Summary

Sans is forced to have an audience with King Asgore Dreemurr.

This meeting cannot possibly go wrong.

Notes

This is the third of my collection of short battle fanfics. The battles were decided by popular vote on /utg/. I thank the anons at /utg/ that took part in voting. There will be more to come as voting takes place in the near future. Enjoy~!

"Howdy! Come on in, Sans. This will be but a moment of your time."

Sans entered the king's throne room, the luscious, golden garden filling the room with a sweet aroma, as a soft breeze danced in harmony with the glades of grass and the golden flower petals. King Asgore sat at his grandiose throne, a fresh cup of tea in his right hand. Asgore normally offers his guests a cup of tea prior to having a conversation. Sans, being a skeleton however, could not exactly retain liquids, for as soon as he sipped the tea, it went right through him every single time. Asgore no longer bothered with the kind gesture; it was such a waste of a good cup of tea. Plus, he wanted to
keep this meeting as short as possible. The king wasn't exactly fond of Sans' indolence. The short, half-asleep skeleton softly stepped forward, in his usual pink, fuzzy slippers.

"so, uh, asgore, i was told by undyne that you wish to see me immediately. i must point out, i'm kinda skipping sentry duty right now, you know..." Sans couldn't help but let out a big yawn infront of the king, carelessly attempting to cover it with his soft, white mitten. *I'm so tired, why can't I just go back to my station and nap? Why now?*

The skeleton clearly did not care enough to be courteous. *Oh, Sans had better thank his lucky stars that I am tolerant of him*, Asgore thought as he studied the lethargic skeleton. *My god, has he been napping on the job again? I need to keep calm, and make sure I don't spill my tea over this.* Asgore rolled his eyes, and proceeded to inform Sans of his new plans.

"Well, Sans, it just so happens that I've got a new position open for you! I already know of your scientific research with Alphys on the humans' will to live, but..."

Asgore got up from his throne, his shadow looming over Sans. "I've heard through the grapevine that you are quite magic savvy. Honestly Sans, at first, I found it rather hard to believe, but my... sources were nothing short of reliable. As you may already know, I have Undyne re-organizing the Royal Guard for the sole purpose of... 'catching' any incoming humans that fall and come out of the Ruins, so we can help you and Alphys advance in your DT research. What I'm trying to ask of you i-is... is..." Asgore paused, not being able to help but look down at the ground in shame. The mere thought of killing human children pained him. All he could do is vainly hope that the humans were meaning to cause harm to his people in the Underground, so he won't feel as guilty. That sort of hope is not considerate of his people in the slightest.

Sans waited for Asgore to finish, but soon realized that the king was delving too deep in thought. "... ok, so this subject is already dark enough as it is. you are asking me to work three jobs, right? lemme count them for ya. one, sentry duty... two, scientist... and three," Sans stared at the downtrodden king, the same perpetual grin on his face. This made the conversation all the more uncomfortable and macabre. Sans was absolutely disgusted, feeling compelled to speak his mind. "an executioner? really asgore?" Sans continued brashly, "you really expect me to do your dirty lau-"

"SANS! How dare you! It is NOT like that!" Asgore barked harshly, spilling a bit of tea on the flowerbed. Sans did not even flinch, his relaxed posture irritating the king. "Undyne has enough responsibilities as it is! She will still be on the look-out for humans, and may hunt one down on her own accord. However, she is stationed in Waterfall, while the dogs guard the area near the Ruins and in between Snowdin. It is not that I do not rely on Doggo and company, but I nee-"

"the answer is no, asgore." Sans said flatly, stopping Asgore mid-sentence.
Despite the obvious hostility, Sans remained lax, his eyes half-open in a tired trance-like state. "like undyne... i ALSO have a skeleTON of responsibilities. in fact, alphys and i have a whole lot more on our plate than her. the royal guard and undyne does the fightin', while the nerds mess around with a bunch of papers, trying to magically come up with ideas to get what you want." Sans did not let his eye sockets go off Asgore; he was already insulted enough as it is.

*Asking ME to murder little kids... As much as I want to trust this guy, this is beyond what I am capable of doing. And to think, I would have to do these inhumane and horrifying deeds while Papyrus is around completely complacent... He wouldn't be able to understand, and I wouldn't want him to in the first place, Sans deliberated, his attuned SOUL weighing him down from all the dread. And it's not like I would easily get over this. I would never be able to live this down... Never.*

Asgore just had about enough of the skeletons’ interruptions and lack of urgency. "Is this a JOKE to you? Hell Sans, is EVERYTHING a big joke to you!? You know," Asgore bitterly huffed, "out of all monsters Underground, you are the only one who seems to not remotely mind being stuck down here, even less than Gerson himself. THAT speaks volumes. Do you even WANT to help me break down the barrier?"

Sans smiled a little wider at the king's rash assumption, his pupils as bright as ever. "asgore... i do want to get out of here. i like it no more than you do. i have not given up hope. it's just that if everybody goes around lamenting about their tormented lives down here, well..." Sans blinked his right eye, shrugging. "then what is the point in even trying? somebody's gotta lift the people's spirits. just like you do, asgore."

Sans' genial smile softened, looking satisfied and placid, ending the conversation on a more sprightly, optimistic note. Asgore was taken aback, his tea cup shaking in his hand right hand. He couldn't believe how Sans was handling the strife. It's so effortless. So passive. So...

*Outrageously condescending! A raging heat ignited from Asgore's SOUL; he was livid. The last time he felt such fury flowing from his SOUL was when he declared war on humanity shortly after his son's and Chara's deaths. Asgore struggled to regain his docile demeanor, and attempted to reply to the irritating skeleton as calmly as his SOUL would allow him.*

"Sans... I'm sure you meant well... with your... statements..."
As Sans lazily nodded, he quickly took notice of the teacup shaking in the king's hand. Welp, there's barely any tea left in there, and his hand is soaked. Does he even realize this? Maybe I should start caring about what Mr. Fluffybuns is saying, right about...

"But I am no longer willing to tolerate your attitude," Asgore flung his teacup across the room, shattering into pieces. He then suddenly reached for his scarlet trident, concealed by his great cloak. Asgore extended his arm, trident in hand, pointing straight at the skeleton. "En garde, Sans the skeleton," Asgore adjusted his posture into an intimidating fighting stance. "I will show you no mercy. Show me what you are made of."

Now. Buuut it's a little too late, Sans dismissed. "you know what i'm made of already, asgore," Sans took his hands out of his pockets and shrugged widely. "i'm a biiiiig pile of bones." Sans persisted to anger Asgore even further, with his poised character, blissful grin, and bored, carefree look at the towering, displeased king. Heh. Guess I won't be getting that third job afterall.

"Enough." Asgore leaped towards the short skeleton, initiating the battle. As he was about to impale Sans with his trident, he vanished into thin air, appearing right behind the king. Asgore landed onto where Sans once stood, turning to face him immediately, growling. "Golly! I can't believe I expected you to put up a fair fight, you insolent coward." Asgore waved his cloak behind his back, a breeze waving it gracefully. "Face me. As your king, I expect you to comply."

"let me think about it..." Sans looked up and pretended to take the demand into consideration. As Asgore let his guard down for a second to await his answer, Sans disappeared once again, rallying an attack in the blink of an eye. A miasmic pressure engulfed the serene garden. Sans' left eye took a life of its own, flashing a radiant yellow and blue, as he conjured four skeletal, menacing maws aimed at Asgore, firing piercing blasts of scorching light. To the king's misfortune, he had no time to evade any of the overwhelming blasts. Asgore let out an agonizing howl, as the white-hot blistering fire charred his fur, his body clad in the soot of his burned fur coating. Asgore collapsed on the golden flowers, struggling to get up. Sans, needless to say, was pleased with the outcome. Perhaps a bit too pleased; his amiable, laid-back demeanor was long gone, along with his smile, replaced by an elated, manic grin.

Sans glared hatefully at the weakened king, marching towards him, as his fervent left eye amplified in luminosity. Asgore let out his trembling hand as Sans approached, gathering his remaining strength to speak up. "P-PLEASE SANS! THAT'S ENOUGH! Have mercy! I feel like my life has been almost completely drained out of me. W-what did you do!?" Sans ignored him. He promptly took his left hand out of his pocket, snatched Asgore's SOUL, and brutally launched him into the cave's ceiling.

"am i complying yet, your highness?" Sans jerked his left arm down, making Asgore crash to the ground. "are you going to let an insolent coward treat you like this?" Then to his right. "have i shown you what i'm made of yet?" And his left. "do you still have the audacity to ask me to kill little
kids?" Finally, he propelled him forward into his throne, Asgore colliding head-first. Blood stained the majestic throne, the multiple impacts bruising and wounding his body, as he bled from his mouth, nose, and forehead.

As Sans took a moment to catch his breath after his unrelenting assault, he slowly lowered his left hand back into his pocket upon seeing Asgore on the verge of death. The glow in his left eye dissipated, as his grin slightly fell, overcome with worry. "oh god..." Sans whispered. "oh god." His voice rose. "oh god," he repeated, over and over again, hurrying towards Asgore. Sans pulled his heavy injured, limp body away from the throne, setting him down on the flowerbed besides it. Sans knelt beside him, wiping some of the blood with his mittens.

"Ha... I... n-never even got to show you my f-fire spells..." Asgore sputtered out, blood staining Sans' sleeves. "... how... how pathetic..."

Sans couldn't help but laugh, despite the gruesome scene; he felt relieved to hear the defeated king speak so casually. "heh heh heh... yeah. sorry about that king fluffybuns. hey, maybe we can have a not-so-one-sided battle after you recover from the most brutal beat-down of your life," Sans grinned contently.

Asgore smiled softly, gratified to see that all hostility has ended. "Now, now... Not the most brutal... That position belongs to one of the many humans back in the War. Although... as much as it hurts to admit... You were rather close to it! Not... too shabby for a small, lazy skeleton... ha ha... ha..."

Sans' worry grew, realizing the king was running out of breath. "as much as i'd like to continue our little chat, we need to get you healed up, quick. wouldn't want the underground without a king now."

Sans left eye emitted a soft blue and yellow glow, taking the king's hand. "let's take a shortcut to the lab." Asgore was intrigued and astounded at Sans' sense of urgency. Guess I was wrong about him afterall. "I have to ask you... what did you do to me Sans? Why did I feel like my life was being drained away?"

Sans' grin slightly faltered. "it's, uh, something called KARMA. and no, i didn't make it up. it just is. normally, my attacks are mild. but... let's just say that i made it so you, uh... paid ahead of time for your future sins, and the lives of children that you will take. it may not be now... but i feel deep inside that it is an unavoidable fate." Asgore's face fell, and wept. "I don't want to do this... but I have to Sans... I have to... for my people..."

"listen asgore. as bleak as this all is, i..." Sans paused, wary of his choice of words. Why am I doing this...? Maybe... maybe I've been going about it all wrong. Maybe what he really needed... was assurance. Maybe with that, he will forgive himself for any suffering he will have caused... Maybe I just need to say... No, I absolutely need to say..."
"I forgive you. and with that, I will take the burden, too." Sans closed his eyes, his hands shaking as he uttered, "I accept the position."

Asgore looked up, a glimmer of hope rising in his SOUL. "Thank you Sans... for putting your trust in me..."

*Maybe someday...* Sans mused. *I will come to forgive myself, too.*

It is a beautiful day outside. Birds are still singing. Flowers are still blooming.

And with that, Sans and Asgore were gone.

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