’ they were probably thinking.

‘What do you mean this time.’

‘Isn’t their name Frisk?’

“kiddo?” you cringe as you hear the confusion and hurt in Sans voice “you’re name’s frisk right, right?!”
You feel your sins crawl up your back.

You lied to them, no it was more than that you’ve been lying to them and you won’t stop lying to them.

Why?

Because you’re a coward and the sooner you pretend the last 11 years of your life never happened the better.

But your family won’t understand that.

Now they know you’re lying, they’re gonna want to learn why. And there’s no way in hell you’re telling.

Somethings are too painful to recount.

But out of everyone you knew it would hurt Sans the most.

In one timeline Sans was the first one that Frisk talked to, and he was also the first one to find out their name.

When Sans asked why Frisk simply said.

“Because I trust you bonehead.”

Frisk knew that Sna really appreciated that, way more than Frisk did and to have that destroyed by fucking Rodney made them see RED.

Gaining a sick kind of pleasure from watching you squirm, he opened his mouth to continue.
Than you decided to open your eyes.

The scream you got from him was immensely satisfying as you watched him fall on his ass as you stared at him with red eyes.

Your eyes that are filled with **LOVE.**

You pushed your subconscious into his and started to claw at his soul.

The bastard deserved it.

So you stabbed it again and again and again and again…

*and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again.*

And than you closed your eyes.

And the screaming stopped.

With sweat dripping down his brow Rodney looked at Frisk and did something no one else expected.

He laughed.

And you laughed with him.

That same twisted, demented, joyless laugh you can only get when you’ve seen too much.
You knew how wrong it must look on you and can cringe at the barrage of questions you’re gonna get.

But for now you were just gonna be you.

Not the perfect child, not the pacifist or the angel of the underground.

But you are gonna be you.

Poor broken, lonely, slightly psychotic you.

Rodney looked you in the eye and smiled that shark grin of his.

“Welcome back, Frisk”

You looked in the eye and smirked right back

“It’s good to be back, Rodney” you reply

You let the mask fall.

Chapter End Notes

While I normally hate the idea of OCs, Rodney is actually necessary to the plot so I guess I have to look past my haterd of them.

What do you guys think of Frisk’s mental state?
How do you think Frisk knows the police?
How are the monster’s going to respond?

Like possibly 1 or 2 of those questions will answered.

NEXT CHAPTER. (or not).

P.S sorry to anyone called Rodney I know you’re not douche.
Asriel's victory

Chapter Summary

Asriel learns that Frisk isn't as innocent as he thought they were.
And he wouldn't have it any other way.

Chapter Notes

Just a warning major self-harm mentions and self-loathing in this chapter.
So you know don't get triggered or something.
Please.

You watch from the shadows as monsters of all shapes and sizes got to work building New Home
The III (because everyone drew the line when Asgore was about to name the place New new home,
that's just stupid), you watched as the monsters were eagerly building their new homes with an
assortment of magical spells.

With all the commotion going you it was easy for you to find a place to hide from your family till
you could think of a convincing lie to describe what the fuck just happened.

You bit down on the inside of your cheek.

HARD.

You’re such an idiot!

You let your mask fall, even if it was only for a second you let it fall.

And now successfully tainted the innocence you worked so hard to make, to pretend you had.
All destroyed within a couple seconds because you couldn’t keep your bloodlust under control.

Now you had to deal with something way more scary than an angry or disappointed Toriel.

But a concerned one.

If Toriel is concerned than Asgore is concerned and there’s nothing more heart-wrenching than having both of them worried out of their minds for you.

So you made the most logical decision.

You ran.

You ran and ran until you couldn't run anymore any when there nowhere else to run you ran into the crowd of monsters that just got out of the underground and hid amongst the crowd, by the time Toriel and Asgore caught up they had a hundred monsters that they had to stop from tearing down the mountain and further scaring humanity. Kinda of a dick move to leave them there but you really wasn’t ready to answer their questions.

Besides if Undyne or Alphys don’t find you then Sans definitely will.

And you would rather deal with Rodney again than deal with a paranoid Sans.

To be fair Sans wouldn’t be so paranoid if you weren’t so bi-polar but it was the way you dealt with things on the surface.

Although the pen is mightier than the sword humanity will just make a even bigger sword to stab the guy with the pen and burn down all facilities of education to stop history from repeating itself.

Or better yet capture the poor guy and experiment on him to see why he so mighty and then weaponize his DNA to smite their enemies.

So “pacifrisk” ain’t gonna cut it anymore.
But it was “pacifrisk” that everyone loved.

It was “pacifrisk” that called Toriel mom.

It was “pacifrisk” that forgave Asgore when no-one else would.

It was “**pacifrisk**” that was Papyrus’ best friend.

Sans’s trusted advisor.

Alphys' chance at redemption.

Mettaton’s darling human.

But that Frisk was nothing but a lie, a mask that was put on to achieve the *true ending*.

‘Pacifrisk’ died at the end of Level 1.

And your mask isn’t even gonna last the first hour into Level 2 of the fucking game.

Because “Frisk” has never been “Frisk” at all.

They haven’t been anything at all.

It was sad because when they were empty they were finally free, it wasn’t the same detachment you get from collecting LOVE but it did it’s job.

Plus there were so many ways to *help them feel nothing*. 
Drugs, cutting, biting, burning, scratching, *gouging, mutilation anything.*

But you were too *determined.*

Not determined enough to believe in humanity but just enough to keep on living, it was only till you fell into the underground that you realized that your determination was abnormal, you didn’t even know that save points were a thing until you fell. Which is a good thing too because when you did kill yourself you would just return to a random point in your life.

No wonder *THEY* were so interested in you.

You were so wrapped up in your own self-loathing that you didn’t even notice as Asriel plopped down next to you and waving his hands in front of your face.

He then promptly flicked you with his finger.

“Ow!” you glared at Asriel as bitterly you as he just stared at you with a bored expression on his face.

Wait bored?

Why is he bored?

Heh for a second there he almost looked like Flowey is long gone this was your best friend/brother.

Asriel Dreemurr.

Wait a minute…
How did Asriel of all people find you? Before Sans no less?.

“Well you’re probably wondering how I found you right?” said Asriel as if he read your thoughts, well you wouldn’t put it past him it would be just your luck.

Ignorant to your slight internal crisis Asriel continued talking. “It helps that running off like you did is something Chara used to do a lot.” He said sadly.

You felt your eyes narrow involuntarily at the mention of that demon, even in death the bastard still made Asriel upset.

Furthermore he compared you to fucking CHARA.

The demon that comes when they’re name is called; the fallen angel of the underground; the destroyer of his family and the one who committed mass genocide aganst monster kind.

You didn’t realize how much it hurt to be compared to them.

Especially when you know it’s true.

Seeing your mood start to plummet Asriel quickly started to cartwheel away from the topic.

“H-hey you’re not that similar to Chara” stammered Asriel nervously, “It’s just when you threatened those humans back there you looked so much like them.”

“Oh thanks Az,” the venom in your voice nearing fatal levels, “Nothing being used in a spot-the-difference with your demon sibling and then being told that you can’t find the difference between me and them to really make a kid feel liked they’re loved.”

You got up to leave but was dragged back down again by Asriel, you tried to pry his fingers off your arm but he had a surprisingly good grip.
“I wasn’t done yet.”

You felt a chill go up your spine.

Okay what the fuck? What the actual fuck is going on here?

This entire scene seemed wrong.

“Sit”

You sat.

Asriel finally let go of your arm and you wasted no time in getting some distance between the two of you.

Then felt bad and moved right back. (Damn him and adorable face.)

“Look Frisk I’m going to be real with you and I don’t want you to say anything about what I have to say till after okay?” said Asriel.

You didn’t reply but Asriel took it as your way of saying yes.

“I’m not gonna act like a hypocrite and say that you sacred me because after all the shit I pulled I don’t even deserve to be here.”

You open your mouth to argue but he just held up his hand again. You push his hand out the way and was about to argue anyway but stopped dead in your tracks when you looked at his face.

And saw yourself in it.

That was the face of someone whose soul is too old for their body.
You let your protests die in your throat and nodded at him to go on. Asriel looked at with silent gratitude and continued.

“But you know Frisk when I saw how you threatened to kill those guys…”

(“Here it comes”, thought Frisk he’s going to hate them like they hate Chara and they’ll be all alone.)

… I was relieved”

Huh?

Time seemed to stop as you just stared at Asriel, not staring at him just staring. Like you were trying to look past him because there is no way this could be real.

Asriel caught the look on your face and chuckled weakly to himself. “I know that was the last thing you expected to hear but hear me out.” All humor died in voice, “When you’re were like that it made me realize that you weren’t the perfect angel that we all thought you were, and it took me a bit more time to also realize that it made me happy to know that.”

He turned to look at you but there was a deep self-loathing in his eyes.

You really didn’t like that look in his eyes, it was too similar to yours.

“You wanna know why it made me happy Frisk?” Asriel took a deep breath and turned around to look at you with the most broken smile you’ve ever seen.

And that’s saying something.

“It meant that I wasn’t the only one that was messed up in the head!”

Asriel sudden shouting startled you so much that you jumped up a bit, you told him to calm down
before someone over hears them but it was like a switch was flipped and he now constantly on the crazy/flowey setting.

“I thought that I was the only one who had to deal with their own personal demons from before this fucked up game of mine started but knowing you had some too made me hate myself a little less.” Asriel was now panting, guess he wasn’t used to shouting like that.

“But when I saw you wallowing in your own self pity just because YOU of all people were scared of what we would think?!” Asriel paused then pointed at you (dramatically), “Do you have any idea how much that pissed me off?!”

Before you knew it Asriel was wrapping you in the firmest hug you’ve ever received. You notice that you been tensed the entire time as you felt his tears trailing down his cheek as they brushed against yours.

“Where do we get off judging you if we haven’t even got the courage to judge ourselves, we all have our personal demons and until everyone else decides to come clean then we have no right to start prodding around your past.” said croaked Asriel weakley. “So even if it’s something really bad and everyone starts hating you I promise I’ll never leave your side.”

Your eyes became misty as Asriel pulled you from his embrace and instead decided to hold your shoulders instead. Try as you might you could not tear your sight away from Asriel face as the next words he said tore into your very being.

“Let me win this time, p-p-please d-d-don’t leave me.”

You felt your soul crumple with guilt.

Asriel thought you were going to leave him, just like you did the first time you got this ending, he was so broken, so scared of being alone with no one that understood him and you LEFT HIM if only for a couple minutes but still, and you were bitching about your precious reputation while he was having a mini panic attack thinking you went up and dicthed him. Sans no longer trusted you anymore so you have no one else now.

You needed Asriel.
And Asriel needed you.

For a short time you and Asriel left your masks off and made no attempt to put them on even when Undyne came and found ten minutes later.

Even as you were escorted back to your house where everyone would be sure to be asking questions you knew that you would be alright as long as you had Asriel.

As long as you can take off your mask every once in awhile.

Maybe the Surface won’t be that bad.

The thought of confronting your past demons with a smile on your face and friend by your side filled you with DETERMINATION.

Frisk Lv ??

Final Home

Saved

Chapter End Notes

In the next chapter we see Frisk dunk the fuck out of politicians because that's what most of us where waiting for. And we see Sans trying to solve the mystery of Frisk's past, no matter the consequences. Plus we have Frisk coming to terms with having to go back to the Cancer know as school.
You never came

Chapter Summary

Frisk tells Toriel how good a mother she really was.

Chapter Notes

PREPARE FOR FEELS.

(In my headcannon the annoying dog didn't take Toriel's phone and she just doesn't pick up after the ruins beacause it would hurt too much).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You were lying on your bed on your bed and listened to the soft snores of Asriel from across your new bedroom. If it wasn’t for Asriel you probably wouldn’t even be here at all. But if it was for Asriel you could have avoided so much of the heartache (Pun intended) that you’ve felt today.

Things may have worked out in the end but things could have gone better.

Much better.

____________

Undyne knocked on the door, “Hey Toriel we found Fri-,” she didn’t even get to finish as the door was nearly ripped off its hinges at the speed Toriel opened the door. However when you looked up and instead saw a very pissed off Asgore instead you suddenly felt all the determination you just built up crawl up into a ball and die.

You wanted to run, you wanted to run and run and run and never stop.

It was what you were good at.

The only thing you were good at.

You don’t think you can handle a pissed off Asgore.
You were about to turn but you then felt something soft and warm squeeze your hand. You looked up and saw Asriel looking up at you with his own crimson eyes that were laced with a bit of fear. He must have never seen his Dad this mad too.

*But he was putting on a brave face for you.*

*Just for you.*

*The least you can do is stand your ground and not run away this time.*

You turn around and look up at your Goatdad with newfound determination. You just had to pretend that you were in the underground again.

*Yeah that’s better.*

*All you have to do is keep spamming MERCY and the fighting will stop and you won’t have to afraid anymore.*

You kept telling yourself this beautiful lie even when Asgore dismisses Undyne.

*Even when he silently leads you into the house.*

It was as you were walking down the hallway that looked way too much like new home did you catch a glimpse at the clock.

**9:45 pm**

*Oh shit.*

No wonder Asgore was pissed at you, you went dark for a good 3 hours without telling anyone where you were. Right after you had firing squad aim multiple firearms at you.
For all they knew they new child could have been dead.

How the hell did you not notice?!

“Why didn’t you tell me it was this late Az?!” You whispered yelled at him, someone has to take the fall and if it wasn’t for Asriel speech making them catch feelings they did not want nor asked for than it would have to be him (even if they did need it at the time) “You should have told me so we could have avoided this entire situation!”

Asriel turned to face you with a deadpan expression and sarcastically whispered yelled back “Well if you weren’t so catatonic at the time than would have notice something than my ANGEL”

So this is how the RESETs affected Asriel.

They made him a bit of a asshole.

Well two can play at this game you thought.

“Oh well I’m sorry my LIEGE,” you bow down mockingly for effect, “Does master Hyper Death not take well to being approve of my behaviour? Please have MERCY I can’t take the brunt of your skittle attack!”

You triumphantly waited for the awkward silence that comes with one that just got a verbal beating.

But you overlooked one simple factor.

Asriel just came to the surface so he would have no idea what a skittle was.

Damn it.

You waited for his response but was greeted with silence, you turned to Asriel to find he was pulling the same zero-fucks given face you had during your entire time underground.
“Oh, I thought we were during impressions?” said Asriel with a shit eating grin, “Too bad I thought doing a KILLER impression of you.”

Ouch, a bit under the belt but you could roll with it.

“Hey look the kettle calling pot black!”

“Ah bite me”

“I would prefer something nutritious but if you insist”

“Says the munchkin”

“You’re the same height as me!”

“I was talking in levels of coolness”

“I think you just went down a couple levels in coolness for measuring me in levels of coolness Azzy”

“S-shut up!”

“How does one shut upwards anyway?”

“Wait what?”

“Like think about it is physically impossible to shut yourself upwards like that, so tell me how is that even possible?”

“I dunno ask the Temmies those things find new ways to break the walls of physics every day.”
“N-no”

“Why not Frisk?”

“I’m allergic.”

“Aaaaaaaannnnd?”

You sigh “I owe at least three of them temmie flakes.”

Asriel looked at you solemnly and put his hand on your shoulder “You had a good run kid.”

You looked at Asriel and Asriel looked at you before bursting into uncontrollable laughter. (Which you notice you’ve been doing a lot of.) All your fears about the past, present and future disappeared.

“A-HEM”

Only for them to come crashing right down into your hopes and dreams with a vengeance that rivals Sans at the end of a genocide run.

You and Asriel both freeze to look up at the imposing figure of your mother sitting on her armchair with her eyes narrowed at you.

You really didn’t like that look.

That kind of look was normally reserved for Asgore, which is pretty bad but was understandable, was now locked on to you and your fuzzy partner in crime.

“Glad to know that some people got a laugh out of this.” Toriel’s words seemed to be make the temperature of the room drop like 10 degrees.

Okay maybe that was slight overreaction but come on look at her.
LOOK AT HER.

Than there was Asgore who was a whole new kind of scary. His angry was being suppressed but you can tell by his slightly twitching eyebrow that his normally vast patient for children has just experienced a drought on a massive scale.

Asriel seemed to notice it too as he let out a small whimper.

Wow he really wasn’t used to being in trouble if he looks this stressed.

Looks like you’re gonna have to take the fall here.

“It was my fault don’t blame Asriel/Frisk” you and Asriel said at the same time.

You two looked at each other than nodded, whatever punishment that was coming you’ll deal with it.

Together you stared right back into Toriel’s ruby eyes.

“I’m sorry that I scared you like that Mom and Dad” you said softly. You hear Asgore gasp a bit at being called Dad but let them continue. “But if you want answers to what happened today or my past than I’m sorry but I can’t answer you.”

You thought that it would be best to politely but firmly decline from the integration they would surely give and be happy to just let the topic remain a taboo subject.

Asgore calmed down a bit and looked at you with understanding.

“I know you’re worried but-”

Toriel didn’t appreciate your attempts at being polite.
“WORRIED? OF COURSE I WAS WORRIED YOU FOOLISH CHILD!” she all but bellowed at you. “THEY WERE POINTING GUNS AT YOU! GUNS! AND YOU’RE TELLING ME TO NOT BE WORRIED HOW CAN I NOT?” Before you knew she was up in your face and it saw how red her eyes were, the bloodshot streaks gave her a maddening look. Her cheeks damp with tears?

“So my child,” Toriel’s voice dropped in volume as she looked at you with concern practically leaking from her. “Tell what’s your business with those bad people so I can protect you.”

Protect?

She wants to protect you?

A rage unlike any you’ve felt before ragged from within you.

If there was one gripe you had about monsters.

Is that they were the biggest hypocrites.

“Yeah like you protected in the ruins right?”

The choked sound that escapes your Mom’s voice was painful but you were still too pissed care.

“Like you protected me with your flames right?”

Your voice was steadily rising in volume.

“Even when I begging you to stop and offering you MERCY you still attacked, just so you can protect me right?!?”

You opened your own red eyes and jabbed your finger in her chest.

“Where were you when I actually needed your so-called protection?!” Tears were running down your face as you let out all the frustration, fear, loneliness forced it’s way out of your throat like sick.
“When I being hunted beaten down by every monster from Ice cap to fucking knight knight where were you to **protect** me!”

You hear Asriel trying to calm you down using soothing words.

It almost worked too.

**BUT YOU REFUSED.**

This was something that had to be said.

“When I was bleeding out in waterfall with a spear in my leg and practically was begging for death, where were you to protect me.” By now you weren’t the only one crying Asgore was shedding silent tears while Asriel was openly bawling. Toriel was the only one with who seemed to be frozen in a place. Her face a perfect copy of those time where she accidentally killed you.

Good, she was starting to see what you were getting at.

“Or the time where I getting beaten to death by Mettaton a robot made out of METAL for the sick enjoyment of the underground, it didn’t matter that I was a child as long as I was HUMAN I deserved to suffer, so where you to **protect** me?”

You fell on your knees and was still only barely keeping it together.

“The so-called friend you asked to protect me was more of threat to my safety than any other monster in the underground, and even than did NOTHING to stop the others even when he could. Is that why you didn’t help me because you thought I was **protected**.”

Your Mom was now crying as openly as Asriel now but never once broke eye-contact with you.

At least she wasn’t running away from the problem and leaving it up to Asgore to sort out again.
You can respect that, she knew you had to get this off your chest. And for that you were grateful.

“You know what I learnt in this miserable life of mine is that even when people say that they love you when comes down to it you’re always on your own, but I thought with you it be different, this time someone would come and help me.”

You let the waterworks flow as you let the waterworks flow and you making horrible gurgled sobs that sounded like you were being hung.

“But NOBODY CAME MOM, WHY DIDN’T YOU COME? WHY DOES NO ONE COME, w-why i-i-is it always me that’s left behind.”

“And where do you get off acting like you can e-e-even p-p-protect me.”

You didn’t try to fight the the fuzzy hug as Toriel clenched on your small frame and squeezed herself against you, her big hands easily wrapping around your frame as you both cried on each other. You apologized and she apologized and you just apologized more. The process continued well into the night and Toriel promised she try harder to be a better mother and you promised to one day tell them of your past.

One day.

Even if harsh words were said you now felt closer to your Goatmon than ever before. She carried you while Asgore carried Asriel (who finally stopped crying) up into your shared room where they tucked you in and wished you good night.

In all honesty today has been way too long, especially after pulling up some old resentment you had for your mother a couple timelines ago.

It wasn’t like you lied about your feelings, it’s just that those feelings started to die with each RESET so they were easy to bury.
Besides with all that emotional guilt you piled on her that day you’re pretty sure that your parents will never bring up the subject again.

A shitty thing to do but it was necessary.

And besides you and Asriel still got grounded for a three days because of that but it was still a win in your book.

Sometimes ignorance is bliss and this was definitely one of those times.

If they knew how good you were at playing with people they’ll be more than concerned at the very least.

But as long as you were careful you could be the child that everyone wants you could still **DESTROY** anything that decides to rear it’s ugly head. No one was going to touch YOUR family.

No one.

The desire to protect your family from yourself and your past fills you with **DETERMINATION**.

**Frisk Lv ??**

**Final Home**

**Saved**

Chapter End Notes

All the stuff I was going to do next chapter will most likely happen next chapter, but this chapter had to happen for the sake of character development.

This chapter was practically what I felt during the pacifist run as monsters are biggest hypocrites I've ever seen in a video game.
The Dirty Game Of Politics

Chapter Summary

Frisk learns to throw money at their problems.

Chapter Notes

This was my least favourite chapter to write.
I hated it so much but it was necessary because the next chapter is going to involve epic Frisk & Asgore action so prepare your bodies.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

BZZT BZZT BZ-

You grabbed your alarm clock and threw it against the wall to shut it up as you tried to rub the crust out of your eyes. It’s been three days since the incident with your Mom and you can safely say that you are closer now than ever before.

In other RESETs there was always some hidden resentment you carried over from the previous timeline which stopped you from fully opening up to her and every time you called her Mom it always felt forced to you.

After a couple hundred RESETs you stopped bothering.

But now you it was like a fog has been cleared and you both can see the other person clearly now. You knew Mom was actually extremely insecure about her abilities as a Mother, and Mom knew that underneath all that determination you still just a sacred (but not really) kid.

You even call her Mother in your own head now, it felt…great.

Now all you have to do is get close to Asgore (you have the perfect way to do that as well as fixing a personal problem at the same time) and you’ll have the perfect family life that you wanted.
Now all you had to do was to eliminate those who were a threat to that life.

As the official ambassador of monsters it was only a matter of time before you had to talk to some politicians.

The only problem is that they all hated you.

It wasn’t even your fault!

Sometimes…

At least 95% of the time they started it.

You were positive that no one at city centre will be exactly “ecstatic” with your triumphant return to the living and was certain that they definitely won’t make this easy. You learned that Politics was a dirty game, winner takes all no holds barred. They wouldn't hold back just because you were a kid much less since it was you.

You wouldn’t have it any other way.

There was a knock on your door as Asgore poked his head in “Good Morning Frisk, good morning Asriel, breakfast is ready so get dressed and come do-”

The sounds of heavy snoring just now decided to introduce itself to your ears.

How the hell did you sleep through that?

“Five more minutes.” Apparently Asriel wasn’t a morning person.

Asgore chuckled but said a bit more firmly “You know today is a very important day today so we have to get ready early, now come on.”
Asgore entered the room and tried to take the covers off Asriel.

For even daring to disturb the sleep of Master HyperDeath he was rewarded with a swift goat headbutt to the face.

You winced as the sound of skull meeting skull as father and son laid sprawled on the floor clutching their foreheads while rolling on the floor.

The door creaked open as you saw the fuzzy hand of Toriel push it open, you wondered how she was going to respond to the glorious spectacle you were blessed with until you turned back around…

... And found them completely fine, sweaty but fine.

You begin to suspect that wasn’t the first time this happened and this was merely routine for the two of them.

By the giggles that were fighting for freedom in your mouth and the few that broke free to the the slightly bruised and sweaty Asriel and Asgore, Toriel examined this entire scene and decided it was too early in the morning for these kinds of shenanigans.

So she backpedaled out the room.

The sounds of your cackling woke up all the residents of New Home The III.

The ride into town was just as unpleasant as you thought it would be, the armoured truck that you were being transported in had two armed “guards” at one end of the truck. The sight of firearms was something the entire Dreemurr family could go without after what happened last time.

Just to be on the safe side however you gave them all a crash course on guns (Well gave Toriel and Asgore a crash course, Asriel had to wait outside because it might tarnish his “innocence”. You didn’t have the heart to them that Asriel innocence went and died a couple decades ago so you just opted to tell him afterward.) Now all them know in case of emergency how to disarm them and what parts to aim for if people got a itchy trigger finger.
Although you could tell they really wanted to Asgore and Toriel didn’t ask how you knew, instead added to the “Concerning things that Frisk shouldn’t know how to do” file and put it right next to your flirting problem. Which was really just your way of coping with all the bullshit that was happening but let it become a joke thing between your friends.

Because how can you say that “I flirted with you because I was running out of new ways to say don’t kill me.”

Yeah, let’s just stick with it was a weird faze.

“We’re here.” said the driver.

Your hand fiddled with the phone in your pocket while you tried to make your face seem like it was nervous.

If you can’t make the council of douches see reason than you just gonna have to blackmail them.

Three days plus save points equals all the time in the world to find dirt on every person in that room.

If they refuse to cooperate than you can text threat all of them with your career-ending information.

It’s fucked up but that’s the most tame thing you’ve done in a long time so they should be grateful.

You stepped out of the truck with Asriel to your left and both your parents behind you, the flashes from paparazzi already pissing you off as you try and resist the urge to flip them off. While walking you subtly make final notes of all the escape roots in your head.

Another good way to spend those never-ending three days was to map out every entry point and possible escape route in the entire building. Also thanks to one timeline where you got excessively friendly with Alphys she taught you basic hacking skills and how to link the feed to any device with bluetooth.
It was perfect for your situation.

You don’t trust humanity enough and humanity sure as hell ain’t gonna trust you so it’s safe bet to make sure you can get your family out on the off-chance they decide to off you or your save file gets corrupted. Especially if your save file gets corrupted.

You don’t like thinking about what happened last time, you couldn’t look at any of friend’s faces without seeing red for a good five RESETs.

The conference room didn’t help with your nerves either with it’s lime colored walls and tinted windowless walls it seemed more like a bunker if anything.

You Asriel’s hand on shoulder giving you silent support even though the poor guy looked like he needed it more, after this you should be take him to the waterfall behind ebott it’s great for swimming a-

“That’s just like you kid, always surrounding yourself with the *freaks*.”

They’re here.

You came face-to-face with the Senators, three of the most corrupted government officials that you have ever had the misfortune to go up against. Worst of all they all hate YOU.

The bastard that dared called your family freaks was senator Reginald, he was a milktose man with a pot-belly that can rival the gods and a face redder than Chara’s cheeks. From your the information you gathered he was and *still* is running and underground human trafficking syndicate. It turns out in the time you were gone in the underground exactly one month has passed, more than enough time for Reginald to build up his business again.

The one to the far left was head of the school districts and was the the second most hated women you’ve ever met.

Linda. The stereotype overbearing, snotty elitist Mom who will crush anyone to get her way. You had beef with her because you called her equally shitty son out on cheating in a local bake off, they were both banned from future events and Linda swore to have vengeance while driving off into the sunset. Too bad you didn’t go to school otherwise that would have been entertaining to see how she’ll exact her “vengeance” upon you. With the power of Saves and Loads it was easy to find some
dirt on Linda even if she tried to cover up her tracks, who knew Linda had such a strong opinion on racial superiority, she made many many videos on the topic which were put up on the internet. They practically begging to be copied.

And last of all their leader Senator Johnson. You hated him for various reasons but the main one was he just scared you. Why you didn’t know but he had way too many similarities to another demon that you once knew. Way too many.

How a guy like him got into office you had no idea but he just seems wrong to you. Worse than that you couldn’t find anything about him, birth certificate, parents, childhood home, schools, nothing.

It was like he doesn’t exist.

He was an anomaly just like you only not in the timeline sense.

While you didn’t have anything to blackmail him he is also the only senator that you haven’t messed with because you weren’t confident you would win.

Scratch that you wouldn’t stand a chance.

That guy was on a completely different level; but no one but you seemed to understand that.

“Let’s be professional about this gentlemen,” Johnson’s voice was smooth and he when he smiled it didn’t reach his eyes “This is a turning point in history so let’s try and be civil.”

Reginald and Linda flinched.

It was quite clear that Johnson is the only real problem here; seeing as he is a businessman if anything you decided threw out your speech about how “nice” the monsters were and how they wanted “peace”.

It was time to resort to plan B.
You can be intimidating if you want to be too.

The shocked gasps that came from Linda and Reginald were priceless but they were just background noise to you.

You locked eyes with Johnson, your crismon pupils staring into his azure ones, the silence was suffocating.

You spoke up “Let’s just to the chase,” you opened your inventory (which just looked like you were digging around in your pocket to everyone else besides Asriel) and threw a bag of Gold at Johnson feet.

Coins spilled onto his shoes; the normally emotionless man let just a sliver of uncontrolled greed pass through his face before covering it up again, thinking that no one would see.

But you did.

You locked eyes with him and smirked as he face became a frown.

And he knew it too.

“Monsters have LOTS of Gold and if you cut us some slack than there’ll be a lot more.”

“How much more?” Ahh humans so predictable. Johnson picked up the a gold coin and examined it, the hungry look he was given was making you sick.

You pushed the bile down your throat “As many as you want as long as you keep your end of the bargain.”

Toriel was about to protest but the pointed look you gave her made her stop.
She hated having to bribe them but can tell this was the only way this was going to work, politics is a dirty game; morals had nothing to do with it. Although the lecture Toriel is going to give when you get back home still filled you with dread for the sake of your family you willing to take the hit.

“Well then,” Johnson crossed the space between you the two groups and smiled his fake smile, he held out his hand. “It’s a deal.”

You grasped his hand used a bit of your LOVE to squeeze onto his hand, “Yeah it’s a deal.”

You both wrench you hands away from each other a made a show of wiping your hands on your pant legs.

With that Toriel and Asgore wasted no time in getting the fuck out of there with dragging Frisk and Asriel behind them.

The ride home was awkward.

Like really awkward.

Yeah sure you just bribed a politician which is probably wrong but you didn’t see why it warranted the stares.

The Paparazzi was like that too, they didn’t even continue to take pictures it was like before they all just looked at you.

It was creeping you out honestly.

Even the guards wouldn’t stop staring it got to the point where you asked them if you could kindly fuck off.

The speed at which they did alarmed you.

What up with them?
So when you finally got home and the first thing you saw was all your friends waiting by your house, you were happy, even Sans was there you could finally patch things up with him?

Why was he looking at you liked that?

Scar that was everyone looking at you like that?

“S-SO HUMAN,” Papyrus seemed nervous? “THAT'S WHAT YOUR EYES LOOK LIKE, I THE GREAT PAPYRUS APPROVE!”

Time seemed to stop and you resisted the urge to LOAD on the spot.

Oh God.

You never closed your eyes.

You didn’t close your eyes.

_Everyone could see your eyes._

More importantly…

You threw yourself to the side just in time as several bones tore through the surface.

Sans’s right eye is blazing blue and he had summoned his gaster blasters directly at you.

You sighed as you felt your sins crawl up your back.

You were getting real tired of this shit.
“Sans come on man it’s me Frisk.”

“is it?”

“Oh course you freaking bonehead.”

“can you prove it?”

Oh.

You started to backpedal away from Sans.

“figures this was too good to be true,” Sans sighed and the upteenth time you hear Megalovania play in the background “bye.” He clicked his fingers and the blasters fired.

Oh well.

You watched the energy beams close in on you with grim acceptance. Even if you LOAD Sans now thinks you’re Chara and won’t stop killing you till you stay dead. Even if he accepts your mercy you might just get a spine full of “dunk” so the situation is looking kinda bleak.

Looks like you gonna have to FIGHT.

A blood red trident skewers one blaster making explode into dust while the other suddenly combusted in a furious show of flames.

You looked behind you to see Asgore cracking his knuckles threatenigly while Toriel was literally bathed in fire. Asriel somehow was in front of you and was hugging you as if to shield your body from harm.

How can you forget?
Your family is BADASS.

“Sans you’ve got three seconds to explain why I shouldn’t execute you on the spot.” Asgore voice was soft but the amount of fury in his voice was so strong that even Undyne looked sacred.

You made the smart decision of taking Asriel and practically threw yourselves behind them. A ass-kicking of massive proportions was about to go down and you were not about to get caught in the crossfire.

You noticed that Asriel hasn’t let go of you still, every attempt you made at getting free he just held on tighter so you stopped trying altogether and let him hold you. It was cute.

Toriel was practically growling, which was weird considering she was a goat, but was growling nonetheless. Her eyes were practically slits.

Wait a minute they might actually kill him!

“STOP!” You tug on your parents robes “Calm down, he was joking, it was a prank, a jest, you’ve been japed. Hahahaha... ha.” No one was buying it.

Time to kick it up a notch.

You skipped over to Sans and wrapped your arm around his neck like you were the best of friends and whispered in his ear “If you want to continue to see the sunlight just go along with this.”

Sans looked at you with silent gratitude “yep great kiddo,” he wrapped his arm around your shoulders and squeezed, hard. “we really gave them a scare right kid?”

“Yeah tiba honest they looked like they were about to kill you.”

“hahahaahahahaha”
“HAHAHAHAHAHA”

“hahahahahahahha”

“HAHAHAHAHAhahaha”

You laid it on a bit thick but judging the confused yet slightly less murdery looking Toriel you think they believe it.

“well text me the details later kiddo, bye” You stumbled for a bit as Sans blinked out of existence and you found yourself leaning on air.

The ground came to meet you like a old friend, you cursed Sans name before you lost conscience.

Chapter End Notes

Have to make to use Linda from PTA Sans as a cameo because no one else would fit the role better. Now that this shitty chapter is out the way we can finally get back to the cool stuff.
When The Past Turns Your Dreams into Nightmares And Hope Crumbles Into Dust

Chapter Summary

Frisk asks Asgore to train them.
Bad things happen.

Chapter Notes

Starts off as angst, than becomes fluffy, than becomes badass.
Than by the end becomes quite gruesome.
A heads up in advance that multiple POV swaps will happen this chapter.
And if your are easily triggered by gore than you might want to skip the last parts of this chapter. Furthermore huge paragraphs in italics are memories.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You really gotta stop getting yourself into these situations.

You were sitting on the couch in front of all your friends and family (with the exception of Sans who managed to escape).

Everyone was still trying to get used to the fact that your eyes are open and from the way the Dreemurrs were looking at you they seemed to be making connections you didn’t want them to make.

You had to do something fast.

“You guys don’t think I’m a freak right?” you were disgusting, trash, a shameless coward.

“Of course not m-”
“DON’T LIE TO ME MOM” They couldn’t handle the truth so you might as well give them a lie, you had to lay it on thick. Asriel or Sans might catch on to your bullshit so you had to make so even if they found out you were lying they can’t call you out on it.

You were really disgusting.

You spent hours crying tears of events that never happened, speaking about abuse of all kinds, even span a tale about how your parents said they hated you. The only true thing you said was that you went to Mount Ebott to kill yourself.

You hated how Papyrus cried tears you didn’t deserve.

How Undyne and Asgore wanted to find your parents and do something they’ll regret.

What hurt the most however was what Asriel said.

It was so simple and so heartfelt that it made you love, real genuine love for the goat besides that of a sibling.

“Your parents missed out than Frisk because now we get to keep you and your beautiful eyes all to ourselves.”

You broke down.

You couldn’t stop the tears.

You didn’t want to.

You wanted to suffer.

Poor Azzy.
Poor Mom.

Poor Dad.

They first thought they got a child but ended up with a demon.

They thought they got a angel but got something worse.

They got you.

You more frightening than any demon.

But that only made you cling on to Asriel tighter.

You used to love knives.

They were by far your favourite weapon before your fall to the underground, they were mobile, easy to use and easy to conceal. Knives were modest and weren’t overbearing like a sword on a axe, Knives were great.

Than Chara happened and with it your love for the blade shriveled up and died.

Not like you would need a knife in this new life of yours.

What you wanted was something new, a better weapon than your knife.

That way you could finally make the clear distinction between you and Chara.
And you had the perfect person to train you.

It was another peaceful summer day in the Dreemurr household.

Than you happened.

“DAD DAD DAAAAD!” you were beyond hyped, this was by far the smartest decision you ever made, nothing could go wrong. You found Asgore outside in the garden tending to his golden flowers, you cringed at them because you and Asriel both hate the garden for obvious reasons but will put them aside for a greater cause.

Your cause.

“Golly Frisk what are yo-” you jumped into Asgore arms tried (and failed) to hug him in his entirety. He appreciated the effort though.

“What is it my child?” Asgore voice radiated warmth and it filled you with DETERMINATION now to go in for the kill.

“Can you train me please?”

He dropped you.

WTF?!?!?

You were about to ask him why he decided to reintroduce to the ground until you saw the “I’m not having any of your shenanigans today” face and gave your hopes and dreams of becoming a badass fork user the MERCY button treatment.

“No”
“Please?”

You were determined plus you invested way too much hype into this idea.

“No”

“Pretty please?”

“No. End of conversation.” You watched Asgore get up and enter the house again with a frustrated sigh. Why was he so adamant about not training you.

Looks like you’re gonna have to go to your most trusted source.

You burst back into your room to find Asriel sprawled on his bed jamming out to MTT’s soundtrack with his new earphones.

Using Gold as a currency made many monsters filthy rich meaning many monsters were more or less set for a couple generations your family were no exception. However this didn’t stop Monsters from wanting to work simply to pass the time.

“Asriel you gotta help me it is a matter of utmost importance!” You exclaimed.

“Yeah what is it?” he pulled his earphones of his ears and turned to face you, “It better be a actual problem this time I still peeved that you woke up me up the middle of the night for… cuddles.” He said it with a bit of a hiss and you couldn’t help but shudder. It took a while but you both realized that Asriel had more Flowey in him than either of them wanted to admit.

Pushing aside the dread you get from thinking about the demonic flower you asked again “How come Dad won’t train me?”

Asriel raised his eyebrow “Train? Why would you need to train?”

You shrugged your shoulders he wouldn’t get it anyway.
Asriel put his arm behind his head and sighed “Anyway there’s no point anyway Dad won’t train you,”

“Huh?” He trained Undyne so what’s his problem with you, “Is it because I’m human?”

Asriel shakes his head “Nah it’s not that it’s just he doesn’t like the idea of his children becoming warriors, I asked back in the underground but Dad never trained me. ”

You sensed some bitterness near the end but choose not to comment on it.

“I don’t know why but Dad is actually a very strict instructor,” Asriel’s eyes became downcast “It was probably due to how Grandpa taught him.”

This was the first time in any timeline where you heard about your parents... parents.

“He...he trained Dad really hard almost to the point of death all to prepare him for the war, I guess he doesn’t want the same for us. You should just ask Undyne instead.”

No,” you already thought about that “Undyne won’t be able to teach me what Dad can, he’s the only one that I want to to learn from.”

Besides Undyne can be a little be too extreme.

“Hey Az? There was one thing that was bugging you still “How did you know all that stuff?”

Asriel grimaced “Flowey”

“O-oh.”

There was an awkward silence.
“Bet you $10 I can make Dad train me”

“Deal”

You hated awkward silences.

You had a very simple plan (If Sans didn’t hate you than he would have appreciated the pun).

“Train me.”

“No”

“Train me.”

“No”

The “I’m not gonna stop till you agree with me” trick is severe when a child is doing it.

“Train me”

“No.”

“But lethal when a being of unlimited determination tries.

“I can do this all day Dad.”

“That’s good Frisk because I can say no all day too.”
It didn’t help that your Dad had a hell of a lot of determination too.

This was going to a bitch.

The battle was fierce and unforgiving.

You practically followed Asgore everywhere.

And you mean everywhere.

No place was too disgusting or too embarrassing, you moved into your parents room and slept right in the middle while asking the same question in 10 second intervals where Asgore would reply with a stubborn no.

This went happened every night for the past 5 days.

Toriel was sick of it by day two and kicked both you and Asgore out so you forced to take refuge in your room with Asriel.

Your step-brother had less patience than his mother and kicked you two out at half the time.

So here you were glaring sleepily at Asgore's bloodshot eyes wrapped up on Toriel’s reading chair while he was doing the same and glaring at your even redder eyes.

You admit that his determination is impressive.

“T-t-t-train m-m-me” You're putting your foot down, you wanted this too much.

“N-n-n-n-never.”
Damn it.

You woke up to find your child and your husband sleeping on his reading chair, Frisk was resting on his belly and using Asgore's massive arm as a duvet.

You knew your husband was stubborn.

But you also knew that Frisk was also insanely stubborn.

Someone had to stop the madness.

CLICK

You examine the photo on your phone and with a smile put a blanket over the two of them. Although you don’t condone blackmail it was for the greater good after all.

At least that’s what you told yourself.

This was going too far.

How can anyone be so cruel?

You and Asgore stared dumbfounded at the picture that was taped to the wall of the sitting room.

A picture of you and Asgore sleeping was taped to the wall, there was nothing really wrong with the picture. It’s just…

YOU
LOOKED

TOO

CUTE

The teasing from your friends would be horrendous, Monster kid won’t even be able to look at you without bursting out into laughter. You already on the list of “most innocent things ever” only second to Papyrus you didn’t need this on top of it.

Although Sans, Asriel and yourself saw the irony in that before laughing in their shared dark joke, then Sans realized he still was feuding with you and stopped laughing, Asriel had to stop because he wasn’t meant to get the joke because no one knew about Flowey.

But that’s besides the point.

You and Asgore both shared a look and knew there was only one person in this house that was dastardly.

But since Sans is too lazy and your parents don’t trust him near the house anymore unless he’s with Papyrus there was only one other person that could have done this.

“ASRIEL DREAMURR!”

You burst into your shared room with Asriel while Asgore seemed to get the completely wrong idea of going into his shared room with Toriel. Which was weird because it’s not something you would think your Mom would do.

Right?

Asriel was snickering and pointed behind you.
You turned around and found a smug looking Toriel standing over a defeated Asgore waving the accursed picture around like a victory flag.

Guess you were wrong.

“Asgore if you don't train Frisk than so help me I'll post this to everyone that we know”

“Bu-”

“But NOTHING.”

That was easy.

Asgore looked torn between obeying his wife and sticking with his guns.

“Or you can continue sleeping on the couch.”

“Fine.”

So much for his determination.

“But we’ll be doing this my way.”

Oh you didn’t like the sound of that.

You didn’t like how that at all, but you couldn’t back down now.

Asgore turned to look at you, a chill went up your spine as you actually found yourself intimidated by his huge size for once.
“Come with me.” He got up and left through the front door, shaking yourself from your fear-induced paralysis you were about to take off after him, you caught the retreating figure of Asriel trying to sneakily climb up the stairs.

You caught him by his ear “Pay up Az.”

“Crud,” he reluctantly shoved his hand into his pocket and took out a crumpled $10 dollar note.

You allowed yourself to relish in your victory for a bit then took off after your dad.

You and Asgore were walking through the forests of Ebott in silence, anticipation was pumping adrenaline into your body.

This is it.

This is finally it.

Dad was gonna train you.

You had to resist the urge to giggle from your hysteria.

If you train hard enough than eventually you be able to move on from Chara, surpass the old you.

“We’re here,” Asgore gruff voice cut off your thoughts as you found yourself in a wide clearing, the scent of pollen tickled your nose and the soil was soft.

Like *really* soft.
Perfect for absorbing blows if you fell over.

You were gonna ask Asgore what the training entailed before realizing he was all the way on the other side of the clearing.

“I will only train you on one condition.”

He looked up at you made a eye contact, you swore you felt the temperature drop a little.

“You have to land a hit on me.”

If he was expecting you to protest because of your pacifism thing than he had another thing coming.

You looked down at your sneakers, the soles were way too worn to be able to move around properly. You undid the laces and took them off with your socks and put them to the side.

Asgore looked at you impressed, “So you know what you’re doing huh?”

You nod.

All you had to do was land a hit right? So as long as you don’t put any killing intent behind your attack then it’ll do little to no damage.

“You’re really willing to attack me Frisk, are you sure you want this?”

You shakily nod your head.

“I’ve come too far now to stop now Dad you know this.”

Asgore grunted in approval; he shifted into a battle stance and did the universal signel of “come get some.”
“Very then COME!”

The first move is always the most important, you can tell he was underestimating you because of the actions you took to get the “True ending” so he won’t be able to react in time to you if you got serious for a second. What he doesn’t know is that you’ve fought thousands of times, you memorized every move like it was a test you had to study for. Asgore however has no knowledge about your skills as a fighter so will no idea to counter you.

The ability to attain victory without even having to try fills you with DETERMINATION.

You fell.

You let your body fall.

And fall.

And fall.

Until the last possible moment.

Than dug your toes into dirt and P u S h E d.

Using your DETERMINATION to launch yourself while keeping your body as close to the ground as possible before to close the distance between you.

And

You’re

There.
You clenched your hand into a fist and swung int-

MISS

Nothing.

You fell to the ground with a roll.

“W-what?” where the heck did he go? He was right there!

You spun around to find Asgore where you used to be waving at you with smug look on his face.

“Howdy didn’t see you there Frisk!”

Smartass.

Looks like you underestimated him as well.

You and Asgore started to circle each other like wolves on prey, waiting for someone to make the next move. It gave you time to think.

You didn’t notice but Asgore fighting style is completely different to all the times you’ve fought him before.

Before it looked like he was being weighed down by something, you could practically feel the depression oozing off him. But at the same time he never really wanted to fight you and you never wanted to fight him.

He never once looked you in the eye till the battle was over.
But now.

Even in his goofy floral shirt he seemed more limber, faster. The atmosphere wasn’t as oppresing, it actually feels like he’s enjoying himself? (Damn it).

But most of all he is looking you in the eye.

THIS was the King of Monsters in all his glory.

“hahahahahaha!” you couldn’t help yourself, you must have looked insane just breaking out into laughter for no apparant reason.

Asgore raised his eyebrow at you “What’s so funny young one?”

You paused for breath “Nothing is funny Dad, I’m just so happy!”

Now he really looked confused.

“Happy about what?” Even when asking that question you saw the ends of Asgore’s mouth pull up into a smirk, he knows but just wants to hear you say it.

Let’s not disappoint him then.

You stopped laughing and began walking towards him, all signs of emotion died “Isn’t it obvious Father? I finally get a challenge.”

Asgore startled you as he smacked his knees and let out his own hearty laugh before getting dead serious as well “Well said child,” he started to walk towards you as well “Now Frisk, SHOW ME THE DETERMINATION OF THE ANGEL OF THE UNDERGROUND”

“Glady.”
You both Charged.

Everything HURTS.

*Frisk HP 3/20*

Your face hurts

Your legs hurts

Your feet hurts

Your arm hurts

EVERYTHING DOES.

But…

Asgore rubbed his snout tenderly while tending to your wounds, his smile proud.

*Asgore*

*King Of Monsters*

*HP 79/80*

*YOU WIN* 0 EXP 0 GOLD
You won this time.

Asgore patted your head affectionately before picking you up, carrying you bridal style back towards home.

“You hit like a Whimsun you know,” you lightly pull on his beard because you’ll be damned if he ruins your victory with teasing.

He smiles sadly at you which catches you off guard, why is he sad? “You and I we’re the same aren’t we?”

You freeze.

You’re bathing in blood, it’s not enough, it’s NEVER ENOUGH

“We’ve both done horrible things in the past,”

Duck, stab, jump punch, backflip, gouge and repeat. You felt ANOTHER knife take a chunk of flesh out of your back.

Oh well.

“And now we’ve finally have the happiness we fought so hard for we don’t want to let go”

You covered in so much blood that you couldn’t even see anymore.

That’s where the tears come in.
“I can see it in the way you fight Frisk”

You felt a searing pain on left ankle and looked down.

Only to find you don’t have a foot anymore.

You missed one.

“You’re so scared of losing the people that you care about that when you fight you’re like a completely different person, I feel if you actually fought back then not even Undyne would have beaten you, so why?”

You fell in into the bloody mess that is the floor only to start choking on the discarded flesh made it’s way into mouth.

You were about to spit it out before the hand from before caught your throat

And SQUEEZED .

You screamed for help.

BUT NOBODY CAME.

Not that anyone would come for someone like you anyway.

You were hyperventilating, Oh God why now?

You couldn’t breathe.
It hurt to breathe.

So if you stopped maybe the pain will go away?

“FRISK!”

“Frisk?”

“FRISK?!”

“Frisk?!”

The demon came out with your foot in her mouth and she was smiling.

Oh god, OH GOD.

She’s coming closer.

Asgore was shaking you hard now but you were too far gone, your pupils rolled to the back of your head leaving them white and kept repeating the words “She’s got my foot” over and over and over again. Seeing as that wasn’t working he took held you close and took off back to the town.

She was bit into your neck and PULLED, you watched with grim fascination as she casually took out your windpipe.

You waited for death’s sweet embrace.
But IT REFUSED.

You saw a lot of fucked up things in your life but this takes the cake.

Frisk won’t stop screaming.

They’ve been screaming for a good 30 minutes now.

Dad had to hold them down while Mom was trying to free them the nightmare they were stuck in.

It’s not enough though.

It’s never enough.

Why them?

Haven’t they been through enough.

And why couldn't you do ANYTHING to save them this time?

It's not fair.

You felt the tears burning at the edge of eyes but you wiped them away.

You can cry all you want later.

Now you have to be strong.
For Frisk.

*Why won’t you die, you just want to die.*

*It HURTS SO MUCH.*

*She hurts so much.*

*SOMEONE LET ME DIE.*

The kid was terrifying.

Someone should tell them that.

They been screaming bloody murder now thrashing on their bed, crying crimson tears.

They haven’t been breathing but they can still scream.

Humans were terrifying.

Tori’s now just crying, resorting to pleading as no other form of healing magic would work.

Asgore seems to be struggling to hold the kid down as every attempt to strengthen their hold on them makes only go higher in volume.

Asriel is-
Wait is Asriel?

You looked up and saw the prince standing dangerously close to Frisk’s face their expression unreadable.

Before you could stop them they somehow managed to push their Dad off and embraced them.

Whiteness filled your vision.

_It was good, white was good._

You felt safe.

_You looked at that demon that had your foot and smiled._

_You were going home now._

_It smiled back._

_“BUT YOU WILL RETURN”_

_The tears started to fall again._

_You know._

_“We’re the same”_

_You always known._
"We've found you."

Your happy days could last for so long.

You opened your eyes to find them yourself stuck in the bridge of Asriel’s neck.

You gently push yourself off by his keeps a firm grip on your arm, you blink away the tears and asses the aghast faces of your family.

You knew it, they really can’t handle the truth, you’ll have to deal with this alone.

You summon your save file.

“Frisk don’t do this.” Asriel grabbed your arm just before you pressed the button “You can’t do this alone please.”

He was shaking.

“Let ME be the to SAVE you this time just please don’t try and do this alone.”

“Asriel”

He looked up into your eyes.

“I’m sorry.”

He should have known you did not need to press the button to activate a Load.

“I’ll never forget this Frisk, I’ll protect you even if I have to do it from yourself.” Asriel’s eyes shone with determination. Not the world-breaking kind but one filled with the desire to protect.
It would have been cute if it wasn’t such a plain lie.

-LOAD-

Chapter End Notes

The demon is not Chara by the way.
Chapter Summary

What happens when you put a slightly unstable Frisk with in Linda's School.

Chapter Notes

WARNING: YOU MIGHT ACTUALLY FEEL BAD FOR THE HUMANS IN THIS CHAPTER

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dear Mr & Mrs Dreemurr,

Due to the cultural differences between Monsters and Humans and general lack of knowledge that Monsters will have on Human education It has been decided that your child will be attending school at the local middle school instead of going to The Dreemurr school for Monsters and will be starting the 6th grade there. We cannot wait to see your child and hope that’ll we can have a fun and enriching experience with your child and can’t wait to see you soon.

Your Sincerely,

Senator Linda

With venom in her voice near the end Toriel finished reading the letter with a sigh.

The mood in the house had dropped considerably.

The summer has finally ended and with it came something you never thought had to deal with again.

School.
Normally just hearing the word would have sent you running for the hills but now that you’ve settled down with the Dremurrs it was only normal for you to start going to school like other normal children. However unlike some children you were actually looking forward to going to school with Asriel and Monster Kid in Toriel’s new school, Undyne was going to be a PE teacher, Alphys for Science, Toriel for English, Sans for Maths, Muffet and Papyrus (at his insistence) for cafeteria duties and Asgore as a groundskeeper. Many other adult monsters like Gerson and some Monsters from the Capital also were going to join the school to create the coolest set of teachers you’ve ever seen.

You and Asriel spent nights discussing all the shenanigans that you’ll get up too, the days of youth will be filled with misadventures just like in one of Alphys Anime. And since your LOAD you were able to get your training from Asgore without having a flashback.

Things were finally looking up.

That’s why it hurt so much when you saw your hopes and dreams crumple into dust and the executor came in the form of a letter.

You were felled by a letter.

Worse you would have to go to the human school in town.

The School that Linda is in charge of.

You suppressed a shudder.

The school that will be filled with teachers, students and parents that all share LINDA’s ideals.

So this is what she meant when she said she’ll get revenge.

You silently kick yourself for not knocking on wood.

That’s what you get for tempting fate when you know full well that fate fucking is offended by your
existence.

“NO!”

Asriel must be more against this than you as he almost never shouts.

“You can’t make them go to a HUMAN school Mom, they were gonna come with us to your school and it was going to be awesome!” Asriel was waving his arms up and down and had that sparkle in his eye that can only come from a kid whose imagination is on overdrive. “There was going to be rivals; have love interests; have daily shenanigans every lunch; be on the student council; learn important life lessons the whole works.” Asriel was panting, clearly out of breathe from naming off every anime school stereotype known to man.

Wait he thought school was like Anime? You knew he’s been Flowey for a long time but you didn’t think he forget what school was like?

Right?

“School is like that? Right?” Asriel looked at each of our faces with a level of desperation you only saw on Undyne’s face when you had to tell her anime wasn’t real.

But with Asriel being (in your personal opinion) 10x more cute the fallout from crushing his hopes and dreams of an action-packed school life would crush what little soul you have left.

You looked at Toriel for approval, she looked at you than Asriel’s face then back to you and nodded her head gravely.

You know what you have to do.

You place your hands on Asriel shoulders “Of course it’s real bro, soon we’ll each have our own respective harems by the end of year.”

Lie of course.
Asriel ears immediately perked up for a second as you fiercely fought down the urge to “aw”.

“Awww,” Asgore was weaker than you gave him credit for.

“But Frisk,” Asriel’s mood seemed to darken again, jeez this kid is more bipolar than Sans, “It won’t be the same without you.” You saw the pinpricks of tears at the end of his eyes again but you quickly wiped them away.

“Hey, don’t cry Az.” It was still jarring to see how he could go from Lord of HyperEdge one second to the most adorable thing since beagle puppies in suit and ties the next (You didn’t question why that last thought was oddly specific like that.) You let a smirk crawl it’s way onto your face, “And besides, with me gone Az you get to be the protagonist by default.”

The deadpan reaction you got killed the tension almost instantly.

You give yourself a mental high five for execution.

As laughter once again filled your house you try and submerge yourself in the moment for as long as possible.

All you have to do is keep your new mask on and no would see how secretly terrified you are.

September came way too quickly for you, while it was the start of Toriel’s new school and the realization of her dreams to become a teacher it was also the beginning of your days in the 6th grade at your new middle school infested with people that most likely hate you and everything you stood for.

Yay.

So it was understandable why you decided to sleep in an extra ten minutes when your alarm rang, you were going to go through hell so you figured you deserved the sleep.
It was only when those ten minutes turned into 30.

Than 45.

Than a hour.

Did you gain enough **DETERMINATION** to get out your bed before *Saving*, just in case.

You look at the time blankly.

*8:40 A.M*

Huh.

…

…

…

“Fuuuccckkk FUDGE I SAID FUDGE!” Nice save, you were already about to late no need getting a pissed off Toriel as well. That being said she might get more pissed off at you for being late to school anyway, speaking of which.

You tore your pajamas off your body while making a sprint toward your bathroom, you’re pretty sure that water would be warm since you saw tuffs of Asriel’s hair in some places.

You moved your hand to the handle.

_____________________________

ARRRRGGGGHHHH!

Toriel sighed and gave Asriel a very stern look and put her hands on her hips, “My child you know I don’t approve of your the little pranks you and Frisk play on each other.
"Pranks what pranks?" Asriel started to whistle while purposely avoiding eye contact, the hand that was still glowing with Ice magic being shoved firmly in his pocket.

You threw yourself down the stairs and into the kitchen, shoving two slices of toast in your mouth before chugging a quarter of jam straight from the jar.

The looks of disgust you got from your family were worth it.

“G-good morning Frisk,” Asgore seemed determined to not let your jam chugging exploits ruin the first normal morning they had since coming to the surface.

“gdsaododmoringasfdad,” you sallow “Good morning Mom,” You turned around and tug hard on Asriel’s ear, “Good morning Flo-I mean Asriel.”

Asriel wasn’t going to be outdone by you, “Why hello dearest Ch-I mean Frisk,” It may be a extremely warped sense of humor to some people between you and Asriel dark jokes were of the norm, taking a leaf out of Sans’s book you two hid behind the jokes as way of coping with your sins.

Wow, that thought got dark.

You check the time on your phone.

8:45 A.M

Oh shit.

“GottagogonnabelatetoschoolBYE!” You run out the front door and beeline towards Alphys and Undyne’s house. There was no possible way that you could run all the way to town in the fifteen minutes you had on foot.

So why go on foot when you fly?
You checked your phone again.

8:50 A.M

Where is the heck is their house?!

You did took a hard right and ran right into a gigantic white metal wall, you swore you felt you nose break as you rebounded off the way like it was bouncy.

Wait? Giant metal wall?

You look up to see the familiar paint job of the Royal scientist's abode.

How did you not see that? Like seriously it’s right there!

You pushed yourself off and made your way to the door you could worry about how your sudden clumsiness later.

“ALPHYS, UNDYNE OPEN THE DOOR!” You shouted while banging your fists on the door, you didn’t have the time to be polite.

There was a lot of shuffling and curse words from being the door before it was flung open and a very pissed off Undyne stood at the door, her glare would normally make you squirm but the given your circumstances you couldn’t care less.

Undyne sighed, massaging her temples “You know it’s too early for this shit punk.”

“Yeah, yeah now excuse me,” you pushed past Undyne and started looking around for Alphys “Yo Undie do you know where Alphys is?”

You duck as a spear sailed through the space where your head would have been
Undyne’s eye was twitching violently “You know how much I hate when someone calls me that Frisk.” She summoned another spear as you started to back away from the angry fish lady.

Luckily your saviour came in the form of everyone’s favourite socially inept dinosaur, Alphys stumble into the hallway wearing a Mew Mew Kissie Cutie Pyjama set and you had to fight the urge to call her out of her Weebness only because you needed her desperately.

“Alphys I need you to upgrade my phone,” you threw it over to her, “I need it to go fast if I’m going to get to school on time.”

Alphys wasn’t amused “Couldn’t you have taken the bus?”

You thought about it.

Nah.

“Nah, this is way more fun,” You bounced up to her “Pretty please with a cherry on top.”

Undyne rolled her eyes as Alphys went to work upgrading your iphone, sparks flew everywhere and the sound of drills filled the house.

You turned to Undyne who seemed completely at peace despite the insane amount of noise, “Doesn’t this bother you?”

Undyne looked at you with a look of disbelief on her face, “How can this bother me Frisk? Can’t you see the PASSION she puts into her craft!” She let out a dreamy sigh “Yeah just look at the way she just WORKS.”

You don’t like where this was going.

“Done!” Alphys turned back around and threw your phone back at you, you notice the delta rune case along with a picture of your soul as a wallpaper.
“Thanks Alphys you’re awesome!” You made sure you far enough away from the door, there had to be a good distance between you and Undyne before you do what you were about to do “BYE UNDIE!”

You took off at sprint as you heard spear of justice play in the back of your mind.

You took out your phone and checked the time.

8:55 AM

You only had five minutes to make it to school.

You liked your odds.

You touched the new transportation app (for lack of a better name) and scrolled through the options.

Car?

No

Skis?

Why?

Hoverboard?

…
You knew what you must do.

Principle Helen stood at the gate, she’s been waiting for the monster-lover freak to get here for about 30 minutes and it was now nearly 9:00.

“What do you expect from a child raised by monsters,” the word left a foul taste on her mouth. She really didn’t want anything to do with the whole monster thing but her friend Linda had all but insisted that Frisk would be taught there. All so they can ‘rue the day’. Helen couldn’t protest because it was Linda that got her the job in the first place but Linda’s hatred for the kid kinda creeped her out.

Looked over the sea of students but still didn’t find the bob of hair she was looking for, guess they’re not com-

**WHOOSH**

Helen ducked just in time as Frisk’s hoverboard zoomed overhead, the speed at which it was going creating tremendous amounts of whiplash pushing many other students out of the way.

“Oh didn’t see you there teach!” The little shit jumped off his hoverboard which somehow turned back into a normal iphone with ease was now just openly staring at Helen’s head with a open terror.

In fact most students were now staring at her.

Helen shivered, when did it suddenly get so cold?

“Oh oh h-he Miss,” Frisk stood in front of Helen with while hiding something behind their back, “You dropped something.”

Time stopped as Helen realized all too soon what happened.
Why it was so cold.

Why everyone was staring.

She reached up patted her now bald head.

She looked down and saw her wig gripped tightly in the child’s hands.

The bell rang.

“Well would you look at the time,” Frisk gently placed Helen’s wig on the floor and started to back away slowly like any sudden movements would cause her to lash out, “Gotta go to Homeroom BYE!” The child pushed themselves through the crowds of students that were now laughing at her.

**THEY WERE LAUGHING AT HER.**

Helen picked her wig off the and glared hatefully at the back of Frisk Dreemurr.

Although they said they were sorry Helen could see through their bullshit.

Their apology never reached their ruby eyes.

Yes, Helen could see why Linda hated the child now.

She could see clearly.

---

“Did you see it?”
“See what”

“The monster freak with the creepy eyes, who else could I be talking about?!”

“What about them?”

“They came into school with a freakin HOVERBOARD!”

“You lie”

“And the whiplash from the speed they were going at ripped off Helen’s hair, it was hilariously!”

“So?”

“Whaddya mean so?”

“They’re still a dirty monster lover right?”

“Yeah?”

“So fuck them”

Your eyebrow did a slight twitch as you stood in front of the classroom, this would be so much less annoying if your classmates didn’t start gossiping about you like you weren’t there.

“Attention class, I would like you to give a warm welcome to our new student!” The room became deathly quiet as all eyes became focused on you.

You could already tell you aren’t gonna be making a friends here.
Without waiting to be told you made your way to the back of the classroom to a chair that next to the window. From there you could see Mt. Ebott and some parts of New Home The III, you wonder how Asriel first day at school is going and if he’s getting along with monster kid, for some reason the two never see eye-to-eye but always act like nothing’s wrong as soon as you ask.

The thought got you depressed again.

You *really* didn’t want to be here.

You can still feel the stares your classmates aren’t even trying to mask and it was kinda pissing you off.

You let a tiny bit of LOVE trickle into your soul, your eyes turned into feral slits “WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT!” the LOVE made your sound a bit distorted and your red eyes weren't helping either but it did the trick as almost everyone turned around and actually tried to listen to the teacher.

Keyword being almost.

There was still one boy that was openly glaring at you still despite your threats. You didn’t know whether that impressed you or pissed you off even more.

The boy took his thumb and slowly drew it across his neck, the universal sign for “you're fucked.”

You sighed and let your head bang lightly against your desk.

Not a lesson in and school was already sucking major ass.

The classes passed by in a blur as you promptly chose the furthest seat away from everyone else and spent your time either sleeping or looking out the window. Of course some teachers tried to call you out by suddenly asking you questions out of the blue when they knew damn well you were not listening.
Luckily for you Toriel is a excellent teacher, you can take knowledge from the countless runs where you stayed in the ruins to answer any questions easily. Plus it wasn’t like you’re a slouch yourself, school was one of those things that came easily to you even without having the rely on the power of your save file to turn back time you were pretty sure you could stay asleep for all your lessons and just ask Toriel to “go over” it with you.

So here you were sitting on a table by yourself at the far corner of the cafeteria.

Not that you’ll have any other way.

You were already an outcast before falling underground and luckily no one besides the local police force and the senators have any idea of what you are capable of. Even than you were always holding back. Same could have been said for the underground but at least then you were surrounded by people that you actually gave a shit about.

It takes a lot for you to care about people like that.

So with all your friends and family being monsters, having red eyes and never specifying whether you were a boy or a girl was the final nail in the coffin, thus making you an outcast by your own kind. Which is exactly why you wanted to go to the monster school.

It is also why Linda made you come here.

Damn Linda.

“HEY FREAK!” Speaking of Linda, the boy that (tha nowt you thought about looked a alot like the accursed senator but you couldn’t put your finger on it) had the balls to make a threat to your life was now stalking towards your table with at least...
At least twenty guys all of which seemed way bigger than you.

This should be good.

You swivel around your chair “Sup”

On closer inspection the you found his blond hair and piercing blue eyes, jeans and red and brown striped sweater to be awfully familiar.

You’ve seen this guy before.

But his hideous sweater was offending your eyes so much that you couldn’t concentrate.

“Your sweater offends my eyes,” You state it as fact nothing more nothing less.

“Your fucking family offends humanity,” The boy replied with equal snark.

“I’m sorry but do I know you?” You were already standing up and was only inches away from his face, if this was anime you swear there would be lighting sparking between your eyes.

The boy however seemed confused “Don’t you recognise me Frisk?”

You shrugged “Should I?”

A twitch, guess he doesn't like being talked down to.
You started to circle him like a shark, examining every part of his face with mock concern. “I mean how could I, with a face as unremarkable as yours no wonder I forgot you.”

The boy snarled for a second before quickly killing all the emotions of his face like he just flicked a switch.

“Woah his deadpan is almost on tier with mine,” you thought in slight awe.

He started to circle you no. “Come on Frisky boy you already know my mother too well.”

Oh.

“Oh, so just a shitter version of Linda then?” You sigh, and here you thought it would be someone worth your time, “Kid if it’s about the bake sale than you shouldn’t be bitching to me but bitching to your bitch of mother for teaching such poor life skills to her offspring.”

You lazily step to the side as the boy swung his fist at you only to miss and hit the wall instead.

You giggled as the sweet sound of bone trying and failing to fight solid bricks met your ears.

“You ain’t gonna beat a wall in a fight right kid?”

He swung again.

“My name isn’t kid you fuck it’s CHAD, you hear me C-H-A-D CHAD.”

Figures Linda would name her child something douchey.

“Why are so mad Brad?” You couldn’t resist.

“It’s CHAD”
“Crab?”

“CHAD!”

“Is mad?”

“YES!”

“Damn Brad such temper.”

“ARRRRGGGGHHHH!”

Chad leapt at you but due to him being a scrub you expertly vault over him leaving him to continuing running into a wall.

“Ooooooooooooh sssss Ahhhhh,” you couldn’t but agree with the crowd that was watching, that did look painful.

Despite suffering from a possible concussion Chad still had the strength to order the goons that you completely forgot existed “GET THEM!”

You looked at the goons then at Chad then at the fire exit then back to the goons again.

- MERCY
- Flee  Spare
- Fuck this shit I’m out
You took off at a sprint and was chased out out by an ungodly amount of 8th graders as you burst through the fire exit and looped back around to playground. Now most kids would be scared out of their minds, but not you never you. This is actually the most fun you’ve had all day, just add a fake scream there, a little bit of begging here and the blockheads will actually think you’re scared of them.

They’ll be so busy chasing “poor defenceless Frisk” that they realised they were being led to a part behind the school where there weren’t any security cameras.

You stopped.

You SMILED

THEY SCREAMED

*YOU WON 50 XP $25

Too much

LOAD

*YOU WON 0XP 0$

Not enough

LOAD

You stood on Chad’s neck and pressed down, cutting off his air supply.

“i’m s-sorry,” Chad croaked out, ready to embrace the realm of unconscious like the 8th graders that lie broken beneath him.
With a smile you offered him MERCY.

There was no way he could refuse.

“I’m back,” you announced as you entered through the front door taking off your sneakers and discarding them.

“Oh hello my child,” Toriel came out the kitchen wearing an apron over her normal robe, “Dinner’s on the table.”

You walked into the kitchen to be met with a glum Asriel, “Sup Az how was your day?” You slid into the seat next to him and unceremoniously dropped your bag under the table.

Asriel was picking at his food with fork, “Okay I guess,” he sighed, instead of torturing his food chose to play with your hair. Every time you tried to move away he gave a slight bleat of protest so you gave up and let him finished his rant, “I just thought that School would actually be interesting this time around but it’s kinda weird when some of the teachers are your old classmates and you’re still in middle school, plus it’s not the same without you in all honesty.” He finally let go your hair and put his hands behind his head like he owned the damn place. “So how about you?”

“Yes my child I am also curious as to how your day went,” Toriel cracked her knuckles with a slight snarl “I hope they didn’t hurt you in any way.”

You shake your head, images of your broken upper classmates filled your mind as you let out a little giggle.

“No I had LOTS of fun in school today,” You put a smile on your face as you turned to Asriel, “We played so many wonderful games Azzy, so many games…”

Asriel allowed his own sick smirk to grow on his face, “Aww, too bad. I would LOVE to play next time”

You elbowed Asriel playfully in the ribs while Toriel watched on confused as to what was so funny
about playing games, blissfully unaware of the dark meaning behind it.

You couldn’t wait for school to start tomorrow.

You couldn’t wait a second.

Chapter End Notes

I really wanted to give you guys a insight on the slightly fucked up nature of Frisk and Asriel's relationship, I don't believe for a second that they'll come out as innocent as they entered. (Well for Asriel anyway).

Plus let's have a moment of silence for Helen's head and poor, poor Chad.

... 

... 

...
The Prize

Chapter Summary

Asriel doesn't like to share.

Kid doesn't know when to GTFO out a bad situation.

Chapter Notes

I just wanted to give a big thank you for everyone that's been following this story, when I first started I didn't expect any sort of attention and was content with my story dying here. But you guys proved me wrong with the amount of support I see in the Kudos and comments I see on my phone every day. So thank you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

You still loved them.

Despite what all that happened between the two of them Asriel never stopped loving them.

He never stopped loving Chara.

That’s why he always blamed himself for their death.

Don’t get him wrong he still wouldn’t have killed those humans in the village for them, he wouldn’t kill unless it was absolutely necessary.

No he blamed himself for not stopping them.

Chara was sick, their soul was sick.

But at the same time it was so beautiful.
Chara’s darkness was refreshing from the constant love and attention that he got from everyone else.

They were new.

They were HUMAN.

They were his.

But then they died.

He became Flowey and everything went to shit.

For years he spent trying to recreate the same flare he got when hanging around Chara but to no avail.

It was just so boring.

But then Frisk happened, Frisk who looked so much like Chara that in his desperation started calling them labeled them AS Chara.

But Frisk wasn’t like Chara, no there were better.

So much better.

Frisk was fascinating in a way Chara could never be.

They had so many layers and with each route taken, each timeline RESET Asriel got to see a new side of Frisk’s personality.

Well, he couldn’t really appreciate it with Flowey being unable to feel but now he was alive again it all came rushing back.
For someone to hug their mother one moment to than be able to cut them down the next was something both terrifying yet so interesting at the same time. Asriel thought that Frisk was just a human version of his former self but no Frisk was different. Frisk might be even more screwed than he is now but was even better at hiding it.

Just thinking about it got Asriel all giddy.

This toy wasn’t broken like Chara.

They were his.

His

HIS

HIS.

The toy named Frisk became his.

And eventually (to his amusement) He became Frisk’s.

No one was opposed to this.

Frisk was his second chance.

This time he wouldn’t let his property be sullied by their own stupidity.

He would observe from the shadows, play along with them as he sees fit.

Because there hasn’t been a single moment when they were in control.
That’s why it annoyed Asriel more than anything when Frisk invited Monster Kid over to reenact their glorious battle.

Or to “play” in mortal terms.

Asriel never liked to share.

Not with kids his own age.

Not with Chara.

No one.

So when Monster Kid met Asriel on the first day of School and started talking about Frisk as if he was their best friend, well Asriel never felt such a jealous rage in his life.

So here he was in the park of Ebott now actually forced to “play” with his arch-nemesis on Frisk’s orders while they went to get a new stick.

“Hurry up and come back quick Yo!” The idiot dinosaur/lizard thing was hopping up and down like a complete tawt while stood off near the swings like the badass you were, which wasn’t a lot in your yellow and green sweater.

“Yes come back mortal so you can continue to lose to the MIGHTY GOD OF HYPER DEATH, HAHAHAHAHA!” you threw in a evil laugh for good measure and to your pleasure got a chuckle out of Frisk (and a confused look from Kid) before they took off into the undergrowth.

As soon as Frisk was gone you dropped the innocent facade that you had on and glared in monster kid’s direction, he likewise turned and scowled at you.

Heh, at least he knew his place.
“Let me make one thing clear kid, I am Frisk’s ONLY best friend. Got that?” You weren’t wasting any time.

The kid surprisingly stood his ground, “Like hell I will, I can hang out with Frisk if want to.”

How dare he?

You took a step forward.

He took two back.

Heh, coward.

“Come on Kid,” you were closing the distance with each step, “If you have some sort of stupid little crush on Frisk than you might as well give up now.”

Monster Kid was trying his best to hide his emotions but you saw it, just for a second in his eyes.

Gotcha.

Asriel went right up to his face and brought his mouth to Monster Kid’s ear, “Frisk is mine and mine alone so I’ll appreciate it if you BACKED THE FUCK UP.”

“I found a stick guys!”

Asriel leapt away from Monster Kid and returned to his original position as if nothing was wrong.

“Howdy Frisk,” He turned and gave Monster Kid a smile, “Me and Kid were having the best time right Kid?”

“Y-yeah it was...great,” Monster Kid’s reply was lackluster but it got the job the done, “I’m just remembered, my mom wants me back early so I gotta go bye!”
Kid took off at a run, not looking back once.

But Asriel could tell this wasn’t over yet.

Not by a long shot.

But that’s okay.

What’s the point of playing a game if there isn’t any competition.

Asriel looked at Frisk who was still waving at Kid’s retreating figure despite the futility of it.

The prize was never so sweet.

Kid was not a fan of Asriel and he was sure Asriel was not a fan of him.

The kid had more than his fair share of issues, especially if it’s anything to do with Frisk.

Normally Asriel was practically invisible, despite all the attention he got from being the ‘royal prince’ he didn’t give anyone the time of day.

Scarsh that he just didn’t give a single fuck.

So it was natural that he had no friends, not that he cared.

There was only two things that he seemed to care about: his parents and Frisk, what creeped Kid out is that Asriel seems to care about Frisk way more than he should.

Like way more.
It was like a switch was flipped whenever the conversation is about them, he gets extremely animated and goes off describing all of Frisk’s adventures and exploits; he was so damn proud of it as well like a mother who’s child won a freakin spelling bee or something.

Not that Kid thought that was weird, he thought Frisk was awesome too.

You’d have to be to break the barrier like that.

But still…

The way Asriel talks about Frisk was...disturbing.

No one else seemed to notice but MK always notice the possessive way Asriel said their name, like Frisk was theirs or something.

Really creepy.

But no one seemed to see the cracks in the crazy goat but Kid so he kept it quiet. It would have been fine too if Kid learned to keep his mouth shut.

Too bad Kid wasn’t known for being smart.

It all started when Ice Cap saw Frisk and Monster Kid hanging out next to the Ice cream stand guy, although Frisk was cool with everyone (well nearly everyone) it was still rare for them to be seen in public because of all the Ambassador work they had to do. Frisk was practically a celebrity, considered to be on the same level if not higher than Mettaton.

So for someone like Kid to be on a nice-cream basis with Frisk got him way more attention than he was expecting. Kid’s desk was swamped with eager kids wanting him to spill the beans about how he knew the hero of their people.

Kid being a kid, he was described the journey through waterfall as if it was a action movie, equipped
with sound effects and slightly over exaggerated his own roles in events. Thinking about Kid should have stopped there, it would have made everything so much less messed up.

“So what happened next when you hanging off a cliff?!” The bunny monster said practically bouncing up and down.

Kid looked up as if recounting a great memory from long ago (it wasn’t that long) “They saved me…

TWITCH

“And I saved them!”

TWITCH TWITCH

“They’re like my best friend!”

TWITCH TWITCH TWITCH TWITCH TWITCH TWITCH TWITCH TWITCH TWITCH TWITCH TWITCH TWITCH

No one seemed to notice as Asriel slid out of his desk and made his way to the door leading out the classroom, what scared kid was the way his eye was twitching throughout his entire recount of what happened in Waterfall.

He stopped.

Asriel turned right around and glazed right at Monster Kid, it felt like his soul was being analyzed and dissected like it was a science experiment.

Kid felt naked.

But then it stopped, just as suddenly as it started.
Kid looked up only to find Asriel mouthing something at him silently.

Kid read his lips.

“You” what?

What was he trying to say?

“You IDIOT.”

Asriel was gone, but Kid was terrified. Why did those words scare him more than anything else he’s ever known?

He had to find out.

Kid stood up ignoring the cries of protest from his classmates and took off after Asriel.

Where was he?...There!

Kid caught the back of Asriel’s iconic sweater going behind through a door and gave chase.

Only for Asriel to disappear again.

“Asriel where did you go dude?” Kid was getting real tired of this shit, “Come out man I just wanna talk about why you're so damn creepy!”

…

“I said that aloud didn’t I, hahahaha…ha”
“Way to put your foot in your mouth Kid,” thought Monster Kid “now there’s no way you’re gonna find-”

“ASRIEL!”

Said goat boy was hanging around the fire exit with a smug look on his face, “Come get me,” he said before taking off through the door.

Now Kid was pissed.

“GET OVER HERE RIGHT NOW DREEMURR!” Kid charged through the fire exit and chased Asriel all the way out of school and into the Ebott forest, until Asriel stopped running.

Yeah should have seen it coming.

“So Kid,” Asriel’s once condensing voice now became deathly quiet, “Where do you think you stand with Frisk?”

“Huh?” That was a weird question, “What do you mean?”

Asriel sighed and repeated himself.

“Well Frisk is my best-”

Before he finished his sentence Kid felt all the air leave his lungs as Asriel dug his fist into his stomach, so much so that Kid spat out dust.

Oh God it HURT.

“WRONG!” Asriel face was in a deadpan even as Monster Kid was dry-heaving on the floor unable to clutch his stomach with any arms. Asriel rolled his eyes and picked the kid up by the scruff of his
striped shirt, he got up right in his face and Monster kid noted to his ever growing horror that Asriel’s face somehow morphed into Frisk’s face only it was dripping off in some places and had fangs, oh god the fangs were red with blood. “Frisk doesn’t need to lower themselves by hanging out with the likes of you.” Asriel seemed to put as much disgust into that as possible which only made Kid even more pissed, “If you weren’t so fucking clumsy than Frisk wouldn’t have had to put their life on the line for you,” he pushed Kid away only to give him a swift kick to the left side making him fall to ground again. Kid was ready this time and pushed off the ground using his head as a battering ram which hit Asriel directly in the chest.

Only to bounce right off Asriel because it felt like Kid ran into a steel wall.

Asriel sighed dragging his hand down his face in exasperation, “See you can’t even be me in a FIGHT so how can you call yourself Frisk’s friend.”

“W-what the heck are you talking about?” Kid was confused again, what did FIGHTING have to do with anything?

Asriel put his arms up in the classic “I don’t know” stance, shaking his head, “Don’t you get it so we can protect them from the Humans.”

Heh if anything we should protect them from you.

The smile on Asriel’s face was quickly replaced with an ugly snarl.

Kid realised he spoke his thoughts aloud.

Again.

Oh crud.

“YoU DoN’t UnDeRsTaNd AnYtHiNg,” Asriel stopped himself and took several deep breathes to calm down, “Look Kid to be honest with you you’re just a nuisance so I suggest you stay out of our way, or else.” Asriel started to walk away, “Oh and this conversation never happened, you tell anyone and you’re gonna wish you stayed underground.”
And just like that Asriel disappeared.

It was then Kid that learned that Asriel was a fucking yandere.

And Kid made an enemy of said Yandere.

But as long as Kid stayed away from Frisk then Asriel won’t do a Yuno Gasai on him.

All he had to do was say no to Frisk.

Easy...right?

It wasn’t like he liked her or anything!

3 DAYS LATER: Present Time

You had one job Kid, one job.

Kid was hiding in his room after what could only be described as running for his life after Asriel more or less threatened him again.

But Frisk asked him to come through text and everything! They even used the smiley face emoticon, how could he refuse that?

Well he could and he should’ve because the amount of yandere that Asriel radiated was almost too much to bear.

Oh God.

Kid slid down the his door and put his head in between his head.
If he’s like this to him than what is he like to Frisk?

Pulling all his information about yanderes from that one time he watched *Future diary* with his cousin Alphys he knew that Asriel will just be low-key possessive towards Frisk until they start taking interest in anyone that’s not them.

That’s when things get messy.

Kid looked over to picture he kept by his bedside, it was of him and Frisk along with all the Snowdin children, the frame was titled “Stripped shirts 4 Life” and Frisk had the most softest smile…

That’s it.

Kid rose shakily to his feat.

He won’t lose to Asriel, he was going to save Frisk from their crazy brother even if they’re not aware of it. It was only fair after all they did for them.

He’ll play Asriel’s ‘game’ and win too.

Kid walked up to the picture, planting a small kiss on where Frisk’s face was before falling onto his bed.

Besides when has the prize ever been so sweet.
Asriel isn't yandere (probably) just doesn't like to share.
Frisk's guide to Middle School Number 2: Shit happens

Chapter Summary

It begins...

Chapter Notes

The first enemy is closer than you think.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“So let me get this straight,” Linda was pissed, “You had the entire male part of the 8th grade but you still got your ass beat by one 11 year old kid!”

Chad flinched under his mother’s scrutinizing glare, “It’s not MY fault that Kid is a monster!”

Linda flicked Chad on the forehead, “The kid a fucking pacifist, don’t give me that shit son, don’t lie to me like your father did.” Linda was a single parent, for obvious reasons.

“But they can fight Mom, we couldn’t even land a hit on them,” Chad was shuddering, “C-can’t we just expel them?”

“NO!” Linda snapped, “That’s what IT wants us to do. As soon as we kick them out they’ll just happily attend the madhouse of a school where the rest of the freaks go, by keeping them here they suffer.”

“So what can we do then?” Chad asked, he was already getting tired of this.

Linda smiled, it wasn’t as creepy as Chara but it was a solid third place, “It’s simple my dear, we just hit them where it hurts, and I know EXACTLY who to call.”

Chad backed away fearfully, “Y-you can’t call THEM not even Frisk deserves that Mom, those people are crazy!”
“SO WHAT IF THEY ARE!” Linda screamed at Chad, grabbing him by his hair, crimson droplets fell from where hair was forcefully ripped out the scalp. “THAT LITTLE SHIT HAS HUMILIATED THIS FAMILY FOR THE LAST TIME, DO YOU WANT TO LET THEM GET AWAY WITH THAT OR ARE YOU CONTENT WITH BEING A BITCH YOUR WHOLE LIFE!” Linda was tugging at the hair with each word she said.

“No, no, please no, you're right Mom you're always right so please let me go please.”

Linda unceremoniously dropped Chad onto the floor giving enough time to scurry away from the crazy mother.

“You were always a coward Chad, just like your pathetic father,” Linda looked at the quivering child in disgust causing them to whimper, “This is why I wanted a girl.”

Linda took out her phone and dialed the accursed number, “Hello, yeah it’s me Linda, I’ve found the child you were looking for.”

ROOFTOP

A entire week went by after you kicked every 8th graders ass (and Chad) the tales of your brutality spread throughout the school, if you weren’t the centre of attention before you definitely are now. Not that you minded, it just meant that people just didn’t wanna fuck with you.

So now you are forever alone.

You’ve gotten used to the whispering and the way how everyone seems to dive out of the way when you walking in their direction; it made getting lessons so much easier anyway.

Speaking of lessons you already lost count of the amount of test that your teachers seemed to have notified everyone of before you arrived.

The Bullshit was strong.
But you didn’t mind, it made it all the more fun when you got 100% in all of them and got to do a victory dance with Toriel over your report card like you were tribal.

So much for Frisk’s guide to middle school, you came in and one-shotted everyone before they even had a chance to become a problem.

You let out a sigh from where you sitting and took out your pack lunch, school food was still inedible; you swore that the dinner ladies purposely spit on your food just to spite you. Not that it upset you much, people have done worse in the past; besides it gave you an excuse to have Toriel’s home cooking more than usual.

RING-RING-RIN-

Oh thank God something’s happening.

You ripped your phone out of your pocket.

* LORD OF HYPEREDGE IS CALLING

“What up flower boy,” you were starting off strong.

“Right back at you Frisky.”

“...I thought I told you that to never speak that name again.”

“Hey, you were the one that greeted me with trauma so you kinda had that coming.”

“...I hate when you’re right,” You can already imagine the shit-eating grin that comes forth every time, “So why are you calling?”

“I was bored.”
“Don’t you have friends that you can hang with? I mean you are the prince of monsters.”

“Nah, to be honest everyone here just pisses me off,” There was a short pause, “It’s not as fun without you here Frisk.”

You sighed, “Yeah I feel the same way.”

“So that means there’s only one thing to do then,” you can already hear the excitement building in his voice, despite all that’s happened he’s still just a kid at heart, “Your mission if you choose to accept is to get yourself kicked out of Linda’s madhouse and get yourself into Toriel’s school for Monsters.”

“Was the James Bond thing really necessary?”

“Yes.”

“Okay fine,” it’s not like you’re got anything else going on right now, “Yeah Asriel I know what we’re going to do today!”

“...Was the Phineas and Ferb reference really necessary?”

“Gotta pay homage to the stripped child of imagination bro.”

“I thought that was me...”

“Nah you’re more about hopes and dreams.”

“But **YOU** were the one that used those powers during that fight not me.”

“Look whatever,” You rolled your eyes, “Just meet me at the park.”
“Yeah, yeah anything you want Captain Frisk.”

*CALL ENDED*

You felt the smile creeping onto your face.

Today was going to be awesome.

You found Asriel hiding in a bush.

Seems legit.

“Asriel what the fu-,” before you could even finish the sentence Asriel covered your mouth and pulled you into the bush.

“Quiet! They’re some truancy officers still hanging around here.” He was right too, a possibly over-enthusiastic sweaty bald dude appeared seconds after you were pulled into the bush sniffing the ground you were standing on before taking off in a completely different direction.

“...Can we pretend we never saw that,” Asriel looked extremely disturbed.

“Saw what?” You didn’t even want to know anymore.

“Exactly, moving swiftly on,” Asriel reached into his school bag and put on a mask to cover his face, “Hey we need to get you kicked out not me so for all intent and purposes I was never here.”

He wouldn’t.

“You wouldn’t,” Asriel looked unmoved, “Come on Az you can’t just let your poor younger sibling take the fall all by them lonesome.” You batted your eyelashes for extra effect.
“I’m only older than you by a day so I think I’m alright,” note to self: goat immune to eyelash batting.

“Fine, fine what’s your plan oh deranged brother of mine?” you asked.

“This…” Asriel pulled out his phone and showed you his inventory.

“How?” Where did he even get this stuff?!

“I have my ways,” Asriel stood up to full height, puffing up his chest as he did so, “Now to battle!”

He sent you half the supplies.

“Yes, to battle…”

It wasn’t even a battle, it was a massacre…

...No one was spared of the combined pranking prowess of the Dreemurr siblings. Whoopie cushions, joy buzzers, banana peels and pies.

So, so many pies.

Mostly of the butterscotch-cinnamon variety.

By time Asgore and Toriel were called in, Frisk’s mysterious partner in crime disappeared into the horizon; Frisk giving them a salute the entire way, tears dripping down their pie-encrusted face, sunlight shining on them like a spotlight.

Of course Asgore and Toriel didn’t see the beauty in the moment like you did.

You took note of the trident in your dad’s hand and the flaming fists of your mother yet as hot as they were their glares seem to turn your very SOUL into ice.
You realized you’ve made poor life decisions.

You tried to summon the **DETERMINATION** to reach the save file because death by murderous caprine was something you swore never to experience again.

Only to stop yourself.

If you did this the valiant efforts of your precious comrades would have been for nothing.

Plus ANYTHING is better than staying in this shitty ass school.

Just this once you were going to accept the consequences of your actions.

“I’m ready,” you held up your hands in surrender as both parents hooked on arm and dragged you into the school.

The school was just as bad as outside, Pies, toilet paper and party string covered the halls, walls, falls?

That didn’t rhyme.

Still you noted with some satisfaction that the school also had pie-covered students to match their pie-covered walls. Everyone of them staring at you with eyes full of salt.

You just had to send Asriel a pic of this.

You slowly took your phone out of your pocket and took a picture and then sent it to Asriel.

*MESSAGE DIDN’T SEND*

Huh weird.
“A-HEM,” you saw the imposing figure of Asgore next to you, cracking his knuckles.

You had training tomorrow.

You decided to hand over the phone.

All too soon you made it to Helen’s office, Toriel knocked on the door and was greeted with a far worse sight.

“Hello Frisk.”

Linda.

“YOU!” Why is she here, don’t she have like a entire district to run or something.

“Me,” her tone was flat, it was change from her normal high pitch squeal, the message fail from your phone earlier flashed in your mind.

“Mr and Mrs Dreemurr,” you didn't like the emphasis she put on your parents last names, neither did your parents as you saw the slight twitch over Toriel’s eye. “Come in, we have much to discuss.”

You, Asgore and Toriel shared a look before stepping into Helen’s office, it was a bit bigger than a normal office, big enough for both Toriel and Asgore to fit comfortably in with enough space for several other people as well.

“I want to apologize for our child’s behaviour,” Toriel said bowing her head slightly. You knew that both your parents were actually very proudful so for her to have to apologize for your own behaviour to Linda of all people must be a serious blow to her pride.

“Yes, we will happily pay for all the damages Frisk has caused the school and will happily take them away from here to avoid incidents like this from happening again.” Asgore said.
You whipped around and caught it, just for a second the smirk that flashed across both of your parents faces.

Gotta love goat parents.

“That’s quite alright your majesties ,” Linda’ face broke out into a manic smile that sent chills down everyone’s spines, “You’ve paid quite enough already.”

The feeling of uneasiness came back with a vengeance as Linda placed a phone on her table.

ASRIEL’S PHONE.

Before you could react Toriel flipped the table and grabbed Linda by the neck, easily lifting her off the floor. “What did you do to my baby?!?” Her hand was hovering to the side of Linda’s face tingling with fire magic.

“You should be more concerned about the child you still have Mrs Dreemurr.” Linda raised her hand and clicked her fingers.

The windows smashed as cloaked figures swung into the room firing projectiles at you, you tried to dodge most of them but on of them hit you in the arm. On closer inspection it looked more like a syringe?

Why on earth are they firing syr-

“ AAAARRRRGGGHHHHH!” It hurt, it hurts, it hurts, oh god it fucking hurts so much. The pain was blinding every sense was dulled and for the next couple of seconds all you knew was pain, the syringe was sucking something out of you, the mystery liquid was so bright that it hurt to look at; burned to touch but eventually you managed to rip it out of your arm, smashing on the ground. Golden liquid pooled beneath your feet.

The situation was getting way too dangerous , you reached for your SAVE FILE.
BUT YOU MISSED.

YOU REACHED FOR YOUR SAVE.

YOU MISSED AGAIN.

MISS

MISS

MISS

Why wasn’t it working?! 

You tried to dig up some **DETERMINATION**, pushing the very limits of power.

But it wasn’t enough.

You couldn’t seem generate enough determination to wind back the timeline.

You stared numbly at the golden liquid that was pooling at your feet.

The realization of what happened hit you like a truck.

They *knew*.

These people know what you could do.

They were with **THEM**.
*YOU LET THE MASK FALL*

If anyone dies then there’s no guarantee that you could bring them back.

They kidnapped Asriel.

You charged up to the guy that rushed you and delivered a devastating uppercut sending him flying straight into the ceiling.

**NO MERCY.**

Before the others could react you grabbed Asriel’s phone from the table and took off from the room, your parents following behind you with Toriel dragging Linda along the floor.

You have to get away.

You *had* to run for now, get your family home and keep them there.

Once they’re out of the way you’ll be free to look for Asriel without having to hold back.

And when you’re determination comes back you’ll once take your position as God of this world and purge the bastards that dare rear their ugly heads.

Asgore kicked down the doors as you and Toriel ran out the school’s front entrance (Toriel making sure that Linda hit every step on the way down), you took out your phone, using your jetpack would be faster than walking any-.

**THUD**

*ASGORE HAS BEEN DEFEATED*
Once again time slowed down to a halt as you watched from the corner of your eyes Asgore and Toriel falling.

Are they dead?

NO!

“No,no,no,no,no,no...

A black van with tinted windows drove up to the school; more cloaked figures armed with determination extractors swarmed into the road.

All of them aiming at you.

...no,no,no,no,no,no,no,no,no...

You didn’t even notice as Linda walked past you to hide stand behind the army of mercenaries, a creepy smile on her face as she started counting down.

“Three!”

There was nowhere to run.
“Two!”

Nobody else will come to your rescue.

“One!”

It’s all over.

You knew nothing but excruciating pain as hundreds of syringes dug into every pore in your body before your consciousness embraced the darkness.

Chapter End Notes

NEXT TIME: The entire monster community is in uproar after hearing the news about the assault on the royal family, but Sans isn't that concerned. Meanwhile Frisk, now with dangerously low amounts of Determination remembers all too quickly that some enemies don't want your mercy.
Humanity were the Artists and My body was the canvas

Chapter Summary

Same old, same old.

Chapter Notes

WARNING: Slightly graphic images of child body mutilation.

“WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON’T KNOW WHERE THEY ARE!” Undyne practically screamed at the poor policeman.

“It’s exactly like we said mam, the Dreemurrs have been missing for four hours now and we still have no leads.”

Undyne resisted the urge to suplex the entire station, it didn’t take long for the news of the school brawl to spread across the country and the crazed politician that carried it out successfully. The monsters were enraged at the blatant attack against them, many demanding justice; tensions between two were the highest it’s ever been.

Normally it wouldn’t be a problem, if it weren’t for the fact that Frisk was gone too.

Frisk was the only one able to keep the more anti-monster politicians away, how? no one really knew and no one bothered to ask because doing the impossible was just part of what makes them so great.

But they went and got captured too.

And the way they got captured is what got Undyne so pissed.

How can they just gun them down like that.
At least when Undyne was trying to kill them she gave them a way to defend themselves, but what those things done to her bestie was fucked up.

So that’s why it pissed her off when these shitty humans with their shitty jobs and shitty equipment couldn’t find the one trace of the only non-shitty human in the entire SHITTY CITY.

“UNDYNE YOU MUST WITHHOLD YOUR RAGE,” Papyrus was only just holding her back from crushing the poor guy’s head like a grapefruit, “WHAT WOULD THE HUMAN THINK IF YOU WERE TO HURT SOMEONE IN THEIR ABSENCE.”

"FRISK WOULD, Frisk would..."

Undyne suddenly went limp.

What would Frisk think?

If it was back in the underground than Undyne could have said without a doubt that Frisk would have hated her for even thinking of hurting someone else.

But now, now she wasn’t so sure.

Frisk changed when they left the underground, everyone else might try and pretend that they were really the same but the evidence was staring right at their face. It was written all over their eyes and marked their soul.

Frisk had seen too much.

Frisk had been through too much.

Frisk’s SOUL was too old for their body.

Frisk wasn’t even Frisk.
As much as everyone tried to forget everyone at one point or another has made an attempt on Frisk’s life, whether directly or indirectly and Frisk fought everyone one of them.

Without hitting back once.

There was a reason why Frisk doesn’t let anyone see them naked and only wears big baggy sweaters that cover up all their skin.

And it hurt them to know they were the reason why.

Well, everyone except Toriel who revealed that during the month they lived in the ruins Frisk never let her bathe them either, if anything they were more defensive of their body.

It didn’t take long for Undyne to reach a dark conclusion, neither did Asgore or Asriel whose faces at the time were grim.

If Frisk was like this before leaving the ruins does that mean they have scars from their time aboveground?

More importantly…

What could be so bad that they would have to cover it up?

It was those thoughts that plagued Undyne’s mind as she and Papyrus made back to Alphy's lab where the good doctor was already hard at work trying to locate them with Sans sleeping in the corner.

…

“Sans,” Undyne shook herself off Papyrus and stomped up to the shorter skeleton; promptly shaking him awake, “Why the hell are sleeping are friends have been kidnapped!”
Sans however looked like he couldn’t care less, “yeah, so what?”

“SANS!” Papyrus looked so disappointed, “JUST BECAUSE YOU AND THE HUMAN ARE FIGHTING DOESN’T MEAN YOU SHOULD NOT BE CONCERNED FOR THEIR SAFETY.” Papyrus shot Sans a withering glare, “ESPECIALLY IF IT’S YOUR FAULT.”

Sans’s eye flashed blue for a split second, Papyrus had to quickly duck as a flying cup of instant noodles flew over where his head would be. Another flash and Sans was out Undyne’s grip and sitting on a chair on the other side of the room.

“H-hey c-could everyone calm down!” Alphys shouted, “I can’t concentrate with all this noise.”

“Tch,” Undyne put away a spear she summoned, “I just don’t get you Sans, what’s your problem with Frisk?”

Sans sighed, “It’s not that I have a problem, it’s just I’m finding it hard to trust the kid.”

Alphys stopped working, “What do you mean?”

Sans swiveled around on his chair, “It’s just it feels like the Frisk we knew in the underground wasn’t the real Frisk.”

“What DO Y-” Papyrus began.

“don’t play dumb pap,” Sans’s eye became blue again, “you know that kid has more secrets than i have stolen bottles of ketchup, i have a feeling that frisk’s safety is the last thing we should be worrying about.”

“Did you not see the CCTV feed Sans!” Undyne couldn’t believe the bullshit coming out of Sans’s mouth, “I couldn’t even see the kid under all of those syringes!”

“but did you not see their face?” Sans asked patiently.
“What about their face?!”

“i’ve seen that expression before,” Everyone was shocked, “that’s the face of someone whose past sins came back to consume them.”

All you knew was darkness.

You struggled.

But nothing happened.

You struggled again.

But nothing happened.

You strugg-

White and purple filled your vision.

It felt familiar?

“wake up…”

You had to get up.

“Wake up my child,”

There was still so much you had to do.
“FRISK PLEASE WAKE UP!”

Your eyes snapped open only to find yourself be embrace of your mother.

“O-oh t-thank god,” Toriel’s voice was shaky, “We thought that you’ll never wake up and, a-and” she broke into sobs again and went back to hugging you as if you would disappear if she let go. While being held you took notice of the place you were now in, it was classic dungeon fitted with damp corners, windowless walls and...shackles. You saw Asgore behind Toriel holding something else with equal desperation.

Asriel.

“A-Az,” you croaked. Your throat felt like it had a run in with Chara in a dark alley, “You’re...okay.”

But Asriel didn’t look it, his eyes were bloodshot from crying, “F-Frisk!” He tried moving towards me but was held back by the shackle on his foot, “You shouldn’t be worrying about me…”

“Huh what do you mean?” You asked but no one could look you in the eye, “Dad? Mom? Az? Come on you’re scaring me.”

You tried to pat Toriel’s arm.

Keyword tried.

Your arm wasn’t moving.

Nothing was moving.

“G-guys why can’t I move?” you could see your limbs but why on earth can’t you move them.
Asgore grimaced, “You’ve lost a lot of determination Frisk,” you blanched, how did you manage to lose more, “So much so that your body has to redirect what’s left to keeping you alive...but not for much else.”

“Oh.”

What else could you say?

You were a prisoner in your own body till you find a way to raise your determination backup to normal.

It made sense why they didn’t bother shackling you.

“I must ask you my child,” The suspicious tone in Asgore’s voice made you seize up, “What is your relation with these people?”

Crap, how much did they know?

“I don’t know what you’re talki-”

“DON’T LIE TO ME HUMAN!” Asgore’s booming voice rocked you to your very soul and you felt smaller than you’ve had felt before. But underneath that boiling rage you felt...worry?


Now Asgore looked uncomfortable, no looked sick.

Now you’re really screwed.

You know what they saw.
You felt the all too-familiar tingle on your back.

The doors were flung open and the cloaked figures once again surrounded the Dreemurr family.

But their attention was solely focused on the bloody human child in the middle of them, Toriel and Asgore desperately throwing healing spell after healing spell into Frisk’s unresponsive body; Asriel has long since stopped watching, instead curled in on himself and became completely catatonic.

A cloaked figure with a red and gold robe stood forward from the crowd of black along with one with a white and green robe.

“Is that the child?” Asked the green robe.

“Yes, but let’s make sure just in case.” Replied the red one, they clicked their fingers and one of the normal black hooded men reached for Frisk. Like a switch was turned on Asriel suddenly jumped on them, fists blazing as he rapidly beat them down. Asgore summoned his trident and side-by-side with their son and charged.

Only for glowing shackles to burst out the ground and bind them to the wall.

“LET ME GO,” Asriel was struggling feverishly against his bonds even as they dug into his wrists drawing blood, “DON’T YOU DARE TOUCH THEM YOU BASTARDS, I’LL KILL YOU. I’LL KILL ALL OF YOU!”

The red one ignored his protests and continued to advance towards Frisk and Toriel, a ring of fire surrounded them, “I won’t you touch my child,” Toriel raised her hand and a stream of fire was released point blank, “I won’t let anyone hurt my children again,” She fired again, “Not now NOT EVER!” A column of flames engulfed them completely. “Ha,haa,haaaa…” Toriel gasped, “That attack took everything I had but at least I managed to protect Frisk,” she readjusted her grip on the unconscious child, “I finally managed to protect a chi-”

Chains wrapped around her throat, forcefully yanking her off a feet; throwing her against a wall. Another set wrapped around Frisk and ripped them out of Toriel’s arms.

“How DARE YOU!” Asgore bellowed he shook and bucked with all his might, cracks started to appear in the wall behind him but his shackles weren’t budging. He cursed himself for not realizing
sooner, these people he knew what they were, “YOU DAMN MAGE!”

The chains holding Frisk carried the child over to the green one, dropping the child unceremoniously into their arms, The mage gave Frisk a once over before ripping their sweater off.

The silence was deafening.

The Dreemurrs slumped in their resistants, “W-wha?” Asriel couldn’t believe this was real, he couldn’t understand what he was looking at.

Frisk’s body was nothing short of horrific.

Scars littered their body, every inch up to their neck and down to feet were horribly disfigured; parts of flesh were missing in some parts of the body but worst of all was the back. Their back had multiple gouges in it as if some was purposely trying to rip off the skin layer by layer. While his parents were too busy taking in the wounds on their body Asriel was more concerned with the number that seemed to be carved into their chest.

“7?” thought Asriel, “Why the number seven?”

The green mage studied the damage to their body like it was science project, the more he saw the happier he seemed to get, he ran his fingers through the grooves in their back with a disturbing sense of pleasure, “Yes, yes! You’re are the one we’ve been seeking.” After repeated the process a couple times, and much to the Dreemurrs growing horror seemed to be enjoying it way more than they deemed normal.

“Will you stop,” The red mage stepped out the shadows ignoring the gasp from Toriel, “At least try to act professional.”

The green mage stopped, “Damn, I thought you were finally dead,” He threw Frisk’s body back to Toriel who despite having chains around her throat managed to catch them before they hit the ground.

“Oh my poor baby,” Toriel’s voice was so soft as she tenderly held Frisk’s body while trying to put as much distance between her and the mages as she could. “What did they do to you?” She couldn’t help but grimace at the extent of their injuries, no child should have more battle damage
than a war veteran. Frisk’s body easily succeeded the damage on both Asgore’s and Toriel body from after the war.

“You better rest up,” The green mage mocked, “You have a busy day tomorrow and we want you in tip-top shape!” The giddiness in his voice was hard to ignore as he practically skipped out the cell.

“If you would excuse me,” the red mage clicked his fingers and the chains around Toriel’s neck disappeared only to reappear on her ankles, he clicked his fingers again and the masses of black mages filed out with him at the back, closing the door behind them.

The silence in the cell was suffocating.

“Guess we know why they climbed Mt. Ebott.” said Asriel glumly.

Asgore face twisted in a rage no one has ever seen in him before as he watched his wife rock back on forth with Frisk in her arms whispering softly into deaf ears.

You didn’t know what to say.

They knew now.

Maybe not everything.

Hell they only really touched the surface of what’s going on.

But that didn’t change the fact that they knew something.

Never before had the option to LOAD seem so good.

Looking at your families faces they weren’t going to take no for an answer, you couldn’t straight up lie as well because they will call you out on it.
There’s only one thing you could do.

“They’re mad because I broke the barrier.”

Half-truth.

“How have you known them for?” Asgore was quick with next question.

“As long as you have.”

Half-truth.

Asgore studied your face to make sure you weren’t lying before continuing, “What do they want with you.”

“I don’t know.”

Anymore.

Asgore’s eyes flickered over your body but didn’t ask how you got in that state.

You were thankful for that.

Before Asgore could think of a different question Asriel cut in, there was a deep sadness in his eyes, “Are they the reason you fell.”

“Ariel!” Toriel reprimanded, “That’s not something you ask someone, especially, not something like that!” Asriel huffed and started pouting but didn’t do continue. You recognized the look in his eyes though, if you survived this you knew this conversation. “And you Dreemurr, now’s not the time to be interrogating Frisk! Have you both forgotten their condition!” They both shrunk away from the almost murderous aura your mother was given off. “Besides we have more pressing matters to deal
“Like surviving.” said Asriel.

“You and your dramatics.” you sighed.

“S-shut up!”

The cell was filled with the laughter of your family as you tried to make light of the dark situation you’ve found yourselves in. But you couldn’t fully join in, not really. The longer you stay here the less chance you have of getting out of this alive.

You checked your SOUL.

You were willing to become a angel for your enemies.

But now those enemies have become your closest friends.

No, they were your family now.

The only reason you have for living.

Even if it means nothing would ever be the same between you and them again.

Are you willing to become a demon for them?

…

…
You knew your answer.

And it filled you with **DETERMINATION.**
I'll SAVE you from yourself

Chapter Summary

Frisk and Asriel have a little chat.

Enemies from the past come in all shapes and sizes.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The cell was filled with the snores of the Dreemurrs as one-by-one they slowly fell asleep.

Well except for two.

“Frisk,” Asriel whispered, “We need to talk...For real this time,”

You knew what he meant by ‘for real’ you just weren’t ready for to deal with a someone that can see through your bullshit at this moment in time.

“Yeah, yeah I know.” Your voice was barely above a whisper since you’re only using the bare amount of DETERMINATION to keep you from completely going mute.

Asriel nodded and shuffled over to where to Toriel, his ball and chain screeching across the floor making you wince slightly in fear of waking up your parents. When Asriel finally made it he ever so carefully carried your body out of Toriel’s arms and rested your head on his lap.

“...Really…” you weren’t impressed.

Asriel shrugged, “It’s either this or the floor, your choice.”

Damn it.
“You’re lucky you’re so damn soft...idiot.”

...  

...  

...  

Despite yourselves you and Asriel couldn’t help but laugh, even in the bleakest of circumstances you both still found a way to make light of the situation. Sometimes the best lies are the ones you tell yourself, if you could keep pretending you’re okay, if you can keep pretending that you were actually at home then maybe you’ll be ready to face reality.

Asriel suddenly stopped laughing, “But seriously we need to talk about how we’re going to kill all the mages here.”

Reality doesn’t like being ignored apparently.

“What the hell Az!” you shouted, “We can’t just kill them off!”

Yet.

“And why not?” Asriel titled his head, sounding generally confused, “They attacked us, locked us up and are now holding us against our will,” his voice got lower as he almost growled out, “Plus they’re mages.”

You were shocked, the amount of hatred in his voice made Omega Flowey look like a child on with a temper tantrum, Asriel sounded like he would happily slaughter them all only to LOAD a couple times and repeat the process just for shits and giggles.

Asriel seemed baffled, “What did you expect me to say, they were the ones that locked us in mount Ebott. It was their magic that trapped us in that hell, the only reason we’re so forgiving is because we as a species decided to direct all of our negative feeling on the specific group of humans that started all this. Any Monster would just love to tear into a mage, regardless of how old or young they are.” Asriel leaned in, “Especially Mom and Dad.”
You took this information in, as much as you didn’t want to admit it you understood why they had that mindset, trying to hate everyone wouldn’t be healthy, they would turn into Chara. Or at least Chara-like versions of themselves.

A single red flame burned in the distance as you held Flowey close to your chest, your sneakers were soggy from the blood that covered the floor.

Your blood.

You screamed as you felt the fire crawl slowly up your arm, devouring it whole till it was nothing but a blackened stump.

You stared into the crazed eyes on the one you call mother as she licked a shared bit of flesh of her claw like it was succulent portion of meat.

Spears cutting into your stomach; your insides spilling out onto the floor in a steady current onto the floor; Spears stabbing through the joints in your arms and legs keeping you pinned agansit the wall with as you death in the form of your precious auntie came closer and closer and closer and closer.

You were breaking, your bones being crushed into fine powder.

A trident lies forgotten as the king decides that his own fists would be more adequate in dealing with the likes of you.

You were so alarmed by the change that you never saw the fist that went right through you and ripped your heart from your ches-

SMACK!

Your ears were slightly ringing as you held the check from where Asriel had slapped you.

…
“Thanks, I needed that.” You said.

“Bad timeline?” Asriel asked

“Oh yeah,” You shuddered, the RESETs where you got stuck in a corrupted save file was when you had some of your most brutal deaths, brutal to the point where even Chara was disturbed and that was saying something. Luckily all you had to do to return was to get a ending.

Any ending.

You don’t want to think about what the corrupted versions of your family would do to you with your paralyzed body.

“So let me cut to the chase,” Asriel started, “Can you access your save file?”

You shook your head, “If I had that amount of Determination do you think we’ll still be here?”

Asriel winced, “Yeah, that was a stupid question wasn’t it huh?” He scratched his chin, “Too bad too we could have just done a mad dash till we finally escaped.”

“Even if I did could I don’t think I’ll want to do things your way, it just sounds...painful.” The idea of constantly dying over and over again didn’t sound like a fun time. “Well what about you bro? You’ve always been more about brains than me when it comes to these type of things.” It was all too true. Years of being Flowey has turned the child into a insane tatticatian, you still haven’t seen a strategy game where you’ve beaten him in. It lead to some interesting moments when Undyne came over only to get smacked 10 nil in street fighter. Asgore had to replace the couch after Undyne suplexed it in rage.

“Hmm, well there’s always my hyper death form.” Asriel said.

“Wait what?! You didn’t think he could still do that, “Don’t you need like the souls of every monster to do that?”

“Hah, like I need anyone else to achieve my true form,” The glare you gave could melt through solid
steel, “I-I only need a tiny bit of determination from you to get me going. Like a spark to start a flame.”

Well you did manage to increase the level of your determination early that night but you kinda want to keep a hold of it.

“Can’t you just use magic instead?” You asked.

Asriel shook his head, “I wouldn’t be asking if I could now would I?”

You winced, “Stupid question?”

“Very.”

You sighed, “Then what can we do Az, the way I see it there’s nothing we can do besides wait.”

Asriel’s face broke into a grin, “Golly Frisk, I never thought you could lie right to my face like that.”

Damn.

“I really can’t hide anything from you can I?” You laugh but it was devoid of humor, “You’re somehow even worse than Sans and he was one hell of a-”

“Don’t try to change the subject.”

“...Fine,” you sigh, this is why you thought it was too early to deal with detective Asriel, “Look, it’s more of a last resort if anything.”

“Oh?” Asriel eyebrow raised, “Than please enlighten me.”

“...”
“Oh come Frisk, now’s not the time for you to pull that selective mutism crap.”

“...Look Asriel, I need to know. Do you trust me?”

“...”

“Asriel?”

“That’s not a fair question to ask Frisk.”

“Than don’t ask me what I’m planning to do.”

“Fine.” Asriel put a hand under your chin and forced you to face him, “But trust me when I say I’m gonna keep an eye on you, I don’t think I could really trust your words anymore.”

Those words hurt more than you thought they would, “Why would you sa-”

“Frisk don’t do this,” The words had slightly condescending tone to them, “You can’t do this alone please .”

Your eyes widen.

There’s no way.

He can’t remember.

No one should be able to remember.

In this game you made so if you want you could make a load where no one but you would remember. Not Sans and definitely not Asriel.
You thought you were finally above the consequences.

“H-How m-much do you r-remember.”

“Enough.” Asriel said.

You freeze.

“But seeing as I don’t want to murder you on the spot I have a feeling that I’m missing more.”

You release the breath you’ve been holding.

Asriel fingers start to play with your hair.

You didn’t try and resist.

“Don’t take it the wrong way Frisk, it’s just…” Asriel gave your hair a yank, “I don’t think you know what’s best for what’s best for you anymore.”

You kept silent. Out of fear or morbid curiosity you no longer knew.

“You know it’s like Chara alllll oveeer agaiiiin,” His fingers clench your hair but you easily ignore the pain, “You both lie to everyone and pretend that you’re okay. You put up your respective personas getting close but never letting yourselves get to attached for fear of losing them.” Asriel sighed finally easing up in his grip but not letting go. “Maybe I was content to watch Chara destroy themselves just because I was interested in watching the explosion but you...I just want to protect you.”

You narrowed your eyes, “I don’t need protection.”

Asriel chuckled, “You’re right, you don’t.” Asriel grabbed both sides of your face and brought you
so close to his face that your nose was touching his snout, “You need **SAVING** .”

He let your head go; letting it fall back into his head with a soft thud, Asriel smiled softly and patted your head, “You don’t need to worry anymore Frisk, this time I’ll look out for you this time. So don’t go dying on me you got that.” His eyes narrowed into slits and his hyper death voice came through, **“I wOn’T AlLoW It!”**

*How dare he?!*

“Who the hell do you think you are?!” you growled, “This isn’t some kind of joke, you’re gonna end up getting your stupid ass killed!”

“Who do I think I am?” Asriel looked like he was actually pondering that question instead of just doing it to piss you off, he flashed his stupid, slightly manic smile, “Your saviour.”

…

…

…

Heh.

“**Cute.**”

Rodney was getting really sick of this shit.

Ever since the kid and his family of freaks decided to go and get themselves kidnapped he had been under pressure to find them ever since.

If it were anyone else than Rodney wouldn’t have minded.
But it was THE KID (or Frisk as they now call themselves now) that got kidnapped.

And that made it his problem.

How was Linda the fucking one to take the kid down will for forever astound Rodney as he clearly remembers that not even the when the higher ups in the government got involved they couldn’t touch them.

Figures it would take actual monsters to slip into their defences.

Almost makes you wonder why they bother to make an entire department just for them.

Almost.

The child with many faces, Frisk, might be the biggest mystery of this century and Rodney would be damned if he let it slip through his fingers.

Rodney fingers absentmindedly tap on the big folder on his desk, sheets were practically bursting from it.

Frisk’s folder.

Every fake name, school, doctor visit, incident and country they’ve ever been sighted in.

Maybe Rodney wouldn’t be able to piece it together but he knows someone who can.

A dull knock came from Rodney’s office door.

“knock knock.”

“Well come in.”
Sans teleported into Rodney’s room, his perpetual smile seemed to widen at the sight of the folder on Rodney’s desk.

Rodney raised his eyebrows, “What’s wrong?”

Sans shook his head, “oh nothing,” Sans eye glowed his usual cyan blue, “i just feel like I’m going to have a great time.”

Tons of dark mages were hard at work taking wires and redirecting them to the big screen. You would think that with magic that they’ll have a magic cauldron or a crystal ball.

But why bother with all of that when Skype was a thing?

So re-purpose a billboard advert that they “borrowed” from the highway and violia.

The green mage stood at the near the front with the red mage. “I still can’t believe we’ve done it, we actually got them.” He did a little jig on the spot.

The Red mage clicked his tongue, “Calm yourself man, it is unbecoming of you.” He laughed lightly, “But I understand your enthusiasm, it almost feels to good to be true…”

The green mage nodded very quickly which looked weird considering they all wore hoods, “Of all the mages that were looking for the kid it was US that found them,” The green mage started dancing again, “We’re gonna be famous, famous, FAAAMMMOUSS!”

The red mage shook his head, sometimes the green mage acted more like a child than actual children.

“Sir we’re ready.” A dark mage approached the two mages with a bow, “Should we try and establish a connection?”
“Yes!” Even the red mage couldn’t keep the excitement out of his voice, “Do it now.”

The dark mage nodded and clicked his fingers.

CONNECTING

CONNECTING

CONNECTING

CONNECTING

NOPE

CON-

Nah

CO?

No...

CALL FAILED

YAY!

“What the fuck?” The green mage stared at the screen like it was playing some sick joke.
Like there’s no way this was real.

On the screen a virus that was in the shape of a child with red eyes and a green and yellow sweater was blocking the signal.

They bore an uncanny resemblance to Frisk.

“How did the kid even?” The green mage couldn’t even begin to understand what was going on. “Boss?”

The Red mage hadn’t moved, instead took to clenching and unclenching his fists while muttering curses under his breathe.

“WHAT WAS THAT? YOU WANTED ME TO CRASH YOUR SERVER, OKAY!” The virus took out a gigantic kitchen knife from their pocket and started to stab the ground repeatedly. Screens turned to code as millions of virtual knives destroyed code after code after code.

…

Nothing survived.

The virus stood on the blank screen with a viscous smile before disappearing into a cloud of zeros and ones.

“DAMN IT!” Fireball was launched at the screen, causing the room to be showered in a storm of glass, “DAMN IT, DAMN IT, DAMN IT!”

“Woah,” The green mage stumbled back, it takes a lot to piss of Red like this, “You okay there boss?”

The Red mage however was in another world.
It was them.

The child.

It’s always the child.

We were fools for thinking it would be that easy.

I bet they’re mocking us right now.

They’re laughing at us.

Laughing at me.

But I’ll show them.

Yes.

No one makes a fool out of me.

I’ll make them suffer.

I’ll make them H U R T.

And I know exactly who to call.

The red mage stopped his twitching, “Come my brother, we will have our vengeance against the child.”
“How?” Green was scared, he’s never seen such a drastic change in attitude from them, “I’m pretty sure they’re aren’t any spell for diving into the internet.”

“No you fool,” The red mage snapped, “I meant Frisk, they must have done something!”

With that the red mage turned on his heel and began walking towards the exit.

“Where are you going boss? The cells are the other way.”

“Just wait my dear friend,” The red mage chuckled, “I wouldn’t want to ruin the surprise, for you or for Frisk…”

They reached their destination.

Their laughter echoed down the halls.

Chapter End Notes

Headcannon: Au like Underfell, Overtale, Flowerfell etc actually happened and were just mutations in the timeline. Frisk is the only one that remembers what happened in them.
Reasons To FIGHT

Chapter Notes

Just want to say a huge thank you to everyone that is following this story, the support you guys give me is awesome. I honestly thought that no one would even like this because of how different it was but you guys prove me wrong everytime. Makes me feel as if I'm not a complete fuck up. So thanks.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You were woken up to the sound of the cell door getting kicked in.

Was it morning? Or was it still nighttime? Without any sunlight you had no way of figuring out how much time has passed. Just like in the Underground, you spent an entire year there added to all the timeline stuff that went down you were probably only slightly younger than Asgore mentally.

It was still depressing to think about.

Back to the matter at hand, you woke up to find yourself hidden next to Asriel as both Toriel and Asgore were protecting you from the extremely pissed off red mage.

You don’t know whether that was a good thing or not.

“FRISK DREEMURR!” Flames were dancing around the room, easily scorching the walls and turning the room into sweltering oven, “SHOW YOURSELF YOU DAMN COWARD!”

It’s was a bad thing. A seriously bad thing.

“Psst,” Asriel whispered to you, “What did you do this time?”

You whisper back, “I didn’t even do anything this time...I think.”

“You think?!?”
Before you can reply all too-familiar chains came in, wrapping themselves around your family members and leaving once again defenceless on the floor. You shout out from the drop as you bang your head against the stone floor.

“Frisk!” Asriel struggled against his resistsants, “They haven’t done anything, leave them alone!”

But his protests went ignored as the red mage practically stomped up to you and grab you by the collar of your sweater. “How did you do it!” The mage screamed in your face.

You mentally twitch as spit landed on your face, “I don’t know what you are talking abo-”

THWACK

The mage punched you right in your face sending your ragdoll body flying across the room.

“Frisk!” The Dreemurr exclaimed as they could only watch as their precious child smashed into the wall and fell with a sickening thud.

You groan, blood collecting in your mouth as the mage quickly picked you up and asked again, “Now tell me Frisk, HOW.DID.YOU.DO.IT.”

You spat blood right into the abyss that was his covered face, “M-magic,” if you moved a bit of your determination to your hands and did a little jazz hands to further state your sarcasm.

The red mage wasn’t impressed.

You cried out as chains wrapped around your neck and flung you into Toriel, you bounced off her sending you on a straight crash course for the ground, you closed your eyes to prepare for the impact.
It never came.

“Are you okay my child?” Toriel asked, you were wrapped tightly in her arms, “Here let me…”

Fire starts to crawl around your wounds but they don’t hurt, instead they bring with them a sense of euphoria that getting healed by a monster could only bring. The flames tickle the entrance of your mouth, already guessing what they want to do you open your mouth and let the healing fire get to work fixing your tongue from where you bit it and flowing over your broken nose fixing it back into place. By time they were done you felt good as new.

“Thanks Mom,” you had no idea what you would do without her. But Toriel attention was on once seething red mage that has taken to stare at the two of you like he’s never seen you before.

“What,” you snapped, the way he was staring at you was unnerving.

“T-that d-don’t h-hurt?” The red mage was scared, “What the hell are you?”

Toriel raised her eyebrow, a smirk crawling onto her face as she watched their tormentor suffer from an existential crisis.

But alas all good things must come to an end.

The green mage brust into the room, on entry the red mage regained his composure and once again became the calm, resigned person that they all hated.

“Wow talk about bipolar” thought Frisk.

“Boss! Boss! Did you tell them! Did ya did ya!” The green mage was jumping up and down like a hyper a child.

“Tell them what?” Asgore asked his voice laced with suspicion.
“About his fight of course.”

...

...

...

“What?” You must have heard him wrong.

The red mage sighed, “It is what I said, you are going to fight.” Even without being able to see his face you can almost sense the smirk that must be on his face. “To the death of course.”

“...Why?” Being told that you had to fight to death wasn’t bothering you as much as it should, “I can’t really fight anyway since...you know.” Your eyes flickered down to your immobile body.

“I’m sure you can manage,” the mage laughed, “It’s not you don’t have experience fighting handicapped.”

The stares of your family make you sweat, just what you needed another tidbit about your past that they are going to want to know.

Great.

“Besides, I’m sure your family could fix you up enough before we get you in the next...15 minutes?” The mage turned to leave.

“Stop,” Asgore’s voice was like thunder, “What did they do to deserve this?” His normal kind face was twisted into a savage snarl, “What sort sick bastard would do this to a child for no reason?!” The mage remained silent, “ANSWER ME!” The silence managed to push Asgore over the edge as he once again began to struggle against his resistants.

“Tch,” The red mage made his way over to the door, “If you must know that thing somehow managed to hack into our system and cut of all communications with her.” The mage shook his head, “To be honest with you watching the little shit squirm will make me feel a lot better about the situation.” He clicked his fingers and the chains disappeared. “Come my brother, we’ll take our
leave.” He left the cell with the green mage following closely behind him.

“Frisk,” Asgore’s voice was quiet, “The time has come for you to put what I taught you to good use.” Asgore beckons you over, Toriel gently picked you up and placed you in front of him. “I’m sorry that this had to be the first time using it,” He sighed, “I wanted it to be special.”

“Can’t do anything about it now can we?” You try and sound disappointed but the fire in your eyes and the excitement in your voice is an obvious give away.

Asgore gave a hearty laugh, “Even if you never raised your hand towards a single monster you still have the same if not bigger desire for battle than even Undyne...It’s like looking into a mirror and seeing my younger self.” He chuckled again as you made the ‘gimme’ motion with your hands. “Impatient are we?” Asgore smiled, “Well I guess I shouldn’t keep you waiting now should I?” He opened his hand and in it a crimson ball appeared, it floated in his hand before he moved towards your now outstretched palm, the delta rune glowed on the back of your hand as it was passed on to you before melting into your hand.

The one weapon that you wanted more then anything.

Something way cooler than a stupid knife.

*FRISK EQUIPPED THE TRIDENT OF KINGS*

You still remembered the day he gave it to you.

Or rather the day you were deemed worthy to wield it.

It was the day you both realized that you lost your reason to continue.

It was also the day that you found a new one.

“Straighten your back!” Barked Asgore. “Now try again!”
You stabbed with your little wooden trident into the thankfully non-sentient training dummy.

“Your grip is all wrong!” Asgore bellowed, he came over and grabbed your hand, placing gently yet firmly on your trident, “The trident is a weapon that has to be held in both hands unless you are throwing it!” He stepped back, “Now again!”

With both hands you thrust at training dummy again leaving a three identical slash marks across it.

“Better,” Asgore mused, “You may rest.”

You instantly drop on the ground, panting for breath as sweat covered your eyes the only way it can. Your feet stung from having to go around bare-footed for so long and you were covered in little cuts and bruises.

Point being that Asgore’s training sessions were intense.

To say he was strict would be an understatement, the man was a fucking savage.

No wonder Undyne is so crazy strong, Asgore’s training regiments brought a whole new level of pain that you weren’t ready to get comfortable with. From doing laps around the entire Ebott region to boulder lifting and constant sparring meant that you were often drained to the point that only thing that was keeping you going was determination alone.

Not that you would have it any other way of course, the payoff would be well worth it.

You picked at the seams of your original striped shirt, Your Mom finally got around to fixing the many holes and tears it had but stopped there when she noticed the sheer amount of blood stains that littered it.

Needless to say Sans had to spend the following two weeks trying to avoid a rampaging goat with a thirst for bone marrow. Would have been hilarious if it weren’t for the fact that Sans seemed convinced that you were doing this to him on purpose, further ruining your already shaky friendship.
Back to the stripped shirt while it was your favorite (and really your only shirt you owed, much to the shock of your friends) it had too much history, both from before and during your time underground. Once it was fixed you asked Mettaton before he went on his world tour to just get as many clothes as he could that had the same color scheme to your shirt. Now you had stripped sweater, hoodies, suits, dresses, pyjamas in what has been named “The frisky theme” much to your chagrin and Asriel’s ever growing amusement. The only time you wore your striped shirt now was either when going underground, just for the sake of tradition or for training.

Because what’s a few more blood stains? Might as well add to the collection.

You made the mistake of saying that aloud instead of thinking it leading when Undyne asked one time while Toriel overheard.

You two had to beg her not to go out on a hunt to find who gave you those injuries and then go and beat the ever-loving shit out of Sans for once again failing to keep his promise to her, partly because you and Undyne were about 80% sure that Undyne might have some of your blood on her hands, partly because getting hunted down by Toriel is something no one should have to go through. No one.

However it still warms your heart to find that after all this time she still tries to protect you.

In fact if it weren’t for her you wouldn’t have managed to scrounge up the determination to survive.

“Frisk your break is over,” Asgore said, “Come now, let us continue.”

“W-water p-please,” your throat felt like it you been chugging on sewing pins.

Asgore clicked his fingers and a bottle of water appeared in his hands, he tossed it to you.

“Drink up Frisk,” Asgore sat down next to you with a thud, “Then we’ll get back to fixing your stance.”

You felt a twinge of irritation run through your body, what was wrong with your stance?! It work for
you before, “What’s wrong with it Dad?”  Yeah what ‘amazing’ wisdom does he have to pass down to you.

Asgore, noticing the biting tone in your voice frowned, “The way you hold always seem like you’re about to throw it down and run away."

You stopped drinking from the bottle and glared at Asgore, “You calling me a coward?”

Asgore shook his head, “No! Of course not,” A smirk crepted up his face, “I’m merely stating that you carry yourself like one.”

You swung your wooden trident through air.

Asgore was already on the other side of the field, his own trident in hand, “See that’s better, but there’s still something that’s missing…”

You however couldn’t care less as you could see was red.

How dare he?

How can he talk about cowardice after all the shit he’s pulled?!

With your wooden trident you use the ground as a launch pad to go straight for Asgore’s stupid head...

Only to hit a tree.

“Come on!” Asgore is behind you now looking very distressed, “Stop giving up halfway!”

“Shut up,” you growl, dragging the trident across the ground you flick it up spraying dirt into Asgore’s face but after your first two attempts you were sure he was going to counter you again.

So you retreat.
Oh.

That’s what he meant.

When did you start doing that?

**When you got used to staying alive for more than a couple minutes.**

The realization hit you strong.

One month and you were already scared of dying again.

“Frisk,” Asgore voice cut through you, “Let’s try something different…”

Before you could ask what he was talking about Asgore laid his trident on the floor and kicked it over to you, it came to a stop at your feet.

“Pick it up,” Asgore said with a straight face, “If you can’t pick my trident then you have no business being trained how to fight.” Asgore looked into your eyes and sighed, “Especially if you lost your reason long ago.”

You scoffed at Asgore attempts at sounding dramatic.

You had your reasons.

...You just didn’t know them yet.

Your fingers wrapped around the trident.
DEATH

LOYALTY

DUST

BLOOD
HUMAN

MONSTER

SAVE US

SAVE US

SAVE US

MURDERER

KILLER

GENOCIDE

TRAPPED

HUMANS

MONSTERS

KING
* THE WEIGHT OF THE WEAPON WAS TOO MUCH TO BEAR

You quickly let go trident and put as much distance between you and the accursed instrument as possible. The images that filled your mind were too awful, the weight, the feeling of being stuck in place was suffocating. Acid quickly built up in your stomach as you got reacquainted with the pie you had for lunch.

“See,” Asgore’s shadow covered you entirely, “You ran.”

He turned away from you and made to pick up his trident but you grabbed his cape (He decided to wear his battle armour as well). “N-not yet,” you think you understand now, “Give me one last chance.” You knew what you had to do.

Asgore looked like he was about to protest but saw the pure amounts of determination in your eyes, He smiled, “Alright then, show me what you can do.” The trident was once again placed at your feet but you didn’t immediately pick it up. You had to think about this.

What were you fighting for?

To escape the underground!
No you already did that.

To save monster kind!

You did that as well.

Get revenge on every monster that has killed you!

You’ve done more than get revenge.

Save Asriel Dreemurr?

That was the last thing you wanted to do.

For a while it was your only reason for living.

But even in your ears that reason starts to sound more like an excuse every time you close your eyes.

Saving one life won’t ever fix the amount of lives you took to save it.

In order to beat the demon you became satan and happily played that role.

You’ve split countries worth of dust to reach this ending but now that you’re here now what?

You won the game.

It’s OVER.

This is the ending where you all go off and lead boring yet peaceful lives.
So why do you still fight?

The answer was obvious.

You fought so hard for this ending, you sacrificed everything to make sure the people you cared about were happy.

So that’s why it would hurt so much when your happiness is ripped away from you.

The moment you left the underground you’ve been waiting for something from your past to destroy your hard fought future.

You didn’t trust humans not to start killing off your friends.

You didn’t trust your friends not to do something stupid that will set themselves up.

Monsters are navie like that.

But if it was wrong to be that pure than you knew you didn’t want to be right.

It was that innocence that gave you a reason to live.

Every moment, good and bad made you into the fighter you are today, sure you have mental scars that might never heal; sins that have more or less got you a direct line to hell when you finally die (if ever) and disgusting amounts of PTSD but it was worth it.

Because anything was better than the empty husk of a person you were before.

Without even knowing it the monsters coloured in your once grey soul.

It all started when Toriel called you her child and held you.
The first time you came you were so happy that you broke down there and then.

Because after all this time a MONSTER still treated you more like a human being more than ANY human being has done in your miserable life.

That was the day you happily renounced your humanity.

If Monsters suddenly decided to go a killing rampage and wipe out every single human you would probably lead the charge without a hint of remorse.

Because you owed them.
You loved them.

Mettaton

Monster Kid

Muffet

Nastpablook

The Dog family

The Royal Guards

Temmies

Undyne
They gave you a reason to live.

They were the reason you still fight.

They were your family.

Despite everything you’ve done you would happily kill if it meant keeping them safe.

Hell, you would start a war with the whole world if someone so much as looked at monsters the wrong way.

They were yours.

Your family.

You smiled, “After all this time, I guess I’m still me.”
You stretched out your hand and the trident resonated with your SOUL.

* YOU EQUIPPED THE TRIDENT OF KINGS

You would protect your people with your own two hands.

You would not run away.

Because everything you care for is still here.

You would not fall.

Because there would be no one else to protect them if you fall.

You will [FIGHT].

Because they are your reason.

A big fuzzy hand smacked you on the back, making you stumble for a bit. You looked up to see Asgore’s smiling face as he ruffled your hair. “See,” he said, “The way you stand is that of a king who would die saving his people.”

The word king sends a shot of panic through you but you push it down and just embraced the compliment for what it was.

“Thanks Dad.” You both smiled as the trident you held buzzed with power.

The memory filled you with DETERMINATION.
You feel the trident ready to come to you at a moment's notice.

And you stood.

You stretched as you tried to get feeling back into your arms and legs after being numb for so long. You looked over to Asgore, “Thanks Dad, a fresh dose of determination is just what the doctor ordered.” You clenched your fist, “And the toy I got has already met all my expectations.”

Asgore smirked, “Give them hell.”

Toriel and Asriel looked confused but gave you their sentiments as well.

The cell opened up again only this time two black mages were there to escort you, you pushed your hands in your pocket to hide the delta runes that glowing there.

You walked out of the cell, “I’ll do more then that Dad, I’ll get revenge.”

The door shut.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will bring an end to this arc (Maybe).
I can't lose even when I want to

Chapter Summary

Who doesn't like a good [FIGHT]?

Chapter Notes

Thanks to Seyer in the comments for giving me that badass song for Frisk's monologue last chapter. I am now a Two steps from hell fan and everything I touch turns into a super sayian.

... I am fine with this.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You were mentally drawing a map in your mind.

Every turn, door and exit were locked away for later use in your brain. The Timelines made you extra observant meaning your sense of direction is second to none.

Exactly what you need to make an escape route.

I mean did they really think you’ll won’t try to escape as soon you let outside, sure you were surrounded by mages; have no idea where you were and still wasn’t at 100% but it was you. The handicaps will make it even more fun.

No, if they really read up on you then they’ll definitely expect you to try and escape and escape.

By yourself.

But you’ve changed, you are not the same child you were before.
There’s no way you’re getting out of here without your family with you.

But they don’t know that.

And that’s what you were counting on.

But first, you had a FIGHT to win.

Might as well give them a little parting gift before leaving right?

They want to play games then you’ll play.

And you will win.

Losing is never an option.

“You up here,” The faceless dark mage pointed to a staircase, you began to climb it, making note of every floor you pass, after at least three floors you made it to your destination.

And you had to say that Mages really don’t play when it comes death battles.

It was like a scene ripped out of a gladiator movie, hundreds of dark mages were standing around a elevated metal platform that is covered with unidentifiable stains, “Go,” the dark mage gave you a push causing you to stumble a bit but you kept your hands in your pockets and began walking towards the platform. You could feel the stares of the mages on you, their eyes seem to be taking you apart, studying you. It would have been better if they were screaming for blood to be split like they did in the movies, at least then you’ll know how to respond. You shrug off the stares, “Get your head in the game Frisk” you thought, slapping your cheeks, “You can’t SAVE anyone if end up dying here,” you step onto the platform.

You shout out from shock as a barrier erected around you, “You like that freak,” The green mage stepped out from the crowd, “I thought you would fight better if you had something familiar with you, hahahahahahaha!”
“Whatever man just tell me who my opponent is,” you just wanted to get this over with, “I’m guessing I can’t leave until I kill whoever you send at me right?”

The green mage chuckled, “Yes, you definitely are a fast one aren’t ya?” You really wanted to wipe the smile he probably had on his face, “Well I guess I shouldn’t keep you waiting, this has been the moment you’ve been waiting for after all.” He clicked his fingers and a hatch on the roof opened.

“...Really,” you saw what they were doing and you weren’t impressed.

“Come on that’s how you ‘fell’ right, what other way I’m I supposed to introduce your fighter.”

“I’m pretty sure there are easier ways tha-”

BOOM

The force of them landing sent shockwaves through the whole stadium, debris flying everywhere.

Well now they got your attention.

You stood tall and waited patiently for the dust to settle, only moving your head slightly to avoid any debris that have been thrown around.

You can’t help but wonder how strong this person is.

A entrance like that...there’s no way he could disappoint.

They’ll be a mighty opponent.
You wonder if the Dreemurrs would appreciate it if you brought back the head.

...On second thoughts Toriel might just faint on the spot, Asgore will probably ram his trident through it for making his wife faint and Asriel...Well he wouldn’t want a head per-say.

But nobody said anything about a finger.

The dust finally cleared to show a figure...that was actually kind of small, more or less the same size as you. Hey, they kinda look like Chad, similar build and all.

Chad.

Chad who is Linda’s son.

Chad.

Chad son of the women that got you all locked up in the first place.

“Oh you have got to be shitting me-”

“Well, well looks like the tables have turned Dreemurr,”

“-Like it could have been anyone else but NOOOO it had to be supreme fuckboy over here-,”

“Finally I’ll get my revenge for the humiliation you gave m-”

“OH FOR THE LOVE OF GOD SHUT THE FUCK UP!” Chad just looked at you baffled, “I am trying to have a rant here, Gawd!”

“A-a rant?! But I’m going to kill you, like you are literally going to die here hey! Are you even listening!”
You were too pissed to care whatever fuckboy supreme had to say right now.

This was the big bad enemy you had to beat?

The ultimate challenge.

The one that stands between you and your friends freedom?

Fucking Chad?

Fucking basic ass, bitch boy, can-even-fight-with-beating-his-own-ass-in-a-fight-Chad?

How can you kill a guy so pathetic?

It’s like trying to kill Jerry.

Only slightly less of a pain in the ass.

Slightly being the keyword here.

You sighed, so much for using the trident, you’ll just keep dodging until the dumbass gives himself a concussion from running into the barrier or something.

Then…

Well at least Linda won’t have to worry about her son while she’s rotting in jail.

If your parents don’t decide to let her join him that is.
“Well I’ve never been one to turn down free exp,” you muttered, “So...Chad what possessed you to think that this would end well for you.” You started walking towards Chad with your hands still in your pockets, “Tell you what if you get on your knees right now and beg for Mercy than I might be inclined to give you a quick and painless death, who knows maybe you’ll be less of a asswipe in your next life.” You stopped right in front of his face, your noses almost touching, “So what’s it gonna be Chad ugh!?”

A sharp pain rips through your stomach as a ball of dark energy starts to burrow its way into you. You quickly retreat back to the edge of the barrier while coughing out parts of liquified insides. “What the hell?” You were confused, Chad wasn’t a mage. Since when did he become a Mage?!

“Hey Chad old buddy old pal, let’s be civil about this,” you stomach hurt like hell, you’re pretty sure that something was melted or partly missing. You clenched your fists, guess you’ll be using your trident after all.

“Don’t underestimate me Dreemurr,” Chad had a manic smile on his face, “Your little friend gave me such amazing power,” His eyes flashed red, “And the nice man over there gave the ability to use magic.” His fist clenched and dark matter swirled around it. “It’ll be all mine as long as I can kill you.”

“But why kill me?” It’s been bugging you for quite sometime now, why go through the bother of capturing you just to kill in a death battle?

“Oh I don’t know, The said something about it not mattering anymore as long as they have the body,” Chad chuckled darkly, “But frankly I don’t give a damn about that.” He ripped the cloak off revealing him wearing a sleeveless hoodie with runes that seemed to squirming around inside his arms, like under the skin. One of his eyes were bloodshot red while the other was his normal blue, he wore jean shorts with chains but they did nothing but showcase his horribly mangled legs that now had a myriad of scars running down them. He wore matt black combat boots that had been studded with metal.

As much as you didn’t want to admit, he kinda looked badass.

You might actually like him a little more.

“Hey Frisk you know what…” He looked up at you with a manic smile, “As soon as I kill you I’ll take care of your freakshow of a family for you, then you can all burn together in hell with each
other. But not before I make them suffer, I wonder if your Mom can bleat like a Goat too.”

*YOU YANKED CHAD’S SOUL OUT OF HIS BODY

* CHAD IS THREATENING YOUR FAMILY

[FIGHT] [ACT] [ITEM] [MERCY]

*YOU EQUIPPED THE TRIDENT OF KINGS

[MERCY]

So much for making it quick

[ME / rY]

[FIGHT] [ACT] [ITEM]

*NO MERCY

“You know just for that,” you twirled the trident around your head a couple times before adopting the exact same stance that Asgore had every time you fought, “I’m going to make you suffer.”

*THE TRUE FIGHT STARTS NOW

You both reach for the button.

…
You charge, the three prongs of the trident dragging across the ground showering you in sparks, using it as a cover to hide yourself you brust through it stabbing at Chad. Chad saw this however and jumped back, but not without the very ends of your trident clipping the end of his knees drawing blood, You lick the blood off from the trident, after getting a good taste of it you spat it back out, “Wow Chad, even your blood taste like shit.” With a roar Chad summoned his dark energy and used it to propel himself towards you and swung with his other fist imbued with dark matter. You blocked with the trident; he swung again but you dodged; he kicked but you jumped.

“Just.Stay.Still!” He screamed with every swing.


“AAAARRGGGH!” Chad swung his fists at your hands causing you let go of your trident, As soon as you let go he punched it again and sent skidding across the floor, “There,” he smirked, “You don’t mean shit without your weap-”

You got a clean hit with your fist, making sure to really dig it into his cheek before launching him against the barrier. “ONE PUNCH!” You raised your bloodied fist into the air, “That one was for Alphys!”

Chad jumped back to his feet his eyes like slits, “I’LL FUCKING CUT YOU!” He yelled, he charged.

You smirked, “I’ll break you yet,” you charged.

“FRISK!” Chad was running towards you fists raised.
“CHAD!” You raised your own fist, the delta rune glowing on the back of your hand.

“DIE!”

SMACK

His fist dug into your face.

Your fist found a new home in his temple.

But you weren’t done yet,

The delta rune glowed and the trident once again began to resonate with your soul. “Come,” the trident wobbled a bit, “COME!” The trident rose from the ground then made a beeline towards you.

“Bye Chad,” before he could ask you what you meant you dived out the way as the trident ripped through his torso.

“Ugh,” he fell to his knees, trying desperately to hold in what his insides that were rapidly falling onto the floor.

“GOTCHA,” you skipped over to Chad quivering form and gave him a swift kick to the side sending him sliding across the arena, “I would make a pun here but you know, I just don’t have the stomach for it.”

Chad was unresponsive.

“Huh?” You walked over to Chad’s body, “Hey man don’t die on me just yet! We just got started.” You used your foot to turn his body over, what you saw wasn’t a pretty sight, the trident managed to sever and puncture most of Chad’s vital organs leaving them to either drop to bottom of his stomach or ride the bloody stream he was leaking onto the floor.
In other words you fucked him up...Again.

“Hey! Greeny I’m pretty sure blondy is dead,” you raised your other hand to bang against the barrier…

...Only to find that you didn’t have a hand.

In fact you didn’t have an arm either.

What you had in their place was a jaggedly cut bloody stump, your arm was still twitching next to your feet. “O-oh s-shit,” you fell on your knees clutching your what was left of your arm, “Hahahaahahaha…”

The sound of snickering brought you to your senses, Chad rose to his feet, completely undisturbed by the fact most of his digestive track was displayed on the floor, “Gotcha.”

Son of a bitch.

Figures that Chad could just casually walk off an injury like that.

“Hahahaha, gotta hand it to you Chad,” you were laughing, it was just so funny, “Didn’t think you had it in you, well at this moment in time guess you don’t have anything in you regardless, hahahahaahahahaha!”

Chad was smiling, “Told you I'll cut you,” before you could blink a cloud of dark matter hit you square in the face sending you flying, you landed on your stump sending bits of flesh everywhere as you rolled…

And rolled…

And rolled…

Until you face planted on the barrier.
“I must admit child, you never run out of new ways to amuse me,” from the shadows the red mage appeared, “Quite the sadistic little demon, aren’t you?”

You scowled, “What the hell did you do to him?”

“I have no idea what you are talking about.”

“DON’T YOU LIE TO ME!” You spat.

The red mage chuckled, “Ah, ah, ah.” He shook his head, “Kids these days with temper tantrums these days.”


“I honestly think you should be focusing on more pressing matters.”

You scoffed, “Yeah, like what?”

Calloused fingers closed around your throat, “Like me.”

You forgot about Chad.

The red mage chuckled, “You forgot about Chad.”
“You forgot about me.”

He raised you by the neck, “I hate it when people forget about me.”

His arm swirled with dark energy, “Die.” He slammed you into the ground so hard that it created a small crater, shockwaves made the entire place shake as your body was pushed deep into the ground, metal shards cut through your skin and slashed the open flesh of your stump. Every part of your body was in pure agony, even with your new determination you only had about 10% of your power at best, nowhere near enough to fight the magic that has been placed on him. You tried reaching for your save file, your metaphorical fingers just managed to brush the edge of it but it wasn’t enough. **YOU COULDN’T REACH IT.**

You were going to die.

And you didn’t have the **DETERMINATION** required to **LOAD**.

You knew what that meant.

You knew what that meant and you hated it.

You might hate Chad but you didn’t deserve what was about to happen to him.

No one did.

“Heh, sorry everyone, guess I wasn’t strong enough.” Your SOUL burst through your chest, the once red soul was slowly turning black, tentacles of pure black broke through the soul only to borrow right back into it. “Here we go…”

You closed your eyes.

The tentacles **ripped your soul apart.**
It was just a feeling.

Something from deep within their SOULs that just started *screaming*.

It hurt.

But not physically.

No, it was something far worse.

Something was wrong.

Something was missing.

No, **somebody** was missing.

Toriel knew who it was.

It couldn’t have been anyone else.

Tears trailed down her face.

She knew this feeling.

She knew it all too well.

This feeling of failure.
Of loss.

“...Frisk…”

“Told you couldn’t escape.”

You rose from the bloody floor and locked eyes with the demon that has been torturing you all your life.

No, not Chara.

Something FAR worse.

“Where am I?” You asked, trying to keep the fear out of your voice.

The demon was wearing nothing but chains on her ankles and feet, covering her body a short dress that only reached the middle of her thighs. Her hair long and flowing; eyes were crimson and nails were elongated and sharpened to the point where they were more like claws. And of course to your ever growing displeasure the foot that you lost last time being worn around her neck like a cheap necklace.

“Oh sweetie,” she walked up to you and cupped your face with your hands, “Don’t ask stupid questions.”

You were going to argue but the sickeningly sweet tone in your voice made you reconsider.

The demon sighed, she caught sight of your stump and sighed, “Took you a while but guess you finally died huh?” Her eyes flashed red, “So tell me Frisk do you want to go for the men first and save the women and children for last or go straight for the kiddies and force feed what’s left to the survivors.”

“N-no!” You wrenched your face out of her grip, “A-at least not yet…”
The demon sighed, “Then why the hell are you here then brat?” Her claws started to grow to the point where they were as long as your head, “Or maybe you just wanted to spend some time with me…”

You didn’t miss the predatory look she was giving you.

You shudder.

“Don’t play with me, you know what I want,” you growl.

“Yeah, yeah, power and vengeance, blah, blah, blah,” the demon sighed, “You know have you ever considered dying, just pure death no take backs.” She looked you up and down, “You’re a lot stronger than you were last time, I’m pretty sure hell could use someone like you.”

You shook your head, “Maybe I would have accepted before but I don’t think I’m ready to give up on life yet.”

She raised her eyebrow, “Found a reason to keep living besides spite? Ha! Didn’t think you had it in you.”

“Yeah, came as a surprise for me too.”

She shook her head, “Well whatever, it’s not like they are going last long anyway knowing you and your track record.” You chose not to say anything as she brought forth your shredded soul, she trace a finger down the tear and you couldn’t help but shiver slightly, “So back to the matter at hand, who has to die?”

You walked up to her and placed a hand on the left part of your now black soul, “Everyone that’s not these people,” Images of Toriel, Asgore and Asriel flashed through the demon’s mind. As Toriel’s image came up however a short burst of fire started burning on both sides.

“This monster,” her tone was devoid of the joking tone she had throughout the entirety of your visit, it was now cold, emotionless. “You’ve formed a deep bond with this person,” her face did a complete 180 and a manic grin split across her face, showcasing her fangs, “This power is will change everything, nothing will be the same after this if you use it.” The demon smirked, “Are you willing to take the risk and destroy the mask you have oh so carefully built.”
You growled, “Hopefully it won’t come to that.”

“You didn’t answer my question.”

Your eyes narrowed into slits, the fires engulfed your black soul, “Why should I answer when it’s obvious.”

The demon smiled, “I guess it is,” she clenched her fist, “I can only give you about three minutes tops.”

You nodded, hell you only needed one.

With that the burning soul combusted, every cell in your body was burning.

Good.

FILE OVERWRITE

It was back.

The SOUL had stopped aching.

She was whole.

She hadn’t failed.

Yet.
They were stronger now.

Stronger than ever.

She wonders if she really is a good mother.

Has she really lived up to the expectations of the one she promised long ago.

…

Toriel wiped her eyes, ignoring the concerned looks Asgore and Asriel were given her.

Now wasn’t the time to doubt herself.

She had to be strong.

For them.

For her child.

For herself.

Besides, she should be rejoicing.

They were going to be free.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA AHHHHHHHHHHH!” You roared, your scars glowing from underneath your sweater, you pointed your trident up at the barrier. Is it...trying to stop you? **PURE**
DETERMINATION gathered at the three tips of the trident, this barrier...it disgusts you, “Out of my sight,” The trident fired, obliterating the barrier.

The blast sent Chad flying into the crowd of dark mages, hitting every single one before crashing into the ground. “W-what the hell?” He rubbed his head as he stepped up from the bodies that broke his fall, “I thought I killed you!” Dark matter flared in his hands, “Stay dead you freak!” He threw two balls of dark energy at you, the heat from them easily warping the air.

It could be a serious issue if you it hit you.

[FIGHT] [ACT] [ITEM]

*DO DODGE

*HIT IT BACK

*CATCH IT <

You caught both balls of dark matter and crushed it in your fists, Chad’s once cocky smirk became the perfect picture of fear and regret.

The green mage wasn’t doing so well either, no longer was he enjoying the carnage and was now trying to escape through the crowd, pushing many dark mages out of the way.

“They are scared of us.”

Good.

You smiled, “Die for me.” You aimed the trident

And all was silent.

“So what makes you think Frisk is okay Mom?” Asriel asked, after Frisk got summoned to fight the
Dreemurrs have had the pleasure to listening to every terrifying slam that had happened over the course of the battle. Each tremor made Asriel flinch. He knew Frisk can look after themselves well enough but the severity and rate at which the tremors were happening made Asriel lose hope.

There’s no way they could have survived that, determined or not.

That means that Frisk was dead.

And this time they weren’t coming back.

And worse of all it was all their fault.

Who the hell let’s a child fight to death for them.

Here they were, the strongest the Underground had to offer and they had to rely on a 11 year old child to save them.

Again.

The same eleven year old child that has faced death time and time again for people who were trying to kill them yet never raised a hand against them.

All Frisk wanted in return was a family.

And they got this instead.

“Heh, I really I’m a shitty big brother.”

“Well you're not the best...but you could have been worse.”

“Oh shut up Frisk.”
“FRISK!” Asgore and Toriel were sharply turned their heads towards the door, the name of the child they thought they failed quickly raising their spirits.

They were alive.

Even with their bloodied face.

(Asriel started to frown)

Their broken body.

(Asgore’s face crumpled)

Their arm.

Single word.

Non-plural.

**ARM**

Toriel’s screams echoed throughout the cell.
Chapter End Notes

The actual end to the arc will happen next chapter. For real this time.

(P.S Just realized I could just use the select all button to copy all my work instead of highlighting all 15 pages of my work with nothing but the trackpad on my chromebook. So salty).
Killing your enemies is a normal family activity right?

Chapter Summary

The power of the Soul is something to never underestimate.

The power of a mother and child is something to be feared.

Chapter Notes

HERE WE GO.

This chapter took way too long to write but now I bring you the thrilling conclusion to the first arc of Pacifist's Mask. As such I won't be able to write another chapter for at least a week because I'll be going to Italy for a skiing for the first part of the Easter Holidays.

Also wanna put a disclaimer and say that the reapertale Au and any of it's characters and designs were not made by me but by the talanted Ren-Rin. You can see more stuff about that here: http://renrink.tumblr.com/post/135699274823/reapertale-au

Also plain text will mean that only toriel is talking.

Bold means only Frisk.

And Bold with Brackets mean both at the same time.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You couldn’t even get a word in before Toriel was on you.

She was frantic, with each new injury she saw you swear you felt the room get hotter, her hands shaking as she tried to the best of her ability to stop the bleeding from your arm. The once excruciating agony that you have been dealing with was lessened to a dull throb.

It was then that you realized just how tired you were, your breath was laboured; determination was at an all time low again and black spots appeared in your vision. “T-timber…” you let the trident fall from your left as your legs finally gave out, before you reacquaint yourself with the floor Toriel caughted you, cradling your tiny battered body close to her chest like a newborn child. You couldn’t really protest, the cost from overwriting your save file spent all the determination you had in your body.
“Who did this to you.” You turned your head to see Asgore’s raging visage, his voice quiet but had a terrifying ring to it that even made you shake a little, he picked up the trident you dropped, “I’ll make those damn mages rue the day they crossed me.”

“...No,” you shook your head, now’s not the time for revenge, “E-escape first, then later we can...kill them.” You had to pretend like the words disgusted you and beat down the almost gleeful tone your voice took when thinking about slaughtering every single mage in the building. You were still pacifrisk, the thought of violence is meant to disgust you.

Toriel’s shocked face however showed that you didn’t hide it enough, “No! My child, you shouldn’t let your mind be plagued with such brutal images,” She rocked you slightly, “You’ve done enough, we’ll let the human authorities deal with it.” She shot Asgore a glare that could melt solid stone, “And ASGORE for the love of all that’s good and holy calm down so that we can save our child from DYING.” She kissed her teeth and muttered under her breath, “Besides we’ll have all the time afterward to hunt them down, it’s not like I’ll let these wrenches get away with this.”

And so the mighty King’s wrath of overpowered by the overbearing protectiveness of a mother.

Or in this case it has been stilled only because of the promise of a messy and painful retribution.

Toriel smiled down at you, “Point the way my child,” you nod and weakly raise your other hand out the cell door, with Toriel leading the way, Asriel behind her and Asgore taking up the rear you began your escape.

Chad dragged his body across the ground, his magic trying desperately to fix the many puncture wounds.

“Damn it,” thought Chad, “What the hell are they?!”

Chad didn’t understand.

He had power beyond anything he could have asked for, the red eyed copy of Frisk said so!

The mages gave him runes to make him impervious to mortal wounds, added to the raw power of Chara (He still didn’t know how to pronounce it) he should have been invincible.
In theory.

And in theory it seems to stay.

Chad thought for sure that Frisk was dead, he didn’t care what Chara said about not underestimating them or stupid crap like that, Monster family or not there was no way they should have survived that.

There’s no way a human could have survived that.

There was no way that Frisk was human.

Chad didn’t sign up for this.

Once he’s healed up he’s gonna grab his mother and get the fuck outta here, screw what his mother wanted, his mother let freaking mages experiment on him for the sake of revenge.

On a eleven year old.

Linda could burn for he cared.

Chad sighed, he could totally see why his Dad left when he did, it merely a matter of self-preservation.

Chad crawled until he finally got to the edge of the crater created by Frisk’s attack, he shuddered. The damage was horrific. The crater was a cesspit of limbs and mush, bodies were so thoroughly destroyed that you wouldn’t have been able to tell if they were human to begin with. The feeling of having to half crawl half swim through that will forever scar Chad’s mind.

He pulled himself out the crater…

...His hands were touching something warm and...squishy?
Chad looked down…

...To find his hand right in the chest of the green mage, he accidently used his corpse as leverage and as a result of his new superhuman strength ended up pushing right through his chest, crushing his heart underneath his hand.

The mage’s hood was finally let down and Chad caught a glimpse of his face…

Time stood still.

“Haagaaaaaa,” This was too much, what kind of sick game is this?!
"HAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGG!" What kind of fresh hell did he drag himself into?

How does this make any sense?

How can be the green mage be...be….

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAABBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBB
“Who knows?” You couldn’t have them going to investigate, that’ll make things complicated, “Let’s just get out of here.”

“They’re right son,” said Asgore, “Plus you have to think about the...condition your sibling is in.” Asriel grimaced; Toriel’s grip on you got a little tighter.

“G-geez dad you make it sound like I’ve been affected with a life threatening disease,” you managed a weak smile, “It’s only a arm guys, tis but a flesh wound,” you failed to notice the growing horror that was making itself comfy on your families faces, you were too busy being ‘funny’, “Besides I’ve had worse.”

“DON’T SAY THAT!” Toriel’s voice cut through the silent corridors like a knife, her arms almost crushing you against her, she continued in a shaky voice, “A child shouldn’t joke about such horrible things like that,” tears started to fall from her face, falling onto yours but you didn’t move to wipe them away, “A child who holds the lives of those they care about so highly shouldn’t value their own so little.”

An awkward silence fell over the group.

You raise your hand and lightly pat Toriel’s muzzle, “I-I’m sorry,” you used your hand to wipe, “Please don’t cry...please,” you must have looked extra pathetic because both Asriel and Asgore looked away, Toriel eyes were locked straight ahead. A heavy silence settled with your group as you all continued onward.

You hated making your mother cry like that.

You hated it because more often than not you’re the reason she’s crying.

It was always your fault.

**Everything** is always your fault.

But things are different now.
Asgore and Toriel won’t get it and Asriel will never really understand but you’re expendable.

You’ve *always* been expendable.

Death was never a problem for you. Why you should be scared of something that you saw everyday

People like them shouldn’t have to worry about people like you.

People like you don’t deserve that.

All they had to do is find the room where you fought Chad and they’ll know.

But you wouldn’t let that happen.

Because once you found out what it meant to be loved for the first time in your life you became addicted.

And you had no intention of fixing it.

Toriel was the one to break the silence, her voice quiet, “Where to next?” You were at a crossroads.

You ignore the stinging feeling in your chest as you notice Toriel didn’t even acknowledge you and point down the left corridor. Just a bit further down this hall and up the stairs and you’ll be free.

You’ll be sa-

“DOWN!” Asgore grabbed Toriel and Asriel, pulling them to ground only to narrowly dodge a fiery chain from melting through your face. Another set of chains burst through the ground but this time Asgore was ready, he swung his trident, easily cutting through the chains before they could even get close. Another set burst out the wall next to you but Toriel quickly jumped out the way only managing to dodge it barely as it brushes against her cheek. Toriel’s eyes narrowed into slits, she used one hand and threw a barrage of fireballs at the opposing chains, melting them into nothing.
You heard clapping from behind you, “It’s almost sweet to see a family of freaks protecting each other…” You all turned around to find the red mage with what could only be described as hundreds of dark mages behind him. “You im. He started clapping, “I must admit Frisk, I saw what you did to our stadium. You’re just full of surprises aren’t you.”

“Screw you!” Snapped Asriel, he made to charge only to be held back by Asgore, “Let me go Dad! It’s all his fault! He hurt Frisk, I’ll freaking kill him!” He continued to struggle against the much bigger man’s grip.

“Hahahahahaha,” the red mage started laughing.

“What’s so funny?” Snapped Asriel.

But the mage continued laughing, he was clenching his stomach and slapping his knees like he’s been stuck in a room for Sans for more than 10 minutes, he reached into the darkness of his hood to what you can only guess as wiping a tear, “It’s just I never imagined that the prince of all monsters was such a good actor.”

Asriel stopped struggling, instead he chose to silently glare at the mage. You could practically feel the bloodlust oozing out of him, you wonder if your parents can feel it too or if they feel but are choosing to ignore it.

You wouldn’t be surprised, the Asriel Dreemurr of the past probably couldn’t even hurt a fly but now would happily cut down a man just for seeing through him.

The mage senses it too because he abruptly stops laughing, “In any case I must advise you to return to your cells,” He clicked his fingers and all the dark mages were suddenly armed to the teeth with the determination guns they had the other day, “We wouldn’t want this to get ugly would we?” He shot a look at you, “Especially for your precious child.”

You feel Toriel shake with rage, “Damn you,” she growled, “You did this to them you sick bastard. What kind of person torments such a poor innocent youth.”

You couldn’t help but flinch.

There’s nothing innocent about you.
“I’m not even going to grace that with a response,” he charged towards you and Toriel but was cut off by Asgore as he threw his trident directly in his path cutting him off.

“RUN!” He bellowed at Toriel, “Take Frisk and get out of here!” He turned towards the red mage and his army. “Me and Asriel will deal with this riff-raff.”

Asriel stood next to him his little fists engulfed in flames, “Me and Dad will be fine so just look after yourselves okay?”

It wasn’t okay.

Nothing about this situation was okay.

But it wasn’t your place to argue.

Besides in your crazy life of yours when have you ever been in control.

You all shared a look, your eyes getting across what you couldn’t say.

“Stay alive.”

“Don’t you dare make me a single mother Dreemurr.”

“Told you I’ll save you.”

...

“Don’t die on me. Please.”
Asgore and Asriel charged.

And you and Toriel fled.

You didn’t know how long you and Toriel ran for (well how long Toriel ran for, you still couldn’t move so she was carrying you). The sounds of battle have long since gone silent and you became way too familiar to the beating of your heat and sound of Toriel’s panting as she continued to sprint down the dark halls.

Questions that desperately needed answers to bounce around your head.

*Is Dad still alive?*

*Is Asriel still Alive?*

*Is this where it ends for you?*

*Is it your fault?*

...

*Should use your power?*

You looked up at Toriel, this decision affects her as much as it affects you.

It has the power to change everything, more so than even your power to rewind time.

You clench your fists, even if Asgore and Asriel die you put your foot down when it comes to your mother.
If there are no other options then you’ll do it without a doubt, consequences be damned.

After a couple more hours of running you and Toriel finally reached the staircase, “Where do we go next?”

You shrugged your shoulders, “I don’t know, I only really got as far as the arena.”

…

Oh.

Toriel looked exasperated, “What do you mean you don’t know!” If it wasn’t for the fact that you only had one arm then you were pretty sure that Toriel would have started shaking you, “You broke us out without any clear way of getting us out?!”

You wince, when she says it like that you could easily see the holes in your plan, but it wasn’t like you had a choice, there was no way you were going to get away with what you did to their death pit. You were too much of a threat already, not that you’ll let your monster family find out.

“S-sorry,” you made your voice crack to make you sound extra pathetic, “I was just so excited that we could escape t-t-that I didn’t really think about it and now it’s all my fault because I’m stupid and I can’t do anything r-right and now dad and azym might be deadan.”

“Shhhh,” Toriel held you close and you let a few crocodile tears fall down your face, “It’s okay my child, you were just trying to help, It was not my place to yell at you.”

You wiped away your tears, “I-It’s okay let’s just keep going.” Toriel nodded and started to climb the staircase. The sounds of Toriel’s feet hitting the floor was all that you heard. An all too familiar sense of dread filled your heart the further you went up. It was the same feeling you got whenever you reached ‘the end’ save point in the underground or when you were about to fight Sans. Either way it like the end was near.

You didn’t know whether or not that was a good thing.
And worst of all you still couldn’t reach your save file.

You made a mental note to visit the true lab after this and take a couple bottle of leftover determination just for situations like this.

Toriel finally reached the top of the staircase and brust through fire escape door (you later asked yourself why that was the only modern looking thing you saw there) , you wince as cold winds cut into your skin like razor blades. The sunlight peeking over the horizon, it seemed you were at the big tower that was in the centre of the city a bit further away from Ebott Town. You could see the crowds of people, human and monster alike bustling around underneath you.

You realised it’s a long way down.

A really long way down.

Seeing as this wasn’t the way out Toriel turned back towards the door…

...Only to be brutally slapped away with the red mage’s fiery chains.

You scream as you sent flying out of Toriel’s grip causing to roll across the slightly curved roof of the building. Your arm stung like hell and you had to bite down on lip to stop yourself from crying out. You landed on your stump and actually managed to get a lot of dirt in your flesh.

The pain was excruciating.

You saw the red mage step out of the shadows and wordlessly stalk over to a downed Toriel, haphazardly dragging a single chain that across the ground, “Oh how the mighty have fallen, during war times tales of your brutality spread far throughout the land,” Toriel shakily pushed herself up, “But now look at you, the mighty queen defending the one thing that took everything away from her in the first place. You were on your feet, “Monster defending a human, or at least something that resembles a human,” You were running, “But rejoice for I will give the rest you truly deserve. Sleep knowing you failed once again as a mother.” The red mage whipped out chains from the sleeves of his cloak, all of them sharpening and heading straight for Toriel’s chest, aiming to skewer her.

She was going to die.
There’s no possible way to reach her.

That was a fact.

But you **REFUSED.**

Leaping into the air you used the only thing that could shield your mother’s body from the attack.

Your own.

You scream as the chains run through you, easily puncturing your heart and other vital organs. They burst through your back and were closing in on Toriel.

But you still **REFUSED.**

With a roar you grabbed onto chains, stopping them in their tracks inches before hitting Toriel and fell on your knees.

Toriel immediately dropped next to you, cradling your now limp body and sobbing uncontrollably.

The red mage looked on seemingly impressed, “Such a valiant effort, I must admit I honestly thought you’ll leave her to die Frisk, guess the reports were wrong about you. You finally found something to care about.” He summoned his flaming chains from behind him again, all of them aiming directly at you and Toriel, “That’s why it would be a great pleasure to be the one to take it all away from you.”

“M-m-mom….” You were fading, it was now or never.

“Frisk...I’m sorry I guess this is it, I’m sorry that I failed you. I’m a horrible mother.” Toriel sounded resigned, She’s lost **HOPE.**
“N-n-not yet, We can’t die yet,” you croaked, you brought forth your soul from your shattered chest, “I need you to trust me Mom.”

Toriel shook her head sadly, “I’m not going to take your soul my child.”

You smiled weakly, “Who said you were taking it?” You placed your only hand on her chest and brought forth Toriel’s own soul, “If you can’t protect me alone and I can’t protect you then let’s work together.” Your souls started to synchronise, you shudder at the feeling of both of your SOULs beating as one.

The red mage realised what was happening, “NO! YOU CAN’T I WON’T LET YOU!” He clicked his fingers and the chains made a beeline straight for you.

But it was too late.

Toriel giggled, already forgetting the current mortal peril they were in, “I don’t know whether that is endearing or pathetic,” She cupped her soul and brought it closer to yours, “Probably both.”

You smiled, “Isn’t it always with us Mom?”

She smiled as well, her eyes mirroring the same determination you had, “And it always will be.”

The SOULs touched.

And your world was bathed in flames.

You were falling.

You couldn’t stop falling.

Alone.
You were always alone.

Fighting.

You were always fighting.

Failing.

You were always failing.

But they came.

And this time you could all suffer together.

You were the Child.

You were the Mother.

They were life.

You were death.

You both were content.

With each other.

You were happy.
And.

No.

One.

Will.

Take.

That.

Away.

Ever.

Again.

*They opened their eyes.*

EXECUTE! SOUL EVOLUTION!

The world shook.

Every magical being whether it be human, monster, neither or both felt a great change in their souls.

Things will never be the same again.
The law was broken.

Sans’s eye blazed blue as he felt the tremors of what could only be described as frightening power course through him.

He ignored the concerned looks Rodney was giving him.

“What the hell have you done now kid…”

The inhabitants of New home the III could be seen spazzing out on the streets as a strange new form of energy passed through all of them.

Monster Kid shakily got to his knees.

Why did Frisk’s name ring so hard in his mind?

Deep underground another barrier falls and the people rejoice.

A king and queen long forgotten couldn’t help but smile.

Whoever this Frisk person was they would have to thank them.

For now their revenge on the Dreemurrs could finally be accomplished.

Asriel sat winded and exhausted, his sweater in tatters along with his father whose flower shirt was in a similar state of disrepair.

He and his father calmly rode out the wave of foreign energy on the sidewalk as many others were falling over in the streets.
The king and prince couldn’t help but smile, unlike everyone else the feeling was pleasant and made them feel safe.

Asriel couldn’t help but smile manically. “And that’s why I keep you around Frisk, you always make things interesting,” He looked up at the tower they just escaped from, “And it’s also why you can only belong to me.”

When you opened your eyes you saw nothing realised you were in a white ball, ancient runes circled around you.

You breathed a sigh of relief.

It worked.

You called out to your mother.

“Mom, it’s time to wake up…”

Toriel opened her eyes, she looked down at her hands only to find them no longer caked in her child’s blood, in fact she wore gold gauntlets on her wrists, her normal delta rune robe was replaced with a flowing green dress.

It felt familiar yet at the same time foreign.

She knew who she was.

A God, she became a God.

And this time she wasn’t alone.

“Can you hear me...Frisk?”
Toriel’s voice echoed through the darkness that surrounded you, “Mom are you okay?” You knew the answer.

“Okay, my child I’m better than okay,” she brought a hand to her chest, “What about you my child, I trust that my SOUL is an adequate place to rest.”

You looked around the darkness, you still couldn’t pinpoint Toriel’s voice came from, “You can say that.”

Toriel looked up at the chains that were still approaching, “Are you ready my child, I hope you can keep up with me.” She cracked her knuckles, “I would like to see how far this new power can take us.”

You smirked from within Toriel’s SOUL, “Go get them Mom.”

“With pleasure.”

Toriel waved her hands and a wave of brilliant white fire appeared and melted the chains into nothing, She smirked and lazily pointed her index finger at the now quivering red mage, “Here my child you can do the honors,” you felt control of the right arm shift to you, “Boom,” white fiery bullets shot out of Toriel’s finger and struck the mage all over his body causing him to cry as the force nearly sending flying off the roof.

You and Toriel both smirked, “[We’re going to enjoy this]” When you both spoke at the same time you could practically feel the power sparking around you.

The red mage quickly scrambled to his feet, “What the hell are you?!” He clenched the place where his heart would be, “You shouldn’t be able to do that! No one should be able to do that!”

“My child is special like that” said Toriel with a shrug.

“I’m just that awesome.”
“Frisk! What have I told you and Asriel about gloating!”

“*sigh* It’s not becoming of royalty to start gloating.”

“Good no-”

A chain flew right at Toriel’s face but you quickly summoned a column of fire preventing her from getting hit. Toriel giggled, “Why thank you Frisk!” Toriel’s smile quickly became a frown as she looked back at the red mage as if his very presence disturbs her, “Let’s end this shall we?” Toriel stalked over to the red mage, with each step she took the red mage took a couple back. He tried to turn and run but was quickly blocked off by a fireball that very narrowly missed his head and continued to melt through the fire door. “[Don’t you dare run from us you damn coward!]” You and Toriel easily closed the distance and smashed your fists into his stomach, you weren’t done when Toriel went first and grabbed him by the scruff of his neck only to smash them down into the floor again. She even let out a little laugh at the sound of the red mage’s bones breaking. You took control and gave him a fire powered kick to the gut, making him cough up blood at the bottom of your dress before being sent flying again.

“Ugh,” Toriel shook her foot in disgust sending speckles of blood everywhere, “So filthy.”

The red mage coughed up a little bit of blood before trying to stand up again, he knew when he was beaten, no thoroughly outclassed.

He wasn’t getting out of this alive.

But that’s okay.

He’ll send your perfect little family into confusion before going out.

Well he would if you didn’t see through his plan.

He made to rip off his hood but before Toriel could react you shot a fireball right at his chest, burning a hole straight through him, you didn’t waste any time before clicking your fingers and letting your fires consume him. Burning away everything.
You sigh a sigh of relief.

“I know I shouldn’t be saying this but I kinda wanted to do that myself small one,” you couldn’t help but balk at the level of hatred that Toriel had towards mages. But you could see where she was coming from. “So Frisk, do you know how to undo...this.” She made a gesture towards her whole body.

“Yeah, but do you really want to do that now?” You asked.

Toriel put a finger to her chin before smiling, “Let’s just keep this till we get home, I want to give your father and your brother the scare of a lifetime.”

You smile, “Yes, let’s do that.”

And you did just that….

By jumping off the building.

Chapter End Notes

Whoever can guess what show I shamelessly ripped off will get the an internet cookie.
(someone give them an internet cookie if I can't get online).
Ignorance is my best friend

Chapter Summary

The triumphant return of the Dreemurrs brings more questions then answers.

Chapter Notes

I HAVE RETURNED FROM ITALY!

Never Skiing again.

Ever.

Sorry for the wait but here is the highly requested chapter for this story that everyone’s been asking for.

Just to make this clear this will be long story so don’t panic. This is only the end of the first arc.

We'll be seeing a lot more of Frisk’s fucked up personality as the story goes on, you can’t help but wonder how they can go before they finally crack.

Updates will come a lot faster now to make up for missing a week.

I also want to thank those who have given me your support, looking at my kudos, comments, bookmarks and hits I see that I now have quite the large fanbase now. I’ll try not to dissapoint!

Without any further ado here we go!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“[HAHAHAHAHAH!]” You and Toriel couldn’t help but laugh at the freaked out expressions on Asgore and Asriel’s faces. Toriel wiped a tear from her eye, “Oh Gorey I forgot how much of a screamer you were!”

Asriel cringed, “Please don’t say it like that Mom.”

You cringed from within Toriel’s soul as well, “Yeah, especially if we are sharing the same mouth Mom.”
Toriel narrowed her eyes, “Say it like what Asriel?” You felt her concentration move towards you, “Frisk?”

Asgore coughed into his hand, “We can discuss things like that later but for now we have much more...pressing matters,” He looked right into Toriel’s eyes, “Like for one, Frisk. Are you...okay?”

You rolled your eyes, “**No Dad I’m not dead, yet.**”

You can feel Toriel’s metaphorical eyes glaring at you, “That’s not funny my Child,” you wince at the disappointed tone in her voice, “When we get home we will have a proper discussion about what is appropriate to joke about when in mortal peril.”

“Oh gee thanks Frisk now we can have a healthy debate about the do’s and don’ts of dark humor!” Asriel shoved his hands in his pockets and started to walk a bit faster on the sidewalk, completely ignoring anyone he pushed out the way, “Because that’s exactly what I want to hear after being held captive for two days!” You could practically feel the sarcasm dripping from his voice. But it wasn’t like you couldn’t see where he was coming from, with the exception of you and Toriel’s new outfit Asgore and Asriel looked like they dragged themselves through hell and back, which to be honest wouldn’t really be that much of an exaggeration. Asriel’s sweater and Jeans had multiple rips and tears and Asgore’s hawaiian shirt was only staying together through sheer force of will.

To say they needed a fresh pair of clothes would be an understatement.

“Oh, my bad...” you scratched the back of your head awkwardly, “**We should really be getting home huh?**” You could only imagine the amount of chaos that is kicking off at home, with how long you’ve been gone for it’s a miracle that people didn’t start freaking out as soon as you made it back to the streets.

You jumped off a freaking building and people are just shrugging it off.

But then again since coming to this town about a year ago stuff of similar caliber has been happening ever since.

This probably what they guessed what would happen when you mix Frisk with monsters.
You sigh, “I wonder how everyone else is doing?”

Asgore smiled, “I’m sure they’re fine!” He had a smug look on his face, “After all I put Undyne in charge when we’re not around so I’m sure they have everything under control.”

“EVERYTHING’S NOT FINE AND WE DEFINITELY DON’T HAVE ANYTHING UNDER CONTROL!” Hollered Papyrus as he shook Alphys like a ragdoll.

“O-oh come on Papyrus,” Alphys gave the skeleton a nervous smile, “It could be worse.”

“HOW CAN IT BE WORSE THAN THIS ALPHYS!” Papyrus dropped Alphys on the floor of her lab and began to pace up and down, “THE PEOPLE OF THIS TOWN ARE IN UPROAR AND ARE ABOUT TO COMMIT MULTIPLE VIOLENCES TOWARDS THE HUMANS, WITH UNDYNE LEADING THEM!”

Alphys cringed, Undyne didn’t take well to the incompetence of the police force and their general lackluster attitude to actually doing anything to help them. She could still hear the roars and shouting from outside as Undyne was practically preparing for a stampede on the Town Hall.

“MY BROTHER HAS DISAPPEARED OFF TO ASGORE KNOWS WHERE AND WE’VE HAVEN’T BEEN ABLE TO CONTACT HIM SINCE!”

Alphys sighed, this was also true. After a day of searching Sans disappeared somewhere to, in his own words, ‘Get some answers’ and hasn’t been seen since. Making the taller skeleton besides himself with worry.

“AND TO TOP IT ALL OFF OUR FRIENDS STILL HAVEN’T BEEN FOUND YET!”

Papyrus stopped his pacing and flopped onto a chair, the once innocent cinnamon roll was a shadow of his former self. The stress lines on his skull (Alphys decided to not question it) were jagged and wild easily covering his face. His perpetual smile seems to have finally turned into a frown which was a jarring experience for everyone that knew him.

With Undyne off her rocker and Sans being practically anywhere else but here it looks like it was up to good old reliable Alphys to provide emotional support this time.
Funny, seeing as not too long ago she was planning to throw herself down a hole for being a stupid, worthless, lying, *Piece of Sh-

“D-d-don’t worry Papyrus!” Alphys placed a scaly hand on Papyrus bony shoulder, blocking the dark thoughts that just entered her head, “You just have to remember what Frisk said.”

Papyrus looked up, “THE UNIVERSE IS A LIE?”

“W-w-what no!” Stammered Alphys.

“REALITY WAS CREATED BY A DOG?”

“NO!”

“IGNORANCE IS THE TRUEST KIND OF BLISS NEXT TO DEATH?”

Alphys couldn’t help but shudder at the dark things coming out Papyrus mouth, especially since it was Frisk of all people that put them there. She made a note to herself to inform Toriel and Asgore of the darker parts of Frisk’s mentality if they come back.

“When they come back. *Not IF, WHEN!*” Alphys corrected in her mind, “No Papyrus, they would want you to stay determined.”

Papyrus chuckled weakly, “THEY SAY THAT ABOUT EVERYTHING !”

Alphys chuckled too, “Yeah they do have a tendency to do that,” Alphys pointed towards the door lazily, “But it seems to work for them so...let’s try it!” Alphys did a dramatic pose, “T-t-the knowledge of our friends returning safe fills us with...d-determination?”

....
“ALPHYS I DON’T THINK THAT WOR—”

“Shhhhhhh!” Alphys put a clawed finger to Papyrus face effectively cutting off what he was going to say. “Do you hear that?”

Papyrus shook his head, “I DON’T HEAR ANYTHING.”

Alphys smiled, “Exactly.”

He and Alphys brust out the lab to find the once rowdy mob now silent, even Undyne who was easily the loudest one there has gone quiet as they all seemed to be staring at something.

There at the entrance of the town was none other than the missing royal family.

“Uhhhhh,” Asriel looked at the mob then back at Undyne, “What’s going on?”

Asgore glared at Undyne, “Yes Undyne I would also like to know what is going on here,” he turned to address the crowd, “I hope that in our absence you weren’t planning to do something you would regret right?!” His booming voice carried over the crowd making them quickly disperse, their reason for rioting no longer valid.

Papyrus wasted no time making his way to the dreemurr, Alphys being dragged behind him, “ASGORE, PRINCE, AND...ASGORE’S CLONE?” Papyrus titled his head as he stared at the Toriel’s new form.

 “[Well you’re half right Papyrus.]”

Everyone with the exception of Asgore and Asriel jumped back at Toriel’s warped voice.
“T-Toriel?” Undyne asked uncertainly, she eyed up her new dress, “Where’s the punk?”

Toriel chuckled a bit, “Oh come on Undyne,” her voice suddenly become a bit lighter, “Don’t you recognise your own bestie?”

Toriel put a hand to her chest and a red soul brust out of it, it floated for a second before bathing them all in a blinding light. When they could finally see they saw that Toriel had returned to her original outfit and in front of her was a extremely tired looking Frisk.

“Ta da!” Said Frisk nonchalantly as if this was a thing that happened on a daily occurrence, waving both hands to get the point across.

Both.

**Hands.**

Before any of the dreemurrs even respond to Frisk’s limb growing back the child’s knees buckled and they fell to the floor. Unconscious.

…

…

…

…

“So…” Undyne looked unimpressed at Frisk’s immobile body, “Anime isn’t real huh?”

Alphys facepalmed.

When you came to, you realised you were back on your bed with the room that you shared with Asriel. You wince as you push yourself to a sitting position, you heard the sounds of your family
downstairs: Alphys, Undyne, Papyrus and...Sans?

You gulped, there was no way he wouldn’t notice how the timelines seemed to distort around you and Toriel when you both fused.

You better do this quick then.

You looked deep inside yourself and found that your determination has been restored to its optimal level, you formed a save star in your hands.

Knowing that you and your family have finally made it home...Has filled you with determination.

File SAVED

Frisk Lv??

Final Home

You sigh with relief knowing that if Sans happens to blast on the spot you won’t have to bust yourself out of that prison again.

You pushed yourself out of bed, you wobbled for a bit but otherwise you fine, the torn and bloody sweater you had on and jeans were promptly thrown to the side of your room along with your destroyed sneakers, you walked into the hallway naked and opened the door to your bathroom before locking the door and taking a nice long shower. You let the hot water hit your skin, you were certain that everyone could hear you so there was no escaping.

Now the real question you must ask yourself is: “What now?”

A lot of things you would have rather kept secret have been blown into the open. One of them being the scars on your body the other being your affiliations with mages. You weren’t sure which secret was worse for you. The scars are one thing but the mages are something else entirely.

You found out that monsters despised mages, especially the dreemurr family. Even Toriel wanted a
piece of the red mage when you three fought.

Depending on what is said things can go very badly.

You also had to explain what in the fuck you just did with Toriel, what you did wasn’t normal nor should it be possible.

But you had a habit for giving logic and reasoning the one finger slutule so that much was to be expected.

Plus you don’t know how badly Sans would take to you actively affiliating yourself with yet another demon.

Seeing what happened the last time you did that you could understand why.

There was also another problem though.

Funnily enough it comes in the forms of your ex-best friend and your current best friend.

Sans and Asriel.

The only two people that can see through your bullshit and thus have the ability to call you out on it.

Asriel might call you out the moment he feels as if you can no longer protect yourself and try to ‘protect you’ which just meant him locking you in your room with him as your only company to make sure that his own source of decent entertainment doesn’t go and die on him.

And Sans...At this point is looking for any excuse to put a bone through their back so this really wasn’t helping to raise your life expectancy.

You giggle slightly, and you thought your life couldn’t get any more fucked up! Doesn’t matter whether it’s human or monster you’re still playing a game called life where the rules are incredibly unfair and losing means death.
You turn off the shower and made your way back to your room before putting on a hoodie that had the exact striped design as your other clothes with jeans and combat boots before making your way downstairs, at least in these clothes you’ll be able to get a decent running start from Sans if things go topside.

You walked down the stairs to find everyone scattered around the living room, each of them showing varying signs of distress with Toriel and Asgore at the top and surprisingly enough (well not really) Sans and Asriel at the bottom, Sans showing an unimpressed look and Asriel looking thoroughly bored as they leaned on opposite sides of the room hands in their respective pockets.

“H-hey guys,” every head turned to you as you made your way to the bottom of the staircase, “You missed me?”

Papyrus, Undyne and Alphys wasted no time in squashing you in a gigantic hug, “HUMAN YOU’RE OKAY! AS EXPECTED OF A FRIEND OF THE GREAT PAPYRUS!”

Undyne ruffled your hair, “Don’t go fainting on us again punk, you gave us a real scare.”

Alphys looked at your new arm skeptically, “Your parents told us what happened,” she prodded your arm with her claw, “Are you sure you’re okay?” She looked up and down, “Better yet I would also want to know how you managed to...fuse with your mother.” Alphys shuddered, “That shouldn’t be possible.”

You sighed, “I’ve got a lot of explaining to do don’t I?”

“that’s a understatement.”

Before you knew it Sans was right in front of your face, his eye sockets pitch black. But much to everyone else surprised you didn’t even react. Instead you stared right back into the dark abyss of Sans’s eye sockets with a equally blank expression on your face as well. “It’s been awhile hasn’t it Sans?”

Shaking off the shock from your lack of reaction Sans was quick to reply, “i guess it has been kid.” He shrugged, “i’ve been busy.”
You rolled your eyes, “Yeah, busy ,” you made little quotation marks with your fingers.

“kid this isn’t about me,” you swear you saw his smile get bigger, “it’s all about you .” He started to circle around you like a wolf would to prey, “where do want to start frisk? the pathetic state of your body or the fact you can pull moves straight out of one of alphy's anime?” He got up right against your ear and whispered, “or the fact that you might be the most dangerous human both mankind and monsterkind have ever seen.”

“SANS!” Toriel barked, “I will not stand for you badgering my child in my own home!”

You watched with satisfaction as Sans cringed, “y-yeah sorry about that tori-TORIEL yeah...hehehe,” sweat was already appearing on his skull, you notice Asriel snickering at watching Sans, clearly taking pleasure in watching him squirm. Normally that would upset you but since Sans decided to start treating you like the harbinger of Genocide you honestly couldn’t care less.

You clapped your hands together and turned towards Alphys, “So, you want to see it?”

Alphys couldn’t even pretend to hide her excitement.

“O-okay can you two enter here please,” Alphys opened the steel door and you made your way in with Toriel, the room you were in was in the underground lab in Undyne’s and Alphys new home. The room was a dull grey room with steel plates on the wall and multiple cameras in the corners. On the left of you could see a window, through all of your friends were watching with bated breathe. You try to ignore the almost jealous look that Sans was giving you, it creeped you out. “Can you hear me?” Alphy's voice boomed throughout the room.

“Crystal.”

“Oh okay, I just want to record and analyze the changes happening when you do...whatever it is you do.”

“Soul Evolution.”
“Yeah...that thing.”

You did a couple stretches and cracked your knuckles, “Well I wouldn’t want to disappoint a friend,” you turned back to Toriel, “Ready for this?” You summoned your SOUL.

Toriel gave you a small smile but you can see the anticipation burning in her eyes, “Always.” She summoned her own white soul.

Seeing the thirst for power in your Mother’s eyes fills you with…

DETERMINATION.

You raised your SOUL high above your head as Toriel smashes her own down on yours.

EXECUTE! SOUL EVOLUTION!

You relished in the feeling of your body becoming pure magic as your SOUL fused with Toriel’s. You felt as if you were free falling as you fell through the collective consciences of Toriel’s very being. As you were falling you saw the prompts come up.

*UNDERFELL VARIANT

*OVERTALE VARIANT

*REAPERTALE VARIANT

*SWAPTALE VARIANT

*OUTERTALE VARIANT
The list goes on as you saw countless symbols that led to multiple different variations of the same timeline.

No one else will remember but you and your family have been everything from humans to monsters, Gods and Demons and practically everything in between.

The RESET button has always been flawed after all.

With each LOAD the power to RESET becomes less and less stable.

It all started when you first set off to save Asriel, after 10 consecutive RESETs you felt your save file become corrupted before the world as you knew changed and you fell into the hell you have promptly codenamed “The Underfell.” You always wondered where the names you called these alternate timelines came from but you can worry about that later, right now you should go ahead and finish the transformation.

You floated towards the reapertale button.

Ah, you remembered this timeline.

It was really jarring experience to wake up wearing nothing but fancy robes and another for Toriel to be the one to kick you out instead of her forcing you to stay. You spent an entire year having to actually go around and try and teach humanity MERCY so that they would stop trying to murder the shit out of out each other.

You never struggled to progress so much before in your life.

And when you finally did only to find that Chara has basically become a God and you had to fight against that?
Let’s just say that gave you more than enough determination to GTFO out of there.

But you had to admit…

You hands pressed the button.

...It had it’s perks.

You felt your save file open as the old data from the timeline began flow around you as you embraced the power it gave you.

You world became white.

Sans couldn’t believe it.

There was no way.

It wasn’t fair!

He watched with black sockets as the goddess of life emerged from the flames.

The kid already had enough power as is.

They were a big enough threat already.

So why?
WHY?!

Why was it always them that gets the power?

No matter how hard Sans tries it’ll never be enough.

He’ll always lose out to something else.

Be it Asgore over Toriel.

Even though he went and murdered several kids.

Frisk over the power to control time.

Even though the kid is obviously a fucking psychopath.

...Gaster.

With all that happened over his life you would think that it would only be fair that Sans would get at least *something* to even the odds.

But no.

The world decides to give the power to control the lives of countless of innocent people to an unstable child with a tendency to kill people.

Because fuck logic right?

Sans let the light return to his eye sockets, regardless of what he felt right now he should be concerning himself with other things.
He seemed to be the only one of his friends that could see Frisk for what they were.

A monster.

In the truest sense of the word.

“[Does this suffice Alphys?]” You and Toriel both stretch your shared arms before you turning your head to smile at your baffled friends.

“No way…” Undyne couldn’t help but stare, “The punk has become a badass…”

Papyrus puffed up his chest, “WHY YES, I WOULD EXPECT NOTHING LESS FROM A FRIEND OF THE GREAT PAPYRUS NYEH NYEH NYEH!”

Alphys looked over her computer, her face a perfect picture of the astonishment. “T-these reading are off the charts!” She looked over her notepad then back to her screen, “Together they have the power of at least 100 hundred boss monsters. Easily surpassing the power of a normal human SOUL.”

Sans jumped up, “What do you mean at least 100 boss monsters?!”

Alphys stepped back, startled from Sans’s response, “W-well it’s hard to say since knowing Frisk nothing is really set in stone,” Alphys shrugged, “One-hundred boss monsters is more or less their base level when they aren’t really trying.”

Sans shook his head, “and that doesn’t bother you?”

“What are you trying to say Sans?” Asriel pushed himself off from the wall and got right up in Sans’s face, “Are you trying to say that my precious sibling is a threat?” Asriel was so close that his snout was pressed against his Sans’s navel cavity, he summoned some of his hyper death aura, “You’re overstepping your boundaries skeleman.”
Sans right eye burst into blue flames, “kid unless you want me send you back to the void, i suggest you back the fuck-”

“Sans, Az chill guys you’re just overreact-”

“you shut the hell up!” Sans pointed a bony hand at you, “i’m so tired of you shit kid!” He was shaking at this point, “everyone else might not know but I know what you are! and when everyone finds out the kind of freak you are...well.” He turned his blazing blue eye at you and Toriel but you swear that you felt as if he could see right through Toriel and right to you. “Let’s just say I’ll have a gReAt TiMe.”

Before anyone could stop him he disappeared.

“Well that happened…” said Asriel, trying to sound indifferent but you could see the glimmer of amusement in his eyes.

You couldn’t help but feel excited as well.

A paranoid Sans would make an excellent opponent!

You were never one to back down from a challenge.

And seeing Sans trying to save his friends from one of their own?

Screw determination that was just h i l a r i o u s.

Ignoring the concerned glances from your friends you broke into laughter.

You couldn’t help but think as Sans as the perfect mini boss to pass the time.

And it filled you with…
I know I said they'll be fullmetal stuff this chapter but I kinda like the way this one ended.

It'll happen next chapter.

Look forward to reunion of everybody's favourite demon child.

...No not Rin.

Also for those who don't get it, this Frisk has been to multiple different AUs in their attempts to save Asriel.
My humanity is almost as ambiguous as my gender

Chapter Summary

After saving their skin with the power of implusive lying, Frisk decides to meet up with an old business partner.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“So Frisk we promise we won’t be mad at you,” Asgore’s face was devoid of any of the warmth that was normal for the caprine, “But we must know why those mages know who you are.”

You felt yourself freeze.

Everyone in the room seemed to forget about the incident with Sans and turned their attention to you. You could even feel Toriel’s presence in the void of your SOUL. Judging you.

It was now or never.

You released the transformation and fell to the ground, using your new arm brace your landing.

You couldn’t help but wince.

You got cocky.

You let your guard down around Chad and you paid for it.

If you didn’t fuse with Toriel…

Well you could only hope that Alphys was good at constructing metal limbs as she was at creating abominations.
Next time you won’t be so lucky.

You could only fuse with someone for the first time once after all.

After that you would have to control the power and keep it at much more reasonable levels.

The price for failing to do so…

You couldn’t but throw up as you watch Undyne melt in front of you. Her eye melting into her mouth before her jaws fall off and hit the ground with a sickening splat sound.

It was horrific yet at the same time so mesmerizing to watch.

The way her body seem squelch underneath your feet yet feel so runny in your hands.

You rubbed your throat.

You were thirsty.

You eyed the puddle that was once Undyne the Undying

A sick part of you wondered if Alphys was watching.

That thought filled you with sadism.

You would let her watch as all her hopes and dreams are devoured and all that’ll remain is a void that can never be filled.
As you lower your hand towards her puddle you couldn’t help but wonder if she’ll taste like fis-

Point being you didn’t want have a butterscotch-cinnamon flavored puddle for a mother.

You shrug off the searching stares of your monster friends, “Long story short they want me dead,” you clenched your fist, “At least this time they actually have a reason.”

“What do you mean this time?” Asriel’s voice was suddenly quiet, you could hear the sound of his claws digging into his palms.

“I mean what I said,” you replied, your voice barely audible, you pulled back the sleeve on your hoodie, showcasing the jagged scars that decorated your arm. You hear the shocked gasps of Undyne, Papyrus and Alphys, “You know how I said my parents left me to die at in my house before I was finally found and put in a orphanage.”

Asriel shudder for a second, “Yeah, I remember,” he muttered, “At least Chara got one right about humans…”

No one else heard him.

“I lied.”

You block out the shock and hurt looks your family shot at you.

Since the day we met I lied.

“I ran away.”

And I’ll continue lying.
“I don’t know what they want from me.”

_Because despite everything I’m still a coward._

“Since the age of seven I’ve been jumping from place to place, never stopping and _trying_ so very hard not to get attached to anyone.” You let made your voice crack slightly for dramatic effect.

_You reached out to me._

“And everywhere I go they gave chase.”

_And now that I finally got a hold._

“I lost count of the amount of people that caught in the crossfire.”

_I promise…_

“When they do catch me...well you’ve seen the state of my body, it wasn’t pretty.”

..._I’ll never…_

“I-i-it h-hurt,” you let the crocodile tears fall, “T-t-they h-h-hurt me so much mom a-and they wouldn’t s-stop and-”
Toriel scooped you up in her arms, holding you close a you let yourself be cradled in her arms.

...Ever...

“I-I’m sorry my child,” Toriel’s sounded so broken, “You’re safe now, you’re safe…” From the corner of your eye you see your the sorrow in your friends eyes. Especially in Asgore and Asriel’s; the all too familiar gleam was apparent in your brother’s eyes.

“I want to kill them,” The amount of venom in his voice was breathtaking, “Dad, please let’s find them. I want to make them hurt. I want them to suffer.”

When no one disagreed with what he said you knew they would never question you again.

You had their pity.

Making them nothing but putty in your hands.

They were yours.

...Let any of you go.

After informing the police of your return everyone returned to their homes, the once cheerful atmosphere now sullied by your 'tragic' backstory. Upon returning home you and Asriel were sent to bed while Toriel and Asgore stayed downstairs; no doubt discussing you and the rather disturbing past you gave yourself. There were still a lot of holes in your story, hell, you were lucky that Asriel was too busy being pissed off beyond relief to call you out on it.

You could happily say that your lie was effective.

Too effective.
You were used to blocking out other people but even you had your limits as Asriel decided today was the day you needed a shoulder to cry on.

You turned around in your bed to avoid his glare, “So are you just gonna stare at me the entire night or what?”

Asriel didn’t respond, instead he simply got out his bed and plopped down on yours.

“...What are you doing Azzy?”

Asriel shrugged, “It feels right.”

...

...

...

“You’re not planning on leaving anyway are you?”

“Nope.”

“Uggggh.”

Pushing you against the wall Asriel forced himself underneath your covers, you turned around only to get a face full of goat fur, “Az, what the hell man?!?”

Still completely ignoring you he grabbed you from the other end of the bed; pulling you in for a bear hug that you had no memory giving consent for.

“Asriel what th-”
“I don’t appreciate being lied to Frisk.”

You fall silent.

You struggle.

Asriel’s claws dug into your back.

You stopped struggling.

“Now I don’t know what kind of shit you’re trying to pull,” His voice was cold, “I thought we wouldn’t hide things from each other.” You feel his claws dig just a bit deeper into your back but you didn’t react, “I thought we reached an understanding,” he grabbed your face, bringing you to his eye level, “I thought you could handle it.”

You swiftly resumed struggling.

“Guess I was wrong,” he shook his head in pretend exasperation; memories from your final battle flickered across your mind, “That’s too bad…” He began to stroke your hair again, “But don’t despair Frisk, I’ll take good care of you, I won’t let anyone hurt you again; not mages; not monsters and definitely not any puny humans.”

“…Flowey?” You should have seen this coming.

“Don’t be an idiot,” scoffed Asriel, “Like that stupid flower has anything on me.”

“So to whom do I owe this traumatizing experience too?”

You could feel it again, the overbearing aura that comes when faced with a God. Black tattoos appeared around his eyes giving the impression he was crying tears of void.
“Hyper death…”

Asriel shook his head, “Close, but no.” He looked down at you and smiled, “Despite everything it’s still me Frisk.”

You shook your head, “Why do I highly doubt that.”

He squeezed you harder, “Yeah Frisk, why do you doubt me?”

“Maybe because you’re acting like a fucking nutjob.”

“Sanity is overrated.” Replied Asriel, “And besides if I was still sane I’ll probably won’t be able to do things that need to be done.”

“Like what?”

“Protecting you, from yourself.”

You rolled your eyes, “I don’t need your protection,” you pushed yourself out of his grip, “You couldn’t even protect yourself from Chara.” You smiled manically at him, “I bet you can’t even protect yourself from me.”

Asriel smiled right back, “You can try.” He flexed his finger, cracking it, “I will protect you, even if it means having to break every bone in your body.”

…

…

…
You shook your head in exasperation, “You care too much Az.”

Asriel’s face quickly became a frown, “Only because you don’t care enough.” He opened his arms, you sighed in defeat before proceeding to sausage roll into his arms. You felt him enclose you in a less desperate hug. The softness of his fur luring you to sleep.

“I still don’t need you…” you say sleepily, you couldn’t be bothered to argue anymore.

“Whatever helps you sleep at night Frisk.”

...

It did.

“News just in, the now formerly missing royal family has been returned safe and sound after being missing for three days. Police reports show that they were being held captive in the no longer used “Ebott point,” the now abandoned attraction that was scheduled to be demolished later this year. The main perpetrators were a group of anti-monster radicalists that were hired by Ebott’s very own Linda Jones who has been reported missing along with her son Chad Jones. Investigations are being done to fin-”

You turned off the tv.

It’s been a week since your escape from the mages but the return to normalcy you were expecting never came. Asgore has put the town on high alert now that the existence of mages is known again, monsters are avoiding human-populated areas wherever possible and tensions between the two have never been higher.

You feel that your ambassador work is only going to worse before it gets better.

The attempts on your life will only increase as the days go by.

You couldn’t wait.
The only real plus to the entire situation was that you finally got kicked out of Linda’s school, now you can finally attend Toriel’s school for monsters like you always wanted with all your monster friends.

No more lonely lunchtimes.

No more boring lessons.

No more Chad.

And only thirty or so mages had to die.

It almost the perfect ending.

*Almost*.

You still had way too many loose ends to tie up, one of them being Chad. He saw what was under the mage's hood, you could only imagine the crazy thoughts going through his mind right now.

Crazy, hysterical, *dangerous* thoughts.

When you have the time you’ll have to hunt him down.

Him and his bitch mother.

You really got a kick out of beating the ever-loving shit out of him.

The only reason he stood a chance was because he cheated.
Those red eyes, you knew what that meant.

You just didn’t want to believe it.

Chara.

They’re alive.

Somehow.

You wiped their essence from their SOUL and casted them into the void.

People don’t come back from that.

Too bad Chara isn’t anymore of a person then you are.

You walked into your empty room, it took some time but you managed to convince Toriel to leave alone in the house while everyone else handled your ambassador duties in your stead. All you had to was pretend you were more traumatized than you actually were and needed some alone time. You opened your drawer and proceeded to empty it of its contents.

There they are.

On the bottom of your drawer there was a secret compartment.

Here you kept a note of all the secrets of the underground.

The ancient artifact that Toby swallowed.

The terrifying reality that the world as you knew was created by the same dog.
The truth behind Sans’s power.

Gaster.

Notebooks upon notebooks containing information about your power and the multiple timelines and mutated timelines you’ve been through.

And of course your most precious items.

The weapons of the fallen children.

Although their owners are dead and gone their weapons are still imbued with their SOUL power.

Mixing your determination with any of these weapons makes you a destructive force, so much so that you sealed them off, only allowing yourself to use them in the most dire of circumstances.

But you only came for one.

You reached for the true knife.

Out of all the weapons this one was probably the strongest yet at the same time most self-destructive weapon.

You stored all the LOVE that you couldn’t lock away into the blade, you could feel the corners of your mouth twitch into a smile the longer you held it for. The more you use it the more corrupt your SOUL becomes. Use it for too long and you become Chara 2.0.

So you had to make this quick.

You took out your phone and transferred into your dimensional box.
The surge of LOVE quickly dissipated but the plastic smile remained.

You couldn’t help but feel excited.

Next to Chad, Chara was one of the people you hated most in the world.

You *despise* traitors.

You couldn’t understand how a child can destroy such a perfect family.

They betrayed them.

And for what?

Revenge?

If they really wanted revenge they would have found a way to do it without dragging their brother down with them.

And if they really cared about their family then they would have found a way to save Toriel and Asgore’s marriage.

If they really cared they wouldn’t have let Asgore devolve into a dirty *childkiller*.

The least they could do is admit that they fucked up and *disappear* so that everyone can forget them and let those that actually deserve it finally move on.

But instead they decided to linger.
Like a parasite.

Because despite everything that happened, everything they’ve done.

They still don’t want to leave.

They don’t want to let go.

You let out an irritated sigh.

This conversation was long overdue anyway.

You opened the door to your window before taking out your phone and using the jetpack to fly into the forest.

You had a demon to call.

“...And.That.Should.Do.It!” You slashed the real knife across your arm five more times before stabbing into the middle of the pentagram. Blood flowed freely from your arm as it stained the ground with crimson. The pentagram began glowing in unison with the blood on the true knife, you could watched as the world became monochrome. It wasn’t your best work but it’ll have to do.

You could feel death all around you.

It seemed pissed off that you kept fucking with it.

Good.

“Caaaaaan’t yooooou thhhhhe LLLOOOVVVEEE tooonigggghhhttt!”
You turned around, “That was a really shitty joke Chara, even by your standards.”

There behind was semi-transparent Chara, their pasty skin now seemed to glow and their eyes seemed feral. They wore their sickly green and yellow sweater and torn up jeans with sneakers annoyingly like yours.

“Oh come Frisk, that was comedy gold!” Replied Chara hotly, you never got why they were so defensive over their sense of humor, “I bet that comedian will like my jokes.”

“Tch, you forget that the same comedian you speak of will decorate the town with your insides if given the chance,”

“Every act needs a heckler Frisk! It gives the show something unique you know?” Chara laughed quietly to themselves before getting serious again, “But you didn’t call me for that did you?”

“No shit sherlock,” You got serious as well, all emotion died on your face as you stared right at Chara, “So tell me, how much do you know?”

Chara paid your glares no mind as they suddenly lifted up their sweater, underneath was the same show of beaten and battered flesh that Frisk had only this time instead of a ‘7’ being carved into their chest a ‘0’ was.

You stared long and hard at the ‘0’ on Chara’s chest, “…I think this makes me hate you a little bit more now. “

Chara shakes their head, “And I think this just proves you’re even more screwed up than me.” A cocky smirk spread across their face, “I got you all figured out Frisk.” You didn’t flinch as they suddenly warped in front of you, eyes sockets black and oozing with tar, “You’re just like me, like us.”

You raised your eyebrow, “The mages?”

“No...The fallen children.”
You swore your heart missed a beat, suddenly everything made sense. Despite human souls being able to persist after death they still fade away after time, it doesn’t matter what you use to contain one all nothing could stand against time. Once yours is up it’s over.

Unless, you were a being like yourself.

Like the fallen children.

Like Chara.

“You know wanna something Frisk? When I think about all the time we’ve spent together I can’t help but wonder why I never really questioned my predicament,” He paused for what you could only assume was for dramatic effect, “There is a constant in this world, something that’ll never change no matter what timeline you go through,” You closed your eyes, “Monsters can absorb human souls, humans can’t absorb monster’s souls,” you felt the chains of your past tightening around you, “Humans can’t absorb humans souls. And no matter how hard I try and fool myself with all my demon talk I’m still just nothing more than a human,” Chara clasped their hands together, their expression looking absolutely ecstatic, “So tell me Frisk? Just what the hell are you?”

“Haha…”

The giggles broke through despite you trying your best to hold them in.

“…Hahahahahahahaha,”

Somewhere in the back of your mind you realized you were crying.

“…HaH AhAHahAHahahaHHAhahahahAHaha,”

And here you thought someone finally got it.

“Hahahahaha,” you regained your composure, “I must admit Chara, I never thought you could be such the detective, I expected nothing less from my predecessor.” You made the tsk tsk motion with your hands, “But you only just caught yet a glimpse of the true picture!”
“Yep you’re definitely related to me, you have everything from my looks to my psychotic nature, although psychotic doesn’t even begin to explain the clusterfuck that is your mental state right now.” Mused Chara.

“You’re right Chara I’m nothing like you or those fuck ups that fell before me,” Your red eyes flashed as your pupils disappeared completely, leaving you with pools of infinite red for eyes, “I’m so much better.”

Chara looked unimpressed, “You know eventually that power will destroy everything you hold dear right?” They looked away from you with a grimace, “When everyone sees you for what you are, they’ll hate you.”

“Why do you care?!” you replied hotly, “You lost the chance to become apart of their lives again as soon as you decided to commit mass genocide, you don’t have the right to be lecturing me.”

“YOU SHUT THE HELL UP!” Chara’s voice distorted so it sounded like they were speaking through a faulty microphone, “I’m not saying I want to come back and join you and your band hypocrites just yet so don’t you dare twist my words.”

You stifled another laugh, “The demon looked from monster to human, and from human to monster, and from monster to human again; but it was already impossible to say which was which.”

“…Exactly, if both sides just realize that they’re almost as bad as each other maybe all of this stupid fighting could have been avoided.”

You hold a hand to your chest in mock surprise, “But Chara that means I’ll be out a job!” You gave your pocket a little shake, the sounds of countless gold coins could easily be heard, “And we can’t have that.”

Chara gave you a look of utmost disgust, “Just looking at you reminds me why I threw myself down that hole in the first place,” They began to turn away from you, “Forget this, I’ll see you around Frisk,”

Chara began to disappear but you quickly latched onto their arm, “Oh come on partner, what’s the hurry? You still haven’t apologised for giving Chad all that LOVE and costing me my arm.”
Chara pulled away, “And you haven’t thanked me for hacking into the mage’s systems and stopping them from calling the higher ups.” You shudder as a myriad of images flashed through your mind, “You wouldn’t want to alert **them** of your location yet, would you?”

The smile dropped from your face, “Of course not idiot, I’m nowhere near powerful enough yet,” you sighed, “I guess I’ll thank you for helping me just this once, as thanks I won’t wipe your pathetic ass off the face of the timeline.”

“Oh gee thanks.” Replied Chara sarcastically.

“But before you go, tell me. Did me using my power on Toriel attract the attention of any pests.”

Chara didn’t say anything, instead gave you a smirk before their body started to break apart, “You have no idea, stay determined Frisk. You’re gonna need to.”

And just like that Chara disappeared, the world’s color came back and the pentagram you wrote on the floor began to lose its form. The true knife stopped glowing and returned to normal, you stood there in the clearing before the light stinging sensation in your arm brought you back to reality.

It wasn’t coincidence that you chose Mount Ebott for your final resting spot.

It looked like you were attracted to the SOULs of your fellow freaks.

You took out your phone and checked the time.

1:45 pm.

You still had enough time to make it home and clean your wounds before your family gets home.

You picked up the true knife and shove it into your dimensional box before taking flight.
You had a lot to think about.

Chapter End Notes

If you felt as disturbed at the Asriel scene as I did I would like to apologise, have an internet cookie.

(P.S anyone who could guess find all the references in this chapter gets two internet cookies).

I like cookies.

Don't judge me.
Chapter Summary

Frisk’s first day in their new school went as well as we could have expected.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

BEEEP BEEEEEP BEEEEP BEEEEE-

You smashed your fist down on your alarm clock, silencing it while at the same time breaking it beyond repair. It let out one last pathetic beep before it short circuited and died.

“Nice one Frisk,” You turn your head to see an fully dressed Asriel watching you with a less than impressed expression on his face, “That’s was only the tenth alarm clock you’ve broken.” Asriel quickly ducked as you threw the broken alarm clock at his face only for it to hit the wall behind him, “...I take it you’re not a morning person.”

“Ugggghhh, can you just not be a sarcastic asshole for just a few seconds?” You rub the crust out of your eyes. “Why are you all dressed up anyway?”

Asriel shrugged, “Oh, no reason I just prefer going to school in actual clothes instead of pyjamas but that could be just me.”

...

...

...

You could already feel the beads of sweat appearing on your forehead, “...Asriel, what time is it?”
With a shit eating grin Asriel took out his phone and showed you the display.

8:45 A.M

_The primal fear that warned you to avoid your mother’s wrath for your own self preservation filled you with…_

**DETERMINATION.**

Toriel wasn’t having a good day.

Upon her return to school she has been barraged with nothing but Frisk-related questions.

“What happened to Frisk Mrs Dreemurr?”

“Can you two become a giant women again Mrs Dreemurr?

“I thought Frisk was going to start school here Mrs Dreemurr?”

“What’s Frisk like Mrs Dreemurr?”

“Please turn back into a giant women.”

“Will Frisk sign my face/horn/napkin/list other body or object ‘here’.

“All I WANT TO SEE IS YOU TURN INTO A GIANT WOMEN!”

Blah, blah, blah.
Now as much as Toriel loved her child, they tend to gather the attention of everyone in the area.

Which is great for ambassador duties...but not much else.

It actually makes life a pain the ass.

They couldn’t even go on a family shopping trip without someone recognizing Frisk’s face from some poster or tv commercial (Mettaton asked Frisk to help him with his new ‘MTT Brand hair cream with human friendly glitter’). Toriel didn’t believe that the family needed any more publicity than it already had.

But things were never that simple where they?

It was sad but she was sure by that point Frisk probably had a bigger fanbase than Mettaton himself. So you would think that the least the child could do is at least get to school on time to spare their mother of having to deal with these fanboys.

With an irritated sigh Toriel trudged into the classroom, the normally chipper and motherly teacher now replaced with an extremely exasperated state one who looks like their aspirin supply had been cut off.

The students in the classroom immediately picked up on her agitated state and decided for once to be quiet.

Something Toriel couldn’t be more grateful for.

Toriel looked down to her watch.

8:55 A.M

“Looks like I’ll have to have a talk to Frisk and Asriel about time keeping…” muttered Toriel under her breath, “Well okay class open your textbooks to page 3-”
CRASH!

Students dived for cover as the shards of glass rain down on them like glistening rain drops, Toriel watched with a slight twitch as two unmistakeable stripped children stood upon her desk, posing harder than any celebrity she had seen before.

And also managing to knock over everything on her desk too.

Frisk flicked her their hair and turned towards the baffled students, “Heh, sorry for the wait,” They leaped off Toriel’s desk, spinning on the heel of the foot before coming to a stop in front Monster Kid, “Missed me?”

“U-u-uhh,” Kid couldn’t even form a proper sentence as they were sent into a blushing stupor thanks to the power of flirty Frisk’.

Unfortunately for ‘flirty Frisk’ they managed to piss off ‘angry goat’.

Frisk couldn’t suppress a shudder as a fuzzy hand clamped down on their shoulder, the overconfident smirk on their face became a one of true terror as the child finally realized the consequences of their actions.

Asriel realized it too, the goat child was almost at the door before a ‘stray’ fireball hit the door only inches from his head.

“Come,” Toriel’s voice bode for no argument.

With a heavy heart Asriel trudged over to his mother.

Toriel pointed to the window, “Pay,” Frisk looked at her as if she grew a second head, “PAY!” Muttering a few choice words that no eleven year old should know at that age Frisk took out their leather wallet and dumped a handful of gold in Toriel’s waiting hand. She didn’t even need to say anything to Asriel as he frantically emptied out his pockets, practically throwing their gold coins at their mother.
She pointed to the door, “Leave.”

They fled.

Toriel look around her destroyed classroom with a sigh, the murderous edge in her voice now gone.

She knew things were going to get “exciting” when Frisk got here.

Now she doesn’t know whether or not that’s a good thing.

She brushed some debris of her desk.

…

This was going to be a long year.

“She took my money, Asriel! My hard earned savings!” You slammed your locker shut before turning and walking down the hallway. After accidentally destroying part of the school your mother sent you and Asriel to her office (which you found pointless since she could have just chewed them out in the classroom and be done with it) where she proceeded to give you a lecture on “The correct way to enter the classroom” she took around 80G from both you and Asriel, which isn’t really a lot considering the fact that your bank account alone is bigger than even the royal treasury (thank god you figured out a way to transfer items over timelines).

But it was the principal that mattered.

Heh.

Fortunately that whole event took up two whole periods of lessons, much to Toriel’s chagrin.

Asriel rolled his eyes, “Well maybe you still would have had your gold if you didn’t decide to drive your freakin hoverboard through the window instead of going through the entrance like a normal
You scoffed, “And risk being late? Hah!”

Asriel said nothing as he slapped you in the back of your head, “Gah! What the hell Asriel?!?” You exclaimed, the force of the hit nearly knocked you off your feet, “What the fuck is your problem?”

“You nearly getting me killed for the sake of punctuality.”

“Well could kick my ass a bit quieter please? People are staring.”

It was true, it seemed that word of your shenanigans have already spread across the entire student body. Whatever perfect image they had of you before was completely destroyed along with that wall.

Plus this is the most people have seen Asriel talk since the beginning of the year, the goat child seemed distant and uninterested in everything to do with school, not that you could blame him. Being a soulless flower will do that to you. It could have been worse, so so much worse.

“Sorry,” replied Asriel sheepishly, “If you want privacy I know this great place we could go for bre-”

“YO! DUDES WAIT UP!”

You swear you saw Asriel’s eye twitch as you turned around and saw Monster Kid running towards you…

…Only to fall on his face and slide the rest of the way.

Students watched impassively as they casually stepped out the way, letting Kid barrel ahead as if it happened regularly.

From the corner of your eye you could see Asriel watching MK with what could quite possibly be the most perfect deadpan you’ve ever had the pleasure of witnessing.
...So this happened often?

You felt something connect with your foot, you looked down to find MK at your feet, his face still firmly connected with the ground.

You knelt down so that you could get to Monster Kid’s level, “...You should be proud Kid, you managed to travel a whole 3 feet using just your face.”

You hear Asriel snicker behind you.

“D-dude shut up!” Monster Kid finally put himself upright, his face had a slight orange hue, “I-I bet you can’t do that with YOUR face!”

“Why would Frisk even want to do that?” Asked Asriel, you notice the condescending tone in his voice when talking to kid, “Like Frisk would try and do something so stupid ,” Asriel turned towards you.

Only to find you weren’t there.

You stood a couple feet away from them, monsters lined the hallway from either side giving you a straight track for you to slide down.

You were never one to back down from a challenge.

“EVERYBODY GET THE FUCK OUT THE WAY!” You screamed as you ran full pelt down the hallway for dolphin diving onto the floor face first. There was an audible crack, no doubt you just broke your nose, the monsters watch with a mix between admiration and pity.

...You could see why they would pity you.

Nevertheless you still managed to slide down the entire length hallway, easily getting to the doors that led out into the playground.
“DID IT!”

Everyone turned back towards Asriel and Monster Kid respectively, their stares expectant. It was obvious they wanted to see them attempt the same thing Frisk did.

Asriel looked from Kid to Frisk, to the crowd and at the floor before putting his arms up in the universal symbol for surrender, muttering a quick “fuck this,” under his breath before walking down the hallway normally…

...Only to get knocked over by Monster Kid as he slid right into him, sending crashing into the floor.

Monster Kid spared Asriel a glance before smiling as he slid all the way down the hallway and barreled right into Frisk sending both children flying out the building and out into the playground.

“I w-win,” groaned Monster Kid.

“C-can you even call it a win at this point?” You used your own body to soften Monster Kid’s fall, you could safely say that Kid’s lack of arms didn’t make him any less heavy. You couldn’t even feel your face anymore, you’ve learnt to block out certain types of pain so all you felt was a dull ache and a slight tingling sensation in your nose.

“Oh dude, sorry.” Kid rolled off you so you now side-by-side, “...So what do you want to do now?”

You looked down at your watch, “We still have about 15 minutes before we have to go to gym class.” You turned to your side, “Who’s our teacher again?”

“Undyne.”

“...On second thought I think I’m just gonna stay here.”

Kid raised a swollen eyebrow, “What happened to never being late?”
“I can’t be late if I never intended to go.”

“Ha, fair enough.”

“You shouldn’t have to wait on me, You know my mother is more uptight about punctuality than me and that’s saying something.”

Monster Kid shook his head, “Hey, if it’s alright with you can I stay here?”

“...Are you sure?”

“...Yeah.”

“You don’t mind getting in trouble?”

“Not if it’s with you.”

“...”

“Frisk?”

“Hahahahahahahahahahahaha!”

“What’s so funny?”

You wiped a tear from your eye, “Those are some famous last words MK.”

Kid looked at you confused, “What do you mean?”
You never answered.

You and Kid both laid there, your faces mashed beyond recognition yet at the same time even if there was walls upon walls of secrets separating the two of you.

You couldn’t help but feel at peace.

…

You realized that peace was boring.

“Idiots, Idiots, IDIOTS! ” Asriel pronounced every word with a kick to the wall, leaving little cracks across the brickwork.

That little bastard.

How dare he?

The moment he and Kid locked eyes with each other Asriel knew.

He knew that Monster Kid did that on purpose.

“Damnit it!” Kid could see he was talking to Frisk, the timing was too perfect for it to be a coincidence.

He took Frisk away from him.

He’ll kill him, consequences be damned.

“that expression on your face, your jealousy is almost sickening.”
“What do you want skeleton?”

Sans shrugged his shoulders (bones?), “why aren’t you in gym class?”

“Why aren’t you cleaning up the homeroom like the good little janitor you are?” Sans twitched, “Better yet why do you pretend you care?!” snapped Asriel, “We don’t like each other so let’s cut the crap.”

Sans’s perpetual smile seemed to drop in its intensity, “damn, you’ve got a sharp tongue, just like your mother…” Sans kicked a pebble sending it skidding across the ground, “you dremurrs really don’t mince your words huh?”

“Don’t fuck with me,” growled Asriel, “I’m not in the mood right now.” Asriel gave the wall one last kick before beginning to walk away, “Why don’t you go back ogling my mother from a dist—”

Blue aura surrounded Asriel as he was picked off his feet and was thrown to the side, Asriel still remaining unimpressed span out of his freefall, landing perfectly on his own two feet like nothing happened, “Temper, temper Sans,” Asriel sneered, “You’re barely on speaking terms with my mother as is, I wonder what will happen if I told her you attacked her own flesh and blood?”

Sans glared at Asriel with something akin to unbridled hatred, “...you’re just as fucked up as Frisk isn’t you?” Sans shoved his hands in his pockets before looking away, “it’s their fault my relationship with tori is like this anyway.”

Asriel shrugged, one eye was closed as he shook his head, “Why are you acting like you ever had a chance?” Asriel casually ducked as bone was thrown in his direction, “I mean as soon as you decided to take credit for something you never done or in other words failed to do you lost Sans.”

Sans snorted (yeah I don’t know how either), “Lost? And may I have the pleasure of knowing who I lost to.”

“Ain’t it obvious? My dad of course!”
It was only for a second but Asriel saw the little pinpricks of lights that Sans called pupils flicker.

"Gotcha."

"My dad may have messed up, oh who am I kidding? My dad really screwed up, If it weren’t for Frisk I might actually have had to call you dad.” Asriel did a mock shudder, “But despite all the horrible things he’s done do you know why mother has and always will choose him over you?”

"...tell me kid, enlighten me.” Sans’ voice was deathly quiet.

"He never gave up.”

“...”

“Even when he lost everything he never gave up.”

“...”

“She may not say it but you can see it when you look in her eyes can’t you? She knows you gave up a long time ago.”

“what are you trying to say kid?”

“You’re weak.”

Gaster blasters materialized around Asriel, their mouths open ready to obliterate the child on impact, “i a m n o t w e a k. ”

Asriel shook his head, “Yes you are Sans.” Asriel began to walk towards Sans, “I’ll prove it to you.” Before Sans could even realize what was happening the first gaster blaster was destroyed, Asriel sighed, he disappeared then quickly reappearing on top of the second gaster blaster. Twirling the
CHAO SABER between his fingers, “See Sans it’s like I said…” Asriel raised his CHAOS SABER over his head.

Sans’s eye was flickering between yellow and blue, “what the hell are you?”

Black streaks ran down Asriel checks, “I’m their best friend…”

He tightened his grip on his saber.

“ASRIEL!”

He stabbed the blaster, the blade went right through the skull coming out the bottom but still remained in one piece, Asriel kissed his teeth, he raised his other hand and the other CHAOS SABER materialized in it.

“DREEMURR!”

The Gaster blaster exploded in a shower of blue and yellow sparks completely obscuring Asriel, Sans looked around frantically for the fallen prince, he couldn’t let the little shit beat him like this.

He wasn’t weak.

He was good enough.

He wa-

SLICE.

Sans
Asriel held his **CHAOS SABERS** in a scissor formation around Sans’s neck.

“Like I said. *Weak* .”

Asriel dematerialized his **CHAOS SABERS** and released his partial hyper death summon.

Sans fell to his knees.

“Earlier you told me that the jealousy I displayed was sickening,” Asriel giggled slightly, “But when I look at you It’s almost like looking at a reflection.”

“**I’m nothing like you,**”

Asriel started walking away.

“are you listening you freak, i’m nothing like you!”

Asriel stopped but didn’t turn around, “Didn’t you hear me Sans? I said *almost* …” He turned his gaze back to the school, “...Unlike you I have a chance.”

Asriel walked off his fists clenched tight in his pockets.

He has a chance.

And that’s all he needed.

---

*The king and queen looked towards their son.*
In a couple of days they’ll be ready.

They’ll get revenge.

For the war.

For the betrayal.

“Are you ready to go?” Asked the queen.

The prince looked between his two parents, “Yes,” He smiled, “Now let’s go kill my sister.”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter: POLITICS!!!
No rest for the wicked

Chapter Summary

How far is too far?

Chapter Notes

4:14 Edit:

I posted this chapter in the morning and when I came back from school I had no words...

201 Kudos.

201 fucking Kudos.

WE MADE IT!!!

I want give a huge thank you to everyone who supported me and this story, it really
means a lot to me.

Now if only I could draw I would have finally got around to making some art for this
story and make the best freakin cover art known to man...

...Help me...

...Please...

*Got to 200+ kudos and thanks his audience only to turn around and ask for fanart like
the greedy fuck he is*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Despite what you tell everyone else you love politics.

Well before you fell down mount ebott you obviously didn’t give a damn but that was only because
you had more pressing matters to deal with.

Like not dying a painful death.

…
To be honest not much has changed in that department.

Not like you would have it any other way, but that was besides the point.

With politics you could finally be as outwardly aggressive as you want without anyone from your family worrying.

Passive aggression is was the name of the game and you were really good at it.

The game was simple really, you throw out a suggestion, everyone else discards for some bullshit reason (because none of them had the balls to look you in the eye and tell you they won’t pass a law or give a monster a right for simple reason that they’re monsters). Then one of the military generals would offer protection for simple price of having magical weapons at their disposal.

You had no idea why they thought you would let that slide.

What do they take you for? An idiot?

“Now ambassador,” you hated the way he said that word as if it hurt him to say it, “I’m offering you something that could change this grand country of ours for the better!” The general (you refused to call him any other name) clicked his fingers and one of his flunkies came to your podium with a contract, you handed the contract to Asgore (He was the only one with you today because Toriel was busy with school and Asriel simply didn’t care enough about politics to attend) because it had big words that you couldn’t say.

Asgore’s face darkened the further he read, by the end his arm was shaking with barely controlled rage. You touched his arm, “Calm down Dad, now’s not the time.”

Asgore didn’t say anything as he slammed the contract in front of you.

You picked it up and read it.
“Is this a joke?” For his sake he better hope it is.

The general shrugged, “I think it’s perfectly reasonable.”

You slammed your own hand down on the podium, actually managing to break it slightly. Splinters of wood were sent flying everywhere. The general looked to you in shock, as did everyone else. They didn’t expect a child of all people to display such strength.

Such rage.

The contract stated that a monster (the government got to pick but you already know it’s most likely going to be one of your friends), to be taking to a facility where they’ll go through tests so that humans can understand the magic better. All findings will be shared with the American military for the ‘security of the country’. In addition in times of strife monsters can be drafted into army and pulled into any little war the country waged. The army wanted to utilize magic weaponry as soon as possible, with a monster on the field warfare could be changed forever.

They only had to sacrifice a couple of monsters to do it.

But what really pissed you off is the final demand, something that humans have been demanding since monsters got out of their imprisonment (not that they would admit to any monster).

The anti-magic suppressants.

To be blunt about it was a dog collar that monster would have to wear until the day they die.

It effectively cuts off all magical abilities leaving the monster, in human words, harmless.

But you know what they really wanted to say was defenceless.

Most monsters heavily rely on their magic in their day-to-day lives, hell most monsters can only protect themselves using magic. There were exceptions like Undyne and Asgore who don’t need a
weapon since they could hit with the force of a truck but others might be screwed.

Although you remember in one timeline where you watched Toriel deck Asgore so hard that he crashed into the barrier.

It was a beautiful moment.

Back to the matter at hand the only thing they offered you in return is protection.

To offer a species that have been craving freedom all their lives protection over said freedom was insulting.

Being part of the species that took away freedom in the first place is the last metaphorical straw on the fucking camel's back.

They shouldn’t even be able to make the technology capable of sealing magic.

You had a good idea where they got idea from and judging from Asgore’s reaction he had the same idea.

Mages.

They’re even in the military.

Figures.

You tore the contract in half, “If you really wanted to be funny I can introduce you to a comedian, he might not be the best but even his jokes are in better taste than this.”

You hear Asgore chuckle behind you, “Now Frisk, be nice.”
You smiled back, “Oh come on Dad I’m nice...most of the time.”

The general looked between the two of with disgust, “You people sicken me.”

Asgore shrugged, “The feeling’s mutual.”

“You’d be wise not to make a enemy of us Dreemurr.”

You narrowed your eyes, “Is that a threat?”

“A empty one if you choose to stand by your people.”

“I am standing by my people.”

“Okay that’s enough you three!” Senator Johnson was at the head of the panel, “Let’s all try and act like civilized people here.”

You and Asgore muttered a few choice words under their breath while the general turned his glare towards the senator, “I still don’t see why you’re leading this meeting, they bought you out with their filthy money.”

The senator smirked, “What can I say General? Money talks,” He gave his pocket a little jingle for emphasis, “But Ambassador you should consider his offer, it might be the best one you get.”

You felt your crimson eyes flash, “Monster kind is tired of war Johnson, they have the right to not be dragged into more.”

“If your people don’t want to be dragged into war then it would make sense to at least give us something in return for our troubles.” Replied Johnson.

“That’s bullshit and you know it!” You snarled, “Mount Ebott is unowned territory, it doesn’t belong to anyone and if it did then it probably belongs to monsters anyway! Seeing as they’ve been living there longer than you’ve been taking breath!” You pointed a finger at Johnson, “We don’t owe you
You certainly haven’t made any friends today.

But it wasn’t like they wanted to be friends with you anyway.

They want something from you and you want something from them.

It was as simple as that.

“We know what you’re trying to do Dreemurr!” The general growled at you, “We all know you’re hiding something.”

You remained stone faced even though what he said shocked you.

*How the hell did he know?*

“That’s just ridiculous, you are aware I’m only eleven years ol-”

“I wasn’t talking to you.”

“...”

The general crossed his arms before sneering at Asgore, “Isn’t that right?...Asgore.”

*Shit.*
“Or should I say child killer?”

They say the face of a man whose sins have caught up to them vary from person to person.

You’ve never had opportunity to see what yours would look like.

Too bad Asgore wasn’t as lucky as you.

The confident smirk on Asgore’s face was now replaced with one of absolute fear…

...And regret.

So much regret.

“How?” Asgore’s voice was deathly quiet.

The general was smiling manically now, clearly taking pleasure in torturing your father, “Oh it was very simple ‘your majesty’. you see it's very easy these days to perform surveillance on enemy territo-

“Shut up.”

The general’s became silent.

“Who was it?”

“Don’t you think that question is pointless Frisk?” Senator Johnson asked, “I mean after all what credibility do you have for the ambassador to a race of child killers?”

“Yeah he’s right!”
“Monsters are really dangerous after all!”

“Arrest them!”

One by one the shaky alliances you’ve made began to fall apart.

You and Asgore were surrounded, armed guards pointing their firearms at the both of you.

There was no escape.

“It’s me you want, leave Frisk out of this!” Bellowed Asgore, “...The blame falls on me alone.”

“You’re wrong.”

“Wha?”

“I have no doubt that all of Monster kind is responsible.”

So this is what he was leading up to.

Bastard.

Clever, clever bastard.

Just for that you’ll make their death a slow one.

“Dad,” You turned to him, your pupils being completely drowned out in the crimson sea in your eyes, “...Run.”
Heh.

It’s been awhile.

*YOU LET THE MASK FALL*

LOAD

You woke up on a bed of golden flowers.

You woke up on your bed.

Your bed made of cotton, wool and potentially magic.

Not flowers.

Never flowers.

You sat up from your bed and locked eyes with Asriel.

He knew.

You need to figure out how he knows.

Not even Sans can keep track of LOADs anymore, not after you did a new game without Chara.

You made it so.
But then again if Asriel didn’t have knowledge over the LOADs it’ll make your line of work so much harder.

You needed to the dark deeds in order to protect everyone.

It began with the meetings after the initial one in the town hall, the further away from ebott you got the braver people felt, you lost count of the amount of people or organizations that you had to silence just to make through one meeting.

Some jobs were harder than others, you couldn’t pull them off alone.

But this one was quite possibly the worst one yet.

They found the fallen children.

The skeletons in the monster kind’s closet.

No amount of money or negotiating will change the fact that they killed six children.

Someone managed to find them.

Or what is left of them anyway.

“Who needs to die?” Asriel wore a wicked smile on his face, you happy to see he enjoys his work.

“A lot of people Az...a lot of people.”

Asriel walked to his closet and opened it, he rummaged around in it for a second before finding the mask he wore for the prank you two pulled on your old school, “Need one?”
You took out your phone, “Naw, I got my own,” you opened your dimensional box A in your phone and selected “Ghoul”.

A leather mask with teeth and eye patch appear in your hands.

“Frisk, that one wasn’t even subtle.”

“I know.”

You put the mask on but kept the teeth part unzipped so you could talk better, your left eye was covered but your right was on full display, blood red as always, “How do I look Asriel?”

“Like a nerd.”

“...Good.”

Asriel slipped his own mask on, “You know if this ever gets out Alphys will never let you watch anime with her again.”

You rolled your eyes, “Asriel if this gets out we won’t be watching anything! Because you know...we’ll be dead.”

Asriel opened the window, “Who cares about trivial things like death when you can just rewind time?”

“I prefer to do things in one go, you know this Asriel,” memories from your time in the underground resurfaced in your head, “Repeating things over and over again tends to get...stale.”

“You mean boring.”

“Yes.”
“Well why didn’t you say so?” Asriel looked back at you, “Let’s get this done then.”

He jumped out the window.

You sigh.

“You and your thereatrics…” you mutter under your breath before jumping out the window after him.

You fell.

And fell

And fell.

You felt soft hands catch you, you looked down and found you were a couple feet off the ground still.

“I totally saved you!” sang the Lord of hyper death, well not really. It was still Asriel in his child form but he had those black tear stains running down his cheeks, you felt your body vibrate slightly because of the power he was emitting.

“I thought you needed me for that?” You were held in a fucking prison for three days he better have a good reason for not going all out from the start, “Why the hell didn’t you do that when we were being held captive!”

Asriel shrugged, “This isn’t me at full power, I still remain in my child form and my stats aren’t infinite anymore- hey! Wait a second,” He dropped you, “I’m pretty sure you’ve holding back since the day you fell underground! Where do you get off lecturing me!”

You ignore the fact that this is the second time a member of your family has dropped you on the floor, “Sorry…” You realized how much of a hypocrite that made you, it...sadden you, you sat on
the floor looking absolutely pathetic.

Asriel looked down on you, “Come on Frisk, we got to go. Do the deeds that need to be done remember?”

You flopped on the ground.

Asriel looked exasperated, “Frisk seriously, you didn’t make me bust out this awesome power up only to get all Sans on me.”

You raised your arm weakly, “You hurt me-”

Asriel looked at you wide eyed, “Oh crap are you okay? Where are you hurt? Ohmygosh I’m sorry-”

“-with your words.”

…

Damn if looks could kill (which in Asriel’s case it might) you’d be dead a thousands times over.

You made a grabbing motion with your hands similar to how a baby would do it, “Carry me.”

“No.”

“Please?”

“No.”

“Oh come on, when you get all touchy-feely with me you don’t see me complaining.
For personal reasons.

Asriel looked slightly guilty, “The answer is still no,” apparently not guilty enough.

“Fine, you asked for this,” You widen your own eyes.

“Frisk don’t you dare.”

You let your bottom lip quiver.

“You can’t break me, I’m not weak like that!”

You let a single tear drip down your check.

Asriel scooped you up and held you bridal style before flying off towards mount ebott.

You immediately regain your composure, “VICTORY!” You knew how much he hated seeing you cry.

“You’re cruel one Frisk, a cruel one indeed.”

You kissed him on the check, you chuckle as you watch the blush travel quickly up his face.

“Does that make up for it?”

Asriel said nothing, instead he opted to touch the place where you kissed him.

You could tell he was yours by the wistful smile that crept up his face.
“More so then you can imagine.” His voice rumbled like thunder.

“Good, now let’s go kill some people okay?”

Someone was going to have a bad time today.

A very bad day indeed.

“Down there,” You and Asriel were back in the throne room, “I think we take a right and we’ll be there.”

Asriel let you down, “But that’s the coffin room… ” Understanding dawns on Asriel, “...Oh shit. ” He clenched his fists, “Damn, I’m guessing things got really messy at the end?”

You flashed your red eyes, “I put a trident in the general’s stomach and proceeded to empty him out like a fish in a butcher before they shot me and Asgore.”

“I didn’t need that image in my mind.”

“I’m probably going to have done a lot worse when this is all over.”

“Wait, a minute,” Asriel stopped walking, “This LOAD felt different, more heavy. How far back did we go?”

Clever.

“Three days.”

“Huh?” Asriel looked confused, “Why didn’t you save in the morning.”
“Asriel if I saved everyday I won’t be able to stop anyone who’s been planning things in the background for more than a day!” You tapped your head, “I only have one save file Asriel I’ve got to make the most of it, if I save and someone is dead there’s nothing we could do for them. This power isn’t infallible Az.”

Yet.

Asriel sounded impressed, “Wow, you put way more thought into this than I ever did as Flowley. Exactly what I expect from my little human.”

“You’re the same height as me!” you snapped back, you hated it when people say you're short.

“Have you seen my dad Frisk? I myself at least three years before I starting towering over you like the King that I am.” He ruffled your hair, “While you my friend will be stuck being a psychotic dwarf for the rest of your life.”

You slapped his hand, “I hate you.”

“You don’t.”

“Oh trust me when I say I do.”

“If you did you would have left me to rot in the ruins as Flowley.”

“Only because Flowley is just as unhinged as me.”

“Hey! I resent that!”

You and Asriel argued the entire way down, it was times like this where you still pretend that you were just an ordinary kid.
No powers.

No lies.

Just you and your brother hanging out like normal sibling do.

You made it to the coffin room, your eyes catch sight of the coffin of the child of **Patience**.

It was a good lie while it lasted.

“Asriel you trust me right?”

Asriel raised a eyebrow at your sudden change in tone, “**I trust you not to kill us all in our sleep if that’s what you mean.**”

“That’s not what I was asking Asriel. Do.You.Trust.Me.”

Asriel stared at you for a couple seconds before letting his face soften, “**You made lots of mistakes Frisk, you lied and you’re still lying. I’m pretty sure that you’re hiding something from us. Something big and that hurts...**”

You knew you were nothing but a fucking liar, who were kidding thinking that anyone could actually like you when you were a-

“...**But you care about us.**”

Huh?

Asriel smiled and for once it bore no malice or sarcasm behind it. It was a smile full of sincerity, he meant every word he said. “**You do anything to protect us. To protect me. You’re willing to damn your own SOUL to hell if it meant that everyone got a happy ending. I respect that.**”
“A-Asriel I-I,” you were surprised to find that your voice cracked slightly.

Tears fell down hard and fast.

“Even if it turns out your something truly horrible, I’ll always have your back okay?”

The tears stopped almost immediately.

Now all you felt was hurt.

He can say all these pretty words now but you knew if he ever found out what you were…

...He probably be the first one in line to kill you.

And you had noone to blame but yourself.

“T-thank you,” you pointed a shaky hand to the coffins, “Can you carry these please?”

Asriel nodded albeit hesitantly, “Okay but to where?”

“Hotland.”

A lot of emotions flashed across Asriel’s face before he got to acceptance.

Anger.

For defiling the bodies of your mother’s children.
Disgust.

For even suggesting such a thing.

Sadness.

Because there really wasn’t any other alternatives.

But there one emotion that hurt the most to see.

One that you were all too used to seeing.

Fear.

Asriel was scared.

Even if it were for a second he was scared.

It wasn’t as satisfying as it was with Sans.

If anything it felt wrong.

You felt sick.

“O-okay, ” with a flick of his wrist the coffins were covered in a multi-colored light before they began floating, “I got it.”

“Let’s go.”
The walk to Hotland was silent, the weight of what you’re about to do was weighing on both of you.

If Toriel ever found out would she forgive you?

If they were anything like you then they must have stayed in the ruins for at least a year before moving on.

Toriel spent a year with each of these children and loved them equally.

But if she loved them why didn’t she visit them once throughout your entire time on the surface.

Was because of you and Asriel, does your presence remind her so much of Chara that she doesn’t care about the others anymore.

Even if it unrealistic you hoped so.

You didn’t know if you could handle your mother hating you.

You watched Asriel from the corner of your eye, every step looked like it hurt and you could his entire being was in protest against this. Even if he was a soulless flower before and then a tyrannical god after Asriel was still a monster.

Monsters were made out of love, kindness and compassion.

Messing with corpses of children seemed a step too far.

Too bad this was just the beginning.

You and Asriel reached Alphys laborator.

“Let’s do it here.”
Asriel’s gaze flickered toward Alphys lab before nodding gravely, he knew what you wanted to do. Once you do this there was no going back, you were going to SAVE over this as well. If anyone finds out about this be it human or monster you were pretty sure you weren’t going to be forgiven.

That’s right. YOU.

Asriel didn’t deserve to fall.

That pleasure was reserved for you and you alone.

“Do it.”

Asriel closed his eyes before pushing his hand forward with a yell, the bodies of the fallen children were sent flying far ahead of you before plummeting into the molten rock below.

The sight of little bones melting away along with evidence for monster’s crimes filled you emptiness.

Without a word to Asriel you spun around and entered Alphys lab.

Asriel didn’t follow.

You paid no mind to the dust that clung to Alphys equipment as you made your way through to her computer. It was a bit slow but still ran perfectly, from here you had a live feed of everywhere in the underground.

You find the last 20 minutes and highlighted it.

Your finger hovered over the erase button.

Although no one can see your faces thanks to mask Alphys or Undyne would definitely recognize you.
You had no choice.

You pressed the erased button.

It was done.

You’ve hit a new low.

The royal family and their people continued their journey toward the exit, the barrier that once split the underground in half now gone.

They didn’t know how it happened nor did they care all they knew is that vengeance will finally be brought upon those that betrayed them in the past, and when the dust settles and the Dreemurrs are nothing more than memory they’ll reclaim what was theirs.

They’ll reclaim their daughter.

Not out of love or longing, they had a new child for such things.

It’s the daughter that will suffer the most.

Because she chose them over her own family.

The Dreemurrs over the Undying.

Chapter End Notes

I know for a fact no one saw that plot twist coming.

Don’t you lie to me.
Next chapter begins the next arc.

Undying Determination
Family Reunion

Chapter Summary

Karma's a bitch ain't it?

Chapter Notes

I'm making a character theme song playlist because I feel musical.

Fallen Children (Frisk + Chara Included - Horrible Kids):
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_v1dpPzNAr4

Genocide Run Frisk: + Chara We won't back down https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mzv4V5MbKqA

Frisk (Pacifist Run): If I die young https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TESJW9KXuOc

Toriel and Frisk: Dearly Beloved Kingdom hearts Amalee cover
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IB1NMf9Qe-Y

Frisk and Sans: Last one standing Simple Plan https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6acJt5bZenE

Frisk and Asriel: Fall out boy Irresistable [natewantstobattle cover]
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=36EFxNpCvzY

Frisk's battle theme: Mass destruction Persona 3 FES Dual Mix (Renuion)
theultimateonejpsx: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ok8U9pa84nU

Asgore's theme: This is War https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hMAVLXk9QWA

Everyone: My Demons https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JdZ3ZuP8-eM

Chara's Theme: Hollywood Undead: Kill Everyone https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7RybPdm1Hqk

Frisk's main theme: Wolf in sheep's clothing: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SJkj3DgW8Y0

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dread.

You woke up and all you felt was dread.
The same dread you felt when you fell in the underground for the first time.

The same dread you felt when you accidentally killed Toriel.

The same dread you felt when you met Sans for the first time.

The same dread you felt when you fought Asgore.

When you beat Asgore.

When you watched him die.

When you fought both Omega Flowley and The God of Hyper death.

The very same you felt when you realized Asriel wasn’t picking up the phone.

Pure, unrelenting *dread*. 

Something was coming.

It was practically here.

Is this karma?

…

Well it sure took its time to kick in.
You already killed the guy the general sent in.

Without Asriel of course, he looked shaken by events as is. For all his big talk you didn’t think he could manage killing another person on top of that.

At least they’ll be no one looking for the spy anyway, there was no way the general would admit to sending a spy into New Home III. The spy had to be expendable, no one was going to miss them when they’re gone.

So you made sure it was nice and slow.

Hopefully the General and his lackies will get the idea and keep their people away from your home.

You sighed getting out of your bed and performing some stretches before moving over to your wardrobe and picking out your original striped shirt. You could worry about that feeling later, today was a important day after all. After weeks of intensive training Asgore decided you were strong enough to have your first real spar with someone that’s not him.

And who better to pick than Undyne?

Only this time it won’t be in the clearing in the middle of the woods.

It would be in front of all your friends and family.

It’s funny how a race made up of love and kindness still like watching a good fight as much as the next guy.

With Alphys’ help the school’s gym was turned into a colosseum (you were starting to think that Alphys’ building prowess was just a little bit bullshit) with enough seats to house the entire town.

No pressure right?

Wrong.
It took awhile to convince Toriel to let you and Undyne fight, she trusted Asgore to show restraint when training Frisk, training you hard but not to the point of breaking you.

Undyne...not so much.

Toriel begrudgingly agreed only because she made you two promise to have her on the sideline just in case something happens.

But it wasn’t Toriel that you were really worried about.

It was Sans.

The only ones that know about your training is your family and Undyne as of today. Everyone else is none the wiser.

And that could really backfire.

Sans hates it when you fight.

No, he despises it.

Not that you blame him, every time you fought back bad things happened to good people. Monster and humans; they were all dead in the end.

But that wasn’t the main reason why Sans hated to watch you fight.

You know he could see it, every time you fought you got a little better, hit a little harder, dodged a bit faster. Despite that Sans thinks that as long as he keeps a record of you and your movements he’ll be able to keep up.

But that’s where his plan all falls apart.
You were holding back in the underground and even then with the amount of genocide runs you’ve done you’ve reached a level that Sans will never have a hope of reaching.

Sans doesn’t know but at the same time he *knows*.

He doesn’t know if he can kill you anymore.

That scares him, more than anything.

You felt bad.

You honestly couldn’t care less about how your ex-best friend felt.

“Do you honestly believe that sweetie?”

Demon.

"How the hell are you talking to me?" You haven’t run out of determination or dived into your SOUL.

“Oh Frisk, since when were ever in control? I can talk to you whenever you want” Her voice was sickeningly sweet, “I only started talking to you again because things are getting interesting.” You felt hands wrap around your head, crimson hair tickling your nostrils. “Besides, I’ve missed you.”

“Don’t touch me!”

“Oh come on Frisk, don’t be like that. After all you should treat your fut-”

“Shut the hell up bitch.”
She let you go.

“Whatever you say Frisky, it won’t matter in the end. Soon you’ll be alone again and then they’ll nobody but you and me.”

No.

“I wonder who’ll be the first to turn on you.”

No.

“But don’t worry darling, I’ll be there to pick up the pieces when you eventually fall apart and then we can finally be together.”

“NO!”

“My child?”

The demon’s presence disappeared.

Toriel stood at the doorway, a worried expression on her face, “Who were you talking to?”

“N-nobody.”

Toriel gave you a scrutinizing glare that felt like someone was looking deep into your SOUL before her face softened up, “If you don’t want to fight today we can always cancel.”

You shook your head, “No! That’s not it…” You’ve fought so many times that it’s become second nature to you.

“Then what is bothering you?”
“It’s nothing.”

“Well come on then my child, everyone is waiting at the school.” She gave you her hand and together you and Toriel walked out the house.

Despite the seed of fear that you can’t seem to displace it was actually a nice day outside, the sun was shining brightly overhead and a chilled september breeze came every so often but it wasn’t unpleasant. Walking through the town you came to appreciate how the monsters managed to make it look like they took the best parts of the underground and just mashed them together to make something that just...works.

It truly felt like home.

“It’s been awhile hasn’t it Frisk?” Toriel said, “It seems so long since we’ve just...talked.”

You couldn’t help but agree, “Yeah, I know.”

Toriel looked at your arm sadly, “Things have been pretty hectic haven’t they?” Her voice is thick with melancholy, “It feels like it's been years since those time in the ruins.”

“Yeah…”

It’s been awhile since you felt this safe too.

“So many things are happening to us. New, scary, fantastic but still very terrifying things.”

You stopped walking.

Toriel sounded...scared?
“I don’t know why but when I woke up this morning I was so scared.” Her voice cracked slightly, “Something is coming and I know it’s coming but I can’t do anything to stop it.” She gripped your hand tighter, “And I know that somehow it’s going to end up hurting you.”

How?

That can’t be a coincidence.

So your mother can feel the same sense as foreboding as you can now?

That’s not good.

That’s not good at all.

“We’ll be okay.” You squeezed her hand, “I’ll be okay. As long as we’re together with everyone else nothing is impossible.”

Toriel laughed, but it didn’t contain any of the mirth it usually has, “You say that as if you’re a team player.”

You shudder as memories from a darker time rush through your head, “What do you mean? I-”

“Please stop lying.”

You let your hand drop to your side.

“I may not have the right to say this, but Frisk you’re still just a child yet you lie better than any adult I’ve ever met. I know you lie to protect us but don’t you think that’s a heavy burden to carry alone?”

“I-”
Toriel cut you off, “Let me finish, I know when something is hurting you my child,” She put her hand over her chest and clenched the fabric there, “I can feel it.”

You placed a hand over your own SOUL, Of course, it made so much sense now. You and Toriel were connected now, whatever feelings you felt (if intense enough) will be shared with Toriel also.

You really can’t lie.

Not to her...

You started walking a bit faster before breaking into a full run.

...But you can sure as hell try.

When you finally got to the school you once again had to ask yourself how you managed to not notice extremely obvious buildings. The normal red brick school now had a giant metal colosseum just sticking out the side of the building, you could hear the excitement from the crowds from here.

You opened the doors only to find a straight corridor leading into a bright white light.

Well that’s not ominous at all.

You had to admit that it really help add to the whole ‘gladiator’ vibe they had going on.

You ran through into the light.

And stepped forth into a arena.

In the stands you saw all your friends and family, Asgore watching you with a proud expression on his face, Asriel gave you a weak thumbs up, Papyrus and Alphys were easily the most hype monsters there. Alphys wearing a giant blue foam finger with the words ‘Undyne’ scrawled on in a
somehow even brighter shade of blue. Papyrus was sporting bright red and had his own foam finger that had the words ‘HUMAN’ instead, he wore a nice white t-shirt that was absolutely ruined by the giant red heart that was painted on it.

Sans sat right next to his brother, his eyes were trained on your back the entire time; a notepad by his side.

What a asshole.

He only came along so he can monitor you, see whether or not you’re a threat.

You cracked your knuckles.

You won’t disappoint him then.

“OH YES!” A familiar robotic voice rang through the speakers causing cheers to erupt from the crowd.

Oh no.

“Are you ready darlings!” From the stands you could see the Underground’s very best (and only) star, Mettaton.

“Oh christ.” You turned your head and saw Undyne emerge from the other end of the colosseum, she was wearing her full on body armor with the exception of the helmet which she held under her armpit. “Who invited the rectangle?”

You couldn’t help but agree. Mettaton wasn’t...bad just he was way too narcissistic for your own liking. Not in the adorable Papyrus way that the skeleton had mastered but the ‘I-need-a-foot-so-far-up-my-ass-so-my-eyes-can-finally-see-other-people-besides-me’ narcissist.

If it weren’t for the fact you were a self proclaimed pacifist (a claim you were starting to regret every day) you would happily volunteer your foot for the greater good.
But Undyne does it enough times for you so it was okay.

Hell, last time you heard of Mettaton he was blowing up, being the most human looking monster out there probably helped with the process added to the fact he was a genuine singing, dancing, acting robot.

Still...he didn’t have to be such a dick about it.

Turning your attention away from Mettaton you faced Undyne, “Are you ready to lose Undie?”

Undyne’s singular eye twitched, “I told you not to call me that,” her aquamarine spear materialized in her hand, “I hate it when people call me that.”

You smiled, “Then do something about it.”

The crowd’s attention was immediately drawn towards the two of you, they could practically feel the tension from the both of them.

“Here we g-”

“FRISK!” Asriel’s voice made you to skid to a halt, you turned around to find your brother casually tossing the trident of kings in the air like he owned the damn thing.

Never mind that how the hell can he use without dealing with the whiplash?

Asriel’s eyes locked with yours, he still wasn’t over what happened yesterday. But he’ll get over it.

For you he’ll get over anything.

“CATCH!” Much to everyone’s shock he threw the trident right at you.
Much to Sans’ chagrin you caught the thing with ease.

“Thanks…” He knew what you were thanking him for.

“Don’t dissapoint me…” He sat back down with a bemused expression on his face, like the idea of watching you get beat to a pulp was amusing.

Your overprotective, sadistic, power-hungry, asshole of a brother was back.

You were filled with...DETERMINATION.

“Let’s do this shit.”

“Bring it punk.” She put on her helmet, “Try not to run this time.”

You passed the trident to your left hand

3

You both raised your hands.

2

You felt Undyne’s iron grip on your SOUL.

1

Too bad yours was tighter, you yanked Undyne’s SOUL out of your body actually causing her to stumble for a bit because of the force at which you did it.
With deadly accuracy you threw your trident at Undyne’s spear hand, not expecting you to possess such strength she didn’t have time to deflect it, the weapon was sent flying from grasp and faded out of existence. The trident landed with a heavy thud behind her, embedding itself in the Earth.

“You’re mine!” Within a instant you closed the distance between the two of you and did what you felt was most appropriate.

You head-butted her.

You hear Undyne’s scream as metal started to dig into her face, you repeated the action three more times before using her chest piece as a launch pad and sending her flying into the dirt.

…

This is the part where you get an applause.

The crowd was silent.
You might have gone too far.

You could hear megalovania playing softly at the back of your mind.

Well sh-

**SMACK**

You let out a sharp cry as Undyne’s helmet hit you square in the face, blood trickled down your nose staining your boots.

“HEY BRAT!” Undyne ripped off the rest of her armor and stood wearing nothing but her vest and jeans, her face was only slightly messed up, (She still had her one eye so that’s a plus) and she looked pissed beyond belief, “YOU ARE SO FUCKED!” She cracked her knuckles, “BRING IT SHORTY!”

Oh it’s so on.

“I’LL TURN YOU INTO A FREAKING SUSHI ROLL!”

You both charged.

“Dad, you might want to stop them.” Asriel already knew what you were planning to do.

“Stop them?” Asgore raised an eyebrow, “But they just started.”

“kid might be right your majesty.”

“Sans you’re just overreacting.”

“He might have a point Dad.”
Asgore rolled his eyes, “They’re just sparing guys what’s the worst that can happen.”

You raised your fist.

Undyne raised hers.

You continued running towards each other.

“FRISK!”

“UNDYNE!”

“FRISK!”

“UNDYNE!”

Asgore looked worried, “Why are they shouting each other’s name like that? They’re practically only a few feet each other.”

“Dad have you seen Naruto?”

“Oh! Is it one of those new-fangled animes that Alphys wanted me to watch? What about it?”

“FRISK!”

“UNDYNE!”

Asriel sighed and brought out his phone, he typed in the final boss fight for the video game because fillers were strong. He gave the phone to Asgore, “…That.”
Asgore’s face turned from curiosity, to one of pure terror. He turned to his son, “They wouldn’t…”

Asriel placed a comforting hand on his father’s shoulder, “They already are.”

Oh dear god Toriel will murder him. They just got their arm back!

“FRISK DREAMMURR STOP THIS AT ONCE!”

Too late.

Time seemed to slow down as you and Undyne moved to punch each other.

What would be worse? Lose your arm but avoid suspicion or use a bit of your full power to avoid losing an arm but raise some serious questions.

…

But you’ll lose.

You hate losing.

Your fists connected, the force of it sent shockwaves through the ground, spiderweb cracks expanded all around you two dislodging earth and sending debris everywhere, still you held your position with Undyne, her knuckle interlocked with yours.

You were at a stalemate.

You held your position for a couple more seconds before retreating.
Undyne did the same but she had a bewildered expression on her face, “How the hell did you do that punk?” She stared down at her own fist.

It was shaking.

You smirked, “I’m more than just a pretty face.”

“That didn’t answer the question.”

“Who said I wanted to answer it?”

Undyne growled, “Kid I won’t ask you again.”

“yeah i would like to know too,” Sans appeared right next to you, you tried to get away but his blue magic held you in place, “i’ve seen undyne destroy boulders with that fist, i would love to know how did that.”

Shit.

You could hear the crowd sharing similar inquires, no human should be able to hold their own straight clash with Undyne, no less a child. What you did shouldn’t be possible. You managed to completely destroy the ground with nothing but the aftershock of your punch.

You practically gave Sans the evidence he so desperately wanted.

Double shit.

What else could go wrong today?

BLUE CIRCLES APPEARED UNDERNEATH YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS.
“MOVE!” You broke out of Sans’ blue magic and summoned the trident, with a spin you caught the trident and used it to deflect the oncoming spears with ease.

“undyne what the hell?!” Sans exclaimed, “may i need to remind i only have 1hp?!”

Undyne didn’t respond.

“Undyne?” you shook her a bit, “Come on Undyne what’s wrong with yo-” She started shaking uncontrollably. Her single eye seemed to fixed on something above you, you’ve never seen Undyne this sacred before, even in death she was fearless.

So why?

What’s so scary that it can even scare the true hero?

You looked up.

What.

In the stands stood...three Undynes? That can’t be right, you have to be missing something because there is no way in hell they could be three Undynes.

Unless.

Did the timelines slip over?

Did the alternate versions of your friend manage to slip through the cracks of reality?

If so then you might be fucked.

Wait no, that can’t be right.
These Undynes have both eyes?

How?

The tallest Undyne had a buzzcut and multiple scars littering his face, he pointed a finger at Asgore, a manic smile on his face, “Hello...brother.”

What.

“Don’t call me that you bastard.” Snapped Asgore, he stood tall amongst the crowd of confused monsters, his face twisted into one of disgust, “You’re no brother of mine Undgur.”

What.

“Mom, Dad?” Undyne took a step back, “How, why are you here? You shouldn’t even be able to come here!”

What.

The shorter fish which you assume is Undyne’s mother had long flowing locks that reached down to her back sneered at Undyne, “Oh come on darling is that anyway to speak to your parents?”

“I’m sorry but WHAT IN THE ACTUAL FUCK IS GOING ON!?” You yelled.

All three heads towards you, their glares made you want to curl up into a ball and disappear for a couple decades. You could feel their oppressive nature from here.

The shortest one had a page boy haircut like yours looked to be only a few years younger than Undyne, you guessed they were in the mid or late teens looked at you with a confused expression on his face. “What kind of monster are you?”
Those words.

They cut deeper than any spear.

Burn more than any fire.

Stab deeper than any knife.

Not because they didn’t recognise you as human.

But because you felt the same way.

Asgore watched you with a bemused expression, his teacup still in hand.

“What kind of monster are you?"

“I wish I knew.” Your heart has already become numb to the cruelty it was forced to witness, your SOUL was cracked and corrupted.

Perfect really, a broken SOUL for a broken person.

You swung your knife.

You bathed in dust once more.

What kind of monster were you?

What kind of monster can murder their loved ones over and over again over simple infatuation.
Oh you knew.

You were the worst kind of monster out there.

You were-

“Frisk,” Your eyes were hard, you were lost in darkness only you could see, “Frisk the human.”

The world once again began to move in slow motion.

You watched passively as the Undying families faces became ones of true hatred and a volley of azure spears blotted out the sky.

You didn’t care.

Everyone dived out the way fully expecting you to jump with them but you stayed.

You didn’t have the will to move.

Even as Sans realized this and continued to run anyway…

...without you.

It didn’t hurt.

*YOU DIDN’T CALL FOR HELP...*

You felt your breath get knocked out of you as Toriel tackled you out the way, thousands of spear skewered where you stood. Toriel kept you close as you both rolled for a bit before coming to a stop.
*...BUT HELP CAME ANYWAY.*

The familiar scents of butterscotch and cinnamon wafted up your nose and along it every positive emotion you ever felt.

You were safe.

You were home.

You *really* didn’t want to die.

“M-mommy,” your voice cracked, tears fell down your face, real tears, “I’m scared.”

You were so very scared.

“You filthy human-loving cow!” The Undyne’s mother jumped down from the stands and landed a few feet away from you, the force of her hitting the ground actually caused Toriel to roll back again.

That shouldn’t be possible.

She has way too much power.

“You filthy human-loving cow!” Toriel never swore, at least not to your level, “You dare touch my child!,” Her voice was quiet but only because she was trying so very hard to hold back her own rage, “I’ll break you.”

She won’t win.

Every part of you is screaming at you that she won’t win.
Dynea had something special, Undgur had something special. Whatever it was Undyne had it too. Maybe it wasn’t as strong as theirs but it was there.

What set Undyne apart from other monsters?

She was the only monster you had to run from?

No.

She’s a fish monster that causes fires?

No.

She has determination?

…

Oh God.

That means…

You summoned your menu in your mind’s eye.

[FIGHT] [ACT] [ITEM] [MERCY]

*CHECK

*Cry

*Give up
*Dyena Ex Duchess of Monsters*

*There’s something else in there…*

They have SOULS.

Human SOULS.

You attempted to push yourself up on your shaky legs, you’ve got to stop them! They’ll kill everyone!

It’s the least you can do.

You can’t lose anyone.

You don’t have anyone left.

They’re all you have in this world.

You life didn’t mean shit compared to theirs.

You were expendable.

You didn’t matt-

A furry hand grabbed yours, locking you in place.

You turned around only to be face-to-face with Toriel, “What did I tell you about doing things alone?”

“But!-” She didn’t understand, you can’t die, you can come back. You. Didn’t. Matter.
She put a finger to your lips and smiled softly, “Shhh, let me save you this time.”

“Let ME be the to SAVE you this time just please don’t try and do this alone.”

Asriel’s words rang throughout your mind.

It was still just wishful thinking.

A beautiful lie used to cover up a ugly truth.

Toriel opened her her arms and you hugged with all you had.

If this was lie then you never wanted to tell the truth.

EXECUTE!

SOUL EVOLUTION!

Chapter End Notes

EDIT: 5/5/2016

So I was looking through my first couple and chapters and then proceded to throw up violently.

It’s a miracle that I have so much support with how badly written my first chapters were.

You could tell that I was basically throwing up my headcannon onto a google doc and then proceed to present said sick to the general public.

Point being I really, really, really need a beta reader, someone to go over my old work and make it readable.

If I don't get a reply then I guess I will have to do all by myself.

*Looks at all 19 chapters and shudders*
Please don't make me...
Gotta LOVE Family

Chapter Summary

This is why we can't have nice things.

Chapter Notes

I know I bitched last chapter about having a beta reader and all but the only person that did agree to it hasn't really got back to me...

So I guess I'll be doing it by myself...

I-It's cool.

*Sobs quietly in a corner*

New edit: 20/05/2016 5:25 P.M

Like I promised in the comment section here is a list of all the abilities Frisk can use and the powers that power them.

DETERMINATION:

*SAVE - The power to bookmark a place in time. Can also be used to decrease someone's LOVE. A purification skill.

*LOAD - The power to return to that bookmark in time through sheer force of will or death.

*RESET - Resets the entire timeline to a checkpoint in the user's life.

*FILE OVERWRITE - When Frisk runs out of determination the demon inside rewrites their stats with information from a previous SAVE. Gives Frisk invinsablility depending on the circumstances.

*PURE DETERMINATION - Channeling determination can give the user insane strength or the ability to perform the impossible (Body must be trained to control that level of power).

*NEW GAME: Wipes the slate clean, user can change the 'setting' omitting certain people or events from happening or existing (WARNING: Dangerous amounts of LOVE needed).

*GAME SWITCH - ???

*SOUL WIPE - User can delete the personality within a SOUL and change it with a different one.

LOVE:

ERASE - End the world...
SOUL BREAK - User gains direct access to target's SOUL and can torture them with visions of their own death.

KILLER'S CHECK LIST - Automatically pinpoint weakness in an enemy.

SOULESS - (I'll let you guys think about what that means)

DEMON'S EYE - ???

???:

SOUL EVOLUTION: The fusion between two souls with HIGH compatibility.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

That bitch hurt her Frisk.

That bitch hurt her child.

Amidst the flames Toriel held on to her child tighter, Frisk always seemed happy, they smiled and laughed just as much as the next child and although they seemed a little jaded by their experiences Underground they seemed no worse for wear.

Never before had Toriel been so wrong.

Toriel was no fool, something happened to Frisk when they were travelling through the Underground, they weren’t the same child that she cared for all those months ago. Frisk performed the impossible, they saved monster kind, brought her dead son back from the void and even managed to fix her marriage.

But did anyone stop and think about the toll it must have taken on Frisk?

No, of course not.

No one asked because despite all they’ve done in a sick, twisted way they all felt as if Frisk deserved it.
They were human after all.

It was their fault they were locked underground.

It was their fault that they lost their first child.

It was only fair.

Only it wasn’t.

They may be human but damn it they were only a child.

They were the same age as Asriel for God’s sake.

Being human didn’t make them invincible or insanely strong.

It only made them hurt a little less and even so it wasn’t enough.

Frisk was breaking but Toriel will be damned if she stands by and does nothing while they fall apart.

She’ll protect what little innocence Frisk had left.

Even if it meant getting her hands dirty.

She’ll kill them, she’ll kill them all.

Besides, it’s not like she wasn’t used to the feeling of dust on her hands.
“Mom?” You were inside Toriel’s SOUL once again, only this time it felt different, gone was the normal fiery gold and instead it was replaced with an inky blackness that can rival even the void.

Your mother is angry, so very angry.

You could feel the power all around you.

You recognised it.

It’s practically a part of you already.

Something so different yet the same.

Despite everything you smiled, everyone knows you can’t have life without…

“...Death,” Toriel dispelled the now black flames to reveal someone completely different. Gone was the endless flowing green dress; now all there was sooty black robe, the darkness within it seemed endless. A scythe hung loosely in her right hand, her pupils were pinpricks that focused almost hungrily on Dyena. But what was really terrifying was that she was smiling.

A twisted, demented, predatory smile.

It’s never a good day when death is smiling.

Toriel twirled the scythe around her fingers haphazardly before letting it come to a rest on top of her shoulders, “You’ll be the first to die, Dyena.”

“What the hell is this sorcery Dreemurr?” Undgur looked at Toriel with an equal amount of horror and disgust.

A monster fused with a human?!
That shouldn’t even be possible.

When a monster absorbs a human soul they leave the body behind a lifeless husk.

So what happens when you absorb the body as well as the soul?

...This apparently.

“T-tori?” Asgore’s eyes were wide, his voice thick with concern, “Are you okay? Is Frisk okay?”

“Our child is fine!” Snapped Toriel, “I’ll make sure that they stay fine, they have to be...”

I can’t fail them again.

The thought made you shudder.

Something went wrong during the transformation, Toriel’s rage made you reverse evolve into the god of death.

That was...a depressing timeline indeed.

It’s one thing for Toriel to kill a monster, those eighty levels didn’t come from out of nowhere, but you were both sharing a body.

Which means that you still gain the execution points if they die.

You don’t know how you feel about that.

“Undyne take everyone else and run,” Asgore summoned his trident and stood by his wife, “We’ll handle things here.”
“No!” Undyne summoned her own spear, “I can fight! I can’t let you and the punk do this alone I-I-”

“Undyne, you’re shaking.”

She let the spear disappear.

Alphys tugged at her vest, “C-come let's-just g-go, we can’t d-do anything here,” Undyne winced before grabbing both Alphys and Papyrus and making a beeline for the exit along with the other monsters.

“[Asriel, Sans you too.]”

I don’t want to watch you die again.

“I can’t just leave you all to fight this by yourselves!” Asriel exclaimed, “What about Frisk? Who’s gonna look after them?”

Toriel gave Asriel a dismissive grunt, “I’ll protect them-”

“Well I want to protect them too damn it!” Asriel stamped his foot, “Do you really expect me to stand by as my family fights to death without me!”

The youngest of the Undyne family looked at Asriel with contempt, “You should listen to you mother kid, you wouldn’t want to watch as we tear your precious little human apart would you?”

Oh no he didn’t.

There was a sick crunch as Asriel’s fist connected with the kid’s face, his head snapped back and he was sent skidding back a couple a bit but he stayed on his feet. Asriel wiped the dust of his knuckles, “Hey kid can tell me your name first before we do this?” He clicked his fingers and his fist was engulfed in flames, “I want to know what we have to write on your tombstone.”
Kid Undyne (That was your best one yet) spat the dust out of his mouth, “Dean. Dean Undying”

That...was anticlimactic.

You felt like someone out there feels extremely disappointed by this outcome.

“Your name is boring,” said Asriel, his voice was laced with mockery, “Like seriously all your family is got the most badass names: Undyne, Undgur, Dyena and there there’s Dean...Ha.”

…

“welp, I’m just gonna...leave...good luck with whatever the fuck this is,” Sans teleported away, probably to escape the death glares everyone sent his way.

“Good, no distractions,” Toriel pointed the scythe at Dyena’s head, “You.Me.Now.”

*Oh boy.*

Moving in sync you both charged towards Dyena slashed the scythe down with excessive force, Dyena seeing this only managed to just move out of the way to avoid losing her head, “Damn it,” Toriel tried pulling the scythe out of the ground but it was too firmly lodged into the ground.

“Hah,” Dyena laughed at Toriel’s misfortune, “You can’t use a weapon for the life of you Dreemurr-”

You took control of Toriel’s body and landed a swift kick to Dyena’s side, not letting up you caught her before she hit the ground only to slam her back down with increased vigour, “*Say something again I dare you.*” Her smug attitude was really starting to piss you off.

You won’t kill her but you sure as hell won’t let her off easy.
“Frisk you should be resting let m-”

You cut Toriel off, “No, we should be doing this together, like we always do. Like family.”

The sphere became a angry swirl of red, “But what happens if you die damnit it!” Toriel was screaming now, “I can’t let you die AGAIN Frisk!”

Again?

What did she mean again?

“Mom what do you mean again?”

Toriel faltered, “I-I don’t know…” The sphere became white again, “I just don’t want to lose you Frisk, I don’t want to fail you again.”

“Fail?” You sighed, it was all your fault she was feeling this way, “Mom if it wasn’t for you then I wouldn’t even be alive right now, out of all the monsters that attacked me you’re the only one that actually cared about me.” She shouldn’t be fretting over you, “Sure you made mistakes but at least you didn’t make as many as me…”

“Frisk! What have I told you about belittling yourself like that!” You felt her presence comfort you, “You’re a hero my child.”

You’re not.

You’re more like a villain if anything.

“Let's do this...together.” The sphere became gold.

“Yeah...together.”
You both clicked your fingers and the scythe returned to your hands, Dyena (who got up from the ground and distance herself from the both of you) watched you with a puzzled look, “What the hell was that? You just started talking to yourself...Or maybe you were talking to that filthy human pet of yours.”

You both shook your head, “[Pet? If I were you I would be treating Frisk/me with a bit more respect]” You both giggled, “[After all you’re talking to the angel of the underground]”

Everyone stopped.

“Bullshit!” Undgur lowered his spear and growled at Asgore, “There’s no way in hell that a human of all things would be the one to save us!” His smile was mocking but there was also a desperate edge in his voice, “Come on Asgore, I know you killed seven humans to break the barrier.”

“Six.”

“W-wha?” Undgur stammered.

Asgore sighed, his voice was heavy with regret as painful memories surged through his mind, “I only killed six humans Undgur. The seventh soul, the last human and our saviour is right there inside the soul of my wife.”

You gave a nervous chuckle, “Ahh, it was nothing.”

“You’re lying!” Dean screamed, his attention drawn from Asriel (much to Asriel’s dismay) and fixed you (and Toriel?) a heated glare, “Humans were the ones that locked us in there in the first place! Why would a human be the one to free us?!”

You crossed your arms, these people are somehow even worse than the bigots you had to deal with at the office. You can’t just blame an entire race of people for the actions of a few, you can’t make the children suffer for the mistakes their parents made.

Why doesn’t anyone understand that?
BOOM!

The entire arena shook again sending everyone to the ground, you could see smoke coming from town and the sounds of fighting quickly filled the air.

But that wasn’t what caught your attention.

The Undying family were...smiling.

“Where’s the rest of you.”

To be honest I should have seen this coming.

Here I was, the underground’s walking enigma and I never once asked who Undyne’s parents were. I should have made the connections that were only now so blatantly obvious. Undyne was the only monster that actually melted when they fought Frisk the demon. You can’t melt like that without determination but she did anyway.

God I’m such a idiot.

I should have known there was more to Undyne’s story than ‘Asgore agreed to train me’, the king could barely stand to look at children at the time, let alone train them.

The way Undyne spoke about Asgore...it was almost like they were family.

A twisted, murderous battle-crazed family but a family none the less.

I dragged Papyrus along behind me using my powers to push monsters out of our way. Let the freak deal with it, I had enough on my plate as is with them stressing me about this stupid little fight they made here. It’s almost like they want to have a bad time. They were so obviously antagonising me, why couldn’t anyone see that?
Oh I know why they can’t see it, I know all too well. Even the evidence I’ve gathered from detective Rodney (that is seriously the biggest douche I’ve ever met) wasn’t enough to pin them down.


New Mexico.

Washington DC.

Cape Town, South Africa.

The list went on and on.

How the kid managed to travel across the world at the tender age of eleven was beyond me.

What really scared me was the events that took place there.

“EXPLOSION AT WESTMINSTER! 57 REPORTED DEAD!”

“TERRORIST ATTACK IN CAPE TOWN! 87 REPORTED DEAD!”

“FIRES IN NEW MEXICO 3 DEAD 100 WOUNDED!”

In each instance the kid was sighted in the area, there was no way that’s a coincidence.

Too bad the kid could just blame it on mages and be done with it and it still didn’t explain what the relationship the kid had with the local police department. Everything from this year had been...erased, from the time the kid came to this town to now.

Gone, without a trace.
I don’t have proof yet but I think it’s a safe guess to think that Frisk did it.

So there’s no way I was in the wrong for leaving the kid to die.

They could just come back so why did it matter?

Why did any of this matter?

Gaster’s machine hasn’t picked up any RESETs or LOADs since they left the underground and yet it seemed...wrong.

The expression the kid had on their face, it was packed full of lies and guilt.

Damn it, I’m such a idiot.

Why did I think I could be friends with a human of all things?

“SANS?” Papyrus’ voice shook me out of my stupor, “BROTHER WHAT’S WRONG? ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT FRISK?”

Hardly.

“no pap it’s not that-”

But Papyrus cut me off before I could even finish, “DO NOT DESPAIR SANS! THERE IS NO WAY THAT THE FURIOUS FRISK CAN LOSE TO THE LIKES OF MERE UNDYNE CLONES!” Furious Frisk? How come they got a nickname? Where the hell was my nickname? “I MEAN THEY MANAGED TO GET PAST ME THE GREAT PAPYRUS WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A SCARTH! ALMOST LIKE THEY KNEW EXACTLY WHAT I WAS GOING TO DO!” You have no idea pap, “AND EVEN WHEN THEY FAIL I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT ASGORE AND HIS CLONES ARE FAR MORE SUPERIOR TO UNDYNE’S ONES.” Seeing as that little furball of theirs crushed my gaster blasters like they were made out of paper
mache I have no doubt that the royal family could hold their own, not that Papyrus knew how strong Asriel really is.

I bet my one health point that Frisk knew though, with how chummy those two are with each other I wouldn’t be surprised if they told him they had time powers too. I always see them around the town…

Pulling pranks.

Eating out.

Lazing about.

Playing games.

Stuff that me and Frisk used to do.

Back when we didn’t hate each other.

Back when we were best friends.

I miss it.

Whatever, it's no skin off my bones. I don’t need a freaking kid to keep me company anyway.

I looked up to see Alphys was ahead of us dragging a slightly unstable Undyne behind her. That’s right, my top priority right now should be getting Papyrus to safety and figuring out what the hell is going on with Undyne.

Hopefully I could fix things without any help from Fri-
“GET DOWN!” Papyrus grabbed me by the hoodie before yanking me out of the way as a giant axe smashed into the ground where I was. Me and Papyrus turned around only to find that we were surrounded. The townspeople huddled together as hoards of unknown monsters began to circle around us like sheep.

Their rags (I couldn’t even call what they were wearing clothes) were torn and...dusty?

Oh God why were they so dusty?

These monsters...I’ve never seen these monsters before, and that’s saying something because every monster knows every other monster.

Except…

To our side I see a shivering Undyne being consoled by Alphys of all people, her hands on her head mumbling incoherently to herself.

She was not handling this well.

Then again if I was in her position I wouldn’t be faring any better.

“What’s going on?”

“Who are you people?”

“What do you want?”

“QUIET!” The crowd’s questions died on their lips as a minotaur baring full body armor stepped forward from the sea of foreign monsters, “Better.” He looked over the crowd before his gaze stopped on us, “Well, well, well, if it isn’t the underground’s ‘finest’. Gaster’s brats, The super star Mettaton, Royal Scientist Doctor Alphys and our own little backstabber...Undyne.”

Undyne twitched but didn’t say anything.
The minotaur made a move toward Undyne but Alphys stood in the way, her arms spread wide, “D-don’t you dare touch h-her!”

The minotaur didn’t even acknowledge her as he backhanded the poor lizard to the side sending her skidding across the pavement, her glasses shattered on impact; hitting her head hard against the tarmac. Undyne cried in distress before scooping the a bruised Alphys into her arms, “A-Alphys,” Undyne shook her, “Come on Alphys wake up.” She shook her harder, “Please I can’t lose you, ALPHYS!”

But Alphys didn’t wake up.

“You are even more pathetic then I was led to believe,” This guy is a whole new kind of bastard, “Look at you, crying over such a pathetic piece of sh-”

He didn’t get to finish his sentence.

Several blue spear embedded themselves into his body, the minotaur couldn’t even scream as Undyne herself ripped one of the spears out of his body and stabbed it down into his face.

Over.

And over.

And over.

And OVER AGAIN.

…

And then there was dust.
“U-UNDYNE?” Papyrus was sacred, even in death Papyrus wasn’t sacred. After all Papyrus could see the good in people.

*LEVEL UP UNDYNE LEVEL 2*

But I could see it in her eyes…

There wasn’t anything good at all.

LOVE.

Every cell in your body was screaming.

Someone gained LOVE.

Your LOVE.

Your L O V E.

IT WAS ONLY MEANT FOR YOU.

You split apart from Toriel, landing on all fours you sensed where the LOVE thief was.

No one should nor is anyone allowed to have access to that kind of power.

Unless they want to become a thing like you.

Undgur saw his opportunity and charged toward you, probably thought you were easy pickings now you weren’t bonded to Toriel.
What a fool.

“YOU’RE IN MY WAY.”

Without even looking you slammed your fist into the his face, you let a small smile creep onto your face as the familiar sensation of a face shattering on your knuckles.

The king fell.

“YOU BASTARD!” Dean charged instantly closing the distance between the two of you, his fist inches from your face.

You stepped to the side and kicked him in the stomach.

Hard.

Dean spat out a huge blob of dust out of his mouth before he crumpled, he clutched his stomach, all air knocked clean out of his lungs. His face twisted into a grimace as he continued to let out silent screams.

You turned to Dyena, “Are you sure want to continue this? Human Soul or not I’ll still crush you.” You cracked one of your fingers reinstate your point.

“There’s no way you’re human,” Dyena knelt down and put her hands up in the classic sign for surrender, “What the hell kind of monster are you?”

You wiped the dust off your knuckles, “Like I said, I’m Frisk.”

_Everybody’s favourite nightmare._

“You guys tie them up or something I’ll go and check on everyone else,” you said already making
your way to the exit.

A furry hand clamped on your wrist and you really had to fight to keep the scream of frustration from tearing out your throat. “First of all why didn’t you do that earlier, secondly how in the actual fuck did you manage to that,” Asriel’s voice went up an octave with every point he made, he was starting to sound like Flowley, you hated Flowley’s voice, “And finally how the hell are you going to stop an entire army with your bare hands,” Asriel’s voice dropped to a whisper, “I know you made a SAVE this morning so why don’t you just LOAD?”

LOAD?

You’ll only LOAD if any monsters from your side of the underground die.

You didn’t give a damn about the others.

From Undyne’s reaction to them they might be more deserving of the title of ‘Monsters’ then anyone else.

Besides.

This was starting to become interesting.

“I’ll be fine Az,” you put your hand in your pocket forcing Asriel to let go, “You and I both know I dealt with worse.”

They’re just Monsters.

Shaking himself out of his stupor Asgore fixed you with a skeptical glare, “Asriel is right Frisk, you may be strong but there is no way you can take on that many monsters and win.”

I was strong enough to beat you.

“Come Dad I’ll be fine, after all I learnt from the best.”
"The only reason you're the best at teaching me is because it won't be fair to add myself to the rankings."

"Frisk!" You twitched at Toriel's disapproving tone, a tone you're getting too used to hearing. "You're doing it again."

You scoffed, "Doing what? Saving us all? Yeah I do that a lot."

Toriel shook her sadly, "No, you rushing towards death, you still act like your life doesn't matter as much as ours."

*How can my life matter when I literally can't die, even when I want to.*

"I don't want to have this conversation right now Mom, I have a job to do." You were running again, even as you heard Asriel give chase behind you it only caused you to run faster.

"I know." Never before has Toriel sounded so bitter, "We'll just be in the way right?"

But you were already gone.

Toriel punched the ground, "Damn it," She did it again, "Damn it," Once more, "**DAMN IT!**"

Asriel looked ill as he desperately tried to get the dust out his toes, "This is wrong on so many levels."

"Stop acting like this is the first time you’ve seen dust," You dipped your fingers in it, you felt around for the SOUL residue that Monsters leave behind when they die, seeing as you can’t feel any means that it wasn’t a person, "Besides it’s not like anyone we know and or like has died."

"Yet."
You flicked the dust off your fingers with a look of disgust, “Yeah, yet.” You took off running towards the town, “Let’s just find this so-called ‘army’ of theirs and obliterate them...peacefully of course.”

“Peacefully? You care about being peaceful now?” Asriel sneered, “You are aware that in order to do a pacifist run you can’t kill anyone right? I seem to remember you burning a mage alive back when we were captured.”

“I can’t exactly hug my way out of every situation like I did in the underground Asriel,” You snapped back, “Life doesn’t work like that, humans don’t work like that.”

Too clever for that.

“Do you really think that little of monsters?” growled Asriel, “It may be harder for us but we can hate people too, we can be vile to our enemies if we want. Just ask the mages.”

Several hundred phantom pains ripped through your body, “Yeah...I know.”

You knew all too well.

Asriel sensing that he might have gone too far was about to say something-

-Until a random monster’s body hit him and sent him flying.

“Found them!”

Asriel pushed the monster off and kicked them again for good measure, “I think that dude’s butt got in my mouth.”

“Stop complaining bro, I’ve got a army to stop.” You took off running to the direction the monster came from.
“Still don’t know how you plan on doing that!” Realizing you weren’t listening Asriel ran after you, “There’s no way you can beat all of them so what are you going to do?”

“Tell them the truth.”

“Wha?”

Seriously Asriel? He should give you more credit.

After all it wasn’t your fighting skills that saved monsters.

It was your words.

And words used on beings that survive off emotions can be lethal.

All you had to do is find the right ones.

“MOVE!” Asriel yanked at your hoodie, pulling you out of the way just in time as yet another monster body fell from the sky. “Who keeps doing that?”

You took note of the familiar boot print on women’s face.

Undyne.

That can’t be good.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

“Is that Undyne?” Asked Asriel.
“COME HERE YOU BASTARDS!”

“Oh yeah, that’s definitely Undyne.”

You and Asriel walked into the town square and were met with a horrific sight.

Atop a mountain of unresponsive bodies stood Undyne, her fists cakes in dust and her eyes glassy and unfocused. Her breath was ragged and her hair wild.

You checked her.

*UNDYNE: LEVEL 5

*The fallen hero.*

She killed five monsters and she hasn’t been possessed by Chara yet.

A flash of red flickered across her eyes.

Nevermind.

“Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill,-”

You look to the side to see the rest of the monsters (the ones that you actually know) huddled in a corner, you make out the faces of Monster Kid, Sans, Mettaton and Papyrus. You sighed in relief, they were still alive.

Then you saw Alphys.

Her orange skin was now a sickly yellow and thin trail dust trickled down from her head.
You checked Alphys.

**ALPHYS: LEVEL 1**

**HP: 25/30**

*Everyone's favorite introverted mad scientist.*

**STATUS: Unconscious**

She’s still alive.

But she got hurt.

This was interesting and all but you can’t let this continue anymore. Your entertainment is not worth everyone else’s pain. If you hurry you can cut off the army in the Underground kill them all there.

…

**LOAD FAILED.**

What?

You tried again.

**LOAD FAILED.**

**SAVE FILE LOCKED.**

“No, not yet Frisky.”
Damn demon.

“What the hell? Give me back my SAVE File you crazy bitch!” You yelled out loud startling Asriel and making everyone turn towards you, Sans fixed you with a scrutinizing glare; you could practically feel the gears turning in his head.

Undyne started doing what you dubbed as the ‘chara face’ and started stalking toward the two of you, her eyes now displaying a red hue that too close to yours. She had the gait of a drunk so you could safely assume that she is fighting off Chara’s influence...and losing. “Asriel can you keep Undyne still for a minute?”

Asriel ripped his eyes away from Undyne, “Y-yeah sure, what are you gonna do?”

Knowing that you’re the only one that can exorcise your friend fills you with....Determination.

“SAVE her.”

You summoned your command bar.

[FIGHT] [ACT] [ITEM] [MERCY]

[SAVE] [ACT] [ITEM] [MERCY]

Asriel smirked, “Heh. Show off,” He flicked his hand and Hyper death aura surrounded Undyne, keeping her from moving.

The power to SAVE can be used on people as well as time. Despite all the mushy shit you about you saving via the ‘power of love’ and all other kinds of mushy garbage all you really did was extract all the LOVE he gained over his time as Flowley. The lower his LOVE was the easier it was for him to feel.

You jumped into the air, your hand ablaze in a rainbow of colors, “Not today Chara,” you slammed your palm into her chest.
You tore the LOVE from Undyne’s SOUL, execution point by execution point.

*UNDYNE: LEVEL 4

At Level four her face went back to normal.

*UNDYNE: LEVEL 3

At Level three her fists went slack.

*UNDYNE: LEVEL 2

At Level two the red glint in her eye disappeared and her normal yellow ones with black slits returned.

*UNDYNE: LEVEL 1

At Level one she started crying.

Undyne fell to her knees, desperately trying to scrub the dust out of her hands, “S-shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, what the hell did I just do? I didn’t want to-I couldn’t stop, I-I-”

*DON’T COMFORT HER

>COMFORT HER

You hugged Undyne, “It’s okay, it’s all over now.” Undyne started sobbing into your shirt, the pain in each one almost hurt to listen to. Sans moved forward to say something only to be stopped by Papyrus, he shook his head at the smaller skeleton and gave a curt nod to you before pulling his brother back into the crowd.
“Oh Frisk, we both know that’s not true.” The demon whispered into ear, “It’s never that easy, you should know that. Besides we both know that fallout can be more devastating than the explosion.”

You looked to the mountain of (battered and bruised but alive) bodies; to the crowd of terrified monsters; to your friends and Sans and finally you thought back to your parents.

The unavoidable conversation you’ll have to have about your abilities fills you dread.

You reached for you save file only to have the demon dangle it just out of your reach.

You held onto Undyne tighter.

At least you're not the only one with secrets to spill.

Chapter End Notes

Now don't panic this arc isn't over yet but I need your input on what arc you'll like to see next. I'll probably make a strawpoll or something like that.

*ARC with humans: Science brings us the answers we don't want to know (I'll let you guys think about how badly that can go)
*ARC with Timeline shinagains (We're going to be jumping through more worlds then a kingdom hearts game)

http://www.strawpoll.me/10223204
Chapter Summary

He gave up on you.

You gave up on him.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for being late with this chapter procasination + writer's block = Bad times for everyone.

Also I think it would be for the best if I don't have any beta readers, not that I doubt you guys its just that I finish these chapters at random ass times so it won't be fair to bother you at like 12:45 in the morning just because I finished a chapter.

With a huff greater dog and Asgore threw an unconscious Undgur into the cell, “And that should be the last of them…” Asgore turned to greater dog, “Greater, I want you, Lesser and Doggo to look around the area for any stragglers and bring them back here, no matter what we can’t let any of them reach the human city.”

“Yes your majesty!” barked Greater Dog, saluting Asgore before running up the stairs to the upper levels of New Home.

Dyena tended to her son’s stomach wounds as she glared at Asgore with poorly hidden contempt, “Look at you, Locking away your own family while you should be putting that, that thing in chains instead.”

“Do not talk about my child like that you wrench,” Replied Asgore testily, “That thing is the only reason why we’re up on the surface in the first place. You should be grateful.”

“Grateful? Don’t you see that’s exactly what the human wants!” screamed Dyena her hands now gripping the prison bars, “They have you eating out of the palm of their hand!” Asgore shook his head in disbelief, “Hey! I haven’t finished talking to you Dreemurr! Th-”
He slammed the door.

…

LOCATION: UNDYNE & ALPHYS'S HOUSE - BASEMENT LAB

ONE DAY AFTER FAILED INVASION.

LOAD FAILED

SAVE FILE LOCKED.

Damnit it.

LOAD FAILED

Damn it.

LOAD FAILED

DAMN IT!

The demon still had her claws all over your save file.

You can’t go back even if you wanted to.

“You could always save~” Her voice was like nails scraping against your ear canal.

That bitch.
If you saved now then the damage now would be unfixable, Alphys would remain unconscious, Undyne will still have dust on her hands and your relationship with your mother will only continue to deteriorate.

But you could fix all that.

All.

LOAD FAILED.

You.

LOAD FAILED.

Have

LOAD FAILED.

To.

LOAD FAILED.

D-do.

LOAD FAILED.

I-I-I-Is.

“Frisk? Frisk!” Asriel shook you from your trance, you could barely see out of the crimson tears that
were freely falling down your face, “Oh God Frisk what’s wrong with you?!” It wasn’t just your eyes that were bleeding your nose was too, the taste of iron was quickly making itself known in your mouth.

Papyrus was quickly at your side, “HUMAN WHAT’S WRONG? DO YOU WANT ME TO CALL YOUR MOTHER?”

“What’s going on over there!” Toriel shrieked from the other room, “What happened to Frisk?”

Undyne didn’t say anything but the death glare she sent your way was clear enough.

“Whatever problems you have you can deal with it by your FUCKING SELF, Alphys needs this more than you.”

“N-Nothing! False alarm!” Your mother had enough to deal as is, being the best (and only) healer you really had she should spend all of her time healing Alphys.

You didn’t deserve any healing.

You didn’t deserve anything.

If you had just loaded from the beginning at the first sign of trouble you could have prevented all this from happening. But you didn’t. All because you found everything so fucking entertaining.

You hated to admit it but deep down you’re no different from Chara.

You’re every bit as demonic as them if not more.

You’re just better at hiding it.

“I need to go,” blinking away the blood in your eyes, “I haven’t heard from Monster Kid or Napstablook yet. I want to make sure they’re safe.”
“I’ll go with you,” Said Asriel, his tone still filled with concern.

“No.”

“W-what?” That concern quickly turned to anger, “What do you mean ‘no’?! Frisk you just started bleeding for no reason, last time I checked that wasn’t a good sign for a human!”

You waved your hand dismissively, “I’ll be fine Asriel, you’re overreacting again.”

“I’m overreacting!” Asriel’s hands were clenched, his fist were shaking, “You don’t even care!”

“Of course I care Asriel, look at how much I care,” you gestured to your blank expression sarcastically, “I care so much.”

You didn’t even notice how close the two of you were until Papyrus pulled you apart, “FRIENDS PLEASE STOP FIGHTING.”

You ripped your arm out Papyrus’ grasp, “Yeah, whatever. Just leave me alone.” Ignoring your friends protests you walked into the lift, “Bye.”

The door shut.

Okay, so maybe you weren’t going to check on Monster Kid.

But at this point does what difference does one more lie make?

If what you’re planning to do works then everything can go back to normal.

Or at least as close to normal as your life could get.
“Frisk what do you mean by that?” The demon’s voice had just a hint of confusion in it, “You can’t LOAD I won’t let you so what are yo-”

Images of the fallen children’s weapons flashed through your mind.

You couldn’t decide whether you wanted to go out with a bullet in your head or a knife in your chest.

“Don’t you dare.”

“Oh I’m daring.”

“You’ll kill yourself for the sake that pathetic lizard.”

“Well...yeah, but I’m also doing it to spite you.”

“Go to hell Frisk.”

“Working on it.”

“working on what?”

Someone out there must really like seeing you suffer. You turned around to face Sans, “What do want Sans?”

“want? can’t friends talk with other friends?” said Sans.

“You burnt that bridge a long time ago Sans.”
“But you gave him the match.”

The light in Sans’ eyes disappeared, “alright brat i’ll be straight with you, we need to talk.”

“Well that’s too bad!” You snapped back, “I’m already done talking to you.”

Sans grabbed your arm, “i wasn’t asking,” His grin was sick, “let’s go to grillby’s, i know a shortcut.”

The feeling of falling was quickly becoming something that you hated, with a roll you landed in the abandoned restaurant. Dust coated everything like a fluffy blanket and the fire escape now empty of the flames that once danced behind it.

This place became your sanctuary as much as it was Sans’, not to say you numbed yourself with alcohol like Sans, no instead you surrounded yourself with so many people that you managed to block out the overwhelming despair that hung over you like a could. Drinking, laughing and eating with the very same people that murdered you and you have murdered in return while battling with crippling depression all in an attempt to bring a goat child back from the dead.

Good times.

You would have been able to appreciate the place more if it weren’t for the fact your stomach was revolting against the rest of your body.

“Damnit Sans,” you gulped, desperately trying to keep Toriel’s sunny side eggs from breaking the barrier which was your mouth, “I’m pretty sure I made myself clear but in case you didn’t get it I want you to fuck off, now’s not the time.”

Sans shook his head, “no can-do buddy,” He lifted you up with his blue magic, “not until you give me some answers.”

“Daaaaamn Sans,” You smirked, “Back at it again with the detective work.”

You had it coming when he threw you into a wall.
“not. funny,”

“And you’re puns are so much better.”

Sans was about to reply with something equally as witty only to stop himself at the last minute, “don’t try and change the subject frisk, i want answers and i want them n o w.”

“You could break out of this easily Frisk, don’t try and lie to me, I watched you and Chara do it multiple times before!” You didn’t notice since she doesn’t come out that often but her voice was really screechy, “Are you trying to get yourself killed!”

Sad song for a sad time

You smirked, “Of course I am.”

You gasped as you felt Sans’ magic get tighter, “alright frisk tell me, who the hell are you?”

…

Even if the timeline resets you still won’t tell him.

“Pass.” You weren’t even surprised when you thrown toward the counter, something snapped when your head slammed against it, You pushed yourself to your feet with shaky legs, “Y-you know Sans you can’t get any information out of me if I’m dead.”

“then tell me what i want to know!” his eye was once again lost amidst the sea of blue flames as his magic dragged you towards him until you were face-to-face, the two of you so close that the flames from his eye started to burn the left side of your face, “fine then tell me frisk who were you talking to before?”

You couldn’t tell him that either.

“Pa-” You gasped as a bony fist dug itself into your stomach as you were once again sent flying. Blood collected in your mouth so much so that you had to spit it out in order to speak properly.
Damn it, You knew you needed to die but you didn’t think Sans was sadistic enough to make it go on for this long.

You didn’t know which was worse: The fact that Sans is borderline torturing you for information or the fact that you’re kind of proud of him for doing that.

“that is. not. what. I. want. to. hear.” Sans growled, “stop screwing with me kid or you’ll be catching that trip to hell faster than you think.” Despite the pain you were in the demented smile you had on your face never wavered, spite was a powerful thing, “damn it, i should have never made that promise with tori, it would have been better.”

He only just manage to teleport out the way you threw a barstool at his head.

Fuck it.

Fuck him.

Fuck everything.

“Better?” All forms of weakness disappeared as you glared at Sans with dead eyes, “You think it would have been better?” You laughed a bit at the absurdity of it all, “Let me tell you where you would be without me Sans,” In an instant you closed the distance between the two of you, red eyes piercing into blue, “Dust. A useless pile of dust in a mountain.” You gripped the ends of his hoodie tightly, “You’ll die as you lived. Worthless, useless and having accomplished nothing.”

“we could have been fine without you,” snapped Sans, “if anyone sane fell down…”

“If anyone besides me fell down it would have made killing them so much easier wouldn’t it?” You replied bitterly, “Face it Sans without me all monsters would have gotten is another war that they would have no chance of winning. You’re just mad because I don’t die easy.”

“you still killed people frisk!” Sans were shaking now, whether it was because he was sad or just really pissed, “tori, undyne, alphys, asgore, even my own brother. you. hurt. papyrus, pap never hurt anything or anyone, he was innocent yet you killed him you dirty brother killer.”
“Your precious ‘pap’ isn’t innocent either,” how can this guy even be called a judge if he isn’t even willing to look at all the evidence, “If i’m a murderer then so is everyone else,” you pulled down your sleeves showcasing the scars that littered them, “you all have my blood on your hands as much as i have your dust on mine.”

Sans cut in, his voice desperate, “but it wasn’t like that! they didn’t know what they were doing! Nobody even realised you were a human until you got to Mettaton.”

“Cut the crap Sans,” Your voice was scathing, “Are you telling me that monsters greet other monsters with bullets.” Sans flinched, “Oh Doggo didn’t know I was human, he just greets all his friends by putting a knife in their chest. Knight knight talks to all his friends with his arsenal of deadly weapons. I bet Papyrus beats Monster Kid within an inch of his life all the time.”

Sans looked away ashamed, “o-okay i get it-”

“No you don’t Sans, you *never* ever did, everyone knew I was a human, a child no less. You all just pretended like you didn’t know any better. Like you were ignorant,” You were crying again, why are crying? You thought these things didn’t hurt you anymore, “The only reason no one would attack me in town was because they didn’t have the balls to try and kill me in plain sight of everyone else.”

“It’s not their fault damn it! You can’t blame people for getting desperate, we’ve been stuck in that mountain for centuries frisk, we only needed one more soul.”

“And that makes all of it okay!” You replied angrily, “Murder is only acceptable when a monster does because they only wanted freedom. Who cares if it was only children that had to die? Who cares that the same children were mercilessly hunted down and attacked by adults? Who cares that these same adults couldn’t even bare the weight of their own sins so instead hid behind a mask made out of ignorance. At least Toriel knew that it was wrong from the start and tried to put a stop to it. At least Asgore took responsibility for his actions and doesn’t try and hide from his sins. He isn’t a coward, a murderer yes but not a coward.”

“You’re forgetting that asgore was the one that actually killed those ki-”

“ You’re forgetting that it was everyone else that weakened them enough so they’ll be easier to kill.”
“enough!” Furniture was sent flying in all directions, you scoffed at Sans’ temperature tantrum, “it still doesn’t excuse you for killing everyone, it doesn’t excuse genocide.”

But it sure as hell makes me feel better.

“Yeah I know it doesn’t excuse me for what I did but at least I accept my sins as my own,” Your gaze was cutting, “I’m also not gonna stand there and watch you just pretend that all monsters were completely in the right. There’s a reason we don’t talk about what happened before I fell. Because we both know what happened was wrong. To you their deaths was nothing more than collateral damage, but to everyone else you killed children. You killed them for sins they weren’t even old enough to know of.”

That’s what makes monsters just as bad as humans, both sides always make the children suffer.

“And I don’t understand Sans, you’re talking as if I actually wanted to kill everyone when we both know it was Cha-”

...

...

Oh.

Oh .

...oh.

“You think I killed everyone because I wanted to didn’t you…”

Sans had the grace not to look you in the eye, “the only way I could tell you and chara apart was through your eyes. red meant chara, brown meant frisk, it made it easier to…to not hate you.”

“…”
“but when we finally got out of that hell-hole i thought it would be with my best friend,” Sans clenched his fist, “b-but when you opened your eyes i didn’t see my friend’s brown all i saw was red.”

“Sans I-”

“so that made me think that chara took over your body again, it would make sense right? since red means chara right?! but i was wrong...so very wrong.”

“This is too much!” Her cackles filled your head, “He thinks, he thinks-”

“as soon as you came down that mountain you were a completely different person to one that i called my friend, you did things...things i thought only chara was capable of. so that got me thinking, either frisk was lying to me about being a decent person or-” A gaster blaster materialized above him, “frisk was lying about there being a ‘chara’ in the first place.”

You shook your head desperately, “Sans do you really think that I was lying about Chara?” Sans said nothing, “That’s sick Sans! That’s really sick.”

He actually thought that you made the entire Chara thing up, that you pushed the responsibility onto a dead child to avoid suspicion.

That’-

“Brilliant!”

Wrong, even for you that’s a bit much.

“It makes sense right? ‘Frisk’ didn’t kill their mother it was ‘chara’; ‘frisk ’ didn’t want torture muffet by slowly ripping each of her legs off one-by-one it was ‘chara’ that was controlling them all along; ‘frisk ’ didn’t commit mass genocide, it was all ‘chara’.”
“you see i always thought it was convenient that you could never truly held accountable for your actions, if you did anything too bad we could just blame ‘chara’. I gotta admit frisk you really are a sick fuck,” Sans clutched his his non-burning eye and started laughing, “you actually made me think that i had someone who got me, someone who understood me, someone that i could rely on and i wouldn’t have to worry about them falling in the fucking core.”

“You mean Gaster?” You immediately regretted saying that when saw Sans’ mood plummet even further.

“...heh, i’m not even surprised you knew that, we’re all just fun little mini-games to you. I’m sure you get a real kick out of finding out all the lore behind them.”

“It’s not like that Sans! I care about you! I care about everyone.”

*You all matter more than me anyway.*

“then tell me frisk, if you really are my friend tell me who the hell you are!”

You stamped your foot, “I’m sorry Sans but I can’t just do that!” He wouldn’t understand, “For once in your life can’t you just trust me!” No one would understand, “If we were ever truly friends then you’ll trust me…”

Sans looked away from you as he shoved his hands in his pockets, his tone cold, “then i guess we were never really friends.”

It hurt.

His words hurt so much.

All emotions died on your face, you stared back into Sans’ black sockets with dead eyes of your own, “Fine then, from now on we’re enemies.”
“heh, you say that as if we were anything more.”

...

(Stop the song here)

RING, RING, RING!

Both of your phone's cut through the silence.

Neither of you were willing to break eye contact as you both picked up your phones.

“...Mom.”

“...pap.”

With great reluctant you answered the call, “Frisk, where the hell were you!” You winced at the slight swearing, Toriel must be really pissed at you, “Do you have any idea how worried we were!” Your eyebrow twitched a bit when you heard Asriel add in a unhelpful ‘You tell them Mom!’ in the background only to be shushed by Asgore, “Where are you? I’m coming to collect you now.”

“N-no it’s fine I can make it back to the surface.” You stammered, desperate to calm her rage.

“...Surface? My child are you underground? Why are you underground?” You could hear the sounds of her footsteps through the phone, “Tell me where you are.”

Her voice bore for no arguments.

“Snowdin...with Sans...”

CLICK!
Within seconds the door burst open, you shivered slightly as cold air blew in.

You practically got hyperthermia when Toriel’s icy glare locked on you.

You pretty sure Sans froze when her glare became a snarl as she turned towards him, “…Skeleton, what were you doing to my child?”

“Tori you gotta believe me i would never-”

Toriel held up her hand, silencing him, “Save it Sans, you can explain what you were doing here when I thought I made it crystal clear,” You swear you saw the claws on her hand get longer, “That you were not allowed to be within five feet of Frisk without Papyrus there with you.”

Toriel strode in and grabbed your hand, albeit it was a tighter hold to what you were used to but you suspect it was more for her benefit than yours, “Frisk, we’re leaving.” Fixing Sans one more growl for good measure Toriel led you out of Grillbys.

Neither of you were surprised to find that he disappeared as soon as you stepped on the snow.

Wait.

You stopped.

If Mom was here that meant-”

“Yes Frisk, Alphys is fine, she’ll have tiny scar but besides that she’ll be no worse for wear.”

“How did you?-”
She tapped her chest with her index claw, “We’re connected are we not?”

Damnit it.

“No swearing.”

“Sorry.”

So these are the side effects of SOUL Evolution, with each time you successfully fuse with that person your connection with them gets stronger.

You hoped it wasn’t permanent.

“Actually I think this is perfect,” Toriel’s voice was smug, “It’ll make what happens next so much easier.” She suddenly sobered up, her mouth quickly settling into a grim line, “I’ll admit that there are some things that we’ve been hiding as well. Now that the battle is over it’s time we told you the truth.”

You raised an eyebrow, “The truth? About what?”

Toriel sighed, “The true tale about Humans and Monsters.”

…

You knew that somewhere out there a being of higher power was laughing.

Chapter End Notes

Remember that there are only a couple chapters left for this arc, whether the next arc will be about crossovers or more about Frisk (Humans) is entirely up to you.

Option 1 for humans.
Option 2 for crossovers.
Clearly being a monster is suffering

Chapter Summary

The past is revealed for both Asgore and Undyne.

Chapter Notes

I'M ALIVE!!!!

Seriously, I never really took writer's block seriously till I started writing this chapter. I'm sorry it took so long but writing this chapter physically pained me.

It's shit excuse but at least I'm here now right?

Hahahahahaha.

haha

haaaa....

...

*Please don't kill me*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

That fucking war.

It doesn’t matter how far you run you could never escape the events of that fateful war because like it or not the events of those months shaped you into the person you were today.

All the more reason to put as much distance between it as possible.

...

Seeing as your family was made up of the very same people that were involved in said war is something you really should have considered more seriously.
With a heavy heart you and Toriel stepped out of the lift and entered the lab.

“Frisk!” Asgore strode over to you, his face twisted into a frown, “Where have you been Frisk? You can’t just go running off whenever you feel like it.” He scolded.

“And don’t feed us that crap about Monster Kid or Napstablook,” You weren’t even surprised to find Asriel leaning against the wall right next you and not having notice until now, “When we went to their houses and they told us that they haven’t seen you since yesterday.”

“Sans…” Who knew that one word could have so much venom thrown in it. The fact that Toriel didn’t reprimand Asriel for swearing just proved how pissed she still was at Sans.

Not that you blame her, if someone lied about keeping a promise to you just to get so they can get closer to you without doing any of the work well…

Actually, that fact that Sans was still alive was already leaps and bounds above of how you would have reacted.

You felt Asriel release some of his hyper death aura and Asgore’s face darkening further, “Did he hurt you?” Asriel and Asgore asked in unison.

Toriel’s hand squeezed yours tighter, her voice even more so, “...Yes Frisk tell us, did Sans hurt you?”

Even if you weren’t the target of their anger their stares still sent shivers through your soul.

Who knew goat people could look so scary.

“...No.” You lied without even thinking about it, “I’m fine really,” You directed some of your determination towards your injuries to fasten the healing process, “Enough about me, how’s Alphys doing?”

“Why don’t you ask me yourself?”
The door opened and none other than Doctor Alphys was rolled in on a wheelchair by Undyne, her arm was in a sling and multiple bandages covering her body, albeit she looked paler than usual due to dust loss her cringe-worthy smile never wavered.

“Alphys!” You pushed past Asgore (much to his disbelief, you only came up to hip) and tackled Alphys, trapping her in a viscous bear hug, “You’re okay! I thought I lost you.”

Alphys ruffled your hair affectionately, with this being the final time going through the underground you doubled your efforts to get closer to Alphys. As a result the two of you were a lot closer than usual, outside Undyne you were the only one that Alphys could talk to freely without stammering, “Oh you know me Frisk, it would take a lot more than this to keep me dow-”

“You were unconscious for an entire day.” You stated.

Alphys cringed, “Okay so maybe not my best moment.”

“I trust my magic managed was enough for your injuries Doctor,” Toriel cut in, “Because I would like to address the main reason we’re all here today.”

You twitched.

Undyne twitched.

Toriel glared.

No one dared to say anything, you had no intention of spilling anything that could be damning but the real question was what you actually could say that wouldn’t end with you getting a trident rammed through your chest. It was becoming more obvious by the day that you weren’t what you first appeared to be, how does one come out and say that they’re a time traveller that has murdered all of them countless times just to gain enough power to raise their dead child back to life.

That MERCY button would be destroyed faster than you could blink.
Asgore sighed, “Tori I think it’ll be better if we start first—”

Asgore is love, Asgore is life.

“-BUT, We will be getting a full explanation for what we’ve seen today Frisk.”

Damn it Asgore.

“Is that alright with you? Frisk? Toriel?”

You both crossed your arms and turned away from each other, identical scowls on your faces, “Fine.” You spat.

“If it’ll get the truth out of them than I guess we’ll do things your way Dreemurr.” Growled Toriel.

Asgore rolled his eyes, “It’s scary how similar the two of you act when you’re angry.”

When you lived with someone for lifetimes on end it’ll be weird if you didn’t pick up some habits.

“Get on with it Asgore.” Snapped Toriel.

“Yes dear…”

YEAR: ???

LOCATION: EBOTT FOREST

“OW! Ow, ow, ow, ow—”
“Can you stop complaining Asgore it’s very unbecoming of a prince-”

The young goat glared at his best friend, his tunic bared many scorch marks and cape littered with puncture holes, “I think I’ve earned the right to complain Toriel! I get that Dad wants to train me so I can ‘protect monster kind from the human menace’,” He made quotation marks with his fingers, “but he doesn’t have to be such a big meanie about it!

Toriel rolled her eyes, The young child wearing a simple purple dress, “A big meanie? Is that really the best insult you can come up with?”

Asgore slapped Toriel’s hands away from his sore face and pouted, “But Tori we’re not allowed to say those kind of words anymore...not after last time…”

“I thought we all agreed to not talk about that day.” A non-scarred Undgur stepped out into the clearing, long red hair tied up in a ponytail, wearing a black vest with shorts and boots. “I still can’t believe that Toriel and Dyena convinced you and Gaster to start spelling curse words at the school’s spelling bee. I mean I get that they managed to trick you but I really expected more from Gassy.”

“Hey! I resent that!” Said Asgore standing up, “I’m not stupid!”

“But you’re not smart…”

“And you’re not nice!”

“Idoit.”

“Buttface.”

“Goat!”

“Fish!”
While the two children continued to fight another child, a girl, stepped out into the clearing.

Toriel looked up from where she was sitting and smirked, “Took you a while Dyena, you’re about to miss these two knuckleheads go at it again.”

Unlike Undgur, Dyena had two pigtails that only just reached her shoulders and like Toriel wore a simple black dress with dress socks and shoes. “Again? They just had a FIGHT yesterday!”

“Oh you know boys, they’re always going off to fight...something.”

The two girls watched in amusement as their friends continued their argument, “You know what?” Asgore took of his cape and threw it in Toriel’s general direction, he summoned a wooden trident, “You, me. Now.”

Undgur summoned his own wooden spear, “Come on goat boy, I want to see if you bleat when you’re scared.”

“AAAAAAHHHHH!”

“AHHHHHHHHH!”

“We were truly the best of friends, we did everything together. The five of us against the world...I never wanted those days to end.”

“So then what happened Dad?”

Asgore laughed bitterly, “They ended.”

Every prince can’t wait until the day they finally become king.

To succeed their father and take over the kingdom means everything.
Some will go any length to speed up the process.

But for Asgore, it came all too soon.

The now teenage Asgore fell to his knees in despair as he was met with a sight that will torment him for the rest of his life.

Two dust piles.

His parents dust piles.

“M-M-mom, D-D-dad?” The throne room was devastated by the battle, dust and blood mixed together making the floor feel like gritty sludge.

But despite having the feeling of human innards and monster essence sticking to his feet that wasn’t what made Asgore scream.

________________________________________________________________________________________

“W-what made you scream Dad? How could it get any worse?”

Asgore’s voice cracked, “You’d be surprised Frisk.”

________________________________________________________________________________________

You weren’t.

“HERE LIES THE ‘STRONGEST’ MONSTERKIND HAD TO OFFER. IT’S JUST SO PATHETIC.”

Pathetic.
Pathetic.

Pathetic.

The words were written on the wall...with dust.

...Their dust.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

This time the Asgore did scream, but it wasn’t in sadness or despair.

Asgore’s eyes flashed yellow.

It was a scream full of hatred.

“So is that how the war started? The mages killed your parents and you started a war in retaliation? I don’t get why you couldn’t tell me this before.”

On another more worrying note that last part sounded way too close to the Asgore of the Underfell timeline. Did that mean everyone over here could become like them if pushed to that extreme?

You hoped that you won’t be the one to answer that question.

“I wasn’t done!” Snapped Asgore, “I was going to start a war, until Toriel stopped me.”

Toriel turned away the scowl on her face somehow darkening further, “Don’t thank me for that Asgore, sometimes I ask myself if it would have just been better to keep my mouth shut so we could
“have just burned them all.”

Everyone seemed shocked at her statement.

Everyone besides you and Asgore.

One for reasons he was about to explain.

And you for reasons you’ll take to your grave.

If anyone just took a moment to watch your face as Toriel let her resentment slip through then maybe just maybe they would have figured something out.

But almost as quickly as it fell off the mask was put right back on.

It’s too bad.

It would have been the first time anyone has seen you truly terrified.

“You see Frisk if I gave in to my anger, my hatred then I would be giving the mages exactly what they want.”

“I don’t understand, why would they want war?”

“Not specifically war, just an excuse.”

“An excuse?”

“To kill us all.”
You nodded your head in understanding, “So you held back because you knew it was a trap.”

“Yes, but that’s where it all went to shit.”

Toriel was still too pissed to care about language, her fist clenching and unclenching methodically, her eyes focused on an enemy only she could see.

A enemy only she could kill.

And she was taking her time with it.

...

And Undyne?

Her eye was glassy, her arm was trembling.

But it wasn’t from the brutality of Asgore’s parents death.

It was of what was to come.

“My parents weren’t the only ones that were targeted that night.”

“...”

“Everyone that had strong connections to the king and queen were cut down, their children left alive. Bitter, angry, yet all so painfully left alive.”
“And that’s where Undgur and Dyena come in?”

“Yes,” Asgore closed his eyes as if the very memory hurt him, “That’s where they come in.”

“Asgore you fucking coward!” Undgur grabbed Asgore by the collar, slamming him into a wall, “Those humans killed our parents, my parents and you’re telling me we should do nothing!”

Asgore glared at with cold, dead eyes.

Brown, cold, dead eyes.

“That’s exactly what I’m saying we should do,” Asgore slapped Undgur’s hands off his tunic, “Now if you’ll excuse me I have a meeting to go to.”

THUNK!

A trickle of dust ran down Asgore’s cheek, an aquamarine spear lodged in the wall behind him, “DON’T YOU DARE WALK AWAY FROM ME!” Roared Undgur, “I bet it was Toriel that told you this bull isn’t it? I always knew she was a cow-”

One minute Undgur was standing the next he was on the floor, his nose broken and a trident scraping against the scales on his neck, “I may not have made you but I can sure as hell break you.” Asgore growled, “Don’t you see you damn idiot that’s exactly what they want you to do. These mages are sadistic, they don’t just want to kill us, they want to destroy us completely and utterly. All they need is a reason, an excuse and the queen will set them on us.”

“Then let them come!” Spat Undgur, “We’ll stain the streets with their blood, come on Asgore it’ll be so easy.”

Asgore raised his eyebrow, “Easy? In case you’ve forgotten the human SOUL is far stronger than ours-”

“Exactly, so let’s get one.”
Asgore’s eyes went wide, “You don’t mean-”

Undgur continued rambling, “I mean if we’re going to get a SOUL it’ll have to be a child’s, with the exception of mages whose SOULs stay powerful no matter the age, human SOULs are strongest when they’re children. The traits that define them are strongest then.”

“We’re not killing children damnit it! If we start killing children then we really will become Monsters.”

“...So be it.”

“That’s not your decision to make Undgur, our people don’t want war, they only want peace.” Asgore let his trident dematerialized, “Now if you’ll excuse me, I have a meeting to go to.”

Asgore walked off his cape flowing behind him, his resolve for peace set in stone.

Undgur laid sprawled across the floor his nose broken.

But his resolve war remained untouched.

“Ironic is it not? I didn’t want to kill children in fear that we’ll become true monsters but ended up up doing it anyway.”

“There’s nothing wrong with being a monster Dad.”

“...Why am I not surprised you’ll say something like that.”

“What can I say, I’m very open minded, I’m guessing Undgur didn’t heed your warning?”

“Oh yeah.”
“Is that how they got the SOULs? They killed children.”

“Once the Queen found out it was already too late to try and hide the evidence.”

“...T-the Queen? You mean the Queen of humans?”

“...Yes.”

**You messed up.**

‘How did you know there was a queen of humans?’

The question went unspoken in Asgore’s eyes.

“So what happened after that?”

“You know what happened after that, the war led to the deaths of 75% of the monster population.”

“Damn.”

“But while we were fighting the humans on one front we were also fighting amongst ourselves on another.”

“You don’t mean…”

“Yes, Undgur blamed me for losing the war, said I was incompetent, he gathered a bunch of followers that shared that view and tried to dethrone me.”

You smirked, “I’m guessing that went well.”
Asgore’s eyes flashed yellow for just a second, “Oh it went swimmingly.”

You realised all your friends had the capability to relapse into their Underfell forms if angered enough, you didn’t think that the SAVE file would be corrupted to such a degree.

“As punishment for their betrayal we banished them to the furthest corners of the Underground and had their records erased from the history books.”

Just like Humanity did with the Monsters.

“And that’s where I come in,” Undyne raised her head, “It’s okay Asgore I can take the rest from here.”

“Are you sure? It’s okay if you don’t want to talk about it.”

“No, it’s okay,” Undyne turned to face you, “You know Frisk, we’re the same in a way.”

You’ve killed people too?

“What do you mean?”

“My parents...they weren’t the greatest.”

“DAMN IT YOU STUPID GIRL TRY HARDER!” Undgur threw his spear, only for Undyne to dodge it.

Barely.

“Yes my daughter you must try harder, if you can’t figure a way to use that determination of yours
“You might lose the other eye~” Sang Dyena from the sidelines.

An eight year old Undyne clung to her damaged eye with one hand and held a rusty dagger with another.

She didn’t ask for this.

She didn’t ask to be born with this power.

Someone take it away.

Anyone please just take it away.

She didn’t want to be a hero.

Undgur saw an opening and sent a devastating right hook to her solar plexus.

Even as he frail, battered body hit the ground a couple feet away she didn’t scream.

They would only take it as encouragement.

“When two monsters carrying human SOULs have a child, the traits and the determination of those SOULs are carried over and mixed into that monster’s SOUL,” Undyne summoned her light green SOUL and looked at it with disgust, “Kindness and bravery along with the default amount of determination, don’t worry Frisk. The irony isn’t lost to me.” She shoved back inside as if looking at the thing insulted her, when you thought about it it probably did, “The barrier that was set up wasn’t the same as the one that kept us all underground, only those whose SOULs were strong could pass the barrier or ones that the barrier deemed ‘pure’ could pass through.”

You knew where this was going but morbid curiosity made you ask anyway.

“So what did that mean for you?”
“They pushed to my breaking point and then some. Because the way they saw it there was a snowball’s chance in hell that I’ll end up being a good person,”

You two were more alike than you felt comfortable with.

“They thought if they made me into the perfect fighting machine I could finally break the barrier and free of my Dad’s kingdom,”

“So they beat up on you.”

“To make me stronger.”

“Yes, they took their rage out on you.”

“I know.”

You stood up your pupils dilated and all you saw was red, red, RED, “They took your fucking eye!”

They hurt your friend, your half-sister. Consequences be damned you’ll kill them all.

Kill.

Kill.

Kill.

Kill.

Kill.

“Frisk! Damn it child calm down!” When did you start punching the wall? Toriel held onto to your shaking fist, “Please just stop.” The wall you’ve been assaulting had several dents in it, the steel wall you assaulted had several dents in it.
The significance of that wasn’t lost to everyone else.

“WOWIE FRISK! YOU’RE REALLY STRONG FOR A TINY HUMAN,” Papyrus inspected your fist, “YOU MIGHT EVEN BE AS STRONG AS ME.”

Alphys stared at you with barely concealed horror, “J-just what the heck are you?”

You took in stride.

“You’ll just have to wait Alphys, the deal was that I hear their story and in turn I’ll tell you mine.”

Or at least parts of yours.

You turned back to Undyne (Toriel still holding on to your freakin hand), “So what happened next?”

Undyne decided to pick the smartest option and ignore what just happened in front of her, “I did what anyone sane person would do, I ran.”

*Your mind flickered to the multiples of scars Undyne had on her body despite her not showing you in this timeline.*

“I’m guessing that didn’t take?”

“Oh you have no idea.”

*Run.*

A axe was swung at her head, Undyne rolled underneath it and delivered a brutal uppercut to her attacker.
Flee.

**DETERMINATION** pumping through her veins she caught all six of the arrows aimed at her.

**THUNK!**

“AHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

Too bad there were seven.

Just. Get. AWAY.

She was so close, all she had to do was run just a bit faster and-

And then what?

That drop in determination caused Undyne to slow down allowing yet another sword to scrape across her back, dust ran freely down her wounds making her clothes feel gritty yet itchy at the same time.

She can worry about the details later.

For now all she wants to do is live.

Undyne didn’t want to die.

She was only 12 damn it!

She can’t die here.
She **REFUSED**.

The barrier was so close, she could feel the it’s magic in the air.

*It was in her way.*

“**UNDYNE!”** Spears in her back, spears in her neck, spears in her heart, “DON’T YOU DARE RUN AWAY FROM ME YOU BITCH!” Ahh, her mother always had such a way with words.

The spears were everywhere, when you couldn’t sprint she ran, when she couldn’t run, she jogged, when she couldn’t jog she walked the fastest she ever walked in her life.

When her legs finally gave out she was so close to the barrier she could taste it.

Undyne could hear the thousands of monsters on her tail led by no other by her own parents.

All of them screaming for her dust.

Tears streaked down her bruised and dusty face.

All she wanted to do was live, was that so bad?

Why can’t she have a family that cared for her?

Why does she have to be the ‘spear of vengeance’.

Hell she rather go back to being a hero.

Anything was better than this.
Anything.

With a resigned sigh Undyne watched blankly as her death came closer.

And closer.

And closer.

And closer.

With a heavy heart she laid her back on the barrier, blue circles already blossoming all over her body.

She died.

She fell.

The spears hit the barrier pathetically.

She was...alive?

Undgur beat the barrier over and over again, his eyes bloodshot, mouth frothing. Curses of revenge fell to deaf ears.

Undyne allowed the lie in the golden flowers just awhile longer, the crying and laughing couldn’t
She was alive...but why did she feel so dead inside?

There was a stunned silence when Undyne finished, the pain, the hopelessness that she went through was almost as bad as yours.

Almost.

“Using all that determination messed me up real bad, but it was also the only reason why I managed to survive on my own before Asgore found me.” Undyne gave a weak smile, “He was like everything my parents were meant to be but never could, he saved my life.”

“Hehe, you speak so highly of me Undyne, I-I don’t know what to say” Asgore said bashfully.

“You don’t have to say anything you big softie,” Undyne snapped, but you knew there was no malice in it, “Just know that I love you.”

Alphys wrapped Undyne into a tight hug, “Why didn’t you tell me about this sooner? I-I could have helped you, do you not trust me?”

“Alphys, every time I look in the mirror I’m reminded of what those bastards did to me, I just couldn’t put myself through those memories again.” Undyne placed her head in her hands and softly wept.

Even if it was messed up you hoped that Undyne’s breakdown would be enough to take attention away from you.

If you just stood here maybe, just maybe for once in your life someone would ignore when you wanted them to.

A bony hand clapped down hard on your shoulder hard enough to leave a bruise.
You see why Flowley was so insistent in calling him a trash bag.

“well? come on frisk don’t keep us waiting,” His eye flashed blue for the upteenth time, seriously why can’t it change colors? It was literally either blue or red with this guy, “what’s your story? we’re all dying to hear.”

Everyone’s gazes suddenly snapped toward you as if they just noticed your presence despite you having more lines than everyone else in this chapter.

…

That thought was random.

You slapped Sans’ hand off your shoulder as if the very appendage was giving you a sickness none could cure, “Fine then,” You summoned your red SOUL and let the pupils in your eyes disappear in the sea of your crimson irises, “Let me tell you something about my good old friend DETERMINATION.”

Chapter End Notes

#Let Toriel say fuck.

Next chapter will bring an end to this arc (Probably) and it's also where I'll cut off voting for the next arc.

If you want the next arc to be about humans (mainly Frisk) then pick option 1 on the strawpoll

If you want it to be a crossover adventure pick option 2.
I'm not The Best At This Whole "Truth" Thing

Chapter Summary

Frisk tells the truth...

HAHAHAHAHAHAAAHAHAHAHA

(You wish)

Chapter Notes

This chapter is a bit shorter then my others, sorry about that.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“D-determination?” Alphys stared at your eyes with a mixture of awe and fear, “What would you know about determination?”

“Everything.”

Toriel raised a shaky paw to your face, she stared deep into your eyes and for a brief second you saw a flash of fear in hers.

It hurt a lot more than you thought it would.

You ignored the initial pain in your heart until it became a bearable dull throb, “Think about my time in the underground, don’t you think I was too good at dodging.” You stepped back a couple feet so there was a decent space between you and them, “Here, I’ll show you, Sans…” The ‘Chara face’ came in strong, “…I’m. Gonna. R E S E T .”

You were vaporised on the spot.

They were burning.
Your child was burning.

Burning.

Burning.

B u r n i n g .

Then your wife started screaming.

Screaming.

Screaming.

Screaming.

S c r e a m i-

She...stopped?

With a shaky hand she wiped away her tears and instead threw a fireball at the Gaster Blaster with terrifying accuracy.

When the smoke cleared your wife started laughing.

Laughing.

(and crying)

Laughing.
Laughing.

When the smoke cleared you couldn’t help but laugh a bit as well.

Because standing there unharmed was none other than Frisk.

“Ta-da!” You did a twirl to showcase your solid, unburnt body to your friends whose faces were a mix between relief, fear, and confusion. With the exception of Asriel who seemed more annoyed by the fact that you had to be so dramatic about it.

You didn’t fight it when Toriel scooped you up in a crushing hug, actually it felt a bit too crushing, “My Child I’m glad you’re alright but…” Her claws dug into your skin slightly, her voice quiet but you could feel the rage in her voice, “Don’t ever do that again? Are we clear?”

“C-crystal.” One of these days she’s gonna kick your ass if you keep pushing your luck.

She set you back down on the floor, “Sans,” Yep she’s definitely sounding more like she did in the Underfell, “I’ll let you live because Papyrus is a dear friend to Frisk and me and hurting him will be wrong, plus I now know my child is safe But,” She dragged a claw slowly across her neck, “If you ever hurt even a single hair on their precious head I will break every bone in your body. Are. We. Clear.”

Sans sent one last resentful glare towards you before nodding his head very reluctantly, “Crystal.”

You took a moment to revel in Sans’s discomfort.

“I-Incredible,” Alphys (without your permission which was actually hella rude) brought out your SOUL, “Look at their stats…”

Frisk: Lv 1
“That shouldn’t be possible,” Asgore stated, but you could tell he couldn’t really convince himself to believe that, “Your attack and defence stats are miles ahead of what they were before, and even so to have that high a attack and defence without gaining any LOVE…”

Sans twitched.

“I can use my determination to push my body beyond it’s limits,” You clenched your fists, “It’s how I managed to survive when I was travelling alone and how I managed to survive in the underground.”

Undyne frowned, “So you have the same power as me…”

You shook your head, “While we both use determination yours is no where near as potent as mine.”

“Otherwise we’ll have a time travelling fish on our hands and that opens up a whole new can of worms,” You thought.

“How so?” Undyne asked, you noticed the bitterness in her tone, “No offence Frisk but I’m pretty sure we’re the same strength wise.”

“No we’re aren’t.”

“Huh?”

You smirked, “If I punched with all my determination behind it you would have lost an arm.”
Undyne looked like she wanted to argue but the vacant look in your eye made the words die in her throat.

You were dead serious.

“so let me get this straight kid,” Sans massaged his nasal cavity, “you can be strong as you want whenever you want through sheer force of will alone?”

You shrugged, “What can I say? I’m one of a kind.”

“Great.” Sans deadpanned, “next you’re gonna tell us you’re a mage to-”

“I’M NOT A MAGE!” You snapped, your voice dropping a couple octaves, your friends jumped in shock, “I-I-I m-m-mean determination is completely different from magic!”

Papyrus glared at his brother, “SANS IT’S NOT NICE TO CALL FRISK A MAGE! THEY ARE FAR TOO NICE TO BE ONE.”

Sans scoffed, “yeah. nice.”

Papyrus nodded his head, sarcasm completely going over his head, “EXACTLY SANS, NICE.” He frowned, “THEY COULD HAVE EASILY BEAT ME IF THEY TRIED…”

“Don’t say that Pap, you were easily one of the hardest monsters that I had to fi-”

“DON’T PATRONIZE ME.”

“Sorry.”

Toriel smiled, “See don’t you feel better now that you told the truth?” She gave a look that pretty said ‘now this is the part where you say yes, say it, SAY IT!’
“Yes.”

No.

Asgore laughed, “Well if that’s the case we’ll just have to up your training then!” Oh God no, “In hindsight I should have known something was up since day one, you don’t get that strong just from running from mages. No matter, I know exactly what to do, 5? Maybe 10? No 15! 15 laps around this region instead of the normal 2…” Asgore continued to mutter under his breath, your muscles were already screaming at the thought of having to put up with a even more intense version of Asgore’s training.

Yet that small, masochist part of you couldn’t wait, normally you would agree but just this once you told it to shut up.

You were determined not invincible damn it!

“that’s it?” Sans stared at each of them incredulously, “you’re perfectly content with what they told you even when it’s obvious they’re not telling all of the truth?”

“That wasn’t part of the agreement.” You stated.

“What?”

“Mom said she wanted an explanation for all the things she saw today.” Sans’s face paled (how you’ll never know), “Everything else is still up to me.”

Loopholes, loopholes FTW.

“toriel? asgore? asriel? you three aren’t gonna say anything to that? you’re okay with not knowing what the hell been going on with them?!”

“What can we say? We made a agreement, Frisk followed through and still got what they wanted out of it despite being at a disadvantage.” Asgore nodded his head in approval, “I would expect nothing less from our ambassador.”
You watched with satisfaction as the fight died in Sans eyes.

Finally, your secret was safe.

“Besides, I already got all I wanted to know from this anyway.”

You suddenly found it very hard to breathe.

What did he get from this?

You didn’t tell them anything incriminating.

You didn’t.

You couldn’t have.

“...T-the Queen? You mean the Queen of humans?”

Your own words thrashed around aggressively in your head.

You messed up.

Asgore’s expression was unreadable.

No anger.

No hate.
No sadness.

Just. Blank.

His eyes were calculating, his gaze skeptical as if he was seeing you for the first time.

Toriel raised an eyebrow, “And that is?”

“Nothing...yet, at least I hope it’s nothing.”

“For your sake or for mine?” You really were a masochist.

Asgore shrugged, “I don’t know Frisk, you tell me.”

Asriel huffed, his interest in this drama was quickly running out.

Why couldn’t anyone see that they weren’t gonna find out anything about Frisk, direct confrontation? Hah! What a joke, even now when it seems like they have Frisk trapped in a corner all they would have to do is RESET and do this conversation all over again.

So why haven’t they?

It’s not like they can’t, Asriel could feel Frisk’s very presence disrupting the balance just by being there, their aura unlike everyone else’s felt out of place.

Like they shouldn’t be there.

Like they shouldn’t exist.

Like Flowley.
Asriel shook the thought from his mind, thinking about the infernal weed for even short durations of time was enough to put him the foulest of moods. Besides the flower was gone.

But seriously why haven’t they LOADED already?

Fun’s over, the Undying family has been locked up and all of their followers with them, sure Asriel got some very disturbing backstory from Undyne and his Dad that he didn’t get as a flower but Alphys got hurt. That’s normally more than enough reason for Frisk to LOAD.

So why?

Why?

Why?

Why?

Why?

Wh-

Huh?

Before he could fall further into his own mind a familiar scent wafted into his snout.

And it sent his entire body into panic.

That, that shouldn’t be possible.

He took another sniff and could barely get his hand to his mouth to stop the bile from spewing out everywhere.

It wasn’t coming from Frisk, they said that they were completely free from...them.
“DaMn iT! ” You removed their presence from the camera just as their brother’s head snapped toward it.

That was too close.

So Asriel can smell you?

Sure, cool, whatever. That TOTALLY seems fair.

Why not?

Here you were without a body or a SOUL and yet their brother can still sniff out their essence in the security camera.

Seems legit.

However you still had to give Asriel some credit, catching your scent when you’re literally just a red smoke cloud with a tendency to stab things is really something.

Oh? Did you forget to mention? That’s what you look like now.

Unless you were directly summoned through a medium like Frisk did you could only access the world through...electronics.

Forget what any movie tells you the internet is not something you want to float around in.

You forgot how sick some people were.

Speaking of sick…
You concentrated and a window appeared in the murky blackness, the dingy cell where they kept the Undying were being held.

You rolled your eyes at the couple's antics and instead focused on their barely conscious son. You knew all about his type: Brash, angry, relentless, yet at the same time so very desperate to prove themselves.

“They had to better than her.”

“They couldn’t lose.”

“Not like this.”

“Not to a human of all things.”

“And especially not to her.”

You with amusement as these thoughts bounced around the young prince’s head.

He’ll be perfect.

“FACE ME LIKE A MAN DREEMURR AND OPEN THIS DOOR RIGHT THIS INSTANT!” Undgur kicked the iron bars of his cell, “YOU THINK THIS CAN STOP ME?! YOU COCKY BASTARD I’LL SHOW YOU!”

“Oh will you shut up!” Snapped Dyena, “This cell won’t let us perform any magic outside of healing spells, we’re stuck here…”

“No.” Undgur and Dyena’s head snapped toward their son, “It’S nOt oVeR yEt.”

Dean stood on his feet, eyes closed. His stomach still bruised horribly beyond recognition yet he acted as if it didn’t bother him in the slightest.
But that wasn’t what got their attention.

“S-S-Son?” Undgur voice wavered every atom in his being was screaming that this was wrong, wrong, wrong, “No...you’re not my son, tell me who the hell are you!”

Dean opened his eyes, his normal clear blue eyes were now mismatched, while his right eye remained the same his left eye was blood red, no pupils just like Frisk, just an endless sea of crimson.

“Greetings,” The smile they wore had no warmth, “My name is Chara, the demon that comes when their name is called.”

Dyena frowned, “But we didn’t call-”

“Shhhhhhhhh,” In an instant Dean/Chara crossed the distance between the two of them and put a finger to her lips, “Don’t ruin this for me it’s been too long since I’ve said that.”

Dyena could only squeak in response.

“Good,” with no warning Chara/Dean ripped out the two SOULs out of their bodies, monsters, the cell was thrown into panic as they trampled over each other, all of them desperate to get away, Chara/Dean brought forth their own SOUL and stared at it with contempt, unlike his sister’s Dean’s SOUL was an ugly black.

No good.

No redeeming qualities.

Nothing that makes a monster a... monster.

If anything it looked more human than anything.
An ugly SOUL reared from an ugly upbringing.

Perfect.

“Let’s raise some hell.”

EXECUTE!

SOUL EVOLUTION!

BOOM!

The entire room shook as vicious tremors ripped through the ground.

“W-what t-the h-hell i-is g-going on?” Alphys stammered as her wheelchair shook violently, “Frisk do something!”

“What the heck I’m supposed to do?!” You yelled back barely managing to stay upright before Asriel caught you by the arm.

“You’ve knocked yourself out by face-planting too many times since we’ve come to the surface Frisk,” Asriel stated dryly.

“Oh shut up.”

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!
“Everyone, get inside the elevator quickly!” Asgore commanded.

On shaky legs everyone ran/tripped into the elevator, the tense silence that followed as you slowly made your up the ground level was suffocating. What could be waiting for you outside? What else could go wrong?

You all stepped out the evaluator and brust out onto the sidewalk.

...

And now you wanted nothing more than turn right back around hide.

The town was in absolute anarchy, you recognised a few froggits going up against monsters that you’ve never seen before.

That could only mean one thing.

“They escaped…” Undyne voice was barely above a whisper, “The cell was magically locked how the hell did they escape?”

“[You know it’s rude to talk about someone behind their back.]”

On reflex everyone threw a magic attack at the foreign voice only for them to bounce off-

“Dean?”

The fish was completely transformed, he now easily surpassed Asgore in height and his aquamarine skin was now a piercing red, his hair was silver and armor matt black with red stripes. But even with the colors shining bright all over they still couldn’t take attention away from the all too familiar red slits that belonged to your favourite headache-inducing demon.

“Oh you’ve got to be kidding me.” You muttered underneath your breathe.
Chara’s (and maybe Dean’s?) perpetual smile only grewed in length to everyone else’s horror, “[Why hello there, Frisk,]” A two red broadswords appeared in both of his waiting hands, “[Ready for round two?]”

No.

No you weren’t.

Chapter End Notes

I think I'm gonna close the polls for the next arc today, looks like I'll be doing option 1...
You people have no idea what you’ve done, the power you’ve given me...
Now Frisk is going to suffer and it's all your fault.
Chapter Summary

The battle of New Home The III continues...

Chapter Notes

Sorry I'm late, I have no excuse other than I'm a lazy fuckboy...

In other news...

*Wakes up*

*Turns on computer*

*Checks his account*

*Sees that he hit 300+ Kudos*

*FLIPS HIS SHIT*

I just want to say thank you again with all the love and support for this fic, like seriously I keep waking up every morning and think 'when are people gonna finally realize I ain't worth shit' but that hasn't happened yet so thank you! Your feedback and comments sustains me.

Oh and I decided to make a Tumblr so you guys can post any fanart and shit like that since someone in the comments asked and I need to have fanart for this fic but since I can't draw I beg my readers like the art whore I am. Just search 'G8BanterM8' on Tumblr and send it my way.

EDIT: 21/06/2016

The link works now because I had no idea how to use tumblr...

https://g8banterm8.tumblr.com/submit

EDIT: 22/06/16

My dreams have finally come true.

Big shout out to SolarFlareAnon for drawing this for me, I was so hyped when I saw this on my e-mail.

https://g8banterm8.tumblr.com/post/146293885240/alright-i-dont-know-if-this-is-worth-the-all-the

Now post your fanart to your heart's desire!
If there’s one thing you can give Chara is that they’re persistent, out of all the enemies you had you actually enjoyed the dynamic you two had.

They were the Joker to your Batman.

The Reverse to your Flash.

The Sephiroth to your Cloud.

The Voldemort to your Potter.

The shower to your Dipper.

The-

“Oh will you just get on with it!” The demon snapped, you were surprised, they went silent after your confrontation with Sans, “Start the FIGHT already you simpleton!”

Bitch.

You cracked your knuckles, will this even be considered a fair FIGHT? Now that everyone knows about your enhanced body you can stop holding back.

Which was good, pretending you were anything less than a freak was exhausting.

“Stand back guys I’ll end this quick.” You said, making a show of stretching your arms and legs.

Asriel looked at you in alarm, “Wait Frisk don’t do it there’s some-”
But you were already gone, in an instant you crossed the distance between you and Dean, your fist raised, “It’s the end.”

It wasn’t.

“[It’s not],” and like you were nothing he backhanded you, the impact sent you spinning into the crowd of rampaging monsters, hitting several as you crashed through building after building after building.

“Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ow,” You bounced off the ground like a skipping stone in a lake, you finally came to a stop after crashing into the new Grillbys, putting a hole in what probably took a good three hours to make (amazing how quickly you can build a house with a little bit of magic), “O-ow, g-good o-one,” you pushed the chairs and wall plaster that fell on you as you pushed yourself to your feet...only to be face to face with Grillby.

“H-hey Grills how’s it been?”

“...”

“Terrifying? Tell me about it!”

“...”

“Ahh this? Oh this nothing, just a few broken ribs, a punctured lung, bruised kidneys and pride along with severe internal bleeding!” You said in the cheeriest voice you can manage as you it was getting hard to speak with all the blood in your mouth.

“...”

“Seriously I’m good but you might want to stay inside things are pretty crazy outside right now.”

“...”

“Oh I’ll be fine-”
“@#?!”

“...Fine,” You reached into your inventory and threw 250G at Grillby’s feet, “I’m only paying you because I’m not a deadbeat like Sans.”

“...”

“Don’t give me that look you know it’s true.”

Grillby shrugged before pulling a burger out of nowhere and gave it to you.

**Hamburger?**

*Cooked in the fiery flames of hell, or in other words Grillby’s kitchen.*

*Heals 20 HP & +5 to all Stats*

“FRISK?!” You looked through the hole to find everyone fighting desperately against Dean, Papyrus looked at you with pleading eyes, “I’M NOT SAYING I NEED ASSISTANCE BUT I WOULD APPRECIATE IT IF YOU WERE HERE! I THE GREAT PAPYRUS IS ALLERGIC TO DEATH AND ALL THINGS CONCERNING IT SUCH AS PAIN!”

Even in the face of death he’s beautifully innocent.

“Gotta go Grillby catch you later, duty calls and all that.”

“...”

*Grillby’s inspirational words of encouragement feels you with...DETERMINATION.*

You pushed off the balls of your feet, flying through the various Frisk-shaped holes and coming to a
stop back in front of Undyne and Alphys’s house.

“Hate to say I told you so buuuut...I told you so~” Asriel sang smugly.

*You ate the hamburger?

*HP Maxed out!

You sighed in relief as the healing magic in the food did its job and healed your battered body.

“Frisk! I thought we were past this,” Toriel scolded, “No going off to fight major battles without the support of the rest of us, I swear child you’ll make me grey before my age.”

Asgore raised a eyebrow, “But sweetie all you hair is-”

“Shut up Gorey.”

“Yes dear.”

“hey not to say i don’t find your this entire hilarious, which i don’t, can we please deal with the literal murder fish which we CAN’T SEEM TO KILL!?” Sans yelled after firing yet another round of blasts at Dean only for it to do next to no damage.

That might have been the first time you’ve ever heard Sans raise his voice.

He finally found the shift key…

“[Wow, I actually can’t believe we lost to you people, you’re all a bunch of fucking imbeciles!]”

“Hey!”
“it’s kinda true…” muttered Sans under his breath.

“Alright fine then!” Asgore nodded his head at you and Undyne, “Take him out!” He charged, his trident raised high while you and Undyne came in from the left and right respectively, Undyne with her spears and you with your fists. Asgore thrust his spear at Dean’s midriff, Undyne aimed her spear at his head while you went for his legs.

“[Too easy,]” Dean grabbed the trident from Asgore and using the momentum stabbed you with it, you couldn’t even form a coherent scream as the trident ripped through your freshly healed lungs and stayed stuck in there. Kicking you away he summoned his sword and stabbed Asgore in the shoulder, the blade slipping through the gap in his armor and sinking into his flesh like butter, Asgore let out a scream of agony before falling a few feet away from you. Dean swung his sword at Undyne’s face on for her to block it with her spear, her weapon blinking in and out of existence because of the sheer amount of force being put on it, “[I don’t understand what Mom and Dad see in you, you’re so pathetically weak-]”

Dean caught the bone from embedding itself in his neck without breaking eye contact

“BACK. AWAY. FROM. MY. FRIEND. YOU. VILLAIN!” If there was a doubt that Papyrus’ voice was capable of being louder there isn’t any more.

Sans stood next to his brother, his eye flashing blue and yellow, “yeah, what he said,” he carried a bone in his left hand, “if you keep going the way you are now you’re gonna have a bad time.”

“I’m going to make you suffer for hurting my family,” Toriel said in a matter-of-fact tone, “Your insolence will not go unpunished.”

Like the three before them they charged, Toriel and Sans supporting Papyrus with ranged attacks while Papyrus ran up to Dean, wielding his bone rapier. “[I’ll finish this up quickly sis, don’t run off.]” He punched Undyne right in her temple sending her rolling across the dirt and come to a stop at Asriel and Alphys’s feet.

Dean casually walked toward the advancing Papyrus while dodging fireballs and Gaster Blaster sent his way, with laugh he easily parried Papyrus’ bone rapier before swatting him away, “[Pathetic,]” blue magic wrapped around Dean’s SOUL holding him place, “[Hmph, getting desperate aren’t we Gaster?]”
“**shut up,**” Sans gave a pointed look to Asriel, “don’t just stand there, let him have it!”

Asriel took a moment to observe all the carnage around him before letting the **CHAOS BLASTER** materialize in his hands, “With pleasure…”

Dean sent a condescending look at Asriel’s weapon, “[...**You really are a little kid,**]” Asriel took aim, “[**Are you seriously using a toy against me!? Are you even taking this serious-**]”

Asriel fired.

Dean screamed.

It was pain unlike anything he felt before, he felt every atom in his body breaking, his skin peeled, his flesh burst into flames, his dust shriveled away into noth-

**You are the future of monsters and more monsters because fuck humanity, blah, blah, blah stay determined or whatever…**

Asriel let his **CHAOS BLASTER** (He felt that it was necessary to capitalize it every time he said/thought it) disappear, “Now that my friends is how you properly beat a enemy,” He blew his finger like it was the barrel of a gun or something.

“C-c-could h-have done it-that before,” oh did you mention you were bleeding out still.

“Frisk!” Everyone crowded around you (and Alphys who had to be wheeled there by Asriel), the trident was rammed into your right shoulder and poked out your back a bit meaning you had lie down on your side, Toriel tried her healing magic on you but it did nothing to stop the blood, “Damn it, damn it, damn it, why isn’t this working?!” She practically screamed, she could feel your life force slipping through her fingers, “Don’t you dare die on me child, I can’t lose another one!”

You weren’t gonna last much longer, you raised a shaky hand and placed it on the trident, You gave Asriel a pleading look, “Take it out…”
“W-what?” Asriel shook his head, “But If I do that then-”

“PLEASE! I trust y-you.”

That was all the encouragement he needed.

“Asriel don’t do it,” warned Asgore, “They’ll...they’ll d-die if we do anything drastic.”

But Asriel wasn’t paying attention with trembling hands he grabbed onto the Trident and ripped it out of in one fluid motion.

“You’re dying! You’re dying! You’re dying~”

With a pained grunt you focused all determination toward the wound effectively stopping the bleeding and rather painfully sealing the wound and skin.

Oh that’s definitely gonna leave a mark.

“Thanks Azzy,” you grimaced at the sight of everyone being smothered in your blood, “…That’s strangely symbolic.”

Asgore glared at you.

“Not like that!” Okay it's kinda like that, “Okay it’s kinda like that.”

“[Wow Frisk still insensitive till this very day.]”

You had no words.

Surrounded in dust, his own dust, stood Dean unharmed and alive.
Cheater.

With a wince you pushed yourself to stand, your vision was littered with black spots and all you wanted to do was sleep, you should have known that Chara wasn’t going to let this end that easily. If they were like you then they would do what you would do if you didn’t have control of your save file.

QuickLOAD.

Just like in a video game, Chara must have made a QuickSAVE to bring Dean back to life. Unlike the average SAVE and LOAD time still goes on as the user isn’t affecting the timeline as a whole.

Just their own.

“T-that shouldn’t be possible!” Asriel screamed, his eyes alight with rage, “I-I killed you, I saw you turn to dust-”

“[But did you level up?]”

“...That’s cheap.”

Dean shook his head at Asriel before setting his sights on you and Undyne. “[So tell me Frisk, what are you going to do now? You can’t beat us-]”

“Yes?” Undyne suddenly gasped, “Dean? Where are our parents?”

Parents?

Parents?

Oh...OH!
That’s it! That’s why they were so much stronger than you! You thought that it was just Dean and Chara in there, you never took into account that Chara might be able to SOUL evolve too, and with multiple monsters too!

You expected nothing less from the original.

Normally monsters couldn’t absorb monster SOULs, but with Chara in there, Dean is no longer a full monster making him viable for SOUL absorption.

No wonder you couldn’t beat them, you were going against Chara, Dean, Undgur, Dyena AND the two stolen human SOULs.

There could be only one reason why you’re all still alive.

“You’re toying with us aren’t you?” Your fists were shaking with barely concealed rage, “You think this a game don’t you?!”

You failed to see the hypocrisy of your statement.

“[Of course Frisk, one that I fully intend to win]”

You didn’t fail to notice the use of your own words against you.

And boy did that piss you off.

Determinination

“Mom…” You brought forth your own SOUL, “Let’s end this…”

Toriel nodded her head, signaling the others to stand back as she stepped forward bringing out her own SOUL, “Yes, I tire of this game.”
You both snarled at Dean, crimson on crimson, “WE’LL END YOU!”

EXECUTE!

SOUL EVOLUTION!

GOD OF LIFE.

Wasting no time with theatrics you both swiped away the flames, “[...We’re not gonna lie, we’re going to enjoy this WAY more than we should.]”

Dean summoned his twin swords and let them hang loosely from his hands, “[Hey! That’s my line.]”

You both charged, fists engulfed in flames you both swung for Dean’s head, Dean dodged but the speed at which you cut the air was enough to leave a gash alongside his cheek. Not letting up you swiped at his feet with your legs to trip him only to meet air as he jumped to dodge them. Dean let gravity do the rest of the work as he swung his swords down at your head, without looking up you engulfed your hands in flames and caught both blades with your hands.

“[HAHA Isn’t this fun?!]” Chara pretty much lost it at this point as you could hear more of their voice coming through Dean’s mouth, “[DoN’t Yo U j U sT IO v3 Ki IlLi n g e Ach Ot h Er.]”

You fought desperately with that small part of your brain that wanted to agree.

“What...what is wrong them?” Toriel thought, you felt the waves of disgust lap over you, “I’m used to Undyne’s lust for battle but this is almost...perversion.”

Again the irony of the situation was not lost to you.

“I don’t know what’s wrong with them Mom,” Liar, “Let’s just put them out of their misery.”

“...What happened to pacifism?”
“I’m...not really a pacifist any more, just think of me as really merciful.”

A image of you burning that image to ashes flashed through the void.

“...Low blow Mom.”

“[HeY!]” You were both snapped your head towards Dean, “[Don’t you dare forget about me! I’m nowhere near done yet.]”

A brilliant idea just hit you.

You relayed your thoughts to Toriel, even though she didn’t get the joke she gets where you’re coming from.

“Hey Dean…” Toriel tightened her grip on the swords.

“ Do you… ” You started spinning, faster and faster and faster still.

“[MISS THE SUNLIGHT!]” With a roar you threw Dean into the air, within seconds he became nothing more then a dot in the sky.

“[NOW! EVERYONE LIGHT THEM UP!]”

Sans frowned (for once), “how are we meant to hit them from here?”

Toriel seemed stumped so you took over, “Hey! You’re magic you figure it out!”

Sans shrugged, “fair enough,” The invading monsters seeing that you just threw their leader(s) into the stratosphere left their own FIGHTs and began to surround you and your friends.
“They took out the royal family!”

“What the hell is that thing? A human fusing with a monster? That’s shouldn't be possible!”

“Those fucking traitors! They betrayed our people!”

“I always knew that the Dreemurr family were nothing but a bunch of human fuckers.”

“Kill them! Kill them all.”

“NO! Get the princess, it’s her dust that we came for!”

“Yes kill the princess, kill Undyne!”

“KILL.”

“KILL.”

“KILL.”

“HOLY FRISK! THESE MONSTERS ARE ABSOLUTELY CRAY-CRAY!” Was Papyrus’ beautiful response.”

“Cray-Cray?”

“holy frisk? pffft-”

“Monsters. ” You stated as sarcastically as possible which just looked plain weird on Toriel’s face.
“In any case we should deal with the trash first, I’m pretty sure that Dean won’t be a problem...for the time being.” Said Asgore

---

**1000ft in the air and rising with your hosts: Dean and Chara**

“[AHHHHH HHHHHHHHHHHH HHHHHHHHHHHHHH HHHHHHHH HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!]”

*Seriously? *sigh* Give me control for a sec. DON’t ArGuE, I can’t be assed to raise you from the dead again if this fails. You hear me Undying? You people get one last chance to kill your daughter then that’s it I’m pulling the plug!*

…

**Besides this arc is getting stale anyway.**

---

Forming a protective circle around Alphys (you know because of the wheelchair) your family became a effective bone-throwing, gaster-blasting, spear-throwing, star-chucking, flame-throwing, trident-stabbing team.

“Watch out!” Asriel exclaimed, you and Toriel turned around just in time to see a random monster jump at the both of you, before you two could end them however the bastard got several different spears finding a new home in his spine, exploding in a dusty explosion.

“Oh that’s just foul,” Toriel wiped the dust from your eyes as you were too busy fighting off the string of PTSD induced flashbacks being bathed in dust usually started, “Undyne while I thank you for helping me I would appreciate it if you were a bit less *messy*. I think Frisk is hyperventilating.”

Undyne frowned, “That wasn’t me,” She looked up expecting Dean to be throwing spears from a distance.
Well she was half right.

“Holy shit.” Undyne seemed to be in shock, “HOLY SHIT!” Now she wasn’t.

“Language!” Asgore reprimanded, “Seriously Undyne I understand that we’re in battle but there’s no need to let your language become that of a sailor,” (says the guy who was literally screaming ‘BASTARD!’ at a mage only a couple weeks ago), “What could be so bad that you have to start cursing-” Asgore looked up, “Holy shit…”

Now to see the king of monster say any swear words outside: ‘darn it’, ‘drat’, ‘bastard’ and ‘damn it. was a rare sight indeed, so of course everyone had to look up as well.

The invading monsters immediately stopped their fighting and ran off.

The defending monster’s looked up and took off towards mount ebott instead.

Asriel could only stare, “Holy shit.”

Sans’ eyes lost all color, “holy shit.”

Undyne nearly fell over, “Holy shit.”

Alphys started to hyperventilate, “H-Holy shit.”

Even Papyrus for as innocent as he is couldn’t help himself, “HOLY SHIT!”

You think you just did the SOUL equivalent of pissing your pants, “Holy shit.”

Toriel summed up what you all felt at the time with a single word, “Fuck.”

No one could even appreciate the fact that you she just swore as they were too busy staring at what
could only be described as the gates of babylon from fate/stay night.

Because they were the gates of babylon from fate/stay night.

The sky was covered with **thousands** of portals, each filled to the brim with weapons of various types: Swords, spears, axes, arrows, daggers, katanas, mace-

“**Great observations my child, really what would we do without your brilliant description, surely we’ll all be completely ignorant of the world around us as our eyes are so disgustingly inferior to the power of your descriptive prowess.**”

“**See? This is where I get all my sarcasm from.**”

“**[Li K e wH At yOu s E e?]**” Dean stood atop the laboratory, his arms spread wide like he was a preacher or something, “**[Hope you’re ready Frisk, sis, this is my S pEc Ia L a TT acK !]**”

Undyne picked up Alphys from her wheelchair and slung her over her back, seeing this you and Toriel started to make your shared body backpedal, everyone else followed suit, it’s times like this you’re thankful that Chara was even more of a sucker for dramatics than their brother.

“**frisk seriously,**” Sans looked scared...for Papyrus obviously, “**i don’t even care anymore just please for the love of whatever the hell is up there just reset!**”

“**What’s a RESET?**” Asgore scrunched his face, “**Why did I feel the need to capitalize that word?**”

“**Yes child I would also like to know what a RESET is, Sans was ready to kill you over it.**”

“**Now’s not the time!**”

“**It’s never the time!**”

“**CAN WE WORRY ABOUT THE EVER GROWING WEB OF FRISK’S LIES LATER!**”
Papyrus already seemed to a significant distance away from the group, “I WOULD PREFER TO NOT DIE A PAINFUL DEATH IF I CAN HELP IT.”

“Wow Papyrus keep this up and I might actually consider you the brains of our group,” Asriel chirped 100% sincere, “Not like we have a lot going around anyway…” He muttered under his breathe 100% sincere.

Dean stared at you all with a look of complete disbelief, “[Here you are, staring death in the face and all you people do is...banter?]”

With as much seriousness as you could spare you stated, “Yes.”

The weapons fell.

Everyone ran.

…

You didn’t get far.

Surprisingly enough Asriel was the first one to get struck, he just dived out the way of a lance only to have a butcher’s knife (damnit Chara) cut open his ankle sending him tumbling to the ground, he turned his head to the sky only to see another several spears all aiming for him.

You, Asgore and Toriel all stopped and turned around, “ASRIEL!” You both blasted the spears away a joint fireball attack giving Asgore enough time to pick up Asriel…

But not enough time to avoid the shield.

Without thinking about it you and Toriel pushed them out of the way allowing yourselves to get hit with the shield, with a cry you fell, multiple weapons striking you all over your body. You could feel your form slipping.
“My child, I don’t think we can hold this for much longer.” Toriel’s wheezed, her voice laced with pain.

You both braced for the pain of an unlimited amount of bladeworks to pierce through you only to find...that you were still alive.

“Hey would you look at that nothing bad is happening-”

Dean crashed down in front of you his landing sending small tremors through the ground making the bruises on your shared skin tingle.

With a click of his fingers he stopped the blade storm. “[Amazing, despite everything I’ve thrown at you I’ve still haven’t managed to break skin...you really are something special.]”

“[We’re not feeling so special right now...]

“TORI!”

“FRISK!”

With Asriel in on his back and his trident in his hands Asgore charged straight for Dean, “[Annoying old man,]” Dean clicked his fingers and the two were surrounded by normal blue spears turned into makeshift prison bars, “[Stay there and watch, maybe you’ll learn something.]”

“W-we gotta-move Mom.”

“W-working o-on it.”

Without warning Dean gave the two of you a savage kick to the side, you both dry heaved as you felt all the air leave your lungs. You both laid on your back, one hand massaging your badly abused side, your flowing dress now dusty and ripped in multiple places, with glassy eyes you both managed one more spiteful glance at Dean’s direction.
“[See that’s what I like about the two of you, even if you’re broken you still have enough energy to try and spite me! Love it]” Ignoring Asgore and Asriel’s roars, Dean picked you both up by the tufts of your hair, your face was littered with multiple bumps and bruises from where you landed awkwardly but still the attacks didn’t break the skin, Dean moved his face closer to inspect so you rewarded him by spitting in his face.

“H-heh n-nice one m-my child.”

You were both backhanded.

“W-worth it.”

You were fading.

Dean summoned his swords and raised them high above his head. “[Frisk, Toriel tell me do you bleed?]”

Already knowing what they had in mind you threw Toriel’s presence to the back of your shared mind and cut off all ties she had with the body before putting yourself in the hot seat completely.

“NO FRISK DON’T DO IT!”

Dean swung down.

The swords tore the form apart.

You along with it.

When you two came apart Toriel was covered in bruises and small cuts, her robe was more of a rag but otherwise was no worse for wear.

You on the other hand.
Well it was a state no one in the Dreemurr family wanted to see you in again, your stomach was torn open, your left eye was swollen shut while your other was bleeding due to a tear in your eye, your legs were broken and your arm…

Oh god your **ONE** arm.

Single word.

Non-plural.

“M-my b-baby…” Toriel didn’t even have the energy to heal herself let alone you.

“T-this was not a position I thought I would be put in so soon.” You hope that the demon was satisfied now, this pain you were feeling was unlike anything you’ve ever experienced before and that’s really saying something. And it wasn’t from the flesh wounds, it was from the watching the despair in your families eyes as they could do nothing to save you.

Resignation was not an emotion any of them were used to feeling.

**THUNK!**

A spear plunged into the ground between the two.

“Leave them alone!” Undyne ran between the three of you, “…It's me you want right?” She looked at you with a grimace, “I'm sorry I dragged you into this Frisk and you too your majesty.” She summoned her spear, “I promise I won’t let anyone else suffer because of my family.”

You shook your head violently, “No don’t do it! You’ll die!”

“*[Finally…]*” Dean grabbed Undyne by her throat, “*[Any last words before I end your pathetic existence.]*”
Undyne smiled wryly, “Just one.”

“[And that is?]”

The air suddenly became so much more heavier, anticipation started to build up and every part of your body wanted nothing more than to get in on the fight.

You remember this feeling.

You were both ecstatic and terrified at the same time.

With a right hand Undyne placed a hand over her eyepatch, “DETERMINATION!”

She ripped it off.

And the true hero arrived.

Chapter End Notes

You know what I think I'm gonna stop trying to perdict when an arc will end, I tried to end it here but from a creative standpoint it would fuck up the pacing so...don't hate me for taking nearly a whole week to update only to leave on a cliffhanger?

*Gets hit with a big middle finger*

Also I used a hideous amount of references in this chapter who can get them all will get a bucket of virtual KFC because KFC is always a step up from cookies.

Unless you're vegan then...eat a salad or something, it's full of good shit?
I'm Gonna Save You In The Worst Way Possible

Chapter Summary

Everyone has a breaking point.

It looks like the Dreemurrs found theirs.

Truths are revealed and yet the picture becomes less clear.

No one is truly okay, but they've learnt to accept it anyway.

Everyone needs a hug.

...

And therapy.

Chapter Notes

WARNING: This chapter escalates very quickly, like holy shit.

The people in the fic are all very fucked up, the dreemurrs are no exception, they are called monsters for a reason. So if you get a bit upset at the way I portray these characters than please read a fic that has nothing but shameless fluff, shameless fluff is good for the soul, this isn't.

You're still here?

God you're a sick fuck aren't you?

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Here we go,” the demon was ecstatic, “Finally, the true battle can start.”

True battle?

Is she saying that you went through all that shit for no reason.

Is this the limit of your power?
Can you truly do nothing at this point?

Are you going to die? Die only to do this all over again?

“Well of course not stupid,” the demon snapped, “Did you already forget what happens to monsters that use determination?”

“[ARGHHHHHHHHHHH!]” Dean was sent flying as Undyne socked the prince right in his face, he stumbled a bit before coming to a stop and spitting dust out his mouth, “[That actually...hurt?]” The amount of shock in his voice was extremely satisfying, Dean looked at Undyne with poorly restrained disgust, “[You have no right to be wearing that.]”

Out of the smoke stood Undyne fully decked out in her Undying amour, her now uncovered eye blasting off white beams of light, “Trust me when I say I didn’t want to have to resort to using this but you left me with no choice, I won’t let you hurt the people that I care about anymore.” She raised her hand and hundreds of spears materialized above her, “If I let you pass you’ll wage war against humanity, dragging everyone else along with it and I can’t let you do that.”

“[But why?!]” Dean screamed, “[After everything they’ve done to us you’re telling me we should just forget about it and move on with our lives!]”

“Of course not you idiot!” Undyne’s fist was shaking, “Everytime I look at Frisk or another human I’m reminded of all the pain we had to go through, all the suffering we had to endure,” She glared at Dean with hard eyes, “But all the humans that started that are dead,” You winced, “We can’t get revenge anymore so all we can do is move on.”

“[Who said we can’t get revenge!]” Dean spat, “[The way I see it past this town there are millions of other human settlements, with so many weak and pathetic humans residing within them-]”

“Yeah Dean, loads of innocent people residing within them.” Undyne snapped back, “We’ll be no better than them if we do that.”

“[I. Don’t. Care!]” Dean howled, “[If that’s what it takes then so be it!]” He summoned his swords, “[I’ll prove to everyone that I’m stronger than you, better than you and more deserving of our parents attention!]”
Dean closed the distance between the two, his sword coming down at Undyne’s head, with a grunt. Undyne caught the two swords with her hands before snapping them in half.

**AHHHHHHHHH, T-that fishy bitch! Those swords were freaking awesome!**

“Hey! I think you’re forgetting something!” Undyne clicked her fingers and the sea of spears crashed right down on Dean, he screamed as countless spears tore open his body, devastating him beyond-

**DETERMINATION**

“[You gotta try harder than that sis,]” Dean stood from the forest of spears completely unharmed. Dean lost his pupils again as his eyes were bathed in red, “[If you d On’t Do sOme ThInG I mIgH T jUst E nd up k ILLIng Y Ou!]” He clicked his fingers and two punch daggers materialized in his hands.

Undyne faltered a bit before narrowing her eyes, “Fine then,” Two spears from the ground disappeared and then reappeared in her hands, “Let’s end this.”

With a blink of the eye they both vanished.

The cage holding both Asgore and Asriel disintegrated, seeing his chance Asgore quickly made his way over to you and Toriel, “T-tori, F-f-frisk…”

Toriel grasped at Asgore pant leg desperately, “A-Asgore, I’m fine but F-Frisk…” Toriel stifled a cry, “O-oh our child.”

With a shaky nod Asgore picked both you and Toriel up, Toriel being carried in his arms while you were placed in hers, upon registering you were with her Toriel almost crushed you with her grip, you could feel the masses of healing magic washing over you; the desperation laced behind each blast.

You didn’t have the heart to tell her that while her magic would heal your broken bones and flesh wounds it would do nothing about the missing arm.
“What about their...arm?” Asriel asked, he sounded so, so, very numb.

Asgore winced, “L-let’s just go.” Holding on the two of you tightly Asgore ran through the streets of New Home the 3rd. You barely hold back a sob at all the destruction, fires were sprouting up from everywhere, there wasn’t a single window that wasn’t smashed or building that was in one piece. Dust was sprinkled everywhere like glitter making the ground feel grainy.

When you all finally reached your street Asgore wasted no time in bursting through the front entrance of your house. He gently placed you and Toriel on the couch, the king now being able to take in your conditions better. Toriel was covered in flaky blood, the blood staining her white fur giving a pale reddish hue.

None of it was hers.

Her body was littered in small cuts and bruises which were trying desperately to patch themselves up but to no avail, her magic still being directed into you.

And boy did you need it.

To see a body destroyed so thoroughly and utterly was something that Asgore thought he would never have to see again, the war still laid heavily on his mind, he lost count of the amount of humans he had to cut down, the hundreds he had to burn. And after a while he began to lose all feeling and just let himself enjoy it. Like many monsters, himself and his wife included they found that the best way to deal with the horrors they saw was to embrace them.

Oh how he wished that he can feel that emptiness again, even if it was a selfish wish Asgore wanted nothing more than to be able to feel indifference toward you like he did with so many other humans.

That way at least it wouldn’t hurt so much.

But like a fool he let another human get close to him, and like a fool he could do nothing as he watches the life fade from their eyes.

And once again he was in a situation where he was practically useless.
Asriel let himself fall off Asgore’s back, being careful not to land on his wounded leg, “I call everyone else, tell them to meet here see if Alphys can do anything about...this.” Asriel said flatly, his voice was devoid of any emotion. No worry, no fear, not even anger.

Nothing.

Instead his eyes remained locked on you.

Unblinking.

Asriel called Papyrus, “YOUNG PRINCE, YOU’RE OKAY! WE ALL ASSUMED THE WORST WHEN UNDYNE WENT BACK FOR YOU AND THE ROYAL FAMILY AND NEVER RETUR-”

Asriel cut him off, “Is Alphys there with you? Tell her to come to our house right now...It’s bad, very bad.”

“Help is coming Frisk, everything is going to be okay,” you didn’t respond, “Frisk?” Toriel shook you, “FRISK!”

You remained still.

Waking up in a demonic torture chamber in a pool of your blood was actually surprisingly comfortable.
Didn’t make it any less traumatizing but hey at least you can be in relative comfort as you scream and vomit and then scream some more when you realize that the blood had bits drifting along it like a raft lost at sea.

“Did I...die?” Your voice echoed off the bloodstained walls and travelled down the endless corridors, “Demon! Where the hell are you? Why am I here?!”

No answer.

“DAMN IT!” You slammed your fist against the ground, the feeling of your fist bathing in blood calming you down.

You reached for your SAVE file.

LOAD FAILED
SAVE FILE LOCKED.

Why. Won’t. She. Let. You. RESET.

She shouldn’t be able to do this, she should be bending to your will, why did you have to be different? Why couldn’t you control your own goddamn determination?!

Why couldn’t you control the queen of humans?

“Your first mistake was assuming you could control me.”

You were snatched up in the air as she wrapped her claws around your neck, “We may be related by blood but it doesn’t make you anymore stronger than me.”

“F-fuck you.”

She dropped you, “You’re only endearing when you’re rude to other people you know,” You were
too busy gasping for air as her grip just happened damage your windpipe, she watched you suffer for a couple seconds before placing the tip of one of her claws on your neck and healing you, “You’re lucky that you can’t die in here Frisky.”

You pushed yourself off the ground, “Yeah, I’m SO lucky,” you spat, you still remember the torture you went through when put in here. All for the sake of determination, the power to control time and eventually become a god, a power so great that the mages were willing to start a war all for the sake of gaining it, “How could I not be grateful your MAJESTY? I’m so HAPPY that I can no longer go into hospitals for fear of being found out and experimented on, I LOVE the fact that I’m more demon than human, I ADORE the fact that I have to keep lying to everyone I ever cared about because if they knew who I was they would turn on me in a instant. My life is FUCKING FANTASTIC!”

The queen watched your temper tantrum with a bemused expression, “Look demon, can’t I just have my SAVE file back now? I stuck it out didn’t I? I continued fighting even though it would have been easier to LOAD and just collapse the cave before they left mount ebott, so let’s just end this and RESET already.”

“No,” She shook her head, “We’re not done yet.”

“Yeah? And what do you suggest we do? In case you haven’t noticed in the real world most of my bones are broken, legs may be healed but I still can’t walk properly, and also only have one arm-”

“Can you stop your sniveling for just a couple seconds?!” The queen snapped, “It’s pitiful, you suffer one defeat and you’re already calling it quits, is this the way royalty is supposed to act?”

You looked away in scorn, “I gave up that title a long time ago, I want nothing to do with the human royal family.”

“But you have no problem being in the monster’s?”

“Don’t ask stupid questions,” you kicked at a puddle of blood, “So tell me then what can we do? If anything we’ll be getting in the way,” You remembered with a scowl how quickly Undyne was able to turn the tables when she changed into her Undying form, “We’re practically useless at this point.”

“So you’ll leave her to her death?” You flinched, “Do you honestly think that puny monster can stand up to the might of the original and five other SOULs?”
Of course not.

There’s no way.

When you get down to it Undyne is going up against six people (granted the human souls have probably been in there so long that their essences have passed on but their power remained). Her determination may be great but when facing people like you and Chara there’s no hope.

How can one fight a being with limitless determination?

If it comes down to it you might have to use... that.

But in doing so you’ll lose everything that you ever cared about.

Unless...

!!!

“Ooh you’ve got your ‘I’ve got a plan’ face on!” The queen squealed like an overexcited child, “Tell me, tell me, TELL ME!”

“We’re gonna deliver some sweet justice.”

The demon stopped her dancing, fixing you with a bewildered look, “But if you do that then-”

“Yeah I know, everyone will find out about the power of the fallen children’s weapons and realize that I’ve been hiding them all this time.”

The demon grinned, “My, my! You talk about your siblings with such indifference! Don’t they matter to you?”
“Everyone and everything about my family is dead to me, It’s not like I knew them personally anyway.” You stated in a matter-of-fact voice.

Seeing your reaction, or really your lack of reaction, the demon’s ever present smirk dropped off her face, “Fine then. Be like that,” She turned away in a huff, “I’m surprised those monsters haven’t made the connection yet, I mean we all look almost identical.” She pinched your cheek condescendingly, “You, me, Chara, and all those kids. Look. Exactly. The. Same.”

“You know why they haven’t made the connection,” When you made this new game you made it apparent to wipe the faces of the queen and the other fallen children from the monster’s memories, Toriel can remember their names and voices but to her their faces will forever out of reach, a couple details swapped around, give someone longer hair or a different shade of skin and you were good, “Don’t screw with me, we both know that had to be done.”

“Whatever helps you feel better about yourself Frisk.” The demon let go of your cheek, “So what are we aiming for then?”

You raised a eyebrow, “Isn’t it obvious? We’re aiming for Chara.”

It was the demon’s turn to raise an eyebrow, “That’s all good and all but how? You don’t honestly expect that pathetic little gun to shoot through matter and go right for the SOUL?”

“That’s exactly what I think will happen,” You smiled, “Come on Queenie have a little more faith in your kids.”

“Hmph,” she snorted, “Fair enough. I’m guessing that as soon as we shoot Chara the damage they take will force them to retreat?”

You nodded your head, “That’s what they did last time when they gave Chad their soul steroids....”

“Soul steroids?” The demon chuckled, “Crude but I like it.”

You chuckled as well, “Thanks, but it wasn’t my idea though,” (see what I did there?), “Anyway, without Chara, it’ll just be Dean by himself, making him actually killable.”
She looked at you with contempt, “And then you shoot him to death? That seems a little bit weak.”

You shook your head, “Sadly no, I don’t have any bullets so I’m relying solely on the SOUL power left behind to do the job, once it’s out we’ll have to do this the old fashion way.”

“What are you gonna do then? In case you haven’t noticed you’re a bit short-handed.”

“...Nice.”

“I try my best.”

“But seriously that’s where Undying comes in,” You brought forth you battered SOUL, it had many cuts from when it protected Toriel’s from Dean assault, “In the end me and her are the same, I have no doubt that we are compatible for SOUL evolution.”

A fire started burning.

The queen rolled her eyes, “Fine then, I can help you ignore the pain long enough for you to reach your room and get past anyone that might try to stop you,” you growled at her, “Without hurting them of course, after that you have to use your demon eye to zone in on Chara and take the shot.”

The second fire came to life.

“And after that?”

She smiled, “You’re a resourceful kid, figure it out.”

“When have I haven’t?”
ZAP!

Huh?

ZAP! ZAP! ZAP!

Argh that’s really annoying.

ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! ZAP!

Seriously if whoever was doing that didn’t stop they were going to get a fist full of Frisk.

“Not...heart...can’t...wake.”

Who was that? They sound familiar?

“DON’T...ME...BULLSHIT...SAVE.”

Save? Who was that swearing it sounds weird when they do it.

“I...ORDER...SAVE....MY...CHILD....ELSE!”

A-Asgore?

“Do...something....owe....them....skeleton.”

A-Asriel?
“buddy...stop...bad...time.”

Those words must have triggered something within you because you swam through the sea of unconsciousness and woke up.

The sight you were met with was kinda depressing.

Asgore and Toriel seemed to be one step away from blasting Alphys into oblivion, her hands shaking as she frantically worked on your body, your parents watching over her, their faces twisted in a snarls of impatience. Sans and Asriel had a bone and a **CHAOS SABER** held at each other’s respective throats ready to into seperate the other’s head from their bodies. And poor Papyrus was stuck in the middle of all of it.

Everyone's heads snapped towards you, their faces quickly switching from pure joy, to confusion, and then to abject horror.

“W-what’s wrong?” You were wasting time, you had to get over to Dean, “You know besides the obvious.” You looked to your left and realised that they weren’t looking at you but the cardiac monitor that you’ve been connected to.

You’re still flatlining.

“F-frisk?” Alphys was trembling a bit, “H-h-how a-are y-you m-m-moving w-when y-your heart-isn’t b-beating?”

“Oh and I forgot to tell you Frisk, we’re gonna have to go on 0 hp for a bit to bypass some of the pain, have fun explaining to everyone how you’ve literally become a deadman walking.”

That bitch.

You checked your stats.

*Frisk Dreemurr*
We don’t know what you are.

**ATK:** ???  **DEF:** ???

**HP:** 0/0

“kid i think it’s time you explained yourself,” Sans’ voice was mix between fear and rampant jealousy, “seriously be straight with us.”

“M-my child,” You flinched at the tired tone in Toriel’s voice, she just sounded so done, with this situation, with you, “Please just let us in, we can help you,” you didn’t respond so instead of moving closer to you to probably comfort you Toriel stood in front of the door, “…That’s okay too, you can just sit there not saying anything as usual, pretend that you’re better than the rest of us.”

Her tone was...so cold.

“It’s not like that.” Yours can be just as cold too.

“Then tell me Frisk, what is it like?” No answer, “Nothing? You’re not going to say ANYTHING!” She growled, “I’m supposed to accept the fact that you can just continue to function without any hp?!”

“Yes.”

Toriel glared at you, “You’re pathetic.” She spat, “Look at you, you think that you’re infallible and powerful yet you still failed just like the rest of us.” She knew exactly how to hurt you, “A child like you is useless on the battlefield.”

Bitch.

“What can I say ‘mother’ I only learnt from the BEST.” If she could slap you she would, “I mean you would know all about being pathetic wouldn’t you!”
“FRISK!” Asgore doesn’t get anger often at you, maybe a bit overzealous when you’re training together but never truly angry, openly expressing rage was something that Toriel did enough for the both of them, so when he started shouting you could tell you would be in for a bad time, “I don’t know who the hell you think you are but you’re MY-” A sharp growl from Toriel (and Asriel?) Interrupted him, “I mean OUR child! We are your parents and we demand that you tell us what is going on with you!” No answer, everyone (besides the obvious three) shook as he slammed his trident on the ground, “Well? ANSWER ME!”

You grit your teeth and kept your mouth shut.

The look of disappointment hurt more than any of times he killed you.

“...Hmph if that’s how it must be,” he stood by his wife, blocking the door to the outside world, “We’ll all just stay here until we can be sure that we can trust you again.”

“Ouch, looks like they don’t trust you anymore.”

You were too distraught to reply.

“Frisk…” Asriel clamped his hands down on your shoulders and squeezed, “You know how I said I’ll break every bone in your body if it meant keeping you safe?” Despite yourself you shuddered, sensing this Asriel let a way too chipper smile crawl on his face, “The offer still stands you know!”

You stared right back, “And I said Asriel that you’re welcome to come over here and try.”

“You know if you don’t spill the beans we won’t let you out of our sight ever again,” He started to play with your hair, “You won’t have a moment’s peace,” tug, “Everywhere you go, we’ll be there,” tug, “Even when you think we’re not watching we will be,” tug, “If we have to lock you up to do it than so be it.”

Now a normal person would be freaked out right about now, they would probably think that this behaviour came out of nowhere. But to you couldn’t help but feel happy, you never had a group of people so concerned about you that they were willing to go as far as to cause you bodily harm if it meant keeping you safe.
Yes it was a fucked up way of doing it.

Yes it was a warped way of doing it.

And yes, their words right now hurt so much.

But it was only out of concern for you.

You couldn’t be more grateful.

And that’s why you had to stop Dean and Chara, even if it meant losing their trust.

You grabbed Asriel’s wrists and pulled him so you could whisper in his ear, “I’m...sorry.”

You threw him at Toriel and Asgore, as they all crashed into each other they all locked eyes with you, their eyes read the same identical message, ‘why can’t we...protect you? Why won’t you let us?’

Silly parents, if they are protecting you how are you going to be able to protect them?

You quickly jumped off the couch and landed on your feet, you marveled at the numbness you felt in your legs before jumping over the bodies of your family and running up the stairs-

Only for Asgore to reach out and grab you by the ankle causing you fall face first on the steps, “You’re not going anywhere!” He snapped, “SANS grab them!”

“with pleasure,” He enclosed you in blue magic, “now kid, just calm down and tell me everything.”

Nope.

You howled and Sans’ blue magic broke apart, your determination easily undoing it, “well shit.”
Toriel kissed her teeth, “Can’t trust you to do anything right! You overrated, lying, waste of calcium.” You were too busy trying to pry Asgore’s hand of your leg when Toriel grabbed you by the back of your striped shirt, “Get. Back. Here.”

Goddamn everyone looked kinda insane right now.

“Sorry,” you smashed a fist onto Asgore’s fingers, an audible snapping sound was heard as he let go with a howl, you turned around and ripped your own shirt in half, causing Toriel go flying down the stairs and land right on Asgore.

You winced at the sounds of your mother rolling down the stairs but it was for a greater cause, now with nothing but a vest (it was purple) you ran up the stairs and dived into your room, as quick as you could you took Asriel’s and your own bed and pushed it against the door, for good measure you threw Asriel’s wardrobe (yes threw, determination is a great drug) down in front of it for good measure.

“Quick before Sans teleports in here!”

You sent out multiple bursts of determination into the atmosphere, distorting space this time instead messing around with time, “That should buy me a couple minutes…” you muttered. You quickly made your way to your sock drawer and opened the secret compartment to your weapons.

Only for it to be empty.

“Looking for these?” You felt the cool sensation of steel pressed up against your head, the clicking sound you heard after confirmed your fears, “Don’t move Frisk, I’m feeling a bit trigger happy.”

“Asriel.” Your tone was tight, “What the hell do you think you’re doing?”

He tilted his head and from what you could guess from his voice seemed generally confused, “What do you mean? I’m saving you.”

“By putting a gun to my head.”
He shrugged, “I’ll admit it’s unorthodox but then again what isn’t when it comes to us?” You tried to turn around only to be met with a sharp crack from the barrel, “Ah, ah, ah, no peaking.” Your ears rang, and your head started to bleed, taking pity on you Asriel healed you. You wanted to thank him for being a considerate psychopath but the gun to your head was making it a bit difficult, “Your stick, the toy knife, the worn dagger, the tough glove, the dusty frying pan, the ballerina shoes, the notebook, the empty gun, and the true knife, along with all of their armour. You’ve been collecting haven’t you Frisk?” Oh shit, he was no doubt eying the locket, “I’ve been looking everywhere for that,” He picked up and placed it around your neck with a tenderness you didn’t think he had, “I think it would look much better on you, don’t you think?” He placed it around your neck, “See? Now we’re matching.”

You didn’t have time for yandere goat right now, “Look Az, azzy, edgy lord while I would love to entertain all the crazy you’ve got going on right now I kinda gotta save us all from an untimely demise and whatnot so if you don’t mind me-”

Asriel wrapped you up in bear hug, the gun quickly spinning to rest underneath your chin, the barrel pointing upwards at you, “Look Frisk, frisky, idiot, don’t you know that you belong to me?” He growled, “I can’t have you running off and getting yourself killed with only a bunch of stupid toys for protection.” Good he doesn’t know how powerful they are, “I mean I knew you were going to do something stupid but I honestly thought you were smarter than that.” He tapped you on the nose, “Guess not.”

You smiled your crazy smile, god, both of you were both so messed up that it wasn’t even funny, this shouldn’t be making you blush and you shouldn’t be flattered but damn it you are, “Let me get one thing clear, YOU belong to ME, not the other way around, so be a good little goat and sit here until I come back for you.”

Asriel laughed but it had no warmth in it, “Well isn’t this delicious? You actually think you’re the one in control here?” His grip was becoming suffocating, “This is why I keep you around Frisk, you’re just so interesting.” You could hear banging coming from the door and the smell of wood burning filled your nostrils, “Well would you look at that Mom and Dad are here, looks like you’re gonna have to give up and let us protect you.”

“Not this time,” Asriel couldn’t even ask what you meant by that before you gave him a swift reverse headbutt, he cried out his hands going to his snout and dropping the gun on the floor, you quickly shoved it down your pant leg, giving it a pat you took out your phone and started to digitize all of the fallen weaponry, placing them safely within your dimensional boxes.

A trident brust through the barricade and landed with a resounding ‘thunk’ in the floor.
That was your cue to get the fuck out.

“Oh no you don’t!” Asriel tackled you away from the window causing your head to hit the floor with a sick crack, “You’re staying right Frisk!”

“No I’m not!” You kicked Asriel in the chest sending him slamming into the wall.

“Yes you are!” He summoned a three stars in between his fingers and threw them like shurikens at you.

“No, I’m not! You caught the two stars with your hands and thrid one with your teeth, you crushed them all and dived toward the window.

“Yes. You. Are!” Asriel was faster however and kicked you away from the window, you hit the barricade, only just avoiding a furry hand that ripped through the space right next to your head, shaking the fatigue away you noticed Asriel charging at you with his dual CHAOS SABERS.

“No. I’m. NOT.” You summoned the worn dagger and true knife and placed one in your hand and the other in your mouth, using your teeth to keep it steady and clashed with Asriel, sparks were sent everywhere as the both of you fought desperately for the advantage, when he went for the legs you blocked with one knife that was in your hand and went for his head with the other in your mouth, he responded in kind and deflected that knife and opened his mouth, fire magic began to build up in his maw.

“YES. YOU. ARE!” Figures the fire-wielding goats can breathe fire, really should have seen that coming, you arched your back just in time as a fireball only just brushed against your stomach and crashed into the barricade causing a small explosion, the cruses you heard afterward meant that your parents were okay. Using this distraction you swiped Asriel’s feet from underneath him and in the same motion dropped kicked him into the wall. Asriel gasped as he hit the wall so hard that he got embedded in it slightly, his CHAOS SABERS fell to the ground and shattered. He winced before glaring at you, even when upside down he still managed to look mighty pissed.

You crossed the distance between the two of and grimaced at the damage you’ve done to him...and your room, “Yes...yes I am.”
You turned to leave but the sound of crying made you stop dead in your tracks, “P-please, I can’t lose you too,” your heart trembled, “I don’t want to lose you like I lost Chara,” Damn it, “I-I thought that if I acted like maybe Chara did than maybe I could get you to listen to me,” Chara acted like...this? Oh man that’s a whole new level of creepy, “You’re a lot like me in some aspects so I thought I could control you. Make it so you can never leave me.”

“...”

“Heh, guess I was too sentimental,” what? “I totally should not have held back as much as I did,” held back? You barely managed to keep up! “I’ll let you go this time but next time we fight I’m beating you down so bad that’ll you’ll never be able to so much as raise a fist at me again. That way I can protect forever and you’ll never try and leave me.”

“...I’m sorry,” You smashed the window with your knives just as Toriel and Asgore burst through the barricade, “You know I do this because I love you right?”

Asriel scoffed, “Whatever Frisk, just...go,” He spat out bitterly, “But if you dare die on me I swear I’ll find you in hell and I’ll kick your sorry ass back here.”

“Wouldn’t want it any other way.”

You jumped.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, for everyone that wanted it Asriel got the ass-kicking he so sorely deserved.

Who saw that twist coming? Who guessed it? I want to know!

And I can tell if you're full of shit, so don't you dare lie to me.

*stares at the screen with bloodshot eyes*

Don't. Do. It.

Edit: 29/06/16

Next time:

We'll get an insight into Chara and Asriel's relationship pre-undertale and see if Frisk’s plan will actually work...
(This chapter is turning out completely different from what I had in mind so I guess we're getting some more Chara and Asriel backstory? It's turning out to be a lot more messed up then what I normally feel comfortable with writing. Like *shudder* these kids are too creepy).
Chapter Summary

Why can't it ever be black and white.

Chapter Notes

...

Soooo, I can explain why I fucked off for nearly three weeks.

...

*Work experience

For those who live in the UK you already know how painful that is, two weeks of forced labour with no pay goddamn it.

*Writer's Block

I REALLY got tired of this arc and just wanted to go on to the next one so the thought of continuing it hurt me, fortunately I managed to finish this arc this chapter so now we can finally get onto the juicy stuff. I want to at least do two of several fic ideas I posted on this site before I get burnt out.

So once again sorry for taking my sweet time and enjoy the extra long chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Undyne was so confused.

When did this happen?

When did she start to lose?

One minute she managed to kill Dean, the next he was alive again.

Brushing it off as battle hysteria getting to her she just killed Dean again.
And again.

And again.

And again.

But try as she might Dean just wouldn’t stay dead.

It was at that moment that Undyne concluded that she wasn’t going insane, something was terribly wrong with the situation she was in. And she was so close to figuring out what that was until…

She started losing.

After 50 kills Undyne’s hand just gave up on her, she blinked in confusion as her fingers refused to respond to signals her brain was sending until...well.

Her hand fell off.

And it wasn’t an instantaneous thing, to be more precise it started melting, like honest to god, ice-cream like melting, Undyne watched with morbid fascination as her right hand became nothing more than a blueish puddle on the floor.

But that was okay.

It was fine.

Fine.

Fine.
She didn’t need both her hands to fight! She only had one eye and she never had much trouble before.

She won’t lose.

She REFUSES.

With a howl Undyne tried to throw the other spear in her hand towards Dean…

...It didn’t get far.

How can it when you barely have any fingers to throw it properly.

The spear rolled off her palm and landed with a resounding splat on the ground, the mush that used to be her fingers and thumb following after it like a gooey waterfall.

So Undyne wasn’t even surprised when the rest of her left hand followed suit.

That was okay, she was okay, she was fine.

Fine

Scared.

Undyne frowned, she wasn’t scared! She was…

Brave

Terrified.
Damnit it! Shut up! Shut up!

Weak.

Fragile.

Pathetic.

Alone.

Alone.

Alone.

Alone.

D E A D.

“GET OUT OF MY HEAD!” Undyne summoned a swarm of spears above her head and fired them at Dean, by time she was done he was barely visible underneath of all them, each spear shoved into every available pore on his body.

DETERMINATION.

Wow, now I see why Frisk doesn't like doing that so much, I wouldn’t wish that kind of psychological torment on anyone. Ugh, I feel filthy just for doing that.

...
Yes, I'm a demon but even I have limits.

Psychological torture is more of Frisk’s forte afterall.

Chara knew that during their time on the surface Frisk only used the SOUL break on detective Rodney, torturing a person directly through their SOUL is a extremely grisly way of hurting someone.

Which makes it perfect for Frisk but not so much for Chara.

While Chara can admit they enjoyed their genocide runs Frisk always managed to take the depravity of their actions to all new levels. They would take out all the adults first and watch in satisfaction the children fought with each other tooth and nail for survival before ending their lives too; they would do public executions on monsters that were particularly hard to kill, making a show out of stabbing the hell out of a monster with a rage Chara thought they would never see again.

For a eleven year old they could sure hold on to a lot of resentment.

Chara might decide to get sadistic from time to time but ultimately they live for the thrill of the fight and the satisfaction of killing a powerful enemy. To gain someone’s trust only to stab them in the back...it hits too close to home.

But that’s exactly something Frisk would do.

...That’s exactly what Asriel did.

Chara didn’t understand, they thought that Asriel was completely under their control, they didn’t miss the way his eyes seemed to follow them around the room, his disinterest in everything that wasn’t to do with them, his obsession.

Within a week of staying with the Dreemurrs Chara had Asriel wrapped around their little finger.

But what Chara failed to notice were the other kind of looks Asriel gave them. The condescending smiles; the backhanded compliments designed to stroke their ego while at the same leaving his own
in tact; the way he slowly but surely began rebelling against them with each passing day; those times where he would just let them do their own thing and he’ll just...watch with a weird expression on his. Like they were a new TV show that was so exciting because it was different and never seen before.

Then the novelty wore off.

And all too quickly this new TV series has melted into back into the background with the rest of the mediocre programming and becomes boring.

Within a month of staying with Dreemurrs Asriel got bored of them.

Sure he put up a face in front of his parents, always acting like the good child everyone wanted him to be, pretending he actually gave a damn about their human sibling, but as soon as they were out of sight Asriel and Chara showed their true colors to each other. Suddenly it was Chara that was following Asriel around, desperate to be the one in control again, desperate to get Asriel to look at them again with that possessive glare of his. The one that always made them feel like they wanted for once, even if it was for all the wrong reasons it still felt right. Chara would do just about anything to make themselves seem interesting, they would do anything to have Asriel under their control again.

Because he’ll only become their puppet again if Chara can prove they’ll be a entertaining enough puppetmaster.

So of course the next logical step was to try and kill his father.

It made perfect sense! What could be more interesting than a mentally unstable child trying to kill their own father through buttercup poisoning.

Nothing that’s what.

Chara remembered tingling with excitement as Asriel once again took interest in them, his eyes travelling up and down their body with an intensity that bordering on something far more perverse than what they were comfortable with, he studied them as if they were a puzzle that only he could solve and treating them like he was the only one allowed to solve them.

And just like that the TV series came back with a new season, bigger and better than ever.
So when he finally claimed Chara as his own they weren’t surprised.

Everyone else thought it was endearing, for Asriel to give them the heart locket on their fall day was a sign of how close they had become.

But Chara knew better.

He was branding them.

Like a child writing their name on their favourite toy.

He wrote his name on them.

It took Chara a day to return the favour.

Best friends forever.

Ha.

If we were friends then he wouldn’t have backed down from our plan.

That bastard.

Chara was the only one who knew the truth, they were the only ones who knew how manipulative Asriel could be.

Because they made him that way.

He knew how to get a person’s sympathy, he knew exactly what to say to get Frisk to feel sorry for them.
Frisk honestly thought that Asriel rebelled against Chara because they didn’t want to kill any humans.

That’s rich.

Asriel didn’t care about the human’s lives, he only really cared about his own.

The plan failed because Asriel decided that Chara wasn’t worth dying for.

Maybe it was because he realized what the consequences of his actions were.

Maybe it was because he realized his parents won’t ever look at him the same way again.

Or maybe, just maybe it was because of the thousands of arrows that tearing through his body.

Either way Asriel wanted out, and that didn’t go over with Chara so well.

A fuck ton of arrows and arguing later and well...you get the picture.

Point being, at least in Chara’s opinion, they were the best person out of the three of them.

Chara chuckled a bit as Undyne started to freak out about her apparent lack of hands and how she was trying (and failing) to keep herself calm by downplaying the situation.

…

On seconds thoughts that might not mean much.
You have to admit, being dead had it’s advantages.

With no HP you were technically dead, Toriel won’t be able to find you through your bond and Asgore couldn’t send any of the dogi (if they were still alive) to chase your scent. Asriel however...he always managed to find you when he was Flowley so you didn’t really know, he did say he was going to let you go this time but he’s already proven that he can have mood swings that can rival even the most two faced of bitches. But you had to believe in him, if you didn’t...

“Even if it turns out you’re something truly horrible, I’ll always have your back okay?”

Sure you had your doubts when he promised you that but it still felt great to hear, If he is lying to you now then who’s to say that he hasn’t been lying to you this entire time? What if he lying to you as much as you’ve been lying to him? If that was the case…

Then you’d truly be alone.

“Are you forgetting about me?”

Like you said, completely alone.

CRASH!

The ground shook once again as tremors rocked the town.

You found them.

Now all you need is a vantage point.

“Heh, what are you gonna do?” scoffed the queen, “Climb onto the roof of a house with your one arm?”

“Nope.”
You ran up the side of one instead.

“...Show off.”

“What can I say? Determination is one hell of a drug.” You leaped from rooftop to rooftop, performing multiple leaps and flips that a normal human child would have no hope in doing.

“STOP!”

You used your hand catch yourself mid-leap and swung yourself back the roof, “Do you see them?”

“See them? Oh I see them alright...”

You furrowed your eyebrows, “What’s that supposed to me-”

It hit you.

Literally.

Undyne crashed through the side of the house, the already weak building couldn’t take anymore abuse and collapsed...taking you along with it. Your back smacked against the rubble harshly it...hurt?

You checked your stats.

* HP: 5/15

“Well, would you look at that. Your health came back! Welcome back to the world of the living Frisk.”
You coughed up blood, “I think I liked it better when I was dead,” You pushed yourself to your feet only to be face-to-face with a giddy Dean, “Crap.”

He grabbed you by the neck, “[Well would you look at that, I thought I would have to go through the trouble of hunting you down…]” He squeezed, “[And you don’t even have max health! Are you really that desperate Frisk?]”

“L-let t-them g-go!”

“[Can it bitch, you’ll get yours soon enough]” Dean swiveled you around so you can see Undyne, “[Do you like what you see Frisk?]”

You really didn’t.

To say that Undyne had seen better days would be an understatement, where you were lucky enough to have been spared one arm Undyne had the ‘pleasure’ of losing both, greyish slop fell from her two stumps and collected on the floor, her armour (if you could really call it that at this point) was crumbling to pieces in front of your eyes; the brilliant green heart on her chest was cracked and only showed a dull grey to match the dust that was sprinkled across it like the sugar on one of Muffet’s spider donuts; multiple swords stuck out her body giving her the appearance of blue, dusty pincushion. But that didn’t seem to matter much as the swords seem to barely manage to hold on as Undyne’s body started to melt, slowly but surely displacing the weaponry.

“U-Undyne…” You choked out, this was somehow worse than what you saw in your genocide run, you could feel her life force slipping away, her body begging for death but her SOUL still continued to refuse its fate. Instead it continues to pump more determination into her system, either deep down she didn’t care or she doesn’t know but her body had reached it’s cap for determination long ago and the power was doing more harm than good, with nowhere to go the DT began to burn through her instead.

You didn’t know whether to laugh or cry when the smell of fried fish hit their nostrils.

“D-d-din’t y-you h-h-hear m-me?” Undyne began to limp towards the both of you, “I-I s-said l-let them go!” With a roar she summoned another spear and fired it at Dean.

Completely forgetting that he was still holding on to you.
It took awhile for the thought to process but you were pretty sure that lumpy, abused, piece of flesh was your stomach, pierced into the ground with Undyne’s spear.

It didn’t take nearly as long for the pain to process though.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

Undyne could only gape in horror as you thrashed in Dean’s grip, all common sense thrown out the window as you could think about was the harrowing pain that had taken a hold of your entire body.

“[..You missed.]” Dean threw your pathetic excuse of a body at Undyne’s feet, “[How the mighty have fallen.]”

As if on cue it started to rain.

Undyne collapsed on her knees, with shaking stumps she cradled your broken frame with a tenderness you thought only Toriel could show.

Then she started screaming.

A scream full of loss.

Full of regret.
The gun fell from your jeans silently.

“[This is the end,]” Dean summoned his sword and began to advance toward the two of you, his face becoming lunacy personified, “[Finally, with this I’ll restore my family’s honor and be free from your shadow.]” Your finger twitched, “[My parents will finally let go of obsession of you,]” Your hand gripped the gun, “[I’ll be more than just your replacement!]” Dean was on top of the both of you and Undyne was too distraught to do anything to stop him.

So you did something instead.

BANG!

*Justice has been served.

Welp, that’s me out of the picture.

You watched with a manic smile as Dean’s body began to spasm uncontrollably, the red in his armor began dull and turn into a lifeless grey.

“[Ughughgghuhgughug,]” Dean fell to his knees, red sludge falling from his mouth and nose like a river, the red sludge seeped into the ground before disappearing, “[What did you do...to us?!”

There they are.

“Mr and Mrs Undying,” With a grunt you pushed yourself out of Undyne’s grasp and stood on your own two feet, “So glad you could join us.”

Dean(?) twitched, “[Damn you child! DAMN YOU!]” Another set of arms brust through Dean’s back, they were covered in slime and were tipped off with razor sharp claws, “[We won’t LOSE to THE likes OF YOU!]”
“F-Frisk, what the hell?” Undyne was mortified, “How did you-How could you- What was that?”

You shoved the gun back into your dimensional box, “Oh you know-”

“No, I don’t know.”

“Fascinating, so this the result of a monster trying to hold together a SOUL evolution without a catalyst.”

The time is now.

“...You know Undyne in a way, me and you are the same.”

“What?”

Your scars started to itch, “...You hate the person they made you become right?”

“?!?”

“You felt like you had no choice, you never wanted to be a hero or the avenger for your people, you just wanted a normal life, a normal family.”

“But-”

“The moment you were born you had your entire life planned out for you.”

“...”

“You weren’t a person, you were a tool, a tool that they modeled in their own image to achieve things they could only dream of.”
“...”

“And you hated it...and by extension you hated yourself,” You said, “You hated that you were nothing but a product of your parent’s ambitions; that you couldn’t change that about yourself.”

“...”

“It hurts doesn’t it? To rely on the power of the very same people that took everything away from you.”

“...Are you talking about me or yourself?” Undyne asked, she looked at you with new found understanding, “You were forced to become something you hated too weren’t you?”

You were covered in blood.

It wasn’t your own.

It was never your own.

“If we hate the people we were forced to become then let’s become someone that we can be proud to be.” You brought forth your SOUL, “Fuse with me.”

“Because that worked so well last time,” Despite saying this she already summoned her own SOUL, “Fine then Frisk, I’ll humor you.”

Your SOULs touched.

You lost yourself in the storm.

You are not an angel.
You are not a hero.

And for the longest time that bothered you.

It tortured you.

You were nothing but an actor with no part to play.

A puppet whose strings have been cut.

But they came.

They said they had no problems with being a monster if it meant keeping everyone safe.

You respected that.

You wanted the same.

You were both ready.

To.

Do.

What.

Needs.

To.
They opened their eyes.

EXECUTE!

SOUL EVOLUTION!

A rouge huh? I can work with that.

You could work with that.

You grinned from within your blue sphere, “Undyne are you ready for this?”

Undyne opened her eyes and took in her new look, gone was the ponytail as instead her hair stood up on its ends, her normally smooth silky hair was now jagged and spiky. Her now fingerless gauntlets were blood red with broken hearts on both sides, her hefty chest armor was replaced with a simple chainmail vest. She wore jeans with heavily studded belts wrapped around her legs and boots to match.

“[Ha h! Y O u’r E so weak, look at yOuR DefEncE stat.]”

“What a minute...they’re right! Frisk what the hell is this!”

Undyne The Avenger
Rise from the ashes...

_ATK: 500 DEF: 10_

“Yeah but this form has its perks…” You knew what this form was capable of, in one timeline you managed to kill off everyone besides Undyne, in her rage she ascended to a level even stronger than her Undying form. While it lacks in defence this form gives her something far more useful.

You relayed your thoughts (with the exception of the whole timeline thing).

The grin that broke out on her face was terrifying.

The Dean amalgamate leaped at Undyne, its face twisted into something unrecognizable and multiple arms aiming to tear them apart.

*MISS*

Only for them to hit nothing.

“[B e h i n d y o u.]” A flash of blue swept across Dean’s vision before he got sent flying into a nearby wall. You both looked down at your hands to see them surrounded in a blue mist, “[Coooool.]”

Dean used his two other arms to push the rubble off his body, “[How? How did you move that fast?]”

“Wouldn’t you like to know~” you sang smugly, you took extra pleasure in seeing Dean tremble with rage, “What’s wrong Dean? I thought you were going to end us.”

“[s H u T uP]” Two swords materialized in the two extra arms sticking out of his back, “[Why don’t you just disappear!]” He leapt into the air intent on tearing the both of you to pieces…
“Over here!” You sidestepped and you were by his side.

“Oooh, so close!” Undyne jumped out the way.

“[You’re not even trying aren’t you?]”

Dean collapsed on all fours (as well as his extra arms), panting heavily, bits of his face were already beginning to melt off. One of his cheeks had already caved in leaving a gap where you could see what’s left of his jaw clenching and unclenching.

“Undyne...let’s just put them out of their misery,” it was getting painful to look at, “They’re barely holding on as is.”

A fresh shot of hesitation went through you, “I can’t do that! Frisk they’re still my family, I can’t just kill them off!”
“...Fine then,” Your frown turned back into a smile as another idea hit you, “Give me control for a sec, I’ve got a plan.”

“Care to tell me what it is?”

“Just do it!”

“Okay, okay sheesh.”

You felt Undyne’s presence take a backseat in your mind allowing you to have full control.

Why didn’t you think of this before?

If you could SAVE monster SOULs when Asriel absorbed them, why couldn’t you do the same for the human ones? By separating the human SOULs from Undgur and Dyena their form will surely collapse!

All you had to do is make a opening...

“Now if memory serves correctly I should be able to...,” You pressed the random lines of code around your sphere, “Aha! This one!” You pressed it.

You raised your hand high into the air as the delta rune materialized beneath you, the sudden waves of power causing multiple tremors to shake the ground, “Dean,” You sneered, “Against my better judgement...I'll SAVE you!”

*The Clouds parted and the storm ceased.*

Dean scrunched up his face as he looked up at the sky, “[What the hell are you talking about? There’s nothing there-]”

BOOM!
*You equipped the blade of the Undying

Anime is real, your life is evidence of that.

SOUL EFFECT: Spirit pierce

ATK: +50

“Is that w-what I think it is?” You could feel the anticipation in Undyne’s voice, “Ohmyfuckingodits!”

The dust settled and you pulled the blade out of the earth.

It was a big purple fucking sword, stupidly oversized and in no way shape or form practical for use.

Well it would be if you were a scrub.

“Frisk...it’s beautiful,”

“I know, I know.”

On the hilt of the sword the delta rune was engraved on it and the blade itself was about as tall as you.

With a grunt you lifted the hefty sword, laying to rest on your shared shoulder, “This...this is the end.”

*You disappeared.
“[What the-]”

*HIT

*-219 HP

The first arm fell to the ground with a splat.

*HIT

*-300 HP

The second followed soon after.

“[Agh, c-come o-out you c-cowards f-face me like real warriors-]” Dean span around desperately, his could feel his head splitting with the combined force of the SOULs in his psyche. Both of his parents screaming at him, craving for the dust of their daughter.

They always craved for their daughter.

Dean was nothing but a placeholder.

“[If that’s what you want,]” That split second of hesitation was all you needed, with a killer’s precision you slipped the sword right into his chest, “My turn,” Ignoring the dust that was being was being sprayed on your face you began to twist the blade like you would a key in a keyhole, “Release!”

A flash of blinding light and the Undying family laid sprawled beneath your feet, two grey human SOULs floated above the chests of Undgur and Dyena. “It’s over now,” You placed both of your hands on the SOULs, “You can rest now.” The two SOULs shook as if to say ‘thank you’ before crumbling to dust, “You two are normal now, no more using human SOULs as your power source...”
Without any warning you and Undyne fell apart too.

“Ugh,” your now fully healed body felt like lead, “So...sleepy.”

“Two SOUL evolutions in one day has pushed your body to its limits, we’re running on empty.”

Undyne gave you a weak smile, “W-woah, that was wild,” she stared at her hands, “Thank god that thing gave me my hands back, losing my eye was one thing but losing both of my hands would have been a pain.” You gave a weak grunt in response, “I got you,” Undyne hoisted you and carried you like a sack of potatoes, “If I let you die now your mom is gonna kill me.”

You snorted, “Not if she doesn’t do it herself,” you shivered at the thought of returning home, “Actually Undie can I stay at your house? You won’t even need to give me a room! I can work with the couch or the floor-”

You yelped a bit as Undyne shook you, “How many times do I have to tell you? Don’t. Call. Me. That.”

“G-g-g-got i-i-it.”

She stopped, “Good. Now let’s get these people locked up and call it a day.” She nonchalantly picked up an unconscious Dyena by the scruff of her neck, “Sometimes I really hate being related to you two.”

THUD!

“S-shut up…”

*0 DAMAGE

“Huh?” Undyne looked down at her feet to see Dean feebly punching her leg with one hand and holding onto his mother with another.
THUD…

“L-let. Her. Go.”

*0 DAMAGE

...HIT?

“You may hate them but to me they’re all I’ve got.”

*The child turned soldier started to cry

“I spent EVERY waking moment training for this moment. Training so I could beat you and prove to them that I’m not just a shitter version of you.”

*hit…

“I don’t understand, I never left, I never abandoned them, so why is it they always seemed to be more interested in you!” Dean abandoned all forms of restraint and instead chose to cling to Undyne’s leg, “What’s the point of being their son when all they ever wanted was their daughter in the first place…”

Undyne blaked at that, “That can’t be right...they can’t love me, they came all this way just to kill me!” She gave Dyena’s unresponsive body a shake for emphasis, “THEY TOOK MY EYE!”

“They cried-”

Undyne dropped Dyena.

“-It was only after they lost you that they realized how much they wanted you, monster parents don’t do so well mentally or psychically when they separated from their offspring after all…”
You could attest to that, you’ve seen first hand how far a monster can fall when that happens.

You only have to look at your own family for an example.

Asgore became a murderer and a coward.

Toriel became a clingy, temperamental, bipolar hermit.

And if they were pushed anymore…

…

You could your parents in this situation.

“But that doesn’t excuse what they did to me!” Undyne screeched, it felt more like she was trying to convince herself that more than state it, “I was nothing but a tool to them, I didn’t want to become this,” She gestured wildly to her body, “I just wanted to be normal.”

Normal.

How...mundane.

“And I just wanted to have parents that actually gave a shit about me so I guess we’re both out of luck then!” Spat Dean, with sudden strength Dyena was ripped out of Undyne’s grasp and landed heavily on Dean’s lap, “It doesn’t matter anyway…” He glared at the two of you ruefully, “Go on then, kill us. It’s what you want right? I’d rather die than submit to you,” He dropped his gaze, instead opted for glaring bitterly at his parents, “You can prove to everyone once again that you’re superior to me.”

Finally, you could end him.
Undyne raised her hand.

It didn’t matter anyway, you were out of the underground, you couldn’t be suddenly be kicked out of the pacifist’s ending because you let a monster die, there’s already been a couple of monster deaths already.

A spear appeared in Undyne’s hand.

You ignored the part of your mind that came up with too many similarities to your fight with Omega Flowley. That was different (Sure it is) Asriel couldn’t be held responsible for his actions, he had no SOUL (That’s not stopping him from acting like a crazy person anyway).

You didn’t care.

Undyne’s hand trembled.

Dean wasn’t your problem.

Undyne let her hand fall.

He could burn in hell for you cared.

“No,” You and Undyne both said it at the same time, you looked over at Undyne in shock, you thought she was all about ‘smiting her enemies’ and whatnot.

“I don’t want your mercy.” Snarled Dean, “Didn’t you hear me or are you both some kind of idoit? Kill us.”

*MERCY

“Damnit it, let us die!”
“I-I don’t want it.”

“Please.”

“Can’t you give me the satisfaction of letting me die with them.”

“I-I-” Undyne couldn’t find the words.

“Think of it as your punishment.” You found them for her.

“Heh, fair enough, you can be cruel when you want to be human,” He sighed. “I’m guessing you won’t let me kill myself would you?”

“Of course not!” Exclaimed Undyne, “We’re...we’re!-” She paused.

She dosen’t know what they are to her.

*YOU WON*

*And yet the victory feels hollow.*
Now we can get onto the good shit.

Look forward to:

* W.D Gaster - Worst father of 2016
* Torture in front of a live audience
* Overprotective goat parents
* REALLY confrontational goat parents
* The return of Chara
* SAVE scumming.
* Burgerpants and Frisk dishing out the best kind of advice
* The Annoying dog: AKA Frisk's Master
Even With All The Knowledge In The World You Still Don't Understand What Love Is

Chapter Summary

The man who speaks with his hands makes a surprise appearance.

Chapter Notes

I think I'm gonna just post chapters every two weeks instead because I honestly don't have the insane drive to write this like I used to. That doesn't mean I'm going to stop this, I have every intention of finishing this fic but it might take me longer than usual.

Sorry.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*We need to talk

The good doctor summoned you.

You ignored him.

Asriel wasn’t kidding when he said your parents wouldn’t let you out of their sight again.

You trailed behind Asgore grumpily as he went around barking out orders to the other monsters, even with magic it would take at least a full day of working to fix the extensive damage. Roads were cracked, entire blocks of houses were obliterated, and the occasional random fire helped make the whole town look like a scene straight out of the walking dead. It was a miracle that your house managed to avoid most of the carnage and was relatively left untouched.

You would think that your reunion with your family after everything would be filled with a lot more hugging and crying (and some crying and hugging) seeing as you managed to survive yet another fatal battle.
Guess again.

Undyne met up with the Dreemurrs halfway, the Undying in shackles behind her, she was probably expecting Toriel to go into full mother-hen mode, smothering in as much love and affection as possible was kinda her thing. What she didn’t expect was extremely pissed off look she gave you instead. Without warning you plucked out of Undyne’s arms and was stuck in between two very angry goat parents.

Concerned? Yes but ultimately angry.

So very angry.

You gave your bestie a pleading look, surely she’ll help in your time of need?

Undyne was going to say something-

*CRACK*

Toriel decided to crack her neck just because she could.

Because that was totally something normal people would do in the middle of a conversation.

-The words died on her lips.

“I-I’m just gonna goooooo, ya know how it is, being a hero is really exhausting so I’m just gonna go home and do...stuff.” She took off running in the opposite direction.

Traitor.

With both hands being held tightly you were practically dragged all the way home, their pace was brisk so you had some trouble keeping up because of your already tired body. What you wouldn’t give for a chance to sleep a month in your bed without any shit hitting the fan.
In fact you would appreciate it more if for just once in your life the shit will just miss the fan entirely and just land in the toilet along with the others.

...

That thought was mildly disturbing.

When you finally reached your house you couldn’t help but growl at the sight of Sans leaning on your door, his eternal grin widening at the sight of you and the smug look in his eyes was sickening.

“heh, would you look at that,” He strutted over to you with swagger, “look at how the mighty have fallen.”

You spat in his left socket, “Go to hell Sans.”

Blue flames quickly evaporated the spit, “you’re gonna regret doing that kid.”

“AHEM!” Asgore coughed not so subtly into his other hand, “We can continue this i n s i d e can’t we?” You didn’t miss the edge in his voice, “And Sans if you would be so kind and calm the hell down I would appreciate it.” He gave a pointed look to you, “And Frisk I didn’t know you lost the ability to control your saliva.”

*I didn’t know you lost the ability to protect your own people you fat sack of shit.*

You wanted to say that. So bad.

Instead you opted to stare holes into your boots while Sans remembered his hoodie actually had a hood and promptly went to work using it.

With that out of the way the three of you made your way back into the house, thankfully neither Papyrus or Alphys were present in the living room, you couldn’t see Asriel either but you had no doubt that he was somewhere close by.
“Sit.” Toriel’s voice bore for no argument, with a grunt you sat down on the couch. You reluctantly let your eyes lock with your parents.

...

“It’s a beautiful day outside-”

“Don’t be coy with me child,” Asgore cut you off, “I’m going to give you one last chance, you’re gonna tell me how you managed to function with 0 hp.”

“...”

“Frisk, my child,” Toriel cut in this time, “Don’t you see we’re trying to help you, it’s so obvious that you’re hiding something.” She clenched his fists, “And it’s killing you.”

“We shouldn’t have to ask you to tell us when something is hurting you.” Asgore scolded, “How are we supposed to trust you when you can’t even place any trust in us.”

“We just want what’s best for you.”

“We demand respect.”

“You’re only a child.”

“So stop pretending like you’re anything else.”

“You two done?” You leaned back into the couch with a smug grin, “Wow, I can’t believe you two did the whole ‘good cop bad cop’ thing on me.” You started clapping, “Really guys I’m so proud of you!” Sarcasm was literally dripping from your voice, “That’s basic emotional manipulation right there.”
“That’s not what we were trying-” Toriel started.

“Let’s cut the crap Mom,” Your voice flat, “If there is anyone that knows when they’re being manipulated it would be me.”

After all that’s how Sans got you to a pacifist run in the first place.

It was simple really, put the idea in your head that any attempt in defending yourself automatically makes you the bad guy means that the chances of his brother surviving increase tenfold.

You weren’t even mad when you found out gaining LOVE didn’t automatically turn into a mindless killing machine because Sans managed to use your own fears against you so well.

Which was a relief because the underground was the kind of healing that your SOUL desperately needed and the idea having a forced relapse wasn’t very appealing.

The room rose several degrees in temperature, you absentmindedly fiddled at the heart locket dangling from your neck.

“Fine.” A fire of which you’ve never seen before was raging in her eyes, she held out her hand give it to me.”

You blinked. “Okaaay,” you reached for the heart locket.

“**No.**” She smirked, “I want your phone.”

…

…

…

“Well. You’re fucked.”
“No, not yet anyway. If she doesn’t want the locket as well as my phone then she must not know about the power in the weapons yet. She wants my phone for a completely different reason.”

But what?

What else do you use your phone for besides storing those items?

...

…

!?

Your jetpack.

Your hoverboard.

Your freedom.

“Wow Tori, I must admit that I didn’t even think of that.” Asgore regarded your ever-growing frustration with barely concealed satisfaction, “Looks like we finally found a weak spot…”

“Making sure I can’t escape huh?” You were surprised, you didn’t think they had it in them. “Clipping my wings so I can’t leave the nest…that’s so very human of you mother.” You spat out.

“I learned from the best.” Toriel shot back smugly, she ripped the phone from your grasp, “Oh don’t look like that Frisk~” she cooed, bending down she got up close and personal before her hand shot out and squashed your face between her fingers and thumb, “Besides this phone is too dangerous for a child such as yourself.” She let go and threw the phone to Asgore, “We’ll get you a nice normal phone. How does that sound?”
You snorted, “Normal? I’m sorry but I thought normal wasn’t a thing that we did around here?”

“But we can sure as hell try.” Snapped Asgore.

“Yeah I wouldn’t hold your breath,” You rolled your eyes, “Like have you ever stepped back for a second and took a moment to appreciate how much of a combined clusterfuck we all are.” Like seriously how is it that only you could see how mentally unstable everyone really is, Sans is practically a walking ball of inferiority complexes and teenage angst. Undyne is practically punished snake, Alphys wakes up every day hating herself for waking up every day, Papyrus...well you actually don’t know what Papyrus’ deal is but you were sure it will be as equally traumatizing as everyone else’s was.

Do you even need to say anything about your family: The Dreemurrs - shakespeare with magical goats!

Asgore sighed with frustration, “You leave us with no choice then,” He drew up to his full height which you guessed was a attempt in making you feel intimidated. “From now on you’re under 24 hour surveillance, you’ll wake up and will have to report in to either me or your mother, if there is a place you would like to go you have to have either myself, Tori, or Sans.”

…

“Get rekted.”

“Y-you can’t be serious,” he was probably serious, “You’re trusting my well-being to him?! ” Said skeleton was resting against the door frame in a light slumber, “C’mon Mom you of all people should know that Sans is the worst possible choice for this kind of job.” You clasped your hands together and did your best Toriel impression, “Oh please kind mysterious stranger that I have never met face to face with yet I’m trusting with this life-changing secret. If you could be so kind as to protect the very thing that started our eternal torment from all your friends that would be just swell, I hope you don’t take advantage of the situation and use our promise as a shortcut to get into my pants!”

SLAM!

You didn’t flinch when Toriel’s fist smashed into the wall just inches from your face, instead when she growled at you, you growled right back, “Let’s be real now. You hate him, Dad hates him, Asriel hates him, I hate him; the only redeeming quality he has is the fact that he is related to
Papyrus.” It’s funny, if someone told the past you that Sans of all people would become your second most hated enemy you wouldn’t have believed them, “So tell me. Why. Pick. Him? I. Hate. Him.”

“Exactly.”

“What?”

“This is a punishment is it not?” She smirked, “It is no secret that the two of you hold a incredible amount of disdain for each other,” She grimaced, “I think that these past few months have shown that Sans is more likely to actually follow through with something if only to spite you.”

*Lord knows he won’t do it for me.*

The words went unspoken yet rang just as loud.

---

*I don't appericate you ignoring me*

You turned up the volume of the TV higher.

---

**2 Months Later…**

In the end it was decided that it would be for the best if New Home III was expanded, the new space was for monsters of the Undying kingdom only and only few select monsters were allowed access, yourself included. Asgore was basically gave Undgur his own little country and telling him to “fuck off” (he didn’t say that but you liked your version better). They were only allowed to stay on the condition that they don’t kick off humans vs monsters part 2, beyond that Asgore didn’t really care what his ex-best friend did as long as it didn’t affect him.

It was actually kinda sad.
But it was necessary. Although monsters tend to be extremely forgiving when dealing with their own people becoming buddy-buddy with the same guy that blew up your house was pushing it. Undyne did promise to visit Dean however much to the shock of everyone. She said she wanted them to catch up on some ‘epic sibling bonding’ time. Surprisingly enough Dean accepted (much to everyone else’s chargin), you suspected however it was more for the reason of escaping the overbearing presence of his parent’s disappointment if anything.

It looked like things were going back to normal.

And that’s what worried you.

There was no possible way that the commotion went unheard in Ebott town, you could see the monster village from Linda’s school for pete’s sake! It was practically a war-zone that entire weekend. You were getting ready to lie out of your ass the next ambassador meeting only to find the subject to be completely ignored.

No media coverage.

No blogs.

No videos on youtube.

No photos.

Nothing.

It was like that entire weekend never happened.

While you were never one to overly skeptical (how could you be? When fighting a god with nothing but a stick, your hopes and dreams you tend to be a lot more open-minded) but even you had to admit it was too good to be true.

Normally you would have gone to investigate but certain...conditions were making it unbelieving hard.
“hey brat, how long are you gonna spend in the bathroom?” Sans slammed his bony knuckle against the door frame in quick succession, disrupting your musings, “i don’t understand why we had to go eat at Muffet’s place, I’m pretty sure Tori still feeds you even if she’s pissed off.”

“Define ‘feeding’. ” you muttered darkly under your breath. When it became clear that you weren’t gonna tell them anything the two goats took it upon themselves to make your life as inconvenient as humanly (monsterly?) possible. From making you run extra laps in training, to giving you extra homework; even going as far as watching you sleep, becoming the literal monsters under the your bed. It was only recently that Toriel decided to cut off your fix.

Your butterscotch-cinnamon pie fix that is.

Instead you were forced to eat the immensely inferior snail pie.

You gagged just thinking about it.

Something must be seriously fucked with boss monster taste buds if they find that tasty.

Having your phone taking away from you was just extra salt to the wound. You never realized how heavily you relied on the transportations app (for lack of a better name) in your day to day life. Nothing. And you meant nothing beat going through a mcdonald's drive thru on a hoverboard. That warm feeling you get inside when you see other kids writhe in envy always brought a tear to your eye.

But now...now you had to get around the normal way, like all the other peasants; that meant public transport or even worse asking Papyrus for a lift.

While Papyrus was great at many things...driving sadly isn’t one of them.

The damn car seemed to defy the laws of physics more than Papyrus himself, a feat that you thought was impossible a couple months ago. As much as you liked the younger brother you couldn’t even pretend that he was mediocre at best.

Walking and teleportation it is then.
You walked out of the bathroom door; almost immediately your nose was assaulted with scents of pastries and cider. Like Grillby, Muffet also got a huge upgrade when she moved up to the surface. While her actual store remained in New Home III Muffet was able to make a killing in exporting her goods to various stores across the country. Since monster food was made out of magic people could gouge on it and not have to worry about becoming fat. In fact at least 70% of the income monsters receive is from the food industry. The once humble bakery was now two floors high with web-like chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. Instead of the normal mundane chairs normally found in such establishments beanbags were scattered across the room with multiple monsters happily eating a variety of baked goods on top of them. To your right was the counter where people could order their food. By the door was a coat hanger, your own was haphazardly thrown atop it.

You used the term ‘food’ loosely. You were pretty sure that spider cake twitched a couple times.

“are you gonna spend the entire day staring out into space or are you actually gonna do something with your life.” Sans barked again, clearly getting annoyed with your constant zoning out. “get your food so we can go.”

“...I’m just gonna let the hypocrisy of your statement sink in.” You went over to the counter where Muffet was waiting patiently, your order in a doggy bag on the counter, “Thanks again Muffin Top, If it weren’t for you I would be left at the mercy of my mother.”

Muffet’s face collapsed in on itself, “Muffin Top?”

You tilted your head, “What? It’s a good nickname.”

“Define ‘good’.”

“Define ‘affordable’.”

“...Touche.” Muffet shook her head, “I swear, do you talk to your mother with that mouth.”

“yes, they do.” Sans remarked, “and it backfired amazingly.”

Muffet frowned, “I thought you two were friends?”
Sans shrugged, “once upon a time so did I.”

Muffet leaned on the counter, a hand underneath her chin; another tapping on the glass and the rest on her hip, “Oh? And what changed that?”

“yeah frisky.” Sans mocked, “what changed?”

You grabbed the bag from the counter, “I guess we just grew apart…” You took another look at his shit-eating grin, “On second thoughts I found out he was nothing but a nosy, manipulative, asshole.” You dropped a couple gold coins onto the counter, “You still accept coins right? My phone was confiscated recently and all of my surface money with it.” You and Asriel spent a good 3 hours playing the ball game back in snowdin under Asgore’s watchful (albeit confused) eye only to reach a tenth of what you had.

“You shouldn’t talk about your friends-”

“Ex friends.”

“-Like that Frisk!” Muffet chided, “What happened to that sweet child that I met all those months ago?”

You started listing things off with your hand, “I get constant death threats, I got kidnapped by mages, lost my arm due to mages, got caught up in a civil war, lost my arm again, lost my stomach, and is now being tortured by via snail pie. How could I not be messed up?” You didn’t wait for her to give you answer before stalking off toward the exit, “Good day.” You slammed the door shut.

…

You meely poked your head back through the door, “...I left my coat here,” you dragged off the coat hanger; this time closing the door with significantly less force.

Almost immediately after you stepped outside the breeze cut across your face like knives, “I really hate winter.” You slipped on your coat, “Ahh~ thank god for Alphys and her ability to make cosplay costumes that happen to suit my needs.” You, Undyne and Alphys recently got into *Durarara* and
you just had to get her to replicate Izaya’s coat. It stopped just short of your ankles; it came with a zip that started at your waist (per Toriel’s request because she thought having a winter coat that didn’t zip up was pointless, she just didn’t get it), the hood and cuffs were lined with stark white fur, the purple coat went well with your chained jeans and combat boots.

Sans teleported next as you kept walking down the street, “so...are we heading home or what?

*ANSWER MY CALLS DAMN IT?!

…

Damn it, not again.

Your vision started to blur. Static started to build around the back of your eyes and your thoughts became harder to string together.

“kid?” Sans looked at you with concern, “What’s wrong with you?” You were clutching your head, “don’t tell me you got a fever, tori would kill me if anything happens to you.”

You shook your head dispelling the static, “I’m...fine.”

“you don’t look like your fine.” Sans argued.

“Yeah? And why do you care?!” You retorted, “Wait, sorry stupid question. You just want get some brownie points with my mom don’t you?”

Sans put his hands up in the surrender position, “fine then kid, be like that.” He pushed you onto the floor-

-you landed on your bed.

You swallowed the bile that threatened to decorate your floor.
“Frisk? Is that you?” The door opened revealing Asriel, “Mom says that dinner is ready.” Like you Asriel had abandoned his striped shirt in favour of fluffy sweater that had the same design.

You shrugged off your coat, “Please tell me it's not snail pie again.”

“I could tell you but that would mean I would have to lie.”

“That never bothered you before.”

“True but it won’t change the fact we’re having snail pie again.” He opened the door and bowed mockingly, “After you.”

“Ugh,” You pushed past Asriel, “You’re enjoying this way too much.”

*How could he not? I for one find this to be very amusing.*

The headache came back with a vengeance.

“AHHH!” You didn’t want to talk to him

*But I want to talk to you*

Mercifully the throbbing in your head subsided.

“H-hey are you...okay?” Asriel asked, this time he seemed genuine, “You don’t look so good.”

“Is everything alright up there Asriel?” Toriel shouted from downstairs, “Is Frisk okay?”

You glared at him, “Y-yyeah, they’re good.”
She took a moment to process that, “Are they ready to give up what they’ve been hiding.”

“No.” You snarked.

She sighed, “Thought not.”

Asriel escorted you downstairs to the kitchen, there seated at the table was Asgore now wearing a dull brown sweater with a single red stripe with red slacks and Toriel standing to the side of him as she absentmindedly fiddled with the cutlery set out on the table. She wore a pink sweater with a single purple stripe and purple skirt.

But you weren’t paying attention to their wardrobe change.

Instead your eyes were fixed on the monster of a pie in front of you.

It was at least three layers tall with green sprinkled mixed in, a slice was already taken out of the pie you could see the hideous interior.

Was that...was that a shell?

“Here. You. Go.” As you sat down on your chair Toriel cut out a very generous serving of pie and placed it on your plate, “Enjoy~”

Now it was time to act smug, “Oh that’s quite alright Mom,” you pushed the pie (with some effort) aside, “I’ve got something of my own.” You dropped the doggy bag on the table.

There were a chorus of shocked gasps all around the table.

Apparently Toriel and Muffet have a history.

The sugary kind.
Back in their highschool days (that image alone was enough to send shivers down your spine) they both happened to like the same monster.

That monster surprisingly enough was Asgore.

He doesn’t seem like it now but he quite the player back then. At least that’s what Gerson told you.

They say the fastest way to a man’s heart is through their stomach. Unfortunately for everyone involved they both took that literally.

Eventually Toriel managed to win the battle, and Asgore’s heart, but only because she sabotaged Muffet’s food to the point where it gave poor Asgore food poisoning (epic foreshadowing is epic).

Muffet was understandably extremely salty.

She didn’t stop her advances all the way up to their wedding day.

Toriel was understandably salty.

To be honest you should have seen it coming, in one timeline Toriel literally called a Muffet a ‘home-wrecking wrench’.

To be fair to yourself you were also dodging a extremely pissed off Sans because it happened to be the 10th pacifist ending you RESET in a row.

“How dare you bring that filth into my house.” She didn’t even bother putting up the cheery facade, “I thought I banned you from eating that.”

“No.” You pointed at the now sweating Asgore who looked he wanted to be anywhere else but here, “You banned HIM from eating because you were afraid that Dad might want to have a taste of what little Miss Muffet is cooking in her tuffet.”

“Pffftttt, hahahahahahaha!” You always wondered what chewed up snail felt like, now you know,
“Hahaha-” Your elbow accidentally slipped into Asriel’s stomach, whoops. “Ugh.”

With as much dignity as one covered in chewed up snail pie could have you reached into your doggy bag and took out a spider donut.

“Frisk. Please. Don’t” Asgore begged.

“F-frisk. Please. Do.” Asriel added in unhelpfully

“I. Dare. You.” Toriel snarled, suddenly that pie cutting knife looked a lot more like your true knife.

Then again every knife looked like the true knife to you.

“If you say so…” You dropped the donut.

*CHOMP

Into your mouth.

*I tire of waiting

You glitched out the world.

The void was just as boring as you remember it being. Just endlessly emptiness as far the eye could see, floating endlessly in no real direction because the very concept doesn’t exist.

You honestly didn’t understand what Chara saw in it, sure there won’t be any pain or suffering anymore but isn’t that what makes life fun? As Mettaton would say ‘where’s the drama? The bloodshed?!’
You stared into the abyss long enough for you to decide that you were sick of the view.

*Such a twisted way of thinking, so refreshing*

You could feel the void around you twisting and contorting until it molded itself into a tangible blob. The blob grew in size until it was at least double your height, skeletal hands materialized into existence before they both spread open their palms to reveal to halves of a mask. You watched impassively as the two halves span around the blob before coming to a rest at the top of his and coming together.

*The man who abandoned time has appeared.*

*It's been awhile Frisk.*

“...”

*What? You're not gonna say anything*

“...”

A hand shot out, grabbing you roughly by the hair and dangling you up so you were face-to-face.

*Do you hate me child?*

“You know for a so-called genius you sure ask a lot of stupid questions,” Ignoring the pain in your scalp you hooked your two fingers in Gaster’s eye sockets, “Hate doesn’t even begin to describe what I feel for you.”

You pulled.

*AHHHHHHHHHHHHH*
The floating hands released you

“There’s only one way you’re getting my forgiveness,” You stated, “Come home Gaster, Papyrus and Sans...they miss you.”

That's not a funny joke  Gaster shooked his head, How can you ask such a thing of me.

“You know what else isn’t funny,” you retorted, “Faking your own death so you can appease your own sick lust for knowledge.” You thought back to how lonely Sans and Papyrus were back in snowdin, “They didn’t deserve that.”

I'm sure they did fine,  Gaster said nonchalantly.

“No thanks to you!” You argued back. “Tell me Wingdings was all of this worth it? Can you honestly tell me that you have no regrets over leaving everyone behind.”

Gaster tilted his head, Why would I ,He gestured toward the great blackness around you, From here I can witness every timeline, see every possibility. The past, the present and the future are all within my fingertips. To have that infinite knowledge, doesn't that excite you Frisk?

“No, no it doesn’t,” being able to time travel has caused you enough mental trauma already having infinite knowledge about everything at your fingertips? That might finally drive you to insanity, “I just don’t understand, I broke the barrier months ago; monsters are free and living happily on the surface. It’s over, you don’t need to keep researching ways to break the barrier anymore-”

I never cared about breaking the barrier

“Wha?”

Research was stagnant back in the underground Frisk, there was never enough resources to
try out any of theories. I thought becoming the royal scienisit would help me achieve my goals. I was wrong.

“But what about Sans-”

They're alive right? I see no reason to enter their lives now.

“...Bastard.” You spat in disgust, “Let’s just get this over with, why did you call me here Gaster? normally you’re too busy peeking into the multiple timelines to bother dealing with us ‘mortals’.”

Gaster smirked, You're right child, I do have so many other important things I could be doing yet I choose to spend it with you.

“And why is that?” You asked dryly.

Suddenly the constant buzzing sound stopped and for a brief moment all became clear, "You're the variable."

You didn’t even get a chance to respond before you started to disintegrate.

“Beware the skeletons that you hide in your closet, they’ve come back to life and are out for all to see.”

“What does that even me-”

*You were ejected out of the void.*

UNKNOWN LOCATION

Gaem fo Pcesevarenr logged in
Agem of Atienecp logged in

Gaem fo Pcesevarenr: Did you see it?

See it? I almost felt it. You think it’s them :Agem of Atienecp

Gaem fo Pcesevarenr: It’s too early to decide yet, let’s keep a close eye on the region the dimension distortion came from though, just in case.

Should we inform the king and queen first? If what we think is true it could be...:Agem of Atienecp

Gaem fo Pcesevarenr: No! If it is who we think it is we should keep quiet. It could be the perfect time to catch up on our research.

Okay but if anyone asks I’m telling them it was all your idea! :Agem of Atienecp

Agem of Atienecp logged off

Gaem fo Pcesevarenr: Of course it would be...

Gaem fo Pcesevarenr logged off.

Chapter End Notes

A03 doesn't like zalgo text distorther so this chapter is a lot more boring looking then it is on my google docs.

And why the fuck doesn't AO3 let me post wingdings.
We Didn't Need To SAVE Christmas, Someone Needed To SAVE Christmas From Us (Part 1)

Chapter Summary

So a fish, a skeleton, a goat, a lizard, and a sadist walk into a megamall

Chapter Notes

I'm not dead...yay!

So I thought I'll try my hand at writing some fluff for once, took me a couple tries because some angst kept sneaking its way into it but I made it.

Oh ignore that part at the start, it's probably nothing important ha ha ha ha ha ha...

...ha

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Log Date 57

Date: ???

Torture method: Chinese water torture

Time taken to break DT: 6 weeks 14 days

Subject has gone silent.

It appears it has bitten off their own tongue and died from the injury.

Estimated time of RESET is approximately 3 hours and twenty-six minutes.
Psychological torment seems to be the quickest way in breaking their determination. However further tests have to be done to confirm. But no matter, this subject has the same if not more determination than the original.

The rebirth of our true queen is soon to be at hand.

LOAD #1

5:00 PM

To be honest you didn’t know what your parents expected to happen.

At what point did Undyne and Papyrus look like ‘responsible, well adjusted adults?’ You all spent several months with each other so they had no excuse.

So when your parents received the notification that they were forever banned from MTT Superstore for ‘extensive property damage and disturbance of the peace’ they had no one to blame but themselves.

At least that what you told yourself as you watched the once luxurious superstore burn down into ashes.

“We’re fucked aren’t we?” There was an uncomfortably noticeable crack in Monster Kid’s voice.

“Yup.” Asriel’s once sliver fur was now stained with soot and grit, “There goes all of our PR.” He flopped onto the tarmac.

“You think you’re screwed?” Undyne was in a similar position to Asriel, “When your parents hear about this I’m dead, literally dead.”

Papyrus was in the fetal position, “I’M TOO YOUNG TO DIE.”
“We all are Papyrus,” you said gravely, “We all are.”

And to think this all started because you were filthy earthbound trash…

---

**Earlier that day**

**4:00 AM**

You were always a sucker for the holiday season, even with your horrific upbringing you tried your best to enjoy yourself during the time.

And by enjoy yourself you meant trying to come up with new and exciting new ways to kill your parents. Parents being your original ones not Toriel and Asgore.

You’ve killed them enough times to know what their corpses look like.

What you really enjoyed was the sense of wonder and excitement that normally comes around this time of year. The kids in the movies are always going off on adventures or at least christmas themed shenanigans to save christmas. You wanted to do that so bad, you may be a asshole but even assholes love Christmas, especially assholes of the child variety.

Too bad for you your parents are still salty about the whole ‘little Ms Muffet’ joke.

You forgot that they never gave you the infamous ‘talk’ about the tsundere planes and vegetoids like all the other kids. Asriel also died on the day where his class was meant to do a lesson on it so him laughing at that joke like he understood the context behind it (spoilers he did) was just as fatal for him as it was for you.

You couldn’t tell them, or really anyone, how you knew so much on the subject.

You really didn’t want to tell them.
And thus you lost your internet privileges.

...

Which would have been devastating if you actually had a computer. No one really got around to purchasing one. The only computers you ever use are the ones at school or in Alphys’ house.

On second thoughts you’ve seen the kind of kinky shit that Alphys has on her computer. You loved her but goddamn was her search history grim, you were pretty sure if your eyes weren’t already red than they would have been from reading one of her fanfictions for too long.

Saturday nights must be magical at their place.

Your stomach’s rumbling was quick to pull your mind out of the gutter it was already knee-deep in. You groaned a bit before wiping the crust out of your eyes with the sleeve on your pyjamas.

Time for a early morning snack.

With expert precision you rolled off your bed and proceeded to sausage-roll out of the room, only pausing once to open the door and climb down the stairs. You were about to enter the kitchen only to pause as you overheard your parents talking.

“Are you sure we should trust Undyne and Papyrus with the children? It’s not like I don’t trust them it’s just...you know.”

“Don’t be like that Tori, I know for a fact that Undyne is extremely responsible.”

“Last time you said that she nearly kicked started the war again.”

“That was only one time!”
“One time too many Asgore!”

“Look, think about it rationally, how much trouble do you think the four of them can cause with monster kid there. Last time I heard he is probably the sanest of all of Frisk’s friends.”

“True…”

“Besides with all of this ambassador stuff going on I can’t be santa this year, someone has to get the presents for this year Tori if not me than some of santa’s little ‘helpers’.”

“They’ll never agree to that, Asriel would rather die than put on a elf costume.”

“Then all we have to do give them an incentive. What would Frisk happily trade their pride for.”

“Sans’ Wifi password?”

“Hope.”

“Money?”

“The child has more money than half the town combined.”

“…Pie?”

“That wasn’t I was going for but that works too.”

To be honest they had you at wi-fi.

You snuck up behind them and tapped the both of them on the shoulder, “Why don’t you just ask me?”
“BAA!” You were nearly thrown off as they both jumped back in shock.

Did...did they just bleat?

“Golly on rye Frisk why would you do that?!” Asgore clutched at his chest, greedily taking huge gulps of air, “Christ my heart...”

“M-my b-bad,” you apologized meekly, “In my head I imagined you guys reacting a lot better than that.”

You stood there awkwardly as you waited for your parents to regain their composure, “W-wait what are you doing up my child it’s sunday, surely you must want to sleep in?” Asked Toriel.

“I was hungry. You know between your snail pie and Papyrus’ spaghetti I’m practically dying of malnourishment.” You said dryly, “However from the way your talking it seems like I won’t have to suffer this slimy torment any longer.”

Toriel sighed, “Sometimes Frisk you’re too shrewd for your own good.” She turned to face you, “I am willing to go back to serving none snail-related dishes” -Asgore groaned- “If you promise to behave tomorrow.”

“Why? What’s happening tomorrow?”

Asgore cut in, “As you know it’s tradition for ‘santa’ to deliver presents to all the good little boys and girls personally.” He scowled, “But as you know certain...complications have come up.”

The Complications...

Generic Politician #1: BLAH BLAH BLAH! Something racist BLAH BLAH BLAH
“Sounds...rough?” You honestly have no idea how to respond to that, “So where do I come in on this?”

“Do you really trust Undyne’s gift giving sense?” Asked Toriel, “Do you not remember the incident with the yakuza and sushi.”

“...I thought we all agreed to never speak of that again.” There are some adventures that you didn’t need to be reminded of.

Ever.

You all simultaneously shuddered at the memory.

“I still don’t understand though, why me specifically though,” Things like toys never really interested you, the only toys you ever used were of the lethal kind, “Can’t you just get the parents to do this instead?”

“But that would ruin the illusion!” Protested Asgore, “I spent way too much time and effort making this whole thing work, I fully intend to keep this lie going.”

“And when they grow up and realize everything they believed was a lie?”

“...That sounds like a problem for future Asgore Dreemurr.” He stated in a matter-of-factly tone, “So...do we have a deal?” He extended his hand for you to shake.

“Hey why not throw my phone in there too, you know to guarantee-”
"Don’t push your luck child."

“Pie it is.”

The next day…

You sat at the back of Papyrus’ convertible with bated breath the fresh november air occasionally slipping past your coat and tickling your skin with its icy tendrils.

Because that's happens when you get in a convertible with a driver that refuses to put the hood up on his car because ‘it looks cooler this way! Nyeh, nyeh, nyeh!’

Goddamn it Papyrus.

“Ever the poet aren’t you Frisk.” the demon mocked in your mind.

“Shut up.”

“If you didn’t think the joke was funny you could have just said so,” Monster kid pouted, “You didn’t have to be such a jerk about it.” He wore a fluffier version of his sweater making him look more like a tube sock if anything with beige earmuffs to match. He sat on your left.

“If it is any consolation I’ve heard worse.” Asriel wore a green anorak with a fur lined hood similar to what you were wearing, his sweater underneath. He sat on your right.

“No. No it’s not.” Replied Monster Kid sullenly.

You shook your head rapidly, “Don't worry about it kid I wasn't talking to you.”
He tilted his head, “Then who were you talking to?”

“Yeah Frisk tell them about the demon queen that lives inside your SOUL and tried to commit mass genocide against their people.”

Thankfully it was around that time that Undyne, Papyrus and your parents decided to walk out the house.

Toriel handed Undyne a card, “This should be enough to get at least one present for every child, don't go over the budget please.”

Undyne stared at the card skeptically, “Aren't you guys like stupid rich? Why would you need a budget?”

“We’re trying to live as normal a life as we can manage, living in a castle brings back…painful memories.” She smiled slyly, “Besides this card isn’t connected to the royal treasury it's connected to Frisk’s phone. Don't tell them that.”

Undyne shoved the card in her coat pocket, “As their bestie I'm inclined to feel offended on their behalf.”

“Hey Pap! Undie! What's taking you guys so long. Hurry it up!”

“…On second thought this is a great idea and I supported 100%.” She stalked off toward the car, “How many times do I have to tell you Frisky don't call me that!”

Asgore shook his head at their antics before turning to Papyrus, “Drive safely Papyrus. Please.”

Papyrus looked baffled, “I THOUGHT THAT WAS A GIVEN?”

“So did I.”

“…TO HAVE SUCH LITTLE FAITH IN THE GREAT PAPYRUS,” He placed a ‘comforting’
hand on Asgore’s shoulder, “I GIVE YOU MY WORD THAT NO BODILY HARM WILL COME TO THE CHILDREN.”

“I feel better already.” Asgore replied sarcastically.

“GOOD, GLAD TO BE OF SERVICE!” Replied Papyrus completely missing the point, whether it was on purpose or not is a mystery you have yet to solve, he turned to face everyone “NOW MY FRIENDS ONWARDS!” He pumped a fist in the air.

…”

When it was clear no one else was going to join him he awkwardly made his way to the car and sat down in the driver’s seat.

“Frisk!” Toriel called out to and fixed you with a piercing glare, “Remember what we talked about last night.”

You grumbled under your breath.

“Good!” She sent a smile your way so cold it made snowdin look like hotland.

You decided it would be in your best interest to not fuck things up today.

With that the two of them walked back into your house.

Everyone immediately relaxed.

“Jeez Frisk you weren't kidding when you said your parents were pissed at you.” Monster Kid shuddered, “I swear your Mom’s eyes could see into my SOUL. What did you do to piss them off so badly.”

“…I scared them.”
One traumatic car ride later…

The MTT Superstore was the personification of Mettaton’s vanity. It was a monstrous (pun intended) building which - like most of his products - was in the shape of his own body, the front of the store was see-through so passersby could appreciate the interior of the almost disco like store.

It’s amazing what your mind can pick up when hurling three weeks worth of food onto the sidewalk.

“Ugh,” your face was deathly pale, “That’s a taste that will haunt me.” You sent a thankful look toward Asriel who was rubbing circles on your back, “Thanks Az.”

“Don’t mention it,” He actually looked a bit pale himself, “No seriously don’t mention it.”

Undyne laid sprawled across the ground, “Damn it, you can’t suplex motion sickness.”

Only Papyrus and Monster Kid were left unaffected.

For obvious reasons.

“That. Was. Awesome.” Kid jumped out the car with a flourish, “You guys get a ride like that everyday?!”

“Only on special occasions.” You muttered.

“SEE? KID APPRECIATES MY DRIVING WHY CAN’T YOU GUYS?” He glared at your unmoving forms with contempt, “I SUPPOSE I HAVE NO ONE TO BLAME BUT MYSELF, YOUR POOR MINDS CAN’T EVEN BEGIN TO GET A HANDLE OF MY GREATNESS.” He swiftly turned and marched into the store with Kid on his heels.

Which was lucky because he just managed to miss Undyne flipping him off.
“Things are gonna get stupid again aren’t they?” Sighed Asriel.

“Yep.”

You all shuffled your way into the department store.

**Mettaton’s Fabulous Toy Box**

“Get some of that.” Papyrus pushed half the top shelf into the cart, “Some of these.” Undyne dumped a handful of toys into the cart, “Az what the hell are you doing put that shit down!” From your vantage point on Undyne’s shoulders you were able to see Asriel try and ‘sneakily’ slip in a 18 pegi video game, “We don’t even have a games console at home, what’s the point in taking that?”

He growled at you and with as much trepidation in his movements as he could manage placed the disk back on the shelf, “Ugh, Alphys has a PS4 at her place.”

“So? Do you look like your 18?”

“I’m older than you!” Protested Asriel, “And we both know it!” He was referring to the RESETs.

“No you’re not!”

“Yes I am!”

“No you’re not!”

“Yes I am!”

“No. You’re. NOT-”
Undyne clamped a hand over your mouth, “Could you two calm down?! You’re making a scene here!” It was true, in the midst of your argument the two of you got quite the crowd. Oddly enough nearly everyone there was human.

“Of course it would be, everyone is too paranoid about mages to actually travel outside the town. Which makes you wonder why Kid’s parents allowed him to come with us.”

“Hey isn’t that the crazy kid turned ambassador?”

“Yeah I think so, weren’t they the one that saved all of those kids from that human trafficking incident a few years back.”

“Yeah, now that you mention it weren’t they the same one beat that bitch Linda in that baking competition?”

“Oh yeah I remember that, I still have her meltdown on my phone.”

“We should probably go…” you slipped of Undyne shoulders, “It’ll be a pain if we attract any unwanted attention.”

Undyne nodded, “Where should we meet up then?”

“Food court,” Asriel interrupted, “No one would have the gall to disturb someone’s lunch time.”

If he weren’t so serious you would have found that funny.

“Quick Papyrus! Create a distraction by breaking the laws of physics!” You ordered.

“How am I supposed to do that-”

“Your puzzles are burning and your spaghetti is malfunctioning.” Because fuck logic.
“NOT MY SPAGHETTI!” With a battle cry Papyrus charged into the crowd-

-Only to just miss them as he quite abruptly started to gain altitude.

Everyone watched in bafflement as the skeleton continued rise higher and higher into the air; occasionally doing little loop-de-loops while running on the spot. They were so busy trying to reconstruct their fragile reality that they didn't notice the rest of you sneak away.

From your table you could tell that the food court seemed to be a cut-and-paste of the one in the underground. Well with the exception of the Mettaton statute that has somehow turned into a chandelier with Ex form instead ‘hanging’ there. (He looked he was a stripper for those who are slower)

“I’m not gonna lie, that's hot.” You admitted.

The disgusted faces you got from the two of them was almost worth it.

Almost.

“Hello and welcome to Mettaton’s fabulous food court where the food is almost as sexy as he is! Ha. Ha. Ha. May I take your order.” The familiar sounds of a broken spirit rung in your ears.

“Burger...pants?” You weren't sure if that name was still appropriate for him anymore.

“Dude...what the heck are you wearing?!!” Monster kid blurted out.

The poor cat monster looked like he wanted to open the ribbons on his wrists before Christmas even came around.

“A bit forced but it’ll do.”

*Glamburger costume*
0 DEF

-10 ATK

*It reeks of shame and disappointment*

You honestly didn't know whether or not to make fun of Burger Pants. He was probably one of the very few monsters that shared the same views as you without going to the extreme. Sure people were shitty but to erase all of existence? Nah you're good. And unlike some people he knows how to angst right. When he's angsting all you had to do was sit back and watch as the broken feline ranted himself into madness.

And the best part of all is that you don't feel as bad when you see him cry.

It’s 100% guilt free suffering, just the way you like it.

“You’re taking your nickname to new and disturbing levels man,” Asriel commented snidely, “Now you’re all burger but no pants.”

You snickered.

“Hey fuck you man I didn’t ask for this!” Snapped BP he turned to you with a angry expression, “It was your crazy uncle that did to me!”

You raised your hands in a placating gesture, “Don’t involve me in this I have no control over who Mettaton decides to torture.”

“Of course you do!” Burgerpants threw his arm into the air, “Your his...his…”

“Nibling.”

“Exactly!”

“To be honest me and Mettaton aren’t that close.” In fact you were pretty sure that the only people that Mettaton was actually close to in your little group of friends were Alphys and Papyrus.
He managed to piss off everyone else.

“Why don’t you just quit?” Inquired Monster Kid, “You’re like 19 right? Go back to college or something; broaden your horizons a bit and find something you would like to do.”

You looked at Monster Kid in surprise, “Wow kid that was...insightful of you.”

He blushed.

Burgerpants bent down to Asriel’s level and whispered in his ear, “I think you just lost bro.”

“The night's still young.”

“It’s midday.”

“Just let me have this.”

Burgerpants smiled knowingly at Asriel, “I’ve been down this road before man I honestly don’t like your odds.”

Kid told another joke causing you to laugh again.

“Oh yeah?” Asriel replied in a dead tone, “You know what I don’t like?”

“What?”

“The odds of your costume catching on fire.”

“Wha?”
The smell of burnt cat permeated the court

Chapter End Notes

Seriously guys...400 Kudos for this piece of shit story I have no words. Even when I take ten fucking years to upload you all still show such faith in me. Thank you.

...

Does this mean I'm part of the big boys of Undertale fanfiction now? I kinda wanna know.
Earthbounder (Part 2)

Chapter Summary

Frisk found something that shouldn't be there.

Chapter Notes

I tried but the agnst refused to leave me. This is what I get for trying to enforce fluff into this edgefest.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Log Date: 25

Experiment: One Man Army

Time Taken For DT To Fail: 2 Months

Subject has finally fallen after 6 weeks of constant fighting. It appears that even with determination there are some injuries you can't overcome.

Unlike the original they don’t posses the insane healing factor they once had but instead have an almost impenetrable defence.

Time till next RESET is approximately 5 days.

We'll have to take a break in our experiments in order to replenish our forces, subject has destroyed over 1000 or so shades, it appears that subject is harder to break when faced with physical punishment.

They relish it infact.
Subject has an incredible amount of LOVE, more so than any of the other subjects before them. Is it because the nature of the being they posses or have they finally succumbed to their own madness. Either way the results will be fascinating. Just a little more and our plan will be realized.

And humanity will fall.

Gerson’s antique store…

After a couple of weeks on the surface there was a high demand for artefacts relating to Monster culture. Gerson being one of the only monsters alive during the ‘golden age’ (as Asgore called it) had managed to assemble a collection of historic items that had once been lost to time. There was now a Monster museum located in Ebott Town just filled to the brim with the extensive history of Monster Kind.

Funnily enough the war was left completely untouched.

“What the heck dude?! Why did you set Burgerpants on fire?!” Monster Kid whispered yelled at Asriel.

You slapped Monster Kid upside the head, “Can you shut up Kid you’re gonna give us away?” As it turns out your soft pathetic humans hands don’t take kindly to rough contact with spikes. Ow. “Besides I’m sure Az has a perfectly good explanation, right Asriel?”

Asriel suddenly found the wall of the cupboard you were in fascinating, “He...pissed me off?”

“See? A perfectly good reason!”

“...I’m surrounded by maniacs.” He stood up effectively squashing you into Asriel, “I’m done, screw you guys I’m going home.”

You grabbed Monster Kid by the scruff of his sweater, “Are you crazy man! The mall cops are still looking for us, I don’t know about you but I’m not going back to jail.”
“You’ve been in jail?!” Monster Kid gasped.

“You got caught?” Asriel shook his head in mock disappointment, “Let me guess it was that Rodney guy right? Damn that’s so sad.”

Your eyelid twitched, “Why don’t you go suck on some buttercups flower boy!”

He flipped you off, “Kiss my dust!”

“Go make love to a garden!”

“Whatever Frisky.” He flicked on the head.

“Eat a dick Flowley the fuckface.” You yanked his ear.

…

“AHHHH!” Shoving Monster Kid out of the closet the two went at each other like cats. Pulling, scratching, biting, punching, and kicking with abandon.

“Jesus you two kids are like animals,” you were about to give Asriel the lougie of a lifetime when the two of you were suddenly grabbed by the scruffs of your necks and suspended in the air, “You two are royalty! Show some class.”

You grinned cheekily at Gerson, “What up old man?.”

“Release me you cretin.” Spat Asriel.

Gerson scoffed before letting the both of you drop to the ground with a thud, “Is that the thanks I get for agreeing to hide you three in my store?!”
Monster Kid was quick to placate him, “Don’t mind those two sir they just grumpy because they haven’t had any lunch yet.” He sent a knowing smirk at Asriel

“Make a joke relating to Mr T or any of his chocolatey exploits and I will destroy you.” He snapped back.

“See? Grumpy.”

Gerson shook his head, “Anyway, how have you been Frisk? I hope you put those items to good use.” He was obviously talking about the perseverance glasses and notebook which is actually an extremely morbid question to ask. ‘How did you like these dead kid’s shit I sold you? Cool right?’

God you were surrounded by monsters.

“Hey look it’s the pot calling the kettle black.”

“G-great they were so...useful.” Your mind immediately flashed back to the confiscated phone that was now being alternated between your parents because you kept finding it despite it being hidden in obscure places. Thankfully neither Toriel or Asgore have discovered the fallen children’s items stored in your phone which was weird considering the fact that you thought that Undyne would spill the beans right after seeing that.

You kinda owe her for that.

You hate being indebt to people, hell your entire adventure in the underground started off because you felt like you had to pay Toriel back for giving you the will to continue living again.

“I thought you left the ruins because staying there for more than a month lead to you being discovered.”

Well yeah but you like to think that you left to try and save everyone not because you nearly did your first genocide run on accident.
“So what can I do for you yun’uns?” Asked Gerson, “As the humans say ‘tis the season’.”

“My parents got us doing christmas shopping for the town this year and we were gonna get a couple hundred toys and be on our way but we ended up running into some...complications.” You scratched the back of your neck, “Got anything interesting in store?”

Gerson tapped his chin in thought, “That depends, what do you define as interesting?”

You shrugged, “Hell if I know, surprise me.”

Gerson nodded and went around back to the storeroom, “Why do you talk to Gerson as if he’s your drug dealer?.” Asked Asriel bluntly.

“Maybe he is.”

“Wait what?”

“Wha ha ha! Here how about this!” A crumpled notebook was thrown at you with deadly accuracy.

*Dream Diary

*To be killed by the imaginings of your own mind. Such a cruel fate.

* * * ATK * * * DEF

You flicked through the pages; wincing with each turn as your thumb made contact with the black gunk that stuck the pages together like cheap glue.

You didn’t know why but looking at this notebook hurts.

Real bad.

You nodded before dropping the diary off on a random shelf, “A-Anything else?”

“Preferably something that reek of death itself would be nice.”

“I take the last one wasn’t to your fancy?” Gerson voice called out from the storeroom, the sounds of several things falling over and shattering made the three of you wince, “How about this?” A bundle up ball of fabric was thrown at you next.

“What the heck?” Asriel caught it for you and unwrapped it, “What would you need a poncho for?”

*Nobodies Poncho

*This was owned by a failure.*

*ATK +50 DEF +100*

*SOUL Skill: Hit harder the more damaged you are (psychological damage as well as physical)*

“You look strong,” the crazed look in her eyes kept you rooted to the spot, “Do you want to play with me?”

You swotted the poncho out of Asriel’s hands and gave it a kick for good measure.

What the hell?

What in the actual hell?
You recognised that poncho from anywhere.

But that’s impossible.

“Is it?”

You absentmindedly scratched the small on your back, some of your scars get itchy when you think about the cause.

And you never wanted to think about Buddy Armstrong again.

Just like you she was a earthbounder.

A fallen one that is.

Unlike the others your travels were based upon selfish desires and happy endings built upon corpses.

You were both monsters walking around in human skin.

So what happens when two egotistical, power hungry monsters meet each other?

You have about 5 or so scars that can give a very accurate description.

More importantly how the hell did it end up Gerson’s shop?

And the diary…

THUD!
“Ow…” Note to self rooftops were not the best landing spots...especially those of the concrete kind.
You stood up, “Damn, this isn't the underground, I missed the undertale timeline again.” The familiar sounds of city life wafted into your ears. This could either be a timeline where all your friends where human or it could be something else altogether. You had some normal money stored up on your phone it might be a good idea to resupply and find somewhere to spend the night.

But first you had to figure out a way to get off this roof-

THUD!

The sickening sound of flesh meeting ground met your ears again.

And this time you had nothing to do with it.

You raced to the edge of the rooftop and looked down.

...

It looked like she was smiling.

...

On second thoughts you could take a break in the next timeline you visit.

Could this be diary that she used?

Ugh.

Just thinking about the way her face was twisted up into that sick grin is enough to make you
That was the face of someone who had embraced their own insanity. That’s why you prefer monster
greatly.

At least when they die their bodies they leave behind aren’t nearly as PTSD inducing as a humans
can be.

“As long as you ignore the fact that it sometimes sticks to your skin and is a bitch to get off.”

You were almost scared to ask but the little masochistic voice in your head just couldn’t help itself,
“G-g-got a-anything e-else?” The cracks in your voice were extremely noticeable.

“Frisk. I think you need to stop.” Asriel stated he put a hand your shoulder, “I don’t know how and I
don’t think I want to know why but these things are triggering you.” He gave a look that said ‘I’m
gonna have to tell Mom and Dad about this’ but at the moment you honestly didn’t care anymore.

If Gerson is getting a hold of these items it could only mean one of two things.

1. All of your constant screwing with time has finally caught up to you and the timelines are
   starting to melt into each other. Worst case scenario the world gets pulled into a world war
   three of epic proportions.
2. The Annoying Dog is fucking with you.

You didn’t know which one was more terrifying. The only other being that travel across different
timelines is the annoying dog.

Or Toby Fox he goes by either.

If he’s screwing around with time again you might have to go on some more misadventures with
him. It’s the least you could do after all he did for you. Without him you wouldn’t have had the
ability to travel to different timelines and thus been unable to save Asriel.

So if in return all you have to do is go on some ‘Rick and Morty’ like adventures every once in
awhile then you could deal.

“I’m fine,” You were really not, “I just had a few bad memories flash through nothing serious.” You took a cautious step toward the store room. “Gerson do you have any other items like that?”

You weren’t even surprised when the franklin badge was chucked at you.

*The Franklin Badge*

Wear it with pride

*Soul skill: Reflect lightning and energy based magic.*

Ness.

Vairk…

The three of you together.

Fucked.

Shit.

Up.

The three laid sprawled across the ground; each of you in your respective holes, the lush country landscape was littered with craters varying in size and debris scattered everywhere.

*That was a good fight.*
“Okay I give,” The boy in the yellow and blue striped shirt that lay broken to the left of you sputtered out, “You just took a PSI Special to the face! That’s just crazy.”

“I also have to admit...you’re good,” the older boy’s body was to your right; his armor lay shattered beyond repair; his hair was stuck to his head from all the combination of blood and mud, “I still want to know how you managed to survive a hit from the planet buster.”

You lay in the middle, your face bruised and beaten; your legs and arms bent in awkward angles and you were all laying comfortably in a pool of your own blood, “Nah man, you guys...you are awesome.” You coughed up some more blood, you raised a hand, “I never did get your names, mines Frisk. Frisk Dreemurr. Time travel and angel of the underground.”

He clasped yours, “Ness. Leader of the chosen four and saviour of planet earth.”

The red haired chuckled, “Varik. Bounty Hunter.” He clasped your hand as well, “Nice to meet you...earthbounder.”

After one of their friends, Paula, she healed you all with their timelines version of magic called PSI. You spent weeks there recuperating and getting stronger; apparently there were many other kids like you who gone on various quests similar to the one in the underground stretching across time and space.

Earthbounder, it had a nice ring to it.

The franklin badge just happened to be the ignsina for earthbounders of that timeline.

You couldn’t not get it.

“How much for the badge?” You asked Gerson.

“Frisk what are you doing?” Monster Kid stood in front of you as if that would stop you, “One we don’t have the money to buy that, two we can’t buy it anyway since Undyne has the credit card.”
“Then I’m gonna go and get it then.” You said as you turned around on your heel, you glanced at Asriel, “Coming?”

He grinned, “You have to ask?”

You grinned back, “No.” You and Asriel walked out the store side-by-side.

Once again if someone payed more attention it probably could have been prevented.

No one saw Gerson’s eyes glow red.

No one saw Gerson pull Monster Kid aside.

No one saw the red aura envelope Kid.

No one heard what he said to Monster Kid.

The seeds of doubt were planted.

Later that day Gerson would have no relocation of his encounter with the Dreemurr kids.

Chapter End Notes

I won't be making this a crossover with the MOTHER series, Lisa: The Joyhful or Yume Nikki.

... 

Yet.
Chapter Summary

"The trust of the innocent is the liar's most useful tool."

Stephen King

Chapter Notes

I'm not dead! Still kicking. Sorry for taking so long to write this school is really kicking my ass and all.

Log Date: ???

Status of patient: Unknown

Time taken for DT to fail: N/A

Subject has stopped caring.

No amount of physical, psychological or emotional torment seems to be able to strike a reaction from them. Determination levels are at their bare minimum. Subject only has enough to RESET and not much else.

Seeing them dangling there, chained up to the wall with those dead eyes almost makes me feel sorry for them.

Almost.

No matter, we’ve have prepared for this.
The King and Queen are going to visit the subject today. If nothing else the sight of those two will give the subject a reason to continue living.

Revenge is a strong a reason as any.

Why was it that all the humans he knew were assholes?

Chara? Asshole.

Frisk? Giant Asshole.

Linda. Psycho bitch.

Rodney? Relatable Asshole.

...

Sans could do with a relatable asshole. It’s not like he has many other adults his own age that he can hang out with anymore. Papyrus either had his own thing going on or was hanging out Undyne; Undyne herself was too busy with Alphys doing stuff or throwing herself into her job as a gym teacher at the school (Sans is there as a maths teacher but hasn’t actually sat a class since the year started), not that it would have mattered, Undyne only liked Sans slightly more than she like Mettaton.

And quite frankly that didn’t mean much.

Then there were the Dreemurrs.

He couldn’t think of a time where he fucked up so many relationships in so little time. Asgore and Sans used to be decent friends with Sans being the judge and all. Then Asgore found out that his friend tried to get in on his wife behind his back.
Strike one.

Asriel came back from the dead with a strong case of ‘fucksansitis’ so he was already out. He even managed to fill in the slot as best friend to Frisk in a span of day.

Strike two.

Even though he knew that deep down he deserved it, he still couldn’t help but resent Frisk for the collapse of his relationship with Toriel. It’s not like the kid was in any real danger, they could always just come back and their determination made them untouchable anyway. With a power like that how could he not use them like he did? When you throw a freaking deity at a wall it makes sense that wall will give out first, sure he manipulated them into thinking that it their duty to save them all because of a power they just happened to develop and maybe he left them to die a couple times instead of intervening because he wanted to make sure they figured out how to defuse the situation peacefully.

It was for the greater good and for that Sans didn’t regret his choices.

Even if his actions were so fundamentally twisted.

The only thing he truly regretted was lying to Toriel about it.

Strike frickin three.

In hindsight it wasn’t one of Sans’ most ethical decisions.

But what was meant to do? Work for it? What’s the point in working for something if it all was going to be RESET anyway? Won’t it make more sense to try and skip as much of the work as possible?

…

Damn he really was slothful.
He almost didn’t want to talk to the Rodney today.

…

But then if he didn’t than he would be right back at square one.

He stepped through the door-

-landed on Rodney’s desk.

The detective looked up from his desk, his mug halfway to his face and his lips turned in an amused smirk. “You just couldn’t wait to see me couldn’t you?”

“So what’s the plan?” Asriel trotted alongside you with a devilish grin on his face, the idea of getting into some guilt free mischief was making him feel giddy.

You held out your hand, “First we’ve gotta find Undyne and Papyrus, Mom gave the credit card to them and unless we want go around stealing shit it’s the only way we’re getting that badge.”

“What’s so special about that badge anyway?” Asriel asked, his face scrunches up in thought, “In fact what’s up with all the items Gerson gave you?” His expression darkened, “It was like that time when you came back to the house screaming bloody murder.”

Oh right he remember that. You gotta find a way to stop that.

You thought of a way to explain, “They belonged to…some friends,” You don’t know whether or not you considered Buddy a friend (she did try to kill you but then again who hasn’t?), “I have no way of contacting them at the moment so this is the closest I can get to having a keepsake.”

Plus the stats on that thing were insane. Your days of being dunked on are over.

“What do you think Kid?” You asked the empty space next to you.
“...Where did Kid go?”

Asriel stopped, “Why are you asking me? I thought he was following you!”

MURDERER

KILLER

FREAK

DEMON

ANGEL

FALLEN

FALLEN

FALLEN

FALLEN

FALLEN

FALLEN

EARTHBOUND

TIME TRAVELER
“You think he’s still at the shop?”

“He better be, we’re wasting valuable time here…”

“Why? Why are you doing this! I thought we were friends!”

“…”

“Well? ANSWER ME!”

“Fifty-four…”

“Wh-”

…

…

…

“It’ll all be worth it in the end. Trust me.”
“Should we go get him?”

You looked around and spotted a map of the shop floor built into the wall, “Try calling him on your phone and tell him to meet us at...Blook lane.”

“...”

“What?”

“I don’t have his phone number.”

“And why the hell not?!?”

He shrugged, “Dude’s an asshole.”

... He wasn’t fast enough. 

You sighed, “Back we go…”

“And after making that dramatic exit too.”
“I know right?”

“You flinched inwardly as the queen’s voice pierced your subconscious. Your mood instantly plummeting, the last time she said was right before you gave up on life and jumped down Mount Ebott.

What do you mean?”
“You’ll see...you’ll see.”

You tried to ask her more questions but she quickly shut herself off from you, you feel your SOUL tighten slightly at the action. If it weren’t for the fact you needed her than you would have discarded this battered SOUL of yours a long time ago.

MAJESTY

*You felt a chill for some reason.

*...

*You shrugged it off.

“Hey I think I see Kid over there,” Asriel stopped walking and pointed to Monster Kid, “HEY! KID! OVER HERE!” Monster Kid didn’t respond instead continued to stare blankly into the distance.

You frowned, with cautious steps you made your way over to your friend, “Kid?” You tapped his shoulder.

Queen Of Humanity

Frizealia IV
Mage Of Determination

Ksikdail IV

F R I S K

Child Of The End

Kid tilted his head ever so slightly at you, “...Sorry I must have zoned out.” He turned around completely and smiled, “I’m better now sorry for making you worry.” With that he walked past you over to Asriel, “Let’s go then.”

“Yeah...” You shrugged, you were probably just being paranoid, “Let’s go.”

MTT GAMEZONE™ (ANY INJURY SUSTAINED IN SAID GAMEZONE IS YOUR OWN FAULT ...SO PLEASE DON’T SUE US)

“There’s no way she can beat it. It’s impossible.”

“Monster or not isn’t that thing rigged?”

“My money’s on the machine.”

Papyrus put a comforting hand on Undyne’s shoulder, “YOU DON’T HAVE TO DO THIS YOU KNOW. I ALREADY KNOW YOU’RE PRETTY GREAT.”

“I know but...” Her gaze travelled to the smug, portly human who placing bets on her losing, said human just happened to be the owner of the crooked arcade, Keith Sanchez. Many of his games were notorious for being impossible to win, a fact that surprisingly enough no one was able to prove, but none more so than his brand-new Mount O’ Terror™ a test your strength game based on the Monster’s escape from the crused mountain. The aim of the game was to get the little red heart at the
bottom of the mountain to the top by smashing the giant button underneath as hard as you can. So far no one had been able to get it past the middle.

Until today.

She summoned a spear, “Ah, ah, ah!” The arcade owner waggled his finger, “No magic! Just pure strength.” He smirked evilly, “What’s wrong? I thought you were supposed to be a hero.”

“Even heroes need help from time to time.”

Undyne felt a sharp-toothed grin come on her face, “What took you so long punk?”

The crowd parted as THE Frisk and Asriel Dreemurr walked into the gamezone...and Monster Kid.

“No way is that the Monster Ambassador? What are they doing here?”

“Who knows? Who cares? All I know is that this is going on my twitter account.”

The game store owner however was unimpressed, “So you’ve got the kid, so what? If you can’t do it then how the hell are they gonna do it!”

Frisk blinked, “Me? I’m not gonna do anything. I just wanna came in here because there was a bathroom here.”

Everyone let out a disappointed sigh, “C’mon Frisk I’ll take you I know where it is.” Undyne quickly led Frisk to the bathroom doors and paused a frown spreading on her face, “HEY! WHAT ARE YOU LOT STARING AT!” Everyone swiftly turned back around and pretended to engage in meaningful conversation. Frisk smirked and pulled Undyne into the girls bathroom, luckily for them no one was there.

Perfect.

“Spirit evolution?” Frisk offered their SOUL.
“Spirit evolution.” Undyne smashed hers against it.

*One epic transformation sequence that I can’t draw and or animate later…*

You both cracked your shared knuckles, “*Monster-proof game or not nothing can withstand determination at point blank range, TEAR IT APART!*”

“ARGHHHHHHHHH!” You let gravity do the work as you both dropped a determination powered fist through the machine sending the little red heart flying into the ceiling and beyond.

You bowed.

There was applause.

“You cheated!” Keith accused, “There’s no way for you to beat that! I made it monster-proof, human-proof, hell I’m pretty sure it’s not even possible!”

…

There was tangible silence.

Asriel started clapping, “Well done idiot you played yourself.”

“That was brilliant punk! The look on that asshole’s face was priceless!” Undyne slapped you on the back as you walked through the store in search of a different toy store, “That power of yours kid, it’s addicting!”

“That definitely doesn’t sound like something that come back and bite you in the ass”

You ignored her.
“NOW THAT ALL THE DISTRACTIONS AND EXPOSITION IS OUT OF THE WAY WE CAN FINALLY GET BACK TO THE FILL-I MEAN PLOT!”

Oh Papyrus, never change.

Asriel elbowed Undyne softly in the side, “Could you be any louder?” He nodded to Monster Kid who was walking a couple paces back from everyone else his gaze locked firmly to the ground.

“What’s up with him?” Undyne leaned down and asked you, “He’s been quiet since ever since we left.”

You didn’t reply, you didn’t know why but Monster Kid felt different somehow, more reserved. You made a note to ask later about it later. But for now…

“Hey Undyne can I talk to you for a sec?” Undyne glanced at Papyrus and the others, “Alone please.” Papyrus shrugged, leading Asriel and Monster Kid off to a random store.

You gestured for Undyne to follow you, “I’m sorry but I’ve gotta get this off my chest.” You both stopped in a little ways away from everyone else and hopefully any listeners, “Why didn’t you tell Mom and Dad that I have the fallen children’s weapons.”

“…”

“I’m not gonna deny it, I’ve been withholding a lot of information about a lot of stuff recently, more so than a friend should.” You admitted. “I just don’t get it, there is nothing to gain from keeping that a secret from them and you certainly don’t owe me-”

Undyne slammed her hand against the wall, “Are you some kind of idoit? Why would I need to be in debt to you to do something nice for you.” You froze as you felt Undyne’s gaze pierce through your own, “Besides you would never do anything that hurt us.” - Besides existing -, “You’re a good kid Frisk I don’t think you keep something a secret without a good reason.” Is covering my own ass a good reason?

You let out a ‘sob’ and tackled Undyne into a hug, “T-thank y-you!”
“Heh, you’re such a nerd kid,” She returned the hug briefly before letting you go, “C’mon let’s go back, everyone is waiting.” She walked off.

So you dried your eyes.

You loved Undyne, you really did but…

The credit card was covertly snuck into your pocket.

...She too trusting for her own good.

It will be her downfall one day.

You only hope that it won’t be you that caused it.

Chapter End Notes

Also check out my new short story Rinse and Repeat and the new oneshot coming out called Real Enough, RAR (rinse and repeat) takes place in a separate universe to the Pacifist's Mask timeline and is one of the base ideas that started it. Real Enough is a one-shot based on my other story in the series SAVE The Game starring and will be one of the most meta fic I’ve ever written. Check it out if you like to see poor Chara question what's real and what's false and if there's ever been a difference.
It can only end well (Part 4)

Chapter Summary

In which the ship sails...

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry for dissapearing for a two months again, I know that has probably pissed off a lot older readers and made look for other fics. I have no excuse other then my own procrastination. And for that I am truly sorry. I promise to try and make a conscience effort to post more but it's harder to do because school is kinda kicking my ass right now.

With all that wimpy shit outta the way here is the next chapter!

Also I know this is a bit late but 'Real Enough' the prologue to SAVE the Game is now up and ready for reading, go check it out.

http://archiveofourown.org/works/8232356

Sans took a big swig of his ketchup bottle, “-and they just brushed me off, like what i was saying wasn't even important!” Sans ranted, “it's only slightly better now they're under constant surveillance but even then it's for all the wrong reasons!” He sighed, “the little shit got its claws in everyone, we all know they are hiding something but we all care too much to ask. worst thing about it is how even my own brother is not with me on this. just the other day i found those two hanging out in his room like there isn't all of this tension between us.”

Rodney stopped taking notes, “...Sounds just like them, tells you exactly what you want to hear to cover their own back,” He gave Sans a smasy grin, “But that’s not what you came here to talk about, isn’t it? If you wanted to bitch to me about your problems that we could have done it over the phone.”

Sans glared at the detective before reluctantly putting down his ketchup bottle, “you really are a piece of work. you know that right?”

“So I’ve been told,” Rodney replied dismissively, “Now tell me what you really want to know.”
Sans sighed, “...i know this is gonna sound really, really shitty but just hear me out.” He closed his eye sockets, he could barely hide the self-loathing in his tone, “i...don’t really believe that the kid was abused.”

“...So? What are you getting at here.”

Sans leaned forward, “health records, doctor appointments, diagnosis i don’t really care.” Sans said, “i just want to know the extent of the damage.”

“I can't do that.”

“look i know that it's a huge invasion of privacy.”

Rodney snorted, “I don't care about that, you really think I care about that freaks safe space?” He grinned darkly, “Boundaries have long since been breached anyway…”

Sans slammed his hands down on the table, bits of stationery were sent flying, “then why?!”

Rodney rolled his eyes at Sans’ temper tantrum before opening a compartment in his desk, “Here.” He chucked a bulky folder at Sans.

Sans stopped it with blue magic and flicked through the pages.

...

He then did it again.

...

And again.
“what the hell is this?” Sans dropped the binder, “this has to be a joke.”

Rodney tutted, “C’mon Sans, I thought you were smarter than this, why would I lie to you.” He nodded gravely, “Frisk’s so called parents don’t exist.”

“NOW ONWARD MY FRIENDS TO GLORY!” Papyrus lifted a pointed glove (?) into the air and marched down the store floor with everyone else following him with varying degrees in enthusiasm.

You being right at the bottom of course. But you had to admit that Monster Kid came a close second, even Asriel was making an effort to entertain Papyrus despite the looks they were getting (you were at least 90% sure he was doing it ironically but you liked to think that maybe your brother was still good person underneath all his edge).

“Doubt it.”

A kid could dream.

Speaking of kids…

You subtly slowed down your pace so you were next to Monster Kid, “So...whatcha doing?” You asked in what possibly could be the most obnoxious way possible.

“Not much.” He answered curtly, “You?”

“You know…” you kicked the floor with the scuff of your shoe, “Walking toward a destination...that we’re both going to, haha...ha.”

“...”
“God that was painful to listen to.”

“WE’RE HERE!” Papyrus managed to put an end to the awkward situation by announcing to the whole world your current location, thanks Papyrus what would we do without you.

Speaking of location…

“Why here?” Asriel fixed Undyne with an annoyed glare, “We’re practically surrounded by trees back home!” You couldn’t help but agree with him. The shop in question just happened to be your run of the mill Christmas decoration shop...owned by ice cube wolf guy.

Huh...you forgot he existed.

“Don’t ask me,” Undyne shrugged, “Your parents wanted to get a ‘proper’ tree for the town nothing else would cut it. You know, it’s meant to be the human version of Christmas.” She gave the pocket which no longer held the card a pat, “And besides we might-”

“Should.” If saving their species from everlasting darkness isn’t deserving of a discount than you don’t know what is.

Undyne narrowed her eye at you, “- Should get a discount.”

“Damn straight.”

Undyne mumbled some choice words under her breath and turned away, marching into the store while cursing your name silently, Monster kid snorted before following after her. “...LET’S JUST GET THIS OVER WITH.” Papyrus (with way less enthusiasm) followed suit.

Only you and Asriel remained.
“Ever modest one aren’t you?” Teased Asriel.

“Shut it.” You snapped back, you reached into your pocket and revealed the credit card, “How far do you think we can run before she realizes what happened?”

Undyne stopped at the giant display tree, “You…” She beckoned a random NIC (Non-important character), “I want that one.”

“Well Undyne isn’t like Papyrus, I’d give her a minute or two.” Asriel remarked snidely.

You punched him lightly on the shoulder, “One of these days you’re gonna run out of ways to call other people idiots.

“I don’t see that happening.”

“It’s not for sale Miss Undying.” The NIC responded, “It's only for display purposes.”

“That’ll be $10 dollars please.” The nice cream bunny held out his palm expectantly.

...

“...$5 dollars please.”

You smiled, placing the card in his outstretched palm, “Nice doing business with you Nicey.” You took the two nice creams from his counter.

“Thank you for your custom!” Nicey waved you off, as soon as he felt like you were out of earshot he growled under his breath, “Cheapskate.”
“Asriel.” You jerked your thumb at his cart, “Let it roll.”

Asriel contemplated it a bit before deciding to roll with it, this was the most fun he’s had in two months; who was he to stop it? With a flick of a the wrist little razor sharp stars appeared in his hands and like shurikens he threw it at Nicey’s nice cream cart. Mr Cream seeing this managed to dive out the way, “Hah! You missed!”

You pointed the wheels that he used to push it around, “No. No he didn’t.” You turned away, “Have fun.”

You gave the nice cream to Asriel, “That was...meaner than normal, what’s up?”

“Why must something be up with me when I decide to act like more of a dick than usual what if I just felt like screwing with people today?”

“...”

You let out a sigh, it’s really hard to lie to someone who’s caught a glimpse at what you’re capable of at your worst, “It’s Monster Kid,” Asriel’s eyelid twitched at his name, “Don’t you think he’s being more standoff-ish than usual.”

“So?”

“So I’m worried about him?” Why did that come out as a question? That shouldn’t be a question you ask yourself, he’s your friend; you should always look out for your friends.

“When you’re not murdering them.”

Shut up.
Seeing your expression darken Asriel promptly flicked your head.

“Ow!”

“Don’t worry about it,” Asriel admonished, he rolled his eyes when you swiped at him in retaliation, “I’m sure MK didn’t mean anything by it…”

“*If he did I’ll kill him.*

Though the words were unspoken and twisted you appreciated them anyway.

“Thanks.” You let out a nervous giggle, “I don’t even know what I was worrying about anyway it’s not like every little thing is going to come back and bite me on the butt.”

Monster Kid watched impassively as Undyne and Papyrus dragged the seven foot tree toward the counter despite the poor employees protests.

*I wonder how badly she’ll react when she realizes she doesn’t have the card anymore.*

Monster Kid could only hope that it’ll be poorly.

Extremely poorly.

*I...have to confirm it. I need to know that whether or not what I saw was a reality or not.*

His mind flashed back to all the times he spent with Frisk. From hanging out at waterfall, to the Great Snowball War Of 2016 (It so much more fun to have snowball fight with a human that is insanely good at dodging, not so much when they can throw balls faster then some guns shoot bullets), to just goofing around after school. Kid cherished all those memories very dearly.
Just a little more and then...we’ll ALL be free.

But friendships built upon lies aren’t friendships at all aren’t they?

“Please, please just make it STOP, I’ll give you anything you want, power, money, cheap adolescent labour just please for the love of all that is good and holy make him STOP!” The store manager was at his knees now, his hands pressed tightly against his ears and his forehead tinged purple from banging his head on the counter.

“Good.” Undyne lowered her guitar. “Papyrus you can drop the microphone now...we’ve broken him.” She flung her headphones to the side.

Papyrus stared at Undyne aghast, “BUT I WAS ABOUT TO HIT MY SOLO-”

“NO!” Undyne kicked the microphone out of Papyrus’ hand; the crowd (or victims either/or) dived out of the way of the deadly projectile, “Stick to cooking dude, the world can only deal with so much.”

“THAT’S-” Papyrus paused, “...THAT’S FAIR.”

Undyne clasped her hands, victory was in sight, “Now,” She span around and fixed the cashier with a withering glare, “One. Tree. Please.”

“That’ll be $250 dollars please,” funnily enough the cashier was a teenager, “Cash or credit?” They looked at Undyne with skeptical eyes, “If you can afford it.”

Undyne unzipped her coat pocket as dramatically as she could, “Pfft, if I can afford it, don’t you know who you’re talking to kid? I’m Ex-Captain of the Dreemurr Royal Guard, Asgore’s adopted daughter and Frisk’s half sister (I guess, I don’t really know how this works) as if I can’t afford...THIS!” Undyne slammed her hand down on the table and with a flourish revealed the platinum card underneath.
“...I assume you’re going to pay for property damage as well.”

?!

“That’s...not the response I was expecting, you’re supposed to be more like ‘Ohmygosh Undyne got that mad paper!’ or whatever you young people say.”

“BUT UNDYNE YOU’RE ONLY 25!” Interjected Papyrus.

“Doesn’t matter!” Undyne began to tap her foot, “Go on then scan my card!”

The teenager looked so very, very done with life, “I didn’t know air counted as currency in the underground.” He snapped back snidely.

“Whaddaya mean air-” Only now did she realize that she just slammed her hand onto a counter without the card.

Only now did she realize that she caused all of this property damage without the card.

And only now did she regret not taking her wallet with her when leaving this morning.

So, so much regret.

She immediately went to the person most likely to know where it is, “PAPYRUS!” She grabbed the skeleton by the shoulder blades and started shaking, “THE CARD PAPYRUS, WHERE THE HELL IS THE STUPID CARD!”


“Wait Undyne stop!” All of sudden Monster Kid decided to exist in this story, “Think about it, was
there any point in time where you could have misplaced it or lost it.” He said calmly for a kid his age.

“No! Of course not!” Undyne, much to Papyrus’ joy, released her captive, “Impulsive? Yes, clumsy? Absolutely, but there is no way I’m as absent-minded enough as to misplace something as important as...that.” Undyne’s eyes widened.

No.

They wouldn’t do that.

They...wouldn’t?

_They let out a ‘sob’ and tackled you into a hug, “T-thank y-you!”_

_You were so absorbed in the moment that you didn’t notice a hand slip into your pocket._

They...they played her. After giving them that heartfelt speech about friends don’t need to be friends for personal profit or gain.

_“I just don’t get it, there is nothing to gain from keeping that a secret from them and you certainly don’t owe me-”_

Ah. She understood now.

Frisk gained something after all.

_“...Papyrus, take the kid back to the car.”_
“There! Happy?” You both stepped away from the console, your fingers sore from smashing the buttons randomly and you swore the joystick had cracks from where Asriel was wiggling it in abandon. “We don’t even play video games that much and we still won.”

“Yeah but at what cost?” Asriel flapped his stiff fingers in front of your face, “I can’t feel my hands Frisk! I can’t feel my hands!”

“You two are being so immature.”

Don’t care.
You let a cry of mock disgust as Asriel chased you around the arcade, (a different one) pushing people out of your way as you ran around in circles like the children you wished you were. After you finished consuming your nice cream you purchased the franklin badge, you’ll come back for the others later, and decided to spend some of the savings in one of the many arcades scattered around the megastore.

“Wow, spending christmas money on yourselves. And here I thought you were all about the holidays.”

...It was for a good cause. Your cause.

“A demon through and through, you really are my grandchild.”

...Thanks for the ‘compliment’.

“Love you too~”

“Hey!”

Speak for yourself, I’ll kill you if I could.

“Hey!

“But you can’t do that without screwing yourself over, you need me just as much as I need to you.”

“HEY!”

“After all,” Your screams died in your throat as ghostly claws wrapped around your windpipe; the image of lone cheshire grin appearing in the darkness came to front of your mind, “You're my precious vessel.”
“FRISK!”

“You were forcefully pulled from your mental conversation when you felt a sharp pain on your arm, rubbing the soon-to-be-bruised spot you fixed with Asriel with a death glare, “What the hell man? What’s your issue?” You rubbed your arm again, was it just you or did it just get really cold all of sudden?

Asriel however wasn’t concerned with mortally injured arm in the slightest, his eyes fixed on what was before him, “I...I wanna do that.” You looked at what he pointing at.

“Oh.” A subpar ice-rink was stretched out in front of you; groups of two were skating to the beat as fake snow fell from the ceiling.

It was like a scene straight out of a christmas movie.

So it was automatically corny. But it was the good kind of corny, the kind that makes you want to laugh through the cringe because you shouldn’t care how goofy or embarrassing you look.

Asriel held out a hand reading your thoughts, “Do you...wanna join me?”

“No. I refuse. Don’t you dare use this body to...fraternize with my enemy, with something less than human!”

How could you refuse?

You quickly paid for your ice skates (with the exception of Asriel who didn’t need any) and after attaching the franklin badge to your belt threw your coat to the side. Asriel gingerly tapped his toe against the ice before twirling around on the spot, “May I have this dance.”

“No.”

You clipped on your own skates and took his hand, giving him one of your most genuine looking smiles, “Yes. Yes I would.”
Asriel blushed, “I-I didn’t think you would actually accept.” His voice sounded like broken glass as he pulled you into the rink.

“What? Is Mister Hyperedge actually nervous?” You snarked lightheartedly, “And here I thought nothing could faze you.” You held back a laugh at the look of mock outrage on Asriel’s face.

“Oh really?” The next thing you knew you were suddenly dangling inches of the ground, your faces so painfully close to touching that it hurt, “What? Do my eyes deceive me or have I managed to faze the mighty...Frisk...Dree...mur.” He suddenly became very aware of the position you were in; your chest burned like fire as your heart fought for release with every breath. “...Frisk?” His voice was so much more softer now, like silk tantalizing your ears, “Can I tell you something?”

Don’t bother you already knew, “What?”

“I-”

“You don’t. Not really.”

And just like that you were dropped…

You should get a counter for the amount of times that’s happened already.

“What?” Asriel frowned, “You didn’t even know what I was going to say!”

You decided to lay there on the ice, cold seeped up your body like barbed wire; sending small tremors of discomfort down your spine, “I know enough, you...you like me don’t you?”

Asriel raised a eyebrow, “Don’t you like me?” He asked in a way that sounded more like a plea.
Do you?

You wanted to save him for the longest time, you gave up everything to do so and committed many unforgivable sins to gain the power needed to do so.

But did you love him?

Or were you just obsessed with him?

That’s the problem with determination, the line between a unwavering will and relentless yearning becomes thinner as time goes on. Sure deep down you would have loved to, more than anything but…

*He’s already fallen so far, if I take him with me then there’d be nothing left that makes him different from Flowley.*

Asriel Dreemurr has been corrupted enough by you family as is.

“We can’t do this.” You closed your eyes and turned away from him, “I can’t do this.” He made to interrupt you but you raised a hand, “You don’t really like me, you want me. There’s a difference.”

*Just like I wanted you. You and I just want a plaything, something that can keep up up with all the toxic shit we spew and throw back our faces.*

“Bullshit! That’s bullshit and you know it!” Asriel stamped his foot, “What difference? I want you and only you so I’ll get you. It’s as simple as that!”

You sat up angrily, “That’s just it Asriel! I’m not a fucking object! I’m not a replacement for Chara!”

Asriel flinched as if he’d been hit, “That’s not true.” *Your better. You kissed me.*
“...Only because I wanted you to do something for me.” You whispered. “Nothing more nothing less.” That's how it worked with monsters after all, they tell you to jump and with every ounce of your being you jump high.

It was the only way to make the pain stop.

“...You used me.” It wasn’t a question he said it as a fact, as casually as one would say that the earth was round.

“I use everyone, you’re the only one that caught me out on it.” You smiled weakly, “You see Asriel, I’m not a good person; I’ve already made my peace with it while you...you still have a chance to change. You still have a conscience.” You can still redeem yourself.

Asriel looked down toward the ground, “...You know I’ll kill for you.” It came out as a whisper.

“I know. That’s part of the problem.” Awkwardly at first you wrapped your arms around him, “The Asriel Dreemurr I met when the barrier broke wouldn’t have wanted to kill for me.”

“Ha, you know nothing.” He kept his hands stubbornly at his side, “If you really didn’t have a conscience then you would have left us all to die. Don’t use your shambolic moral compass as an excuse.”

“Asriel, I’m a sadist.” You reiterated, “I take joy in the suffering for others; I kill for sport and leisure. If I had my way…”

“You’ll let the world burn?” Asriel laughed when he saw your surprised face, “So what? Who hasn’t wanted that?”

“Normal people.”

“Who said we’re normal? Hell I don’t even think we qualify as people.”
Why doesn’t he get it? You’re bad for him, everything, everyone, everything your human family has come into contact with has been tainted in some way. If you didn’t have the strength to distance yourself from monsters as a whole the least you can do is avoid getting into an intimate connection with them.

You were not worthy.

“But-”

“But nothing.” Asriel sighed as if he was talking to a very slow person, “So what if you’re little screwed up in the head? Didn’t I already say that’s what I like about you?”

“You like me because I make you look better in comparison?” You let go and stomped off out of the ice rink.

Asriel grabbed your arm, “No! God no!” You snorted, “I meant that I like all of your imperfections, they’re what make you... well you.”

“I lie to cover my own back.”

“Cute.”

“I want to murder anyone who gets in our way.”

“So you do care.”

“I...hate Sans!”

“Join the club we have cake.”

“...I killed Mom, I killed Dad, I’ve killed everyone.” More than once.
“And we to you. I can keep doing this all day.”

“I hate...myself.” You admitted.

“I already said I forgi-”

“No.” You pulled up your sleeve and displayed some scars on your arm that look too precise for any weapon to do it, “I hate myself.”

Asriel pressed his lips into a hard line, “Then I’ll love you more then you could ever despise yourself if that’s what it’ll take.”

“...That was so dry Asriel, so so very dry.” You stated although the smile on your lips gave way to your true intentions.

“Aren’t I just?” Asriel smiled back, “So what do you say?”

You stepped closer to him, “One day you’re going to look back at this moment and regret it, with every ounce of your being.”

He stepped closer to you, “I have lots of regrets, what’s one more?”

You cupped his cheeks, “I might end up being the end of you.”

He leaned in, “I only ask that you kill me softly.”

So did you, “No promises.”

He tilted his head, “I thought not.”
“This is gonna end well.”

Just...shut the fuck up.

“Well isn’t this sweet?” And just like that you suddenly regret everything. A scaly hand clamped down on your shoulders before ripping you apart. You were dragged up by the hair and forced to come face-to-face with Undyne, “Hello Frisky,” She grinned, displaying a row of razor sharp teeth, “I think you have something that belongs to me.”

“See? Everything turned out great.”
Chapter Summary

Life is kicking my ass, sorry.

Hello it's me. G8BanterM8 or to some of you that have been waiting for the next chapter for a month 
lazy fuckboy...8 (I got nothing).

Truth be told that school is a thing that I have to not suck at if I want to get into a decent college so 
that's been my life for all of november. I know that's a shitty excuse as I just said the last time I 
posted that I'll try harder to be faster but It is what it is and I'm sorry.

Good news is that my tests are more or less over (One my maths exam and I'm clear) and I've already 
done about a thousand words for the chapter 32 which I promise will answer some the questions you 
have about what the hell is going on with Frisk (and this story in general, I mean think about it, this is 
a world where the events of the Mother series, Future diary, Lisa: The painful RPG/ Joyful, and the 
earthbound hack have all happened, in different timelines but still, can you even imagine how 
mentally unstable you'll be after meeting all of those fucked up kids) and raise about fifty other 
questions to piss you off even more. Reading back over this story (Side note: Besides that one guy 
from chapter 2 that roasted me on my spelling how come no one has commented on the fact that I 
write 'damnit it' instead of just 'damn it' or 'damnit' it just sounds like the character has a stutter or 
something, now I want to ask for beta reader again to fix all my grammer mistakes from before but I 
still have no idea how that works) I've realized that I left one big plot point that I should have 
answered a lot sooner, *cough* *cough* look at the tags and try to remember which ones were there 
the longest *cough* *cough*, I'll be getting to that in 32 as well.

Furthermore I'll wrap up this filler arc next chapter or if I just suck the one after so we can get back to 
the story, I actually do want to finish this fic completly and not just leave it unfinished like SOME 
PEOPLE (it bugs me that I'll never know what happens to the tamers and digidestined from Blazing 
Chaos: Diemensions series, read it if you haven't it's good shit...till it stops). All those ideas on this 
series main page won't write themseleves.

In the mean time I'll try to drop some one-shots that I've been writing to keep everyone sated until 
PM (Pacifist's Mask) drops and if you want to read more of my Undertale related work just read Real 
Enough (Prologue to SAVE THE GAME and the first time I write with Chara as a protangnist) and 
Rinse and Repeat (the base fic where PM's Frisk was born).

Again I'm really sorry for taking so long and for all those who stuck with me from the start (and dealt 
with my cringy writing) thank you.

Yours faithfully.

G8BanterM8

... 
(Signing a letter with a name like is really lame...man.)
Mindfucks for Christmas (Final Part)

Chapter Summary

Frisk gets mindfucked.

Chapter Notes

I said two weeks, I take three. What can I say besides the fact that I fucked up.

To make up for it here is the biggest chapter I have ever done.

A grand total of 9933 words and 35 pages.

It might not be 100% checked because I just had to post this today. When Frisk themselfes tells you to hurry your lazy ass up and fucking post that's when you know you're fucking up.

I'm sorry, but trust me you'll like this chapter it's crazy.

Enjoy.

EDIT: 21/12/16

Warnings for Non-con on a minor multiple times due to timeline fuckery and mages being overall monsters. Read at your own risk.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Did you know about the legend?

Of Humans and Monsters? Who hasn’t? They’ve been drilling that old fairy tale into the minds of children for decades now, you’ve heard it, I’ve heard it, our parents heard it from their parents and so on. The mountain was our greatest achievement and the first step in our master plan.

No! Not that legend, the legend. The first legend. One of the eight tales of ebott. The tales the humans tell themselves to try and play off the magic they get exposed to.

Which is…?
The tale of the scapegoat demon, the demon that comes when their name is called. Legend states that once upon a time in the forests of Mount Ebott a small village resided.

You’re talking about the original?! I didn’t know they came from that village, it actually makes a lot more sense. The royal family bloodline was always more screwed up than others.

I won’t argue with you there my friend but this wasn’t any ordinary village, it was a place for the broken and demented, this was a place where only scum lived, abandoned in the forest surrounding the mountain hoping that they’ll all die a slow and painful death.

That’s stupid why didn’t just put them in prison? Seems dangerous leaving a bunch of ‘scum’ unattended.

They would if they could have but these criminals weren’t just any ordinary criminals, they were something far worse. Unhinged more like it, and an almost perverse obsession with pain and infecting others with it. Any all previous attempts to imprison these individuals resulted in their eventual escape and the deaths of anyone in the residing area.

A village of sadists?

Worse, a village of determined sadists.

Tch. It always come down to determination in the end. I figured three of those freaks was bad enough you’re telling me there was a whole village of them.

Like it or not DT has played a vital part in our history, the will to live, to survive and eventually conquer is what sets us apart from the filth. It’s what has given us the army we had so desperately needed.

 Doesn’t mean I have to like it.

No I suppose you don’t.

So carry on then, what was up with the village? What did they have to do with the demon?
Everything. After all it was from that village that the demon came from in the first place, but that’s not the best part.

Enlighten me.

You see back then ebott forest was a lot more...dangerous back then, it wasn’t just the mountain people had to worry about, before the entire region was considered a place of no return. Probably due remnant monster magic from the war. That queen of theirs was ever the spiteful one, a spell that drew people into the forest in a desperate attempt to make them fall into the kingdom below, or at least die trying. But while the spell drew people in it also made it impossible for anyone within the forest to try and leave. The further you walked away from the cursed mountain the more you turn right back around and jump inside it.

Wow...didn’t think she had it in her.

Monsters are called monsters for a reason you know and after what the king did to her parents...let’s just be grateful that human souls are stronger than monster souls or we would all be burning right now.

Hmm.

Where was I? Oh yes! Enraged by their predicament the village people began to turn on each other.

And they started killing each other?

It was a lot more than just simply ‘killing’ each other. What would you say will happen if an immovable wall met a unstoppable force?

Normally that would mean that there’s a stalemate but if we’re talking about determination we could be getting into some time-fucky paradox nonsense, for the my sake more than yours I hope it’s the latter.

It was, it’s so much harder to kill someone who wants to kill you just as badly, who can take your twisted ideas and match them every time. A village of shadows ever reflecting each other’s twisted
Okay Shakespeare I get it, jeez. Can you be anymore dramatic?

Shut up I’m telling a damn story I’m meant to be dramatic.

Touche.

But back to the point at hand the villagers soon realized that they couldn’t take their frustrations out on each other lest they destroy themselves entirely. Grudgingly the people of the village learnt to ‘put aside’ their differences and work together; creating some resemblance to human society. And all was well...for a time anyway.

Shocker.

In the end their carnal urges for destruction and violence won out; their fragile masks broke away with each passing day. The villagers needed a release, they needed a sacrifice.

...Oh.

And like a prayer that has been answered the original was born, a child born from regret and reproach, a being more determined than them all but too young and frail to do anything with it. The perfect release, the perfect scapegoat. They say that the child’s screams for mercy carried well past the forest and into the towns and cities. The wretched howls were enough to keep even the bravest men awake, each little scream were like a million little knives plunging deep into your heart. Finally the townspeople had something of which they can take their problems out on, something to blame for all their problems and punish accordingly.

They say the child was pushed to the brink of insanity and back, from the age of four and onward all the original knew was pain, despair, and hatred-

-The easiest and most efficient way of mass producing determination! It’s SOUL mechanics 101: to strengthen one’s SOUL you must break the body and mind, their will and their morals, their very being. Twist until they snap, push until they fall; only then if they are worthy will they rise from their ashes to repeat the cycle again and again and again.
But they snapped and this time they couldn’t get back up again. Care to share with me the details? I get vague mentions of what pushes the vessels into reaching their maximum potential but never anything concrete. Whenever I ask someone of higher status they just change the subject or flinch as if they’ve been burnt. While on the other hand I remember the Queen had the completely opposite reaction and laughed as if I told her the best joke.

...Trust me when I say you rather not know. It’s a controversial decision but it has been proven... many times that it’s the most effective way to break a child’s will, or any person really.

How bad are we talking here?

What’s the worst thing you think can happen to a child?

...Christ….really? You’re not serious are you? You can’t be serious? That’s too far, even for us.

It’s only been used on our current child due to…special conditions, none of the other children has shown such defiance before.

The royal family is so fucked up.

Vulgar language aside I couldn’t agree with you more my friend. Maybe that’s why I believe that the king and queen have distance themselves from the situation entirely, burning the records and leaving it as nothing more than a twisted fairytale for the children, at least the ‘incident parts’ were left out of the mortal legend. Regardless it was the final push the child needed to fully realize their magical abilities, that alone

So that’s it? We know the disappears at that point only for Asriel Dreemurr to appear three years later carrying their body and was thus viscously cut down. The poor bastard…

Is something wrong?

I just realized something, you never told me what happened to the village! What was so funny about their fate?
I wouldn’t call it funny, it’s more ironic, the village for eight years that lived in relative peace, their bloodlust seemingly sated by the deaths of the royal children, not that they knew that, until one day...it stopped.

Stopped?

It started with some sightings at first, a couple incidents here and there. Then came the corpse, the mutilated flesh and utter disregard for life, and finally then they came. The original but at the same time something else completely.

The seventh...

Wearing the face of zero, they ERASED them all. For the first time in years screams could be heard from the forest and for once they weren’t those of children. But a amalgamation of people of all ages. A symphony of torment brought to an end by it’s stripped-wearing composer.

Wouldn’t the human authorities realize that their village of sadists just got slaughtered?

Not slaughtered, ERASED.

There’s a difference?

Yes, after all...

Death comes in many forms, Frisk just happens to be its favourite.

“Frisk’s so called parents don’t exist.”

“Don’t exist.”

“Exist.”
DNA MATCH WITH MONSTER

...

...

...

0%

DNA MATCH WITH HUMAN

...

...

...

50%

UNKNOWN DNA DETECTED.

UNKNOWN DNA DETECTED.

UNKNOWN DNA DETECTED.

...

COMMENCING CROSS REFERENCE DNA WITH SUBJECTS OF EBOTT TOWN

...

0%

ENHANCE SEARCH: USING DATA FROM <10> YEARS AGO

0%

20 YEARS

0%

30%

0%

EXPANDING SEARCH: OREGON

0%

EXPANDING SEARCH: USA

...

...
ERROR: UNKNOWN DNA DETECTED.

NEW SCAN: INSERT DNA SAMPLE.

UNKNOWN DNA DETECTED

ERROR: CANNOT DETECT

SEARCH FOR ‘FRISK’
You never thought you could regret everything yet at the same time regret nothing at the same time. Staring down at Undyne who out of the kindness of her heart decided to cover for you while knowing full well that it’s a sneaky and back-stabbing esque thing to do all for the sake of a friendship which you took advantage of for your own personal gain. The betrayal in her expression….

Was **euphoric** to you.

It’s hard to feel bad about it when every ounce of your being is soaking up her pain and was desperate to cause more. When was the last time you’ve truly sat down and just **broke** someone? Mentally, physically and emotionally until they were nothing but a blubering sack of meat at your feet begging for the sweet embrace of death. It crept up on you somedays, you’ll just be sitting in class and one of your many admirers would come up to you all star-eyed and hopeful and **totally in love with you** and all you could think about is **hOw fUnNy iT wOuLd bE t0 jUsT lEaN fOrWaRd AnD sTa6 tHeM rIghT iN thEIR FacE AnD Watch Their lifE lEaVe ThEM.**

But then you’ll be alone, so very much alone and despite yourself you’ve grown to close to these ‘monsters’ that the idea of hurting them continually for the sake of your own sick pleasure is enough to dampen your appetite. Even so…

“**It’s hard to kick old habits isn’t it?**”

So true.
“Look I get it, you are understandably pissed beyond belief right now and you have the right to be angry at me for taking your feelings and shitting all over them but come on, Dyne, buddy, we can talk about this.” You put on probably one of your most insincere fake smiles to date as you spread your arms out in a placating gesture.

Asriel probably thought so too because the look of utter disappointment he gave you was enough to kill your buzz. “Yeah like hell she’s going to listen-”

“Okay,” Undyne (finally) let go your hair, not wasting anytime you backed up a couple steps so you were next to Asriel and then with him you both backtracked so you were out of Undyne’s ‘range’. “Let’s talk-

“Wow, I can’t believe she fell for that,” you whisper-yelled at Asriel as if the person you were talking about wasn’t right in fucking front of you, “Normally this is where all my misdeeds come back to bite me.”

“Give it time Frisk, you never let her finish,” Asriel whispered back, “I stand by my previous statement that this is all about to go titis up.

“-About EVERYTHING.”

“And there it is.”

Undyne’s lone eye suddenly caught the badge fastened to your belt; for reasons beyond her understanding she felt... drawn to it. “Is that what you spent the money on? Some kind of toy thing? I wonder...let me SEE,” Undyne lunged, scaly hands poised to tear the badge of you by force if need be.

But you refused.

“NOPE,” with amazing athletic ability you leap up into the air, using Undyne’s back to roll on as she passed under you and past Asriel and crashing into the ice below. There was a sick crack of jaw meeting solid ice before silence.

…
*NOW PLAYING: SPEAR OF THE PEOPLE*

_The feel you feel when you’re not ready to get shish-kebbed by one of your magical monster friends fills you with...DETERMINATION._

“Run.” A single word was all that was needed from you.

Asriel was already at least three steps ahead of you, “Commencing to flee in abject terror.”

“_You could probably take her._”

You could. You really could; it would be easy too. But…

“_FRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!”_

You were always a fan of the chase.

Now Kid never thought of himself as a ‘smart’ person or even as someone of ‘average’ intelligence, he knew that it was probably a stupid idea to protect a human, whose kind has caused Monsters centuries worth of suffering, from Undyne. What he just did was nothing short of treason and now he was paying the price, hanging off the edge of a bridge wouldn’t have been his first choice in how he would go out but at least it wasn’t as lame as dying of old age. And...if them dying meant that their new human friend can go free then so be it.

He was filled with... RESOLVE.
Now if only his friend would let go of him and save themselves.

“Dude you’ve got to let go of me!” Monster Kid kicked and bucked in the human’s arms as Undyne began to advance ever closer to the duo, “If you don’t she’s gonna kill you for sure!”

Said child shook their head even as they ‘struggled’ to keep them both from falling, their face twisted in a grimace as Kid’s spikes dug into their palm drawing blood.

*Undyne advanced another three steps*

“Seriously I appreciate the sentiment but I’m telling you that this is okay.” Monster Kid said in a subdued voice, “Who knows it doesn’t look like that far a drop maybe I’ll survive.” No he wouldn’t, the drop will lead to 1000 ft freefall at least and end with a grisly impaling upon one of the mountains jagged upside-down stalactites, even with the naturally made spike to him at the bottom Kid was sure he would still die immediately upon impact with the ground. He wasn’t going to make it out of this alive but again that was okay…it’s fine. The human doesn’t need to know that.

*Undyne approaches closer still*

Kid could literally feel the bloodlust (mixed with hesitation) rolling of Undyne in waves, he squirmed even more desperately now only to be rewarded with a bloody splatter, “Just. Let. Go.”

“NO!”

To say that the human merely ‘shouted’ would be an insult, the sheer magnitude of the roar easily threw Undyne back a couple feet and made the already weak bridge they were standing on tremble.

“...You can speak?” MK asking the important questions, “You could speak the entire time yet you’ve only decided to say something now?!” So many awkward silences that could have been prevented if filled with asine chatter of stupid kids with stupider dreams. God that corny.

The human shrugged and with one final heave pulled Kid over the edge and into their arms safety. Hands were shredded beyond foreseeable repair and Kid was sure that it wasn’t a good thing for the bones on humans to be visible “Kid...”
MK raised his head from his dirt kissing ceremony to face his saviour, “Y-yeah?”

SLAP

Monster Kid

HP 19/20

1 DMG

“DON’T. YOU. EVER. DO. THAT. SHIT. AGAIN.” Monster’s Kid’s head lolled back and forth as the human shook him too and fro, their normally blank face twisted up into one of parental rage, “When the hell did you start acting like a damn hero all of a sudden. How could you even think about throwing your life away like that?! You’re only a stupid kid; you should never be in a situation where you feel like you have to give up your life for the greater good. Fuck that noise.”

That...really hurt, B-but,” Kid began to protest.

“But NOTHING, NEVER AGAIN,” the child flicked Kid on the head for good measure before sobering up and fixing Mk with a serious stare, “How do you think your parents would feel if you never came to them; how do you think I will feel if you died for me. You can’t seriously expect me to continue living with that on my conscious.”

“I-I.” Big kids don’t cry, big kids don’t cry, big...kids...d-don’t, “Wooooooooo!” What a ugly sound, the sound of false bravado melting away and resolve crumbles to dust. MK let his entire body slump into the human as fat ugly tears rolled down his face, he was so scared and he didn’t want to die, it wasn’t fine, it wasn’t, it wasn’t, it wasn’t, it WASN’T.

“If you want to kill me so badly now’s your chance, c’mon you’ve got a clear shot of my head. Just. Do. It.” Each word was spat out with increasing venom at the Royal Guard Woman that was standing there awkwardly, a part of her wanted nothing more than to take the human up on their offer and finish this game of cat and mouse right and right now but common sense won out causing her to retreat...for now.
As soon as Undyne disappeared the tension within the human’s body as they slowly wrapped their arms around the sobbing mess on top of them, “For what it’s worth...I really didn’t expect that from you.” They gingerly pat Kid’s scaly head, “Thank you.”

“You didn’t expect that from me huh?” Monster Kid thought bitterly to himself from the backseat of the car, “You weren’t upset at the fact that I nearly threw my life away for you but more so because I acted in a way that wasn’t part of the ‘script’.” And you have every right to do so Kid, they have played you like a fool. A damn, damn fool. HAHAHAHAHAHAAHAAHAAAAHAHAAAAHAAAAAAA.

“MK?”

I bet they’re laughing at you right now. The mere thought of them was enough to send you into a stupor. How pathetic.

“MK?”

In the end Frisk is no different than the mages that locked Monsters away all those years ago, no better than the mages that crused your family-

“MK!”

“What?!?”

“I’M WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU WERE ALL RIGHT, YOU WERE MUMBLING INCOHERENTLY TO YOURSELF. NO NEED FOR SUCH ANGER!”

“Well maybe if you didn’t shout in my freaking ear and blow out my left ear canal I would be more inclined to not act like a cuck.”

“...why are we shouting?!”

“I don’t know.”
“I-I’m sorry,” the noise in his head ceased; his reason for anger quickly dissipating the longer he stared into the empty yet infinitely more caring sockets of Papyrus.

Papyrus waved it off, “DON’T WORRY ABOUT IT, MY LAZY BONES OF A BROTHER GETS SNAPPY AT ME WHEN I WAKE HIM UP ALL THE TIME, BUT SOMEONE’S GOTTA DO IT.” He paused, “WHAT’S A CU-.”

“It’s nothing.”

“But-”

“Nothing!” It was a unspoken rule within the Monster community to keep Papyrus Gaster pure for as long as possible lest they suffer the wrath of Sans. MK knew that Sans wasn’t above ‘dunking’ a child if it meant keeping his brother’s innocence safe. Monster Kid was thankful that Fris-

“I’M HERE IF YOU WANT TO TALK.”

“Huh?” Papyrus didn’t turn around this time his gaze firmly locked the licence plate of a car in front of him, “YOU’RE A FRIEND OF THE HUMAN SO THAT ALSO MAKES YOU A FRIEND OF ME. I’D HATE FOR YOU TO GET HURT.”

“…What’s that supposed to mean?” Monster Kid asked warily.

Papyrus flinched at the tone, not used to being talked to like that, “I’M ONLY SAYING THIS BECAUSE YOU’VE BEEN ACTING DISTANT SINCE WE FOUND YOU…DID SOMETHING HAPPEN BETWEEN YOU AND THE HUMAN.”
“W-what makes you say that-”

“I’M NO FOOL KID,” MK was sure that he pissed himself when a flash orange fire flickered over the top of Papyrus’ head. “I JUST CHOOSE WHAT I WANT TO ACKNOWLEDGE AND IGNORE WHAT I WANT TO IGNORE. AND BESIDES…” Red gloves tightened around the steering wheel, “IT’S NOT JUST YOU EITHER, ASGORE AND ASGORE’S CLONE HAVE BEEN COLDER AS WELL, FOR UNDERSTANDABLE REASONS BUT COLDER NONETHELESS.” Although he didn’t turn around Kid caught the beginnings of a weak smile spread across his face on the rear window, “FRISK IS A GOOD PERSON REALLY, THEY JUST HAVE A TENDENCY TO HURT THOSE THEY WANT TO PROTECT FOR THEIR OWN GOOD. I...BELIEVE IN THEM.”

“Believe…” That’s right, nothing has been set in stone yet Frisk could still be innocent, there’s no proof that these flashbacks in his head are flashbacks at all! Monster Kid smiled, “You’re smarter than people give you credit for Papyrus.”

“THANKS!” He scowled as the double meaning hit him, “HE-”

“RUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUN!”

The sounds of Papyrus’ protest was engulfed as a wave of humans and monsters alike swarmed the car park in droves.

“Fish lady lost it.”

“So many spears, so many spears.”

“I’ve been so turned on and yet so terrified in my life.”

“This shits all over black friday.”
“Believe huh?”

“KID, JUST...JUST SHUT UP.”

Left. Right. Left. Slide. Jump. Jump. JUMP. Land. Roll. Run and repeat. This is has been your life for the past 30 or so minutes and the thrill has all but shriveled up and died. It’s like when you play a horror game for the first time, it’s scary at first but once you get used to all the jump scares and twists you start to appreciate how fun it really was. This however was...different. It’s almost as if Undyne actually wanted to kill you.

…

“FRISK TO YOUR LEFT!”

Shit.

_The will to survive this (deserved) onslaught fills you with...DETERMINATION._

You pivoted on the spot, using your toes for balance and momentum for speed your right leg sliced through the oncoming spears like a hot knife through butter.

“Seriously how do you do that…” Asriel skidded to a halt next to you, his sweater littered with various tears but overall being none worse for wear, “And don’t give me that determination bullshit. It’s getting old.”

You rolled your eyes, “But sweetie ‘determination bullshit’ is all I have~”

“I hate you with all my hate.” Asriel deadpanned.
“Love you...too...huh,” The sudden lull in spear volley had finally registered with your mind, in fact the complete absence of people became pretty apparent as well. You could only assume that the monsters that saw the carnage remembered how Undyne was like in the underground and the humans followed. Completely unintentional but this was the first time in a long time that monsters and humans have actually worked together.

“To run away from an even scarier monster.”

*Point still stands.

*BeHinD yOu

There she is.

*THE FISH IS VERY PISSED.

[ACT]

*Plead

*Crap your pants

*Taunt

*Call for help

*You asked Asriel for help in the most elegant way possible.

“ASRIEL WHY AREN’T YOU DOING ANYTHING TO HELP ME!”
“What do you want me to do? She didn’t drag my SOUL into battle only yours.”

A volley of spears materialized above you, covering your SOUL with your body you hunched over it and grit your teeth, allowing the spears wash over you like a wave. Determination pumped hard and fast through your body as you felt your DEFENCE stat hit 100 again. What should have been a gory show of child mutilation turned into a unimpressive light show as the spears bounced off your back before shattering into pieces.

Undyne cracked her neck and stared blankly at your ripped jacket, “...See? You can take it.” She said offhandedly as she slowly advanced upon you, another spear was casually dragged across the floor; the sound was execurating.

On your haunches you started to backpedal, “Seriously Asriel, weren’t you going to protect me from everything and myself and etc. Here I am, literally asking for your help for the second time in all the time I’ve known you. This is not the time for you to let me go on a journey of fucking self-discovery.”

“It’s not like she’s going to kill you, hell or even hurt you significantly.” Asriel reasoned from where he was...sitting?

“Don’t question where he got the chair from. Just...don’t.”

“And besides...” black pupils bore into crimson, “I wOuLdN’t lEt hEr.”

Despite the sudden change in pressure Undyne rolled her eyes, “Don’t be so melodramatic ‘prince’ I promise I won’t damage your plaything more than necessary.” She eyed your bent over form hungrily, “I just want to teach them a lesson, they can take it.”

“Wow. Rude. Are you just gonna take that sitting down?”

“HEY!” Both heads snapped to you, “I am NOT Asriel’s plaything...well I am in a sense but he’s mine too, we’re equally as abusive to each other.” You argued with a straight face.

“Glad to see your priorities are in order.”
Undyne shuddered in disgust, “You both...are very sick puppies.”

“...Sick enough that you won’t hurt me?” You ventured.

*You let your guard down. DEFENCE STAT RETURNS TO NORMAL

SLICE!

Frisk Dreemurr

HP: 17/20

*DAMN IT

“Nope.”

[FIGHT] [ACT] [ITEM] [MERCY]

*Asriel has chosen to watch you squirm for his own sick amusement, you hate him for doing that but love him for it at the same time.

*Plead

*Crap your pants


Undyne grunted at the recoil but summoned another pair of spears regardless, “Talk? Last time we ‘talked’ you played me for a fool.” Was it too late to pick the ‘crap your pants’ option? “Instead of talking why don’t I just beat your shit in, who knows? Maybe after I’ll consider forgiving you,”
Without any warning she snapped the two spears in half, discarding the bottom part as she twirled her make-shift daggers between her fingers and lunged for your SOUL which floating directly above your chest.

“She went right for your SOUL that time, you know how much more that hurts than being hit normally. She probably knows too. This isn’t an act of aggression, this is merely a act of self-preservation.”

*Fine then.

[FIGHT] [ACT] [ITEM] [MERCY]

“Tsk,” without you even thinking about it the little SOUL darted to the right while you sidestepped to the left; momentum did the rest as you let Undyne barrel right into waiting fist, her seemingly empty gut caving in slightly to the force of the blow. Dust flew out of Undyne’s mouth like a old sprinkler, the right side of your jacket was now covered in a generous amount of it.

“Haha! Yes!” Asriel clapped from the where he was sitting, his eyes lapping up the carnage with savage delight, “See Frisk? You didn’t need me at all!” Asriel eyed Undyne’s crouched over figure with contempt, “I thought you were going to ‘beat their shit in’?!” He did the condescending air quote thingy to further rub in the salt.

“Not. Helping.” You spat out through gritted teeth, you wiped the dust off against your jeans with as much ‘disgust’ as you could fake. Dust to you now was only a couple steps more traumatizing to you than blood was and only because you were practically born wading through it, “Let’s just stop fighting Undyne, the difference in level between us is too damn high for this to even be considered a fair fight.” Gesturing to your SOUL to hover behind you (because Undyne isn’t above sucker punching a child right in the soul) you gave her hand, “I know I messed up, you trusted me and I went and broke that trust for my own personal gain. That wasn’t right.” It’s what you should come to accept, “But I really do appreciate our friendship, you were my first best friend and more importantly family; I don’t want to lose that over something so stupid. We cool?”

…

…

“…Pretty please?”
“Boo! Weeeeeeaaak!” Asriel jeered, he had the audacity to stand up from his make-shift ‘throne’ in mock outrage, “Where’s the drama? The bloodshed?!”

Your eyelid twitched.

The silence was painful as Undyne wiped the dust off her face blinked at your outstretched hand like cavemen stared at the first fire.

You’d hope she takes your hand soon, you didn’t know if your ‘turn’ will run out (monster battles were weird like that) plus your hands were getting sweaty.

“Okay.” You couldn’t see Undyne’s expression because her just happened to be covering her hair but you could only (lie to yourself) assume it’s a happy expression as she held your hand.

Very firmly grabbed your hand.

Clenched it.
Squeezed it.

CrUshEd It.

Asriel facepalmed, “Again? Seriously?” He muttered under his breath.


You didn’t fight it when Undyne dragged you towards her, nor did you fight it when she placed her head in your path leading to a very unpleasant stop. “Note to self: Monster scales are at least twice as spiky as normal scales...ow.” Taking advantage of your stunned state jerked you around; your hands were twisted behind your back and SOUL was suddenly in the danger zone right in front of her chest. With painstaking slowness Undyne brought her mouth to your ear, “Don’t worry Frisk, I forgive you, after all...we’re bEsTiEs.” She whispered into your ear causing shivers to run down your spine.

Undaunted Undyne blinked a couple times at your SOUL before smiling and grabbing onto it, “...Once you have tasted flight, you will forever walk the earth with your eyes turned skyward, for there you have been, and there you will always long to return.”

“...Wha-”

*Looking back at this moment that never happened I can’t help but think that this moment right here was the first sign of things to come. Maybe if I payed attention more things wouldn’t be like...this. For a kid who has the power to undo every bad choice they ever make. I sure make a lot of unsolvable problems.

The last word was abruptly taken from you as the horrid sensation of something being sucked out of you clouded your senses and dulled your mind. AND ALL YOU WANTED WAS FOR IT TO STOP, STOP, STOP, STOP, STOP, STOP, STOP, STOP, STOP, STOP, STOP-
*There’s something else, something that you have hidden away.

*DETERMINATION at critical level!

*Insufficient amounts of DT for standard bodily functions.

*??? SKILLS ACTIVATED

Grinning (and completely unaware of the damage she'd done) took her hand off the now slightly dimmer SOUL, marveling at the surge of power that coursing through her body like furious river, “I didn’t think that would work, huh.”

You immediately went slack in her arms, the feeling of being drained disappearing along with her touch, “W-what d-d-did y-you d-do t-t-to m-me?!” You muttered huskily, oxygen was now a precious resource and every word you spoke spent it. It was like you’ve forced to LOAD several times in succession, which unfortunately isn’t a feeling that you aren’t familiar with.

“ ... hmm, interesting.”

Unlike Undyne Asriel sensed the drastic drop in your determination and stood up, “Undyne stop-”

SMACK!

Now you got it, she wanted you to ‘fly’ and fly you did. Like a fucking eagle you flew straight from her hand...

….Into Asriel…

...And him into the store window behind him.

CRASH!
Using his body to shield you from the glass you both smashed through the store window, items were crashing to the floor as you both somehow managed to hit nearly every product in your vicinity before crashing into the far wall at the back, “...Ow, I deserved that but still...ow, you okay Frisk?”

*Frisk Dreemurr*

*HP: 14/20*

*Asriel Dreemurr*

*HP: 75/80*

“I’ll live,” you pushed yourself off Asriel and took in your new surroundings, “Someone should tell whoever owns this shop that the vinyls and CDs have been a outdated format since 200X.” Shards of records littered the floor around you and you couldn’t help but wince slightly at the damage.

“...Vinyls?” Sitting up Asriel’s eyes frantically scanned the destroyed store, his expression steadily falling into panic at every cracked disc, busted up ornament and...headphone rack…

*Oh.*

“Ooooh, I’m so getting banned for this!” The goat child pulled at his ears in frustration, “Napstablook is never letting me come back after this.”

“I didn’t even know that he had a store,” You said, last time you heard of Napstablook they were off touring with Mettaton...somewhere. Wow when was the last time you’ve talked to Napstablook or any other of your B-level friends.

“B-level?”

*I rate my friends in order of their importance, battle competency, and overall relevance in my life. Mom, Dad, Asriel, Sans (unfortunately), Papyrus, Undyne and Alphys are ranked A level for they are the most important people I have in my life right now and aren’t actually*
forgettable and unlike the other monsters and Asriel, for reasons he couldn’t control, actually waited beside my unconscious body instead pissing off someplace else. Toby is the only friend I have that is a S-level for fear of being unborn or turned into a cosmic chew toy for all of eternity.

“Harsh, so what about Mettaton? I think he’s pretty significant.”

*But he’s an asshole and wasn’t there when I woke up so fuck him.

“Can’t argue with you there.”

(AN: Is it obvious how much I dislike Mettaton, while Sans is a piece of shit he’s an endearing, interesting piece of shit who besides Flowley and maybe Asriel is the only Monster that actually lives up to his name, when you get to it Sans does some scummy ass shit in the game. But Mettaton...he’s just a shitty person who used his friends to get to the top and then abandoned them, possibly uproot Asriel’s memorial to make way for his fucking hotel, and only motivation for trying to take Frisk’s SOUL is so he can become an even bigger ‘star’ than he already was. He easily has the most self-centered motive for killing a child than any other monster in the entire game. He was ready to up and leave the underground without so much as a word to their cousin. If I the player likes the underrated child killer and the lazy sadistic overrated skeleton more than you then you my friend are a shitty character. Not a badly written one mind you but one that makes me want go into the game itself and just shit all over your existence. I’m kinda projecting a bit of myself onto Frisk, sadistic tendencies and views on the world included, so try to keep that in mind when reading. That rant aside...back to the story)

“Relax Az you can still buy his music online and hey it’ll be cheaper too! So no harm no foul!” You argued.

“That’s not what the problem here is Frisk!” Asriel growled back, “Napstablook and his stores-”

“Blook n’ Beats.” The name was so bad that came back around to being good again, in a ironic sense.

Asriel cut his eyes at you for a full 10 seconds before continuing, “As I was saying they’re practically the only retailer that make earphones designed for monsters with sensitive ears! If I’m banned from here Frisk and my earphones break I’m fucked, you hear me? FUCKED!.,”
“I think you have bigger things to worry about little prince!” For reasons above your comprehension Undyne remained in the exact same place as she was before, no doubt hanging back due to her own twisted sense of ‘honor’ that she seemed to have. She ready and willing to kill a child but god forbid they don’t have shitty spear to defend themselves with. Let’s just ignore the fact that basically the same as soldier giving a child a gun and saying that it’s now a fair fight. Undyne hacked a grotesque glob of spit aqua spit before turning back to you, “Sorry there was something in my throat, messed with my voice a bit, anywho gonna do the ass kicking and stuff.” A tiny let extremely sharp spear appeared above her wrist and came to a stop around the top of her middle finger.

“Wait please! Before you whoop my ass can you at least tell what you did to me?” While did want to know why in seven circles of hell was Undyne of all people capable of making you experience a feeling so...taxing. If she went any further you weren’t sure that there would be enough of you to still be...well you, you were also trying to stall for all long as possible in hopes that Papyrus comes back and stops this madness or till Asriel figures something out.

You had faith.

“Yeah Undyne what the hell? Don’t you think that’s going a overboard.” The goat child fixed you with a look that screamed “Keep her distracted if you want to live.” He must have a idea.

Keep her distracted?

You can do that.

Undyne paused, a giant condescending smirk spread across her features, “Upupupupu, well this is a surprise for once I’m the one with the answers and you’re the left wondering. **Why the hell should I tell you anything.**” You regret playing through all of *Danganronpa* with Alphys and Undyne last weekend. *Painful* memories involving sadistic teddy bears, bitches, and untimely waifu death plague your mind every time you hear her laugh.

“If you want I can tell you later.”

*Later? Just tell me now!*

“Later. Either you’re getting home with a awkward car ride or you’re getting home in a body bag. Maybe. Still not sure how badly she wants to hurt you.”
Sitting up you crossed your arms and put on your best ‘thinking face’ that you could manage, “I know it’s a huge shock to me too, guess I got so used to everyone being behind me that the sudden change in our status quo left me dazed.”

“...What?” Undyne never finished high school.

“I’m calling you a idiot, stupid, brain-dead, retarded, insert-another-word-for-Undyne-here.”

“...You’re green now.”

“Wha-”

THUNK!

A magic circle surrounded your now green SOUL the only difference this time is that you don’t have a weapon to defend yourself with.

Welp.

“WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!”

*I was distracting her!

“YOU WERE MEANT TO STALL FOR TIME! TIME! T-I-M-E. ALL YOU’VE DONE IS BURN AWAY WHAT LITTLE YOU HAD LEFT!”

*But I pissed her off!

“AND THAT’S THE PROBLEM!”
*But what am I If I can’t ridicule my way to victory, without the power of friendship or deus-ex-machina bullshit I’m nothing!*

“...A-are you shitting me.”

*...Yes.

Deciding enough was enough Undyne charged at you with reckless abandon, despite her previous warnings there was promise of murder in those eyes. “...Too spooky for me,” you muttered under your breath as you closed your own, not having the balls/ovaries/whatever the hell is in your pants to face your end with your eyes open. Your SOUL trait was that of determination not courage, being a pussy about things was completely acceptable.

And when all hope seemed lost that’s when three things happened.

1. Asriel finds an ancient record player with a vinyl next to it read: ‘experimental track 66 or due to popular request (Metta and BP) ‘SOUL Dive’: Via Trippy Tea’, SD:VTT for short Please under no circumstances should this record should be played due to it’s self-explanatory nature.
2. Asriel reads the warning completes for a full minute before smashing his fist through the glass.
3. Just as Undyne pounced Asriel placed the record in the player. Partly because he was worried about Frisk, mostly because the name of the record. I mean come one how could he not.

(Earthbound Trippy Tea music)

You were gone before your head hit the floor.

You were the alpha.

And the omega.

The good.
And the evil.

The beginning.

And the end.

You couldn’t breathe because in the great vacuum of space your ship had cast you away and you running out breathe and you were so, so, so, scared because you couldn’t die here alone and afraid, you just wanted your family and your friends or anyone someone to just let you-

-KILL, AND KILL AND KILL, DROWN THIS WORLD AND ALL OF ITS INHABITANTS IN THEIR OWN BLOOD AND HAVE THEM ALL BOWING AT YOUR FEAT. THE FEAST IS WHAT YOU LIVE AND IT’LL BE THE THING THAT YOU DIE FOR, FOREVER, FOREVER, AND FOREVER, AND FOREVER, AND FOREVER, AND FOREVER, AND FOREVER, AND FOREVER, AND FOREVER, AND FOREVER, AND FOREVER, AND FOREVER, AND FOREVER, AND FOREVER, AND FOREVER, AND FOREVER, AND FOREVER, AND FOREVER,AND FOR-

-Bullets whizzed by your head and sounds of pointed shoes and gruff voices came ever closer, but you were determined, you dragged Chara behind ignoring the copious amounts of blood that was leaking from his body, you ignored his protest begging with you to leave him behind and save yourself as if you had anywhere left to go if he died. No, you didn’t how many gangs that were after you two, the Dreemurr family, batt boys, hell even the Joyful sisters. You would kill them all if you had to. If it kept Chara safe you’d do anything.

*YoU dIdn’T eVeN sEe tHe BoNe CoMinG aS diEd tHeRe cOld AlOnE AnD AfR-

-aid. You were so afraid. The legends were didn’t even compare to the horrors you've witnessed, the blood, so much blood. A room filled of mutilated corpses, each one twisted and disfigured in immeasurable ways yet cared for and violated in a almost preserve way as if born out of sick lust.

All of them children.
Six children.

Just. Like. You.

*Furry hands clamped over mouth muffling your screams as they pulled you into the darkness as the other clawed hand went up your-*

-Brother. You missed his stupid cherry eyes, to his creepy obsession with knives, to his genuine half-smiles and even his full on fake ones as well. The left side of your room coated in a thin layer of dust because no one your house had the heart to throw anything away, to throw away his possessions would be the same as throwing away the last part of him that was left. To throw his possessions would be the same as admitting that he’s dead.

He’s not.

Your parents might believe it, your friends might believe it but you won’t you refuse. Your brother doesn’t die that easy. No one in your family does, he was just stuck somewhere and was waiting for someone to SAVE him. Stuck where those other kids went too most likely. And as long as you held onto that hope you won’t ever give up. The e-mail you got. The app on your phone is living proof of that.

You have no idea what in the fuck a UNDERTALE is but if you wanted to save Chara than so be it.

Besides you were none other than Frisk Dreemurr herself, games were one of the few things you-

-Had left. The war took everything you had and that was surprising because you didn’t have a lot to begin with but low and behold look at where you are now, somehow managing in the crosshairs of both human and monster army without having to do anything at all! And all because of stupid prophecy written by some batty old men mages in the mountains. Now you’ve resorted to hiding in the sewers, thieving at night and travelling through them at day. Only a couple more days and you’ll be out of this city and back into the forest again. Once you’re there you’ll be home free, living off the land as you see fit away from the pests that plagued your existence before. You honestly couldn’t give a rat’s ass about this stupid human v monster war that was going on as long it doesn’t inconvenience you then they blow each other to hell for all you cared.
Hmph, if you really were a angel like everyone’s been saying then you must have fallen from grace a long time-

-has passed since the last cycle. You were so close this time you could almost feel them, their SOULs just brushing your fingertips before being swallowed into the great stream once again.

Oh well.

You had all the time in the world.

And any other world out there.

You made a-

-Promise to Sans. A simple one really. A tiny one, but one that he needed to hear. A little white lie to help go on after you’re gone. He had to be strong enough to live for the both of you now. He had to enjoy the surface in a way you never could. When he talks about the future with those bright red eyes of his, when he talks about the two of you with those big bright eyes of his. It feels you with determination.

So it was okay, your body could hold out a bit longer, the FLOWERS didn’t Hurt.

You are...the past.

You are...the present.

You are...the future.

Human.
Monster.

Demon.

Angel.

Beast.

Vampire.

Spectre.

God.

You are...the end.

Stay PATIENT

STAY BRAVE

STAY KIND

STAY INTEGRAL

STAY PERSISTENT

STAY RIGHTEOUS
STAY DETERMINED.

LOCATION: ???

It was the sound of crying that woke you up and even then it felt fuzzy at best, your brain seemed to going through a rough patch of self-harm as every thought you had, sent spasms of pain through you like a wave. The crying didn’t make it any better as each choked sob was the equivalent of a gunshot. You would want nothing than to stay lying forest floor until your body wasted away and became one with the forest itself.

…

…

…

You jumped up, headache be damned.

?!

You sat back down, your vision blurry at the sudden movement and your head felt like it was about to be split in two. Headache undammed. Your fingers dug into the earth below digging up clumps of dirt as you waited out the fresh wave of pain. Slowly as to not bring on another attack you raised your head toward the sky hoping to some sort of landmark that would determine your position.

You weren’t disappointed.

There in all of its fabled glory was Mount Ebott. It once troubled you that no matter how far you travelled or how many timelines you visited you could never seem to escape the oppressive mountains shadow. You could count every tree, rock sledge, and patb on that mountain without even having to think about it.
And that’s why you could tell that going home was no longer an option.

The snowy cap was too fluffy, the ‘beaten’ paths looked practically untouched, the trees were mere saplings barely sticking out the earth and would have been naked to normal human eyes.

Somehow, someway, you’ve managed to travel back in time.

You were stuck.

You couldn’t LOAD your SAVE FILE. Your SAVE FILE probably doesn’t exist yet; judging by the mountain neither do you. Hell you were pretty sure the concept of SAVING hadn’t been discovered yet.

That means…

*Grandma? You in there? Are you alive? Please be dead but if you’re alive I can work with that too I guess.

…

You were alone. Well and truly alone. In body and in spirit.

The realization was...terrifying.

Since the day you were born you haven’t been alone, whether you wanted it or not you were constantly monitored, escorted, and other times straight up inhabited in for years. To have nothing but the quiet void of your thoughts and the occasional woodland critter in this forest would drive you insane. And not to mention what you would do even if you did find a way out. Has the war started yet? Has it already happened? Is happening right now? Either way you’re in trouble when you get out. If the Queen gets hands on you then the SAVE file might be discovered years earlier than it should have been.

And the world would be theirs.
Your determination would tank at the thought if it weren’t for the fact that had you had none right now to begin with.

You were back to square one.

You were mortal.

“WAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!”

Behind you!

*You felt inclined to find the source of the crying and make it stop.*

You took off running through the undergrowth, branches and bushes cutting through your now soft and tender flesh, blood ran freely from these wounds and stung unlike anything you ever felt before. You felt everything, to cool air burning your nostrils, to the individual stones and pebbles beneath your feet that somehow managed to get through your thick boots. Is this what felt like to be normal? Is this what everyone else had to go through every single day? You never felt so raw, so exposed. You missed the familiar feeling of determination roaring in your veins; the the feeling of invincibility when it coated your body.

You just wanted to go home.

*The crying increased in pitch.*

And every cell in your body was screaming at you that the source of the crying might be your only way back.

So you did something that you haven’t done in a long time. If you no determination than you’ll have to use the power you started off with. Your birthright.

“ Traesto .”
Magic.

You wouldn’t be one of the Queen’s grandchildren without it.

You leaped, your world became a amalgamation of colours, ancient runes so lost to time that looking at them made you feel the years you’ve lived. Using magic always made you feel so old yet at the same time was so intoxicatingly thrilling that you didn’t care. If it weren’t for the fact that your family would lynch you in a second if they saw your magic; if it weren’t for the fact that Toriel and Asgore would have personally recognise your brand of magic and would personally be the ones to kill you. If you weren’t the grandchild of the Queen of humans and the leader of the seven Mages of virtues.

Then you would have discarded your determination a long time ago, you have stopped using it before it became such an integral part of your life.

You’ve only used magic four times since escaping your hometown and making a name for yourself. Once for when you SOUL evolved with your family another that one time you summoned Chara’s essence; again when you did your NEW GAME + and blurred the faces of the human royal family from everyone’s memories; once more when you first arrived at Ebott to make sure that kept people from investigating you aside from a few special people. SOUL evolution is a spell unique to people of your bloodline, the complete union of two or more SOULs if possible. Due to the nature of the magic and the fact that monsters despite having weaker SOULs than humans tend to absorb human SOULs better than humans can your magical ‘scent’ in a sense is smothered with their own. It was addictive in it’s own right but it’s not the same as using your own power.

To feel soar above the sky without the use of a jetpack, being kept aloft with nothing but own fire magic.

Nothing could compare.

Nothing.

As if waiting for you to finish monologuing, a small circle of light opened up beneath you allowing you fall through and land back in the outside world again. You were rusty but if memory serves traesto is a spell that teleports the user to a point of interest with the only downside being the more unsure you were about where you were going the more viscous the nausea. Leaps and bounds above Sans’ shortcuts and only slightly better than PSI.
You were content in breathing in shallow gasps of sweet oxygen till the world stopped spinning for a few seconds, the buzz of magic slowly draining from your body and leaving with lead-like exhaustion. But you couldn’t stop now, you were close, so very close.

“WaaaaaaaaAaaaaAaaaa!"’

You looked up.

…

…

…

And your mind blanked.

It was a child.

A girl.

Bawling her eyes out in the way only children can without losing any self-respect. Fluffy ears bouncing her each shuddering intake of breath, a torn robe that had the potential to look elegant but when streaked with mud and covered in grass stains looked anything but.

But all of that didn’t even compare to the delta rune slap bang of her robe for all the world to see.

The pieces in your head finally clicked together in a way you never thought possible.

Sitting in front of you was none other than your mother.
If she saw your face, just one glimpse is all that she needed and you were screwed, the paradox it
could create would be mind-blowing.

And yet…

Your body moved forward regardless-

-And phased right through.

You shudder for a couple seconds before trying again.

And again.

And again.

And again.

You…couldn’t touch her. She doesn’t even know that you’re there.

SNAP!

Both of your heads jerked up at the sound of a twig snapping, Toriel’s wailing stopped for a few
precious seconds for starting up again, somehow even louder than before.

She was alive and well in the present right? So that means that whatever happens to her in the past
no matter what happens she’ll survive. She had to. She needed to. You needed her too.

Even so…
Standing in front of her protectively, you smashed your knuckles together, "Agi," both fists engulfed in flames you faced the sounds of the disturbance. You may not be able to touch people but you still had an effect on the your surroundings. If push comes to shove you could always incinerate whoever comes through.

So you waited with bated breath, your fists raised ready to deal the finishing blow when the bushes revealed…

…

…

…

You sank to your knees, your sense of reality being shattered for the too many times for you in one day. It was you…you, granted you were wearing a poncho and you had the look of someone who can only described as punished. It was still you.

The other you shot a pitying glance at the sobbing girl behind you before turning to you.

They could see you. Makes sense since you were the same person.

“H-hey!” Your voice came out as a echo, your lips a couple seconds behind your own voice, “W-what’s going on here?” They didn’t answer choosing to instead examine you with a look of understanding sparkling in their eyes, it pissed you off, “ANSWER ME!” You charged flaming fist raised as you brought down on your doppelganger.

The other you rolled their eyes as the sidestepped your attack and grabbed your fist, extinguishing the flame; yanking you forward so your ear was close to their mouth they whispered, “Hope you SAVED at home before you left.” They kicked you in the back.
Hard.

When your spine shattered in a hundred pieces the last thing you saw was your copy confronted your mother before you embraced the inky blackness.

Time moved in slow motion for you as you found yourself back to where you were before, Undyne was inches from skewering you alive.

But you didn’t care.

You had bigger things to worry about.

Aiming your magic at the lone pipe running across the wall, you let it come forth, “Ragnarok.”

Kid didn’t even realize he was airborne until he hit the ground again, the air knocked out of his none-existent lungs as he struggled and squirmed for breath of the ground. Papyrus wasn’t doing much better next to him as thick black cloud of soot coated his pristine white bones in soot.

The Mettaton superstore just exploded.

Frisk was still inside.

Time didn’t go back.

Kid was wrong and he found out in the worst way possible.

“...No,” He didn’t want to find out like this, never like this, “Papyrus, they’re-”
“ALIVE!” He shot up from the ground in an instant as three black figures jumped from the raging inferno in front of him and came to rolling stop in front of their feet. Covered in soot but looking no worse for wear a hyper death infused Asriel carried Frisk and Undyne away from the fire before falling to the ground himself. Joining his friends in oblivion.

5:00 PM

Your five of you took to watching the store burn away with lack of better things to do with your time, every present you ever bought that day was lost to the flames along with anyone unfortunate to not have escaped when the fighting started. When word gets out that this was due to a monster fight the press will have a field day.

To be honest you didn’t know what your parents expected to happen.

At what point did Undyne and Papyrus look like ‘responsible, well adjusted adults?’ You all spent several months with each other so they had no excuse.

So when your parents received the notification that they were forever banned from MTT Superstore for ‘extensive property damage and disturbance of the peace’ they had no one to blame but themselves.

At least that what you told yourself as you watched the once luxurious superstore burn down into ashes.

“We’re fucked aren’t we?” There was an uncomfortably noticeable crack in Monster Kid’s voice.

“Yup.” Asriel’s once sliver fur was now stained with soot and grit, “There goes all of our PR.” He flopped onto the tarmac.

“You think you’re screwed?” Undyne was in a similar position to Asriel, “When your parents hear about this I’m dead, literally dead.”

Papyrus was in the fetal position, “I’M TOO YOUNG TO DIE.”

“We all are Papyrus,” you said gravely, “We all are.”
And to think this all started because you were filthy earthbound trash…

LOAD.

Chapter End Notes

AU, headcannons, and routes in order they appeared:

*Overtale (The space one)
*Genocide route
*Mafiatale (My version)
*Horrortale (My version)
*Undertale: SAVE The GAME
*Undertale: AngelFall (The new one read series summary for updated blurb)
*Undertale: We WILL Be Family
*Flowerfell
The Cost Of Evolution

Chapter Summary

To gain more power is the same as to make oneself weak.
If you want to survive then it's simple really.
Trust. Trust in those who you wish to protect.
Hmph.
If only it were that easy.

Chapter Notes

I'M BACK IN THIS BITCH MOTHERFUCKERS!!! WOOOOOO!

(Real talk I'm sorry I took so long to come out with another chapter for this but I've got exams coming up in school and their kinda important/life changing so I've gotta concentrate. Expect updates to come in slowly. But on the plus side since I take so long expect chapters bordering on 100K with every update from now on. I might also be going over old chapters with Grammarly and fixing them because my god there are painful to read).

BOLD for Frisk's thoughts

Italics speech for the Queen

Italics for flashback segments

See the end of the chapter for more notes

---

A throne of bones, standing tall over an ocean of viscera, peppered with the occasional arm or leg.

Your arms, your legs.

You sigh.
As you sat upon your slightly uncomfortable edge chair you took notice of your sudden change in attire, your purple and pink striped sweater was replaced with your old red and black one from the underfell; a scarlet cape that was easily at least five times your size was fastened around your neck and dangling underneath you. On your hip were two sheaths, bejewelled daggers resided in each with indecipherable runes were carved into them; to top all off you could feel the tell-tell signs of a crown or something of similar design resting happily on your head.

As if it belonged there.

With a yell you flung the cursed thing into the sea of gore beneath you, your hand going for the cape clasp around your neck just as another pair hands wrapped around the throne and came to a rest on yours. Fingernails stretched into black sharpened claws that tapped the centre of your Adam’s apple almost lovingly.

You got the message, your hands fell to your sides and covertly came to a stop on the two daggers.

“Frisky, Frisky, Frisky, now why must you do that? I made that crown just for you~” Her voice was the sweetest of honey but nothing could hide the promise of poison punctuated with every word, “Don’t you like what you see? All of it could be yours, all of this could ours, yet you refuse. You resist. Why? Doesn’t this the idea of world domination entice you, don’t you know that this is your birthright my child, your destiny.”

“Fuck destiny, what has destiny done for me besides be a pain in my ass?” Ignoring the claws that were pointed at your neck you tore the cape from it, casting the cloth into the sea below you, “I have no interest in world domination or claiming my so-called ‘birthright’, I-”

“-already have what you want right?” The queen’s voice warped and twisted to sound exactly like your own, “I don’t need anything else as long as they don’t leave me, as long as I’m not left alone I’ll do anything. I’m so scared of being alone,” You grit your teeth as every word brought forth a painful memory in your mind, lonely nights spent writhing away in the dark with nothing but your delusions of what happiness was to supposed to feel like to keep you company.

And the pain. You could never forget about the pain.

The Queen sighed in exasperation as if she was talking to an idiot who refused to admit that they’re wrong, “But don’t you see? How long do you think you can keep up this charade of peace, you don’t expect it to last forever, do you? Bribery, assassinations, under-the-table deals, sure they’ll grant monsters temporary freedom but what happens when you reach a point where money doesn’t cut if any more? What happens when every little lie and evil deed you’ve done to get to this point is blown out into the open for the all the world to see? Let me tell you something Frisky Monsterkind is already on thin ice as it is and all everyone is looking for is an excuse, just one excuse to send them all screaming back to hell.” She didn’t need to remind you, you were already well-aware, while Asgore and Toriel were under the illusion that humanity has become more accepting over the years you knew the true reason why they weren’t immediately dusted on sight.

Fear. Pure and simple. Fear of the unknown, fear of potential, fear of the hypothetical. That’s what truly keeping Monsters alive right now, all it would take is for one monster to go ‘missing’ and couple of experiments to determine how strong they really are. Humans by nature are scared of the unknown, the demons that are always at the edge of your vision are significantly more terrifying than the ones right in your face. The need to control or destroy the things you don’t understand in the name of your own ignorant fear. The worst part is you wouldn’t blame them if they did, it would simply be a matter of self-preservation.
Truly humans were a monstrous species.

“There’s only one way to keep everyone safe,” The Queen continued, you could the bloodlust radiate from her in droves, “Kill! Steal! Plunder! Conquer, it’s our family is best at, it’s what Mages are best at.” The queen finally decided to show herself, twirling out from behind the throne on her bare feet before coming to a stop in front of you, hands locked behind her back and a smile worth a thousand knives, “We are but warmongers after all.”

You shuddered at the almost perverse tone in her voice as if the very idea of a battle is enough to get her off. As sadistic as you were there was always a limit to how far you were willing to go, how far you were willing to take it, the years of being able to wreak havoc (relatively speaking anyway) have made you disillusioned to the idea of senseless bloodshed. It’ll take a while but eventually the war will end, eventually, they’ll be no more battles to fight, and eventually they’ll be no one left to kill. How long will it be until all that is left are the children of the powerful men and woman you cut down. Will you have to kill them too? Would you do it with a smile on your face? Or would that be the final straw on the proverbial camel’s back? You didn’t want to take it that far because you already knew the answer to those questions. After all, a great man once said there is no honour in taking the head of an innocent in place of the worthy.

But since you thought honour was bullshit it would be more sense to say that it won’t be nearly as much fun as killing someone who could fight back.

“You’re asking me to start a war? Are you out of your mind? You know what don’t even answer that, you must be.” You spat her at her face for good measure, normally you would resort to much more elaborate methods to get under someone’s skin but if it was good enough for Sans then it sure as hell good enough for this bitch.

It landed smack bam in the middle of her forehead, its viscosity allowed it run freely down her face without falling off.

Her reaction was to be expected really.

You didn’t flinch as your bony throne predictably turned against you, claw-like fingers latched onto your arms and legs while another pair dug into the sides of your head forcing you to stare straight into the bloody sea below...

“Well, this isn’t edgy at all.” You shot sarcastically, after years of being tortured with the same old bloody nightmares you couldn’t bring yourself to even fake being scared. Sure it hurt like hell but at the end of the day, none of it was real. Back outside you were probably sound asleep on your bed, Asriel a few feet away from you and your parents down the hall. You were safe, you were home and nothing that witch could conjure can ever hurt you again.

You screwed your eyes shut and whispered the same mantra you made for yourself when the queen decided to torture you mentally.

None of this was real.

Nothing was real.

Nothing.
Nothing.

Nothing.

Nothing.

Nothing.

"My child why are you mumbling to yourself about?"

"Not now Mom I'm trying not to relapse into madness."

...

...

...

"And how's that working out for you?"

You sighed but kept your eyes firmly shut, "Not...not so well," rage rumbled within you like waves, you were well aware that the aspiration in front could not possibly be your mother.

Your mother who hasn't spoken to you that warmly in months.

Still, you had to give the Queen credit, for once in your life you had people whose opinions you actually care about. Whose attention and adoration were vital to you; without that you were nothing again, just a demon walking around in the body of an unassuming human child, but with them you could at least pretend that you were halfway human; that you deserved to be loved and cared for just like every other child; that what you did turn out to be for the best and now everyone was happier for that.

As if that excuses all the terrible things you've done.

And with your mother presumably sitting (or hovering there wasn't really enough space on the platform to sit but hey you weren't going to question it) in front of you joking and teasing with you like she used to only made the blow sting even more, "Go away Mom, I don't need this shit right now. You're not real."

"Tut-tut," your nose twitched when you felt a furry digit tap it, "Of course I'm not real, child. I'm only a mental amalgamation of all the different versions of me you've met before mixed together to create the personality that resonates with you the most. It just so happened that your memories of me were the strongest!" Your face blanched at the implication while Toriel(?) laughed, "See? You deep down you're secretly scared of me. Of what I might become, aren't you?" Just like your mother the thing in front of you had the ability to make you feel like the scum of the earth when you disobey her, "Why won't you look at me? Does my presence hurt you so much that you can't even bare to look at me?"

You gulped, the rearranging of your Adam's apple did nothing for your nerves. You went back to mantra instead, with enough denial even the worse situations can turn out great, "Nothing is real, nothing can hurt me, Nothing is real, nothing can hurt me, nothing is real, nothing can hurt me, nothing is real, nothing can hurt me, not-"
You were wrong.

A furry hand cupped your cheek, wiping away the stray tears that now shamelessly clever your face, “I know it might not mean much to you since I’m not the real thing but we can at least pretend right?”

You broke.

Like a bullet from a railgun, you collided headfirst in Toriel’s bosom, while burying your face in her neck a stray thought in the back of your mind was screaming at you for your weakness, that this is all a trap that you’re falling for hook-line-and-sinker.

You did the mental equivalent of shooting it in the head.

Bit by bit the insecurities you locked away behind a mask of indifference began to leak through the many cracks and crevices revealing the tired child underneath.

You apologised for lying to everyone.

You apologised for killing everyone.

You apologised for desecrating the graves of her children.

You apologised for not being able to fix Chara.

You apologised for your family starting a war that killed millions of her own people.

You apologised for going back to the past and not once try to stop it.

You apologised for the death of her parents.

You apologised for for...existing, for being the child of the very people that have caused every single tragedy in her life, for carrying the very person that spearheaded the whole thing and to have the audacity to feel anything other than shame in her presence. For in the end the war was not fought for the preservation of human souls but was fought to make the world an easier place for you to rule.

Your ‘mother’ listened to your woes with incredible patience her expression remaining the understanding smile even as you listed off every dust particle that covered your dust-smothered hands. The only indication that she was listening to you at all was the slight nods she did periodically and her hold on you getting tighter whenever you recalled the tales of some of your more brutal runs.

“Y-you must hate me,” now this was the part where you expected her to disregard your claims and shower you with hugs and kisses like all the other times you beat yourself up.

...
“Yep.”

“O-oh. Hahahaha,” it was in poor taste and something Sans would be more likely to joke about but you appreciated the dry humour nonetheless, “Oh har-har, kick me when I’m at my lowest that is so like you.”

Weak laughter filled the empty world increasing in volume as you waited for Toriel to join you as per usual.

You waited.

And laughed.

You waited.

And laughed.

You...waited.

And laughed?

...

“I wasn’t joking my child.”

“Oh.”

Oh.

Frisk

HP 1/1

Your hands fell to your sides, it shouldn’t come as a surprise, that the normal response to sins you’ve just committed was not one filled with hugs and kisses but one of disownment and disgust. It’s what you deserved, after all, no one is above the consequences.

Not even you.

...Even so.

There was the feeling again, like someone dug their fingers into your very SOUL and was twisting, and tearing itself apart. You were mildly aware of Toriel coddling your broken SOUL in her arms, with every touch you could feel your consciousness slip away into the abyss, a vulture that has waited far too long for its meal arrive, “Do....you....make....up.....to....me?” Her voice distant despite how close she was to you, each syllable was like a drum going off in your skull, and all you wanted was to make it STOP.

*But I mustn’t.
The stray thought formed in your mind before being drowned out by your own screaming, you had to fight this, you knew that you knew that, yet you couldn’t. The very thought of raising your hand against your mother was enough to cause physical pain. Not because you felt guilty anymore but actual legitimate agony.


“Y-YES! PLEASE! I’LL DO ANYTHING!” No, what are you doing?! Stop it, stop it! The feeling of cold steel and magical potential collected in the palm of your hand; the cleaver of tyrants faded into your reality with a blaze of black fire and ichor.

**Cleaver of Tyrants**

*The Royal Arm of the fallen king*

**ATK:** +50

**MP:** +10

**SOUL SKILL:** RIPPER

“Yes...perfect my child, this will do nicely,” SOUL hovering reluctantly behind her Toriel examined the corrupted weapon with a critical eye. Unlike the trident, the cleaver handled more like a giant mace instead of knife or sword like most Dreemurr weapons do. There was no real precision or accuracy needed when wielding the weapon all that necessary was the strength and the bloodlust to be able to swing down upon your opponent's body again and again. The handle was a strange ore that was coloured a reddish hue while the very blade itself was a wicked looking thing with a jagged end and charcoal sheen. “Kneel.”

*This isn’t right.*

You stood.

“Kneel,” Toriel increased the grip on your soul ever so slightly enough to send a fresh new wave of pain. The burning sensation that was starting to creep in was not a welcome feeling.

*If that’s what it’ll take...*

You decided to kneel.

“Good, Mommy is so proud of you right now,” she tousled your hair in a manner that too rough to be considered loving as her claws glide across your scalp. Hair, skin and blood all met in a brief display of cruelty before falling to the ground beneath you, “We’re almost there now my child, we’re going to make everything right again.” Like a child in the rain the demented goat woman threw her head up to the sky and laughed spinning around your crouched body without a care in the world, “We’ll pay back every spec of dust your family has caused my people right here, right now. Do this for me and I’ll be able to forgive you.” Her dancing came to an abrupt stop when she caught sight of your broken visage, leaning forward to your bowed head whispered promised to tantalise your ears, “And then maybe after, we could be...together again. Unless you don’t want to that is.”

No, “Yes. Please. Forgive me.” The words fell from your mouth despite your mind screaming at
you to say the opposite, you felt your mouth open against your consent; your vocal cords contorted and twisted to string together words, not of your choosing. It was on a whole other level compared to what Chara could do. While Chara had full control of your body you at least had the small mercy of being able to ‘distance’ yourself from reality. Sight, touch, sound, emotions and pain were all run through a filter that made you only semi-aware of what was happening to your body and later down the line you were able to completely snuff out your consciousness in its entirety. Floating in the void between life and death until the time where you felt you’ve collected enough LV for your plan. But this...this was a whole new kind of fresh hell, you couldn’t avert your eyes from the madness, you couldn’t block your ears to the screams; instead you were left painfully aware of everything that was happening but left just inches away from being able to do anything about it. With a single thought, Toriel could make you run until your legs gave out or scream until your throat was bloody and raw and all the while you’ll be conscious and aware through the entire thing. Silently screaming from within the confines of your own mind.

A living doll, such an existence will...break you.

You screamed.

But the words won’t come out.

You cried.

But the tears refused to fall.

You cursed her.

But all that came out were praises.

You tried to drop your weapon.

You brought it up to your neck instead.

“What do you command of me mother? How may I serve you and pay off my debt?” You hated how your own desperation seemed to seep out of those forced words. The serrated blade resting on your jugular wasn’t helping much with things, to be honest.

The caprine stroked her chin in mock thought as if she didn’t already have something in mind, meeting your eyes one last time she planted a chaste kiss on your forehead as she brushed her fingers across her own throat. “One cut for every person you’ve wronged, that’s only fair right?”

*No, please.

Your face muscles contracted into a smile “Of course, seems fair,” you pressed the cleaver closer to your neck, beads of blood trickled down at a steady pace, “It might take awhile so give me a minute.”

*Oh God no.

“Take all the time you need Frisk, as long as you pay for your sins we can wait forever.”

*We?
*Nononononononononononononononono*

You didn’t know when it happened or even how it happened but the ground beneath your feet shifted and warped until it dissolved completely taking the world with it.

And you were falling.

And falling.

And falling.

...

...

...

...

...

Not wanting to be left behind the cleaver fell down after you.

“Ah, so this what she meant,” you stated monotonously, you were so done. “Oh so now you let me speak freely but yet I still can’t move. Now I can at least scream to my heart’s content as 9-inch blade get lodged in my windpipe, seriously fuck you and fuck you too Grandma.” You cursed your ‘mother’ with all the venom you could muster despite it falling on deaf ears. You knew she was a fake yet you let her get close to you regardless like the fool you were; now you’ll pay for it with your life.

Well not really since this is all nothing but an illusion but regardless it’ll hurt like a motherfucker.
With only your head being movable you could do nothing but watch the weapon’s decent to its undesirable destination, “God can this thing fall any faster, the whole ’sitting here and waiting to die’ shtick is a lot more terrifying when you can come back to life.” You mocked, even if you weren’t in a position to do so. If the abyss has already claimed you, might as well piss it off as much as humanly possible.

What you didn’t expect however was for the abyss to fire back.

“Even in the face of death, you refuse to show even the slightest bit of remorse, despicable.”

“What kind of monster makes jokes at a time like this?”

“A death as merciful as this is too good for the likes of you.”

“I should have killed you when I had the chance.”

Voices, so many voices, but no bodies to connect them to, just tens, turning into hundreds, turning into thousands of bitter voices in your head. Friends, enemies, monsters, humans, the number of people you’ve wronged in your life continues to impress you still. It’s like every time you’ve convinced yourself you couldn’t go any lower you find the will to reach new levels of depravity.

But at the very least you could take comfort that all the evil you did lead to some goo-

“Those voices…” How could you forget, how dare you even try and act like those two deaths were necessary. You turned your head to the right and caught a glimpse of two...douchy looking faces.

“I-”

THUNK!

*T-took your sweet time.

Your excuses dissolved into gargled screams as your ears were filled with the cackling of your ‘mothers’ both grand and present.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”
Like its predecessors 1-14 before it, alarm clock 15th was crushed underneath a determined fist. Your hand immediately went to your neck grasping and clawing at a wound that wasn’t there. Skin slick with cold sweat making your (thankfully purple) pyjamas sticking uncomfortably to your skin. The entire experience was leaving you with an overflowing sense of dread that absorbed all rational thought and left you reeling.

And yet…

“Asriel! Remember to finish your science project for Doctor Alphys before Monday!”

“Eh? But I’ve already done it-”

“Without, paying off some human kids in town to do it for you.”

“Gah!”

“She got you there son.”

“Gorey, have you finished writing your speech for the public address for the Christmas speech?

“Of course Tori, how could you even ask-”

“Just because you hired Frisk to be the ambassador doesn’t give you the right to slack off.”

“Gah!”

“...Are you planning on staying in bed all day?” The same fondness she spoke with the others was no longer saved for you, “I know you’re awake, today is a training day is it not?”

...You understood now.

“T ook you long enough, ever the slow one aren’t you?”

*Shut up

“Don’t be mad at me, you wanted me to show you why Undyne made you feel the way you felt, you were so desperate to know that you allowed me to have free reign for a bit there. Very unlike you, I didn’t take you for a fool.”

*That was dirty and you know it.

“True, but why should I care? You got the message right?”

Oh, you got the message alright, the answer was so simple yet so messed up that you didn’t even consider it to be an option. You (mostly) trusted your family with your life that’s why you are able to place your SOUL into their care without worrying about the consequences. You spent all this time worrying about accidentally screwing over your family that you never considered the opposite.

SOUL evolution was one of the only spells you could cast without fear of being caught out by your family, the problem was anytime anyone cast a spell they left a sort of ‘scent’ that monsters (and
some trained mages) could pick up; it would only make sense that boss monsters were more sensitive to the smell than normal monsters were. There was little to no doubt in your mind that Toriel and Asgore would immediately know who you are the moment you utter a single incantation. Magic like yours was distinctive and overflowing with dark intentions, magic to you would be the equivalent of signing your own death warrant.

But SOUL evolution was different, an unforeseen side effect of the spell was that a mage’s magical scent would be completely smothered by the monster they were fusing with. If it was one thing the Mages didn’t lie about during the war times was that Monsters could potentially destroy the human race.

Monster SOULs are perfectly designed to absorb a human, body and SOUL.

When you merge what is actually happening is doing the equivalent of assimilation, absorbing the body, mind and SOUL until there is nothing left, the ‘scent’ included, you cast the spell, save the day and no one would be any wiser. In a twisted sense, every monster was some kind of amalgamate and all Alphys done was showcase their true form to the world.

But what if that wasn’t the only side effect?

By giving a monster, a being whose entire genetic makeup is built around the absorbing and facilitating of human SOULs, full access to your own what made you think that you could break away so easily?

What’s to stop them from eventually never letting you go?

The Monster SOUL at its most basic level is really just an overgrown parasite after all. Leeching off the power of the human SOUL so that the body might become matter. With every fusion the monster SOUL gets a ‘taste’ of what your human SOUL has to offer; with every fusion, it gets harder for the monster SOUL to let go, the feeling must be nothing short of euphoric.

It took RESETs upon RESETs to find an exploit in Chara’s determination to be able to break free from their control as often as you could. But with Toriel and Undyne you have no idea how much of a hold they had on your SOUL (and body) or how aware they were of said hold in the first place. In the last timeline, it looked like Undyne had some idea to what she was doing but had no idea how severe the effects were for you.

She’s dangerous. At any point, if she wanted, she could have you exactly where she wants. You wouldn’t stand a chance.

With your mother, however, it could be a whole new type of hell, she already has a direct line to your emotions which gets stronger every time you fuse but with what the Queen showed you what would she do if she had control of your body?

What would she do if she could absorb you whole?

Would she ever let you go?

There’s no way she can hold you forever, no one would stand for it.

*Not if she ran away.
But she wouldn’t do that to you, not without a good reason at least.

She wouldn’t hurt you, right?

Right?

“Fight me or run away!”

“Do you truly hate me that much?”

“I won’t allow you to leave me ever again.”

“Just stay down, it’ll all be over soon.”

“You...monster.”

You...were so-

-cold. So...so cold.

You hugged your body as tightly as humanly possible as you trekked through the icy tundra that was Ebott forest, your wooden trident strapped firmly to your back scraping against the frozen skin that your pathetically thin stripped shirt covered. The blizzard itself was so strong that even the ever-encompassing mount ebott was shielded from view. Dead or dying trees as far as the eye could see covered in the very same snow that you were up to your ankles in.

For all intent and purposes, you were trapped out here until you either beat Asgore or drop dead.

It was another ‘draw-back’ from the clash with the Undyne clan three months ago, in addition to having your phone confiscated and your movements under constant surveillance, the intensity of your training had been considerably increased. The sessions went on for much longer, the techniques you learn are a lot more demanding, and when you spar he now hits a lot harder as well. The amount of times you’ve been knocked clean off your feet or had the breath punched clean out of you was too numerous to count. This session, however, was on a whole new level of brutality. Back when he was a kid his father put him through this kind of rigorous training in preparation for the eventual Human-Monster war, it was built around the ideology of the ‘phoenix’ a legendary monster that had died out and was known to be the first ‘boss monster’ in existence. How they went from birds to goats will ever elude you but that’s beside the point, the point being is that his training revolves around breaking down what made Asgore...a child and moulding him into cold, ruthless leader/killer he needed to be. Luckily (or unluckily?) Asgore had only been half-broken, he still retains his innate kindness and loving nature but there come times where someone says the wrong thing or one idiot makes a foolish attempt at his children’s lives where he becomes the single most terrifying man you’ve ever known. Not even your own father had the pleasure of owning that title and your father is for all intent and purposes, a fucking monster. Now Asgore’s decided that you’ve earned the right to go through the exact same training regimes that his father used to force upon him.
Yay!

You never took Asgore for the petty type, guess he’s still salty over you snapping his fingers. The task itself is an epitome to that. The goal itself was quite simple.

Asgore was the hunter.

You were the hunted.

Try not to die.

You were 95% sure that your Dad won’t take it that far...but alas 95% is not 100% for a reason, monsters were never really good at the whole ‘restraint’ thing.

He said it was meant to help you learn how to fight properly when fighting someone on their home turf for an extended period of time and to see how such conditions would affect you...mentally.

No one dares says it out loud but at this point, it’s safe to say that everyone knows you have serious issues. Maybe they thought if they ignore the problem long enough like you have then it'll eventually go away.

You were fine with this plan.

GRRRRRRRRRRRRRR...

“Hungry already?” You looked down at your body with mock contempt, “Hmph, being fed proper meals three times every day has made you spoiled,” You poked your belly button, “Before falling underground you were content with a few scraps of bread and whatever unfortunate rodent or pet that came our way for a couple weeks, now a full course breakfast and a few hours later you’re already complaining, maybe I should go back to starving you again to teach you some respect-”

...snap...

“He’s found you again.”

*Well of course he has, this place hasn’t changed all that much since his time; even in winter some of the bushes manage to stay alive all year round, must be from all the magic in the air. Probably. Maybe, heck if I know.

Spinning round you faced the direction you heard the sound from, your training trident wavering from tree to tree, “I know you’re out there Asgore! You aren’t as stealthy as you think you are!”

“He was stealthy enough to get the drop on you before.”

*Shut up.

“Although I don't really blame you, he’s a monster, after all, sneaking around in kind their forte.”

*Wow, that's not racist at all...

“You say that as if it isn't true~”
“Okay, this is getting stupid now,” with a quick leap you dived straight into the undergrowth fully intending to at least leave a sizeable dent in his armour, “This time your mine for sure.”

“That’s what you said the other eight times.”

*You know what they say ninth time’s the charm.

“...No one says that.”

*Well last time I checked I still classify as a ‘someone’ and disembodied voices do not so if you could kindly shut the hell up I would appreciate it.

“I will make your life a living hell child, watch your-”

A strangled screech interrupted your train of thought and effectively cutting off the conversation, with your mind now completely focused on your surroundings you immediately picked up on the fresh spray of blood that was splattered across your face, clouding your vision.

And for the first time in a couple hours, it wasn’t yours.

Bloody teeth made themselves known to the world as you giggled psychotically, “Gotcha bitch, that’ll teach you for screwing with me, asshole.” You swung wildly at the air in front of you hoping to get a few cheap shots off before Asgore called it quits, he had you running around in this forest all morning so you’ll be damned if you can’t make him squirm. While still being suspended in mid-air you twisted your trident further into your prize, your award being a spray of fresh...blood.

Blood.

Blood.

...Blood?
“Took you long enough.”

Monsters don’t bleed, not unless they were connected to you anyhow.

So what the hell were you stabbing?!

Shaking your head you flicked the blood out of your eyes you landed on your feet, ripping the trident out of its target with one bloody yank. What was left over was what looked like to be the mangled remains of a... Fox? Badger? To be honest, it was kinda hard to tell with all the viscera, the weapon went clean through the poor thing just stopping short of its side and with your sadistic twisting, you twisted the animal’s insides until most of its outer body had swapped places with them. Now that the bloodlust had cleared from your system the smell of stomach acid and gore wafted through your nose and settled at the back of your throat like glue, “A-aw, t-that’s just grim.” You felt kinda bad about what you’ve done, the fox(?) was simply at the wrong place at the wrong time; worse still it looked like it died in complete and utter agony, all because you couldn’t control yourself. Worse still if that had been your Dad...

“You missed.”

Behind you... again.

The entire right side of your body nearly crumpled under the blow you never saw coming as you were sent cartwheeling through the undergrowth, tree after tree were smashed to bits until you finally came to a stop in a random clearing, your body ploughed through the ice and snow before you mercifully hit one last tree and stopped.

Frisk Dreemurr

HP: 15/20

*Only 5 DMG?! But it hurts like hell!

“Well what do you expect, he has millennials more experience than you when it comes to fighting, it would make sense that he has more control than you. ’Monsters were never good on the whole restraint thing huh?’”

*I hate you with all of my hate.

“Right back at-OH MY GOD HERE HE COMES!”

Pain coursed through your body but with some effort you threw yourself to the side just as Asgore barreled past you, his fist colliding with the spot your head was just a few moments ago. Orange and blue iris filled with irritation locked with your own as yanked the splinters sticking out of his knuckles one at a time, “Predictable, I can’t believe you fell for the oldest trick in the book, If was a mage then you would have been dead.” He tapped his foot; a ring of fireballs appeared behind him, “Not only that you’ve dropped your weapon despite me telling you countless times that doing that is the difference between life and death. Are you even taking this seriously?”

You spat out a glob of blood while you pushed yourself to your feet, your own iris swallowed up again by crimson determination, “I’m not done yet, old man. I can still fight.” You couldn’t see any gaps that you could take advantage of, it seems like all your ‘demon eye’ has done recently is read
out a person’s stats. Your weapon was also lodged in the ground a couple feet to your left if you could just-

“Shit!” A jab, “Ah!” A cross, “Crap!” And several hooks, the blows kept raining down on you without mercy leaving you practically break-dancing to avoid being hit. Asgore swung at your head with a high kick, using the momentum of the kick you leapt on his leg and ran up it, arching your fist back you threw it right at his face. Asgore was suspecting you’ll do that and caught your fist and throwing you over his shoulder…

Right into the fireballs.

Ah well.

You closed your eyes and let your body go slack, the pain would be immense but you could always try again in the next run.

…

…

…

“I’m...not burning?” You opened one eye just in case you actually were and your body decided to spare you from the pain by shutting off. Instead, you found yourself dangling over the ground, Asgore’s finger hooked the hem of your shirt, the heat from your fireballs singing the tip of your nose just before they fizzled out completely.

Asgore huffed heavily from his nose, “I think we’re done here for today," in stark contrast to his treatment of you before he placed you gently on the ground, his hand supporting your back in case you fell over from fatigue. Part of you hated how he can be so ruthless one second yet sickeningly caring and indulgent the next, it scared you honestly.

You saw too much of yourself in him and that’s never a good sign. Not for a king and especially not for a father.

“I’m not done yet!” You persisted regardless, this session was pathetic and you could tell Asgore thought so too.

“But I am,” by fiddling with his phone thin a flask materialised in his hand, “Drink up,” the speed at which he threw it was enough to knock over again.

*Golden Flower Tea (In a flask)*

*Not quite as elegant but the results are more or less the same.*

*+20 HP*

“...Thanks,” begrudgingly you popped open the little seal and placed the flask to your lips. Almost immediately the wounds began to close and the blood flow ceased, skin stitched itself back together until it became impossible to tell if there was anything wrong with it at all.

“You better now?” Asgore asked impatiently, a scowl was sent back along with a reluctant nod,
“Good, now you can tell me what was distracting you.”

You stared back at him blankly, where to even begin with that? Could you even trust Asgore with that kind of information? “Dad, it’s nothing really.”

He snorted, sitting down with you in the ice and snow, “It’s never just ‘nothing’ when it comes to raising you, c’mon now spit it out I haven’t got all day.”

You were about to open your mouth to protest when a stroke of what could only be described as brilliance hit you. This was the perfect opportunity to get information to what happened to Toriel when they were kids. It’s not like you could just ask your mother, every conversation with her turned into a battle of mental wits that you were pretty sure you were constantly losing. Mind games weren’t as fun when they’re turned on you.

Sensing your sudden change in demeanour he straightened up, “And if it’s not too much of an ask can you do something for me in return?” There was...something off about the way he asked that.

“Do what?” You asked it’s not every day that someone just outright asked you for help, it was like everyone has only now just realised that they were letting what they thought to be a mere child carry them through life and only now do they feel too ashamed to ask for help again.

Asgore waved off your questions, “Oh it’s nothing really just a little favour, that’s all.”

“Something seems...off about this Frisk, I wouldn’t trust him.”

*Yeah, but I need to find out as much as I can about that time as I can. One of these days I’m going to end up in the past, I don’t know when and I sure as hell don’t know how but at the very least I’ll be prepared for when it finally does happen. For all I know I could accidentally unborn someone, or get someone killed before they were supposed to or-

“Start a war?”

*Yeah, that.

“Even so I wouldn’t trust him, I don’t like the look in his eyes.”

*What look? I don’t see anything different.

“...Then we might have a problem.”

The Queen, even if you loathe to admit it, might have a point.

But it was Asgore. He was your dad and despite everything that you’ve done to each other (regardless if he remember it) you were 99.9% sure that he would never hurt you intentionally or if he did it was for your own good.

Besides it was Asgore, he’s still a monster, after all, as long as you never fuse with him he couldn’t touch you. Hell even if he did, even if anyone did, you had the ability to control time itself. Who could touch you really? You were merely overreacting that’s all, blowing things out of proportion like a child normally would.
It wasn’t a matter of trust, you’ll play his game simply because you had it rigged from the start.

“Deal.”

“What the fuck?! Why would you agree to that? Did you not see the look on his face?!”

*I haven’t fused with him so the worse he can really do is kill me and we all know how well that works out. Besides this is Asgore we’re talking about here, a boss monster but a monster nonetheless, what’s the worst he can do?*

“You already know the answer to that question.”

*Exactly not a lot.*

“Excellent, ask away then and I’ll try to answer you to the best of my abilities.” The goat man turned his head toward you, his eyes open and inviting, “And don’t worry if you would like to keep this as a secret between us I’ll understand.”

*Wow, he must really be desperate since he just lied straight to my face.*

You pretended that you didn’t notice, even if Asgore reports you to your mother the worse she’ll be is confused as to why you knew such a personal event in her life.

If she remembered that is.

“What was your childhood like?” Let’s start out small first then build up from there, can’t just ask him outright, “You and Mom’s I mean before everything went to shit with Undgur...and your parents...and the near genocide of your species...eternal imprisonment...wow, I just realised your life kinda sucked hard. Like seriously every good thing that’s ever happened to you can be cancelled out by at least several bad things that happened to get you...there.” You paused in your tangent when you noticed that Asgore’s expression become clouded with melancholy, “...Sorry.”

“It’s fine,” no it really wasn’t.

“But-”

“It’s. Fine.” A tree a couple feet to your left went up in a column of flames, the consistency of the blast was enough to completely evaporate the surrounding snow, “...Continue.”

You gulped, why does everyone in your family have such a temper? “...When I was living in the ruins with Mom she always seemed...forgiving.”

Asgore snorted, “Forgiving huh? That doesn’t sound like her at all.”

“Someone’s bitter.”

“No, not just of me but of all humans,” you corrected, shaking your head at Asgore’s sudden bitter tone, you thought you got them to sort out of all their issues, guess some wounds are too deep to heal, “I mean sure you can say that they were being used by the Mages as well but even so it’s not like they didn’t know what they were doing, you can only hide behind the pretense of fear for so long after all.” You breathed in deeply, here comes the real question; you could hope that it doesn’t
come off as too suspicious, “I just wanted to know if anything happened when you guys were younger that made Mom bother attempting to keep seven humans, kids, alive.”

“Eight.”

“Huh?”

“You meant eight did you not?”

“Now is not the time to start distancing yourself from what little humanity you have left.”

“O-oh y-yeah.” Idiot.

**Bum-bum.**

Asgore stared at you with skeptical eye as he scratched at his beard in thought, “Hmm, well you’re not wrong child Toriel wasn’t always as human-friendly as she is today, sure she was nowhere near as blood-thirsty as the Undying were but I’m pretty sure she wouldn’t help one out if they were in need of aid.”

Now that piece of information shocked you, Toriel leaving someone to their own devices…

Actually, that hasn’t changed that much at all. She did it to you and she did to the ones before you as well, the only real difference is that she felt remorse for it.

“If only for a couple of moments before the next kid came along, you should be offended that bitch used your brothers and sisters as tools to fill in the void in her heart, especially since if you had died permanently down there with them she wouldn’t have spared you a second thought. Just another dead child that she failed to save, hmph how the mighty have fallen.”

*That isn’t true. She loved those kids as if they were own flesh and blood.*

“Isn’t it? Well, maybe you do have a point, after all, you were the one who all but wiped their memory out of her pretty little head. And for what? To cover your own back? Man, you are scum.”

**Buh-bum-buh-bum**

“So what changed?” I know that I never denied that, but I did what I had to do to get this ending, I’ll be damned if I don’t get to enjoy it too. Even If I don’t deserve it, “People don’t go from letting someone die to practically adopting them overnight.”

“She was SAVED.”

**BuhbumBuhbumBuhbumBuhbumBuhbumBuhbumBuhbumBuhbumBuhbumBuhbumBuhbumBuhbumBuhbumBuhbumBuhbumBuhbumBuhbumBuhbumBuhbumBuhbumBuhbumBuhbumBuhbum**

“C-can you repeat that?” **He knows he knows, he knows, he knows.**

He blinked as if he didn’t understand the question, “…It’s like I said she saved by a human.”

*Oh.*
“Broke ya.”

“Well, why didn’t you just say that before?!” Pushing him for good measure you crossed your legs and turned away in a huff, your heartbeat slowed down to its usual dull pluse, “Don’t just leave sentences unfinished like that, this isn’t a freaking anime.”

Asgore waited for your little temper tantrum to pass with a blank expression on his face, “Any reason why that particular wording made you freak out?” calm, inviting yet cold and with a trace of smugness interwoven with every word that screamed, ‘I got you! I got you!’ but at the same time doesn’t know what to with it.

“Nothing that I want to discuss, besides I’m already doing you a favour, I’m not obligated to tell you anything else.” You fired back, damn, you’re fucking up all kinds of ways today if Sans we're here then you would be screwed.

“Fair enough, I see your ambassador work has taught you well,” He tugged at his beard, “As I was saying monster-human relations while on the surface seemed like we were at least civil in the shadows it was a completely different story entirely. Monsters and Mages openly despised each other and rightly so, everything about them is a bastardization of magic and everything that is pure about it.” You (wisely) said nothing, “Unfortunately for us Human-Mage relations, however, were grossly better, I guess there were still too many differences between us that humans couldn’t overlook, yet at the same time they weren’t 100% under the Mage’s thumb.”

“How so?”

“If they were gonna start a war it was to be on their terms and their terms alone,” he spat a glob of spit at a nearby tear, sneering, “War cost money after all, land, weapons, lives, in the end, everything can be turned into a number At the very least you can make sure that if you start one your side is one's making a profit off it.”

You couldn’t help it, you laughed, “Pfft, never took you for a businessman Dad who told you that one? Must have been one cold S.O.B that’s for sure.” Asriel told you the other day that your laugh was a beautiful thing.

Such empty words.

He sighed deeply, “My father.”

*Oh well…

“Shit, I don’t know what to say to that.” Insert foot in the mouth along with entire leg if possible.

“Don’t worry about it, I’m well aware of the kind of man my father was, he was always the colder one, he preferred to think with his head than act with heart, sometimes I wonder if he ever had a SOUL at all. But then again I probably would be like that too given the circumstances. Tori disappearing didn’t help things either.”

You raised a brow, “Disappeared or kidnapped?” You wouldn’t put it passed them

“Officially she ‘disappeared’ couldn’t start throwing accusations until we knew for certain, in reality however it’s hard to say, she never decided to grace us with the details but instead was enamoured with her new human friend that ‘saved’ her instead.”
“Asgore? Hey Assgore what the hell do you think you’re doing?!” Undgur grabbed the young goat by the arm, stopping his advances into God knows where, “Didn’t you hear what our parents said, they want us at home where it’s safe and sound while they go look for Tori we shouldn’t be-”

Asgore wrenched his arm out of his grip as span around, fat angry tears were already spilling down his face as he clenched with a shaking fist a miniature trident in the other, “I. Don’t. Care. It’s been three whole days Undgur! Three! And all father is doing is sitting on his ass waiting for her to fall from the fucking sky!” Undgur stepped back in shock, he didn’t think Asgore had the ability to swear or look so...murderous, “I have to find her, if she dies while I’m stuck here I’ll never forgive myself.”

“Listen to yourself speak for just a couple seconds you fool,” Undgur shot back, “If the royal guard can’t find her then what the hell makes you think that you can do any better!”

He may have a point but Asgore didn’t want to listen to reason, “It’s better than just sitting here! You know what will happen to her if the Mages catch wind of this-”

“All the more reason you should stay behind!” Despite being weaker than his friend Undgur grabbed his friend by the scruff of his cape pulling him so they were face to face, “What do you think you’re gonna do when you come face to face with a Mage huh? A seasoned, experienced mage who wouldn’t lose a single night’s sleep spreading your dust from here to far ends of the earth.”

Asgore glared right back his expression wavering for a second before setting itself into a mask of indifference, “I-I’ll kill-”

“No you won’t,” the fish shook his head in disgust, “You’re no killer stop trying to be one. You’re no soldier either so stop trying to go war, and you sure as hell ain’t no hero so stop trying to save people like you are one.” He pushed him back letting fall to the ground, “Now c’mon get your dumbass back inside before anyone sees if we’re lucky no one will report us to my Dad.”

“No.”

“Excuse me?”

“I said no damn it!” In his frustration, he punched the ground, “How can you act so calm in a time like this, don’t you care?!’”

“Of course I care!” He growled but the longer he stared at Asgore’s face the more cracks appeared in his mask, until all that remained was a scared little boy, “O-of course I care, she’s my friend too.”

“So why are you stopping me!”

“Because I don’t want you to fucking die!”

“But it’s okay for Tori to die is that it?”

“Um-”

“I’m not saying that! All I’m saying everyone has enough on their plate as it is, we don’t need the
“Guys I’m right-”

“One, you are not Gaster don’t pull any of that pun crap on me because I am NOT amused, two it’s better than just waiting here!”

“Seriously I’m right-”

“What the hell kind of logic is that? You must be an idiot if that makes sense in your mind.”

“HEY!”

“What?!” They both exclaimed, already angry at the person who was interrupting their argument.

...Only to feel immensely stupid a moment after.

“Oh.”

“She had a couple scratches here and there but nothing too serious, it was her friend that was more hurt than anything. The damn kid looked like she’s been through a war of her own.”

“She?” The question tumbled out before you could bite your tongue.

“Yes...she, though I do suppose that she really could have been a ‘he’, they never really specified what they preferred and they didn’t mind being called a ‘she’ from Tori so no one thought any of it.”

She? Why would you decide to go by that pronoun? It’s not like you chose to go by gender-neutral pronouns because you ‘preferred’ it or whatever, there just no others that were more accurate than that. What changed in the future to make you break that rule, though? “What did she look like?”

“Well, you see that’s just about all I can really tell you.”

“Wha?”

“I can’t remember her face anymore, sure I can remember the things we did together and most of the conversations we shared but oddly enough I can’t remember her face at all,” that’s awful...convenient, “In fact I can’t seem to remember a lot of things lately, you wouldn’t happen to know anything about that, wouldn’t you Frisk?”

“Welp. I think this is what people would call a ‘checkmate’.”

“What are you trying to say, Dad?” The Save File was hovering in the innermost part of your mind, you got what you needed anyway, you won’t mind doing this again.

He studied you for a moment, “Nothing...yet.” He stood up, brushing the snow from his pants, “I take it I told you enough to satisfy your curiosity have I not? Let’s us be off now.”

You stood up as well but chose to keep a healthy distance between the two of you, “W-wait a minute
didn’t you want me to do something for you?”

“I never said it had to be now.”

“Later then?” Tomorrow at the latest.

Instead of answering you all Asgore did was smile in return, “Sure, let’s go with that.”

Alarm bells were screaming in your head, “What was it you wanted me to do anyway?”

“Don’t worry about it.”

“Bu-”

“Don’t worry about it.” Your protest died in your throat, it’s just a little thing, no big deal, now c’mon training session is now over, go take a break when you get home, you deserve one.” With that he stalked off back to town, leaving big footstep for you to follow in case you couldn’t keep up.

Yet the kind gesture brought you no comfort.

“You just got baited.”

*That’s what he thinks. I got what I needed, time to go.

“Wait, you’re loading? But you didn’t hold up your end of the deal.”

*Your point?

“This. Determination.”

FILE OVERRIDE

OVERWRITING SAVE FILE

FILE SAVED

Frisk Dreemurr

Ebott Forest - East Sector

Lvl ??

SAVED!

“I hate people that break their promises.”

“Of course you do.”

Chapter End Notes
NEXT TIME (Over the course of this arc)

*Master Toby?

"It's been awhile...master."

"WOOF!"

*POLITICS

"I won't stand by and watch these filthy beasts sully my homeland anymore, even if it means I have to get through that freak."

*Relationships...?

"I don't know how to have...a healthy relationship."

"So? Let's start at codependency and go from there."

MAGES:

"Have you narrowed down their position yet?"

"Nearly, but the damn brat covered themselves with some sort of cloaking spell, I can't get a read on them."
Chapter Summary

Frisk meets up with their master to discuss the general fuckery that is their life.

Chapter Notes

I'M NOT DEAD YET Bitches.

So...two whole months of nothing.

This time it wasn't due to writer's block (had a large part in it but still) but because I couldn't find a good stopping point for this chapter.

So it kept growing.

And growing.

And growing.

It got to the point where it no longer fit on Grammarly.

It's gotten to the point where I've written more words than probably any fanfic writer has done for a chapter in the history of this website.

I probably could have split the chapter into three parts but I'm a simple guy and I just wanted to see how high I can make the number go.

So here you are...

52 pages of blood, sweat, and tears.

16848 words.

It's only fair since I took so long that chapter I come out with is gigantic.

Enjoy...

...

WARNING: UNDERAGED DRINKING IN THIS CHAPTER

...

The first part of this chapter Frisk's thoughts are shown with a *

After that, the * will be used for the Annoying dog's speech in the third part.

Sorry, my use of the * is kinda all over the place, this chapter is so long that I'm bound to miss some things.
You would think with all the flirting you did back in the day that you would at least have some idea on how a normal relationship was supposed to work. ‘Fake it till you make it’ and other similar mindsets were key part in the flirting process, it was easier to flirt with those you had no affections for, or any kind of connection to, it made things simple. Fake.

You liked fake, fake was predictable, fake could be planned for, fake could easily be spotted.

But what you had with Asriel was different, not good different, just different. It was quite possibly the closest you’ve ever gotten to a genuinely intimate relationship with...anyone really.

And that’s what terrified you.

You were so into the moment that you never once sat down and thought about what you were doing. You liked Asriel, but did you like Asriel?

Or do you merely want him. There was a difference, you were pretty sure there was a difference. It’s just that you didn’t know what that difference was or why it should matter.

You want so you take.

It was as simple as that.

That’s the way it’s always has been for the two of you, a give and take relationship where both parties always took and are left wondering what the other sees in them to take in turn. You were dependant on him like you were with all of your friends.

You needed Toriel.

You needed Asgore.
You needed Alphys and Undyne.

You needed MK.

And for reasons you didn’t quite understand you needed Mettaton and Sans too.

Without them you were nothing.

But Asriel was different, how? You don’t know. And to be honest you didn’t really want to know the answer.

You would ask for help but you didn’t want to bring attention to a relationship that may or may not be legal, Undyne and Alphys would be too ‘gushy’ about it and Toriel and Asgore weren’t really a shining example of paradise either, there was the Dogi couple but you weren’t close enough to them in this timeline to warrant a surprise visit out of the blue asking advice. “Damn it, I should have kept my age a secret until after we got to the surface, it's so much easier to become friends with your killers over a couple pints of magical vodka then it is over puddles of blood.”

“You could ask me ya know? I was married after all.”

*Yeah and how did that workout?

“Well fuck you very much.”

Well, stewing over this by yourself won’t get you to an answer any faster, might as well wait for Asriel to come back from the meeting he and Dad went to, a meeting that no one decided to notify you of for some reason. Maybe Asgore has caught wind of your sudden discomfort around him and decided to give you some space.

“If he cared about your discomfort than he would have left you with someone other than the goat bitch.”

*Don’t call her that.
“I didn’t hear any denial~”

Grumbling you reached for the remote and turned on the TV, just because you weren’t directly participating doesn’t mean you couldn’t do anything, public opinion on monsters last time you checked was divided between grudging acceptance, indifference, and straight rejection, with rejection (surprisingly and thankfully) being the least seen side of the three. It was mostly due to the fact that monsters mostly kept to themselves after the existence of Mages was brought to light, with contact between the two species being minimal at best most people didn’t see a problem with Monsters being up on the surface.

With the exception of Mettaton of course, you gotta give credit when credit is due, the man wanted to be a superstar and so a superstar he fucking is. Just the other day after school you, Alphys, and Undyne were watching *Cooking With An Actual Killer Robot*.

For everyone’s best interests you advised Mettaton to not inform anyone that the name of the show is not ironic in any way, shape or form.

Plus being an urban legend made things go over a lot smoother, the facts have been so thoroughly intertwined with fiction that it was hard to say what you did or what you didn’t do. **ERASING** that village might have been the best decision you’ve ever made, you weren’t even aware that it was Chara’s hometown before you started setting people on fire, you were just killing shit for the sake of killing shit at the time.

At the very least being separated from human civilization for so long meant that none of your friends would catch wind of said urban legend. There is nothing you could do to explain why you were this cities version of the boogeyman.

“*More on the ‘man-falling-in-love-with-wall’ story at five, now onto politics with my partner Sophie *cough* Irrelevant Character *cough* “

“Wait, what?”

“Bridges everyone.”

“No, I’m pretty sure you said ‘Irrelevant character-“
“No, I said Bridges.”

“But—”

“Politics. With. BRIDGES!”

“Hm, I swear it’s a different person every week,” you muttered to yourself, everyone on the local ebott network were forgettable, the kind of people that were born to melt into the background of your everyday life and to fill in the otherwise harrowing silence of the world around you.

“That’s a really self-centered view.”

*Doesn’t make it any less true.

Still as long as they keep giving Monsters positive media attention then you were cool.

You didn’t pay all that money to Johnson just to get screwed over by one bad gossip story.

“...You know what I don’t even care,” the news lady shook her head at her colleagues unprofessionalism before continuing with her report, “It’s hard to believe it’s been seven months since Monsterkind has been freed from the mountain of legend, Ebott, by none other than local legend ‘Frisk’ the now ambassador of the new species. Despite being at the tender age of eleven they have managed to not only to secure citizenship for the new race but also managed to perfectly intergrain their economy with ours. The introduction of monster cuisine has transformed the dieting industry as we know and with magic the possibilities are now endless—”

“Damn straight.” Did you say forgettable? Now that you think about it Ms Sophie whatever-the-fuck-her-name-was is quite the appealing lady.

“-but alas not everyone is willing to accept these new changes.”

“Wait, what?” Stupid, budget, third-rate excuse for a news channel.
“Don’t shoot the messenger.”

“Some are even going as far to say that Monsters are a threat to national security.”

“Can’t argue with that.”

*Hey! Papyrus is-

“Well not every monster is Papyrus now are they? Are you forgetting that there is an entire community here that is bent on the destruction of humanity...still.”

*Well yeah but…

“Eight children climbed that mountain, only one came down.”

*Yeah, but they didn’t truly exist anyway so they don’t count.

“Doesn’t change the fact that most of them had little to no qualms murdering a child.”

*Well maybe if you didn’t decide to start a fucking war just because your boy toy told you to we wouldn’t be in this mess.

“Go to hell.”

*I told you I was working on it.

She had a point though, not that the human populace knew it but Monsters could very easily end the human race and wipe them off the face of the planet. You saw what Asriel became, no amount of nuclear warheads or advanced machinery would have the firepower to stop a monster on that level, they would need a miracle.
They would need you. After all in the face of such adversity what more could you do but hold on to your HOPES and DREAMS. Yours saved the world once but would you be willing to do it again?

Would you even care?

You were under no obligation to, it would effectively wipe out the mage populace, your parents, and any other person that can effectively destroy your life. It would be so easy as well, if you wished for it then you could easily see Asgore kickstarting the next human-monster war in your name.

So why do you hesitate?

“...Hmph, yes why hesitate it’s not like you haven’t wiped out all of humanity already.”

*I-I didn’t want that to happen! It just happened to be the only way to save-

“You little boy toy right? So tell me what’s the difference between me killing a bunch of monsters to save my people, Asgore killing six human children for his people and you destroying all of existence for one person? Go on then tell me.”

*...

“Don’t act like you have any morals now, don’t you remember why you liked Asgore so much? You said that you and him ‘were the same’ when in reality those similarities only ran skin deep. No, my child you are a lot more like me, more than you would ever care to admit. What we did wasn’t out of moral duty but out of-

*Love? Are you saying that I did all of that in the name of something as asine as love? Don’t give me that bullshit.

“Of course not, we did what we did because we were obsessed with the other, we couldn’t let go and instead did everything in our power to make sure the other wouldn’t want to let go either.”
*So what are you trying to say?*

“You’re selfish, greedy, obsessive, have a complete disregard for life and above all else determined. Sure the weight of what you did would bug you for a while but I have little doubt in my mind that you’ll get over it eventually. Hell, give it a couple years and you’ll stop regretting the decision entirely.”

*Why are you even telling me this? Don’t you care what happens to your own people?*

“No nearly as much as you do apparently. To be honest I’m getting really tired of your wishy-washy crap, are you a sadist or a pacifist? Are you good or are you evil? Do you care about your family at all? Do you even love Asriel or are you obsessed with him and you just don’t know the difference? Aren’t you tired of-

“Monsters, how much longer are we just gonna pretend that we don’t have what could possibly be the greatest threat to mankind sitting pretty on a mountain down the road!” The camera zoomed in on a man with a portly disposition, a sweaty face with rosy cheeks and-

“I forgot this guy was a thing.”

*He shouldn’t be a thing, I thought he knew how this worked? He stays out of my way and I won’t let it out that he trades people like they’re pokemon.*

“Looks like he doesn’t care about that anymore.”

But why though? It’s not like human trafficking was a small-time offense, a sin like that has the power to destroy someone’s life yet alone their career. Reginald was nothing short of a coward, a giant pussy that thinks he’s invincible behind his wards of dirty money and wealth.

So why? Why now of all times has he decided to stand against you?

“We know nothing about these freaks other than the fact that they can use ‘magic’ a highly dangerous force of energy that have the capabilities to change the world as we know it, does anyone even really know what the lasting effects of magic are on the human body? How dangerous a
*Well it’s not like it matters, he can shout and scream all he wants but nobody is gonna care. Nobody has cared about anything in this town for a long time.*

“You talk as if you didn’t have something to do with it.”

*Heh...guilty.*

The interviewer whose name you didn’t hear before tried his best to pacify the portly man’s growing rage, “Sir if you would please just calm down.”

“No! I won’t calm down, what’s wrong with you people why does nobody care—”

The live cut off before he could finish.

“Welp, that’s that,” you began to push yourself off the couch, “Might as well go do something productive today—”

“In related news.” are they—are they just gonna act like they didn’t just cut him off?, “Former head of ebott education Linda along with her son Chad Johnson are still on the run since the ties to them and the Monster royal families kidnapping have come to light.”

You paused, “Oh?” The arrest warrant was passed out months ago but there’s been so little signs of Linda and that douche Chad that you thought you’ll never have to hear about them again. Undyne proposed once that you should all track the two of them down and deliver some good old fashion ‘monster justice’.

…”

Monster justice was just a nicer way of saying that they were going to dragged back underground and executed.
Damn, monsters sure know how to hold a grudge.

“Senator Helen, a friend of the ex-head, stated that she ‘had no idea that Linda suffered from such psychosis, I have already apologized on behalf of the board of ebott education for all the grief caused by Linda to the Dreemurr family and we have already happily invited both Asriel and Frisk Dreemurr back to ebott middle if they so wish to return.”

You twitched, “No...no she didn’t,” you haven’t heard from her in months, “I should probably do something about that.”

“Do you care though? Do you really?”

*...No, I’ll let it go...for now.

“Both individuals are considered armed and dangerous, please if you have any news regarding their locations please contact the ebott police station as soon as possible.”

*Hmm.

“What?”

*Maybe I should go after those two, tie up loose ends and whatnot.

Unconsciously you lick your lips at the thought.

YoU wOnDeR wHaT tHeIr FeAr WiLl lOoK lIkE.

“They’re not the immediate threat right now, you have more pressing matters to deal with.”

“Yeah, you’re right,” you spoke out loud, turning off the TV you pushed yourself off the couch.
There were places you had to be.

_The thrill of mystery fills you with...DETERMINATION_

“You mean places _we_ have places to be.”

Oh right, the whole SOUL link is still a thing that is happening.

Yay…

With exaggerated slowness you turned around to face the grinning visage of your mother, leaning against the doorframe with her arms crossed over her pink and purple striped sweater; coupled with a sense of smugness that she has no business having, “You weren’t planning on leaving without me were you?”

She knew that was exactly what you planning on doing but hearing you confess the words was for some reason oddly more satisfying, you hated kneeling to her like this because it feels like you’ve lost something. You didn’t know what though and that only drove you further into your ever growing pool of bitterness.

“No, of course not,” you love her but god almighty does she make it easy to hate, “Wherever I go you go mother, I wouldn’t have it any other way.” A twitchy smile that looks more like you have a worrying red bull addiction claws its way onto your face.

Toriel watches you squirm for a solid couple of minutes before she drops the act with a dismissive snort, “No offense but you’re a terrible actor child,” you flinched at the dropped ‘my’ that was normally present in the phrase.

She still hasn’t completely forgiven you.

Determination fizzling out into a mere wisp you pushed past her toward the front door, “Yeah, yeah…let’s just go already.”

“Go where exactly?” Toriel asked snidely as she fell in step with you.
You quickly slipped on your coat, flipping the collar up to protect your neck but leaving the coat unzipped despite it defeating the purpose of flipping your collar up to begin with because, in your opinion, looked cool as fuck.

Now for the epic one-liner to finish up.

“Under-”

“Change. Now.” You shrivelled under her glare, “Or at the very least zip up your coat, it's snowing outside.”

“But if I do that then the outfit would be ruined Mom!” She just didn’t get it, out of all your friends your family seemed to be the only ones that didn’t ‘care’ much for anime. Even Asgore who expressed moderate interest for the genre back in the underground has now become disillusioned with it. Toriel claims that it’s too ‘lewd’ (giggidy) and Asriel just found the voices annoying after he ran out of dubs to watch, which...was a fair point. Even Sans like anime to a certain extent.

8-man from SNAFU spoke to him on a spiritual level.

Toriel rolled her eyes, “I. Don’t. Care.” She made to forcefully zip up the coat up herself but you batted her hand away, hissing at the offending appendage like feral cat, “Frisk…” Toriel growled right back you, fangs glinting dangerously.

You clasped the zip of coat and backed against the wall “No!” You could handle having your freedom taken away, you can handle being broke (no you couldn’t), you could even handle being served that atrocious snail pie.

But you’ll be damned if you let her take away your fashion sense

“What fashion sense? All you ever wear is stripped themed sweaters and hood-”

*You tuned out the annoying voice that obviously wrong about everything that ever was a thing ever.*
Undgur and Dyena really did a number on the underground this time, the disrepair you saw when you came back with Asriel probably didn’t even compare to the level of desitube the once great country was in. The throne room was in tatters, the flowers that were once slowly taking over the room were now cut down to a mear shadow of its former self. The chairs themselves were completely destroyed, tipped over and cracked in several places with claw-like grooves running through it. But that wasn’t really a huge loss to you or anyone else really, that room held more bad memories than good, if you concentrated hard enough you can still remember the exact spots of where your blood splattered after each and every fight with the king. For her it was the spot where her children came to die, over and over again by the one she onced loved.

It won’t be missed.

Unlike your fashion sense.

“You seem awfully quiet child.”

“I seem to recall you saying, and I quote, ”‘I will not go quietly into the night.’” Through the slit between your mountain of hats and your seven-person-thick layers of scarves you caught Toriel placing a cupped hand up to her ear in a mocking fashion, “But it seems to me that I can’t hear anything at all.” She prodded the back of your cotton covered head with more force than what you would consider necessary causing you to flap your arms rather pathetically to keep yourself from falling over completely. Walking was replaced with waddling as the excess amount of layers made mobility almost nill. Half the coats that were haphazardly forced upon you weren’t even your own to
begin with, a couple of Asgore’s spare capes, a delta rune robe, a dozen of Asriel’s old striped sweaters (which look exactly the same as what he wears now, seriously what does he see in green and yellow?) and what you could only pray wasn’t the pelt of a mountain lion.

“Ha. Ha. HA!” you spat, “Aren’t you just the comedian.”

“I try.”

“Wow, I never knew that the queen could be this…petty.”

*Like you’re one to talk.

You were about to respond with a debilitating rebuttal when your eyes caught sight of new home, the joking atmosphere died almost as quickly as it came. Toriel was about to question the sudden change in mood before she too caught sight of the old home and fell silent as well.

The sheer feeling of despair that always seemed to leak off the very walls of the home made it so hard to traverse through it. As repeats went on more and more of Chara's memories leaked into your own as the line stating where you ended and where they began became impossible to tell apart. The smell of slightly rotting oak would bring forth memories of resting with Asgore on the patio, the abandoned room would be filled to the brim with toys and crumpled flowers; you'd reach down to start picking up the pieces out of habit because the stupid kid never cleans up after himself, why should I have to do it, It’s not my fault he’s crybaby.

Only for your hands to grasp nothing.

And God, if it didn’t hurt more than it was supposed to.

That’s probably why you’ll never understand Chara, deep down, underneath all of the crazy, they really did care (albeit in the most unhealthy way possible, but at this point what relationship isn’t unhealthy at this point) about the Dreemurrs. They had a good thing going on here, way better than what you ever had and yet they threw all away. They couldn’t let go.
“...Frisk?” Toriel’s voice brought back from the chasms of your own mind, “What are you doing?”
To Toriel you appeared to be staring at the door knob like one would an old acquaintance they never really liked but are now forced to act civil around them.

“...I’m fine.”

Toriel snorted, “I don’t believe you.”

“Fair…” You pushed the door open, “I don’t really believe me either.” Without waiting for her response you walked into the house leaving their mother behind to stew in her own frustrations.

“Why do you keep pushing me away?” Is what she wanted to say but withheld the question despite herself. If they didn’t answer before then there’s no way they’ll answer now. It’s just the way that you worked, letting you peek at their surface but never any further than that.

It angered her to no end.

It reminded her too much of late child, the first one, the child she could actually (cared enough to) remember.

It bothered her and Asgore sometimes, all you would have to do is replace their sweater and make them a couple tones paler and you wouldn’t be able to tell the difference.

…

The thought bothered her way more than it should.

---

**LOCATION: SNOWDIN FOREST**

“W-what is this place?” You watched in mild amusement as your mother paced around the clearing, her expression one of both confusion and frustration, “How long has this been here and how have I
not seen or heard of this before?” Her eyes caught onto the delta rune engraved onto the door and scowled, “Does Asgore know about this? Why did he not tell me-”

“Slow your roll Mom, Dad has no idea this place exists,” you sat atop one of the glowing mushrooms, the particles in the air made your already longish hair float with them, “In fact excluding you only four people know about this place,” you replied flippantly.

Toriel paused, “Anyone that I would know?”

“In a matter of speaking...yes,” her reaction is going to be just gold and you already couldn’t wait, summoning your SAVE file mentally you began to change the values.

Values being the building blocks of your reality and every other reality that uses an active SAVE file.

Know the values of enough things and you could control the world.

Well...the master could, even if you knew how to change that many you wouldn’t be able to do so without risking a CRASH.

A complete system failure.

You didn’t know what that meant; you didn’t want to know either. Controlling time is good enough for you at the moment, no telling how many things could go wrong if you could control space as well.

“Now let’s see what we’ve got here…”

*ERROR
How about?

*ERROR

Damn, this one is no joke.

“Try something nerdy, the dog God has a weird attraction to that kind of stuff.”

Something nerdy huh?

*ERROR

BANG!

Toriel jumped when you kicked the door in your frustration, “Oh come on man, you’re killing me here, think, think, think, what kind of password would the master have this time, it’s gotta be something related to him, something...genius,” you thought aloud as you paced (waddled) back and forth the small clearing.

Back.
“If I may intrude on...this thing you’re doing,” your slow decent into madness was stopped by Toriel, “I don’t really understand what is happening here but from you staring at this door and the emotions I’m reading off you I can only assume that you are trying to open the door, no?”

“I thought that was pretty obvious but yeah,” you shrugged, “What's your point?”

The monarch examined the door with scrutiny, puzzles came in all shapes and sizes and were normally a reflection of the monster who made it, the harder and more complex the puzzle the deeper and more complex the monster. Toriel may not know the monster that made this but going off of your thoughts she could create a rough idea in her head the type of person they’ll be and in turn a possible solution.

“...My mother used to tell me this all the time when I was first learning about puzzles,” your breath hitched in your throat, Asgore and Toriel never talked about their families if they could help it. They would let slips of what kind of people they were here and there but it was always on their terms; no amount of sweetened words could ever get through to them, so it was quite the surprise that Toriel would start talking about her mother without any prompting from you, “The simplest solution will probably be the best solution.”

And here you thought she was onto something, “That is the stupidest thing I have ever heard, and I’ve listened to Alphys explain the entirety of Mew Mew Kissy Cutie plot to me.” you snarked, without thinking, “The simplest way is always the solution, pah, what an overused cliche.”
Strangely enough, Toriel didn’t rise to your jibe and instead smiled coolly down on you, “Try it.”

You went too far, you had enough sense to admit that to yourself “I—you know what? Fine,” it wouldn’t hurt to try and if anything it’ll wipe that all-knowing, smug look on her face, “If only to prove you wrong, now let me concentrate.”

“I still don’t know how any of this works but okay.”

You pressed your hands against the door, “This better not work…” Opening your SAVE file again you mixed and rearranged the values until you got the one you wanted.

01000100 01101111 01101111 01110010

“Please don’t work.”

...

...

...

*PROCESSING...PROCESSING...PROCESSING.*

*PROTOCOL ACCEPTED*

*FILE SAVED*

“No.”
The delta rune triangles began to emit an unearthly hue-

“No.”

-Bathing the two of you in its mystical light-

“No…”

-Until it settled on the colour yellow, the colour of the SAVE.

“NO!”

*The door is open.

You fell to your knees in defeat.

You lost your balance and fell over as Toriel brushed past you causing to fall to your side with an extremely loud thud, she looked back upon your defeated form with such contempt that you physically recoiled.

“Damn it, probably wasn’t very smart to insult her dead mother.” Without a word you pushed yourself back onto your feet and made your way over to the door, “...I’m sorry, that was a insensitive thing to say.” You apologized meekly.

Your mother didn’t appreciate the sentiment, however, instead, she remained silent and turned to face the door.

“Look, I-uh,” regardless if it was warranted her anger toward you made you feel more of a piece of shit than usual. It’s not all bad though, maybe you could use this as a chance to finally get some answers in peace, “I get that you’re mad at me right now and you’ll probably want some alone time-”
"Chara, sweetie, it’s time for dinner."

"..."

"Chara?"

"...I’m fine Mom, I-I’ll be down in a minute."

"Are you sure? You don’t sound alright, do you want me to come in?"

"No! No, don’t worry about it, I’m fine really."

"Truly?"

"Yep!"

A moment of silence.

Breathe.
“...I know that this past couple of weeks have been hard on you child.”

“I can’t imagine what you must be feeling right now, being so far away from home.”

A realisation from behind closed doors.

A self-deprecating laugh kept tied down in the base of the child throat.

The child couldn’t help but find humor in the situation.

However morbid it may be.

If that’s the part that they’ve been given though...

Who were they to deny them a show?

“What’s so funny my child?”

“You’re funny.”

“Huh?”

“Thank you.”
“O-oh, of course my child, we’re here for you anytime you need.”

“I know Mom, I-I just need some alone time.”

DATE: 10XX

1 Week after the fall of the first child.

Something snapped.

“MOVE!”

“I can’t I’m too fat!”

Instead you let your instincts take over and blocked the incoming blast with your arms, funnily enough all those extra layers of protection along with your determination made your defense stat insanely high so the blast only pushed you back a tiny bit.

Still…

FRISK DREAMURR

HP: 18.5/20

Fireballs hurt like hell.

“Heh, at least I can finally take off a layer.”
“THAT. IS. NOT. THE. MAIN. ISSUE. HERE!”

“Oh yeah.”

“WHAT THE HELL MOM?!” With gusto you launched your first layer of coats into the snow behind you, I thought we talked about this-HOLY SHIT!” You fell to the side when another attack was sent your way, this time you weren’t so lucky as the attack managed to catch your scarf this time burning it to a crisp.

FRISK DREEMURR

DEF: 300 (+50) → DEF: 300 (+25)

HP: 16.5/20

Why, why, why, why?! Damn it, this was that stupid horror tale timeline all over again, the rational part of you deep inside your head was screaming at you to LOAD your SAVE file but your mind was so overrun with fear, confusion, and betrayal that and your concentration was shot to shit, “G-get back!” Despite shedding one layer of clothing you were still too big to move quickly, instead you frantically backpedaled instead as Toriel loomed ever closer.

In one fluid motion the monarch grabbed you by the scruff of neck and slammed you into the cave wall.

“Don’t.”

SLAM!

“Take.”

SLAM!
“Me.”

SLAM!”

“For.”

SLAM!

“A.”

CRUNCH!

“FOOL!”

FRISK DREEMURR

HP: 20/20

Wait...what? She healed you? After beating the shit out of you? Is she going to be start beating on you again only to repeat the process, that’ll be an ironic turn of events, “I-I h-have many, many, questions regarding what just occurred and your mental stability but for now I’ll keep it simple and start with the simplest one, why?”

She smiled darkly at you, fangs glistening savagely, “I finally understand you now.”

“Y-you do?” Oh boy.

“Yes, I do,” the savageness from her face instantly dropped off and was replaced with something far more bitter, “Ha, I was such a fool, I’ve had it wrong the entire time,” She glared at you now with tearful eyes, “Tell me Frisk, those words you spoke to me on that rooftop when we about to be killed...did you mean them?”
“If you can’t protect me alone and I can’t protect you then let’s protect each other.”

Your train of thought once again disappeared when you caught sight of her tears, a wave of fresh self-loathing surged through your SOUL.

You just keep on hurting her, don’t you?

Maybe it would be best to speak from the heart (you know from what’s left of it) for once, “Of course I meant what I said.”

“No. You don’t.” She deadpanned, “If you did you wouldn’t have tried to send me away right now.”

“Oh crap.”

She tilted her head to the left, “Oh? Did you think I wouldn’t notice your blatant trickery in my angered state? You really are a child,” she tapped your chest with her claw, “It makes me wonder if anything you say is genuine at all.”

“It was for your own safety.” You blurted out the first thing that came to your head, “Everything I’ve ever done was for the safety and protection of all Monsters.”

She slammed her fist on the cave wall beside your head, “Don’t spout that politician-esque drivel to me like I’m one of those fools in the council.” Her eyes narrowed like slits as she gazed into your own feral gaze, “You just tell people what they want to hear when they want to hear it without ever meaning a single word that leaves your mouth. All so you can control people that much easier.”

“The only reason I control people is to keep them safe,” you retorted, it’s how it’s always worked with Monsters, jump through enough hoops and say the right things and they’re like putty in your hands, it’s not like you started off with the intention to control others, it just happened to be an unforeseen benefit. “In case you’ve forgotten Monsters lost that war and unless you all magically get an upgrade your SOULs still don’t even equal to one human SOUL.”

“Are you saying that I’m weak?” The pressure in the room increased tenfold as Toriel’s voice dropped an octave, “Are you saying that I don’t have the power to protect you or my own people?”
You...you think we’re a joke don’t you?”

To be honest you kinda did, how could you take a race of people seriously when even their strongest warriors can be beaten to death with a notebook. You were sure that your family and friends would try their hardest to keep you safe but in reality...would that be enough?

You remembered what it felt like when Asgore saved your life at the end of your first neutral run, him pushing you out of the way as you watched Flowley run a vine through his body and SOUL.

That feeling of having your hope crushed and plunged into the darkest despair, pathetically trying to piece together the shards of SOUL in a fit hysteria. If helping you leads to more deaths like that then you’d rather be left alone to your own devices, it’s how you’ve always done things, it’s what would be best for everybody.

In the end Monsters die too easy and determination is but a fleeting power, easily manipulated and yet even harder to control. What if someone dies and you accidentally save after the event. There would be no coming back from that unless you RESET and did everything all over again.

You didn’t have the strength to do it all over again.

“I-”

WOOF!

The blur of white fur barreled into your Mother and dislodged you from the crevice in the wall.

WOOF! WOOF! WOOF!

“Master!” The blur known more commonly as the annoying dog (and more uncommonly known as Toby Fox) stood between the two of you with his hackles raised.

“M-master?!” Toriel flinched away from you as if she'd been slapped, her expression morphing into one of confusion and then recognition, “Wait a minute…you’re that mutt that stole my phone!”
How dare she? “Don’t call him a mutt Mom!” Such insolence, “You don’t understand who you’re talking to.” With practised ease you stroked the small on the dog’s back to placate him, “Besides we’re guests here after all, it’s only fair that we treat our host with respect.”

…

…

…

“We came here-to see a dog?” She was in disbelief, with the way you were carrying yourself and the sudden surge of determination she felt from you she expected this trip to provide more answers. Now all she had were more questions.

WOOF! WOOF! The dog locked eyes with you as it span around in a circle before dashing through the door, “Follow me, I know the way.” All too eagerly you brushed off the debris on what could be your last layers of coat you made to follow the dog.

“Oh, I can do that.”

Toriel reached out and grabbed several of your hoods in her hands, “We’re not done here child.”

“Yes we are Mom,” you stated without turning around as to hide your expression from her for if she was to see the kind of face you were making she’ll never trust you again, you’re gonna feel even worse after this, you sighed, “You want me to start taking you seriously? Fine, I’m done skulking around everyone all the damn time,” you’re worse than trash, “I’m sick of feeling like I can’t even talk to my own family,” die, die a horrible death, “And most of all I’m tired Mom, I’m tired of hurting you.”

“You’re scum, you know that right?”
“O-oh, child,” when the first of your crocodile tears started to fall all signs of contempt disappeared from your mother as she swept you up in a bear crushing hug, and it was real, so very real, how you missed this feeling of security and warmth that only she was able to provide. Everytime she hugged you your mind flashes back to that first timeline all those years ago back when you were despondent and fearful of the world around you. The concept of love used to be a bitter one for you, it always brought up either feelings of bitterness or a terror so raw that it’ll send you into fits so hysterical in their madness that you’d spend days curled up in an abandoned corner in the ruins screaming.

Just, screaming.

But despite it all she remained.

Even as your broken howls scared off everyone else, screams so broken and sorrowful that even Flowley learnt to stay away, she remained by your side for hours on end; silently giving the anchor you needed stay afloat. Your light in the darkness. She kept from doing something that was...cowardly.

So it was no wonder that within a couple months you allowed her to touch you and couple more after that you allowed her to hug you.

That was the first time, you truly began to feel.

She doesn’t remember but you swore on that day that’ll you do whatever it takes to preserve that warmth, her light, even if it meant that one day you’ll never feel it again.

“My child,” you ‘sobbed’ into Toriel’s shoulder even harder as she continued to stroke your hair, “Hm, you’re really due a haircut child, it’s almost longer than Undyne’s,” she chuckled weakly at the thought as she ran her fingers through your hair absentmindedly, her eyes sweeping over your form with worry, “I’m so sorry, I-I don’t know what came over me.”

“It’s okay,” you muzzled deeper into the hug, best to take as much from this as you could before you lose the chance, “At least when you hurt me it’s out of love, that’s more than I can say for my real parents.”

Toriel shivered at the thought, it’s times like this that she remembers how broken her child really was. No one should be so nonchalant about their abuse nor should it ever be considered normal, as if it was part of the routine. She honestly couldn’t wait to meet your parents, the things she’ll do to
them...

They’ll be begging for death within the hour.

“No.” The monster pushed you away a bit so the two of you made eye-contact, “It’s not okay, you deserve better than that.” She said firmly, “And if anyone dares tell you different run to me or your father and we’ll make them see different.”

“Thank you...truly,” keep it together, you can hate yourself all you want later but for now just hold off, “Shall we get going?” You stood up and pushed the door open, “After you milady.” You bowed in a manner that you hoped looked awkward and cute, once again your hair fell over face so you allowed a bit of your mask to crack.

“Pfft, never took you for the chivalrous type,” she laughed a lot more openly at your act and ruffled your hair.

And

She.

Stepped.

Through.

The.

Door.
You laid Toriel’s comatose body as gently as you could against the wall, pushing the husks of dog residue out of the way as you did so. It was bad enough you helped knocked her out no point adding insult to injury by making her rest aside dog shit.

*Wow, you’ve really made a mess of things since last I saw you.*

You cringed at the tone of voice coming from behind you, it wasn’t one filled with disappointment or even anger at your actions but one filled with nothing but morbid interest. That was one of the things you couldn't stand the most whenever you met up the dog, they always made you feel like you were something to be left out alone in the wild if only to see how it would react to its new environment.

A test subject and nothing more.

Not that you couldn’t understand where he was coming from. It was hard to be held accountable for your actions if no one has the power to make you feel the consequences.

“She’s going to be okay right?”

*Of course, you know I have a strict no-interference policy when it comes to my creations Frisk, free will and all that crap. You know how this room works.*

You nodded mentally to yourself, the main reason why no one has ever managed to find this room was because of how taxing staying in the room was to someone’s SOUL, or more specifically their determination. Only beings with god-like high levels of determination could stand to be in this room for extended periods of time anyone else that tried either subconsciously avoids the room or if they do manage to get that far faint on the spot due to the mental strain.

You turned around to face Toby and instantly took note of the strange, white rectangular device attached to his neck with a collar,

“New translator? What happened to your old one?”
*You know how Glyde is, you stop paying attention to him for a couple seconds and all of a sudden you’re the asshole.

Speaking of the miniature whale you haven’t seen him, “Wait, so you kicked him out?” You hoped not, they were basically the unholy fusion of both Snowdrake and Ice cap’s personalities with none of the redeeming qualities. Monsterkind had enough raging egos within their populace to last them several lifetimes, between Mettaton and Papyrus you didn’t have the patience for anyone else.

*Nah, you just missed him, sent him get some stuff for me from another timeline.

“Isn’t jumping between timelines dangerous or something,” you asked, “The space-time continuum and all that jazz.”

Toby did the closet a dog could actually come to pulling a smirk, not if you’re are doing it right.

“Fair.”

Toby regarded the unconscious form of your mother once more, But that’s not what we came here to talk about now is it?

“Come now Mr Fox, do you think so ill of me that the idea of me visiting a friend is too strange?” You jeered, putting your hand on your heart for added effect.

*Yes.

“Ugh.” He didn’t have to be so blunt about it.

*Oh don’t make that face Frisk, we both know you only come and visit me when you either mess up the timeline or when you’ve accidentally got someone permanently killed.

“You’re acting like that’s something that happens every other day.”
*Hmph, it happens enough for me to be skeptical. But I guess that’s what I get for breaking my own rules for a kid like you.*

“Yep,” you grinned at the dog cheekily, “Guess you’re stuck with me.”

*But of course, after all out of all the Frisks I’ve seen you’re the one that interests me the most.*

---

**RESET NUMBER: UNKNOWN**

“Oh come on G-grillz, j-just one more drink and I won’t bother you for the rest of the day...o-or night I don’t know how days pass down here w-without using the s-sun.” The words tumbled out of their mouth like stones, their tongue felt even heavier still as the alcohol numbed their once painful thoughts and offered them bliss.

“...”

“No? Are you cutting me off?”

“...”

Without any warning Grillbys fire turned from orange to blue, the sudden rise in temperature caused the human to fall off their stool in shock and brought all attention toward the two of them. Tension filled silence filled the air as bar-goers watched the exchange between the two. Magical energy began to diffuse through the air causing Frisk’s hair to stand on end, even in their drunken state they knew there was little to no point to starting a bar fight right now. They were already pushing it by pretending to be an adult in this run and the last thing they needed right now was any trouble. After all the purpose of this RESET was to take a break from everything and brainstorm a new plan for saving Asriel.

But still...

“F-fine,” you threw a dozen gold coins on the counter haphazardly to cover the fact that you sucked another bottle of booze into your phone, “I’ve drank piss that tasted better anyway.” Flipping him
off for good measure Frisk stumbled out of the bar and out into unforgiving temperature of Snowdin. Thankfully the streets were practically abandoned, the lights in every home turned off which would have left them surrounded in the deepest darkness if it weren’t for the light of the bar behind them and their own phone screen. “Huh…” Even the fake stars in the sky dulled in color, “That answers that question.”

Frisk checked their inventory as they made their way back to the inn, since they weren’t planning on even attempting to break the barrier this run they had a sizeable amount of funds left over that otherwise would have been spent on curatives in preparation for the hyper death fight. The only downside is that now they’ve reached a point where they’re are so well known for their acts of kindness and mercy that no one wants to fight them anymore. No fights equals no more money which leads to a very broke Frisk.

Buying all those booze probably didn’t help with things either.

But damn it did they do wonders for their sanity.

Truthfully they didn’t no what else to do, they’ve tried everything from pacifism to genocide, to every possible neutral ending, they stayed in the ruins until everyone around them grew old and died, they worked together with Alphys to manufacture an artificial soul only for it to end in failure. They’ve even gone as far as to steal a one of the six’s souls from Asgore.

But nothing worked.

Nothing ever worked.

So now here they were, drinking themselves to oblivion everyday in hopes of numbing the overwhelming sense of failure that followed them around like a plague. For the first time in a long time they were considering giving up, to forget about Asriel and enjoy the happy ending they’ve earned almost centuries ago. But every time they had to turn away from the weeping boy at the end a feeling of grief rose up from somewhere deep inside their SOUL which caused them to RESET time and time again. Maybe it was Chara who had enough sense to feel guilty for the damage they’ve caused or maybe it was the single part of their psyche that still resembled a child that hated bittersweet things and all they entail.

Whatever the case they were stuck, doomed to forever roam these caravans not because of the physical barrier surrounding the mountain but the mental one trapping their mind.
CURRENT BALANCE:

65G

"Damn, and I already paid 80G for my last stay there's no way she’ll admit me now," it was one of the set facts of this timeline if you don’t have enough money to pay for your first trip out of pity the innkeeper will allow you to sleep there for free every other visit after that but pay for your first visit and it won’t matter if you’re dying at her doorstep she won’t let you in. Monsters down here could be surprisingly cruel when they wanted to be. They could try living with one of their friends but they didn’t want them to see them like this. It’s one thing for other monsters to see, let them show pity they don’t have to accept it, but Frisk didn’t think they could stand it if they got the same pitying glances from Papyrus or Sans.

God forbid her reaction if Toriel finds out they’ve been drinking.

“Ugh,” Frisk summoned the bottle of booze they swiped and took a big swig, at first Frisk didn’t see the appeal in drinking the foul tasting concoction but after a couple (hundred) shots in different timelines they began to understand. The way it burned all the way down their body, the way it settles at the base of the stomach. The way it made everything just stop. A type of self-destruction that’s so interwoven with day-to-day life that no one bats an eye.

CRASH!

“Just ignore it Frisk, not your problem.”

SMASH!

“Don’t stop drinking, you don’t have to deal with this crap.”

POP!

“This was gonna be a laid back run, no need to.”

SIZZLE!
“Sizzle?!” Frisk tore their lips away from the bottle as they zeroed in on a blob of white fur shifting through the garbage across the street, “Is that a Temmie? That’s weird I never see those things outside the village.” Their attention shifted back to their drink, “But still Temmies making unnatural noises isn’t anything new…”

WOOF WOOF!

“Wait a minute,” upon closer inspection the ‘Temmie’ seemed to have be missing some of its main iconic features, for one the creature was completely naked, there was no signs of any human-like hairstyles and its face was considerably less derpy. Well, it was still kinda derpy but not to the extent at which a Temmies normally is. In fact the creature looked more like a normal surface dog more than any of the actual dog monsters.

How curious.

Despite being heavily intoxicated Frisk managed to sneak up on the dog with surprising stealth, the many years they’ve spent as a lab rat in dungeons of their castle had meant that they often had to be able to function efficiently while suffering from whatever unholy concoction was being pushed through their system. Frisk continued their sneaking until they were right behind the dog who was far too invested in whatever ‘treasure’ they were digging for. They were sure that they’ve seen this dog before in a past run but they had a hard time placing where exactly. They’ve been at this for so long that sometimes they forget the less important parts of their journey. Even so Frisk couldn’t help but feel that there was something important about the little guy. Something that they were missing. But what?

“Maybe I should just ask it, not like I’ve got anything better to do,” Frisk thought to himself, with as a gentle a voice they could manage they whispered as to not startle it, “Hey, whatcha doin there little buddy?”

Said dog jumped at the sudden voice that appeared behind it and turned to face Frisk with what only could be described as a curious expression as well. However even now with a complete view of its face Frisk still couldn’t pinpoint where exactly they’ve seen the dog before. “…Looks like you can’t speak english either, figures, oh well,” they raised the bottle to their lips-

..........................WOOF!

Without any prior warning the dog leapt at their hand causing Frisk to let go of the bottle and spill its contents all over the ground, the snow took up a sickly yellow color.
“What?”

“WOOF!” The barked one more time for good measure before dashing off toward Snowdin forest.

They weren’t finished with that.

They couldn’t afford to buy another one, they’ve been planning on savoring their last drink of this run before resetting and repeating the process a couple more times.

Only for a tiny bit longer mind you.

Only until a couple more drinks than they’ll get back to saving Asriel.

But now it was all...gone.

Defiling the snow with its impurity.
But more importantly it was wasted.

Wasted.

Wasted.

WASTED.

“YOU RAT BASTARD!” Frisk tore after the dog with a rage they’ve haven’t experienced in a long time, bloodlust dulled reason as they charged screaming back down the path leading to the ruins. Sure they could have just gone back to their last save and just repeat the day again but with a load came sobriety and with sobriety came reason, the sober Frisk in the future would surely look upon the actions of the Frisk of the present with shame and would strive not to repeat them.

And that won’t do. That won’t do at all.

It was the principle of the matter, a principle that could only be appreciated when you’re drunk off your tits but a principle nonetheless.

That was all the reason Frisk needs.

Frisk half ran, half stumbled through the forest like a madman, catching up with the dog occasionally only for them to just miss it as it makes a sharp turn, when they lose their visual they instead take to following the footprints left behind in the snow with their phone. Yet despite it all Frisk could never fully catch up to the dog completely, it always stayed just within Frisk’s field of vision and not a centimeter closer or further away. But that only caused Frisk’s bloodlust to deepen even further still, nothing in this place was faster than them, nothing, this was something new, something that could break the mundane repetition of events that their life has become.

With a flip they burst through the woodland, their feet kicking wildly in the open air as their alcohol laden mind failed to realise that there was nothing to run on.

So they fell.
And they fell.

And fell.

And fell.

“ARGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!” Within the final moments before impact Frisk diverted all of their determination towards their legs to such an intensity that it took the form as a crimson mist that covered their lower body.

CRASH!

The cliffside groaned as the landing caused many shockwaves to ripple through the earth, snow was sent flying in all directions as Frisk laid crouched in their landing position; a drunken smile stretching across their face, “S-sticks t-the land- BWWWWWWWWWAAAAAHHH!” Their smile quickly turned into one of horror before breaking down completely as broken down bits of pie, chocolate, and the occasional temmie flake (Undyne bet them two unicycles and a single G...that only excused the first few times though). “Ugh, haven’t I been here before...?” On shaky feet they stood, their stomach still churning painfully in protest of any sudden movements.

WOOF WOOF WOOF!

There standing at the mouth of some cave was the mutt, its head tilted to left in an almost mocking gesture.

‘Come and get me.’

Or at least that’s what it looked like to Frisk.

Once more they gave chase, taking extra care that in their mad dash they don’t tumble off the edge charging right into the small cave opening just as the dog disappeared within it and through another passageway behind it.
Thoughts of giving chase however were dashed from their mind as Frisk took in their new surroundings. The room was buzzing with magical energy, a bluish hue seemed to have seeped into every nook and cranny of the space permanently staining the objects aquamarine. Frisk’s hand trailed along one of the many mushrooms jutting out of the ground when their eyes came to rest on the open door in front of them.

The delta rune was carved deeply into it.

The memories nearly overwhelmed them.

They remembered the early years of their adventure before things got complicated and before they even knew Flowley’s true identity. They were a paranoid child, years of RESETs spent idling away in the ruins and living in constant fear of the day that ‘monsters’ outside coming to take away their happiness made them a very defensive child, one that refused to listen to reason even if it would be for the best to take heed. Their first time attempting this puzzle they got cocky, Frisk used to look down on Papyrus’ simple nature and his less than average puzzles. They didn’t need help from a fool like him.

They did.

Frisk could remember with a hint of shame the bursts of panic when they fell on top of Sans’ sculpture. Their heart had leapt to their throat which made it hard to properly talk as fear held a heavy grip on their mind, Frisk could feel the begins of an attack build up in the back of their mind but with no Toriel to calm them down again it could very well lead to something more fatal.

So they ran.

They ran in a childish hope that they’ll be able to escape the demons that were plaguing them.

“And I somehow ended up here, huh...wonder why I forgot about this place,” Frisk thought aloud to themselves. Sure the room held no real importance to the events that followed they could still remember how magic and colors of the place brought them peace of mind that they thought they’ll never feel again.

But more importantly...
The door was open.

Never in any run they’ve done had the door been open to them, even the mysterious key that they got didn’t open it. For a long time now Frisk had just accepted that the door would forever remained closed, its secrets would stay a secret.

But now…

Could this be the chance they were looking for? Could this be the key to saving Asriel?

They had to try.

Being presented with a chance to finally change things fills you with…

DETERMINATION.

They stepped through the archway,

...

...

...

They felt nothing.

“...Why do I feel like I’ve just dodged a bullet?” Frisk cracked their neck a couple times to get rid of the sudden pain that developed within it, that was completely forgotten however when Frisk’s gaze landed on the sole object in the room (that wasn’t...dog residue? Why?), “A computer?” It looked ancient, Frisk didn’t really use a lot of technology when they on the run but even they could tell this was an very old model for a computer, “Wonder what’s on it?” They reached out-
-Only for their SOUL to torn out of their body.

*Glyde swooped in!

*Looks like you’re gonna have a WHALE of a time...get it?

“Shut it Chara,” the feeling of having Frisk’s soul ripped out must have awakened them, “I don’t have time to deal with your crap right now.” RESET upon RESET had drained Chara’s patience to the point where to say that it was even there at all was laughable, Chara figured that once they had Frisk’s SOUL they’ll be able to bring the end of the world around in no time, sadly they didn’t account for Frisk’s own innate stubbornness, the demon could never finish the run without Frisk forcibly RESETTING back to the start. Or when that they didn’t work Chara would often be in the middle of a fight when suddenly and without warning their knife ends up in their own foot, or they would randomly combust into flames. Hotland was especially a danger zone as whenever they could Frisk would take back control of their legs and send them toppling into the lava pits below; all the while pushing Chara’s essence as far forward into the ‘driver’s seat’ as they could to further increase the demon’s pain. It was simply too much effort to fully maintain control on Frisk’s body for any extended period of time, Chara was too new at controlling bodies and Frisk was surprisingly good at resisting a spirit that has control of their own. They’ll let Frisk do their own thing for now, eventually the despair of the situation will break them and then they’ll embrace the void with the rest of them.

*Don’t get mad at me, I was sleeping soundly until a certain someone woke me up! What the hell partner I thought we were taking a break from fighting. Not that I mind but there’s a way we do these things ya know?

“Just check the damn thing for me.” Being a partner to this traitor made their blood boil [ACT] →

*Check

*...

“What?”

*R-refuses to give more details about its statistics.

“What?!” Frisk didn’t have time to remained baffled however as star shaped bullets began to rain down upon them, clutching their SOUL to their chest they dived to the right just barely dodging the
bullets that became lodged in the wall behind them.

*There isn’t enough room to fight properly in here.*

“Mystery fucking solved, what would we do if detective Charmander wasn’t on the case…” Directing their SOUL upward this time they sent the little red heart flying overhead while Frisk made their body slide underneath the barrage. [ACT] → *Boo*

“Dude, you suck like all the balls in the world right now,” Frisk rather crudely imitated the action with their hands, depicting a scene where Glyde was...struggling to hold all the balls it had.

*Why would you do that? What happened to pacifism?*

“I’m only hurting his feelings not his face.”

The whale monster spoke for the first time since attacking them, “Mmm, fresh sweet haters…”

“Now I want to hurt his face.”

*You boo...but haters only make Glyde stronger. Glyde ATTACK UP +5 DEFENCE DOWN -5*

“WHY?!” Their questions went unanswered as the bullet pattern surrounded you and your SOUL.

*You might want to block that.*

“With what? I don’t have any of weapons on me,” they also neglected collecting the fallen children’s weaponry this run as well, there was no point if they weren’t going to be used for their intended purpose, even their stick was left behind in the ruins with Toriel as a memento for her to remember Frisk by, they were so cocky that nothing was going to be able to seriously hurt them this time around.

Now that arrogance might cost them.
“HELLO, I’M RIGHT HERE?!?” They were snapped out of their reverie as Glyde slapped his flipper against the cave wall, “Now that I have your attention,” he coughed in the most pretentious way possibly, “Leave. Frisk, this is no place for you.”

“That seems to be the general consensus of this place,” Frisk snarked at the whale before the reality of what the monster just said sunk in, “...How do you know my name?”

“Who doesn’t know your name?” Asked Glyde rhetorically, “I mean you’re not as awesome as me but for a human I think you’re at least a solid second place.” Glyde chuckled nastily into his flipper as if he told the best joke in the whole damn world all the while giving Frisk condescending looks every time he snorted.

“Bullshit, if you knew who I was you wouldn’t be attacking me,” keep him talking while find an opening partner, “In case you didn’t know I’m pretty tight with the royal guard, you’ve heard of Undyne right? The Undying? If she finds out what you’re doing to me she’ll tear you a new asshole, bringing your asshole count to a grand total of two”

“...Two?” That couple second delay was spent counting how many assholes he had and that was amazing.

*I don’t see any openings in his bullet pattern Frisk, it’s pretty-

*DISCONNECTED

Just like that the connection between Frisk’s SOUL and Chara’s was cut.

...

Good news aside without Chara they might be in real trouble.

Best not stir the pot right?
Fuck it.

“Yep,” you smiled innocently back pointed to each part of the body that you were insulting, “The basic one at your tail end,” you pointed to your own mouth, “And the one you use to chat all of that shit.”

“...Goodbye.” With a blank face the whale monster directed all of his bullet patterns toward Frisk, they closed their eyes in defeat, hoping that being on influence won’t affect their memory.

“That’s enough.”

“...Why aren’t I dead?” They opened their eyes to find that the bullets only moved a couple inches forward, “I mean I’m not complaining but...ya know.” They twisted around to where they heard the voice come from, “Now who the hell are you supposed to...be?”

Snow white fur.

Dull eyes.

Derpy ass face.

“Hey, you’re the dickweed that made me spill my drink,” curiosity was all too quickly pushed aside as their earlier anger began to bubble at the surface, “So you can talk, good you’re gonna buy me a new drink or so help me I’m gonna make you wish Cruella da ville caught you.”
The dog blinked as if it was in disbelief. “That’s your first thing that you request? A mere drink?”

“That was no ‘mere drink’ mutt,” Frisk shot back hotly, “That was a vintage bottle of Grillby’s homemade inferno vodka, it’s legendary, not even the king of monsters could stomach it and he’s apparently a heavyweight, and you just happened to spill the only bottle I could afford!” Well, that was only partially true, they did steal it after all so really they had no right to be so angry about it being wasted.

But still, it was the principal of the matter.

“Wait, hang on a second,” now something that the dog had said struck you as strange, “Why aren’t you more concerned about my obvious drinking problem, since I’m like only eleven.”

“My, my you don’t let anything slip don’t you?” It looked...impressed, “You really are something special.”

Frisk frowned at the familiar string of words, “I really want to say that’s a coincidence but that would just be wishful thinking doesn’t it?” They glared at the dog from within their bullet prison, “Tell me something mutt, how much do you know?”

Glyde smirked, “The real question here is how much you don’t know, I bet it’s eating you up inside not knowing everything that going to happen before it actually does.” The whale got right up in their face as he said this with the full intention of provoking them.

Frisk however kept their face blank, “Oh, so you do know about the RESEtS,” as quickly as it came Glyde’s smirk transferred to Frisk’s own face, “Thanks for the info, dumbass.”

The sphere of bullet surrounding you started to shrink alongside Glyde’s patience, “Insult me one more time I dare you.”

“Hey man you do half the work for me,” you said while shrugging in a very Sans-esque way.

“I said that’s enough.”
Frisk raised a curious eyebrow as their SOUL was absorbed back into their body and the FIGHT menu disappeared from their mind, as well as that Glyde’s bullets simmered before exploding harmlessly into stardust. Frisk’s eyes scanned the room until they found the annoying dog at the computer, strings of code flashing on the screen.

Once you start a fight with someone via their SOULs the fight won’t end until either one party is dead, accepts mercy, or runs away. Even if neither side decides to attack or if one side never takes their turn the two combatant’s SOULs would forever be locked in the ‘fight’, slowly but surely decaying from the extended time outside their hosts bodies.

There were no other ways to end a fight.

So to do with a computer no less…

“Who the hell are you?” Frisk asked the dog, “Or maybe a better question would be what the hell are you?”

“Hmph, isn’t it obvious?” All of a sudden Frisk felt the overwhelming need to kneel, “You’re looking at the god of this world. Toby. Toby Fox.”
“Lame.” The need to kneel disappeared almost instantly.

“What?” The dog was insulted by Frisk’s lackluster response if only for a couple seconds before becoming curious, “Lame? I’ve been called a lot of things before but not once have I been called lame.”

“Of course you’re lame,” Frisk said in a matter-of-fact tone, “First off the name ‘Toby Fox’ doesn’t exactly strike fear or reverence into a person’s heart,” They stuck out their second finger, “Second of all the whole ‘god’ of this world act has already been done to death by this point, I mean have you met Flowley yet?”

“Arrogant human trash! Don’t you know your place-” Glyde began his rant.

Toby put a comforting paw on the monster’s shoulder, “Glyde, calm yourself young one, I wanna test something.”

“Yeah, Monstro, the adults are talking here so why don’t you do everyone a favor and fuck off?” Frisk jeered before turning to Toby, “Well? Am I passing your test in flying colours almighty air buddy.”

“I could end your existence with a tap of a button you know.” It was probably the way Toby said it so nonchalantly that gave Frisk a reason to pause, “You think you’re special? There are an infinite number of people that could do what you do in your place and probably do a better job at it too. Hell, I could make another Frisk to do the job.”

Now that.

That disturbed Frisk deeply.

Because no matter how much they reasoned with themselves.
The idea that they could just be removed and replaced by the dog in front of them.

Didn’t seem crazy at all.

In fact.

It felt very doable.

Very doable indeed.

Even so…

“What’s your point?”

Toby raised an inquisitive eyebrow, he wasn’t expecting Frisk to reply after that, “My point? Tell me child what’s a mortal to a god?”

“No, let me tell you something,” punching their knuckles together Frisk’s body burst into a myriad of flames, the inferno giving their hair the impression that it was a elongated candlewick and their face the definition of depravity, “What’s a god to a nonbeliever?” They clicked their fingers and the fire disappeared along with it, they pointed their fist at the dog as a challenge proposal, “Be it god, human, or monster, as long as you exist you can cease to. As long as you breath you can die. As long as you oppose me I can kill you. You think you can threaten me with your status as a god? I’ll tear your ass down from heaven and make you my personal bitch before you can even think of screwing me over again.”

…

“Hahahaha.”

He was laughing?
“Hahahahahahahahahahahahaha.”

Why do they always have to laugh?

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!”

“I wasn’t aware that I told a joke.” Frisk pouted, they thought they actually sounded pretty badass for a second there.

Toby actually had to wipe a tear from his face(?) due to how hard he was laughing, “Oh, okay, you got me kid, you pass.” He moved toward the keyboard, “You don’t mind if I do this Glyde?”

Oh.

Frisk had completely forgot about the other monster in the room, nervously they turned toward Glyde expecting to be met with a hate-filled gaze only to be instead met with one of indifference, “Makes no difference to me boss, as long as you remember who the real star of the show is.”

“I’ll let Mettaton know that you were concerned.” Toby deadpanned.

“That’s not what I meant.”

“Yeah, but that’s how I choose to interpret it.” He tapped his keyboard.

*PAUSE

Time stopped.

Space stopped.
Everything stopped.

Yet they still moved.

“Just when you think you’ve seen everything,” even the dust particles in the air had stopped moving. Friskclicked their fingers in front of Glyde’s face but alas no reaction, Frisk mentally scolded themselves for not having marker pen with them to truly seize the occasion.

“There, now we can talk freely, where to even begin?”

“Well let’s start with the obvious,” Frisk sat down on the floor, they found it strange that only one patch of the cave had a knitted floor but at this point nothing really fazed them anymore, “The little shit that’s been adding to my plethora of voices is gone, how?”

“See for yourself,” Toby stepped to the side and allowed Frisk to see what was being shown on the screen. A small gasp escaped them as Frisk realised what the numbers meant.

Stats.

Everyone’s stats.

Or more specifically a live feed of the stats of everyone in the underground, even those that weren’t visible to everyone else.

CHARA DREEMURR

STATUS: SILENCED (LOCKED WITHIN TARGET’S SOUL UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE)

LV: ???
QUEEN OF HUMANITY

STATUS: ???

LV: ???

Even Asriel’s.

FLOWLEY THE FLOWER

HP: 100/100

LV: 19

EXP: 0

“You want to save him don’t you?”

“Yes. More than anything.”

“Would you be willing to die to for that cause?”

“No, I want to enjoy the fruits of my labour.”

“Doesn’t that make you a coward?”

“I don’t believe in any of that self-sacrificing bullshit.”
“How far are you willing to go for this then if you’re not willing to die?”

“As far as you can take me.”

“Even if you had to kill?”

“Especially if I had to kill, If I can’t save him by being the angel, maybe I’ll have better luck being a demon.”

The dog pondered your answers with a thoughtful expression before replying, “Your conviction is strong but alas pointless.”

“Pointless?”

Toby nodded his head sadly, “I’m sorry Frisk but in this timeline there isn’t any way to save the one you call Asriel Dreemurr.”

…

“You’re lying,” Frisk refused to accept that fact, nothing was impossible as long as they wanted it enough, this world was going to be theirs for the taking and they had to do was take it, that’s what they’ve been taught for the longest time now, surely it couldn’t have been a lie, “There’s always a way.”

“Not this time,” Toby stated firmly, “Though I suppose that it’s hardly your fault, this game was rigged from the start after all.”

Frisk wasn’t having any of this vague bullshit today, “Explain.”

Toby sighed, “It’s as I say, it is an indispensable fact of this timeline that Asriel Dreemurr can not be saved by any of the standard means.”
“By normal means I suppose you mean everything that I’ve tried before this point?” Frisk ventured.

Toby smiled at Frisk’s quick thinking, “Yes, you are exactly right, the rules of this timeline make it so that SOULs can not be torn in half nor can they be manufactured. It is also impossible to share between two bodies, nor is it possible to use a human SOUL as a substitute for a monster one.”

“So what you’re saying is that this has all been a waste of time,” Frisk clenched their fists in frustration, “That there’s nothing I can do?!”

“That’s not what I’m saying at all, you aren’t listening correctly. It’s true that Asriel Dreemurr can’t be saved by any of the standard means in this timeline but maybe he can there’s a way in a different one.”

Frisk tilted their head to the left, not quite understanding what the god was saying, “…I’ve already checked the neutral and genocide routes and they provided me with nothing that could help me.”

“No…you’re talking about routes,” Toby scanned Frisk’s face for a shred of understanding but found none, “Okay…let me ask you a different question than, how educated are you in the many worlds interpretation?”

“…I’ve watched Steins;gate and Re:Zero with Alphys, and I’ve played through the entire zero escape franchise.”

“Good so you basically got the basics in your head,” Toby ran his paw the keyboard with renewed vigor, “Here, let me show you something, you might wanna move.”

Just as you stood up a bright light came from one of the piles of…dog residue in the corner of the room projecting a holographic image of a photo showing Frisk with all of their friends with the exception of Asriel.

But something was off, something that made Frisk’s hair stand on end.

First off they were on the surface, they recognised the pathway that led up to the mountain, they haven’t stayed on the surface long enough for them to be able to take a picture.
Second of all and probably the most disheartening.

Their eyes... they looked content.

Or maybe a better term would be that they look like they’re at peace with their situation, when they smiled it felt like one of a child instead of one of a sadistic timelord.

This ‘Frisk’ wasn’t Frisk.

“Is this some sort of alternate version of me?” Asked Frisk before they could stop themselves, “This has to be some kind of messed up illusion.”

“Nope,” Toby grinned sadistically at the child, in truth the dog wanted to see how this Frisk would react to the truth, it was kind of morbid curiosity one could only receive when they’ve become a being known as a god, “If anything we’re the fake ones here, the Frisk you see here is the original.”

…

…

…

“W-what does that make me?”

Toby shrugged, however studying Frisk’s body movements with a critical eye, “Well you see, let’s refer to the Frisk you see in the photo as ‘classic Frisk’ if that’ll help lessen the existential crisis you’re probably having right now. The Frisk of that reality was just a normal kid, well their parents did leave on a mountainside to die but besides from the obvious abandonment issues that came with that they were a normal kid, like you they fell to the underground and met the one you refer to as ‘Toriel’ or ‘Goatmom’ if you prefer. The only difference was that this Frisk wasn’t as big on the whole ‘kill or be killed’ thing as you or Flowley were.” The photo disappeared to be replaced with an image of Classic Frisk sparing Toriel, “They went through the underground
sparing every monster until they reached the king and met him in mortal combat, I think you know how that plays out…”

“Too well.”

“One traumatic boss fight later they LOAD their last SAVE file and befriend Alphys and get her and Undyne together. They try to fight Asgore again only this time the fight is interrupted by Toriel, don’t ask me why getting Alphys and Undyne together suddenly make everyone change their mind about letting you die monsters are fickle, blah, blah, blah, friendship, blah, blah, blah Flowley, blah, family, blah, hyper death, blah, blah, seizure inducing boss battle, blah, deus ex machina and they won.”

“I feel like you got lazy with your retelling.”

“Do you blame me?”

“Not really.”

“As I was saying, fast forward a bit and Frisk painfully comes to terms with the fact that not only are they unable to save Asriel but upon reaching the surface the mysterious guide in their head that had become their sibling in all but blood disappeared, hopefully to some kind of afterlife or reincarnation because the alternative is too depressing-”

“I became best friends with Chara?!” Frisk exclaimed in pure outrage and disgust, they couldn’t understand why any variation of themselves would become friends with the demon. Chara was the Dio to their Jojo, the joker to their batman, the ‘winning-a-goddamn-pokemon-league’ to Ash, “Why would I ever want to align myself with that brat?”

“Well...Chara isn’t inherently evil,” Toby stated, Frisk blinked as if the guy had just told them that water wasn’t wet, “The timeline we’re a part of now is one of many different timeline stemming from the classic ones, each with their own Frisk, Chara, and Asriel Dreemurr or others that can fill their space, the personalities of you three in particular are heavily dependant on the environments you were brought up in and the ways you choose to respond to that. The problem is 9/10 you and Chara are raised in your own little hellholes and the few times your parents are actually decent they are often murdered or die in a horrific, sometimes hilarious, but mainly horrific fashion. The Chara of the classic timeline had an terrible upbringing but living with the Dreemurr family had balanced out their darkness with light, now if Frisk ever killed a monster in
"At the cost of Asriel’s life.” Frisk argued.

“They were eleven, they were sorry, and they are cinnamon roll that must be protected at all costs."

“More like a SIN-minion roll...I’m sorry.”

“... So am I, I’m not even going to argue this with you and let you see for yourself in your own time,” The holographic image changed to a much older version of Classic Frisk standing on a pedestal and making what Frisk could only assume as a speech, “At first they wanted to RESET to see if they can save them both but out of respect for their wishes and Sans’ Frisk became the ambassador of humans and monsters and lived their life for the both of them,” Snapshots of Classic Frisk’s show present Frisk the life they always wanted to have, birthdays, normal school life, friends their age, adventures, the reconciliation between Asgore and Toriel, Undyne and Alphys’ wedding, graduation, finding someone, college, exploring the world, and eventually settling down and having...children. Oh god they had children in that timeline, even if they weren’t really theirs it felt like they’ve known them forever. The rush of images finally came to a rest on a image of a much, much, older Frisk, sporting a purple hawaiian shirt, a sun hat, a trident-esque walking stick, a beard that could have rivaled the gods and laugh line around their eyes in such magnitude that it would be laughable to mistake them for anything else.

Frisk took in Classic Frisk’s appearance with melancholic eye, “They’ve lived a good life.” They noted with a longing smile.

Toby nodded, a glint pride in his tone, “Yes they did, at age 70 they retired from their job as ambassador passing it down to one of their many, many children-”

“How many?”

“Asgore says he has too many while Toriel says she has not enough if that answers your question.”
Frisk could already picture a senior Asgore practically drowning in children with the most defeated expression while Toriel was making child angels (like snow angles but with...children?) while cackling madly.

“It does, quite horrifically if I may add.”

“Was the mental image both wonderfully amusing but depressingly dark and sad when you read what’s beneath the surface?”

“Yes, and most definitely yes.”

“Good, hold on to that image because things are about to get sad again,” Frisk immediately sobered up at the sudden change in Toby’s tone as the image changed once more.

Frisk’s throat closed up instantly.

The picture showed Classic Frisk crouched over the all too familiar patch of flowers in despair, tears, so many tears, ran down their face they concentrated all of their sorrow on one particular flower in the field, clutching as you would a newborn.

They knew who it was they were holding.

“Due to his refusal to forgive himself for his actions Flowley chose to remain in the underground as a show of penance for his actions, never moving from the grave of his sibling for 70 whole years. Those years...were not kind to Flowley, as a being that survives on determination his own began to dwindle with each passing year until finally he didn’t have the strength to maintain his existence and faded away. That was the fate of the original Asriel Dreemurr. It also was the beginning of everything.” A black mist began to envelope Classic Frisk as they continued to howl into the sky, “At that moment all of their failures, their REGRETS began to manifest at one single point, every what if, every I could have, every thought that was done using hindsight created a breach in the timeline so severe that it nearly caused it to collapse,” The image changed to show the elderly Frisk floating in the air in what looked like a rip off of the avatar state sans the arrows and replaced with glowing red soul, “They knew they couldn’t RESET, to RESET now would be the same as killing their own children and ripping their friends and family away from their happy endings, in short the Dreemurr children couldn’t have the happy ending in that reality so instead they decided to try and make a timeline where they did.” The words FILE COPY and FILE PASTE were displayed, “Even if they couldn’t live in that timeline Frisk would have been
content if at least one version of themselves was able to do what they could not. From their HOPES and DREAMS millions upon millions of timelines were created, nearly all versions of you birthed for that one purpose. To save as many lost SOULs as they can.”

“So...I was created by another version of me?”

“And I’m nothing more than the sentinel charged with maintaining this timeline, whether Frisk or my counterpart were the god of their world is hard to say but nevertheless it doesn’t make you any less real. At the very least isn’t it at least comforting knowing where you come from?”

“What? No! Of course not!” Frisk glared at the image in anger, “If they created this timeline and all the others out there then why the hell did keep the human-monster war the same? Why not remove it completely or better yet just make a timeline where Chara didn’t think of that stupid plan and chooses to stay in the underground in peace.”

“While there are some timelines that have that outcome not every timeline has that luxury,” Frisk opened their mouth to protest more but Toby held up a paw interrupting them, “Let me finish, with every timeline birthed from REGRET the stability of those timelines varied or in some cases outright became non-existent, and in some cases the removal of key events such as the human-monster war completely erased Asriel, Chara, and you from existence. So in order to minimize the chances of that happening Classic Frisk kept many of the main details the same but let the universe randomize everything else.”

“That is not responsible.”

“It is what it is, creating a new existence is quite taxing on the space-time continuum, it’s gotta mess around with the details a bit in order to keep itself from collapsing in on itself. Think of it as a computer that’ll overload if you run too many of the same program at any given time.” The projector showed the family photograph only this time everyone else was human and Frisk was the monster, another version of the photograph was in black and white with everyone looking like a character straight out of the godfather. Again and again different variations of the same photo were shown,

All of them included Asriel. Sometimes as Flowley, sometimes with Chara. Other times there were photos with all six of the fallen souls and others that had third skeleton that Frisk has never seen before.
This was quite a bit to take in, Frisk’s existence and all the suffering they’ve been going through was merely due to chance. Not only that they were only one in possibly an infinite amount of Frisks going through their own journeys all to fulfill the regrets of the one who failed before them.

The projector began to zoom out, further and further still until it revealed that the photos themselves were making a sentence-no, a word.

“U-undertale?” Frisk asked, “What does that mean?”

“It’s the name of our universe, or more specifically what our collection of timelines are categorized under, Classic Frisk named it after the book they wrote about their adventures underground, worldwide bestseller by the way.” Toby cast alongside look at Frisk who began to look very pale, “So...that’s the gist of it, what do you think?”

Frisk gulped, suddenly beating a god seemed like a very miniscule achievement, that’s the level of insane their life has become, even the mages plan to take over the world seemed so pointless in the grand scheme of things, and yet... “I-I’m honestly terrified to be honest, I might be out of my league here, but even so,” they slapped their cheeks as if to slap their own fears, “With all these versions of me out there there has to be one Frisk that has found a new way to save him right?”

“Perfect, just perfect,” Toby would have applauded if it weren’t for the fact he was a dog so he settled for giving Frisk the proudest dog stare he could, “Normally when a Frisk is told this information they have a complete mental breakdown, but you only panicked for about 10 seconds, 10! I don’t know whether it was because you actually drink magically infused vodka at the age of eleven or that you are quite easily the most sociopathic version of you I’ve ever seen but I’m glad I decided to help you.” Toby held out a paw, “Let me teach you how to use determination properly, you’ll be my kid and I’ll be your master and in return I’ll give you the power to travel freely between timelines and universes, together we’ll be able save your brother and have a hell of a time doing it as well. Who knows maybe you’ll be able to uncover secrets about this timeline that you’ve never could have gotten on your own, whaddya say?”

…

The choice was obvious.

They promised him after all, they weren’t going to let go.
No matter what.

Frisk gripped the dog’s paw, “Deal.”

“You’ve actually traveled that far back without resetting?!” Toby balked at your claim, his mouth actually dropping to the floor and making the generic comedic sound effect to boot.

“C’mon it can’t be that surprising, I time travel all the time, hell just last week I loaded my save file because I missed the streaming of the *Rick and Morty* premiere.” You argued, the way Toby was freaking out was concerning to say the least, not much could faze the dog up to and including the end of the universe, if he was concerned then you should be panicking. So you hoped that if you downplayed it enough maybe it won’t be as bad as it sounds. “There had to have been other versions of me that have time traveled without the use of the save file.

“Abuse of time travel powers aside,” The dog growled at you as you held up your hands in a sign of mercy, “Don’t you realize how huge this is? Sure there have been versions of you that have travelled back to the past but it was always with the use of a save file and it was never as far back. The golden age of humans-monsters, an end of an era, in a way everything began at that point, if what you’re saying is true than that means at one point in your life you’re gonna go back to the past.”

“But that’s the problem,” Frisk slammed their hand against the wall in frustration, “Sure I fuck around a lot with the timeline but I thought that even I wouldn’t be stupid enough to experiment with the timeline like that, it was a miracle that a paradox wasn’t created then and there. And that’s what bothers me, something is going to happen in the future, something so bad, so unfixable that I will go back to where it all began to fix it, even if it meant risking my very existence.”

“Well...shit.” Toby pondered the situation, things got surprisingly real since the last time he saw the ex-monarch, yet while all of this was worrying there was still one detail that stood out to Toby as off, “I’m still not sure how you even managed to do so in the first place, you say that it was one of Napstablook songs that put you in that state?”

The human scratched their head in thought, “Well, I don’t know how true that statement really is, the track itself was one belonging to the *Mother* universe.”
“Which one?”

“The trippy one.”

“They’re all trippy.”

“The one you hear when you drink the crack coffee.”

“Ah.”

“Yeah, if that wasn’t concerning enough Gerson also selling off items from other earthbounders in different universes, if the timelines from different universes are molding together like this I do not need to tell you how badly I do not want to run into Buddy Armstrong again Master, that chick makes me look more stable than Sans’ crippling depression.” You shuddered at the thought of walking into class and Buddy just being there, the ‘games’ she’ll want to play.

“One plot point at a time young one,” Fourth wall, where at thou fourth wall, “While that does seem to be a terrifying outcome let’s focus on the immediate threat for now,” The projector in the pile of dog residue lit up to show a picture of your...old family, your father on the left with his chestnut brown hair, slanted eyes and apathic expression, while your mother was the complete opposite dazzling, toothy (fangy) smile, with blood red irises coupled with crimson hair and a much paler complexion; to top it all off you sat on her lap, the desperation to please uncomfortably apparent as your smile came off a little to tense, your posture a little too straight, and your eyes a little too wide. Your fear was immortalized forever in that photo, how you loathed it.

Your mood turned dour, “Not cool man.”

Toby grimaced at the scowl spearding on your face, “Sorry, I search for whatever I want on that computer and I get it, don’t matter if its digital or not, but this is merely for visual purposes so don’t fret too much.” Your anger settled a little bit but it was enough for you to hear out what Toby wanted to say, “You’re sure that the mages haven’t gained the ability to time travel right?”

You scoffed at the motion, why is he acting like he’s dealing with an amuteur, “Any hope of achieving their goal dissapeared along with me, the closet any of those fools will get to saving something is on a game.”
“Hmm, I wonder…” Toby turned toward the computer and began typing, “I'll see if I can’t bring up the issue with the other Tobys next time we all meet up in the Classic timeline, while it’s an unspoken rule not to involve yourself in the matters of other timelines I think it’ll be benefical to everyone if stop the mages before the endgame.”

“And the glitches?”

“No much I can do about that I’m afraid,” Toby waved off the question with more nonchalance than he really should have, “I mean we’re still not sure whether or not the glitches you’re seeing are actually happening or just delusions conjoured up in your crazy little head, won’t be the first time.”

“…Fair.”

“Just be careful though, we both know that out of all the timelines this one is the closet to the Underfell one, if the timeline gets too unstable we’re all...you know.”

“Be edgified? Yeah, trust me that’s the last thing I want,” with every RESET a timeline will get more unstable, the more unstable it gets the more changes occur within, they were cases of Frisks once going from a classic underground to suddenly ending up in a *pokemon* one just last year, only when the timeline did the change their memories and the memories of anyone that could remember RESETs were erased so it would be like that reality was all they’ve ever known. Unfortunately for you with every RESET the people of this timeline become...edgier, more deranged, more violent, and a lot less merciful. It was why you were more symapathetic toward any kind of abuse in this time around because they just exaggeration of your families true feelings, their overprotective nature taken to the extreme. “So, I should lay low for the time being?”

“Preferably but your job and your abrasive personality don’t allow for that sort of thing,” You flipped Toby off for that one because that was just mean, “Just please for the love of me avoid any serious confrontations with those mages until we can get this sorted out, the less you have to LOAD the better off you’ll be.”

“Something tells me it’s not going to be that easy.”

“It never is, what can you do? You ain’t the kind of type to bitch about fate you’ve been dealt.”
“Yeah you’re right,” bitching doesn’t get you anywhere in life, cry all you want but sometimes you’re going to have to deal with your problems on your own, “I’m more the kind of type to punch the dickward that dared to deal me such a shitty hand right in their stupid face.”

“Atta kid,” you turned to leave the room when Toby barked at you, “Forgetting something?,” your gazes both landed on the unconscious caprine sleeping on the wall beside you, “I really don’t envy your life, you know that right?”

“Yep.” The woman easily must weight at least 10 times your own weight, and with the only exit being on the otherside of the underground…”Fuck. My. Life.”

Truly being a Frisk was suffering.

Chapter End Notes

Updates will be slow but I'll get them out eventually, plus they'll be giant chapters like this one so keep an eye out.

Also, keep an eye on my other fics Rinse and Repeat and Real enough. I've finally started working on the chapters for each of them so expect an update very soon.

EDIT: 25/4/17

If you're not subscribed to me or this fic than you're going to have some trouble keeping up to date with this fic, the archive is being weird right now as it doesn't display my fics when I post a new chapter. The people at the archive told me to update the chapter after I posted it so that's what I'll do until they fix it. So if you haven't seen this update until now, there's why. Sorry.
Our Little Secret

Chapter Summary

Frisk tries to tie up some loose ends in the exiled Undying Family

Chapter Notes

I'M STILL ALIVE.

Sorry, I've been gone, I just finished my GCSE's and graduated secondary school (British high school) and so most of my time had been spent preparing for those exams, doing those exams, and recovering from those exams. Then September rolled around I had to go to a sixth form which meant A-levels (British thing, google it) so I spent the entirety of this month suffering through that.

Not really an excuse for why I've taken so long as I actually had this chapter finished somewhere near the middle of summer but I ended up revising the chapter at least three times partly due to perfectionism and partly due to summer boredom (I've been off school since May). Now the chapter is 5 times longer than I thought it would be and takes a completely different route from what I had planned.

Oh well.

Enjoy the 14K plus chapter and I'll try not to take as long next.

...

By which I mean you'll see me when you see me...don't hate me...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Screwdriver.”

CHEW.

“Got it.”

CHEW
“Duct tape.”

CHEW

“Yep.”

CHEW

“Chainsaw.”

CHEW

“Catch.”

CHEW.

“Concentrate of pure dog residue.”

“...Are you sure?”

“Did I stutter Frisk?”

“...”

“Yes, I am aware of the irony within that statement, still doesn’t change what I asked of you.”

“This is pure dog residue we’re talking about here, not normal dog residue, not even monster dog residue, but Temmie residue. Not even Doggo would smoke this crap and he’ll smoke anything.”

“At least let me get a whiff of this before you-”

“FRISK!”

“I jest, I jest...mostly, here.”

“Thank you, and now finally, the gum.”

“...There had to have been a more efficient way of doing this cliche but okay,” with careful precision you ignored Alphys’ outstretched hand and spat the wad of chewed up gum over the curtain and right into whatever Alphys was working on. The shower curtain that covered it made it hard to see. “Are we done yet? You still haven't told me what we’re building here.”

“Ah, just relax,” Alphys disjointed hand waved off your concerns, “Where’s your sense of adventure?”

You smiled with amusement, “According to my mother my ‘sense of adventure’ should find a nice little hole for itself to crawl into and die, preferably long and painfully.”

“Heh, that sounds like the queen, she always was a firm believer in tough love, although I wouldn’t want to be on the receiving end of that myself,” Alphys snickered to herself, “How’s life under her iron thumb anyway? From what Undyne was saying it sounded like you were one step away from being attached to a ball and chain.”

“Wouldn’t be too far from the truth, with how my life has been going recently I might as well be. I don’t know how they managed do it but they have successfully pushed me to such a state of paranoia that I feel like I’m being watched at all times.” The childish bitterness that only children could have so ever apparent in your tone.

Alphys snorted at your description, your theatrics always managed to put a smile on her face, “I wouldn’t go that far Frisk, I’m sure that the King and Queen have better things to do than stalk you all day. I mean, if they didn’t we wouldn’t be here right now.” When you didn’t say anything in response Alphys turned back to her creation with a sigh as she picked up a blowtorch, “Besides we all know that I’m not exactly the most trust-worthy person when it comes to looking after people.”
A prick of familiar sadness went through you as you picked up on Alphys’ sudden desolate tone, “Still not over the whole Amalgamates thing huh?” You ran your hand tiredly down your face, it’s not like you could blame Alphys for feeling like this every run, it’s not like she realised that she’s already been through this cycle of self-hatred hundreds of times already; not everyone could be as apathetic to tragedy as you were. Although you’ll give yourself some credit, watching Alphys’ spiral into suicidal depression continuously was just like watching the news. Sure it’s scary and troubling at first but after a while you’ll eventually become desensitized to it and stop caring altogether.

That’s what it means to be human after all.

“Everyone forgives you-”

“Mostly.”

“Snowdrake’s dad will come around. Eventually.” You couldn’t help but feel a bit guilty about it, normally the families of the amalgamates would forgive Alphys unconditionally for what she ended up doing to them, you always thought that it was strange that they just seemed so...cool about having their family members turned into freaks of nature, you brushed off as a monster thing and left it at that.

That all changed however, and it was all your fault.

The constant resetting has warped and twisted the personalities of monsters, corrupting them to the point where they nearly mirrored their underfell counterparts in everything but their aesthetics and most depraved practises. The snowdrake family was no exception to that rule.

“I want you to live with the shitty thing you did.”

“That’s not funny, that’s not funny at all.”

“We trusted you and you threw it back in our faces.”

It was everything Alphys feared it would be.
Sometimes people can’t forgive, sometimes they won’t forgive, and sometimes they were in their complete right to do so.

Alphys clutched onto your shirt so hard that the claws pricked your arms and drew blood, her breathing erratic, breaking off into small bursts of hysterical laughter before returning back erratic breathing once more.

She was breaking.

“T-tell me what I should do,” Alphys had her head buried in your chest, tears and snot dripping down her face shamelessly, “P-please, I-I’ll do a-anything, just help me fix this.”

In reply of her plea you stroked her head and gave her sad smile, you recognized the look that Snowdrake gave the two of you when you left the village of Snowdin, hatred. Pure, unrestrained hatred. The kind that a person will carry for the rest of their days. It was like looking at a version of your inner self.

It was pointless.

“I’m sorry.” You truly were.

Your apology only made Alphys cry even more.

The amalgamates were to remain underground until the integration process between monsters and humans had reached an acceptable point. Members of the victims families could visit the true labs at anytime if they so wished but other than that no one else was allowed entry.

It was a miracle in itself that only the Snowdrake family held resentment for Alphys.

“What’s done is done,” you replied rather flippantly, “It’s not the happiest outcome but it could have been worse, like way worse.” A lesson that you’ve learnt a long time ago, guilt is as much a hindrance as much as it was a useful anchor, “It’s okay to feel bad about your screw-ups, just...remember that you did some good as well.”
There was a beat of silence between the two of you which felt far less awkward than the first, “It’s funny.” Alphys said after a while.

“What is?”

Alphys paused again, a claw tapping her chin in thought as to what to say next, “Talking to you...makes me feel like a kid again, ya know?”

“Probably because I’m way older than you.”

“Heh, it’s nothing.”

“Now if only you could apply that wisdom in school...”

“Ugh.”

“Now I feel like an adult again.”

“It’s not like I need to go to school,” you already had everything you needed to live a happy life, a job, a home, and more money than you know what to do with. The only real appeal school had for you were the daily shenanigans that at first seemed like a guarantee when forcing masses of hyper, happy-go-lucky, magical, monster children into one building. But to your horror you found that monster schooling was just as if not more boring than normal human schooling. There were no real fights because everyone was friends with everyone else, there were no misadventures because the entire student body both feared and respected your mother in equal measure.

It was...the perfect learning environment.

How dull.

At the very least you weren’t treated like a harbinger of death or a ‘goat-fucker’ as one student eloquently put it, but being a role model for other kids your age was as exhausting as it was
depressing. If people were looking up to you then it speaks volumes about messed up everything is.

“Done!” The black curtain was drawn back to reveal a rather filthy Alphys, her coat stained with various colour of undetermined origin and her goggles covered in a thin layer of soot from what could have possibly been from many failed attempts.

“About time, kept me waiting for awhile Alph,” you pushed off from the wall and walked towards Alphy’s new creation with, an eager grin spreading across your face at the thought of whatever crazy-ass invention that Alphys had cooked up this time, “So what is it this time? Teleportation? Virtual reality? Dimension hopping? Rocket-powered anything?!”

“No, later, not happening, and cliche,” Alphys waved off each of your guesses in an aloof manner, “I think you’ll find this to be much more practical than any of those things-”

“More practical than teleportation? Pfft, in what context?”

“The staying alive one.”

“Ah.”

“Volia!” Alphys tore the curtain off with exaggerated flourish.

…

To put it simply it was an mechanical arm, a metallic silver with purple trimmings running down the wrist and fingers to imitate veins. The fingertips were sharpened to resemble deadly claws and were crimson in colour.

It was barely human, it looked more like something that would belong to a dragon if anything.

Perfect.

Alphys took your ever growing manic smile as a sign that you liked what you saw, “You seemed to
be getting into the habit of...losing limbs lately, so I thought, 'heck, it would probably be for the best if we actually made that a lot harder for you to do.’ For your sake as much as mine.” The reptile shuddered at the memory. She couldn’t comprehend a situation where you let anything hit you in a fight. The way you moved and dodged back in the Underground were to a level that could only be topped by the king and Gerson in his prime. The only times she’d ever seen you take a serious hit was when there was not enough time to dodge or when you just chose to block the hit instead, it was scary at first but Alphys had assumed at the time that was just a human thing.

It wasn’t until they reached the surface did she realise that humans were nowhere near as durable as you were, especially the children.

You were something completely different.

A monster in your own right.

But Alphys never dared voice those wild thoughts of hers aloud, you had been a trusted friend of hers for what felt like forever, helped get her together with Undyne and stood by her when it felt like the entire Underground was ready to scatter her dust to the wind. Sure you were terrifyingly strong but that strength was always on the side of Monsters so Alphys couldn’t care less. She would overlook any number of flaws you had as long as you kept using your power in her interest.

Did that make her a terrible person? Probably.

“I call it the DT Gauntlet-”

“That’s a terrible name,” sometimes you felt like every monster was just crap at naming things, “Like seriously? First the phone app now this?”

Alphys held up her hands in mock surrender, working under Asgore for so long made her pick some less than ideal habits, “Well excuse me your highness,” the extra emphasis on ‘highness’ made you wince, “What do you suppose then?”

You made your way over to gauntlet, fingers tracing over the metal almost seductively, badass didn’t even begin to describe it. Something of this caliber needed a cool name.
“Járngreipr.”

“What?”

“Járngreipr,” you appraised the weapon for a couple more minutes before a rather upsetting thought crossed your mind, “Alphys...you aren’t giving me this because you doubt my abilities right? I mean as long as I have one of you guys around me any damage I take no matter how severe is undone.”

“For the first time anyway,” Alphys pointed out, “What happens if you get hurt like that and you fuse with someone you’ve already done it with? You can’t just keep relying on one of us just conveniently being there to supply you with the next powerup.”

You shrugged your shoulders, “Why not? It’s been working out for me so far.”

“And when it doesn’t?”

“I’ll think of something,” you’ll load up your save file and call it a day, but you couldn’t say that, “Trust me these past few fights are nothing more than anomalies on my perfect track record, the Mages and the Undynes...the only reason they pushed me so far was because they caught me off guard, nothing more, nothing less.”

The ex-royal scientist snorted at your arrogance, sometimes you could be worse than Mettaton when it came to your pride but would rather be caught dead then admit it. “Still, we still don’t know how exactly that fusion thing of yours works, what if it fails one day and you’re critically injured? You’ll die,” Alphys snapped, “And I don’t think Toriel or Asgore could bear to bury another child.”

You glared at Alphys with dilated pupils, “I won’t let it come to that.”

“And I’m here to make sure of that,” Alphys ignored the edge in your voice rather easily as she placed a calming hand on your shoulder, “I don’t want to see them get hurt just as much as you do.” Without warning she gave you a light punch in the same shoulder, the hit didn’t actually hurt but the act was so out of character for Alphys that you just stared at the scientist blankly while rubbing the
point of contact, “W-wow, they make it look so much less awkward in anime huh? Hehehe…”

“I guess…” The feeling of a knife twisting deeply in your gut made your soul tremble, her smile was so earnest, so heartfelt, that it almost brought a tear to your eye. Maybe it was because it meant a lot more coming from Alphys as she was one of the few people that was so perfectly flawed that every conversation with her felt so much more genuine.

But then again you were so used to seeing that face twist into one of despair and regret that maybe seeing her happy was just a nice change of pace.

*PING

“Hm?” It was the first actual phone you’ve seen/heard in months you realised, understandably you were jealous, “Undyne?”

Alphys nodded while poorly hiding a blush behind her hand, “O-oh yeah, she’s visiting her family-”

“What?!”

Alphys shrugged apathetically at your outburst, “She said that she wanted to reconnect with her brother remember?” She touched the small scar on the top of her head and winced, “I don’t like it much either but it’s her decision and we have to respect it.”

“If they lay a hand on my sister’s head…”

“Then get in line, whatever is left from when I am done is all yours.”

“Fair enough,” it’s not like anyone from the Undying side would dare attack Undyne, not unless they wanted to be butchered.

Still...
“Wanna follow her anyway?”

Alphys started eagerly, “Of course I would like to—wait a minute...” Alphys narrowed her eyes suspiciously as beads of sweat began to drip down your face from the tension, “...Why?”

“What do you mean why? Can’t I be concerned for a member of my precious family?” You answered innocently enough, it wasn’t like you were lying, a part of you was concerned for Undyne’s safety and generally wanted to make sure she wasn’t getting her other eye gouged out.

But that was still only a part of you that felt that way.

The Undying family were a loose end that needed to be dealt with as soon as possible. They fused with Chara so it was only fair to assume that the fallen human must have told them something, and even if they didn’t infomation tends to flow more freely between SOULs when fused anyway. Chara never properly learnt how to build proper mental barricades like you had to. The phantom was so confident in their ability to control you that they never saw the point to learning how to do the same should the opposite happen.

The thought of extremists such as the Undying with that kind of information was sometimes enough to keep you awake at night.

While the chances of the Dreemurrs showing you mercy despite your family roots was small the chances of the Undying doing the same were nill. They would cut you down with extreme prejudice and the Dreemurrs would most likely be dethroned as a result for allowing ‘scum’ such as yourself so close to the throne.

If Undgur became king then it won’t just be your life that gets cut down but the lives of every human man, woman and child on the damn continent.

You...could—couldn’t let that happen.

But that just begs the question of what you should do about them then.

Killing them outright...wasn’t an option anymore. Not that you were above the act (because you weren’t) but the little speck of humanity left in your SOUL screeched at the idea of murdering the entire family on the matter of self preservation. You couldn’t bring yourself to do it all those months
ago and you couldn’t bring yourself to do it now.

For once in what felt like a long time you found yourself missing the old version of you, the person you were before you jumped into the mountain.

Sure you had many...problems and you didn't always make the best decisions but at least you were able to kill without so much as a peep from conscious. Now any killing you do is always for the sake of someone else, it turned from being a welcomed way to relieve stress to being a tedious chore.

It would have been so easy too, there were so many different ways to make the entire ordeal look like an accident and no one would be any wiser. Undyne would be crushed after the fact of course but she’ll get over it, especially with her loving and supporting human sibling by her side every step of the-

“What’s so funny?”

“Wha?” Alphys’ voice brought an end to your stupor, causing you to stare stupidly at the scientist, “I didn’t say anything.”

There were several beats of silence before Alphys pointed toward her own face, “So why are you smiling like that?” She asked nervously.

Oh.

Subconsciously you started smiling at the thought of killing Undyne’s family.

...

“And you looked absolutely bonkers while doing so.”

“...Let’s just go.” You replied lamely, silently praying for Alphys to drop the subject.
She did.

Since it didn’t officially exist yet many measures were taken to make sure that Undgur’s domain was hidden from view.

And by many measures you meant magic because that is the literal solution and cause of most of your problems.

It was the simple cliche light trick that was used in every fantasy based media. A barrier of sorts was put up around Undgur’s area, while the general public would see just another part of Ebott’s expansive woodland those who were more adept with magic or have been exposed (to your level at least) were able to see past the illusion with relative ease. On the off chance that a human other than yourself (or a monster with a score to settle) managed to stumble their through the force field and over to the door another spell would activate so when those unauthorised tried to open the door it’ll open up into nothing.

It wasn’t as brutal as killing them all off nor is it as poetic as sealing them back in the Underground but it was the answer most people have come to terms with.

Even if it did feel like kind of a cop out.

“So what’s the plan?” You and Alphys stood a couple feet before the entrance to Undgur’s domain, a ginormous, intimidating black stone door not too different from the one leading to the ruins back in the Underground, the delta rune plastered rather sloppily on the front in white as if the person painting it realised who lived beyond it and was trying to get revenge in the pettiest way possible.

The door stretched from two giant evergreen trees, melding into the oak so perfectly that you couldn’t even tell where the tree ended and the door began. The ever constant shower of snow made it harder to see but you could just make out the silhouette of a royal guard outpost. “There is no way we’re going to get in there without your parents finding out...unless you got some crazy elaborate plan to get us through there...?” Alphys trailed off, wiggling her eyebrows(?) suggestively, which almost pushed her earmuffs right off her body. She wore a brown parka coat to accompany her purple earmuffs with brown snow boots to match.

You bit your lip in thought, your own jacket flapping in the wind behind you, “I...got nothing,” you admitted while shrugging, “Guess we gotta wing-“
The yelp that would have come was quickly smothered by Alphys’ scaly hand as she dragged you in front of her, eye to eye, “Nonononononono...no, we are not just gonna ‘wing it’,” Alphys whispered incredulously, “Do you not understand what will happen to us if we get caught?”

“...Nothing because we-I am a well known and respected member of Monster society?”

“One...that was a low blow,” *doesn’t make it any less true*, “Two, my reputation right now doesn’t really leave a lot of room for fuck ups. If we get caught first your parents are going to kill you and then they’re going to kill *me* and if things go really bad then everyone else is gonna want a piece of me too.”

You quickly squashed the surges of guilt that threatened to show on your face. Joking aside she was in this situation because of you and even now you were continuing to use her for your own benefit. The least you could do was make the trip as stress free as possible.

Your eyes turned red briefly as you used your **DEMON EYE** to scan your surroundings, a few feet behind Alphys you spotted an especially sturdy looking stick jutting out from the ground.

**Evergreen Stick**

*Much better than the stick you used before....*

**ATK: +35**

Nostalgia made you give the stick a few practice swings for the hell before tossing it over to Alphys, “Here, hold this.”

“...And do what with it exactly?”

“Stick plus dog equals win, you watched my entire journey so you should already know where I’m going with this.” You replied offhandedly.
“And if that doesn’t work?”

“We wing it.”

“ARGH!”

“Well what else do you expect me to do?! Most of my gear is in my phone which I may remind you has been **confiscated**. Most of your plans involved the use whatever random bits and bobs you had stored in your phone’s dimensional space and some good old fashioned save scumming, “Trust me, if the stick doesn’t work then just follow my lead.” Without waiting for a reply you strutted confidently over toward the outpost.

“...This better work.” Alphys mumbled under her breath as she reluctantly trudged after you, both annoyed and impressed at the level of your arrogance.

“**Sometimes I can’t help but wonder what they’ll be like without determination.**”

Alphys longed to have that kind of inner strength, the power to stand up to anyone and do anything she set her mind to no matter how daunting the task or probable. Even now she could feel the determination of your soul literally **oozing** out of your body.

It almost felt like it was calling to her.

Though she had seen Frisk’s soul many times before an urge not too different from craving slowly began to take shape in Alphys’ mind.

That twisted, contorted, perverse soul, leaking with determination and obsession; courage and recklessness, passion and hatred. A heart so beautifully white and yet dipped in the deepest black of desire.

It was like the forbidden fruit from the garden of eden, Alphys’ common sense told her that she shouldn’t even begin to entertain such thoughts but a smaller, more viral, more **ancient** part of her told her the complete opposite.
It wouldn’t hurt right?

Just a tiny piece.

So ShE cAn StAnD oN hEr OwN.

JuSt A tAsTy cHuNK oF tHaT lIttLE sOUL.

The royal scientist shook her head rapidly with disgust, “C-control yourself Alph, they are your friend and Asgore knows you need as many of them as you can get these days.” This was just another point on the long list of sins and screw ups she’s accumulated over her life. To carve another’s soul like that…

How disgusting.

“How disgusting.

“ALPH, C’MON!”

You clicked the top of your tongue against the roof of your mouth with discontent as the scientist finally stopped staring into space blankly and followed.

“Oh come off it my child, you know exactly what she was looking at, or would the correct question be ‘who’ she was looking at, hm…?”

“Great, I was in such a good mood today as well,” the wisps of crimson hair attached to a face to close to your own appeared just out of sight to your left. The sight of a bare-footed woman dressed in ratty, bloodstained robe that barely reached her knees would have been alarming to most people but you’ve long since numbed yourself to the bizarre happenings of your life and just accepted it. “I have no idea what you’re talking about, can you please try and ruin my life later? I’m in the middle of something here.”

“There’s no point lying to yourself Frisky~”

“Ignoring you now.”
The queen frowned at your rather calm dismissal of her, normally she would be able to get you a lot more worked up before finally sinking back into the depths of your soul. Causing you emotional and sometimes mental torment was one of the few things she could do to keep herself busy, if you grew immune to her probing then it would no better than the first few years of your life back when you were an infant. Too young to have developed a brain big enough to comprehend her existence and too pure to have enough sins to feel guilt over. Just hours upon hours of white noise in a even whiter void of a soul.

And that won’t do, that won’t do at all.

The demon slowly began to make her way up to you, her fingernails extending into those razor sharp spines that you hated and feared in equal measure. Your last save was right after you left the lab with Alphys so she was sure that forcing you to loop a couple hundred times will make you think twice about ignoring-

**STAB!**

...

...

...

“Sorry for spacing out like that, one thought led to another and you know how I’m...like...with...you’re doing that creepy smiling thing again.”

“I am.”

“Any reason why?”

“Not any that would make sense,” because how could you tell Alphys that she just accidentally plowed through the semi-corporeal form of a monarch turned demon causing it to collapse and faze back into your soul?
“Wow, my life is so shit,” you let a couple more waves of self-pity wash over you before turning toward a very confused and annoyed Doggo. There wasn’t much you could say about him as once you made it to the surface you quickly fell out of contact with him and many other of your ‘B-list’ friends, those who are neither close enough to your heart or have any skills that make their presence one to be sought after.

It wasn’t like you 

disliked

the guy per say but you just weren’t as emotionally invested in him as you were with others.

At the very least he made a pretty decent drinking partner back when drinking yourself to shit was slightly less painful than repeating the same monotonous cycle of life, death and despair that was a pacifist run.

“As I was saying before we need to get through to Undgur’s sector without anyone knowing, if you could keep this trip off the records I would really-”

“Nope.” A bit of slobber landed right on the side as your face as he said this causing your right eyebrow to twitch, “Your Majesty clearly said to write down the names of anyone who tries to pass through here, whether they’ve been given authority to do so or-”

“My Mom asked you to do this didn’t she?” You interrupted.

“Yep.”

“Figures, how about I sweeten the deal then?” Alphys waved the stick in her hand back and forth rather awkwardly while you wiggled your eyebrows suggestively, sleazy didn’t even begin to describe how you felt at this moment, “How about we play fetch for a bit, heck I’ll even throw in some pets for you since I’m just that nice a person, whaddaya say? Ah, Ah?”

Doggo raised an eyebrow in your general direction, “...You must think I’m an idiot if you think I’m going to fall for the same crap twice.”

“So is that a no...?”

“Yes! It may not matter to you but Asgore said he’ll start to dock our pay if we slip up to the extent of last time and a dog’s gotta eat man.”
“But your incompetence is what ended up saving us all in the first place,” you replied indignantly, “Think about where we would be if you were actually good at your job.”

Doggo grimaced at your matter-of-fact tone, “You didn’t have to say it like that.”

“Doesn’t make it any less true,” your experiences in the other timelines told you plenty about how dangerous monsters could be if they really wanted you dead, not that they didn’t give a good go at it in the regular runs, “C’mon Doggo, trust me on this.”

“I.”

“I’ll buy you all the dog biscuits you can smoke.”

“Deal.”

“Frisk!” Alphys dragged to one side and harshly whispered in your ear, “What the hell are you saying?”

You only heard it in passing since you honestly didn’t care enough about most of the snowdin folk beside Monster Kid but apparently Doggo was trying to kick his addiction to dog biscuits as a resolution for making it to the surface.

It would explain how his eyes weren’t bloodshot for once.

But addiction was hard to kick and the tell-tell signs that withdrawal was only just being beaten back were all too noticeable.

He might not let this go for the sake of your friendship but he might let you go for just one last huff of canine sin.

“Do you want get in or not?” You whispered back just as harshly, “Undyne is strong sure but all it takes is one lucky shot and it’s over for her.”
“They wouldn’t dare.”

“Wanna bet her life on it?”

“...”

“Fine then let me put it like this, whose well being do you care about more?” You glared at Alphys with intensity, “His or Undyne’s?”

The choice was much easier for her then.

The first time you ventured out of the Ruins your expectations for the Underground were quite high. The years of fearmongering instilled into your brain painted a ghastly visage of what you could be walking into. Bottomless caverns, dingy caves; mystical woodlands which housed both sentient and non-sentient trees alike. Added to the years of Mage propaganda bouncing around your skull you went out there expecting the worse.

And your expectations were met with disappointment.

From Snowdin all the way to New Home every house was so ironically human that you couldn’t help but feel put out by it all, even people like Muffet and the Temmies had slightly below average accommodations.

That’s why Undyne’s house was so jarring in comparison.

You always found it odd how Undyne was the only one who had a truly ‘Monstrous’ house, the overall atmosphere of the place house gave off a feeling of hostility and savagery on a scale that all the other lacked. The feeling of a rabbit that had unknowingly stumbled into a fox’s den would seize your heart from the moment you were placed at her doorstep and right up until you’re both watching her home go up in flames.

You thought that was just another of Undyne’s quirks.
You thought wrong.

It was like the whole neighbourhood was screaming at the two of you, rows upon rows of ‘heads’ of various animals, both mythological and normal dotted the unpaved streets with their expressions twisted into similar expressions of fury. The barrier surrounding the town stopped the snow from getting in so there wasn’t anything cover the buildings from view.

It also didn’t help your nerves that every Monster around you more or less shared their house’s expressions.

Every man, woman and child glared at you with such unrelenting bitterness that rivaled Flowley on his worst days. The tension could be cut with a knife and the bloodlust in the air was almost palpable.

They wanted to make you hurt... so, so bad, they wanted to tear limb from limb and watch the nugget that would be left over to frail pathetically in the dirt, they wanted break and shatter every bone in your body so you feel the pain of hundreds of enamel shaped knives craving you out from the inside.

They wanted to do so many things...but they couldn’t for fear for how your father would retaliate.

That’s the only thing keeping you two alive right now.

“How much further is their house Alphys?” You muttered nervously at Alphys as the two of you did that awkward little run that just bordered on full blown hysteria while still keeping the illusion that you were still in complete control.

The royal scientist kept her gaze firmly locked on her phone’s screen, “My phone says that we’re only a 30 or so feet a-away so it can’t be too far, all we have to do is find the one shaped like a giant fish head,” Alphys looked up from her phone briefly to confirm that only turn her gaze right back when she locked eyes with an specially deformed looking monster.

You followed Alphys’ gaze with morbid curiosity just as you made a turn into a narrow alleyway frowning in disgust as your presence caused a small gathering of rats to disperse, “On that note why is everyone and everything look like they were pulled straight from the Dark ages?”
“The Dark what?”

“I’m asking why they’re all dressed in either rags or the leftover costumes from a Game of Thrones set,” you clarify dryly, a small prick of irrational irritation bubbled in your chest at Alphys’ lack of general knowledge. One side of you was annoyed that the supposed scientist didn’t bother to research too deeply into humanity’s history, the other side was grateful beyond words.

It would make not hating yourself so much harder if you had to explain thousands of years of man-made terror and still place humans in a positive light.

Six deaths versus billions to ideals long since dead, there wasn’t much you could say to that.

“O-oh,” Alphys’ face brightened with recognition, “Well you know how Undgur tried to overthrow Asgore during the early years of our imprisonment?”

“Yeah and got his ass firmly handed back to him, what of it?”

“The part of the Underground they got banished too wasn’t all that...great,” you stared blankly at Alphys, “I mean they had no connection to the surface, like at all.”

“Oh.”

Now you could start to connect the dots. On Asgore’s side of the Underground the dump had fed Monsters with enough information for their society to evolve with the society above it, tunics were swapped out for t-shirts and tights were swapped for jeans and cloth and rubber replaced leather for footwear.

Sure digging through trash to progress and survive wasn’t ideal but they managed to make it work somehow.

The Undying Kingdom on the other hand didn’t have any of that. The day that were beaten back by the Dreemurs was the day that time stopped for them as a people. No dump meant no clothes that could be replicated and mass produced; it also meant no new technology or knowledge or anything.
They were stuck in the past in every way imaginable. Left to rot in the bitterness of the past while everyone moved toward a much brighter future.

Months ago you thought Asgore was way too lenient with his punishment on the Undying family, now you realised that they probably would have been better off dead.

“We’re here.” The Undying household was so perfectly Undyne that you were disappointed with yourself for expecting anything less. It was basically Undyne’s house but with several copies of it slammed on top of each other and another several were melted down and fused in way not too different from the amalgamates. You would have joked about the irony of it all if it weren’t for the fact that mood between you two had significantly dropped for a while now.

The two of you had travelled in companionable but overall grim silence following that conversation, the only times words were exchanged were when Alphys told you to make a left or right turn and you responded with a despondent ‘ok’ or ‘sure’.

You didn’t want to admit it but you were starting to...sympathise with the Undying family. A family whose cutthroat ideologies were eerily similar to your human family’s own.

And you hated it.

Because it meant in a roundabout way that you could eventually learn to sympathise with your birth parents, those vile, twisted sacks of meat that took everything away from you and made you feel less than nothing like you were some kind of plaything and left you all cold and alone in the dark and why won’t mommy save me it hurts so much they said they would be gentle I don’t want to become a queen anymore make it stop make it stop make it makeitstopmakeistopmakeitstopmakeitstop makeitstopmakeitstopmakeitstopmakeitstop...

“You think this was a good idea?”

“What do you mean?”

Alphys gestured haphazardly to the two of you with slightly indignation, “I mean, isn’t what I’m doing come off as too needy?”

“Yes.”
“Or even worse it shows that I don’t trust her enough to handle things on her own.”

“Yep.”

“Not to mention this is breeching so many boundaries.”

“YEAAAAAAAAAAH!”

“You know what? Maybe we should just go back-”

You calmly hooked two of your fingers on Alphys’ jacket just as she turned around, “Too late to turn back now.

“But-”

“Just relax, chances are that she’ll think your concern is adorable and completely ignore the fact that you tracked her down via GPS.” You gave Alphys a painfully fake smile as you wrapped an arm around her shoulders leading her back toward the house, “If that doesn’t work we can both stand in the corner and look all whipped and pathetic till she feels guilty enough to forgive.”

“Just in case this goes all tits up,” determination pumped through your veins as your soul forcibly makes it mark on the timestream. The incantation coming to you as naturally as air does to lungs.

*Knowing that you’ll be able to tie up some loose ends one way or the other fills you with...DETERMINATION.*

*FILE SAVED*

Frisk  LV ???
Your soul twinkled with a sadistic gleam as the high from using the SAVE FILE began to wear off. Never will you ever not appreciate the feeling of security and overall invulnerability that having a SAVE FILE gave you. With nothing but your pure will alone you could set the entire world back to any set point in time and there was nothing anyone could do about it. The power felt even sweeter due to the fact you were using it purely for personal gain instead of world domination like your old family wanted.

Especially in this case where ‘personal gain’ meant possibly razing ¾’s of a family tree.

“If you say so…” Alphys muttered under her breath, a nervous glint in her eye as she took a hold of a rather archaic door knocker and...knocked on the door. The sound of magic infused oak smashing against each other made the entire affair way more ominous than it needed to be. A few tense seconds passed before the door was pushed violently out to reveal an extremely pissed off Dyena.

Without the guise of her armour on the ex-duchess looked more like a tribal leader than a co-leader to a small faction. Her ruby locks were unkempt and ran haphazardly down her back with a dozen or so little knots in between. A brown, rough looking piece of cloth just about managed to cover her top with a looking robe that only covered three-quarters, with a tear down the side to allow less restrained movement (or sex appeal, either way it was still hideous). To top it all off her feet were practically bare with only a few dingy strips of cloth wrapped tightly around the sole and ankle.

“Damn kids always playing trick-”

“Down here.”

In a very deliberate fashion dropped her gaze down to you and Alphys’ level, the royal scientist giving her an awkward wave while you plastered on the fakest smile imaginable. Whether it was intentional or not any slight at your height angered you deeply.

Several emotions ran through Dyena’s face before she settled for her default expression of disgust, “Oh...it’s you two,” disdain laced heavily into her words, “The human and my daughter’s...mate,” Dyena gagged at the end like the very thought of the two being together made her nauseous. It probably did for all you know. “I suppose the two of you are here for my daughter?”
“Your daughter? Since when?” You and Alphys thought at the same time, “If anything she’s Asgore’s child.”

But the two of you didn’t say any of that and instead opted to glare at her with twin animosity, “No, we’re here so we can take in more of your amazing personality,” you replied dryly, “Just point us in the right direction and we’ll be out of your hair.”

“Are you asking me or telling me?”

“I’ll let you be the judge of that,” It’s not like you have a choice in the matter, since you lost.

Dyena pressed her lips into a thin line with barely restrained bitterness, you didn’t need to say that thought aloud because she knew that you already thought something similar along those lines. It didn’t matter how much she despised you, if you told her to jump she could only ask ‘how high?’ That’s what it means to truly lose a war.

“Upstairs, third head, second door to the right,” Dyena muttered as she stepped aside allowing Alphys to pass.

You were about to follow when Dyena placed a hand on your shoulder and whispered in your ear, she did it so quickly that you didn’t have any time to cry out in surprise, “There are matters that we need to discuss human, make your way to the study in the basement.”

Before you could ask her where the hell that was she placed a firm hand on Alphys’ back, pushing her forward and leading her up a spiraling staircase, “As much as your relationship with my daughter disgusts me I suppose I have no choice but to take you to her.”

Alphys struggled slightly against the duchess’ pushing, her eyes trailing back to your form with concern, “But what about Frisk? I’m supposed to keep an eye on them.”

You shook your head and gave Alphys an aloof smile, “I’ll catch up with you in a second, you need your alone time with her way more than I do.” She’s your entire world while to me she’s only an average size piece of mine. Besides, it’s not like I came here because I was actually concerned for her wellbeing.

It was a good thing that Alphys wasn’t able to hear your thoughts because she quickly ducked
around Dyena’s hand and wrapped you in a tight hug. A small squeak of surprise escaped your lips as you gave Alphys a ‘deer-in-the-headlights look.’ Unlike everyone else Alphys was never really one to show physical affection outside her relationship with Undyne, it was always someone else that had to initiate contact. The only time she ever gets physical outside of that is either when she’s a broken mess of self-hatred or fighting for her life.

So it was hard for you to contain your discomfort at this sudden change in her character.

You patted Alphys’ back rather awkwardly, not quite sure how to proceed in fear of accidentally setting off the emotional equivalent of a landmine that you were nowhere near in the mood for, “Not that I don’t like hugs, but what is this for exactly?”

Alphys only held you tighter her claws tracing the back of your jacket, “Y-you’re a good kid, you know that right?”

“Where the hell is this coming from?” Lines like that were infamous because in reality it was almost always the complete opposite. Not that Alphys knows that, or at least you hope she didn’t know that. Still the reassurance, despite it coming from out of nowhere, hurt you deeply because you knew that no matter how much good you did it’ll never erase all the bad that you’ve already done.

Because you couldn’t just cut your losses and accept things the way they were.

Because you were so very naive and immature and believed that the Underground was your own personal wish-fulfilling fairytale in which nothing bad was meant to happen ever.

Because you foolishly believed with all your heart and soul that despite your origins you could rise above your past and reach a happy ending where no one had to suffer.

You grinned at her so hard that the skin that connects your two lips started to tear, “Yep, I’m pretty awesome, now go turn some poor kid into a third wheel.” You pushed her back toward Dyena and watched as she was escorted up to whether Undyne was; only when the sounds of their footsteps completely faded did you let your mask fall and shatter into a million pieces.

“Feeling that regret yet?”

“Not on your life.”
“Guess I’ll try to find the study...that’s in the basement,” you said to yourself aloud as you took the adjacent set of stairs down.

With the house being the way it was you had no idea what to expect as you took the spiraling staircase further and further down into the ground. With every step the air around you got colder and colder, forcing you to zip up your jacket in an attempt to keep warm. At some point your way downward was no longer being illuminated by natural sunlight but by the archaic looking torches that were attached to the stone walls.

You shivered again, not from the cold but from an sickening wave of melancholy that started to spring up from within you.

It wasn’t too long ago (not counting the RESETs) that a place like this was your home, torture chamber and on really bad days your temporary grave.

“What’s with magical beings and their obsession with dungeons?” you aimed the thought at the phantom sitting pretty in your SOUL no doubt relishing in your frustration, “Can’t you people do your business someplace brighter? A couple windows here and there wouldn’t hurt.”

“But then you’ll a lot less traumatized if we decide that we’re done with you~”

“You’re sick.”

“Like you’re in any position to talk, were the public executions of snowdin’s children really necessary?”

There wasn’t much you could say in response to that.

You were about to reply with something equally as petty when the sound of piano keys suddenly pierced through the darkness.

Dun-dun-dun-dun--dun-dun-dun~
You knew this song.

Without a hint of hesitation you leapt off the staircase, your vision becoming that of a blur as you used your own determination to accelerate yourself further down to the ground.

Dun-dun-dun--dun-dun-dun~

You landed with a roll, determination meeting the force with equal ferocity and leaving your body unscathed as you took off running down the stone-walled hallway.

Dun-dun-dun-dun...dun-dun-dun--dun-dun-dun-dun-dun-dun--dun~

“There!” A single, metal door stood at the end of the hallway, reinforced with bolts and bars that were probably thicker than your arm.

It was in your way.

DETERMINATION

BOOM!

FILE SAVED.

FRISK LV ???

Undying Household - ‘Study’

If you didn’t let your emotions overwhelm you in such a way then you would have noticed several alarming things. One being that the supposed ‘study’ wasn’t much of a study at all but more like a medieval war room. A stone cube whose walls were plastered with battleaxes, board swords, short swords, daggers, maces, spears and many more weapons that looked like they were ripped from every fantasy novel ever written.
Two, being that save file had the word ‘study’ in quotations so that so should have made it obvious.

And thirdly being that despite having his reinforced metal door kicked down by a possible mag, Undgur couldn’t look any more pleased with himself.

You staggered through the gap where the door used to be, your ruby eyes locking onto the target of your disdain and the instrument he used to gain it.

“Stop that.”

The duchess of Monsters wore a loose fitting blue tunic with brown cotton pants and shoes, a thick piece of rope acting as a belt was wrapped around his waist. His hair had grown out and was fixed in a shaggy looking ponytail. He sat poised in front of an antique piano, fingers hovering just a couple inches above the keys in an exaggerated manner.

He knew full well what he was doing.

“Whatver could you mean?” Undgur asked innocently, his voice light and jovial but his eyes were laced with barely restrained malice, “Is the song not to your liking?”

“Don’t you play coy with me you bastard,” you snarled, lips parting to show canines that bordered the thin line between teeth and fangs, “That’s not your song to play, it’s his and his alone.”

“Oh?” Undgur raised a eyebrow at you, “By ‘his’ I could only assume you mean Asgore’s brat, weird that he’s the same age as my son even though I remember that Toriel was several months deep into her pregnancy. You wouldn’t happen to anything about that would you?” He finished with an accusatory tone.

While your face was still covered with a mask of pure wrath the you on the inside was sent for a loop at the new information. You knew that monsters aged slower than humans did but it still came as a shock to you that Asriel was still centuries older than you. By putting things in perspective it actually meant that Chara and the other fallen humans fell way, way earlier than you. With justice being the last soul before you to fall it was safe to say that Monsters hadn’t seen a human since the era of the Wild West.
You weren’t the only one who was old, even the non boss monsters had lived through countless decades and millennia, 
RESETs aside.

Taking your silence as a personal insult Undgur decided to press you further, “And as if that wasn’t 
perplexing enough we ran into the something even more confusing on the way up here, a Boss 
Monster’s grave,” a wicked smile spread across his lips at the sight of your now visible cringe, 
“Asriel’s grave.”

“...”

“At first we thought that those fools just popped out another child and left it at that, but the more we 
fought the more obvious it became that the monster depicted on the statue and the boy out there were 
one in the same. Which begs the question, how the hell did Asriel Dreemurr come back to life?”

He was baiting you, trying to make you the first one to admit the truth because there was no doubt in 
your mind that Undgur knew exactly what you are and was doing this purely to make you squirm, 
“And how could I possibly know?”

“Because Chara Dreemurr told me so.” Guess he wasn’t.

Well...fuck.

Fuck.

Fuck.

FuCk!

The anger slowly bled out from your being only leaving you with an utterly empty feeling, not 
sadness at what you were about to do but cold acceptance.

You...really wanted this to go down a different way.
“Heh, haha,” for the first time in what felt like centuries you’ve finally been caught and no amount of save scumming was going to get you out of it. And you yet you can’t remember a time where you felt more free. A weight that you never knew you were carrying was lifted off your shoulders, no more lies, no more tricks.

It was over.

…

Oh god it’s over.

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!” Where were you gonna go? Who could you even turn to? Once word gets around you’ll be on the run yet again only this time you’ll be fleeing from both humans and monsters. If you manage to escape from town at all.

It was all his fault.

So you didn’t stop laughing until you plucked a short sword from the wall and sliced Undgur’s piano in half.

Undgur stared at the space where his piano’s other half used to be with wide eyes displaying disbelief, “There is little to no point in killing me, I’ve already instructed my family to ‘spread the word’ as it were in my extended absence.” He stood up from his chair a spear forming in his hands, “Still...I want to test your power for myself, hmph, you’re neither mage or monster just a beast pretending to be both. I must see your power for myself!”

Needing no further prompting than that you lept off the piano, your sword crashing directly on Undgur’s spear causing him to be pushed back. You grinned savagely at how easily his arms bent under the strength of your repeated blows, despite hating humans as much as he did without them he was nothing. Just another monster like all the rest and just like all the rest he will die the same.

Broken, beaten and choking in a pile of their own dust.

On your fourth swing Undgur smashed the butt of his in your face and sent sprawling across the floor, you clutched your sore, but thankfully unbroken, nose while scrambling away from the dutch. Determination had rose your defences so your nose didn’t break.
Undgur leapt after you with his spear poised for the top of your head only for you to grab it by its point and toss the Monster into a wall, you weren’t one to let it up though because you sliced down at Undgur again and managing to shave off a few strands of hair in the process. Rolling away from the wall Undgur only had a few seconds of respite before you took a stab at his side, slicing his tunic open.

He threw a kick. You blocked.

You swung over and over again, a flurry of steel and magic meeting each other in depraved harmony.

And Undgur was loving every moment of it.

“More...more...MORE!” A platoon of spears materialized above his head, all of them ready and waiting for the command to turn you into a pincushion. You freeze, the two of you glaring at the other with equal malice...and excitement. More from Undgur than yourself. “The bloodlust, the violence, the depravity of it all. Truly war is the most beautiful form of art to ever grace our empty lives, don’t you agree? Warfare is as much a part of your bloodline as it is mine and you can’t escape that!”

You twirled the blade around your fingers absentmindedly, years of unwanted practise etched deep into your being as deeply as any other normal nervous tick. “I didn’t ask for this, all I ever wanted was a normal life free from all of the pain and suffering from my past, I do what I do to protect that peace. That’s all.”

“Bullshit,” Undgur snarled suddenly his morbid excitement quickly turning into anger, “Don’t give me any of that ‘protect the peace’ shite that you constantly tell yourself to help you sleep at night. It’s sickening.” He tilted his head as if examining something so unbelievably vile that it looped back around to being funny, “...The fact that you look exactly like her makes it so much worse.”

“SLICE!”

His right arm didn’t even hit the floor before it exploded into a cloud of fine dust.
“I’m nothing like her,” you said in a monotonous tone because in your mind you were simply stating a common fact, nothing more, nothing less.

You might not be a good person, you might not even be a average person, but at the very least you were a better person than the thing that had destroyed countless lives over a disgusting obsession with...someone they loved.

“I-I’m nothing like her,” there was a tremble in your voice as you said it and both of you knew what that meant.

Funny how despite the fact that just had his arm cut off Undgur still looked like he was more composed than you. He didn’t need to say anything. Watching you come to the conclusion by yourself was infinitely more satisfying.

So Undgur said nothing.

“I-I…”

On the other hand watching you suffer like this won’t bring his arm back, and there were still things they needed to discuss. Maybe a quick trip to the void would help you calm down enough to negotiate, even if it was him that initially started to conflict. Undgur was petty like that.

“Could have avoided this entire exchange if I just waited for them to find me.”

Ah well.

STAB

STAB

STAB
Two spears in each leg, another couple in your arms; several lodged in your stomach and one jutting out of your skull.

The last thoughts that passed through your head however wasn’t ones of revenge or anger.

But of denial.

GAME OVER

*...

*Have I been following in my families footsteps all this time?

*My ancestor’s obsession with the leader of the Mages led to her kicking off a war.

*Chara’s obsession with control and coupled with an unhealthy need for acceptance led both them and Asriel to their deaths.

*My mother and father’s obsession with reaching the goal my ancestor set led to the unethical experimentation, torture and eventual deaths of six of their children, my own siblings.

*And me…

*I already knew what I did was wrong.

*Deep down I knew that even if I got the happiest ending possible, it’ll never justify what I did to get here. That’s why I made Sans forget and erased Chara, I knew there would be no forgiveness…I knew that.
*I knew that…

*...Deep down It didn’t matter how far away I ran or how many timelines I jump through. The damage was already done.

*I’m already the person my parents wanted me to become and I’ve become everything that I hated about them in the first place.

*I’m not a hero, a savior or an angel.

*I’m vessel number #7 Frisk.

*And like it or not, I’m a Mage.

*Just like my family and just like the rest.

______________________________

LOAD #2

______________________________

This time when you entered the room you didn’t kick down the door nor you immediately charge at the monster playing. Instead you walked up to the dutch and sat down on the stone floor, pushing back the bitterness of having Asriel’s theme played by someone who didn’t have the right to and let the song envelop you.

A song that you both loved and hated with equal measure.

The first time you heard that song centuries ago Toriel used to hum it to you when you used to live in
the ruins. The lullaby often led to many nights of peaceful dreams when the nightmares became too much and the reality of your situation used to crushed you mentally. Back then you couldn’t even close your eyes without having your door locked and light on your desk set to its brightest intensity. Your mother would spend hours humming the melody from behind your close door until you finally felt safe enough to fall asleep. And for the longest time that was all it ever had to be.

Until it wasn’t.

The second time you heard that song was a couple decades after that when you discovered Asriel’s grave for the first time. It was the first time you heard the song and felt so...sad, it was surreal because before then sadness and other emotions like that had no place being felt when listening to that song. There you were, trapped in a mountain surrounded by hundreds of monsters who would love nothing more than to watch the life fade from your eyes and yet you found yourself mourning for a person you’ve never met.

And just like that it became a song grief.

The third time you heard the song was after the battle with Asgore, the first one. By this point in your journey you were already used to the situational music that played whenever you went in the Underground, at first you thought that it was just monster thing till you realised that no one but you could hear the festive jingle every time that you walked through Snowdin or the retro battle theme that blasted through your cranium every. Single. Fight.

Maybe that was one of the many factors that helped to further pull the thin piece of elastic you call your sanity, but that’s not important right now.

What made the entire confrontation with Asgore so very traumatizing wasn’t the fact that he destroyed the mercy button, the fact that he had already prepared a coffin for you, or that you were facing the monster whose life you had indirectly destroyed.

It was the music. The music that led you into a false sense of security.

You had won a fight for the first time since arriving at the Underground where both sides dealt equal amounts of pain to each other. The destruction of the mercy button was both constructive and destructive in that case. You didn’t have to go out of your way to appease Asgore because Asgore wasn’t looking to be appeased, he just wanted you to die and seemed to fully comprehend what it meant to take a life like that. He wasn’t like the others who were so deluded in the myths and legends that they thought you were invincible (which was true in a sense but still...) or they were so desperate to escape that they simply didn’t care.
The fight with Asgore was so...refreshing.

It only made you want to spare him even more.

So when the king finally stopped swinging and accepted your mercy you couldn’t help but cry tears of joy when the damn music stopped and the tension flowed out of your body like water in a stream.

You were still crying when that damn song came on instead of the silence that you craved, because with Asgore talking about a future where you, him, and Toriel could be family everything else suddenly seemed unimportant and every worry another bout of paranoia. That’s what listening to that song does to you, it lowers your defences and leads you into a false sense of security.

It was meant to end there.

It didn’t.

You remembered the brief flash of panic you felt at the sudden silence before Asgore was surrounded by the ring of seeds and exploded into a pile of dust.

It only got darker after that.

You started to associate the song to Asriel the fourth time you heard it not because it was his or anything (although the thought of the song being his felt oddly right for some reason) but because you thought that the Hyperdeath fight was significantly less painful to remember than Asgore’s. You had a hunch that you were going to be hearing it many more times in the future and would rather have flashbacks to the time where you fought Asriel’s OC than have flashbacks of a broken man being impaled.

Didn’t mean you practically liked thinking about Asriel’s fight either but it was the lesser of two evils in this case.

So wrapped up were you in your own thoughts that you didn’t even notice that Undgur had long since finished playing the song and was watching you with interest.
“Ow!” You rubbed the affronted area despite it not hurting all that much (not that Undgur was holding back) “What was that for?” You snapped back at him but your words had no real bite to them.

“...I asked you a question and you didn’t answer, in the days of old I could have had your ear cut off for such disrespect,” Undgur stated simply, “Although, I suppose that wouldn’t really make sense since you’re royalty also…”

You flinched internally because you knew that he wasn’t talking about the Monster one, “What are you gonna do now?”

“Do?” Undgur let the idea roll around his mouth before getting up from his playing chair and taking a seat next to you, “Well let me ask you a question.”

“Fire away.”

“What were you planning to do to me?”

No point lying about it, “Kill you, kill your family and make it look like an accident, still am to be honest with you.” You said in such a nonchalant tone of voice as if the task would be more tedious if anything else.

Undgur’s reaction was just as peculiar, laughing boisterously out loud while slapping your back for good measure, “You twisted little shit! Planning to murder me in my own home? In my own kingdom?” The monster grinned boyishly at you, his eyes twinkling with boyish delight, “If anything else you have balls human, I’ll give you that.”

You rubbed your now sore back with a perplexed expression on your face, “Not that I don’t appreciate the sentiment but aren’t you concerned that I just openly admitted to plotting to kill your family?”

Undgur stopped laughing to catch his breath and gave you a wry grin, “You just remind me so **her**
so much that I can’t help but laugh.”

You were about to punch Undgur in the mouth for comparing you to that *bitch* when you caught on to the nostalgic tone in his voice. And this wasn’t the bitter kind of nostalgia that you were used to seeing but one of fondness and longing for better days. There’s no way Undgur could be thinking about his experiences with the Queen (unless he was just a freak that liked to suffer.)

Better make sure, “The Queen?”

His expression immediately darkened, “No.” His response was rapid and volatile, “You just remind me of an old friend that I had, she hated that song too, which was funny since she was the one that made up the damn thing.”

Oh.

Holy shit.

You must have met Undgur in the past as well.

...It’s probably not all that surprising since the last thing you saw before you got your spine kicked in was your future-self talking to your Mom’s past self.

...

 Seriously, the fuck is your life right now?

“I didn’t know you had human friends,” *play it cool for now Frisk, he only knows what Chara knows so as long as you play your cards right he won’t find out anything unnecessary.*

“I was a child back then, things were different.” the dutch said wistfully, “I-I can’t even remember her anymore.”

“Do I remind you of anything else?” Since you were the same person.
“Hmph,” The monster turned away from you, “You remind me of the fact that she’s long dead and instead we’re all stuck with you.” He said jokingly but you didn’t miss the depressed undertones in his speech, “Damn it...this is all so stupid, why am I even talking to you of all people about this. You’re the reason why everything went to hell, our parents, our friends, our home. Gone. Just so the little bitch inside you could create a world where you could rule without interference. I should kill you right now, I should hate you with every ounce of my being and then some.”

It stung a lot more to have the accusations thrown at your face in real life than it ever could in your dreams, so you kept your gaze firmly on the ground.

“But...we need you regardless of how I feel.”

“Huh?”

The ruler stood up from the floor and began pacing, “Don’t me wrong I would like nothing more than to wring your little neck dry and toss your body into the CORE, but the fact of the matter is that like or not we need you alive.”

“For the Ambassador crap?” Because honestly you felt like Papyrus could do a much better and cleaner job than you. At this point you were only doing it for your own sick thrills.

“I could care less about that political drivel you take pleasure in,” Undgur said dismissively, “What’s more important is preparing for the war that is to come…”

You stood up at that, a frown quickly making it’s way onto your face, “No. I know where you’re going with this and I refuse.”

“Oh?” He wrinkled his nose(?) in disgust, “What’s wrong with a weapon acting like a weapon? Don’t tell me you’re still pretending to uphold such virtues? Or are you trying to pretend that such actions are below you.” He gestured wildly at the various weapons around, his eyes manic with misplaced patriotism, “This artificial peace of ours will only last for so long, it’s only a matter of time until the humans turn against us.”

“Monsters haven’t done anything severe enough to warrant them starting a war,” you protested, and they never will. I made sure of it, you finished the rest of the sentence in your head.
“Pah! Like those fools need a reason,” Undgur spat out the words as if even talking about the species made him feel sick, he smiled almost hungrily down at you which made a small, broken part inside of you want to run and hide, “But we won’t need to reason if we have you.”

“I’m not starting a war for you.” You stated plainly.

Undgur shook his head with mock disappointment, “I’m not saying that you should. I just want to make sure that when the other shoes drops-”

“It won’t.”

“When it drops,” he said pointedly, “I need to know that you won’t hesitate to do what needs to be done.” He reached out to shake your own hand, I’ll get to the point, let’s call a truce, me and my family will keep your damnable secret and in return you’ll surrender your services fully to me whenever I feel that I need you.”

*He’s got you by the balls Frisky, looks like you’re gonna end up being a weapon of mass destruction after all-

...

Well, what choice did you have? Deny him and end up losing everything or accept the offer and go right back to being a gun for others to point and shoot their enemies with. At the very least Undgur’s requests would benefit everyone else in the long run, even if he’s actions will end up leaving a bitter taste in your mouth.

You reached out with your own hand and gripped his own, even if your soul remained in your chest you felt like you just sold it away.

“Deal.”

UNDYNE AND ALPHYS’ HOUSE
Alphys paced nervously up and down the lab floor, her had been eyes darting to the elevator and to the
clock on her own phone every three seconds for the past ten or so minutes, a bead of sweat forming on her forehead with every head turn.

She was waiting for them.

And they were late.

As if to mock her for her impudence the elevator rang out with loud ping as the door opened to
reveal a stoic faced Asgore and Toriel Dreemurr. Both dressed in their classic Underground attire.

Alphys quickly closed the distance with the promise of murder in her eyes, “W-what t-t-took you t-
two so long?!” The scientist hissed, “Y-you said you’ll be here by 10 and I-I don’t k-know how
much l-longer U-Undyne can mistake the body pillow for me.” Referring to the life size body pillow
of one of Alphy’s various anime characters, of course it being one on the shorter side where she
expertly (in her opinion) swapped herself out for the pillow leaving the Royal Guard Captain
completely unaware.

The king held up his hand in placating gesture, which was really meant to keep his wife from
replying in an equally brittle fashion but no one had to know that, “My apologies Alphys, sneaking
out of the house without alerting the children proved to be more troublesome than we thought it’ll be.
Soul links and whatnot-” Though I would watch your tone if I were you.

“Yes, yes, it was not our intention to add any more stress to your obviously hectic life,” Toriel
apologized backhandedly, not appreciating being snapped or the forced politeness in stressful
situations. That kind of fakeness can be saved for the press conferences and meetings, when it’s just
friends and close family Toriel has little to no filter when it comes to getting her point across. If being
abrasive get the job quicker then so be it. “But pleasantries aside doctor I must ask if you were able
complete your task.”

The scientist fixed Toriel with a ‘what a wonderfully retarded question’ look, “I-I wouldn’t have c-c-
called you if I d-didn’t now would I?” Alphys turned and led the way toward the supercomputer
with the royals following closely from behind, “Y-you have n-no idea how h-h-hard it was t-to g-get
that bug on t-them w-without looking s-suspicious.” Alphys shuddered at the cringy ‘display of
affection’ back at the Undying household. Luckily Frisk didn’t think anything was off when Alphys
came in for that surprise hug, and it was nothing short of a miracle that they didn’t so much as flinch when she planted the bug on their back. The extended physical contact was enough to make her glands produce sweat at an abnormal rate.

But it got the job done, Alphys was able to slip the bug onto Frisk’s back and the child was none the wiser.

The plan was simple really, if Frisk wants to go somewhere suspicious act like you’re going along with it, take in as much information as you could and plant a bug on the child if it looks like you can’t follow them anymore.

It was a disgusting breach of privacy and Alphys at the time couldn’t believe that the King and Queen were willing to go to such lengths.

She was even more shocked when it was Papyrus of all people that suggested that they try something like that.

“At least he had the sense to feel bad about doing this,” Alphys thought glumly, “The King and Queen couldn’t be more for it, while Undyne and weirdly enough Sans were indifferent on the subject. And me? What excuse am I using to justify this?”

She wanted so badly to think that this was being done purely out of her own fear for a child that has been both a friend and a councillor and nothing else.

But that would be a lie. And while Alphys could lie to others she could never lie to herself.

In truth while Frisk’s past was alarming to say the least, there wasn’t a single doubt in her mind that the child could handle any threat that came their way with ease and that they were really only getting in the way.

That wasn’t a dig at herself or her friends, it was just the simple truth and Alphys was fine with that. Frisk had their own demons to deal and she had hers so until the day they actually call for help Alphys was just going to watch the fireworks from a safe distance away.

But like all great scientists Alphys’ bane just wouldn’t let things work out that way.
Overtime Frisk’s story got more and more outlandish and they fell deeper and deeper into the shrouds of mystery.

Her curiosity started out as an itch and quickly mutated into a debilitating rash.

She had to know. She was a scientist and that figuring out mysteries like this was what she does.

Did that make her a bad friend...probably.

But will Frisk forgive regardless of how much this’ll hurt them...absolutely.

So Alphys rationalized that it’ll be easier to not feel any guilt at all.

Alphys sat down on the computer chair and began tapping away at the keyboard at a blistering pace causing multiple screens to pop up on the monitor, “With the technology up here it wasn’t that hard to get the bug to stream audio to my computer.” Alphys explained rather smugly, “Even with the magic portal separating the two sectors the audio should have come through uncorrupted.”

“Hmm.” Both leaders had no idea what she was talking about since the most advanced thing that they owned was their television but didn’t want to come off as ignorant. “Yes, yes, we shall be the judge of that...let us hear what the ‘audio’ as you put it. I’m quite curious to see what business they had over on their side.” Asgore said, his face darkening at the thought of the people he once considered family. He honestly hadn’t spared them much thought after sending them off to some random part of the forest that hadn’t been used yet. The thought of his child mingling with such trash disturbed him deeply. Lord only knows what they’re up to.

Alphys tapped a few more keys and a smaller window displaying a single music note came up, “Got it.” She pressed play.

“Y-you’re a good kid, you know that right?”

T: I can’t believe that you said that as you were bugging them...how delicious~

ASG:...
ALPH:...

T:..It’s something that Asriel says a lot. I thought that it would be appropriate to say it now.

ASG: It wasn’t.

ALPH: I don’t know whether I should feel proud or violated.

>SKIP

_Dun-dun-dun-dun--dun-dun-dun_

T: That song…

ALPH: Isn’t that the same song that plays when you put an umbrella in Asriel’s grave? Why would Undgur know it?

ASG:...

T: He learnt it from a old friend we used to have, they used to sing this song all the time.

ALPH: Used to?

T: They’re dead now.

>>SKIP

“What were you planning to do to me?”

“Kill you, kill your family and make it look like an accident, still am to be honest with you.”

…

…

…

What?
The lab became deathly silent after that, not one said anything or dared to make even the smallest of sounds.

Months of denial and self imposed ignorance were shattered all at once. Before they could make the excuse that Frisk was the way they were because of a life spent on the run, before they could make the excuse that the only time Frisk ever killed was when sharing control with another Monster, before they could make the excuse that the sudden departure from pacifism didn’t matter because at the end they were still merciful.

Now their lips were sealed shut in the eyes of the court, their defences in tatters and the weight of another’s sins laid heavily on their backs.

Frisk. Their Frisk, their (in)perfect, beautiful, saviour Frisk. Just admitted to planning to murder a entire family in cold blood.

“O-oh my god.” Toriel would have collapsed if Asgore had not caught her, “D-did they just say what I think they just said?”

“...Tori.” Asgore suddenly found the ground more interesting to look at.

“There must be some kind of mistake!” The mother quickly dislodged herself and latched onto the royal scientist instead her claws digging into her arms drawing dust, “You must have done something wrong, I refuse to believe-I won’t believe it-”

Alphys could only stare at the goat matron in absolute terror, her mind flashing back to only several months ago when she was in a similar position and marveled at how much worse it was than before. “Y-your hurting me.”

“Then stop failing me,” she said in a matter-of-fact tone while ever tightening her grip, “That can’t be all there is, show me more.” She released her, the force behind it bordering on a throw, “Do it.”

>>>]SKIP

*END OF AUDIO

*PLAY AGAIN?
“Oh no.”

“Well…I’m waiting.” If Alphys could shrink into her lab coat and disappear she would but for now she could only settle for cringing excessively. The sudden drop in tone could only lead to-

“WHERE’S THE REST OF IT?!?” -yep, there it is.

Alphys began tapping away rapidly at her keyboard, “T-that’s all there is, n-no...t-that’s impossible.” She made sure that the bug could withstand any magical interference caused by the illusion barrier. It was foolproof! Foolproof damn it!

…

Unless…

It got destroyed.

But the chances of that happening were almost miniscule!

So were the chances of Frisk anything else involving Frisk…

Still, luck be damned she was so close!

So engrossed she was in this failing that she completely ignored the monster behind her that was just stewing in her own bubble of hysteria and denial. The wisps of fire magic that would have set both the lizard and her lab on fire if not for Asgore grabbing her hand and snuffing out the flames, “Toriel! You must stop this madness!” The King bellowed, his voice like thunder as his eyes shone both orange and blue respectively.

“Don’t you dare touch me Dreemurr!” Toriel screeched venomously as she quickly switched her target to her (ex?)husband instead, “How can you ask me to calm down?! Our child was planning to murder an entire family in cold blood!” She sneered cruelly as she jabbed an accusatory finger in his chest, claw scraping against his armor plating. “Though maybe I shouldn’t be surprised, killing comes to you much more easily than it does for anyone else.”
That was low. So very low.

But the words were already said; Alphys was too deeply entrapped in her own pursuit for perfection to care and Toriel too proud to apologize for crossing a line no one dared to cross.

One would expect Asgore to either break down or lash out, no one would blame him for doing so. Not even Toriel who subconsciously wished for it as the sounds of their arguing would have been better than the terse silence that fell.

But Asgore didn’t do any of those things, instead he said four words that were equally if not more devastating, “You’re a murderer too.”

The words knocked all the rage out of her like a solid punch to the gut only leaving her with a feeling that was much more cold, “I... know what I am, what I want is for our children to be better.” She snapped back icily before defalting entirely, “Better than us at the very least.”

“Tori…” A pang of pity pricked at Asgore’s soul, this was conversation he knew they were going to have to have eventually but it was also one they strove to avoid at all cost, if only to keep the illusion going just a bit longer. But now it was time to wake up and while that was easier for Asgore because he learnt to expect less, Toriel on the other hand still had the memory of a friend that’ll always make her turn away every time.

Even if she could no longer remember her face.

Asgore place a comforting hand on Toriel’s shoulder, she didn’t push him away, “They’re already better than us, I’m not upset about the traitors that had died during the battle or the plotting of the demise of the traitors that still live. And whatever happened up on Ebott’s point to that mage I can only hope that it was slow and painful. Frisk has served our people well so I see no reason to punish them.” The fear and disgust that should have rose up within him was nowhere to be found he didn’t, at the end of the day he was only concerned about the fate of his people and his alone, the child could raze a small town to the ground for all he cared; and he also knew that among their close knit of friends they wouldn’t mind too much either.

But it’s what others would think that really got him scared. Because as much as he hated it, the fate of his people relied on the thoughts of these ‘others’ and they wouldn’t be as understanding.
“We just need to think about how we’re going to...protect them.” Asgore said carefully. He had to choose his words carefully lest he say the wrong thing and end up with a fireball in his face. “We know how humans are when faced with things they don’t understand. In truth our people were no better, that’s why they were more than happy to follow a fool like me.”

“...Yes, they were quite...foolish. Too easily swayed by their emotions.” She grabbed the wisps of his beard like a woman bat out of hell, “We’ve got to do something Gorey. They wouldn’t understand...no one would understand and they’ll die again and I won’t be able to bury them like the others because they were special to me and I love them with everythin

“Y-yes, but we won’t let that happen won’t we?” Asgore shared a look with Alphys as the scientist finally tore herself away from the computer and stared at the two with terrified eyes. As would anybody who witnesses Toriel’s hysteria for the first time. A cesspool of extremely volatile emotion that incinerated everything that touched coupled with a bipolar attitude that lured you into a false sense of security.

It was funny…in a completely ironic way, once upon a time their positions would have been reversed. Asgore the ever emotional one that needed to coddled when sad and reigned in when angry and Toriel being the calm and collected one, the one who thought, the one who planned, the one who didn’t entertain the idiocy that was emotions, especially if they got in her way.

All it took were seven humans deaths and the possibility of an eighth to change everything.

Asgore stared long and hard at the computer, weighing up the pros and cons of his decisions before uttering out a single command.“Delete it.”

Toriel opened her mouth to argue, “But-”

“It’s not worth it Tori,” Asgore stressed, “Despite everything that has happened Frisk is still a child, they’ll slip up again and then we’ll find out what it is they’re hiding, but we can’t use this.” Lest their mask is shattered and scattered across the wind.

Toriel looked contemplative for a couple seconds before sighing. When she thought about it the audio clip provided nothing more than a way to blackmail the child after all. As long as they knew that would be enough. “...Fine. Alphys, get rid of it.”

“...Right away your highness.” It occurred to Alphys that it was keeping secrets like this that got her
in trouble in the first place but wisely chose to say nothing. It’s not like the news was _too_ surprising, Frisk had been showing signs like that since they escaped, the only difference now is that they’re finally acknowledging it.

She promptly deleted the file and after swearing to each other that everything that had been said here will be taken to their graves the three of them retired to their respective rooms.

...

And no one noticed the flash of a demonic smile on the screen before it dissapeared as quickly as it appeared.

---

**Well what do we have here?**

Chapter End Notes

Rinse and repeat chapter will be posted after this one because I'm so close to the end for that one. When I'll post it is a different story but it'll definitely be posted before the next PF chapter.

Also happy UT anniversary!!! WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
Please...Just Smile for the Camera

Chapter Summary

Frisk, Papyrus and Asriel have a epic sleepover and nothing bad happens because nothing is wrong. Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing...

Chapter Notes

A special thanks to non_suspicious for being the beta for this chapter, dude you're a legend.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Remember the basics! If you can visualise it you can manifest it. If you can manifest it, you can wield it!” Undyne shouted out the rehearsed lines as she stood in front of the gaggle of disgruntled children like a corporal to his squad. She was wearing a blue tracksuit with black stripes, and a gym whistle was hanging loosely around her neck (you didn’t see the point in her having one when she could out-scream the majority of the human populace). The only thing she needed to complete the look was a couple hundred pounds of fat and an ever-present layer of grease on her forehead.

“Knowing this, let’s discuss everything that Ice Cap over here did wrong,” Undyne said sharply, her one-eyed gaze locked firmly on said monster, who had the decency to look at least slightly ashamed. “I don’t care how majestic you think your hat is, one, I’ve seen better and two, jumping into someone else’s bullet path to bring attention toward said hat is a good way to get yourself benched with the rest of the losers.”

Almost immediately everyone in the Coliseum turned their heads toward you. The manga you were reading was momentarily forgotten so you could fix Undyne with your best rendition of Toriel’s ‘You’re a couple centuries too old for this crap’ glare.

It was a solid five out of ten if you do say so yourself.

“Should be higher than that, you’ve seen that look enough times, you should be able to emulate it perfectly.”

“Piss off.” You thought hotly to the entity but it had none of the bite it usually held. You were tired. You’ve been tired for the past couple of weeks now. Ever since Undgur had ‘employed’ you for your services the amount of late-night hits you’ve been doing had increased to a staggering amount, so much so that there had even been rumours flying around that there was some great monster conspiracy going on in the background. Which wouldn’t be entirely wrong because there was a startling disconnect between the number of pro-monster legislation passed and the public opinion of them. But the rumors were placing you and Asgore under a lot of stress during debates. If it weren’t for the fact that you made sure not to leave any evidence, (time travel and all that jazz) sleep deprivation would have been the least of your worries.

You had to convince Undgur to chill out a bit on the hits, if not for the Monsters he was so hell bent
on protecting then for your own sanity. An assassin ain’t really worth much if they pass out mid-
mission.

“Funny how that turned out, once a pawn always a pawn I always say and you’re probably going
to die-”

“Alphys is going to be pretty pissed that you ripped that.” A furry hand carefully, yet firmly, pried
your fingers out of the death grip you had on the book’s spine. “What’s eating you?”

You didn’t know whether to be relieved or terrified when you came face to face with Asriel. “N-
nothing.”

Truth be told you had no idea how to deal with Asriel Dreemurr anymore. The implications of your
new relationship were pushed to the back of your mind due to the more traumatic experiences that
day, and sure you gave it a passing thought every now and again but it wasn’t until recently that you
realised one glaring issue.

You were both too f**ked up for this.

The most intimate relationship Asriel ever had was with Chara of all people. Who knows what other
kind of twisted methodology was just sitting up there in that head of his? Just waiting for the right
trigger to set him off. If Flowey was any indication, Asriel had a lot of issues that you honestly
weren’t sure you wanted to deal with.

Not that you were any better by any stretch of the imagination. The people you were meant to
cherish, you wished for their deaths; the people you were meant to hate, you loved more than
anything. Nothing made sense. What the hell is ‘love’ anyway? Was it just some romanticised
version of obsession? Wasn’t that enough? At least then you cared someway, lord knows you spent a
unhealthy amount and of time at first loading and reloading just to see him again in his final
moments. The monster who couldn’t be saved… a boy cursed by the innocent sin he committed and
the eternal punishment he had to pay for it.

A true angel of death.

It was fascinating.

Maybe you fell in ‘love’ with the tragedy of his situation. Watching someone else hurt for once
instead of being on the receiving end was cathartic. Or maybe you were infatuated with the idea that
this was a problem that you couldn’t solve by save scumming.

In any case it’s not like it mattered how you felt about him in the beginning. The innocent boy that
was once Asriel Dreemurr no longer existed in this world, his data corrupted due to the numerous
RESETs that turned him into a wolf in sheep’s clothing like no other. It was funny, if you were the
kind of sociopath person to laugh at someone’s funeral w  high quality don’t even try to. In a way, you killed Asriel. Not in the physical sense, but in the only way that matters when
death can be undone at the drop of a hat. You killed his innocence.

That’s what obsession does, you obsess and obsess over the item of your affection until you
eventually suffocate and kill it. The very thing you were trying to save, you ended up destroying.
Now you had to deal with what you created… and it’s hard not to hate yourself when the person that
you destroyed so utterly is so unaware of it, proclaiming their love for you in the same breath. Of
course he would ‘love’ you, like a kidnap victim would love their kidnapper, and all your ‘attempts’
(if you could even call them that) to push him away only drew him closer.
But don’t act too surprised, you knew it would end like this, you little devil.

“Oookay.” Asriel raised an eyebrow at your defensive reply but otherwise didn’t push it. “Why did you even bother coming to class when you knew that it was a magic lesson today?” Gym classes were often either a toss up between basic gym lessons and magic training for the younger monsters. You often tended to skip the latter for obvious reasons but decided to stay and watch this time. There had been an increasing level of tension building between you and your parents and for once you had no idea what happened to cause it. You thought it was best to limit the amount of time you spent with them, for their sake as well as yours.

“It’s not like I have anything better to do. You guys took away my phone and are practically doing the same to my job too. Watching this is at least better than sitting at home and watching the latest installment of cooking with a human loving robot.” You replied bitterly. “And besides, I could be asking you the same thing. What’s wrong Az? Has the mighty lord of hyperdeath put on some hyper pounds? Can’t fit into your widdle evil cloak anymore?”

Asriel snorted, “That widdle coat was awesome, not that I expect you to understand since you’ve been wearing the same color palette since we’ve left The Underground.”

“Like you can talk! You’re the only person to wear I’ve seen wear swine flu green and retina piercing yellow day in and day out with such confidence.”

“Don’t sell yourself short Frisk, I’m pretty sure you’re way more confident than me… seeing as you flirted with half of the monster population, including your own mother.”

“And they loved it!”

“If by ‘love’ you mean ‘throw-up-a-little-in-their-mouths then yeah.”

“Monsters can’t even throw up.”

“They probably thought the same before they met you.”

“…”

“…”

“…pfitthahahahahaha.”

“Hahahahahahahahaha.”

It was stupid in hindsight, throwing juvenile jabs at each other like they were actually children instead of century(s? It was hard to keep track of some times) old time travellers with the fate of a entire species on their small shoulders. Moments like this were made it all worth it, a bright light at the end of the tunnel that you were meant to run toward.

*You promised yourself to not forget this feeling.

*Another part of yourself told you not to bother.

“Thank you, seriously.” You brushed a stray tear from your eye, “You have no idea how much I needed that.” Your fingers brushed his knuckles lightly like you’ve seen people do in one of Alphys’ animes and tried your best to repress your smirk when you saw the beginnings of a genuine smile spread across his face.
“Hey you know, I’ve been thinking.” Asriel started, “Maybe me and you can go-

“Yo Frisk!”

You shot away from Asriel and gave Monster Kid the fakest grin you could manage. “S-sup Kid.”

Asriel didn’t share the sentiment. The mood efficiently ruined, he gave Monster Kid a dismissive snort, “What do you want Kid? We were kinda busy here.”

This would normally be the part where Kid replied with something along the lines of ‘shut up goat boy’ or something else that was equally as childish. Instead Kid completely ignored Asriel and kept his flat gaze on you, “Class is over, Undyne wants to see you.”

“Huh, I didn’t even notice.” You admitted sheepishly, “I better not keep her waiting unless I want a spear chucked at me again.” You didn’t look up as you tossed the remains of your manga in your bag, “Guess I’ll see you later M-...K?” He didn’t even wait for you to finish your sentence before he turned around and left.

“Well that was rude,” Asriel commented helpfully. “Who pissed in his bonfire?”

You stared at Monster Kid’s retreating form for a couple seconds before turning away with a shrug, “He could just be stressed about the whole cult of evil magical pricks that want to kill him and everything he stands for.” This self imposed exile that monsters have placed themselves under was only inflating the feeling of vulnerability instead of doing the opposite. Everyone in one easy and hard to escape from place. Sure they could try to leave, but to where? The rest of the country, let alone the world didn’t want to deal with monsters. Until something changed this was as good as it got.

They were trapped once again. Only this time the barrier that held them was invisible yet somehow even more dangerous.

“You didn’t change anything.”

“Or maybe he just had a crappy night!” Asriel interjected quickly, seeing your darkening mood.

“…I’ll see you later.” Without another word you vaulted over the edge of the stands and walked through the gated entrance to the rest of the school. The weaker part of monster architecture made itself more visible as metalwork meshed with brickwork unevenly, making the walls look like they melted and fused together.

“Primitive to a fault.”

You growled mentally at the entity as you walked past the changing rooms and toward Undyne’s office. You knocked on the door.

“Come in!” Undyne’s voice called out. She sounded irritated.

You opened the door.

…

You closed the door.

“AHEM!” Toriel’s sharp voice caused you to flinch violently. The disapproval was so thick in her voice that it was almost palpable. “I do believe Ms Undying said to ‘come in’, or was I mistaken?”
With a grimace you reopened the door with a scowl so deeply entrenched that it wouldn’t have been a stretch for a stranger to think that you were born that way. Similarly on the other side of the quaint little office sat Undyne who was silently grinding her own teeth to dust in an attempt to fake a smile. All the while Toriel sat on the little beat up couch on the side, looking so infuriatingly above it all despite the fact that there were two extra spear-shaped holes on either side of her head and the room was thick with humidity, as if something was freshly melted and steamed.

In case it wasn’t obvious, Toriel and Undyne didn’t like each other. And that made things awkward for Asgore and uncomfortable for everyone else. The only real parent that Undyne ever had was Asgore and she was okay with that. The only thing she knew about the ex-queen was that she ditched her husband, king, and people for a couple of rotten humans. For an 11-ish year old who only saw the world in black and white she could only see Toriel’s actions as evil and Asgore’s actions as ‘good’, even if being ‘good’ meant slaughtering a couple of kids.

But then you came along and showed her that what she and her ‘hero’ were doing wasn’t good at all. That the world wasn’t all black and white and what was ‘good’ was just a matter of perspective. She saw the flaws in her reason for fighting and secretly despised herself for the part she played up until the end.

She never changed her mind about Toriel.

It was probably due to her even earlier traumatic upbringing that led to Undyne developing a strong sense of duty and loyalty toward her own people. Maybe some old part of her saw Toriel’s actions as unforgivable as a leader. Or maybe she just didn’t like the idea of her larger than life role model being reduced to tears with nothing but a few scathing words.

Maybe, in this world of clashing greys, Toriel was just a shade too dark.

For the Queen herself her issue was probably just as selfish but much more simple to understand. To put it simply, Undyne was the only one out the seven children they adopted between Chara and Asriel’s death and your fall that didn’t die. While Asgore was left to wallow in his misery, Toriel fled to the ruins to bury her human child and grieve in her own way. Stewing in a inferno of her own self-righteous fury she remained in her self-proclaimed exile, confident that when all was said and done Asgore would realise the error of his ways and come back to the ruins begging for forgiveness. She’d reject him initially but eventually would cave in and apologise as well, allowing them both to continue their reign in peace and suffer their loss together.

Unfortunately for everyone, that didn’t happen. Instead the ruin doors remained mockingly shut and soon the days passed where she could no longer return to the palace with her head held high.

Now she really was exiled, not by official decree but by her own shame. And just like her husband, it did not take long for the loneliness to set in.

At first she tried to befriend the inhabitants of the ruins, but when they realised the reality of her extended visit they began to avoid her completely. When she expressed her frustration with being ignored they began to fear her. She would have been driven insane if it weren’t for the children (the ones she couldn’t remember). The ones that didn’t judge her and loved her unconditionally (because anything was better than what they had before). After being so starved of companionship it was only natural that Toriel got attached the way she did and it was only natural for her, as a mother, to think of them as her own despite them being human(?). And in a more perverse sense, she felt a kind of kinship between her and the ‘kids’. She wasn’t ignorant of the mountain’s geography; it wasn’t a place where children could just wander up to and fall in by mistake. Rejected by their world they gave up on life and fell into hers. And that, no matter how much the thought made her want to tear her own throat out, made her feel grateful.
So assured she was in their joint isolation that the thought never occurred to her that they might want to leave. And why would it? It’s not like they made their shared disgust of the outside unclear. She was fine. It was fine. They. Were. Fine.

The one bearing the patience soul, ironically, was the one that stayed for the shortest amount of time.

The one bearing the bravery soul thought they were strong enough to end the war themself.

The integrity soul thought themself too precious to die an ugly death in the dark and instead went out in a blaze of glory.

Kindness, lacking in any real substance, died cold and alone.

Knowledge didn’t equate to wisdom and fell as fools do.

And Justice was so swept up in their own crusade for revenge that they never stopped to realise they were angry at the wrong people.

And just like that Toriel was alone once again. Only this time instead of humans taking away her children, it was her own people. Most likely a revenge ploy from her ex to get back at her (So she believed). A petty way of ensuring that she remained as lonely as he.

That was fine; she could see through his trick. He could take the damn human for all she cared, she wouldn’t allow Asgore to hurt her anymore.

So when you came along with all of your fucking issues you weren’t doing anyone any favours. It didn’t help that you looked so much like her Chara that it tugged at her will to nurture even more. That was the real reason she followed you out of the ruins, the answer everyone knew but didn’t dare to say out loud. The real reason why she saved you from Asgore’s death blow. You were meant to leap into her arms like the terrified child you were supposed to be and let her save you from the big bad king and shower you with all the motherly concern she could muster. And in that final moment where her and Asgore’s eyes met he would know all the suffering that she went through and know her pain.

That didn’t happen obviously.

When the battle (at least that’s what everyone assumed happened; you never talked about what happened after Flowey captured everyone or where the miserable creature had disappeared off to; you never talked about anything) was over and they all stood waiting for you to awake, Toriel was introduced to the a wide range of people who you had made friends with and they in turn recognised her as your mother.

All except one.

In fact, Undyne hardly acknowledged Toriel at all. Her attention was perfectly split between you and Asgore. The king had spent the entirety of that time staring blankly at the comatose body of the small child he had tried to kill while being comforted by the child he had adopted and raised as his own.

His one child, his child that never left his side and stayed with him even as he lost everything.

Compared to her, where despite all the love you had showed you still left within a month. She had to go through the pain of losing six other children before finding you, whereas Asgore found someone without even really needing to try.
Watching the two of them caused something dark and cold to stir in Toriel’s heart.

It wasn’t fair.

It wasn’t fair.

It wasn’t fair.

You can’t keep using your pain as a excuse to avoid responsibility.”

At least...that was the thought process she had all those months ago. She realised now that she was being unreasonable and despised herself for own weakness. But even then there was still a small part of her that couldn’t accept who Undyne was and what she stood for... because on the day the barrier broke, like you she found solace in one Dreemurr, but unlike you she never bothered to seek solace in the other.

Undyne was the child of Asgore Dreemurr and there was no place for Toriel to fit in. They were civil on the surface only due to their shared circle of friends. The only reason Toriel even let Undyne work there was to keep up appearances.

What could possibly be so important that Toriel would bother dealing with Undyne?

“So...” you clapped your hands together and rubbed them with nervous fervour. “Any reason why this couldn’t wait until I got home or are we aiming to make every conversation that we have a painful affair?”

Toriel rolled her eyes dismissively, “Please, I am your mother. The only one making these conversations awkward is you.”

“.I beg to differ.” Undyne muttered under her breath.

Toriel flashed her fangs at Undyne before turning back to you, “In any case, it’s imperative for you to be here seeing as the topic of the conversation is about you.”

“Yeah I figured that, otherwise why bother m-”

“Me and Asgore are leaving-”

“I can do better I promise you. I can kill more, bathe this kingdom in peasant blood just don’t leave me.”

A sudden wave of desperation gripped your throat like a vice. You dove toward the floor near Toriel’s feet like a grovelling servent before a king. “I can do better I swear please don’t leave me.”

“-To go to a summit in Washington.” Toriel’s brow twisted into a dark frown. “You’re my child, I
don’t know what rubbish the people who birthed you put into your head but I’ll never abandon you.”

“You belong to me, is basically what she’s saying. How much do you want to bet that your magic is messing her up?”

“And if she did I’ll take you in punk, can’t leave family hanging after all...right?” Undyne added in what was probably meant to be a comforting tone.

But all you felt was a crippling sense of unease.

You almost flew from both Toriel’s and Undyne’s vicinity. White-hot shame burned your cheeks with an angry blush and fear caused you to press yourself into the corner of the room.

It happened again, one wrong word said and you were sent into a spiral of clinginess and desperation which ended in you showing a side of yourself you long thought dead. The younger, more broken slip of a creature that ended up on Toriel’s doorstep that was incapable of basic communication. It was a mortifying experience after coming so far from that low point only to backpedal at the worst possible moments. You only validated everyone’s perception that you were just barely hanging on by a thread and needed to be protected at all costs.

Your soul kept safe and sheltered from the dangers of the world...

...You didn’t miss how Undyne’s eyes lingered on your chest and how possessive Toriel sounded when she called herself your mother.

“Like a piece of meat~”

Toriel, mercifully, carried on as if you hadn't said anything crazy at all, “Anyhow, we’ll be leaving you and Asriel in Undyne’s care starting next week.”

“I should be there.” Just like that you were all business again, “I’m the ambassador, if anyone should be going it should be me.”

Toriel smiled emptily at you as one would a crazy person who claimed they were sane, “There’s no need to concern yourself with such things anymore.” Then she dropped all pretenses, “You’re fired.”

...

Huh?

A moment passed as you tried to process what you just heard... and another... and another.

...

“Huh?” You asked aloud this time, dumbly.

“I thought I made it quite clear, child,” there was no hint of emotion on her face as she spoke. Lobotomised lab rats (can’t forget never forget) had shown more emotion, yet the underlying tone of malice was palpable, “You’re finished, done, laid off as the humans would put it. It seems that this job is simply too dangerous for a child as... delicate as yourself. Until we get a better read on the Mage situation you and Asriel will both be much safer here.”

Crossing your arms you scowled back at Toriel with a piercing glare, “That’s all well and good but what’s to stop the Mages from attacking while the two of you are gone? No offence to you, Undyne, but unless the next batch of Mages we happen to run into are a bunch of defenceless children I just
don’t see the Guard doing anything productive. Again, no offence Undyne.”

The captain shrugged, “They were mostly for show anyway.”

The monarch waved off your question, “If they wanted to kill us all they would have done so the moment the barrier broke.” She stated bluntly, her tone turning dark and bitter, “Believe me, the only reason why this valley isn’t coated in dust is because they are trying to find a way to savor our suffering for as long as they can.”

Undyne snarled darkly at that and despite knowing that it wasn’t directed at you, you instinctively smothered your magic. “Those wretched cretins and their bastardised magic, even after all these years they still persist to make my life and the lives of my people hell. They’ll want to hurt you, my child, even more than before, just to punish us for escaping their prison.”

“All the more reason I shouldn’t be hidden here. We can’t show these people any weakness—” You started.

Without any warning Toriel slammed her fist against the wall, causing the both you and Undyne to jump, “Watching you be beat within an inch of your life is my weakness and I’ll be damned if I have to watch that happen again!”

A awkward silence passed where no one could look anyone else in the eye. Burning hot shame rose from your chest, Monsters were always more sensitive to bloodshed and your mother in particular has seen a level of gore that would make the strongest of humans cringe.

“This is all your fault you bitch.” LOVE pulsed dangerously behind your skin, “If you just stopped screwing with my ability to SAVE and LOAD Mom wouldn’t be tormented by images of my mutilated body.”

“…”

“I. Hate. You. I promise… one day I’ll—”

“Kill me? You couldn’t kill no matter how hard you try. Even if you could, you won’t, for all the trouble it’s caused you there’s no way you’d be willing to give up this power, because without this power…you’re nothing, without me you’re nothing.”

Your fist shook involuntarily.

Toriel coughed into her other hand in a attempt to regain the regal composure she had before. “...We will be leaving on Sunday. Papyrus has already agreed to look after you and your brother while we’re gone.” It was almost as if she was trying to run away from the weight of her own words; collecting her comically ill-fitting purse, she made her way to the door without sparing a glance at your direction.

SLAM

It was only when the pitter-patter faded into nothing that Undyne allowed herself to slump in her seat.

“I have no idea what Asgore sees in her.”

Sunday came way faster than you expected. In a way it felt like a part of you was still standing slack-
jawed in Undyne’s office and only just came back when you and Asriel were left on the Gaster bro’s
doorstep on a freezing December morning. Snow had covered the ground with a light dusting of
pure white dust, giving the home a very striking resemblance to the one they had Underground. The
only real difference was the lack of christmas lights (though that was due to change) and the lack of a
garage. You remember vaguely that Papyrus didn’t wanna build the extension until after he bought
that racing car he always wanted.

Honestly, magic is such bullshit.

The thought was distracting enough for you to ignore the awkward atmosphere you, once again,
found yourself in. Asriel was fiddling with the zipper on his coat while glaring a hole in the ground.
He had snuck a couple glances in your direction every so often but after a while you grew annoyed
with it and quickly hissed at him to piss off. One half-assed scolding from Asgore later and Asriel
hadn’t so much as breathed in your vicinity. Asgore stood behind the two of you like some sort of
imposing club bouncer, your overnight bags hung from both his left and right shoulders respectively.
He had a thousand yard stare in his gaze that held possibly a century’s worth of tiredness and regret
in it.

Toriel remained in the car. You hadn’t traded a word with each other since Friday.

“HUMAN!” The sound of shattering glass allowed muscle memory to kick in as you bumped Asriel
out of the way with your hip while sidestepping yourself, glittering glass snowflakes, daggered and
sharp rained down upon the spot you and Asriel were just standing (or in Asgore’s case just bounced
off his head harmlessly).

Papyrus followed shortly after, twisting, flipping, moonwalking and doing all other forms of
impossible movement before landing upside down with a resounding smash.

…

A moment.

…

“I-Is he alright?” Asgore asked, though judging by the stammer in his voice he must have realised
that he and Papyrus had very different definitions of the word ‘alright’.

“Give it a minute, he’s fine,” Asriel reassured his father with a pat on the knee before muttering
darkly, “He always is…”

Sure enough Papyrus practically leapt up with no visible injuries and stood like a soldier in front of
your father, his bare hand snapping onto his forehead to perform a salute. In a weird turn of events,
Papyrus had decided to discard his battle armor and wear something that was more akin to what he
wore in the Underswap timeline, a red t-shirt that had ‘kool kidz’ printed in white with a bone-like
font. Mercifully baggy jeans and his regular red boots adorned the bottom half of his body while his
scarf was left wrapped tightly around his neck. “YOUR MAJESTY, OFFICIAL ASSOCIATE OF
THE ROYAL GUARD REPORTING FOR DUTY SIR!”

Even after raising someone like Undyne, Papyrus’ lack of volume control made her noise sound like
a mute person trying to scream in comparison. “U-um yes, here are the kid’s bags,” Asgore took the
two bags off his shoulders and gave them to Papyrus who simply cast blue magic on them, causing
them to float to what you had to assume was your room. “All their homework is there, including
some training exercises for Frisk and magic training for Asriel. Make sure you don’t let either of
them slack off. If they finish early they may have a reward, but nothing too sugary after 9PM, Asriel
tends to get a tiny bit hyper.”

Said person buried his face in his hands, an angry blush spreading across his face. You did the only mature thing to do in such a situation and began laughing in monotone.

Asgore stared at you for a couple seconds before continuing in a completely neutral voice, “Homework starts at 7 on the dot. Make sure Frisk does exercises 1-15, including the two extra essays which should already be in the bag. They’ve been falling behind recently and my wife wants to make sure they don’t use this as an opportunity to slack off.” Your laughter quickly turned into distressed wheezing, it’s not like you meant to fall behind in class but LOADING tended to have negative impacts on your ability to remember shit in the short term. You never had to worry about that before since there was no point remembering every, single time Alphys freaked out over you liking Mew Mew Kissy Cutie 2 over Mew Mew Kissy Cutie 1 (the characters were much more developed). But it did make trying to remember the 40 rules of bullet pattern construction on the day of the pop quiz a pain in the ass.

“Ha. Ha.”

You didn’t even say anything and instead swiped viscously at Asriel’s head, silently thankful that you missed because the intent behind that swing was iffy at best.

“Ahem.” Asgore coughed heavily into his hand which prompted the both of you to bite out a muttered apology and go back to staring at your respective spots of ground. The old king sighed, “They are normally so well behaved, let us know if they cause any trouble.” Or if any trouble comes for them.

Papyrus nodded enthusiastically, “OF COURSE YOUR MAJESTY. WITH ME, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, AROUND THE ONLY TOMFOOLERY GOING ON HERE WILL BE THAT OF JAPES AND PUZZLES.”

“...Right.” Asgore knelt down and patted the two of you in the head, “Be good, look after each other.” Asgore turned his gaze toward you and glared especially hard, “Whatever Toriel may have told you, this isn’t a punishment. She’s just scared, I'm scared. I beg of you, don’t give us another reason to justify that fear.” With that Asgore patted you on the cheek and walked back toward the car, his cape fluttering in the cold December air.

“Scared huh?” You wanted to ask if they were scared for your safety or they were scared of you but only just stopped yourself.

It was a redundant point anyway.

Every part of the Gaster brother household seeped of ‘bachelorness’ for lack of a better word. Dirty underwear on the floor (Sans), discarded pizza boxes (Sans again), and the occasional rouge bowl of spaghetti (Papyrus...for shame). The interior of the house was pretty much the same as it had been Underground with a couple new additions that reflected the catch up with technology. A game system there, a laptop or two lying around...

Damn, though you hated Sans you had to respect his hustle, seeing as Papyrus had little to no concept of money and didn’t realise his practically non-existent role in the Royal Guard payed fuck all (official associate? Really Undyne? That was the best you could come with?). If it weren’t for Sans doing… whatever he does, they’d probably be forced to actually get jobs. Which would have
been tantamount to declaring bankruptcy since outside the Ebott council and Mettaton’s circle jerk of a media company, there were no respectable places of work that were willing to hire Monsters.

You hope Asgore brings that up in the meeting.

“HERE ALLOW ME, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, TO TAKE YOUR COAT FOR YOU MINI ASGORE.”

“First of all, I said I could hang it up myself, second of all… stop calling me ‘mini Asgore’, you know perfectly well what my name is!”

You watched with slitted eyes as the century old child and the younger man child got in a tug of war match of epically sad proportions.

“50G says that the coat rips in half and everybody looks even more stupid.”

“Nobody asked you. Besides there’s no way they’ll let it get to that po-”

R…………………………P

“Goddamnit Papyrus!”

“OH NO, THIS COAT HAS FALLEN TO MY OVERWHELMING POWER. TIS IS TRULY A SAD DAY, BOO HOO, BOO HOO.”

“Is that sarcasm?! I knew it, I knew you were capable!”

“…”

“Pay me bish.”

Papyrus quickly discarded his half of the coat… by throwing it into the bin in the next room over (“good to know that his ability to mess with physics hasn’t changed.”). He turned to you with what could have been mistaken for a manic smile by those who didn’t know the skeleton. This was simply him being his usual excitable self. You were about to tell him to calm down when a simple thought ran through your head.

Why ruin this?

Since you were unofficially out of the job there was no reason to continue to act so maturely, as if Papyrus’ randomness was somehow above you. When was the last time you had some honest to god fun that didn’t involve violence or battles to the death? Even for you it got boring after a while. Wasn’t this what you’d been striving for anyway? The right to do stupid, kid shit with the people you cared about? For a couple moments every day where you could forget where you came from, who you came from and the countless number of lives you’ve directly or indirectly had a hand in ending?

So what if it was stupid? Fuck it, today you were going to act like the starry eyed kid you used to be about 100 cycles from the beginning.

One hundred being the right number because through cycles 1-99 you were more a broken mesh of parts than a functioning person but hey, details.

He pointed dramatically at you with a shaky hand, “NOW THAT THAT’S OUT OF THE WAY, HUMAN. ARE YOU READY FOR THE GREATEST DAY OF YOUR INCREDIBLY
Asriel crossed his arms in indignation, “This can’t be happening.”

You tore your coat in half before body slamming the remains on to the floor, “FUCK YEAH!”

“Oh no.”

*MONTAGE MONTAGE MONTAGE*

The kitchen had seen better days.

Pots and pans laid haphazardly across the floor and various other places; whisks and other similar utensils were in every place beside where one would expect them to be. The cabinets had distinctly human shaped holes and those that didn’t were barely holding themselves together due to the bone attacks that stuck out from them like porcupine quills.

At the centre of it stood the three of you. Asriel gave both you and Papyrus’ tomato plastered faces a deadpan stare, “I’m not punching the tomato.”

“BUT THE SMASHING OF THE TOMATO IS A VITAL PART OF THE SPAGHETTI MAKING PROCESS.” Papyrus informed sagely while you nodded to his words in the background, “YOU MUST RELEASE ALL OF YOUR INHIBITIONS IN ORDER TO CREATE THE PERFECT DISH.”

“What the hell is an inhibition?!”

“Asriel.”

The prince looked up at you with an irritated expression on his face, opting to stay silent in order to convey his exasperation.

So you picked up a knife and ran your tongue along it while maintaining eye contact, in complete silence of course.

*STAR BLAZING*

*MONTAGE* *MONTAGE* *MONTAGE*

*GAME OVER*

Papyrus laid upside down between you and Asriel on the couch, his bare feet dangling in the air, “WOWIE HUMAN, YOU ARE AWFUL AT THIS.”

“Seriously, were you even trying?” Asriel joked lightheartedly, twirling the controller on his finger with magic. His shirt was stained to the point where it was unwearable and thus he chose to just walk around with his vest instead. You thought that it would be too cold to do that even for a Monster such as himself but apparently the fire magic that ran through his veins kept him from ever feeling truly cold. “I mean I get that you didn’t get the chance to play games while-”

“I know what I’m doing you dick,” you snapped, “I’m just… a tiny bit rusty is all.” You could count the number of times you played an actual video game on a single hand. They weren’t a thing for most of your life and it wasn’t until recently that you learnt of their existence… and their odd use of the SAVE file. You wondered if humans people realised subconsciously how the mechanisms of this world worked and thus tried to emulate it in various forms of media.
...Nah.

Asriel and Papyrus both tilted their heads in unison, “But you lost like 10 times.” Their combined scrutiny made you squirm like a fish out of water.

“AND YOU CAN’T EVEN OPEN YOUR MENU.”

You blushed aggressively at that, “Shut up! If I can just get a look at the controls then I’ll be able to crush you. Just tell me how to bring them up.”

“Well why didn’t you just say so?” Asriel paused the game to give you his full attention, despite yourself you leaned in closer in anticipation, completely ignoring the growing evil smirk that was growing on his face.

“So how do I bring up the controls?”

“That would be the first page.”

“Of what?”

All Asriel did was show a row of vicious teeth, “The menu.”

*MONTAGE* *MONTAGE* *MONTAGE*

The battle was a long and bloody one. The taste of blood and dust was thick in the air and the tension caused electric-like tremors to course through their bodies. This was the moment their men had been waiting for and the moment their generals had strived for. Today, it all would come to an end.

One way or another.

“This is your last chance Papyrus, the kingdom of Dementri will no longer stand for such insolence.” Frisk Dreemurr, emperor/empress (they didn’t really care which one they were addressed as) of the Kingdom of Dementri, a fruitful land ranging from Papyrus’ bedroom door to his chest, declared with grandiose. Their ‘cape’ (their sweater tied around their neck) bellowed in the wind. “I have devastated your crop fields, ravaged your villages, enslaved your people! The mighty land of ‘PAPYRUS LAND’ is no more. You have nothing left besides the last few scraps of pitiful men that I have decided to spare out of the kindness of my heart. Surrender now and I promise that your death will be a swift one.”

From atop his bed the mighty ruler of the once great PAPYRUS LAND screamed his defiance to the heavens, “WE WILL NEVER SURRENDER TO YOU WITCH, NOT AFTER ALL THE PAIN AND SUFFERING YOU HAVE CAUSED! I’LL SOONER EAT PASTA *spits* THEN GIVE IN TO THE LIKES OF YOU!” Papyrus materialised his bone attack in the shape of a fencing sword and pointed it at you in a very dramatic way. Which was very dramatic if you do say so yourself.

Being the evil emperor/empress that you were, you let out your best evil laugh, complete with head shaking and forehead gripping to further sell the ‘crazy’ aspect of your character. “Very well,” you pulled out your training trident and raised it above your head, “A dog’s death it is.”

“ATTACK!”

“PILLAGE THEM ALL!”
Papyrus’ miniature army of PAPYRUS LAND and the miniature army of Dementri screamed their respective war cries before charging at each other and clashing with a level of ferocity that quite frankly made you a tiny bit uncomfortable.

“Hey Paps…” you winced a bit when you saw one of your soldiers tear the skeletal arm off of one of Papyrus’ men and proceeded to beat him with it, “These things aren’t sentient right?”

Papyrus ducked as a random assortment of limbs were thrown in his direction, “OF COURSE NOT HUMAN, THEY ARE ONLY TOY SOLDIERS. EVEN THE OCCASIONAL ARROW VOLLEY THEY MIGHT SEND AT YOU DOES NO DAMAGE.”

You sidestepped a volley regardless, “Yeah, but the screams?”

“ADD EVEN MORE CHARACTER! WHAT DID YOU EXPECT US TO DO? MAKE THE FIGURES MOVE BY THEMSELVES AND VOICE EVERY SINGLE LITTLE PLATOON?”

“Well… yeah.”

Papyrus’ furrowed his brow, “IS THAT HOW HUMANS PLAY THIS GAME? YOU GUYS ARE MORE BORING THAN I ORIGINALLY THOUGHT.”

You shrugged. Honestly when Papyrus asked if you wanted to play toy soldiers you should have known there would be more to it then how it appeared. There were plenty of signs: Asriel adamantly refusing to play even though make belief was right up his alley; Papyrus stating that it was a gift that he got from Gerson, the crazy old coot, when he turned 21.

The fact that it rated for 18 year old monsters and older.

Monsters were creatures of magic. People who could build towns in a matter of hours and reproduce rare alloys with a snap of their fingers. Why wouldn’t they have magic board games ripped straight out of Harry Potter? Shame on you for thinking any different.

The two of you stared at the warring toys for a couple moments longer.

“…WANT TO DO SOMETHING ELSE?”

“Oh god yes.”

“OKAY.” Papyrus said in an overly cheerful voice before dropping a barrage of bones at both armies, obliterating both sides in an explosion of plastic death.

“…”

“…WHAT?”

“Next be sure to add about 100 pounds of glitter to the batter before heating it at a temperature of 100000 °C. This is to ensure that the glitter’s acidic properties fully melt in the mix.”

“And then?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean… what’s next after this step Mettaton?”
“There isn’t one?”

“But digesting such large amounts of glitter would practically kill someone five times over!”

“Glitter kills people?! O-oh god, I gave Samantha a giant cake for her kid’s 10th birthday party. Cut the cameras, CUT THE FUCKING CAMERAS!”

**BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEPP**

_Cooking with a human loving robot will be right back after these messages._

“HAHAHAHAHAHAaaaaaaaaaaHAAAAAAA.” Asriel couldn’t contain his laughter as tears freely dropped down his face. “You see that? That shit right there is one of the few reasons that made getting up today worth it.”

“CAN’T IMAGINE WHAT YOUR OTHERS WOULD BE…”

“What?”

“WHAT?”

After what felt like hours of dickering around, the three of you had decided to crash on the couch and take part in a past time as old as time itself.

Prime time television.

Despite the concern in your voice, your lax posture didn’t really reflect how seriously you should be taking the situation. “God, that’s gonna be a PR nightmare, glad that’s not my problem anymore.”

“IT’S NOT?” The question didn’t leave Papyrus’ lips(?) but the implication was obvious enough.

You put your hands up in a half assed gesture of surrender, “As of Friday I am no longer the ambassador of the Monster Kingdom, wooo, unemployment.” you grunted in Asriel’s general direction, “Chip me.”

Wordlessly Asriel levitated a handful of chips and threw at your face hole, most of it landed on the increasingly disgusting looking floor.

Papyrus gave you a look that you couldn’t describe, “AND THAT DOESN’T BOTHER YOU?”

…I’m gonna get more chips,” you muttered under your breath, shuffling off the couch and waddling toward the kitchen with a determined gait.

“This is easily the most pathetic thing I have ever seen.”

You dug around the remains of one of the cabinets looking for chips that were safe for human consumption. Play-doh bits? Who’s the crackhead that makes this stuff? “Wow really? I must be slacking then.”

You rummaged around a bit more before laying your eyes on a familiar orange bag, “Aha! Lays, a true American patriot if I ever saw one… chicken flavour though… but oh well.”

*CRASH*
You almost twisted your ankle at the speed you turned around but it still wasn’t fast enough to stop the gloved hand of Sans from slapping onto your mouth.

“You alright in there Frisk?” Asriel called out from the living room.

[say that you’re fine and you just pushed down a plate] Sans mouthed the words silently, the sharp prick of a bone attack was jabbed harshly into your stomach.

You glared back silently, eyes narrowing into animalistic red slits as a million questions ran through your head. When did Sans get here? Why didn’t you sense him when he did get here? Why was he sneaking into his own home and now threatening to stab you with what was effectively a bone shiv? Was he going to kill you?

Were you going to die?

He wouldn’t, not in his own home with Papyrus right there.

So what? It’s not like he’ll have to deal with the fallout for long, you’ll just LOAD.

What if I don’t, what if my power fails? What if I choose not to?

Don’t kid yourself Frisk. You don’t have the balls to die. You’re too scared of what waits for you on the other side.

He doesn’t know that.

He knows enough.

When was the last time I truly died?

The last thought brought the rapid spiral of your mental decent to a violent stop. Now that you thought about it you hadn’t truly died in a while. Not since you fought with Undgur a couple months ago. For a couple months you didn’t feel the searing pain of mortal wounds, the metallic taste of blood on your own lips, the inevitable embrace of the void and the blinding light that dragged you back into the fray all over again.

As stupid as it seems, you’ve become used to living.

You didn’t want to die anymore.

[Do it. You little hell spawn] Sans twisted his wrist in tighter, you winced at the feeling of the bone pushing past your skin and drawing blood.

It was a miracle in itself that your voice only partially cracked. “I-I’m good, just knocked down a plate, my bad.”

“THAT’S OKAY, MAGIC HAS RENDERED THE VALUE OF MOST PHYSICAL ASSETS MEANINGLESS.” Papyrus called back and to your dismay made no move from the sofa.

Sans gave you a smile which caused a pit to form at the bottom of your stomach, [Good].

“No don-” Whatever you was about to say was lost as Sans shoved you harshly into the cabinet-Screaming, hateful angry void. Streaming lights and muted colors, and blue, so much blue, blue, blue, blue, blue, blue, blue, blue, blue, blue, blue, blue, blue, make it stop it hurts, blue, blue, I’m sorry i’m sorry i’m sorry i’m sorry i’m sorry i’m sorry-
-You found yourself staring into the glittering night sky.

Sky? You clenched your fist. Snow.

“Fuck.” You let one curse escape your lips before you stained the pure white snow with your bodily fluids. A fresh wave of nausea caused your head to swim as your body tried to right itself once again. The sudden exposure to Oregon's winter climate wasn’t helping matters. The cool air pricked your bare cheeks and poorly covered torso like little pins and needles.

“Ignore that for now child, remember the basics. First, try to figure out where you are.”

Fine, normally you would ignore the voice in your head but you were so out of it you couldn’t even string the words together to tell her to fuck off properly, “Trees… l-lots of trees I think? Y-yeah,” pushing yourself up against one such tree you rubbed your back against the chilled oak. The prickliness of the tree bark, it helped you focus. It grounded you.

Breath in. Breath out.

You looked around your surroundings again, this time with a much clearer head. “I’m in Ebbot forest probably, unless the trash bag has taken a interest in American woodland that is. Mount ebott looks to be about...30 possibly 40 miles away, damn that’s far.” A sharp breeze blew straight through you, causing you to hug yourself tightly for warmth. You cursed yourself for leaving most of your thermal wear back at the house, the plain purple jumper you were wearing with the delta rune stitched at the top left breast pocket was not providing sufficient protection.

“It’s too cold; you won’t make it. You should LOAD and avoid this altogether.”

You quirked your eyebrow at that, “You won’t stop me?”

“Why should I involve myself in your petty quarrels with these beasts?”

"Ah. Cool." It wasn’t but the Queen’s prejudice against Monsters wasn’t the main concern right now. Sans was.

Now you could just turn back time and avoid the entire situation altogether. Keep yourself planted on that couch and hope that the skeleton doesn’t try to do the same while you sleep. Or you could stick to this timeline and see what happens. Hmm.

“who are you talking to freak?”

Well that answers that.

It was instinctual as this point. Sans’ comment came from behind you and so in response you tore off a bit of the tree bark and launched it at the skeleton’s head with deadly accuracy. Even the most harmless of things could dust a Monster when you had enough killing intent after all, or at least in this case you were looking to injure more than ‘kill’ so the attack would just knock him down to half health or something.

Of course none of that would matter since he just fucking dodged it.

You kissed your teeth before diving to side just as a myriad of bones erupted from every surface on the tree you were leaning on.

“You wanna play like that comedian?! Fine then, bring it on!” You plunged your hand into the snow
mid-roll and pulled out a handful of tiny stones, “Eat shit,” channeling determination into your fingertips you were able to launch the stones like bullets from a railgun.

*CRAAAAAAAAAACK*

*You missed*

You cursed before spinning around and launching another stone at the blue blur behind you.

*SMAAAAASH*

*You missed*

“You missed” You spun rapidly on the spot, launching stones in every possible direction and destroying the rest of the still standing trees in the process.

*You missed*

*You missed*

*You missed*

*You missed*

*You missed*

*buuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu*

Your body moved before you did and launched itself high into the air, just narrowly dodging the energy beam.

“TO YOUR RIGHT!”

But failing to dodge the bone.

It slammed into the right side of your ribs and sent you plummeting toward the ground. You screeched angrily as you landed with a resounding thud, throwing clumps of snow in every direction.

HP: 3/20
Status: Stunned

Okay. This looks bad but maybe you’ll be able to find a way out of this.

Your limbs locked in place as you felt the ever despised hold of blue magic grip onto your soul with a vengeance. “don’t fucking move Frisk.”

“Da da da dead.”

“i mean it kid, if i even see you breathe the wrong way i’ll snap your neck in two places and break your spine in four.” Now that the fight was effectively over you finally noticed that Sans didn’t look...right, and not wrong in the way his alternate timeline counterparts looked like.

He was, for lack of a better term, ragged. Sleep-deprived and all around dirtier than usual. The fur of his hood frayed around the edges, mysterious stains dotted around his sweater, and even his shoes seemed worn like he had actually done something that resembled physical activity. The blue
rucksack (since when did he have that?) was just as worn, cloth fraying at the straps and whatever logo it had long since gone.

Christ, he almost looked how you used to. Before you got that purple and blue striped sweater and all you had were the rags on your back and the magic that burned away everything it touched on your fingertips.

“what were you doing in my house?”

For one haunting moment his eyes looked exactly like yours used to.

“W-what do you mean? I thought you knew,” and it terrified you, because you knew what it was like to be in a place like that and how desperate you end up being. The things that you’d do despite it not making any logical sense but damn did it help sate the beast that was convinced that every passing shadow was out to get you.

One wrong move and you might actually die, time travelling be damned.

“know? know. what.” He pressed.

“Mom and Dad have gone to a meeting at Washington and decided that with the Mages still being a thing it’ll be safer for me and Asriel to stay here. Papyrus offered to let us crash at his place.” With trembling hands you raised them both in surrender. I-I wasn’t trying to do anything I swear.”

…

Internally you let out a whoop of joy as you felt the blue magic release its hold. The bestialfear that was clear in Sans’ hollow sockets retreated behind the facade that you knew and hated all too well.

“What the hell was that?”

Sans regarded your form for a second, and smirked, before turning away.

You pushed yourself up to your feet, your hand holding your bruised ribs while the other dangled uselessly, “HEY! I’M TALKING TO YOU ASSHOLE! DON’T YOU WALK AWAY FROM ME!”

But walk Sans did.

“Okay...fine.” Your pupils contracted as you brought the RESET button into the physical plane, “Talk or I’ll RESET.”

A nasty grin spread on your face when you took note on how quickly the skeleton stopped, “you wouldn’t dare. you fought this harder than anyone.” It came out in a haunted whisper, you didn’t even have to say anything but it looked like he already doubted his own words. Good.

All you had to do was reel him in, “True, but seeing your reaction as I tear the sun away from you might make the entire thing worth it.”

“…you’re really no better than Chara.” Sans slowly turned around to fix you with a empty smile, “just when i think i have a read on how screwed up you really are.”

“Shut up.” Grinning like a school girl you practically skipped up to Sans and ripped the backpack right off him, “You look more shit than usual, what have you been up to recently?” You emptied the contents out onto the floor. Newspapers, borchers, biscles, maps? You picked up one of the
newspapers with a confused scoff, “1957? Didn’t think you had a interest in the political climate of Cuba in the late fifties.”

“Where’d you get it?”

Silence.

You slapped him across the back of the head, not hard enough to actually damage anyone but that meant little when dealing with someone with such low HP.

**HP: 0.75/1**

“Don’t fuck with me, I can tell you haven’t been at home for a while now.”

Sans opened his mouth to protest. “Don’t try to bullshit me, I’ve been on the road longer than anyone. I guess a lot of people didn’t take well to a walking skeleton.” You jeered.

You regarded his attire again, frowning. Looking at how dirty he looked you were now positive that he hasn’t been home for quite some time. Which wouldn’t have been too shocking if it weren’t for Papyrus’ behaviour.

Papyrus was a hyperactive, delusional man child but the craziness of today felt damn near desperate. You always assumed that Papyrus was doing okay no matter how bad things got but maybe he needed his brother’s presence more than you thought. Before you came along the only friends he had beside Sans were Undyne and Flowey of all people.

He’d obviously been lonely but you were too much of a selfish asshole to see it.

Which brought you back to your original question. Where did Sans go and why? Your eyes scanned the old newspaper again. What’s so interesting about this thing that Sans would bother carrying it around? Where did he even get it? Cuba? A library? Who the hell let him in?

You turned the page.

**O h s h i t.**

**BREAKING NEWS! Mayor Gustavo’s body found ‘brutalised’ in his home. Family traumatised and horrified.**

*Daniel Gustavo, 55, mayor of the small town of Guadalaviar, was found dead and mutilated in his own home on 4th of August, yesterday afternoon. Locals report that there had been a smell emanating from the building. When they went to investigate they found the body of Gustavo strung up like a ‘prized chicken’ in the hallway.*

*His son of age 5 was also found at the scene, covered in blood and repeating the same phrase over and over again: Pequeño demonio. Police have taken the boy into protective custody.*

*Forensic scientists have compared the mayor’s death to that of an old Viking execution method, more specifically, the blood eagle-*

**RIP**

You tore the damn thing in half and stared at the back of Sans’ head with an empty gaze.

“small devil. that’s what that word means.” Sans shoved his own shaking hands deep into his
pockets, “funnily enough, there are a bunch of stories like this, spanning over a hundred year period. Important people. People with power and connections, people that might have obtained that power through unsavory means. isn’t it crazy that in all of them that have a survivor they say the same thing?” Sans chuckled but there no humor in it, in fact he didn’t even look angry. There was something much more primal there, desperate and small, a reluctant determination.

“small devil, tiny devil, red eyed demon, you would think that it’s being done by the same person right?” Sans continued on now actually turning around to face you which made you leap back with a hiss. You wanted him to shut up, why wouldn’t he shut up?! “t-the only thing is that with the way these incidents are spread out there is no way the same human could be responsible for all of them. Different decades and different countries it wouldn’t be possible for any regular human.”

“**But you have never been a regular human have you?**”

Sans regarded your non-reaction and began to sweat profusely, “jesus kid, are you really going to make me say it? the ebott massacre of the late 80s. an entire village was wiped off the map, the same village that chara came from, are you going to tell me that you had nothing to do with that?”

“Shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up…”

“your friend rodney told me many sick things about you, the fact that i allowed you to be so close to my brother terrifies me.”

**“SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT THE FUCK UP.”**

Magic cackled in the air along with the nervous tension, you could practically taste the fear in the air and you hated the aftertaste. It wasn’t a fear of what you could do, but a fear of what you were. Your worst nightmare was coming true.

“you’re not human, are you?”

**LOAD**

“**AND DOESN’T THAT BOTHER YOU?**”

The phantom pain raced up and down your body and yet Papyrus’ question managed to hurt the most.

“More than you know.”

Asriel snores… sometimes.

Today just happened to be one of those sometimes.

You happened to hate today. The sound of his snores were so deep that it caused your ribs to shake and the ground to thrum with its base. He only ever slept like that when he felt completely at peace. God, you were jealous.
The memories of the last timeline chased away even the tiniest notions of sleep from both your mind and body, leaving you staring at the ceiling with bloodshot eyes and copious amounts of determination coursing through your body. It took every ounce of willpower not to do something impulsive, the kind of impulsive action that you couldn’t take back no matter how hard you tried. You had to quell the urge to dust Sans and the urge to RESET right there, right then. Because that’s what you always did when somebody found out you were a Mage or only partially human. You wiped the slate clean, memorised the chain of decisions that got you into that position and never did it again.

But that wasn’t a option anymore. You couldn’t kill Sans because despite how badly he’d fallen from everybody’s good graces nobody wanted to see him die. It would destroy Papyrus and probably devastate your mother if Toriel used to feel something more than friendship back before you burned that bridge down forever. Which, unfortunately and quite disgustingly, she probably did.

So that really only left you with one option. Kill that bastard Rodney Jones like you should have done years ago. He’d been so quiet, him and his band of losers, since the showdown at Ebott that you honestly forgot that he existed. The little game of cat and mouse you used to play was all of a sudden irrelevant when you were responsible for the future of an entire race. So instead of keeping tabs on him you let him fall to the wayside of your life, a mistake that had already cost you dearly with Linda. You were so wrapped up with the threat of monsters, Chara, Mages and the fact that you were at some point gonna end up in the past, that you underestimated your old human enemies. And now look at how that backfired. Right from underneath your nose Rodney had managed to groom Sans into his perfect little homewrecker with enough information to completely destroy you.

Just as you had stopped playing with him, Rodney had stopped playing around with you. He used the glaring weakness that caring about people presented and exploited it perfectly. No matter, you would just have to adjust accordingly to the situation just like you’d always done. The plan may have been in its early stages but it was still a plan.

Step 1: Kill Detective Rodney Jones, his unit, and somehow make it look like a accident. One with fire preferably, less chance of DNA coming back to bite you in the ass.

Step 2: Silence Sans Gaster by any means necessary.

*grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr*

…

Step 3: Acquire a midnight snack.

You slipped out of Asriel’s hold easily enough, the events of the day leaving him so dead to the world that he hardly noticed the difference between your body and your pillow. You slicked out of the room in silence, carefully padding out the soles of your bare feet as to not make even the smallest of sounds; opening and closing the door much to the same effect.

The darkness welcomed you with formless arms.

You shuddered involuntarily, at least your fear of the dark was human enough. The inky blackness had a way of filling every nook and crevice with indescribable horrors and potential threats. Despite that all, however, Sans’ doorknob still managed to shine out in the darkness in a almost mocking fashion.

“i know what you are.”
“I wouldn’t do that if I were you.”

“Too late.”

*You wrapped your hands around the doorknob*

*SNICK!*

*20/20*

*19/20*

*18/20*

*17/20*

*16/20*

*15/20*

Ow.

About five pinpricks of blood welled up on various points of your hand and it would have been another five if you didn’t wrench your hand away from the damn thing. Only now you were able to see purple ‘dust’ that coated the doorknob in its entirety.

Grinded karmic magic bone dust. Well, ain’t that some shit.

“Told you.”

“I...you know what? I don’t even care anymore.” As if your hand wasn’t bleeding you sludged on toward the staircase from where you could see...Papyrus? Yeah, it was definitely Papyrus, the TV was on, emitting a dim glow and yet it wasn’t on any channels. Not that it seemed that Papyrus minded, from where you were standing anyway. He sat slumped in the couch unmoving and if it weren’t for the rise and fall of his chest then you would have thought that he was sleeping. (Skeletons don’t breathe when they sleep.)

“Paps?” You stopped trying to hide your footsteps. Guilt gave you only one real course of action, “What are you doing?”

No response. But he did shift in your direction and gave you a tired smile, “Hello...Frisk.” He spoke softly, softly for christ sake. You thought he was physically incapable of speaking that quietly. Tired he said. The weight behind those words were not lost to you, a fatigue that surpassed the physical, mental, and emotional states.

You’ve been tired too.

“Frisk? We’re on a first name basis now? Only took you several months.” You sat on Papyrus’ right side with a small smile. “You didn’t answer the question; it looks like you were waiting for someone.”

... He didn’t laugh. He didn’t even pretend to fight back a smile.
“Frisk.”

“Hm?” You twisted your face into one of your more gentle expressions, the one that you wore that practically invited people to spill their innermost demons to you.

“I won’t ask you about where you come from, who you come from, why you came to Mount Ebott, or even why the Mages want you so badly. So could do me a small favours?”

You were… not expecting Papyrus to say that, but if it meant you didn’t have to be forthcoming in the slightest than you wouldn’t mind meeting any demand that Papyrus sent your way, “Shoot.”

“Stop pretending that you care.”

“Wha-”

“I’m not ready to talk about my brother with you, I’m not ready to talk about my feelings with you, and I was sure as hell not ready to talk to you like this.” Naked, emotionally exposed, without his precariously constructed mask. “As long as the people I love are safe I don’t care what you have to do or how you have to do it. Just… stop trying to be real with me. I’m much more comfortable being fake with you. It’s better that way for everyone and I think it’s easier to pretend that everything is okay that way. You agree too… right human?”

You nodded your head numbly in response because what else could you say?

A moment passed and all traces of Papyrus’ mental strain disappeared from his face in a flash. “OKAY HUMAN, THAT’S ENOUGH SAD TALK FOR TODAY. I THINK IT’S TIME FOR THE GREAT PAPYRUS AND HIS LITTLE HUMAN FRIEND TO, AS THE KID’S SAY IT, ‘HIT THE HAY!’.”

You were pushed in a manner that was not quite rough but not really gentle either and was practically thrown into your room. “GOODNIGHT HUMAN, WE’VE GOT ANOTHER FANTASTIC DAY OF JAPES TO GET UP TO TOMORROW.”

He slammed the door.

You sat there. You sat there and stared at the door for a long time.

You… began to cry. Soft broken sobs.

He was broken and learnt how pick up the pieces from the wrong people, and once again there was no one else to blame but yourself.

So like the child you were, you cried. Might as well get all the sadness out now before they rose up again the next day. You would be able to honor the promise you made to him.

It was the least you could do, but it wasn’t the best. Nothing you ever did was.

“A-all I have to do is draw the circle underneath the stage?” It was well into the night as Reginald watched the snow fall with a gloomy expression on his chubby face. His fingers tapped his mahogany desk in such a way that gave away his poorly hidden anxiety. “You’ll take care of the rest right? In a way that it won’t be traceable back to me?”
The other person on the end of the line sighed heavily, “As I have already said, you won’t be caught as long as you stick to the plan exactly. Follow my instructions and those beasts won’t even notice anything out of the ordinary.”

“And you’re sure that Frisk would bother coming after them? I don’t see them putting themself in harm’s way like that.” For anyone that isn’t themself at least.

“Just leave to actual thinking to me. Trust me, once we acquire both the King and Queen there won’t be a place on this earth that Frisk won’t chase us too.” Even if it was over a phone line he could hear the other person’s lip curl into a vindictive sneer, “Then you’ll be free to carry out your baser activities without repercussions just like you wanted right?”

The perverted politician grinned predatorily, “Why, that’s all I ever wanted.”

Chapter End Notes

The way that Papyrus and Sans deal with their problems is not as different as one would normally think. I always saw it that while both Sans and Papyrus internalised their problems, the extent to which they do it differs. Sans internalises his most serious problems and displays his lesser ones as a faux-defence to stop people from digging deeper. Papyrus internalises everything so much to the point where he himself believes his own lie. He pretends to act like a child but as the game has shown, Papyrus can actually be pretty depressing when he wants to be. In the original timeline, these issues would have gone unnoticed but due to the corrupting nature of the RESETs, everyone’s mental and emotional flaws and traumas have become more extreme. Resulting in a Papyrus that just borders on disbelief but is hanging on with denial.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!